

know all the 'Spider and the Fly,' and I had rather hear that than any thing," said the docile child, as he nestled down quietly upon his pillow, while Fanny, alarmed lest she should not complete her task within the appointed time, plied her needle with redoubled diligence, reciting at the same time Mrs. Howitt's fascinating fable, which, much as Harry loved it, had the effect of soon lulling him to sleep. Just as she concluded, there came a low knock at the door, and opening it, Peggy, a little servant girl of Madame Legrande's, the milliner on whom Fanny depended for employment, made her way into the room. She came with a message from her mistress, who desired that the dress which Fanny was completing, should be sent home by eight o'clock on the following morning; the lady for whom it was designed having intimated that she wished it returned to her as early as it could possibly be finished. Fanny feared it would be more than she could accomplish, but said she would try her best to get it done.

Peggy turned to depart, when the stately rose-bush, crowned with its fragile and perfumed clusters, caught her eye, and as she paused to gaze admiringly upon it, she asked Fanny if she intended parting with it to Madame Legrande,—and when she received a reply in the negative, with the reason that it would be cruel to take from her sick brother an object which gave him so much pleasure, the girl said it would indeed be a pity to take it away from the poor, pale boy—but then, she added, six dollars was so much money for a green thing like that—and the lady who was anxious to get all sorts of strange and beautiful plants, had offered as much, if Madame Legrande would obtain the musk-rose for her, because she could not get another in the country; and was mad after it ever since madame had shown her the broken branch which Fanny brought to the shop one morning. Madame was set upon it, she wished so much to oblige the lady, who was one of her best customers, and Peggy feared Fanny would have trouble if she refused to part with it to them.

In truth, Fanny feared so too, for she knew too well Madame Legrande's subservience to the wealthy, and her exacting and imperious temper, not to foresee that evil would ensue from provoking her displeasure. Yet dearly as she loved this cherished plant, which from her childhood had been associated with her mother's image, and which, like the household gods of the Romans, was linked with the remembrance of gentle words and fond smiles, that consecrated its every leaf in her affections, from no feeling of self-gratification would she have retained it, had a single suggestion of conscience whispered her that she

was violating any duty, or yielding to any weak indulgence, in so doing.

But to little Hal it seemed the impersonation of his mother's love, cheering his weary hours with its ceaseless bloom and its exhaustless fragrance, speaking to him of his early home, conjuring up lovely features of green hill and shadowy grove, and recalling many a tender thought, unshaped and dim, but soothing and delicious to his childish mind. While he so loved it then, Fanny resolved the rosebush should never pass into the hands of another; she might find it ill for herself to retain it; but she felt that she could cheerfully endure toil, and trial, and hardship, to add one joy to the few that brightened his sad and suffering existence.

With these thoughts and determinations Fanny once more sat down to her work—but the day was already far spent, and when she glanced over what was yet to be done before her task was completed, the quantities of piping to be made and sewed on in a difficult and intricate pattern, and the close gaging of the bodice and sleeves, which was so slow and tedious to accomplish, her heart failed her, and she was almost tempted to carry the dress to Madame Legrande, and represent to her the impossibility of finishing it within the limited time. But her necessities made every half penny she could earn a thing of consequence to her. The rent of her miserable chamber would soon be due to a landlord who brooked no delay—poor Harry would require warmer clothing as the autumn advanced, and he was already suffering for the want of a more nourishing diet than she had hitherto been able to procure him. These considerations swept away every obstacle from Fanny's mind, and with that resolute effort of the will which seldom fails in its purpose, she set herself diligently to the completion of her task.

All through the remaining hours of that day, and till long past the weary midnight, did the toil-worn girl ply her busy needle, pausing only to administer to the wants of Harry, who, however, made few demands upon her time, for young as he was, he had learned those lessons of patience and self-denial which the children of the virtuous poor are early taught—and a consideration for the feelings and circumstances of others, worthy of maturer years. And so he quietly amused himself with his few playthings and books, and, when weary of them, counted the roses as they unfolded, or gathered up the leaves of those that fell, talking all the time with childish garrulity, of the scenes and sports that consecrated the remembrance of his country life, and which seemed ever associated in his mind with the flowers and foliage of this graceful and cherished rose-tree.