

ing a thought to expand beyond their narrow limits?" returned Francis, with some warmth.

"I wish you had been the son of a poor man, Francis, and your thoughts directed to the attainment of that knowledge necessary for some useful business or liberal profession. You would have possessed a more cheerful disposition, a wiser head, and a warmer heart."

"A warmer heart!" repeated Francis, trembling with indignation, which he with great difficulty suppressed: "no mechanical employment would have given me that."

His pride was now completely wounded: he tried to conceal it from the vicar, but did it so awkwardly, that he only betrayed himself; while that worthy gentleman, without noticing his apparent confusion, calmly continued—

"Want of employment is the true cause of your discontent; this renders you restless and unhappy. Nursed in the lap of prosperity, you have never received a single lesson from the severe but useful school of adversity. In the possession of health and many personal advantages, you have never felt any real cause of sorrow beyond the loss of your lamented mother. Yet you despise the good which a munificent Creator has so profusely showered down on you; making to yourself imaginary evils, spending