

VINDICATED.

This is almost twelve, mother; and Walter has not come yet."

Mrs. Williams laid down her knitting and looked at her daughter.

"Is it really so late? You had better go to bed, Helen. I shall watch alone; for you must take some rest if you wish to continue your sewing to-morrow."

"No, mother, even if I did go to bed, I should not sleep till Walter came. You know I have tried it before."

Half an hour after midnight Walter came in. He was angry to find his mother and sister waiting for him.

"Why have you been staying up for me?" he demanded, as he closed and locked the door. "Don't be troubled about me. I have my key, and I can well come in by myself each night."

Helen and Mrs. Williams said nothing. They retired to their chamber on the ground floor, whence they heard Walter climb the stairs and tumble into bed without kneeling to say his prayers.

Mrs. Williams had noticed her son going astray. At first he spent his evening away from home but rarely. Even then the watchful mother was not at ease. As his absences grew more prolonged and frequent, the mother grew alarmed. She tried to arrest his downward course. Exhortations, entreaties, reproaches were all alike in vain. Her son was now of the number of those young men—alas! too numerous in our day—who seek for happiness in the pursuit of self, without any consideration for the feelings of the rest of the world; while true happiness essentially consists in rendering others happy. He had grown extremely fond of the smoky atmosphere of the saloon and the pool-room. The acquaintances he there formed, were anything but commendable, and, almost imperceptibly even to himself, he was led into evil courses. An overwhelming passion for gambling developed itself. Being new and inexperienced at the business, the professional hands encountered little difficulty in relieving him of his money. Still the passion for playing and the hope of ultimate success, lured him