

Dear little lily, she looks as fragile as a mountain-flower."

"But don't you think she is looking much stronger than when we left home?" said Mrs. Maitland. "I would not have travelled so far again, but on her account, dear child. I hoped a winter in France would be of benefit to her."

"But why do you say *again*, Mrs. Maitland," said Edna; "you have never been in Switzerland or France before, have you?"

"Yes, dear; I travelled here with my husband, hoping it would restore his shattered health; but all in vain—we had only just reached home when he died. But I thank God he was at home; it would have been a great grief to me had he not lived to reach it, but died in a foreign land."

"It must be very sad for you to visit these scenes once more, which are hallowed by so many sorrowful memories," said Edna.

"Yes, it is sad; but when we feel we have done all we could to promote the happiness of one we have lost, the remembrance is not so bitter—it is when remorse and regret are mingled with sorrow that its sting is so terrible."

"Why did you not tell me you had travelled here with Mr. Maitland?"

"I did not wish to give you pain, my love; and I feared if you knew it might make you sad. As it was, you could only attribute my occasional melancholy to my anxiety on Bessie's account."

"But I would so much like to sympathize with, and comfort you, if I could, dear Mrs. Maitland," said Edna, "but I suppose only those who have gone through such sorrow as you have suffered can feel for you."

"And you have known sorrow," said Mrs. Maitland, "though you try so hard to hide it from me. But I do not wish to pain you, my love," she added, hastily, seeing the look of anguish coming over Edna's face, "I only would wish to comfort you, and point you to One who bears our griefs

and carries our sorrows. But I will call Jane to carry Bessie to my room, for I am sure you must be tired supporting her so long."

"Oh, no! please let me lift her," said Edna, and raising the child in her arms, she bore her to her mother's bed, and began gently and quietly to remove her clothing; but she was glad of the release when Mrs. Maitland told her she would undress Bessie, and bade her go to her room, as she was sure she needed rest after the long walk she had taken that day.

Bidding her friend good-night, Edna went to her chamber, and it was only when she had bolted her door, and felt she was alone, that Edna Clifford gave way to a passionate burst of weeping, and shed such tears as she would have been ashamed to let any one see—for one of Edna's strongest characteristics was pride, an indomitable spirit of pride—yet now, when alone, she said, bitterly, "How true are Mrs. Maitland's words. It is indeed remorse that gives my sorrow its sting. How I hate myself for my pride and selfishness. How happy I might have been—but now it is too late, too late," and, drying her tears, she sat down and gazed out on the grand, sublime scene before her, watching the moon rising and shedding her calm, pale lustre on the snow-capped mountains, towering upwards in awful grandeur. Fair Luna, herself, was not visible, only her pale light could be seen shed on the mountains, and gradually stealing over valley, forest and plain, like a silvery veil, hiding all deformities, and making beauty yet more beautiful with its softening sheen.

My readers will think, perhaps, this is a strange position for a young lady—away from all her relations, in a strange land, in company with a lady friend and her only child, with none but a man and maid-servant in attendance. In my next chapter I will try and show you how Edna Clifford found herself among the everlasting hills of far-famed Switzerland; and introduce you to her relations, friends and acquaintances.