

ment and gratitude; but if an opportunity of improving my fortune falls in my way, I cannot think it wise to step aside to avoid it. I am tired seeing other people seize golden occasions that I have let slip through my fingers. Now, Mary, you know if I had taken your Uncle Henry's opinion, and joined him in his cotton speculation, I should have been as rich a man as he was."

"Yes, Stanley, and if you had yielded to his entreaties, and ventured in his gold mine speculation, you would be as poor as he is."

Mr. Gretton was absorbed in recalling his missings, and did not heed his wife's rejoinder.

"And if I had purchased those lots in Hudson Square," he continued, "that were offered to me five years ago, I should now be a rich man."

"And what an escape you had in not joining in that tempting purchase of the Swanton lots. They would have swallowed up all our present competency. I know I am no judge of business matters, but these modes of getting rich appear to me but gambling under another name. You do not pay any labour for the acquisition; you do not give any equivalent for it; you throw the dice, and it is all a chance whether it be gain or loss."

"And I can't, for my part," interposed young Stanley, who was allowed to mix in the little domestic discussions of his parents, "I can't see what you want to gain for, father. Since we have got a little child, I can't think of anything we want; and it was only this morning mother said she wanted nothing but a cradle, and Doctor Morton laughed and said, 'happy woman! even that is a superfluity, for your baby is much better without it.'"

Mr. Gretton felt rather annoyed with the secret conviction that his wife and boy, the weaker party, as his manly estimation deemed them, had the better of him in the argument, and he rallied to overwhelm with a torrent of reasons the stream that, if clear, he thought shallow. "Come here, my boy," he said, "I am delighted to find your mother so satisfied, and you as moderate in your desires as if you were seventy instead of nine."

"I am not so very moderate, father, but it seems to me, now I've got my sister, that we have every thing we want; that is just the fact of it; and who can be richer than we are? Why we would not take the world and a hundred worlds on the top of it for that little mite of a baby."

"We are rich, and you are wise, my son; but, perhaps, not so much wiser, as you think,

than your father. Now listen to me, and I will tell you why I should like to enlarge my fortune."

"Well, sir, I am listening," he replied, striking his cheek with the baby's soft little hand, and then, self-convicted of his utter engrossment with his new treasure, he quitted the side, and came to his father—"I mean I will listen, sir," he added.

"Thank you; to begin then, I am tired of my profession."

"Your profession! my dear husband!" exclaimed his wife, "I thought you loved it."

"And so I do, and honour it, but in this there is no controlling the amount of your business; it rolls up like a snow-ball, and never melts away; I am overburdened; I have no time for my family, for my friends, for society."

"But you had, when you limited yourself to your office business; it is only within the few months that you have brought home notes and drafts, and accounts to study till late at night."

"Oh, of course, for a while I must have trouble with this concern; I am the only lawyer in it, and there are nice legal points to be investigated. But there is no tedious process sowing the seeds and waiting for the harvest; the golden harvest is ready to our hand."

"Now you have come to the point, father, what do you mean to do with it when it is reaped?"

"I mean to go and see the old world with my family."

"With your family." Oh, how pleasant to go or stay, now we can call ourselves a true family."

"Yes, my son, with my family. You see, Mary, and are thinking, as you often say, that home is the only place for an invalid; but I have yet to learn the power of money. Europe it will procure every comfort and luxury; and when we are sated with travel, we will return and quit this toilsome, artificial city life, and have a country-place, and fill it with the adornments we will bring home with us. Neither, my dear boy, do all my projects begin and end in ourselves. I have good friends, worthy people whom I want to aid, and I am not as I would now. And Mary, I believe is not vanity that tells me I can do something better than plod in my office. I should like to serve my country; there are objects that I have at heart; I would do something to be remembered."

There was a generosity bordering on generosity in Mr. Stanley's interpretation of his