

"I count nineteen distant sales.  
 "If you will be so kind as not to menshun the blader.  
 "The waves roll in and rore all night.  
 "The see is a tremendous thing, and the atlas is nowhare.

"From an old Tarr

"THEOPHILUS JENKS."

A few days afterwards, Henry and I made a flying trip to New Haven, passed our examination for admission to the freshman class, and in the weeks that followed gave ourselves up to recreations which a debilitating summer and debilitating labor had made necessary.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MRS. SANDERSON TAKES A COMPANION AND I GO TO COLLEGE

DURING the closing days of summer, I was surprised to meet in the street, walking alone, the maid who accompanied Mrs. Sanderson to the sea-side. She courtesied quite profoundly to me, after the manner of the time, and paused as though she wished to speak.

"Well, Jane," I said, "how came you here?"

She colored, and her eyes flashed angrily as she replied "Mrs. Sanderson sent me home."

"If you are willing, I should like to have you tell me all about it," I said.

"It is all of a lady Mrs. Sanderson met at the hotel," she responded,— "a lady with a pretty face and fine manners, who is as poor as I am, I warrant ye. Mighty sly and quiet she was; and your aunt took to her from the first day. They walked together every day till Jenks came, and then they rode together, and she was always doing little things for your aunt, and at last they left me out entirely, so that I had nothing in the world to do but to sit and sew all day on just nothing at all. The lady read to her, too, out of the newspapers and the books, in a very nice way, and made herself agreeable with her pretty manners until it was nothing but Mrs. Belden in the morning, and Mrs. Belden at night, and Mrs. Belden all the time, and I told your aunt that I didn't think I was needed any more, and she took me up mighty short and said she didn't think I was, and that I could go home if I wished to; and I wouldn't stay a moment after that, but just packed up and came home in the next boat."

The disappointed and angry girl rattled off her story as if



she had told it forty times to her forty friends, and learned it all by rote.

"I am sorry, Jane, that you have been disappointed," I responded, "but is my aunt well?"

"Just as well as she ever was in her life."

"But how will she get home without you?" I inquired, quite willing to hear her talk farther.

"She'll manage the same as she does now, faith. You may wager your eyes the lady will come with her. You never saw the like of the thickness there is between 'em."

"Is she old or young?" I inquired.

"Neither the one nor the other," she replied, "though I think she's older than she looks. Oh, she's a sharp one—she's a sharp one! You'll see her. There was a world of quiet talk going on between 'em, when I couldn't hear. They've been at it for more than a month, and it means something. I think she's after the old lady's money."

I laughed, and again telling Jane that I was sorry for her disappointment, and expressing the hope that it would all turn out well, parted with her.

Here was some news that gave me abundant food for reflection and conjecture. Not a breath of all this had come to me on the wings of the frequent missives that had reached me from Mrs. Sanderson's hand; but I had an unshaken faith in her discretion. The assurance that she was well was an assurance that she was quite able to take care of herself. It was natural that the maid should have been irate and jealous, and I did not permit her words to prejudice me against Mrs. Sanderson's new friend. Yet, I was curious, and not quite comfortable, with the thoughts of her, and permitted my mind to frame and dwell upon the possible results of the new connection.

It was a week after this meeting, perhaps, that I received a note from Mrs. Sanderson, announcing the confirmation of her health, stating that she should bring a lady with her on her return to Bradford, and giving directions for the preparation

of a room for her accommodation. It would not have been like my aunt to make explanations in a letter, so that I was not disappointed in finding none.

At last I received a letter informing me that the mistress of The Mansion would return to her home on the following day. I was early at the wharf to meet her—so early that the steamer had but just showed her smoking chimneys far down the river. As the boat approached, I detected two female figures upon the hurricane deck which I was not long in concluding to be my aunt and her new friend. Jenks, in his impatience to get quickly on shore, had loosed his horse from the stall, and stood holding him by the bridle, near the carriage, upon the forward deck. He saw me and swung his hat, in token of his gladness that the long trial was over.

