

and Arthur covered his face with his hands.

“Going to sea?”

“Yes, sir, my aunt says, I am to go on the 29th, and I can’t bear it. I wan’t to learn; I want to read hard; I don’t want to go to sea—and I *can’t* leave Herbie.”

“Yes, yes, yes, to be sure,” said the old gentleman in a husky voice as he turned away to the window.

Then the bells began to peal for church, and Herbie remained with Reginald, while all the rest went; and Ernest and Constance came home with plenty to tell Reggie, about the kindly greetings they had received, and Miss Matheson’s face of delight as she sat beside her brother, and Mr. Baldwin’s look of contentment as he sat in his large pew surrounded by his little grandchildren, and papa’s real Christmas sermon, which had had in it so much that Reginald had said to them that they could almost have fancied he had written