

days his life was in great danger, and both his mother and sister were sent for. I was expecting daily a summons to his death-bed, when there was suddenly a change for the better. From that time he gradually improved, and is now convalescent. Mrs. Leighton and Winnifred have been home nearly a fortnight now."

"Oh, papa, papa!" sobbed Edna, entirely overcome, "how can I be thankful enough! If he had died, oh papa!—the thought is too terrible. Oh! let us thank God for His great goodness."

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge the God of our mercies; may He bless you with His richest blessings. I thank Him for bringing you to me in safety, my dear, dear daughter."

"Oh! I am so glad to be with you once more, dearest papa," said Edna, as they walked together out of the room.

They met Selina just coming down stairs. She gave a little scream, and exclaimed:

"Why, child, is that you! Where in the world did you come from?"

"Montreal, to-day," said Edna, kissing her. "I am glad to see you looking so well," she said warmly.

"Well, I am glad to see you, Edna; but why in the world did you not let us know you were coming, and not frighten us all in this way? I declare it is enough to give one an attack of hysterics," said Selina, as she led the way into the dining-room.

"I wanted to surprise you," said Edna. "I almost frightened dear papa, too," she said, looking lovingly up at him, as she entered the room, leaning on his arm.

"Enough to alarm any one," interrupted Selina; "for you look as much like a ghost as anything else. Why, I thought you were going to get fat, child."

"Well, I am rather tired now after my long voyage," said Edna; "and perhaps the sea air does not agree with me," she added, smiling.

Her father looked at her anxiously.

"You are growing wonderfully like your mother, child," he remarked, at length,

drawing a deep sigh; "but come, tell us some of your adventures," he said in a lighter tone.

"The principal one I met with was the loss of all my trunks and clothing."

"Trunks and clothing!" exclaimed Miss Clifford, in astonishment. "Where—how?"

"The night before we left Chamouni, the cottage we were boarding in took fire, and, before any of its contents could be rescued, the room I occupied was a mass of flames. The fire broke out in that end of the building, and the flames spread so rapidly, it was impossible to save anything."

"Did you lose all?" exclaimed Selina.

"Everything, but my dressing-case, and that happened to be in Mrs. Maitland's room. It was fortunate that it escaped, for it contained all my money and jewelry. I had left it with Mrs. Maitland in the morning, when I went out for a walk with Bessie. I fear, if it had not escaped, my demands upon you would have been rather heavy, dear papa," added Edna, laughingly.

Mr. Clifford smiled in return, but Edna thought it was a very sad smile.

"But how was it that Mrs. Maitland's trunks were rescued, and not yours?" interrupted Selina.

"Her room was more in the centre of the building than mine, so more time was left to secure its contents before the flames reached it. I had great difficulty in getting Mrs. Maitland herself out of the room, for I found her insensible on the floor when I entered her apartment, and was obliged to drag her to the stairs. Here I met with assistance. We were very much indebted, however, to the kindness of our landlord, and that of a gentleman whom we met in France, on our first arrival on the continent, and who travelled with us all the time we were abroad. On the night of the fire, he took us to his own rooms at the hotel, and insisted on our occupying them during our stay in Chamouni. His name is Captain Ainslie, and I hope that if you ever meet with him, papa, you will not forget that he proved himself a true friend to me when in a foreign land."