

veracity called in question by Madame Merveille, to whom she was an entire stranger; on the contrary, the doubt and surprise she had expressed, were a flattering testimony to the beauty and perfection of the flowers, and when, in the course of a few days, she returned to the milliner with the two Japonicas, she frankly acknowledged she found it impossible to select that which had been given for a pattern, and with true French politeness apologised to Madelaine for the wrong she had done her, in ever doubting her word.

After this, Madelaine devoted herself almost exclusively to the manufacture of flowers, in which art, as indeed in all she undertook, she attained uncommon perfection. Madame Merveille was glad to take of her as many as she could supply, as she rapidly resold them to her wealthy and fashionable customers, at exorbitant prices, though she herself obtained them at comparatively trifling cost. But Madelaine was satisfied with her gains; they enabled her to indulge, when she could relax from necessary toil, in the luxury of books, and to exercise many little charities known only to herself—to gratify the frugal wants of Phebe, and the craving desires of the parent, whom, notwithstanding her many selfish weaknesses, she loved with deep and fervent affection. In fact, she would have felt herself rich, but for that parent's foolish and idle extravagance; but the sentiment of filial reverence was so interwoven with her habits, and was so deep-rooted a principle of her heart, that she would have toiled cheerfully through the long hours of the night for the means of her gratification, rather than have withheld from her unreasonable desires, what she often felt it extravagant to grant.

About this period, Mrs. Dorival was taken suddenly ill, and after a day or two, her disorder assumed so alarming an aspect, that poor Madelaine felt all the trials of her life, had been light compared with this new and sore affliction. Mr. Dorival would not consent to have a physician called,—but finding that, in spite of her tender and careful nursing, her mother became rapidly worse, Madelaine lost the dread of his displeasure in the agonizing fear that she might be taken from her, and she dispatched Phebe, when her master was out, to summon a neighbouring physician. He shortly came, and pronounced Mrs. Dorival's disease a fever of a low typhus character; but he spoke encouragingly of her symptoms, and promised to be punctual in his attendance, and make his visits at hours when it was the custom of Mr. Dorival to be absent.

All the patience and strength both of Madelaine and Phebe, were put to the test during Mrs. Dorival's long and tedious illness, who was more helpless and unreasonable than a spoiled and petted child. But though poor Madelaine's cheek grew pale, and her eye often drooped with weariness, no impatient word escaped her lips, nor was any tri-

fling care omitted by her, which could yield relief or pleasure to the sufferer. Day and night, forgetful of herself, she hovered around the bed of sickness, often ready to faint with fatigue, yet cheerfully sustaining herself, rather than disturb old Phebe, who slept on, unconscious that her hour had come to arise, and relieve the watch of the exhausted girl.

The expences of her mother's illness were so rapidly consuming the little hoard which Madelaine had laid by, that she felt the necessity of resuming her labours, in order to furnish the invalid with those comforting, yet expensive articles, required by sickness, and on which, perhaps her life, certainly, under Providence, her restoration depended. But her services were in such constant requisition, that it was only when her mother slept, or during the long hours of her nightly watchings, that Madelaine could make any progress in her work. This incessant fatigue and anxiety produced its baneful effects upon her health; her appetite left her, and her fading colour and languid step, attracted the notice of Doctor Moreland, who, having early penetrated the widely different characters of mother and daughter, positively commanded her to take better care of herself, and to give herself time for rest, and exercise in the open air, or he would not answer for the consequences, to her over-wrought and exhausted frame.

He also spoke seriously to Mrs. Dorival on the unreasonableness of expecting such unremitting attendance from her child, and warned her, if she did not wish to see her lying on a bed of sickness, to spare her strength, and call more frequently on Phebe. And so Phebe was called, but she was slow and awkward, and the selfish mother, in the desire to promote her own ease, forgot the Doctor's injunctions, and her daughter's exertions and fatigues. Madelaine best knew how to prepare her medicines, to make her gruel palatable, to place her pillow in the easiest position, and so Madelaine was again constantly summoned, and with her light step and her beaming smile, she came to shed joy and comfort over the languishing couch of her parent.

The unfeeling miser had never entered Mrs. Dorival's apartment since her illness, and the satisfaction with which he heard from Phebe that she was "too desperate bad" ever to recover, was sincere and undisguised. He resolved within himself, if the mother was taken off, that he would get the girl apprenticed to some milliner, and so fairly rid himself of both burdens at once. But it pleased God to render vain the calculations of his avaricious heart, for Mrs. Dorival, when the crisis of her disorder had passed, began slowly to amend, and was at length so far restored as no longer to require the attendance of her physician. On the day of his last visit, Madelaine thanked him from her heart for his skill and kindness, and requested as a favour that he would present his bill to her, which, as she had call-