

Reginald rang the bell, and Arthur descended the stairs.

It was twilight, so that Ernest and Constance, who were ascending the steps just as he was leaving the house, did not recognise him, and he walked quickly towards his home. The tea-bell was ringing as he entered Fir-tree Lodge—for he called at Miss Matheson's on his way and found the seven and sixpence waiting for him, to his great delight; and never was any boy prouder of his first earnings than Arthur Forrester as he carried them home to Herbert that evening—but a great check was put upon his pleasure by his aunt's wrath as he entered the house.

“Pray, Master Arthur, may I inquire where you have been this afternoon?” was her first question.

“I have been to the rectory, aunt.”

“And what business had you to go there?”

“I went on my own business,” replied