

the necessity of keeping boarders for a livelihood, and in her had George Nevers, since his arrival in New York, some three or four years before, found a second mother.

Nevers erred, however, in his conclusions with regard to the stability of his friend's resolution. Unaccustomed to associate with such men as Hampstead, he had naturally concluded that the change so suddenly wrought in Home's feelings, would be attended with the same repugnance which he himself conceived towards him: but Morris was possessed of a soft and feeling heart, strongly imbued with love for his species, which forbade the idea of wounding the feelings of a fellow creature, however degraded he might be in the estimation of the world. But he firmly resisted the invitations of some half dozen young men who joined Hampstead and himself, to resort to the hotels; as he broke from them and trod with a rapid step, the different streets leading to his friend's lodgings, he felt that he had never been so much a man before.

"I have been employed in a nice calculation for the last ten minutes, upon the probability of your keeping your appointment," Nevers began, when Morris arrived, almost out of breath from his unusual exercise.

"Upon my word, then, that insinuation is worthy of a meeting on the greensward; and if this sofa were not so agreeable to my much abused limbs, I'd call you out instantler."

"I must say I trembled for you when I saw you join Tom Hampstead."

"Ha! ha! 'Twas only the pattering of the last shower, and that you knew will come down while the sunbeam is finding its way to earth. The fact is, I could not find it in my heart to treat with no more than cool civility, one with whom I have passed many of the pleasantest hours of my existence."

"The pleasantest! Morris."

"I mean the merriest, and of course I do not mean to compare them with the joys I anticipate."

"You must not anticipate too much. All have their allotment of bitterness mingled with the sweets of life. He who seems most contented is not always the less miserable, nor does he who enjoys most of the world's praises, pass the more smoothly through the tortuosities of life."

"You seem to have changed your tone, lately. You do not surely mean to discourage my first step to reformation?"

"By no means, Morris. I only hope to guard you against disappointment—to settle

your resolution so that it cannot easily be shaken—but you have found a more efficient monitor than I can hope to be. Seek her counsels."

During the continuance of their conversation, the friends had left the house and had sauntered into Broadway. It was the soft twilight of a summer's evening, and the crowd of fashionables that poured down the western sidewalk, becoming more dense as they proceeded, their conversation took a more general turn. The living tide surged through the iron gateway leading to the Battery Point, and after branching off into the numerous walks that intersect it, met once more and retreated whence it came. The friends were left behind for their hearts were not with that crowd. They beat more in unison with the quiet scene before them. There lay the bay, its heaving bosom broken only at intervals by the prow of a club-boat, as she dashed past them in her bird-like flight, or by the foaming track of the wizard bark that defies the winds and tide.

Opposite, in the reflected light of the burnished west, stood Brooklyn, with her colonnades and terraces. To the westward, lay the shores of New Jersey, thrown into obscurity by the light that played between, on the sleeping waters. There was just enough of repose in the fairy scene to lull the spirit into rest; just enough of life to prevent its growing torpid. The noise from the city struck upon the ear with a bee-like hum; the sounds from without came floating o'er the waters like the communings of a familiar.

"'Twas just such a night as this, though not so late," began Home, breaking in upon reverie in which both had been indulging. "that after discovering my mistake in relation to Louise Belmore, having wandered some distance from the springs, I sat on a projection of rock barely large enough to answer the purpose of a seat. My legs dangled over some twenty feet above a dark pool that whirled its waters with a rapid motion, and they shot them off to buffet with the rocks below. I felt at the time like a stray sheep in a happy fold. Whatever might have been the griefs and pains that others had inflicted on them, by me they were unseen, and I had begun to imagine myself the most abused of mortals. What if the spray did seek to cool my fevered temples? what if the mimic rainbow did display for me its gaudy dyes? what if the feathered songsters did warble their merriment for my gratification? Might not the poorest beggar experience the pleasure they