The moment the boat touched the wharf I leaped on board, mounted to the deck, and, in an impulse of real gladness and gratitude, embraced my aunt. For a moment her companion was forgotten: then Mrs. Sanderson turned and presented her. I did not wonder that she was agreeable to Mrs. Sanderson, for I am sure that no one could have looked into her face and received her greeting without being pleased with her. She was dressed plainly but with great neatness; and everything in her look and manner revealed the well-bred woman. The whole expression of her personality was one of refinement. She looked at me with a pleased and inquiring gaze which quite charmed me—a gaze that by some subtle influence inspired me to special courtesy toward her. When the carriage had been placed on shore, and had been made ready for the ride homeward, I found myself under the impulse to be as polite to her as to my aunt.

As I looked out among the loungers who always attended the arrival of the *Belle*, as a resort of idle amusement, I caught a glimpse of Henry. Our eyes met for an instant, and I detected a look of eager interest upon his face. My recognition seemed to quench the look at once, and he turned abruptly on his heel and walked away. It was not like him to be



among a company of idlers, and I knew that the arrival of Mrs Sanderson could not have attracted him. It was an incident, however, of no significance save as it was interpreted by subsequent events which wait for record.

Mrs. Sanderson was quite talkative on the way home, in pointing out to her new companion the objects of interest presented by the thriving little city, and when she entered her house seemed like her former self. She was like the captain of a ship who had returned from a short stay on shore, having left the mate in charge. All command and direction returned to her on the instant she placed her foot upon the threshold. She was in excellent spirits, and seemed to look forward upon life more hopefully than she had done for a long time previous. Mrs. Belden was pleased with the house, delighted with her room, and charmed with all the surroundings of the place; and I could see that Mrs. Sanderson was more than satisfied with the impression which her new friend had made upon me. I remember with how much interest I took her from window to window to show her the views which the house commanded, and how much she gratified me by her hearty appreciation of my courtesy and of the home to which circumstances had brought her.

I saw at once that she was a woman to whom I could yield my confidence, and who was wholly capable of understanding me and of giving me counsel. I saw, too, that the old home would become a very different place to me from what it ever had been before, with her gracious womanliness within it. It was love with me at first sight, as it had been with my more critical aunt.

The next morning Mrs. Sanderson called me into her little library and told me the whole story of her new acquaintance. She had been attracted to her by some heartily-rendered courtesy when she found herself among strangers, feeble and alone, and had learned from her that she was without relatives and a home of her own. They had long conversations, and were led, step by step, to a mutual revelation of personal wishes and

needs, until it was understood between them that one was in want of a companion in her old age, and the other was in want of a home, for which she was willing to give service and society.

"I have come," said my aunt, "to realize that I am old, and that it is not right for me to stay in the house alone as I have done; and now that you are to be absent for so long a time, I shall need society and help. I am sure that Mrs. Belden is the right woman for me. Although she will be in a certain sense a dependent, she deserves and will occupy the place of a friend. I do not think I can be mistaken in her, and I believe that you will like her as well as I do."

I frankly told my aunt of the pleasant impression the lady had made upon me, and expressed my entire satisfaction with the arrangement; so Mrs. Belden became, in a day, a member of our home, and, by the ready adaptiveness of her nature, fitted into her new place and relations without a jar.

On the same day in which Mrs. Sanderson and I held our conversation, I found myself alone with Mrs. Belden, who led me to talk of myself, my plans, and my associates. I told her the history of my stay at The Bird's Nest, and talked at length of my companion there. She listened to all I had to say with interest, and questioned me particularly about Henry. She thought a young man's intimate companions had much to do with his safety and progress, and was glad to learn that my most intimate friend was all that he ought to be.

"You must never mention him to Mrs. Sanderson," I said, "for he offended her by not accepting her invitation to spend his vacations with me."

"I shall never do it, Arthur," she responded. "You can always rely upon my discretion."

