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

with subtle and specious temptation to large bodies of young men deprived of the influences of home.

The effect that we aimed at was secured. We were classed at once among those to whom we belonged; but, to me, I cannot say that the classification was entirely satisfactory. I did not find the brightest and most desirable companions among those who attended the prayer-meetings. They were shockingly common-place fellows, the most of them—particularly those most forward in engaging in the exercises. There were a few shy-looking, attractive young men, who said but little, took always the back seats, and conveyed to me the impression that they had come in as a matter of duty, to give their countenance to the gatherings, but without a disposition to engage actively in the discussions and prayers. At first their position seemed cowardly to me, but it was only a few weeks before Henry and I belonged to their number. The meetings seemed to be in the possession of a set of young men who were preparing themselves for the Christian ministry, and who looked upon the college prayer-meeting as a sort of gymnasium, where they were to exercise and develop their gifts. Accordingly, we were treated every week to a sort of dress-parade of mediocrity. Two or three long-winded fellows, who seemed to take the greatest delight in public speech, assumed the leadership, and I may frankly say that they possessed no power to do me good. It is possible that the rest of us ought to have frowned upon their presumption, and insisted on a more democratic division of duty and privilege; but, in truth, there was something about them with which we did not wish to come into contact. So we contented ourselves with giving the honor to them, and cherishing the hope that what they did would bring good to somebody.

Henry and I talked about the matter in our walks and times of leisure, and the result was to disgust us with the semi-professional wordiness of the meetings, as well as with the little body of windy talkers who made those meetings so fruitless and unattractive to us. We found ourselves driven in at length

upon our own resources, and became content with our daily prayer together. This was our old habit at The Bird's Nest, and to me, for many months, it was a tower of strength.

Toward the close of our first term an incident occurred which set me still more strongly against the set of young men to whom I have made allusion. There was one of them who had been more offensive than all the rest. His name was Peter Mullens. He was an unwholesome-looking fellow, who wore clothes that never seemed as if they were made for him, and whose false shirt bosom neither fitted him nor appeared clean. There was a rumpled, shabby look about his whole person. His small, cunning eyes were covered by a pair of glasses which I am sure he wore for ornament, while his hair was combed back straight over his head, to show all the forehead he possessed, though it was not at all imposing in its height and breadth. I had made no inquiries into his history, for he was uninteresting to me in the last degree.

One evening, just before bedtime, he knocked at our door and entered. He had never done this before, and as he seemed to be in unusually good spirits, and to come in with an air of good-fellowship and familiarity, both Henry and myself regarded his call with a sort of questioning surprise. After the utterance of a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and the very interesting meetings they were having, he explained that he had called to inquire why it was that we had forsaken the prayer-meetings.

Henry told him at once, and frankly, that it was because he was not interested in them, and because he felt that he could spend his time better.

Still more frankly, and with less discretion, I told him that the meetings seemed to be in the hands of a set of muffs, who knew very little and assumed to know everything.

"The trouble with you fellows," responded Mr. Peter Mullens, "is that you are proud, and will not humble yourselves to learn. If you felt the responsibility of those of us who are fitting for the ministry, you would look upon the matter in a very

different way. We have begun our work, and we shall carry it on, whether men will hear or forbear."

"Is it any of your business whether they hear or forbear?" said I, touchily: "because, if it is, Henry and I will sweep the floor and get down on our knees to you."

"It is my business to do my duty, in the face of all the taunts and ridicule which you may heap upon me," replied Mr. Mullens, loftily.

"Excuse me, Mr. Mullens," I said, "but it seems to me that fellows of your sort thrive on taunts and ridicule. Don't you rather like them now?"

Mr. Mullens smiled a sad, pitying smile, and said that no one who did his duty could hope to live a life of gratified pride or of ease.

"Mr. Mullens," said Henry, "I suppose that so far as you know your own motives, those which led you here were good; but lest you should be tempted to repeat your visit, let me say that I relieve you of all responsibility for my future conduct. You have done me all the good that you can possibly do me, except in one way."

"What is that?" inquired Mullens.

"By carefully keeping out of this room, and out of my sight,' responded Henry.

"Henry has expressed my feelings exactly," I added; "and now I think there is a fair understanding of the matter, and we can feel ourselves at liberty to change the conversation."

