

Herbie were ready, and Simon, taking the little sick boy in his arms, wrapped him completely in a blanket and carried him down stairs. Mrs. Dixon met them in the hall, she seemed very much confused,—

"My dear boys," she said hurriedly, "events have turned out strangely, you are going to the rectory to spend Christmas. I hope Herbie will not suffer, but the doctor has given leave. I need not remind you, I am sure, that it is your duty to speak gratefully of all the benefits and kindness shown towards you; nothing is so hateful in young people as ingratitude."

Arthur's lip curled with scorn, he could not control; and Mr. Dixon said, as he shook hands with him, "I hope you will always say we have been kind to you, and endeavoured to do our duty by you."

Then Arthur jumped into the carriage like one in a dream, and they were soon at the rectory. Mrs. Leslie met them at the door with a warm, kind welcome, and