"We are to be chums at college," I said.

"How will you manage it without offending your aunt?" she inquired.

"Oh, she knows that I like him; so we agree not to mention his name. She asks me no questions, and I say nothing. Besides, I think she knows something else and—" I hesitated



"And what?" inquired Mrs. Belden, smiling.

"I think she knows that he is fond of my sister Claire," I said.

Mrs. Belden gave a visible start, but checking herself, said, coolly enough, "Well, is he?"

"I think so," I answered. "Indeed, I think they are very fond of one another."

Then, at the lady's request, I told her all about my sister—her beauty, her importance in my father's house, and her accomplishments. She listened with great interest, and said that she hoped she should make her acquaintance.

"If you are to be tied to my aunt in the society you meet here you will be pretty sure not to know her," I responded. "My father is Mrs. Sanderson's tenant, and she has very strict notions in regard to poor people, and especially in regard to those who occupy her houses. She has never invited a member of my family into her house, and she never will. She has been very kind to me, but she has her own way about it."

"Yes, I see; but I shall meet your sister in some way, I know, if I remain here," Mrs. Belden replied.

I had never seen Jenks so happy as he appeared the next day after his arrival. He had been elevated immensely by his voyage and adventures, and had been benefited by the change quite as much as his mistress. He went about humming and growling to himself in the old way, seeking opportunities to pour into my amused ears the perils he had encountered and escaped. There had been a terrific "lurch" on one occasion, when everybody staggered; and a suspicious sail once "hove in sight" which turned out to be a schooner loaded with lumber; and there were white caps tossing on a reef which the captain skillfully avoided; and there was a "tremendous ground swell" during a portion of the homeward passage which he delighted to dwell upon.

But Jenks was in no way content until I had pointed out his passage to him on the map. When he comprehended the humiliating fact that he had sailed only half an inch on the larg-

est map of the region he possessed, and that on the map of the world the river by which he passed to the sea was not large enough to be noticed, he shook his head.

"It's no use," said the old man. "I thought I could do it, but I can't. The world is a big thing. Don't you think, yourself, it would be more convenient if it were smaller? I can't see the use of such an everlasting lot of water. A half an inch! My! think of sailing a foot and a half! I give it up."

"But you really have been far, far away upon the billow," I said encouragingly.

"Yes, that's so—that's so—that *is* so," he responded, nodding his head emphatically: "and I've ploughed the waves, and struck the sea, and hugged the shore, and embarked and prepared for a storm, and seen the white caps, and felt a ground swell, and got through alive, and all that kind of thing. I tell you, that day when we swung into the stream I didn't know whether I was on my head or my heels. I kept saying to myself: 'Theophilus Jenks, is this you? Who's your father and who's your mother and who's your Uncle David? Do you know what you're up to?' I'll bet you can't tell what else I said?"

"No, I'll not try, but you'll tell me," I responded.

"Well, 'twas a curious thing to say, and I don't know but it was wicked to talk out of the Bible, but it came to me and came out of me before I knew it."

"What was it, Jenks? I'm curious to know."

"Says I: 'Great is Diany of the 'Phesians!'"

I laughed heartily, and told Jenks that in my opinion he couldn't have done better.

"That wasn't all," said Jenks. "I said it more than forty times. A fellow must say something when he gets full, and if he doesn't swear, what is he going to do, I should like to know? So always when I found myself running over, I said 'Great is Diany of the 'Phesians,' and that's the way I spirt myself all the way down."

It was a great comfort to me, on the eve of my departure, to



feel that the two lives which had been identified with my new home, and had made it what it had been to me, were likely to be spared for some years longer—spared, indeed, until I should return to take up my permanent residence at The Mansion. Mrs. Belden's presence, too, was reassuring. It helped to give a look of permanence to a home which seemed more and more, as the years went by, to be built of very few and frail materials. I learned almost at once to identify her with my future, and to associate her with all my plans for coming life. If my aunt should die, I determined that Mrs. Belden should remain.

