

cepts of Him to whom I am at last to account for my actions here, are the only rules of my life. I cannot every moment be on the look out for snares and pitfalls that my enemies set for me; and I consequently, sometimes, suffer by them. It is thus that the crafty triumph over the peaceably disposed, and riot in this world's successes. I am half determined on retiring altogether from business, and living as far as possible aloof from the world, that I may enjoy, for a season at least, the blessings of peace, and domestic tranquillity."

"No doubt, Charles, this looks to you a very desirable move; but it is a consequence of your weariness in business. You require only rest and amusement for a short time, that your mind and body may regain their elasticity and vigor, and depend upon it you will return to your business with far greater pleasure than you would rise from a bed of ease, to recommence a day of idleness and inactivity in your wished for retirement. It is only when old age compels man to retire into that state of idleness, aptly termed second childhood, that he can enjoy himself without active exertion of both mind and body."

"I must acknowledge, wife, there is truth in your remarks; but I am so tired of the world."

"What, tired of doing your duty! Of performing the part allotted you in this world's affairs by your Creator? You seem to forget that you are a husband—a father—a public man and a man of business—and that you are endowed with talents to discharge your several duties therein, to your own advantage, and to that of your fellow creatures around you. You forget that your wife, your children, the public, and your private affairs, have claims upon your exertions in their behalf, so long as God sees fit to spare you your health and powers of mind."

"I have discharged my duties in all these several relations, I hope, faithfully, until I am considerably advanced beyond middle age; and I feel myself wanting in strength and spirits to continue them. It is true I must look to the welfare of my family; but this I think I can do as well in private, as in active business."

"I fear not, dear husband. You know your fortune is not large, and the expenses of the family are heavy; and Clara and Harold have not yet completed their studies. It won't do to take them from school, now, for I should be ashamed to have Clara's education inferior to that of Miss Sans," said the wife, as her form drew up with dignity, and she looked with all the pride of a mother.

"You are right, dear wife," replied Mr. Demster, after a minute spent in serious contemplation; "quite right. Notwithstanding my heavy labors, my property, some how or other, seems

to grow less, rather than to increase in arithmetical proportion, as does that of my competitor, Jethro Sans; and I find it difficult to lay up any thing at the end of the year, after defraying charges; and as you say, it will not do to take the children from school until their education is completed, as I consider this a far more valuable inheritance than gold. Looking upon all these considerations, I don't see but I shall have to continue my exertions in my business as usual, until Harold comes of an age suitable to entrust him with the management of affairs; should Providence spare him and me so long."

"I applaud your resolution, dear Charles; and should your exertions but barely bring in enough to accomplish these objects, still I would not have you change places with Jethro Sans, with all his prosperity. You are not rich, it is true, but you have done the people, and your country, service; and they love and honor you for it. Jethro Sans is rich; but beyond his riches he looks not for enjoyment or happiness. He lives in the riches of this world's goods; you, I trust, in those of a clear conscience and the promises of the Gospel. Let time and posterity determine which of the two is the most precious inheritance."

"Well said, my beloved wife; your words are, as they always have been, a consolation, and encouragement to me in my melancholy moments. I will take heart and do my best."

Mr. Demster took a Bible from the stand, and after reading a portion of scripture, he knelt down, with Eliza by his side, and fervently offered up his evening oblation to the God of Heaven.

Again we are in the streets of Mengog. We pause before a fine house, the finest in the whole village—the most commodious, costly, and rich looking. We admire its beauties, for it belongs to Jethro Sans; and we cast our eyes to the left, and we look upon a neat snug store, on the corner of the street, bearing across the front the name of Jethro Sans, painted in large letters. Our curiosity leads us into the store; for these evidences of prosperity contrast strikingly with the former situation of our friend. Accordingly we enter, and find that the business done inside does not belie the outward appearance of Jethro Sans' buildings. The store is well furnished with merchandise of various descriptions, and several clerks are busily employed dealing out to customers; while Jethro Sans, himself, is nimbly carrying his portly, and now well dressed person, from place to place, overseeing here, directing there, like an experienced commander amongst his troops in action; and bowing and scraping with the grace of a dancing master, to new comers, as if solicitous of their custom, and disposed to pay them all manner of politeness.