

it is hard, I should not mind if I were not so useless; but it is God's will, and I must not rebel. I must ask to be taught how to bear it patiently, for the worst part of my trial is to feel that I am an idler in His vineyard."

Was Reginald Leslie a real idler? I think not. On his couch of suffering he was doing his Master's work, quite as effectually as if he had been employed actively; his "strength was to sit still," and unconsciously he was the mainspring on which much machinery was revolving that would otherwise have been still.

The next day was Sunday, always a peaceful and happy time in Enmore Rectory. There was no cold formality, no undue severity in the way it was kept, which made it repulsive. Every one felt that it was in reality the day of rest ordained by God; and a spirit of repose and peace brooded over the house on its Sabbath. Even Ernest felt the difference between its