There was one fact which gave me surprise and annoyance, viz., that both my father and Mr. Bradford regarded the four years that lay immediately before me as the critical years of my history. Whenever I met them, I found that my future was much upon their minds, and that my experiences of the previous winter were not relied upon by either of them as sufficient guards against the temptations to which I was about to be subjected. They knew that for many reasons, growing out of the softening influence of age and of apprehended helplessness on the part of Mrs. Sanderson, she had become very indulgent towards me, and had ceased to scan with her old closeness my expenditures of money—that, indeed, she had a growing pride in me and fondness for me which prompted her to give me all the money that might be desirable in sustaining me in the position of a rich young gentleman. Even Mr. Bird came all the way from Hillsborough to see his boys, as he called Henry and myself. He, too, was anxious about me, and did not leave me until he had pointed out the mistakes I should be likely to make and exhorted me to prove myself a man, and to remember what he and dear Mrs. Bird expected of me.

These things surprised and annoyed me, because they indicated a solicitude which must have been based upon suspicions of my weakness, yet these three men were all wise. What could it mean? I learned afterwards. They had seen enough of life to know that when a young man meets the world, temptation comes to him, and always seeks and finds the point in his

character at which it may enter. They did not know where that point was in me, but they knew it was somewhere, and that my ready sympathy would be my betrayer, unless I should be on my guard.

I spent an evening with Henry in my father's family, and recognized, in the affectionate paternal eye that followed me everywhere, the old love which knew no diminution. I believe there was no great and good deed which my fond father did not deem me capable of performing, and that he had hung the sweetest and highest hopes of his life upon me. He was still working from day to day to feed, shelter and clothe his dependent flock, but he looked for his rewards not to them but to me. The noble life which had been possible to him, under more favorable circumstances, he expected to live in me. For this he had sacrificed my society, and suffered the pain of witnessing the transfer of my affections and interests to another home.

On the day before that fixed for my departure, a note was received at The Mansion inviting us all to spend the evening at Mrs. Bradford's. The good lady in her note of invitation stated that she should be most happy to see Mrs. Sanderson, and though she hardly expected her to break her rule of not leaving her house in the evening, she hoped that her new companion, Mrs. Belden, would bear me company, and so make the acquaintance of her neighbors. My aunt read the note to Mrs. Belden, and said: "Of course I shall not go, and you will act your own pleasure in the matter." Hoping that the occasion would give me an opportunity to present my friend and my sister to Mrs. Belden, I urged her to go with me, and she at last consented to do so.

I had strongly desired to see my friend Millie once more, and was delighted with the opportunity thus offered. The day was one of busy preparation, and Mrs. Belden was dressed and ready to go when I came down from my toilet. As we walked down the hill together toward Mr. Bradford's house, she said: "Arthur, I have been into society so little during the last few years that I feel very uneasy over this affair. Indeed, every



nerve in my body is trembling now." I laughed, and told her she was going among people who would make her at home at once—people whom she would soon learn to love and confide in.

I expected to see Henry and Claire, and I was not disappointed. After greeting my hearty host and lovely hostess, and presenting Mrs. Belden, I turned to Henry, who, with a strange pallor upon his face, grasped and fairly ground my hand within his own. He made the most distant of bows to the strange lady at my side, who looked as ghost-like at the instant as himself. The thought instantaneously crossed my mind that he had associated her with Mrs. Sanderson, against whom I knew he entertained the most bitter dislike. He certainly could not have appeared more displeased had he been compelled to a moment's courtesy toward the old lady herself. When Mrs. Belden and Claire met, it was a different matter altogether. There was a mutual and immediate recognition of sympathy between them. Mrs. Belden held Claire's hand, and stood and chatted with her until her self-possession returned. Henry watched the pair with an absorbed and anxious look, as if he expected his beloved was in some way to be poisoned by the breath of her new acquaintance.

