

give you any pleasure," said a bland voice behind her, which started Fanny into remembering on what errand she had sought the house of the physician, and that she had committed an unwarrantable trespass in entering, unbidden, that apartment. Instantly she drew back, trembling and abashed, when Dr. Delford, a fine looking man with a bald head, and a benevolent smile, advanced, and with his penknife cut a lovely cluster of roses from a loaded branch, and presenting it to her,

"This is for Hal, my child," he said, smiling; "and this," as he severed another equally beautiful from the bush, "you may call your own if you will; let my sister say what she can to the contrary. Flowers are God's gift to all, and the rich have no right to appropriate what is equally the property of the poor."

"No, brother, and I would have given the child an armful of flowers from any other plant," said a lady, who at that moment entered the room, and looked the doctor's very counterpart, in female attire—"but this rose-tree is so rare and beautiful, that I do grieve you should mutilate it, even for the sake of gratifying your kind feelings."

"The mischief will soon be repaired, Clara," said the doctor—"for see, here are scores of buds just ready to open, and those I have abstracted will never be missed—but why in the world do you stare so, at the poor girl, sister? she seems just ready to sink down with shame at your close observation."

"Do you see no resemblance, brother? It is wonderful!" said Mrs. Harwood, still looking fixedly on the blushing Fanny.

Doctor Delford turned his quick eye also upon her, and a sudden change in his countenance shewed that he too detected the likeness.

"Yes, she is like our poor Lucy," he said with a quivering lip—"very like, both as to age, and that delicacy of countenance, which made my child's beauty as unearthly as her virtues. May I ask your name, my dear?"

"Fanny Elwyn, sir."

"Elwyn,—Elwyn—and have you parents living?"

"No, sir, my little brother and myself are lonely orphans," she said, and the ready tears sprang to her eyes.

"Poor things!" said the good doctor in a tone of compassion,—"and your father—was his name Henry?"

"It was, sir."

"And was he for several years, the chief chemist in the Laboratory of Holland & Sons?"

"Yes, sir, and there; when, one day making

some experiments, he lost his life, by a terrible explosion of gas."

"The same—but I knew not that his family was left in destitution. I must learn more of you, my child, for Providence has sent you here that I may in part repay a debt of gratitude which I have long owed to your father. Let me hear somewhat of your history; your own sweet looks, so like the angel I mourn, would make my heart yearn towards you with a parent's love, even were there no other reason, why I should feel it both a duty and a happiness, to serve, as best I may, the orphans of Henry Elwyn."

Fanny knew not what to understand by the doctor's allusions to her father, but his benign and gentle manner inspired her with confidence, and made her affectionate heart yearn towards him with the sweetest emotions of filial love. Sitting down, by his desire, upon a low ottoman, she told in the simplest and most unstudied manner, the story of Harry's illness, and her own struggles to earn for him and for herself, their daily bread. She assumed no merit to herself on the score of her constant self-sacrifices, and her cheerful and patient endurance of the sorest ills of poverty; but the facts she touchingly related spoke volumes in her praise—as did the brief episode of the Musk-Rose, which she told in the perfect unconsciousness that it developed in her the most lovely and tender traits of character—a patient fortitude, a calm and noble endurance of wrong and misfortune, and a fountain of deep and unselfish affection for the helpless little being cast wholly on her care and love, which awakened the warmest sympathy and admiration of Doctor Delford, and invested the humble narrator with a halo of moral glory, more resplendent in his eyes, and more worthy of the heart's homage, than would have seemed to him the most brilliant insignia of earthly grandeur, that ever glittered on the brow of a sovereign.

Doctor Delford was a man of the most expansive benevolence, and with ample power to gratify that benevolence in its widest extent, which he did with unsparing and ever liberal hand; yet not without a judicious discrimination, which made his charities more widely diffusive of good, than those of many, who, perhaps, lavished as much, but with a less discerning sense of their true benefit and application. He was a widower, with one son, who was just about commencing, in partnership with himself, the practice of medicine; but the idol of his heart, an only daughter, had died two years before, at the age of seventeen.

"Early, bright, transient, elate as morning dew,
She sparkled, was extolled, and went to Heaven,"

leaving a void in the heart of her bereaved father