Mullens sat a moment in thought, then he adjusted his spectacles, tucked down his false shirt-bosom, which always looked as if it were blown up and needed pricking, and turning to me, said with an air of cunning triumph: "Bonnicastle, I believe you are one of us."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Why, one of us that have aid, you know—what they call charity students."

"Charity students!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Oh, I've found it out. You are luckier than the rest of us, for you have no end of money. I wish you could manage in some way to get the old woman to help me, for I really need more aid than I have. I don't suppose she would feel a gift of fifty dollars any more than she would one of fifty cents. So small a sum as ten dollars would do me a great deal of good or even five."

"How would you like some old clothes?" inquired Henry with a quiet but contemptuous smile.

"That is really what I would like to speak about," said Mr. Mullens. "You fellows who have plenty of money throw away your clothes when they are only a little worn; and when you have any to give away, you would oblige me very much by remembering me. I have no new clothes myself. I take the crumbs that fall."

"And that reminds me," resumed Henry, "that perhaps you might like some cold victuals."

"No, I'm provided for, so far as board and lodging are concerned," responded Mr. Mullens, entirely unconscious of the irony of which he was the subject.

Henry turned to me with a hopeless look, as if he had sounded himself in vain to find words which would express his contempt for the booby before him. As for myself, I had been so taken off my guard, so shamed with the thought that he and his confrères regarded me as belonging to their number, so disgusted with the fellow's greed and lack of sensibility, and so angry at his presumption, that I could not trust myself to speak at all. I suspected that if I should begin to express my feelings I should end by kicking him out of the room.

Henry looked at him for a moment, in a sort of dumb wonder, and then said: "Peter Mullens, what do you suppose I think of you?"

There was something in the flash of Henry's eye and in the tone of his voice, as he uttered this question, that brought Mullens to his feet in an impulse to retire.

"Sit down," said Henry.

Mr. Mullens sat down with his hat between his knees, and

mumbled something about having stayed longer than he intended.

"You cannot go yet," Henry continued. "You came in here to lecture us, and to humiliate one of us; and now I propose to tell you what I think of you. There is not the first element of a gentleman in you. You came in here as a bully in the name of religion, you advertise yourself as a sneak by boasting that you have been prying into other people's affairs, and you end by begging old clothes of those who have too much self-respect to kick you for your impudence and your impertinence. Do you suppose that such a puppy as you are can ever prepare for the ministry?"

I think that this was probably the first time Peter Mullens had ever heard the plain truth in regard to himself. He was very much astonished, for his slow apprehension had at last grasped the conclusions that he was heartily despised and that he was in strong hands.

"I—really—really—beg your pardon, gentlemen," said Mr. Mullens, ramming down his rising shirt-bosom, and wiping his hat with his sleeve; "I meant no offense, but really—I—I—must justify myself for asking for aid. I have given myself to the church, gentlemen, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. What more can I do than to give myself? The church wants men. The church must have men; and she owes it to them to see that they are taken care of. If she neglects her duty she must be reminded of it. If I am willing to take up with old clothes she ought not to complain."

Mr. Mullens paused with a vocal inflection that indicated a deeply wounded heart, rammed down his shirt-bosom again, and looked to Henry for a response.

"There is one thing, Mr. Mullens," said Henry, "that the church has no right to ask you to give up; one thing which you have no right to give up; and one thing which, if given up, leaves you as worthless to the church as despicable in yourself, and that is manhood; and I know of nothing that kills manhood quicker than a perfectly willing dependence on

others. You are beginning life as a beggar. You justify yourself in beggary, and it takes no prophet to foresee that you will end life as a beggar. Once down where you are willing to sell yourself and take your daily dole at the hand of your purchaser, and you are forever down."

"But what can I do?" inquired Mullens.

"You can do what I do, and what thousands of your betters are doing all the time—work and take care of yourself," replied Henry.

"But the time—just think of the time that would be lost to the cause."

"I am not very old," responded Henry, "but I am old enough to know that the time which independence costs is never wasted. A man who takes fifteen years to prepare himself for life is twice the man, when prepared, that he is who only takes ten; and the best part of his education is that which he gets in the struggle to maintain his own independence. I have an unutterable contempt for this whole charity business, as it is applied to the education of young men. A man who has not pluck and persistence enough to get his own education is not worth educating at all. It is a demoralizing process, and you, Mr. Peter Mullens, in a very small way, are one of its victims."

