

ures that silenced his wife. She was a pattern of conjugal deference, very apt to feel the dimly stirring within her husband, and to be herself obedient to its intimations. The boy was silent, too, but he looked perplexed rather than satisfied.

"Do you understand me, my son?" asked his father.

"Oh, you sir, I understand you—but—"

"But what?—speak out fairly my boy—you and I are sworn friends you know—I open my heart to you, and you should open yours to me."

"Well sir, I was only thinking—don't you remember, father, one evening when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith were here talking of stocks, and lots, and so on—of who had made money, and who had lost it—that when they went away you said you were very tired, and it was such vulgar conversation, and I don't remember exactly what you said, but it seemed to me you was very much against riches, father.—You said it was not the rich men who were the benefactors of their race; I remember this, because you made me write down a list, and I have the list yet, in my little old yellow pocket-book; it began with Washington and Franklin, and you laughed and said they were not half as rich as Mr. Jones, or Mr. Smith—so I was just thinking, father, you might 'serve you country—do something to be remembered,' as you said, without being a rich man."

It can never be known how much the father's right suggestions, from an unclouded mind thus unexpectedly returned upon him, might have wrought upon him. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a note. "How odd!" said Stanley, "a note on brown paper!—oh, do let me see it, father." He spoke too late—the paper was already in the fire: a scrawl on which hung life and death!

"It's nothing, my son," replied his father, "mere", a word to remind me of a promise I made to see a man on business this afternoon."

"This afternoon! Cannot we have one holiday free from business?"

"Excuse me this time, Mary. This appointment is not quite in the regular way of business; I made it to save a poor whimsical fellow's time, or rather his feelings, for he grudges every minute that does not turn into money; one of my fellow-worshippers of the god Mammon—you are thinking—but you shall hold a better opinion of me one of these days. Come along with me, Stanley; we will get our afternoon's walk out of it, and be back to your

mother's tea. Now pray, dear Mary," he added, turning back, "don't brood over my speculation. I have not seen you look sad before since your girl was born, and I reproach myself for it; take heart of grace, my child, if worst comes to worst and I fail, I hurt no one but myself—I can pay every debt I have incurred, I have still my profession, and I give you my solemn promise that as this is my first it shall be my last speculation—to tell you the truth, you and Stanley have already made me half ashamed of it. I believe you are wiser, Mary, as you certainly are better than I am."

"Oh, if I appear troubled, Stanley, it is only because I am so happy now, that I dread any change; I shall be perfectly satisfied with whatever you think best," she concluded reverting to her customary state of passive acquiescence; as if there could be stability in this world, the very essence and condition of it being change.—But so even the timid lend themselves to the delusion of security, forgetting that the most frightful storms gather in the brightest days.

We have done Stanley Gretton injustice if we have given the impression that he was a lover of money, or covetous of gain; he was neither, but a man of pure heart and lofty purpose, desiring the acquisition of riches only for the power they give to effect good and generous objects. If he over-estimated their power, and mistook the mode of pursuing them, it was because he had caught the disease that infected the atmosphere in which he lived; the disease to which all actively commercial countries are liable, as the physical atmosphere is to the visitation of influenza and measles.

Mr. Gretton and his son pursued their course up one of the principal streets. The New-Year's day is an affecting anniversary, one of those eminences in human life from which we naturally look before and after; and, taking this survey, Mr. Gretton's heart overflowed with a quiet joy from the sense of security in the possession of God's best gifts. The course of his reflections was manifest in his conversation with his boy; he told him of his struggles with poverty in his youth—of his self-dependence—of the happiness of success resulting from courageous effort. His sentiments, his very words, from subsequent circumstances, were remembered, and probably were more effective on his son's after conduct than volumes of moral precepts given on ordinary occasions. The days were at their shortest, and they were delayed for a quarter of an hour by a friend who stopped Mr. Gretton to consult