

within could betray me. Then lighting my candle, I unlocked one of the cupboards, and knelt down to look into it.

It was full of magazines, books and papers, just as it had always been within my memory. Evidently nothing had been disturbed since our time. My father had separated all papers and books belonging to himself, and had scrupulously replaced everything which had belonged to the old squire; and Mrs. Godfrey, it seemed, had left the cupboards as she found them.

So I commenced to take out the old books and papers, carefully searching every book and envelope for the will. It took a long time, but I went through with my task perseveringly, stopping occasionally to listen for any sound in the house, and scarcely daring to breathe, so oppressive was the silence.

At last not a magazine nor a scrap of paper remained in the cupboard.

I then felt carefully with my hand all around the inside for some spring or sliding panel that would reveal to my longing eyes a hidden recess, wherein might be deposited the missing will. But no such success crowned my efforts, and after vainly searching again and again, I was at length convinced that my errand, that night, had been fruitless.

Carefully replacing everything as I had found it, and closing and locking the doors, I arose and stretched my cramped limbs, wondering if there would be time to search the other cupboard. There was no clock in the room, so I knew not what time it was. I drew back one of the curtains and looked out. To my surprise I saw that it was just beginning to grow light, and in the eastern sky a faint rosy tinge presaged the coming of the king of day. But within the manor all was dark.

I could do nothing more that morning, so extinguishing my feeble light, I drew back the curtains and raised the blinds, so as to leave things exactly as I had found them. I opened the door leading into the drawing-room and stood transfixed with terror, for through the open door at the far end of the drawing-room, I saw the glimmer of a moving light, and it seemed to come nearer and nearer every instant. There was no sound of footsteps, only that faint light moving nearer, nearer.

What should I do? How escape? Ah! the door from the library into the back hall! If that should be locked, then all were lost. But no, thank heaven! it was unfastened. Another second and I was hurrying through the dark narrow passages, trembling with fear. Reaching the servants' stairway I ran hastily and noiselessly up and gaining the upper corridor, at last reached my own room, and threw myself upon the bed, drawing the bedclothes over me.

"Oh!" I thought "what if Mrs. Godfrey has been here and discovered my absence; for it must have been she with the light."

(To be Continued.)

The Difference.

Only a few more notes,
Only a finer tone;
And lo! the world bows down
Before the singer's throne.
Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound;
And lo! a poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.
Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill;
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.
Only a tint or line,
Only a subtler grace;
And lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.
Yet though so slight the cause
For which men call us great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate.
For few may wield the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill;
The barrier fixed, but fine,
We may not pass at will.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

How She Kept Faith.

BY MRS. CROSS.

"Men's due deserts each reader may recite,
For men of men do make a goodly show,
But women's works can seldom come to light,
No mortal man their famous acts may know;
Few writers will a little time bestow
The worthy acts of women to repeat,
Though their renown and their desserts be great."

CHAPTER I.

THE TEACHER.

ANY a heroic deed goes unnoticed, many a life is one long act of self-denial and triumph over self that no one knows or suspects. I will try to tell you the story of one brave woman's life, one who for fidelity and patient endurance might rank with Longfellow's Evangeline. She was only a country teacher, and "once upon a time," as the story-tellers say, she taught the summer term of the district school in the town of Bradford. Her name was Amanda Barr, age, twenty; face, far from beautiful, and yet attractive by reason of the intelligence and good temper it expressed.

In those days it was the universal custom for the teacher to "board around," and great would be the stir of preparation in every house when it came time to board the teacher; and what a tumult it would create in the hearts of big brothers at home when she came, and how shall I describe the feelings of those just old enough to be bashfully self-conscious and awkward, should the teacher happen to address a remark to them. Would they not envy their small brothers, who, being on familiar terms, are free from such embarrassment especially if she be young and pretty. This seems a wandering from my subject, but I want to give you an inkling of how the "school marm" stood among the good, plain country folks at the time of which I write. Perhaps I can do this best by relating an anecdote.

A little girl came late one day to school, and being questioned by her teacher as to the cause of such tardiness, replied, "I had—to stay—at home—and help—my mother make—squash pie. She wants you to come and stay at our house to-night." Was it a wonder the other pupils felt a sudden interest in something not contained in books just then? Truth, however, compels me to state that boarding around was no pleasant task in some districts, or in winter. So we will not regret that the custom has passed away, with some other of the teacher's pleasures, such as getting to the school-house in the morning before the arrival of the dilatory pupil whose turn it was to build the fire, with the cold, impatient children stamping about the room to get warm, or huddling about the stove. But I must return to Miss Barr, our teacher. She was liked by most as a teacher, but no teacher can please all, there are too many to criticise. She was, of course, invited to all the social gatherings, picnics, birthday parties, quiltings, apple-parings and the like.

At some of these she had formed an acquaintance, which from similarity of taste, soon ripened into friendship with a young doctor who had lately settled in Bradford. This, of course, could not pass unnoticed, and many were the well-meant but embarrassing jokes she had to meet from the good-natured and hospitable, but blunt farmers, made worse by the wife's reproof: "Now, pa, don't, see how you have made Miss Barr blush."

There, my acute reader, you have guessed what I hoped to conceal, and are saying "Oh, a love-story." Well, why not, pray? Has not love a place in real life? Often have I heard people say, "I don't believe in these love-stories, in fact, I never read them. Such folly!" But did you never live one (for it is not often the young who say such things), have you never met love or romance in real life? If not, I sincerely pity you; you have lost the sweetest ingredient from life's cup.

But young people, and older ones whose hearts are young, with the witchery of that enchantment still holding the