

never to be refilled on earth. His domestic establishment was under the control of Mrs. Harwood, a widowed sister, and the purchaser of Fanny's Musk-Rose. She, in common with the father and brother, was oppressed by the sadness, which the lovely Lucy's death had cast upon the household, and missing this cherished object of hope and love, her interest was awakened by whatever her gentle niece had loved. For her sake she first fed her birds and nursed her flowers, till she learned to value them for their own intrinsic beauty and fragrance,—and then a passion for flowers grew up in her heart, and the constantly increasing desire to crowd her small conservatory with every attainable novelty, became almost a monomania with her.

Fanny's simple and touching history of the long coveted Musk-Rose, invested it with new interest and new value in her sight; but her indignation was roused by the dishonesty which Madame Legrande's marvellous organ of acquisitiveness, had prompted her to commit. Fanny had innocently named the sum, which she had received for the plant, as one beyond what she expected, and which, in her necessitous circumstances, she persuaded herself she had no right to reject—and Mrs. Harwood, filled with abhorrence for such wickedness, resolved never more to lend her support or patronage to a woman who had shown herself capable of such a dereliction from justice, humanity, and truth; but with one stern and last rebuke to take leave of her forever. Fanny was unutterably shocked by the disclosure she had inadvertently made of Madame Legrande's treachery—her inexperienced heart had never conceived of such depravity, and the wrong enacted against herself, seemed trivial to the sin with which, from the most sordid of motives, the unhappy woman had polluted her own soul.

Just as she ended her brief recital, a new listener entered the apartment—a young man of fine and prepossessing appearance, who, pausing suddenly, arrested by the low tones of her sweet voice, bent on her a look full of wonder and amazement. Her bright blush of confusion seemed to recall him to himself, and advancing, with his eye still fixed upon her:

"Father," he said, "but for this young girl's dress, I could almost believe our Lucy had returned to us again. Saw you ever such a likeness?—the same sunny hair, and the same soft, dark eyes that look upon us now from yonder picture"—pointing, as he spoke, to the portrait of a beautiful girl that hung against the wall.

"It is indeed striking, Horace," said the doctor, and his countenance betrayed emotion, as he glanced from Fanny's downcast but lovely face, to the radiant picture of his lost and darling Lucy.

"But though like our cherished one, the grave restores not again its dead. This, Horace, is the child of one, to whom I owed a debt of gratitude, which I hope in some measure to repay to his orphans—of Henry Elwyn, of whom you have heard me speak, and who, during your residence abroad, rescued your mother, by his courage and presence of mind, from a terrible and sudden death. It was during her last illness, that the house, one tempestuous night, took fire, through the carelessness of servants, and was wholly consumed. I was absent on professional duty when it broke out, and I returned only to be greeted by the flames and smoke which arose from the ruins of my peaceful home. As I approached it, a frightful cry burst upon my ear,—Mrs. Delford is perishing in the burning house!—who will rescue her?—In a state of agony which no words can describe, I sprang from my carriage, and rushed towards the flaming building, but one had already entered, risking his life to save hers, and they held me forcibly back, for the blazing rafters were falling in every direction, and they knew that I, in my frenzy, would rush on to certain destruction. While I struggled vainly to escape, a man blackened with smoke, and scorched by the terrible heat, emerged from the raging fire, bearing a burden in his arms, with which he staggered forward a few steps, and fell insensible at my feet. It was your father, Fanny, who by his heroic courage, had rescued my wife from a fate, too horrible for thought,—and she too was insensible, but unhurt. She had fainted, as she afterwards told me, when the first alarm of fire was given, and knew nothing more, till she found herself safe in the house of a friend. Consequently, she suffered nothing from terror, and though her life terminated a few weeks subsequent to this event, I have no reason to think that her death was hastened by the circumstance of that night.

"Your father, however, to my great regret, was a severe sufferer—having been, as I learned, so scorched, that the physician who dressed his wounds, pronounced his recovery doubtful. In the tumult and alarm of the moment he was conveyed to the hospital, and when I went the next day to offer him my services, and return my thanks for the incalculable benefit he had done me, I was told that his friends had removed him early in the morning, but whither I could not learn. Nor was I able to obtain any tidings of him till two years had passed away, when I was one day called in great haste to visit a person, who had been dreadfully injured by the bursting of a retort in the laboratory of Holland & Sons. In the sufferer, I recognised the preserver of my wife, and I would have given half the fruits of