

by. Utilitarianism is the motto now, and I shall have to succumb to the popular idea."

A knock at the chamber door interrupted these matter-of-fact thoughts.

"Come in," was the response, and a young man of about the same age as Mortimer, entered the room.

"Why Sidney, is it you? I am very glad to see you," was the warm greeting. "Where on earth have you been those few weeks past?"

"Out of town, on business for my employer," was the reply. "We have been very much hurried of late, and this is the first leisure evening I have secured since my return, so I determined to improve it by coming to see you. Don't you feel yourself flattered by my preference," he laughingly inquired.

"Indeed I do, though we don't agree on every subject, we agree to differ, which is more than can be said of most of the world."

"But come, here is a comfortable arm-chair, draw it up to the fire, and make yourself at home, that is if a Bachelor's sanctum can be called home."

"I think you look pretty comfortable at all events," replied his friend, Mr. Ellwood, as seating himself, he looked round on the pretty room, with its blazing fire, and snugly-drawn curtains, and its mahogany book-case, filled with interesting and instructive works.

"Well, I am tolerably comfortable I suppose, but not so much so, as to be contented with my present lot."