

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE week after Miss Kendall's arrival, Mr. Hesketh did not leave his bed, and the doctor came to see him three times a-day. Much of the peculiar character of a "house with illness in it" began to be perceptible in Redwood. And although Caroline was not as yet definitely anxious about the illness, she felt the subduing influence of its presence; and something of the staid quietude of nurseship already chastened the ring of her voice and the buoyancy of her step. When the patient was asleep, or resting, and she went into the park for a ten minutes' breathing-space, she felt her loneliness profoundly. Poor child! she had never felt lonely before, though her whole life, so far as companions of her own sex and age were concerned, had been especially solitary. But *now*, the constant cry of her heart was, "O, when Vaughan comes home! And Vaughan will be here to-morrow."

And to-morrow came, and was to-day. Through the long morning Caroline kept by her uncle. He was slightly better, felt stronger, and himself proposed to get up, and sit by his dressing-room fire. And in the afternoon, Caroline left him there, very cosy and cheerful, while she went up to Beacon's Cottage, for a walk, and to see Miss Kendal, and—unconscious instinct!—to occupy the remaining time till Vaughan should arrive.

It had been a soft, cloudy day, and now only faint reflections, rifts of pale light, shone here and there along the horizon. A gentle mournfulness was regnant over the time. The autumn tenderness spoke with more than eloquence to Caroline's heart. She lingered on her way, stopping many times to look around her, and to listen to the quiet sounds that made the silence felt. Faintly whispering, the leaves fell fluttering round, as she passed along the slope of the hill, where oak and beech grew stately and fair. Lower down, in the valley, the little tricky stream