

going the round of his uncongenial duties, while his heart was with his chosen profession—for my young brothers and sisters whose lives were over-shadowed by the curse of poverty. All my planning and scheming was for these dear ones; I had not time to think of self; I must act for others, and besides, dreams of self aggrandizement would only have blunted my perceptions and rendered me less able to cope with the difficulties in my way. There is no motive so calculated to clog the mind as that of selfishness, especially when clear thinking and decided action are requisite.

That winter was a hard one for poor people, especially, I think, for poor gentle-folks like us. Not only was the cold intense, but the price of almost every article in common use was raised. It was a season of general depression and distress all over the country; and in the poorer homes of England, and in the hearts of her bravest men and women there was blank despair.

Looking back on its bitter trials and struggles with poverty, I may truthfully say that it was the hardest period of our existence. Our fortunes were then at their lowest ebb. Mamma was ill most of the winter, confined to her bed and obliged to have medical attendance. And many a time did we deny ourselves necessaries that she might have the little luxuries the doctor ordered for her. We suffered cold and sometimes even hunger; but, thank God, we were able to keep the knowledge of it from mother. We discharged our one servant, and Hetty, a big girl of fifteen remained home from school to assist me with the housework. Ah, dear! That weary, weary winter! how long it seemed to us, God only knew, but it came to an end at last.

March was nearly ended and as the weather grew milder, mamma seemed to feel better, and papa picked up his spirits as matters began to look a trifle brighter.

As time passed on, and my project of going to Upfield seemed as far from being accomplished as ever, I grew almost hopeless of ever being able to put my scheme into execution. At last however fate seemed to play into my hands, and a way was opened to me for the accomplishment of my purpose.

Perhaps to some, it may seem incredible that a mere dream could take so strong a hold upon the mind of any person, endowed with a moderate share of common sense, and indeed to me it did seem marvellous; and all the more so that I was not usually superstitious; I tried several times to reason myself out of the romantic notion that had taken such an entire possession of my mind. But reason as I would about the idea, there it remained; and gradually a superstitious feeling took its place in my mind, to the effect that Fate, by means of a dream, was leading me towards the discovery of the lost will. It was a presumptuous thought, perhaps, for a mere girl to indulge in, but I never thought of the egotism of it. I was as one possessed by a great and solemn purpose; I seemed impelled by some hidden power, to go on to the very end of the matter, whether I was to meet with success or failure at last, I knew not; but I *must* obey the voice of fate which was ever urging me on.

One morning after breakfast, as I stood alone in the dining room, I carelessly took up the morning paper and glanced hastily over it; I saw nothing in it particularly interesting, and was laying it aside, when, happening to glance again at one of the columns, my eye caught sight of two names that riveted my attention at once, these were—"Mrs Godfrey" and "Upfield." I snatched up the paper again and eagerly read the following paragraph:

WANTED—at once, a young person as companion to a young lady in delicate health. Must be of a cheerful disposition, accomplished and well-bred. Apply to Mrs. E. Godfrey, Upfield Manor, Upton.

I read it over twice, and though my heart beat violently, I quietly laid down the paper and stood thoughtfully silent for a few minutes, during which time a dozen thoughts darted through my brain; but the instant resolve I had formed on reading the advertisement, remained unshaken. I would answer the advertisement and try to obtain the situation as companion to my cousin, Helen Godfrey; for knowing her to be in delicate health, I had no doubt whatever that she was the young lady mentioned.

"A young person, accomplished"—no 'cheerful, accomplished and well-bred,' that is it," I repeated to myself with a bitter smile, "Well! I am cheerful by nature, whatever adverse circumstances have made me; cheerfulness is easily

feigned at any rate; 'Accomplished?'—Well, I can play moderately well; and sing very well indeed—so people tell me—considering that I have never had any instruction; 'Well-bred?'—I flatter myself that my breeding is equal to Helen Godfrey's. So I think perhaps I may be the 'young person' designed by fate to fill the felicitous position of 'companion' to Miss Godfrey, of Upfield. Ah me! What a sharp pain, like a dagger thrust, was that that struck my heart! Was it a pang of jealousy? What a little time it seems since I myself was Miss Godfrey, of Upfield.

From the breakfast-room I went straight to mamma's bedroom and told her of my wish to take a situation as governess or companion; and then I mentioned Mrs Godfrey's advertisement and begged her to give her consent to my going to Upfield and to try and persuade Papa to view the idea in a favorable light also.

"Go to Upfield as companion to Helen Godfrey! Enis are you mad?" cried my mother aghast.

"No, mamma, not mad, only wearied with this hopeless struggle with poverty. There are so many of us to keep and so little to keep us on; I want to earn some money."

Here I blushed and hung my head guiltily; for I could not help thinking of that hidden motive, of which none knew save myself. But mother evidently mistook the cause of my confusion, and she looked at me with a half smile on her dear, kind face.

"My darling, I think there must be some other reason for this sudden wish of yours to go to Upfields; but do you not think, dearest, that Douglas should have come—?"

I sprang to my feet, my cheeks blazing with anger. "Mamma!" I cried passionately, "do you think it is to see Douglas to—run after him that I want to go to Upfield, how could you imagine such a thing? Douglas had no part in my plans at all. He—he is nothing to me." I choked as I said this and turned away to the window that mamma might not see the tears that blinded my eyes, at the mention of Douglas' name.

Nothing to me! Douglas Rathburn nothing to me! Witness Heaven! he is all the world to me and I lied when I said he was nothing!

Years ago, at Upfields, when Douglas was but a boy of nineteen and I a girl of fourteen or fifteen, he and I had been sweethearts. When he was away at college all the brightness seemed to vanish out of my life, and all the beauty from the fair country scenes about my home, because Douglas was not there to enjoy them with me. But he came home three times a year for vacation and those were blissful times for me; for our old intercourse was always taken up just where it had been broken off when he went away. We were always together, Douglas and I; and the elders looked on and smiled at our youthful love, but never interfered. Douglas was the son of Dr. Rathburn, of Upton, and the old man who was much attached to my father, was pleased to think that his son would some day marry Miss Godfrey of Upfield the daughter of his old friend. There was no engagement between Douglas and me. We had never exchanged a single vow in reference to our future, but we understood each other and I daresay the tacit understanding was more delightful than an open engagement would have been. At length the time came for Douglas' departure for Edinburgh, where he was to study for the next few years. I cannot bear to dwell much on that parting, it nearly broke my childish heart to say 'good-bye' to Douglas.

When the moment of parting came, we were alone in the garden, and I remember he put his arm around me and held me close to him for a moment; and shall I ever forget his words, his very last words to me:

"I wonder if you will love me as well when I come back again Enis?"

"I shall love you always—always Douglas," I answered, "even if you never come back again I shall love you just the same."

How my cheeks burned now, with shame when I recalled those words of mine; for the years had sped by, and Douglas was home again; but my laddie had never come back to me. He had been home a year or more and he had never sought me out in my new home. Not finding me at Upfield he had been well contented to let me go. Ah well! We all change; and perhaps those four years of life in the great busy world had changed him. He had gone away a boy; he returned a man. How could he know that the child he left at home, had