

cause of delay. A few mornings passed, and Florence sat by her brother's bedside reading *Lucy's* answer, when she was startled by hearing him pronounce her name.

He seemed quite calm and sensible, having just wakened from a refreshing sleep, and observing a letter in her hand, said,—“ Well, Florry, who is that from?” Great was her joy at being recognized once more, but, fearful of any excitement in his weakened state, she answered quietly, “ From cousin Lucy; but you must not talk yet a little, Harry.”

He lay quite still for several minutes, evidently trying to collect his ideas; then a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

“ Why does not Robert come to see me? Go on.” him, like a good girl: I want to speak to him now.”

“ Dear Harry, he is not here at present.”

“ Where is he?”

“ I do not exactly know, but wait till you are better and we will find out all about it.”

“ No, Florry, I cannot wait; you must tell me now. I want particularly to hear.”

She hesitated, but seeing her brother's pale face flush with excitement, she told all she knew in as few words as possible.

“ O Florry, write this moment and tell him to come back; and have me carried to my father's room: I have something to say to him.”

“ No, Harry, you are too ill yet. Robert has gone abroad, and it would be useless to write to him; but when you are better, if it is in your power to clear up this matter, you ought to do it.”

“ Certainly, so I shall. I'm very sorry indeed about it all; I meant to do Robert a good turn, and instead of that I've only done him great harm.”

Florence at length succeeded in persuading her brother to compose himself to sleep, and the subject was