

ensnare and mislead young and inexperienced minds, renounce the error of your ways; implore pardon at the hands of your Creator, and he will not fail to restore to you your former peace and ——.”

“Indeed, my dear sir, I have given way to no vice,—I have carefully abstained from the idle pursuits of my gayer companions, and lothe the disgusting manner in which they employ their talents and time. It is of this I complain; of this I am sick and weary; so that I can feel no fellowship, no affection for a race of beings, whose employments are dictated either by a sordid love of gain, or by a desire to further the gratification of their animal passions. The more I look into mankind, the more dissatisfied I am with myself and with all the world.”

“The fault lies not in the world, my son, but in your own bosom; your discontent has its origin in self-love and inordinate vanity.”

The colour rose to young Stanhope's brow.
“Impossible!”

“Yes, Francis: I repeat it, vanity.—You consider yourself superior to all mankind; while you condemn in them the follies and weakness of your own heart.”

“Mr. Irvin!” exclaimed Francis, starting abruptly from his seat, “you speak——”