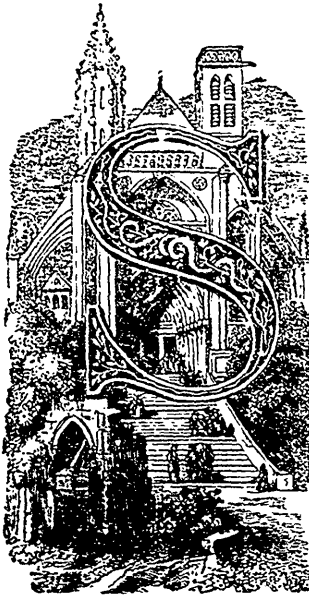


solemn warning affects not our friend. She still loves the ball-room, and it seems as if she would court its gaiety, though positive that it was leading her to the precincts of lost spirits! Such infatuation is folly; it is madness; it is eternal death. — *Day Star.*

The Return Home.

Continued from page 4.



TANLEY felt this might be a death blow to his future prospects. The reason of his dismissal would soon be noised abroad, and he would be disgraced in the eyes of the world. While in this uncomfortable mood, he met a gentleman whose son he was intimate, who addressing him remarked that one of his clerks had been taken suddenly ill, at a busy time too.

"Could I not take his place?" said Frank eagerly.

"Certainly," was the reply, "if you are free from Mr. Stinton."

Frank said he was; quite so; and the merchant, imagining that his time was out, and having heard his son name him in the most favorable terms, instantly engaged him to fill this situation, until the clerk's recovery, when there would probably be another vacancy. But in a very little time his new master became acquainted with all the facts of the case, and he felt that Stanley had not acted fairly and uprightly to him, in concealing his discharge.

The old habits of the youth returned upon him soon again. His master saw many things blameable in his whole conduct; and ere long, finding that his reproofs

were received not only with sullenness, but with coolness bordering on contempt, he dismissed Stanley from his service, with every mark of disgrace. The unhappy youth supposed at first that some or other of his companions would get him employment in one way or other; but he soon found his mistake. They had found out he was no credit to them, he was taking sadly too much to liquor; then his temper was changed; he was not so lively as he used to be: altogether they thought they had better shake him off. Frank saw their coldness, but tried to hide it even from himself. He would see them once more; ask their advice, to-night, and if they failed him—but they surely could not.

He had just made this resolve, when a servant opened the room door, and introduced Edward Richmond. The meeting of the young men was embarrassed; but Edward soon shook this off, and enquired earnestly and kindly what Stanley meant to do? The morose answer was, that he neither knew nor cared. Then Edward reminded him of other days; begged him to try again; brought to his mind his aunt, his sister; urged him for their sakes to strive. He spoke of his own unchanged affection, and entreated him to suffer his early friend to lend him an helping hand. Frank listened in silence: his countenance repeatedly changed, but he proudly stifled the better feelings that rose in his heart, and passionately flinging off the hand that Edward in his earnestness had laid on his arm, he cried,

"Begone; I want not your aid or your friendship," and turning as he spoke, left the room and the house.

The next morning, Mr. Moreland, at the request of Edward, called there to see Stanley; but he had left the house early, as soon as it was light, with a small bundle, and was gone, no one knew whither. Gone, a wanderer cast upon a heartless world, with no steady principles to guide his steps.

And Edward, his career must be briefly told. The clouds that darkened his pathway had been few, to what he had expected; he had won his master's esteem by his diligence; and his engaging manners awakened feelings akin to affection. He had formed two or three acquaintances, and entered keenly into the pleasures of social intercourse; but never suffered amusement to interfere with duty. Mr. Moreland had liked the youth from the first; had witnessed his efforts to save his friend, and marked the patience with