

my long professional toils, could I have saved his life. But my aid was all in vain; the wounds caused by the explosion, were too dreadful for human skill to heal, and before I left him he had ceased to breathe. I inquired for his family, and was told where they resided, and that he had not left them without the means of a comfortable support—and the fear only of intruding upon the sacredness of their sorrow, withheld me from seeking them immediately. Many, and pressing engagements delayed my purpose of doing so for several weeks, and when at last I found my way to Bloomingdale, and repaired to their abode, they had left it, and gone none knew whither. And so I might have lived and died in ignorance that the children of the man to whom I owe it, that one most dear to me escaped a death of horror, and that my own life is not haunted by one dark and fearful recollection—that those helpless children are drinking, in unpitied loneliness, the bitter waters of poverty, while I clothe myself in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day,—but for the Providence that directed this poor girl's steps hither at a time when she most needs the aid and counsel, which it shall be my joy to give her."

"Oh, sir," said Fanny, lifting her tearful eyes to his, with a glance of grateful and imploring earnestness, "restore my poor Harry to health, and I will not repine at poverty. I have health and strength, and if I can once see him free from suffering, even toil itself will be a happiness to me."

"I will do all I can for him, my dear," said the kind doctor, brushing the moisture from his eyes,—“but I must first see him, to know what he requires.” Then turning to his son—“I forsook, you may drive to those places noted on the slate; it is not necessary that I should accompany you,—but I will meet you at Mrs. Wentworth's in an hour. And now, child, as I see you are impatient to begone, I will keep you waiting no longer. Walk as fast as you please, and I promise not to lag behind."

And so, making her simple courtesy to Mrs. Harwood, and a slight obeisance to the young doctor, who seemed to feel much interest in observing her, Fanny glided from the house, and shrinking with instinctive delicacy from appearing to place herself on an equality with the kind physician, by presuming to walk beside him, she moved on in advance, notwithstanding his endeavour to keep pace with her; and paused not, till having climbed the dilapidated staircase leading to her attic, they stood together at the door of her humble chamber. She softly opened it and entered—the old woman whom she had left to watch Hal, had fallen asleep at her post; and the

poor boy, early disciplined to the endurance of patient self-denial, lay quietly awaiting the termination of her nap, to ask for the cup of cold water, which stood beyond his reach, that he might moisten with it, his parched and burning tongue. A languid smile stole over his lip at the sight of Fanny, and when with the kiss which she gave him, she slipped into his hand, one of the oranges which Mrs. Harwood had crowded into her bag, surprise and pleasure lent a faint but transient glow to his wan and hollow cheek. Yet thirsty and feverish as he was, and with the tempting fruit untasted in his grasp, he cast it quickly from him, when Fanny laid the roses—the sweet musk-roses from his own fair tree, gently upon his pillow. A cry of joy burst from his lips, and clasping them in his small thin hands, he kissed them with passionate delight, and then with more quiet pleasure laid them lovingly within his bosom.

Doctor Delford was much moved by this little scene—and in after days he was often heard to say, that varied as were the characters and the circumstances of life which had come under his observation, never in any situation, had he witnessed such depth and devotion of human love, such faith and cheerful trust in the goodness and wisdom of an overruling Providence, and such calm and patient endurance of life's most trying ills, as in that lone and humble chamber; where, from the midst of poverty and suffering, these two loving hearts constantly exhaled the incense of fervent gratitude for the mercies that brightened their lot—for the affection which knit them so closely together, and for the joyful certainty, that though no earthly parent remained to bless them, the eye of an all merciful Father watched over them, and His arms upheld and encircled them with a tender and sustaining love, more constant and more fervent than ever thrilled with extacy the fondest mother's heart.

Under the careful and judicious treatment of Doctor Delford, little Hal soon began rapidly to amend—his strength gradually returned—his appetite was renewed, and the delicacies which Mrs. Harwood's kindness constantly lavished upon him, enabled him to gratify it by such nourishing viands as were best adapted to invigorate his frame, and promote his entire recovery. One day when the good doctor was prevented by some absorbing case, from paying his usual visit to his young patient, Horace Delford came in his stead. Fanny at first felt sadly disappointed by the absence of her dear and constant friend; but the considerate delicacy, the gentleness, and courtesy of the young physician's manners, soon placed her at her ease, and dispelled the reserve and coldness into which, on his first appearance,