

over Lindley, Murray, Collier, Anderson and other aids to the young idea. But dear me, where have I strayed to? We must go back to the beginning.

As I said, I wandered into the library one afternoon, and after listlessly gazing about me for a few moments, I unlocked one of the little cupboards and throwing open the door, sat down on the floor and commenced to drag forth bundles of old magazines tied together with pink tape; and others that were not tied I took out one by one, glanced at their titles, and threw them down in a rapidly increasing heap beside me. *Bow Bells, London Society, Sunday Magazine, Family Herald, Household Words, Cassell's Magazine, Scribner* were all there. And oh! how dusty they were! Some of them had lain there for years. Then I attacked the manuscripts. They were even dustier than the magazines; dusty and yellow and smelling so musty that it seemed to me they must have lain there a hundred years or more. Dear! Dear! What heaps there were! Would I ever come to the end of them? Faster, faster I drew them out and threw them down, but still there were so many, such heaps and heaps remaining. I turned to look at the pile beside me on the floor, and discovered that I was regularly hemmed in by a wall of old magazines and discolored documents; then I looked toward the window and saw that the short winter afternoon was waning and gloom was already filling the recesses and corners of the library. I turned in a panic to my work again, frantically pulling out papers and papers and papers, and threw them behind me, helter-skelter, anywhere, everywhere, but still the little cupboard seemed stuffed with hideous, musty papers.

What did I want? For what was I seeking? I knew not. There was no definite object in this delirious search; only in my mind there seemed a vague something hidden away amongst those musty old papers—something it was essential I should discover before the darkness of evening came upon me.

"Faster, faster, faster yet I flung them out! I got upon my knees, my face flushed. My brain reeled with the intense excitement; I trembled with the horrible fascination that kept me at my seemingly endless task.

Faster, faster; pull them out and scatter them around me! hideous, ghastly, awful papers!

"Enis! Enis! Goodness gracious! What is the matter Enis? What are you dreaming about? Do you know it is time to get up? it is a quarter to eight! I have been up and out this two hours; it's a lovely morning; wake up Enis.

I woke up; trembling in every limb, my face damp with a cold perspiration, my head aching as it had never ached in all my life before. I woke up to find my sister Hetty standing at my bedside, amazement, fear and laughter curiously blended in her fresh, round face.

With a heavy sigh, I fell back on my pillow and lay quite still without even closing my eyes again. I felt weak and exhausted by that terrible dream, for when I looked back upon it there was something haunting and ghastly in it, to my excited mind. A dream? Of course it was a dream reader; my old home and the old library in it are far away in the pleasant country, and this little shabby home to which Hetty has awakened me was in the crowded, unlovely city, where man's work had well nigh obliterated all trace of God's work.

"What is it Hetty? Is it morning?" I asked languidly.

"Morning! Well I declare!" cried my vivacious sister.

"Why can't you see it is morning? You have had your eyes open for the last ten minutes I'm sure. Whatever were you dreaming about, Enis? I have been watching you for the last quarter of an hour."

"Have you? What did I do? What did I say?"

"Oh you did not say much that I could make out; but you got upon your knees and clawed the bed-clothes, till I thought you'd gone clean crazy."

"How entertaining the spectacle must have been, to induce you to watch it for fifteen minutes," I said with languid sarcasm.

"Oh yes! it was quite funny I assure you," answered Hetty cheerfully, "but you had better hurry and get up Enis; for mamma has one of her terrific headaches this morning, so you must take her place at breakfast as she cannot come down; and do make haste, or we shall be late at school. But you, did not tell me what your dream was, Enis." And my loquacious sister paused at the door.

"I—oh! It was nothing much. I was dreaming about home."

"Oh! well you acted very queerly anyway."

When Hetty was gone I arose and dressed myself as speedily as possible! When I looked into the glass, I almost started in amazement at the wan face it showed me. So pale, with dark circles beneath the heavy eyes. *Could that be me, Enis Godfrey?* How silly of me to be so knocked up by that absurd dream! I laughed, but stopped suddenly, for it made my head feel as though some one had been performing on it with a sledge hammer during the night.

Before going down stairs, I went to mamma's room. Poor, dear mother, if her frequent headache was anything like the one I had this morning I could sympathise with her as I had never been able to do thoroughly before. It was such a new experience to me to have any aches or pains.

"Is your head very bad, dear mamma?" I asked, bending over her. "Yes darling! I am afraid I cannot get up this morning; you will see to things, Enis?"

"Of course I will, and you must not think of getting up; I will send you up a cup of strong tea, and when the children are off to school I will come and bathe your head with some of the liniment Dr. James gave you." As I was speaking, I softly drew in the green shutter and so darkened the room, at the same time letting in plenty of soft summer air; for we were now in the middle of July, although in my dream it had been winter time.

When I reached the dining room I found them all awaiting me and as soon as I entered, papa commenced to read prayers. This ceremony over, there ensued a scramble amongst the children for their places at the table, for they were always inclined to be a bit unruly in the absence of our low-voiced, gentle mother. A word from papa, however, was sufficient to bring them to order, and by the time Jane brought in the coffee and eggs we were all sitting sedately in our places. I poured out mamma's tea and despatched Jane upstairs with it. As she left the room I caught the wistful look in papa's eyes and the half smothered sigh that escaped him. I knew well, of what he was thinking; I knew well that his poor harassed mind went back to a time, that was not so very long ago—only three years—when our little mother was as blithe and gay as any of her children; when her merry laugh and light footstep through the house, had been the sweetest music in papa's life. But that was when we lived at our dear old home at Upsfield, before the usurpers thrust us out. Ah me! how changed was everything now. Mamma's health was broken down and she was regarded by the whole household in the light of an invalid, and I knew that that fact alone, weighed upon papa's mind far more than the loss of lands and money. Oh! was it anything to wonder at that I hated those who had come between us and happiness, who, having sufficient wealth of their own, must needs wrest our home and our money from us, and there were so many of us to keep and so little to keep us on.

So my thoughts ran on as I poured out coffee and silently handed the cups to their owners. I was at length aroused from my reverie by my eldest brother Herbert, asking me what was the matter, as I looked as pale as a ghost.

"There is nothing the matter, thank you," I answered quickly. Not for anything would I have owned to a headache—I, who had been wont to boast that I never had an ache nor a pain from year's end to year's end; I gloried in my superb health, and yet, with shame let me confess it, I was this morning, so absurdly weak as to allow a foolish dream, to not only give me a headache, but also to affect my spirits, in so much that my dejection was remarked by others. Oh Enis! What a goose you are!

"Oh papa!" cried Hetty, all but choking herself with a crust of bread, in her eagerness. "I must tell you about the funny sight I saw this morning when I went to wake Enis. Do you know she was kneeling up in bed with her hair all tumbling around her shoulders, and muttering 'faster, faster, faster' and she was pulling and clawing the bed clothes in the funniest way you ever saw! I could not help laughing at first, and then I got a little bit frightened so I wakened her. She said she was dreaming—"

With a warning look I stopped Hetty before she could complete her sentence, and with a little blush she confusedly took refuge in her cup. Home, was a forbidden topic in papa's presence; of course by home I mean Upsfield. We