

your little brother had been very ill, and as I was out this afternoon, I called to ask how he is, and to advise you, as it will be bad for you to run up a doctor's bill, to go to the dispensary, where you can have medicine and advice gratis."

There was something so unfeeling in her tone, though she affected to speak with kindness, that Fanny's heart swelled within her as she replied:

"I think ma'am, it is wholesome food, and a little wine, that he wants more than medicine, and when I can get him these, I shall hope to see him gain strength, as the fever seems now entirely to have left him."

"Well, child, you ought to be able to do that now," said madame, in a tone of asperity, and glancing at the musk-rose as she spoke; "but I do not believe all the dainties in the land would do him any good, while he breathes such a polluted atmosphere. Why, I should think I heard my death-warrant read, if I were condemned to sleep in this close room, with this plant, or any other—for all of them, so I have heard old Doctor Cacus say, give forth an air, which they call by some hard name that I have forgotten, but which it is perfect poison to breathe."

"The apothecary who came to see Hal, last week told me something of this," said Fanny, pushing wide open the small window, which accident had nearly closed; "and as I have no where else to keep the bush, it made me resolve to part with it—especially as Harry has not seemed to care for it of late, and may be reconciled to its loss when I tell him why I gave it up."

"Well, Fanny, I am glad to hear you talk so sensibly," said madame, elated by her easy victory. "I thought you would not long persist in your folly; and, to show you that I cherish no resentment for your former obstinacy, I will still take the musk-rose of you, and pay you this very moment, the price I named at first, which will no doubt be a convenience to you now, and of far more use, certainly, than that plant, which it is a shame to hide from sight in this dark room, when there would be so many eyes to admire and covet it in Mrs. Harwood's conservatory."

And with an air of infinite bienveillance, she laid upon the table six dollars of the ten which had been offered for the musk-rose, reserving for her private benefit the remaining four, and trusting also to receive a douceur from the lady whose floral collection she was thus contributing to enrich. Fanny's eyes swam in tears as she looked upon the money; the rose-tree seemed to her something too sacred to be bartered for gold, and she left it for a moment untouched. But a feeble man from Hal, and a glance at

his wan and wasted countenance, made her feel its true value; and, cheered by the thought that it would purchase what might restore him to health, she laid it silently away, but without trusting herself to look at the plant, which, by that act, she resigned to the possession of a stranger.

"And now, Fanny, that this matter is at last settled," said Madame Legrande, "and you have seen the folly of acting contrary to my advice, you shall again, as we are just now crowded with orders, be supplied with work, if you wish it. Come down tonight, if you can leave Harry, and if not, I will send Kitty to you in the morning, with a dress for Miss Penrose which I wish to have finished in your very best style."

Fanny quietly expressed her thanks, and said she would go herself for the work. She felt rejoiced indeed, to be sure of more constant and lucrative employment again, than she had obtained of late, for the expences of the last fortnight had almost exhausted her slender purse; but the feelings of gratitude with which her heart ever overflowed for the slightest testimony of interest or kindness, were chilled by the unjust conduct, which, in order to gratify her own anger and disappointment, Madame Legrande had exercised towards her—even when she knew, that by wantonly depriving her of employment, she was, for a time at least, consigning her, and her helpless brother, to want, and leaving them unaided and alone to drain the bitter cup of poverty.

Within an hour after madame's departure, a man came with a hand-cart to remove the musk-rose, and Fanny, unable to look upon it for the last time, bent with moistened eyes over Harry's pillow, thankful that he was spared the pang of seeing this cherished relic of their early and happy home, borne away forever from their fostering care and love. She was soled, however, by the thought, that in parting with it, another duty had been performed, and that every trial and every sacrifice whether trivial or important, lent new strength to her character, and was a healthful discipline to the desires and affections of her heart, purifying and elevating them, and so fitting her to act well and faithfully her part in the painful circumstances of loneliness and poverty, in which it had pleased Providence to place her. And so, serene and cheerful, she arose, and leaving an old woman, who lodged in an adjoining room, to sit beside Hal till her return, she went forth to purchase, with her newly acquired wealth, a few of those luxuries which are so grateful and necessary to the sick, purposing to call on her return for the work which Madame Legrande had promised her.

For a few days the effect of a more nourishing