

always hate such sanctimonious-looking people; they have been the whole cause of my trouble; I was happy before they came."

The bell for breakfast aroused her, and, hastily arranging her disordered apparel,—for she had never removed her dress—she went into the dining-room. Charlie was not down to breakfast, as was often the case. Mr. Clifford seemed absorbed in thought; and even Selina was unusually silent. Edna swallowed a cup of coffee, and, soon excusing herself, she returned to her sitting-room, bright with the morning sunbeams. She sat down at once, and wrote to Winnifred, for she felt she could not trust herself to go to the house. She told her friend that she thought Ernest was much to blame; and concluded with the hope that *she* would not forsake her, offering to correspond with her, and trusting that this unhappy affair would not estrange one who was as a sister to her. "Oh, Winnie, Winnie," she wrote, "don't forsake your old friend. I cannot bear to think that you will change." Edna was directing the envelope, when Charlie burst in, exclaiming,

"Selina says that you have sent off Leighton; but I don't believe her. It isn't true, is it, Neddy?"

"If you mean that I have broken off my engagement with Mr. Leighton, you are correct," said Edna, rather angry at being thus intruded on.

"Then you're a fool!" replied her brother, passionately. "Girls are all alike. There's Jessie Wyndgate been bothering Lionel to take her to a concert at G——, where they came from, when she knows if he gets for one evening among his old companions, he'll be just as bad as ever; and here are you, sending about his business one of the best fellows that ever lived, just for some whim or other. I'd like to know what reason you gave him."

"Until you are calm," said Edna, "I will not tell you anything; nor as long as you use such vulgar language. Have you learnt that in Mr. Lionel Wyndgate's company?"

"Oh, that's the sore point, is it!" sneered her brother. "If you only knew Ernest's reasons—but I won't tell you, for you don't deserve to know; but you'll repent of this, as sure as your name is Edna Clifford!" and Charlie went out of the room, banging the door behind him.

Edna rose and locked it; then, fastening up her letter, she laid it with the parcel addressed to Ernest; and, not daring to trust herself, in case of delay, she rang for a servant, and told her to tell Larry to take them to Mrs. Leighton's. She then busied herself with some preparations for her journey, hoping to exclude the bitter thoughts that would arise.

The next day was Sunday, but as it proved wet, Edna did not go out. Perhaps her chief attraction in attending church was the singing with Ernest, for they were the two principal members of the choir, and usually took parts in the anthems. Now she dare not trust her voice with his, and could not bear the thought of breaking down. Ere another Sabbath should dawn, she would be many miles away from him whom now she dreaded meeting. So she resolved to remain at home, telling her father she had a bad headache.

The following day she was very busy packing up; and on Tuesday she left her home, with an aching heart. It made her miserable to look at her father's sad, careworn face, and to think how many months would elapse before she might see him again. Charlie came to Edna in the morning, and with real penitence, implored her to forgive him for his hastiness.

"You know, Neddy," he said, "that I love Ernest as a brother, and it grieved me to think *my* sister should slight him. I know I was in a passion, and said what I should not; but forgive me, Neddy dear. I shall miss you so much; but you will write me long letters, won't you? Bring me a bit of Pio Nono's toe-nail, or a piece of ice off the top of Mount Blanc. Just put it in your band-box, you know. But, cheer up, Eddy! perhaps you will find as good a fellow as Leighton; but I don't believe it,