At last, in the general mingling of voices in conversation and laughter, both Mrs. Belden and Henry regained their usual manner; and the fusion of the social elements present became complete. As the little reunion was given to Henry and myself, in token of interest in our departure, that departure was the topic of the evening upon every tongue. We talked about it while at our tea, and there were many sportive speculations upon the possible transformations in character and bearing which the next four years would effect in us. As we came out of the tea-room I saw that Mrs. Belden and Claire still clung to each other. After a while Henry joined them, and I could see, as both looked up into his face with amused interest, that he was making rapid amends for the coolness with which he had greeted the stranger. Then Mr. Bradford went and took Claire away, and Mrs. Belden and Henry sat

down by themselves and had a long talk together. All this pleased me, and I did nothing to interfere with their *tête-à-tête*; and all this I saw from the corner to which Millie and I had retired to have our farewell talk.

"What do you expect to make?" said Millie, curiously, continuing the drift of the previous conversation.

"I told Mrs. Sanderson, when I was a little fellow, that I expected to make a man," I answered; "and now please tell me what you expect to make."

"A woman, I suppose," she replied, with a little sigh.

"You speak as if you were sad about it," I responded.

"I am." And she looked off as if reflecting upon the bitter prospect.

"Why?"

"Oh, men and women are so different from children," she said. "One of these years you'll come back with grand airs, and whiskers on your face, and you will find me grown up, with a long dress on; and I'm afraid I shan't like you as well as I do now, and that you will like somebody a great deal better than you do me."

"Perhaps we shall like one another a great deal better than we do now," I said.

"It's only a perhaps," she responded. "No, we shall be new people then. Just think of my father being a little boy once! I presume I shouldn't have liked him half as well as I do you. As likely as any way he was a plague and a pester."

"But we are growing into new people all the time," I said. "Your father was a young man when he was married, and now he is another man, but your mother is just as fond of him as she ever was, isn't she?"

"Why, yes, that's a fact; I guess she is indeed! She just adores him, out and out."

"Well, then, what's to hinder other people from liking one another right along, even if they are changing all the time?"

"Nothing," she replied quickly. "I see it: I understand



There's something that does'n't change, isn't there? or some thing that need'n't change: which is it?"

"Whatever it is, Millie," I answered, "we will not let it change. We'll make up our minds about it right here. When I come back to stay, I will be Arthur Bonnicastle and you shall be Millie Bradford, just the same as now, and we'll sit and talk in this corner just as we do now, and there shall be no Mister and Miss between us."

Millie made no immediate response, but looked off again in her wise way, as if searching for something that eluded and puzzled her. I watched her admiringly while she paused. At last a sudden flash came into her eyes, and she turned to me and said: "Oh, Arthur! I've found it! As true as you live, I've found it!"

"Found what, Millie?"

"The thing that does'n't change, or need'n't change," she replied.

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, it's everything. When I used to dress up my little doll and make a grand lady of her, there was the same doll, inside, after all! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see."

"And you know how they are building a great church right over the little one down on the corner, without moving a single stone of the chapel. The people go to the big church every Sunday, but all the preaching and singing are in the chapel. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, Millie," I answered; "but I don't think I should see it without your eyes to help me. I am to build a man and you are to build a woman right over the boy and girl, without touching the boy and girl at all; and so, when we come together again, we can walk right into the little chapel, and find ourselves at home."

"Isn't that lovely!" exclaimed Millie. "I can see things, and you can make things. I couldn't have said that—about our going into the little chapel, you know."

"And I couldn't have said it if you hadn't found the chapel for me," I responded.

"Why, doesn't it seem as if we belonged together, and had been separated in some way?"

At this moment Mr. Bradford rose and came near us to get a book. He smiled pleasantly upon us while we looked up to him, pausing in our conversation. When he had gone back and resumed his seat, Millie said:

"There's a big church over two chapels. He has a young man in him and a boy besides. The boy plays with me and understands me, and the young man is dead in love with mamma, and the old man takes care of us both, and does everything. Isn't it splendid!"

