

deplored, that, as we have said before, she would sometimes feel deeply pained at the worldliness of his views, detracting as they did from his many high and amiable qualities. But—

“To make idols and to find them clay,
And to bewail their worship;”

such, sang one tuneful and truthful writer, is woman's lot, and Alice was not excepted from the too common fate.

In her own heart, while she could not help acknowledging that this acquisitive spirit cast a shadow over what she would fain have had—the unsullied brightness of her friend's character, yet, woman-like, she had many excuses to offer.

“No doubt his business annoys him, not having sufficient means to enlarge it; it must be galling to a young man of his high talent and business capacities, to find himself straitened in every effort, by the want of larger means; and to one of such energy and ambition, it must be hard to see others, less fitted, occupy a rank in life, from which, nothing but the absence of wealth excludes him.

These were slight excuses to be sure, yet they satisfied her for a time; but now the veil had been rudely drawn away, and she saw that an error in theory, if long cherished, will too surely become an error in practice, and thus be productive of incalculable evil, to him who has given it a lodgement and resting place.

Alice had heard Mr. Mortimer once allude to Miss Ludgate. Some little incident had come under his observation, which placed that young lady in