

very sorry; but most men do. I would give everything I possess if I had not. Something has gone from me which can never return. They lie, who say, that such a fall does not injure a man's character. It does, it lowers him. He may repent, he may settle down in the end to quiet domestic life, but a change has passed over him. The sunny open book of his childhood has been sealed up and laid away forever. It can't be helped now, only I am different. I used to want to be very good, now I only want to be pretty good. I may be a parson some day, not an over-earnest one, but a well-meaning broad churchman, who does his best, with the necessary allowances, to restrain the animal in himself and others. Now, don't preach to me, old man, I am older than you are, and have seen more of the world; I would to God I hadn't. But I felt for old times' sake that I had to tell you. Whatever you think of me, don't give me up. This world's a bad place, Harry."

The last sentence was spoken almost to himself, and his voice struck the note of melancholy so familiar to me. He turned to go as he said it, and I followed him without speaking. There was no