

had saved, on an idle and complaining woman,"—and with a growl of surly discontent, he turned and left her. From that time his hatred towards her deepened, and the unoffending Madelaine, also, seemed to have lost the little favour she had gained, for when he addressed her, it was with increased harshness, and he often threw out dark hints of their wishing for his death, that they might squander all he should leave,—but he would disappoint them, or words to that effect, which they heeded only as the effervescence of a bitter and suspicious temper.

Mrs. Dorival murmured, as usual, at the hardships of her life, but she made no effort of industry or ingenuity, to repair the evil which she had so long endured. Madelaine, too, wept that her mother should want comforts, which her delicate state of health rendered necessary; but, young as she was, she immediately began to reflect how she could contrive means to supply them. By much persuasion, she had recently induced her mother to instruct her in the manufacture of some shell-work, a few specimens of which, made by herself, Mrs. Dorival had brought with her from Jamaica, and under her direction the child had just completed two small baskets, that were really very beautiful. The shells were delicately and richly variegated, and so arranged as to produce a very pretty effect, and as Madelaine had never seen any like them in any of the shops, she thought she might dispose of them advantageously.

Lest she should be disappointed, however, she said nothing of her intention to her mother or Phebe, but, wrapping her little cloak about her, she concealed the baskets, which she had regarded with such pride and pleasure, beneath it, and stealing out unobserved, directed her steps towards a large variety saloon, at the windows of which she had often paused, to admire the beautiful articles they displayed. She entered with a timid and hesitating air, but was reassured by finding the place free from customers, and only one man in attendance, who stood behind the counter reading a newspaper. She advanced towards him, and displaying her baskets, asked in a low and anxious tone, if he would like to purchase them.

"You want to sell them, do you child?" he said, eyeing her suspiciously. "And pray, how did you get them? honestly, I hope."

"Indeed, sir, scarcely to save my mother from starving, would I take what belonged to another,—and I am sure I would not do such a wicked act to get food for myself," said Madelaine, in earnest yet trembling tones, while her little breast heaved with emotion, and the tears that had gathered in her eyes, rolled silently down over her flushed cheeks.

"Well, little girl, I believe you, because you look as if you would not tell an untruth," said the shopman, touched by her tears; "but still, I should like to know where you got these baskets—for I

have never seen any before, made of such very curious and delicate shells."

"My mother brought the shells with her from Jamaica, sir, a great many years ago, soon after I was born —."

"That must be a long time since," interrupted the man, with a smile.

"Yes, sir, a very long while," resumed the simple hearted child; "she taught me to make them into baskets, and now she is ill, I wish to get something for them that I may buy her a few necessaries before winter."

"That is right, my little damsel, and I will give you what I can afford," said the man, and as he spoke he looked again at Madelaine, and thought, notwithstanding the poverty of her dress, that he had never seen so beautiful a child. "But have you any more of these shells?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, a great many of them."

"Well then, these baskets, though very pretty, are extremely small; but I will give you half a crown for each, and if you will bring me two more, twice as large as these, I will double the sum, and give you a crown a-piece."

Poor Madelaine's heart overflowed with joy, and her soft eyes sparkled through tears of delight, as promising to return within a week with the larger baskets, she took the precious coin, and dropping her pretty courtesey, hastened from the store. Scarcely could she believe herself the possessor of so large a sum,—more than she had ever called her own before—the earnings of her industry,—and more in prospect. On her way home she stopped to purchase the articles which her mother wanted, nor did she forget a paper of the "real maccaboy," for old Phebe, who dearly as she loved to indulge in the "titillating dust," often found it difficult to get the trifling wherewithal to supply her empty box. And what a lovely glow of happiness was on her cheek, when, her little arms laden with bounties, she entered like a ministering angel of joy and love, that cheerless home of want and discontent, and how rich she felt the reward bestowed on her exertions, in the fond kiss, and brightened smile of her selfish mother, and the grateful thanks and blessings of the humble Phebe.

From this period Madelaine continued to exercise her ingenuity in the manufacture of various elegant trifles, some of which she imitated from articles exhibited in the shop windows, and others, her mother instructed her to make, exerting herself, now that she tasted the fruits resulting from her daughter's industry, to perfect her in many ornamental arts and accomplishments, in which she had once been skilled, and delighted, in her days of happiness to exercise. Happy had it been for her, had she cast off her indolence, and when poverty came upon her, applied this knowledge to purposes that would have