

lived all those years on the hope of seeing him again, had counted with impatient heart the weary weeks and months as they rolled themselves into years? How was he to know, that a girl's heart nearly broke when the joyful news came of his return to England, and the weeks and months passed into a year and he never came to her after all her painful waiting?

Mamma's mention of Douglas' name had suddenly touched the broken chord in my heart and it jangled painfully.

"My dearest I am so sorry; I did not mean to wound you," said she remorsefully.

"I know that mother dear" I said sitting down beside her. "But to go to Upfield, of all places Enis!"

"I do not think I mind that now mamma! and I might not get so good a chance again you know. After all too, my cousin Helen may turn out a very nice girl, and as for Mrs. Godfrey—well—I can hold my own with her, supposing she turns out disagreeable." I flushed uncomfortably in making this speech, for I knew in my inmost heart that it would be bitterly humiliating to me to enter Upfield as a dependent.

"What shall we do without you at home Enis?" said my mother, when I had succeeded in gaining her consent to my plan.

I gulped down a mighty sob and answered:

"Hetty must take my place, dear mamma, she is fifteen now and is really growing quite sedate; and you can get a small servant girl to do the heaviest part of the work! I will be able to pay her wages out of my own salary."

"But if it were only some other place than Upfield" reiterated my mother plaintively.

"Herbert would say you were very uncharitable mamma, dear," I said with a ghastly attempt at playfulness.

"And what will your father say Enis?"

Ah! what indeed? I murmured to myself. And what will the others say if it is decided I should go? All the rest of the day I went about the house, with the uncomfortable feeling of one who is conscious of having done a mean and shabby action.

It was finally—after a stormy interval—decided that I should follow the bent of my wayward inclination and go to Upfield. The letter had been written to Mrs. Godfrey and in due time her answer arrived, intimating that my services as companion to Miss Godfrey, were accepted.

Was I glad or sorry that it was so decided? I scarcely knew, for my mind was in a whirl. But I remember that the night before my departure from home, I cried myself to sleep very sick at heart, because everyone had turned against me; and yet it was all for them, what I was going to do.

Papa was coldly displeased and made his displeasure felt in every look and word he gave me; mamma was grieved at my leaving home; Herbert condemned me for going against my parents wishes, and downright Hetty openly declared her contempt for my want of spirit in consenting to go to our old home as a hired dependent where I had once been the young lady of the house; she expressed her belief that the reason I gave was not the only one I had, and opined that it was sheer selfishness on my part: that I only wanted to exchange the drudgery and narrow life of our city home, for the comparative ease and grandeur of Upfield. Thus the last week of my life at home was a most unhappy one for me, and if I was capable of being glad at anything, perhaps it was when the last night arrived; and as I have said, I cried myself to sleep and dreamed again—for the third time—that strange, weird dream of the old library at home, and my ever interrupted search for the lost will.

CHAPTER III.

HOW do you do Enis? Welcome to Upfield; do you know I have so often wondered what you were like, and now I find you are altogether different from what I pictured you in my mind. Is she not magnificent, Mamma, so tall and queenly; what a little mite I must appear beside you cousin Enis."

"Enis certainly looks more like a country girl, than a young lady from the city, from her robust health," answered Mrs. Godfrey languidly, but with a faint tinge of bitterness in her tone, and I caught her glance wandering from me to her own delicate, *petite* daughter, who looked as though a gust of wind would blow her away.

"You know Mrs. Godfrey, I was born and reared in the country," I replied, reddening at the implied rudeness of her words.

"Ah! to be sure," said she indifferently. "Helen will ring for the servant to show Enis to her room? Dinner will be ready in half an hour, you had better, make haste and dress; I will speak to you to-morrow morning respecting your duties as Miss Godfrey's companion," she added, turning to me, and then waving a dismissal to me, as the servant appeared at the door, she sank languidly back in her chair and commenced to fan herself.

And this was my welcome to Upfield! I was pale with anger as I followed the servant up the familiar stair-case, along the broad corridor and into a room at the side of the house, which had once been Herbert's bed-room.

"Can I do anything for you Miss?" inquired the girl respectfully.

"Nothing, I thank you," I answered, and she withdrew closing the door after her.

Controlling myself by a mighty effort, I forced back the tears that were ready to gush maddeningly forth.

"Oh! why had I come there? why had I come there to be insulted and spoken to as an inferior by that low-voiced, pale-eyed woman down stairs?" I rocked myself silently to and fro with my hands held tightly over my mouth to prevent the sobs that were prepared to bust forth at a moment's notice.

After a while I grew calmer, and remembering Mrs. Godfrey's warning about dinner, I set about making my simple toilet. But all the while my thoughts ran indignantly on "that woman down stairs," as I called her. What a sly, treacherous face she had; with her, almost colorless eyes, her thin, cruel lips, and her pale flaxen hair; what a soft insinuating voice, and what noiseless, cat-like movements. Ugh! Already I was beginning to feel afraid of her; there was something tigerish about the cruel thin lips, and the fixed gaze of the colorless eyes! Surely I was not far wrong when I used to say, that I believed Mrs. Godfrey would be capable of anything. And the impertinence of her calling Helen, "Miss Godfrey" to me; if she expects me to call her that she is very much mistaken, for I shan't do it; I am Miss Godfrey. Here I drew myself up to my fullest height, and stood a moment contemplating my own image in the large mirror.

"Am I what Helen called me? I mused, "magnificent" "queenly" am I that? will he, will Douglas think so? Or will he think I have grown too sombre and serious? I remember he used to like to see merry faces around him, and now, alas! the dark pale face that looks out from the mirror, seems to have forgotten how to be merry."

"I wonder if I shall like Helen?" thought I as I hurriedly got into my gown! I do believe I shall! she is very pretty and unaffected, and she called me cousin Enis! but perhaps it would be better if I hated her; affection for her might prove an obstacle in my path! make a coward of me in fact. With this thought uppermost in my mind I hastened down stairs just as the dinner bell sounded. Of the dinner I shall say nothing except that it seemed to me to last an unconscionably long time and was sufficiently uncomfortable to drive away my appetite and make me long, sickeningly to be at home again. But it came to an end at last, and Mrs. Godfrey arose with her usual noiselessness, and led the way to the library, whither Ellen and I followed. I then learned that it was there they always resorted in the evening; using it in fact as a general sitting room; as Helen explained to me, "on account of its being the warmest and cosiest room in winter and the coolest in summer," as if I did not know that of old, certainly on the evening in question it looked inviting; the weather was unusually warm for May, and both windows were wide open; and the lace curtains swayed softly in the wind; the trees outside rustled gently, and a faint odor of May blossoms floated in from the garden.

It is not my purpose to dwell on the trifling events of that first evening in my old home. I felt a strange restraint stealing over me in Mrs. Godfrey's presence; the uncanny gaze of her peculiar eyes had a painful fascination for me, and I shivered and lost my usual self-possession whenever she came near me or addressed me, and then, everything at the manor seemed so sadly familiar and yet so utterly strange that involuntarily the tears started to my eyes several times, during the evening. I remember Helen asked me in her gentle, coaxing voice to play for her. I arose at once to