

can only trust and pray that you may realize the misery you are occasioning e'er it be too late."

"Recall him!" exclaimed Edna, "I never will. It is not my fault. Why did he treat me as he did? why did he neglect me?"

"I know nothing of your reasons, my child, nor can I bear to listen to them now," her father replied. "Good-night, my Edna; good-night, my poor little motherless child."

Edna rose, and leaving the room, passed into her own, where she found Miss Ponsonby awaiting her, who, as Edna entered, rose and said,

"I have not time to sit and talk with you, Edna, for John has called me twice already. Edna, my poor child," she added, laying her hand on her shoulder, "you have done very, very wrong. Nothing could justify you in deciding so hastily; not even if Mr. Leighton had acted most dishonorably, would you have been right in breaking, without sufficient consideration, a tie so binding. If you had given Ernest time to explain himself, and then, on mature thought, made your decision, it would have been very different."

"You do not suppose, for one moment, that Ernest *would* act dishonorably!" exclaimed Edna.

"No, I do not," replied her friend; "and for that reason, I think you are the more to blame. But, my poor child, there is little use talking to you now; I only trust that when you feel weary and heavy laden with this burden, which you, my child, have *chosen* to bear, that it will lead you to Him who is meek and lowly in heart, and you will then find the rest to your soul, which you will so much long for. God bless you, my poor child," added Miss Ponsonby, "and lead you to Himself, though it be by the paths of affliction."

She left the room, and Edna sank into a low chair, and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, why was I born to be so miserable?" she exclaimed; "why, if God loves me, did he leave me motherless, with no one to show me what I ought to do? for, oh, I think my

mother would have been so different—would have been able to understand all much better than any one else. Oh! mother, mother!" she cried, looking up with streaming eyes, and gazing through her tears at the sweet face which hung above her, "why did you leave your poor child?"

Edna waited until the noise of voices was stilled, and the house was quiet once more, then gathering together all the little remembrances she had ever received from Ernest, she laid them ready to be tied up together. Some of these had been given to her when a child, and it was, indeed, a strange collection. Pressed and withered flowers; a lock of light-brown, wavy hair; several books; her engagement-ring, which, only three months ago that very night, Ernest had placed on her finger, when sitting in that room together, the bright June moon shining in upon them approvingly, as if blessing their young love. Beside these were many little ornaments, all proofs of Ernest's love. The lock of hair, the ring, and Ernest's likeness—a small daguerreotype in a locket—were the last articles brought out. Over these Edna lingered long and mournfully, ere she could make up her mind to lay them with the others, and thus part forever from objects so dear. At length all were sealed up, and with a trembling hand, she addressed them to Ernest. Looking at her watch, she saw it was after three o'clock; so, slowly rising, she went to her chamber, and throwing herself on her bed, she fell into a troubled slumber. She was awakened by the sun pouring his glorious beams in at her window. At first, the poor girl could hardly account for the dreadful weight on her breast, but suddenly the sad recollections of the previous day, which seemed so long ago, burst upon her; and, hiding her face in the pillows, she sobbed out,

"Oh, why did I ever wake up? Why did not God, if He is so loving and kind, let me sleep forever, and not wake again to all this life of misery? I wish those Wyndgates had never come here. There's that Margaret, with her sweet, pious look! I