

always called it home, though it had passed into other hands than ours.

"What was your dream about, Enis?" asked my father looking at me in the listless way that had now become habitual to him, and which always made my head ache to see.

"Oh! it was only some foolish dream about my childish days, papa; I do not know what made me claw the bed-clothes as Hetty says." "Now children" I said "you had better be off to school; do you see what time it is?"

"Twenty minutes to nine" cried a chorus of voices, and there followed a general upheaval from the table as boys and girls rushed off in search of books and hats.

"Quiet, quiet, children! Remember mamma is sick" said papa, raising his hand, and then, with Hetty leading as usual, the whole six went quietly away.

"I must be off too," said Herbert, rising and standing for a moment by the window. He was very handsome, my brother; at least so I thought; perhaps it was only a sister's partiality, and Herbert was my favorite brother. He was just twenty-two, three years my senior. Poor Herbert! The change in our fortune, which happened three years ago, had been a grievous one for him. He was studying for the ministry; and when poverty like an armed man, came upon us and drove us out from our inheritance, Herbert, without a murmur, without a moment's hesitation, gave up his cherished hopes, and seeing the strong necessity there was for earning money at once, set to work resolutely and manfully to obtain employment; and so, here he was, our clever, talented Herbert, a clerk in a wholesale dry goods establishment. Dear old boy! He was always so cheerful and light-hearted before our father and mother, striving with all his manly strength of will not to grieve them by letting them see that he was not quite happy. Again I ask; what wonder was it, if in my girlish impetuosity and through my great love for these three especially—papa, mamma and Herbert, I hated those who had taken our home from us. Even my mother's gentle remonstrance failed to make me feel any contrition for my unholy hatred of the usurpers, as I delighted in calling my aunt, Mrs Godfrey and my cousin Helen.

"How do your chances stand for the managership of the business Herbert?" asked my father. "does the firm hold out any prospect of your obtaining it?"

"Well no; not much prospect sir; you see Crampton has been longer with the firm than I; besides he is older. However, father, I am not dependent on that account; and if my salary is raised next month, I shall not have much to complain of. Well, I must be off; you are not ready to come just yet I suppose? No; well, good morning sis, I'm off." He left the room, and I heard him run lightly upstairs to mamma's room, to kiss her good morning, I knew; for Herbert was passionately fond of our little mother. When he was gone Papa got up from his chair and stood by the window, looking out on to the busy street below just as Herbert had done a few minutes before.

"My poor boy!" he muttered, more to himself than to me. "It was a sad blow to him, a sad blow to all his hopes; and he is so clever; he would have been a great man some day, had things turned out differently."

"But Herbert is not unhappy Papa," I said.

"Nonsense; how do you know Enis," answered my father sharply; "he is not one to speak of his disappointments to others, not even to me; he is very reserved but it is the reserve, of a mind that refuses to flaunt its griefs in the face of the world; he would rather help his fellow men to bear their burdens than to let them suspect that he has one of his own to carry. But he cannot altogether hide his feelings from me; and I know how my dear boy's heart was bound up in that profession which was to have been his."

"Yes, but father," I said timidly, "I do not think he is unhappy; he has his regrets of course; but as you say, dear, he is a noble minded fellow and to such as he, a great disappointment, bravely borne, often leaves behind it a deeper and more lasting happiness than hopes fulfilled would ever have done."

"Yes, yes, child I dare say you are right; but still I know that Herbert suffers in secret very often, and it is the thought of that which wrings my heart; that and your mother's ill health, together, unman me more than the mere loss of Upfield. God knows," he continued, "if these two

women, my brother's wife and daughter had been poor themselves when they took our home from us, I would not murmur nor grudge it to them; but they were rich, they had more wealth than they could spend; and then—." Here my father commenced to pace nervously up and down the little dining-room. It was very seldom he spoke of Upfield but whenever he did so, it agitated him as nothing else ever did.

As I looked at him that morning the truth struck with a chill to my heart; his health too was failing; surely the people who had known him for years at Upfield, as the hale, hearty master of the manor, would never recognize the old man, with stooping shoulders and white hair and faded sunken cheeks, as the stalwart man who had been wont to ride for miles and miles about the country on his long limbed horse, Monarch. The tears sprang to my eyes and I looked from the shrunken figure pacing to and fro.

"And then," he said. "I cannot help feeling positive that my father made a second will before his death—a will, in which I, his eldest son, was reinstated in my rights—yet that will was not to be found when the time came. Strange! Strange!"

"The will! What a curious, bewildering feeling came over me at the mention of the will. I leaned my head on my hand, when my father was gone and tried to fathom the nature of the strange tumult that had taken possession of me; and through all my thoughts, like an ugly tangled thread ran the recollection of my dream of the night before. Again and again did I put it from me, half laughing at the pertinacity with which it always turned uppermost in my mind as I strove to fix my thoughts on other things. The will. Is it possible that Grandpa did make a second will, revoking that first and most unjust one, in which he left all his wealth, with Upfield Manor and estate to his younger son Edward Godfrey, my Uncle, and utterly ignoring my father, who was the elder son and rightful heir. Certainly the quarrel between them had been made up previous to my Grandfather's sudden illness and death; and he (Grandpa) told my father during the one interview they had between the reconciliation, and the death of the former, that he had made another will, reinstating Alex. Godfrey, my father, in his rights. Was that will ever made? And if so, where was it? Ah!—I sprang to my feet and pressed my hands over my beating heart; a wild tumult filled my mind. I went to the window and leaned my hot forehead against the cool glass.

Herbert was wont to say that I had two distinct natures; one practical, prosaic, sensible; the other romantic, fantastical and unpractical to the last degree. Now, as I asked myself the question—"Can it be? Is it possible?" my practical nature cried out in derision "no, no; it is folly, folly." While on the other hand my romantic nature took the idea into its arms and hugged it; seeing sense and probability where my prosaic nature derided it as folly. And now what was this wonderful idea that had leaped all at once into my mind and refused utterly to be ejected. It was this: Was my dream of the previous night sent me as a warning—a revelation? and could it be possible that the will was concealed in one of the little cupboards in the old library at home? Here reader, you have the thought that filled my mind, and over which my two natures were doing such fierce battle. You, I have little doubt, will be inclined to take a common-sense view of the matter and cry "it is folly! it is folly!"

Could it be possible, I thought, that my Grandfather had hidden the will in some secret recess within one of the cupboards? Not that any of us were aware of a secret recess; indeed we had never dreamed of such a thing being in existence; but on my part, the wish being father to the thought, I argued, that because we had never dreamed of such a romantic thing as a secret recess, where a lost will might be concealed, was no reason why a secret recess should not exist. Such things had happened in other houses, why not in ours? And as I thought it over, there recurred to my mind many a fascinating tale I had read, of lost wills turning up after the lapse of years, having been hidden away by the testator in some unheard-of secret drawer or recess.

The more I thought about it, the more the idea grew upon me, and giving the reins to fancy I held common-sense in check, the consequence being that I was quite unfitted for the prosaic duties of the day, and my duties were not few, I being the eldest daughter of the house and my mother an