

time. The little hoard and the love that came with it were a mighty re-enforcement against all the trials which a brutal husband and forgetful children had brought upon her.

I left her sitting with her treasure still in her lap, dreaming over the old days, looking forward to those that remained, and thinking of the man who would have asked for no sweeter heaven than to look in and see her thus employed. Afterwards I saw her often. She attended the church which she had long forsaken, with clothes so neat and comfortable that her neighbors wondered where and how she had managed to procure them, and took up the burden of her life again with courage and patience.

She went before Jim.

Whom she found waiting on the other side of that moonlit sea over which my old friend had sailed homeward, I shall know some time; but I cannot turn my eyes from a picture which my fancy sketches, of a sweet old man, grown wise and strong, standing upon a sunny beach, with arms outstretched, to greet an in-going shallop that bears still the name of all the vessels he had ever owned—"the Jane Whittlesey!"

CHAPTER XX.

MR. BRADFORD TELLS ME A STORY WHICH CHANGES THE DETERMINATIONS OF MY LIFE.

I HAVE already alluded to the effect which Henry's presence produced upon Mrs. Sanderson. For a few days after her return, I watched with covert but most intense interest the development of her acquaintance with him. Mrs. Belden had been for so long a time her companion, and was so constantly at Henry's bedside, that my aunt quickly took on the habit of going in to sit for an hour with the lady and her charge. I was frequently in and out, doing what I could for my friend's amusement, and often found both the ladies in attendance. Mrs. Sanderson always sat at the window in an old-fashioned rocking chair, listening to the conversation between Mrs. Belden and Henry. Whenever Henry laughed, or uttered an exclamation, she started and looked over to his bed, as if the sounds were familiar, or as if they had a strange power of suggestion. There was some charm in his voice and look to which she submitted herself more and more as the days went by—a charm so subtle that I doubt whether she understood it or was conscious of its power.

Two or three days passed after I had executed Jenks's will, with relation to his savings, when my old resolution to visit Mr. Bradford recurred. In the meantime, I felt that I had won strength from my troubles and cares, and was better able to bear trial than I had ever been before. I was little needed in the house, now that Jenks was gone, so, one morning after breakfast, I started to execute my purpose. As I was taking my hat in the hall, there came a rap upon the door, and as I stood near it I opened it and encountered Millie Bradford.

She met me with a cordiality that spoke her friendship, but with a reserve which declared that the old relations between us had ceased. I know that I blushed painfully, for she had been much in my thoughts, and it seemed, somehow, that she must have been conscious of the fact. I knew, too, that I had disappointed and shamed her.

"My father is busy this morning, Mr. Bonnicastle," she said, "and I have been sent up to inquire after the invalid."

Ah, how her "Mr. Bonnicastle" removed me from her! And how much more lovely she seemed to me than she had ever seemed before! Dressed in a snowy morning wrapper, with a red rose at her throat, and only a parasol to shade her black hair and her luminously tender eyes, and with all the shapely beauty in her figure that the ministry of seventeen gracious years could bestow, she seemed to me almost a goddess.

I invited her in, and called my aunt. Mrs. Belden heard her voice soon afterwards and came down, and we had a pleasant chat. As soon as Mrs. Belden appeared, I noticed that Millie addressed all her inquiries concerning Henry to her, and that there seemed to be a very friendly intimacy between them.

When, at last, the girl rose to go, I passed into the hall with her, and taking my hat, said: "Miss Bradford, I was about to go to your house for a business call upon your father, when you came in. May I have the pleasure of walking home with you?"

"Oh certainly," she replied, though with a shadow of reluctance in her look, "but I fear your walk will be fruitless. My father has gentlemen with him, and perhaps will not be at liberty to see you."

"Still, with your leave I will go. I shall win a walk at least," I responded.

The moment I was alone with her, I found myself laboring under an embarrassment that silenced me. It was easy to talk in the presence of others, but it was "Arthur" and "Millie" no more between us.

She noticed my silence, and uttered some common-place remark about the changes that had taken place in the city.

"Yes," I said, "I see they have the cathedral finished yonder." "Entirely," she responded, "and the little chapel inside has been torn down."

How much she meant by this, or whether she intended any allusion to the old conversation, every word of which I recollected so vividly, I could not tell, but I gave her the credit of possessing as good a memory as myself, and so concluded that she considered Arthur Bonnicastle, the boy, as a person dead and gone, and Mr. Bonnicastle the young man as one whom she did not know.

As we came in sight of her house, we saw three gentlemen at the door. Two of them soon left, and the third, who was Mr. Bradford, went back into the house.

"I believe those two men are my father and Mr. Bird," I said. "I don't think I can be mistaken."

"You are not mistaken," she responded, looking flushed and troubled.

"What can they want of your father at this time of the morning?" I said.

She made no reply, but quickened her steps, as if she wished to shorten the interview. Whatever their business was, I felt sure that she understood its nature, and almost equally sure that it related to myself. I knew that the three had met at New Haven; and I had no doubt that they had the same business on hand now that they had then. I determined to learn it before I left the house.