Henry had been so thoroughly absorbed during these last utterances that he had not once looked at me. I doubt, indeed, whether he was conscious of my presence; but as he closed his sentence he turned to me, and was evidently pained and surprised at the expression upon my face. With a quick instinct he saw how readily I had applied his words to myself, and, once more addressing Mullens, said: "When a childless woman adopts a relative as a member of her family, and makes him her own, and a sharer in her love and fortune, it may be well or ill for him, but it is none of your business, and makes him no fellow of yours. And now, Mr. Mullens, if you wish to go, you are at liberty to do so. If I ever have any old clothes I shall certainly remember you."

"I should really be very much obliged to you," said Mr. Mullens, "and" (turning to me) "if you should happen to be writing to your aunt—"

"For Heaven's sake, Mullens," exclaimed Henry, "go now," and then, overwhelmed with the comical aspect of the matter, we both burst into a laugh that was simply irresistible. Mullens adjusted his spectacles with a dazed look upon his face, brushed back his hair, rammed down his shirt-bosom, buttoned his coat, and very soberly bade us a good-evening.

Under ordinary circumstances we should have found abundant food for merriment between ourselves after the man's departure, but Henry, under the impression that he had unintentionally wounded me, felt that nothing was to be gained by recalling and explaining his words, and I was too sore to risk the danger of further allusion to the subject. By revealing my position and relations to Mullens, Henry had sought, in the kindest way, to place me at my ease, and had done all that he had the power to do to restore my self-complacency. So the moment Mullens left the room some other subject was broached, and in half an hour both of us were in bed, and Henry was sound asleep.

I was glad in my consciousness to be alone, for I had many things to think of. There was one reason for the omission of all comment upon our visitor and our conversation, so far as Henry was concerned, which, with a quick insight, I detected. He had, in his anxiety to comfort me, spoken of me as a relative of Mrs. Sanderson. He had thus revealed to me the possession of knowledge which I had never conveyed to him. It certainly had not reached him from Mrs. Sanderson, nor had he gathered it from Claire, or my father's family; for I had never breathed a word to them of the secret which my aunt had permitted me to discover. He must have learned it from the Bradfords, with whom he had maintained great intimacy. I had long been aware of the fact that he was carrying on a secret life into which I had never been permitted to look. I should not have cared for this had I not been suspicious that I was in some

way concerned with it. I knew that he did not like my relations to Mrs. Sanderson, and that he did not wish to speak of them. I had learned to refrain from all mention of her name; but he had talked with somebody about her and about me, and had learned one thing, at least, which my own father did not know.

All this, however, was a small vexation compared with the revelation of the influence which my position would naturally exert upon my character. However deeply it might wound my self-love, I knew that I was under the same influence which made Mr. Peter Mullens so contemptible a person. He was a willing dependent upon strangers, and was not I? This dependence was sapping my own manhood as it had already destroyed his. If Mullens had come to me alone, and claimed fellowship with me,—if Henry had not been near me in his quiet and self-respectful independence to put him down,—I felt that there would have been no part for me to play except that of the coward or the bully. I had no ground on which to stand for self-defense. Mr. Peter Mullens would have been master of the situation. The thought galled me to the quick.

It was in vain that I remembered that I was an irresponsible child when this dependence began. It was in vain that I assured myself that I was no beggar. The fact remained that I had been purchased and paid for, and that, by the subtly demoralizing influence of dependence, I had been so weakened that I shrank from assuming the responsibility of my own life. I clung to the gold that came with the asking. I clung to the delights that only the gold could buy. I shuddered at the thought of taking myself and my fortunes upon my own hands, and I knew by that fact that something manly had sickened or died in me.

I do not know how long I lay revolving these things in my mind. It was certainly far into the night; and when I woke in the morning I found my heart discontented and bitter. I had regarded myself as a gentleman. I had borne myself with a considerable degree of exclusiveness. I had not cared for rec

ognition. Having determined to do my work well, and to seek no man's company as a thing necessary to fix my social status, I had gone on quietly and self-respectfully. Now I was to go out and meet the anger of Peter Mullens and his tribe. I was to be regarded and spoken of by them as a very unworthy member of their own order. My history had been ascertained, and would be reported to all who knew me.

