

ed him in against her grandfather's express commands, it was *her intention* to defray.

The good doctor laughingly replied that she had already more than repaid him, for all he had done, by the beautiful picture of patience, and self-denial, and unruined sweetness which she had daily exhibited for his edification, and that, as for any more tangible reward, to which she might think him entitled, it should come out of old Mr. Dorival's coffers, and it would be time enough to claim it, when his blooming heiress should be mistress of the wealth, with which he had not a doubt, it would be her delight to gladden the wo-worn and miserable. Madelaine smiled and blushed her thanks, nor did she refuse her lovely cheek to the salute of the kind old man, who, as he took his leave, bade her, once more, to take care of her health, and remember, that whenever she stood in need of a friend and counsellor, she would be sure to find one in him.

"Oh," thought she, as the door shut him from her view, "were my grandfather like this kind and good man, how happy had been my life,—how different from what they now are, my situation and employments. But all is right," she added, with an upward glance of devout confidence, "and the discipline I endure may have saved my soul from many sorrows."

She brushed away the gathering tears, and re-entered her mother's apartment with a smile of sweet serenity. Mrs. Dorival was waiting somewhat impatiently for her restorative draught, which Madelaine prepared, and then, placing the pillows comfortably about her, as she sat in her arm-chair, she left her to the care of Phebe, and tying on her cottage bonnet—took a small basket of such flowers as she had been able to finish during her mother's illness, and set out for Madame Merveille's.

The invigorating air of a fine September morning, gave elasticity to her step, and restored so much of its wonted bloom to her pale cheek, that when she entered the milliner's show-room, glowing with animated beauty, a group of ladies who were discussing the merits of some Parisian hats and dresses that were spread out before them, exchanged significant whispers, and actually turned from the attractive finery to gaze on her loveliness. She shrunk instinctively from their prolonged, and, as she thought, rude scrutiny, and with deepening blushes was passing on to a little work-room adjoining, when Madame Merveille, who was in the act of restoring to their box a pile of flowers, which she had just turned over for the inspection of two stylish looking ladies, caught a glimpse of her, and calling her back:

"Come here, my dear," she said,—"*you are just the person who can best serve us now, for these ladies are in search of some flowers, quite a quantity of them, of a particular form and colour, which I cannot furnish. Do you think you could make them,*

and have them ready for delivery in ten days, or a fortnight?"

"I dare say I could, ma'am, if they will have the goodness to furnish me with a specimen of such as they wish," answered Madelaine, in her low and sweet tones.

The ladies looked admiringly towards her, and Madame Merveille smiled, making at the same time an expressive French gesture in commendation of her beauty. They smiled in return, and nodded assent, and the younger of the two, a pretty, but rather insipid looking girl, with a fashionable air and costume, said very kindly:

"We will shew you in a moment what we wish,—nothing can be more simple," and unclosing the ivory tablets which she held in her hand, she began to sketch a small and delicate wreath,—but suddenly dashing her pencil through it, she said somewhat impatiently,—"*I cannot give you a correct idea in this ill-drawn thing, and I fear indeed you could never succeed in giving them the highly finished appearance that distinguishes French flowers, if you were to undertake it.*"

"You will have no reason to be dissatisfied with her work, ladies, if you employ her," interposed the milliner. "Have you not some flowers in your basket?" she said, addressing Madelaine; "*if you have, pray show them as a proof of what you can do.*"

Madelaine obeyed, and unclosing her basket exhibited some specimens of her skill, so exquisite as to draw forth the warmest expressions of surprise and admiration from all present. After this, the ladies seemed to feel no distrust of her ability to execute their orders, and the younger, recollecting that she had in her possession a solitary sprig of the flower which she wished to obtain, directed Madelaine to call for it at Mrs. Dunmore's, Bowdoin Square, on the following morning, and then, after making a few purchases, she, with her companion quitted the shop, and stepping into a carriage that stood waiting at the door, drove away.

Madelaine would much rather have received the necessary instructions at the milliner's, than waited in person on these fine ladies, but the voice of duty ever prevailed with her over the suggestions of pride; and accordingly, at the hour appointed on the following morning, she set forth for the residence of Mrs. Dunmore. It was a fine house, standing on the southern side of the square, with windows to the ground, guarded by balustrades of wrought iron, and looking into a small court filled with evergreens and flowering shrubs.

It was the first time that Madelaine had ever approached so elegant a mansion with the design of entering it, and her heart sank within her as she ascended the marble steps, though conscious that, had she been justly dealt by, she should at that moment have occupied a home equally luxurious and