

anyhow. Good-bye, for I won't see you again." Kissing her, he quitted the room, brushing his coat-sleeve suspiciously over his eyes, and leaving Edna uncertain as to whether anger or sorrow most predominated. Charlie's words, implying that she merely regretted the loss of an admirer whose place might be filled by anyone else, annoyed her extremely. But he had left her no chance of replying; and, now that he was gone, all anger was lost in grief at parting with her only brother, her loved playmate,—good-natured and generous he ever was, and much better-tempered, she knew, than herself. Edna wept long and bitterly, but was obliged to rouse herself to prepare for the sad parting with her father. This was the hardest of all. He said little, and appeared bowed down with sorrow. The last Edna saw, as she drove away, was her father, standing at the door, shading his eyes with his hand, and Selina waving her handkerchief from the bed-room window.

Thus our heroine left her home, from under whose roof she had never before been absent for a single week. Gladly would we follow her and her kind friend, in their journey across the wide Atlantic; and in imagination travel with them through sunny France, and under the clear, deep-blue sky of Italy; but space will not permit, and we must leave them for a time, until again we meet them, surrounded by the snow-capped Alps.

## CHAPTER V.

"Alas! how bitter are the wrongs of love!  
 "Life has no other sorrow so acute;  
 "For love is made of every firm emotion,  
 "Of generous impulses, and noble thoughts;  
 "It looketh to the stars, and dreams of heaven;  
 "It nestles 'mid the flowers, and sweetens earth.  
 "Love is aspiring, yet is humble, too;  
 "It doth exalt another o'er itself,  
 "With sweet heart-homage, which delights to raise  
 "That which it worships; yet is fain to win  
 "The idol to its lone and lowly home  
 "Of deep affection. 'Tis an bitter wreck  
 "When such hopes perish. From that moment  
 life  
 "Has in its depths a well of bitterness."  
 —L. E. Landon.

Edna's letter to Winnifred filled her with

sorrow, yet threw light at once on Ernest's strange conduct, which had been such a mystery to her. She grieved deeply on her brother's account, and could not understand what possible reason Edna could have for discarding him whom she believed to be a model of all that was good and noble. But it made little change in her feelings towards her old friend; and she rather pitied her than indulged any angry feelings at her conduct. Mrs. Leighton felt less sympathy for one who had thus, seemingly, so lightly ruined the happiness of her only son. But she said little, and did not forbid her daughter's correspondence with Edna.

To Mrs. Leighton, the thought of parting with her only boy was a terrible grief. But she determined to nerve herself for the separation, and not add to her son's sorrow by her own selfishness. She well knew that Ernest could never bear to remain in the place now, where, for so many years, he had associated with Edna; and, as for herself, at present at least, she had no intention of leaving L——.

It was not until after Edna's departure for Europe, that Ernest gave his sister an opportunity of speaking on the subject of which her heart was so full. One day, Winnifred was sitting alone, working busily with her needle, when her brother entered the room. He came up to the window, and drawing a chair close to hers, he sat down, and taking her hand in his, said,

"Little sister, I want to speak to you. Can you leave your work for a short time?"

She looked at him for a moment, then breaking down completely, she laid her head on his shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Ernest," she sobbed out, "how could she be so cruel? My poor, poor brother."

"Winnie," he replied, his voice trembling with emotion, "you must not give way thus, but listen to me calmly. I cannot speak with you much on this subject, but I have something which I wish to say to you, and I know my little sister will do what I ask, for her brother's sake. I do not wish