

sacrifice I made for him to me. And now, to if he is dutiful and only that he may profit of francs from me. ce, and he owed every all drew upon me. I

It has been the same being banker to an idle discuss the pattern of a , who brings into my key and the manners

eat tenderness, "I do grief; the facts suffice, upon the downward do not suppose for a blame upon you. If nce, far be it from me perhaps, you were too

M. Pomereul; "of , a boy of eighteen, e said to him, 'Take el, learn each branch succeed me. I do not ge its name.' I yield- y through vanity, to t sight of the hand- haps, and inclined to take. Scarce had he s took him from me. a coxcomb, a trinity person, an idle and effete society. I saw

the danger, and would have averted it. It was too late. Xavier had lost among his boon companions that respect for me, that deference and affection, which are only cultivated at the home hearth. My remonstrances only estranged him; he answered me sharply, and left me irritated and resentful. I loved him, and too often called him back to comply with his request. This has continued for five years. I repeat that I am tired of humoring this elegant idler. I feel that I am not justified in paying the expenses of an ungrateful boy, who takes me to be his dupe. Henceforth, the bank is closed."

"Let it be so," said Sulpice, "but the father must open his arms."

"To the repentant son, most certainly," said M. Pomereul. "But you cannot know, Sulpice, what I suffer from his conduct to-day when I compare him with Benedict. My true son is that orphan boy, who calls me father, and who finds genius and industry sufficient capital, without seeking to add money thereunto. Xavier's absence to-night was the drop which made my cup of bitterness overflow. To-morrow Xavier must go to work, and take direction of the factory under my superintendence."

"Good," said Sulpice; "I approve of your resolution to cut the evil short. A time may come when it will be no longer possible. Only, I beg of you, be gentle with him. His heart is not bad. His friends are all attached to him. Sabine loves him with all the fervor of her innocent heart, and I too, father, love Xavier with the love that mothers give to afflicted children. If I deplore his faults, I hope to see him conquer them and efface their traces. Vice fills me with horror, but vicious men sadden me. Like Christ I have come into the ministry, not to bring the just but sinners to repentance. We must not deceive ourselves. Xavier is the Benjamin of