All these reflections and suggestions may seem very foolish and morbid to the reader, but they were distressing to me beyond my power of telling. I was young, sensitive, proud, and self-loving, and though I prayed for help to enable me to face my fellows, and so to manage my life as to escape the harm which my position threatened to inflict upon me, I could not escape the conviction that Peter Mullens and I were, essentially, on the same ground.

Up to this time I had looked for temptations in vain. No temptations to dissipation had presented themselves. I was sure that no enticement to sensuality or gross vice would have power to move me. Steady employment and daily fatigue held in check my animal spirits, and all my life had gone on safely and smoothly. The daily prayer had brought me back from every heart-wandering, had sweetened and elevated all my desires, had strengthened me for my work, and given me something of the old peace. Away from Henry, I had found but little sympathetic Christian society, but I had been entirely at home and satisfied with him. Now I found that it required courage to face the little world around me; and almost unconsciously I began the work of making acquaintances with the better class of students. Although I had held myself apart from others, there were two or three, similarly exclusive, whom I had entertained a private desire to know. One of these was a New Yorker, Mr. Gordon Livingston by name. He had the reputation of belonging to a family of great wealth and splendid connections, and although his standing as a student was not the best, it was regarded as an honor to know him and the little set to which he belonged. I was aware that the morality of

the man and his immediate companions was not much believed in, and I knew, too, that the mean envy and jealousy of many students would account for this. At any rate, I was in a mood, after my interview with Mr. Mullens, to regard him very charitably, and to wish that I might be so far recognized by him and received into his set as to advertise to Mullens and his clique my social removal from them. I determined to brace myself around with aristocratic associations. I had the means in my hands for this work. I could dress with the best. I had personal advantages of which I need not boast here, but which I was conscious would commend me to them. I had no intention to cast in my life with them, but I determined to lose no good opportunity to gain their recognition.

One evening, walking alone, outside the limits of the town—for in my morbid mood I had taken to solitary wanderings,—I fell in with Livingston, also alone. We had approached each other from opposite directions, and met at the corners of the road that led to the city, toward which we were returning. We walked side by side, with only the road between us, for a few yards, when, to my surprise, he crossed over, saying as he approached me: "Hullo, Mr. Bonnicastle! What's the use of two good-looking fellows like us walking alone when they can have company?"

As he came up I gave him my hand, and called him by name.

"So you've known me, as I have known you," he said cordially. "It's a little singular that we haven't been thrown together before, for I fancy you belong to our kind of fellows."

I expressed freely the pleasure I felt in meeting him, and told him how glad I should be to make the acquaintance of his friends; and we passed the time occupied in reaching the college in conversation that was very pleasant to me.

Livingston was older than I, and was two classes in advance of me. He was therefore in a position to patronize and pet me—a position which he thoroughly understood and appreciated. In his manner he had that quiet self-assurance and command

that only come from life-long familiarity with good society, and the consciousness of unquestioned social position. He had no youth of poverty to look back upon. He had no associations with mean conditions and circumstances. With an attractive face and figure, a hearty manner, a dress at once faultlessly tasteful and unobtrusive, and with all the prestige of wealth and family, there were few young fellows in college whose notice would so greatly flatter a novice as his. The men who spoke against him and affected contempt for him would have accepted attention from him as an honor.

Livingston had undoubtedly heard my story, but he did not sympathize with the views of Mr. Peter Mullens and his friends concerning it. He found me as well dressed as himself, quite as exclusive in my associations, liked my looks and manners, and, with all the respect for money natural to his class, concluded that I belonged to him and his set. In the mood of mind in which I found myself at meeting him, it can readily be imagined that his recognition and his assurance of friendliness and fellowship brought me great relief.

As we entered the town, and took our way across the green, he became more cordial, and pulled my arm within his own. We were walking in this way when we met Mr. Mullens and a knot of his fellows standing near the path. It was already twilight, and they did not recognize us until we were near them. Then they paused, in what seemed to have been an excited conversation, and stared at us with silent impertinence.

Livingston hugged my arm and said coolly and distinctly: "By the way, speaking of mules, have you ever familiarized yourself with the natural history of the ass? I assure you it is very interesting—his length of ear, his food of thistles, his patience under insult, the toughness of his hide—in short—" By this time we were beyond their hearing and he paused.

