

“I cannot leave,” he said in a reproaching tone. “She has been and is a dear good girl. I shall go to bed now, and think no more about my plans until the morrow.”

Raymond had determined to go abroad and seek his fortune unless he got a good “rise.” He had declared this, with others in the office, and now that the conditions that were to determine his going abroad were fulfilled, he felt very reluctant to go.

It is one of the most marvellous dispensations of life, that of, when reviewing our past, conjuring up all the pleasing recollections. These recollections follow each other thick and fast, while the unpleasant ones—ones that at the time of their occurrence made us feel that never was the fate of any mortal being so utterly wretched and so devoid of hope—require a great deal of digging and drudgery before they are