Ah, Millie! I have heard many wise men and wise women talk philosophy, but never one so wise as you; and I have never seen a young man whose growth had choked and destroyed his childhood, or an old man whose youth had died out of him, without thinking of our conversation that night. The dolls are smothered in their clothes, and the little chapels are fated to fall when the grand cathedral walls are finished. The one thing that need not change, the one thing that should not change, the one thing which has the power to preserve the sweetness of all youthful relations up to the change of death, and, doubtless, beyond it, is childhood—the innocent, playful, trusting, loyal, loving, hopeful childhood of the soul, with all its illusions and romances and enjoyment of pure and simple delights.

Millie and I talked of many things that evening, and participated very little in the general conversation which went on at the other end of the drawing-room. I learned from her of the plans already made for sending her away to school, and realized with a degree of pain which I found difficult to explain to myself, that years were to pass before we should meet for such an hour of unrestrained conversation again.

Before I bade the family farewell, Aunt Flick presented to



both Henry and myself a little box containing pins, needles, buttons, thread, and all the appliances for making timely repairs upon our clothing, in the absence of feminine friends. Each box was a perfect treasure-house of convenience, and had cost Aunt Flick the labor of many hours.

"Henry will use this box," said the donor, "but you" (addressing me) "will not."

"I pledge you my honor, Aunt Flick," I responded, "that I will use and lose every pin in the box, and lend all the needles and thread, and leave the cushions where they will be stolen, and make your gift just as universally useful as I can."

This saucy speech set Millie into so hearty a laugh that the whole company laughed in sympathy, and even Aunt Flick's face relaxed as she remarked that she believed every word I had said.

It was delightful to me to see that while I had been engaged with Millie, Mrs. Belden had quietly made her way with the family, and that Henry, who had met her coldly and almost rudely, had become so much interested in her that when the time of parting came he was particularly warm and courteous toward her.

The farewells and kind wishes were all said at last, and with Mrs. Belden upon my arm I turned my steps toward The Mansion. The lady thought the Bradfords were delightful people that Henry seemed to be a young man of a good deal of intelligence and character, and that my sister Claire was lovely. The opening chapter of her life in Bradford, she said, was the most charming reading that she had found in any book for many years; and if the story should go on as it had begun she should be more than satisfied.

I need not dwell upon my departure further. In the early morning of the next day, Henry and I were on our way, with the sweet memory of tearful eyes in our hearts, and with the consciousness that good wishes and prayers were following us as white birds follow departing ships far out to sea, and with hopes that beckoned us on in every crested wave that leaped before us and in every cloud that flew.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BEGINNING OF COLLEGE LIFE—I MEET PETER MULLENS GORDON LIVINGSTON, AND TEMPTATION.

THE story of my college life occupies so large a space in my memory, that in the attempt to write it within practicable limits I find myself obliged to denude it of a thousand interesting details, and to cling in my record to those persons and incidents which were most directly concerned in shaping my character, my course of life, and my destiny.

I entered upon this life panoplied with good resolutions and worthy ambitions. I was determined to honor the expectations of those who had trusted me, and to disappoint the fears of those who had not. Especially was I determined to regain a measure of the religious zeal and spiritual peace and satisfaction which I had lost during the closing months of my stay in Bradford. Henry and I talked the matter all over, and laid our plans together. We agreed to stand by one another in all emergencies—in sickness, in trouble, in danger—and to be faithful critics and Mentors of each other.

Both of us won at once honorable positions in our class, and the good opinion of our teachers, for we were thoroughly in earnest and scrupulously industrious. Though a good deal of society forced itself upon us, we were sufficient for each other, and sought but little to extend the field of companionship.

We went at once into the weekly prayer-meeting held by the religious students, thinking, that whatever other effect it might have upon us, it would so thoroughly declare our position that all that was gross in the way of temptation would shun us. Taking our religious stand early, we felt, too, that we should have a better outlook upon, and a sounder and safer estimate of, all those diversions and dissipations which never fail to come