I gave a scared laugh which the group must also have heard, and said: "Well that was cool, any way."

"You see," said Livingston, "I wanted to have them understand that we had been improving our minds, by devo

tion to scientific subjects. They were bound to hear what we said and I wanted to leave a good impression."

The cool impudence of the performance took me by surprise, but, on the whole, it pleased me. It was a deed that I never could have done myself, and I was astonished to find that there was something in it that gratified a spirit of resentment of which I had been the unconscious possessor. The utter indifference of the man to their spite was an attainment altogether beyond me, and I could not help admiring it.

Livingston accompanied me to my room, but we parted at the door, although I begged the privilege of taking him in and making him acquainted with my chum. He left me with an invitation to call upon him at my convenience, and I entered my room in a much lighter mood than that which drove me out from it. I did not tell Henry at once of my new acquaintance, for I was not at all sure that he would be pleased with the information. Indeed, I knew he would not be, for he was a fair measurer of personal values, and held Livingston and Mullens in nearly equal dislike. Still I took a strange comfort in the thought that I had entered the topmost clique, and that Mullens, the man who had determined to bring me to his own level, had seen me arm-in-arm with one of the most exclusive and aristocratic fellows in the college.

And now, lest the reader should suppose that Henry had a knowledge of Livingston's immorality of character which justified his dislike of him, I ought to say at once that he was not a bad man, so far as I was able to learn. If he indulged in immoral practices with those of his own age, he never led me into them. I came to be on familiar terms with him and them. I was younger than most of them, and was petted by them. My purse was as free as theirs on all social occasions, and I was never made to feel that I was in any way their inferior.

Henry was a worker who had his own fortune to make, and he proposed to make it. He was conscious that the whole clique of which Livingston was a member held nothing in common with him, and that they considered him to be socially be-

neath them. He knew they were not actuated by manly aims, and that they had no sympathy with those who were thus actuated. They studied no more than was necessary to avoid disgrace. They intended to have an easy time. They were thoroughly good-natured among themselves, laughed freely about professors and tutors, took a very superficial view of life, and seemed to regard the college as a mill through which it was necessary to pass, or a waiting-place in which it was considered the proper thing to stop until their beards should mature.

The society of these men had no bad effect upon me, or none perceptible to myself for a long time. Braced by them as I was, Mr. Mullens made no headway against me; and I came at last to feel that my position was secure. With the corrective of Henry's society and example, and with the habit of daily devotion unimpaired, I went on for months with a measurable degree of satisfaction to myself. Still I was conscious of a gradually lowering tone of feeling. By listening to the utterance of careless words and worldly sentiments from my new companions, I came to look leniently upon many things and upon many men once abhorrent to me. Unconsciously at the time, I tried to bring my Christianity into a compromise with worldliness, and to sacrifice my scruples of conscience to what seemed to be the demands of social usage. I had found the temptation for which I had sought so long, and which had so long sought without finding me, but alas! I did not recognize it when it came.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK, AND MY FIRST GLASS OF WINE.

Relying upon my new associations for the preservation of my social position, now that my history had become known in the college, it was necessary for me to be seen occasionally with the set to which I had been admitted and welcomed. This apparent necessity not unfrequently led me to their rooms, in which there were occasional gatherings of the fellows, and in one or two of which a surreptitious bottle of wine was indulged in. Of the wine I steadily refused to be a partaker, and it was never urged upon me but once, when Livingston interposed, and said I should act my own pleasure. This made the attempt to carry on my double life easier, and saved me from being scared away from it. There was no carousing and no drunkenness—nothing to offend, in those modest symposia—and they came at last to wear a very harmless look to me, associated as they were with good fellowship and hospitality.

Walking one day with Livingston, who fancied me and liked to have me with him, he said: "Bonnicastle, you ought to see more of the world. You've been cooped up all your life, and are as innocent as a chicken."

"You wouldn't have me anything but innocent would you?" I said laughing.

"Not a bit of it. I like a clean fellow like you, but you must see something, some time."

"There'll be time enough for that when I get through study," I responded.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said, "but, my boy, I've taken it into my head to introduce you to New York life. I would like to show you my mother and sisters and my five hundred