

# THE YOUNG MEN'S CHOICE.



## CHAPTER I.

"Oh ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;  
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold;—  
No joy may be found in its torch-lighted halls.  
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love once awakened can never depart;  
Turn, turn, to that breast, like a dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart."

"I shall have to come to it at last, I am pretty sure of that," mused Edward Mortimer, as he sat with his feet reclining on the fender, and his eyes fixed on the glowing coals, for it was a cold damp evening in the latter part of May. The book he had been reading, fell listlessly from his hand on to the rug at his feet; it was an interesting work on Physical Science, but it had lost its charm for him this evening, for reveries on the past and future had taken its place.

"Dear me, how I wish I were rich! I am so hampered for want of means, that I cannot enter into any speculations; there is Boardman, with not half my education and business capacities, becoming absolutely wealthy, because he has a good capital to trade on.