As we approached the gate, she suddenly turned to me in her impulsive way, and said:

"Arthur Bonnicastle, are you strong this morning?"

"Yes," I replied, "I can meet anything."

"I am glad; I believe you."

That was all. As we mounted the steps we found Mr. Bradford sitting before the open door, reading, or pretending to read, a newspaper.

"Here's Mr. Bonnicastle, father," Millie said, and passed through the hall and out of sight.

Mr. Bradford rose and gave me his hand. My coming had evidently agitated him, though he endeavored to bear himself calmly.

"I wish to ask you some questions, and to talk with you," I said.

"Let us go where we can be alone," he responded, leading the way into a little library or office which I had never seen before. Throwing open the shutters, and seating himself by the window, at the same time pointing me to a chair opposite to him, he said: "Now for the questions."

"I want you to tell me what person is represented by the picture of a boy in Mrs. Sanderson's dining-room."

"Her own son, and her only child," he replied.

"Is he living or dead?"

"He is dead."

"Will you tell me his history?" I said.

He hesitated a moment, looking out of the window, and then replied slowly: "Yes, I will. It is time you should know it, and everything connected with it. Have you leisure to hear it now?"

"Yes. That is my business here this morning."

"Then I must begin at the beginning," he replied. "I suppose you may have learned before this time that Mrs. Sanderson was a Bonnicastle."

"I know it," I said.

"You have learned, too, that she is a willful woman. In her youth, at least, she was unreasonably so. She was an heiress, and, in her young days, was pretty. For fifty miles around she was regarded as the finest "catch" within the reach of any ambitious young man. Her suitors were numerous, and among them was the one to whom, against the wishes of her parents, she at last gave her hand. He was handsome, bright, gallant, bold and vicious. It was enough for her that her parents opposed his attentions and designs to secure for him her sympathy. It was enough for her that careful friends warned her against him. She turned a deaf ear to them all,

and became fixed in her choice by the opposition she encountered. To the sorrow of those who loved her and wished her well, she was married to him. Her parents, living where she lives now, did the best they could to secure her happiness, and opened their home to their new son-in-law, but witnessing his careless treatment of their daughter, and his dissipations, died soon afterwards, of disappointed hopes and ruined peace.

"The death of her parents removed all the restraint which had hitherto influenced him, and he plunged into a course of dissipation and debauchery which made the life of his wife an unceasing torment and sorrow. He gambled, he kept the grossest companions around him, he committed a thousand excesses, and as he had to do with a will as strong as his own, the domestic life of The Mansion was notoriously inharmonious.

"After a few years, a child was born. The baby was a boy, and over this event the father indulged in a debauch from which he never recovered. Paralysis and a softened brain reduced him in a few months to essential idiocy, and when he died the whole town gave a sigh of relief. Self-sufficient in her nature, your aunt was self-contained in her mortification and sorrow. No one ever heard a complaint from her lips, and no one ever dared to mention the name of her husband to her in any terms but those of respect. His debts were paid, and as his time of indulgence had been comparatively short, her large fortune was not seriously impaired.

"Then she gave herself up to the training of her boy. I think she saw in him something of the nature of his father, and set herself to the task of curbing and killing it. No boy in Bradford ever had so rigid a training as Henry Sanderson. She did not permit him to leave her sight. All his early education was received at her hands. Every wish, every impulse, even every aspiration of the child, was subjected to the iron rule of her will. No slave that ever lived was more absorbed, directed and controlled by his master than this unfortunate child was by his mother. Not one taste of liberty did he ever know, until she was compelled to send him away from her te

complete his education. The portrait of him which has excited your curiosity for so many years was painted when he was less than twelve years old, though he was not permitted to leave his home until some years later.

"I was young at that time myself, though I was older than Henry—young enough, at least, to sympathize with him, and to wish, with other boys, that we could get him away from her and give him one taste of social freedom and fellowship. When she rode he was with her, looking wistfully and smilingly out upon the boys wherever he saw them playing, and when she walked she held his hand until he was quite as large as herself. Every act of his life was regulated by a rule which consulted neither his wish nor his reason. He had absolutely no training of his own will—no development within his own heart of the principles of right conduct, no exercise of liberty under those wise counsels and restraints which would lead him safely up to the liberty of manhood. He was simply her creature, her tool, her puppet, slavishly obedient to her every wish and word. He was treated as if he were a wild animal, whom she wished to tame—an animal without affection, without reason, without any rights except those which she might give him. She was determined that he should not be like his father.

"I have no doubt that she loved this child with all the strength of her strong nature, for she sacrificed society and a thousand pleasures for the purpose of carrying out her plans concerning him. She would not leave him at home with servants any more than she would give him the liberty of intercourse with other children, and thus she shut herself away from the world, and lived wholly with and for him.

"He was fitted for college in her own house, by the tuition of a learned clergyman of the town, who was glad to eke out a scanty professional maintenance by attending her son, though she was present at every recitation, and never left him for a moment in the tutor's company.

"When the work of preparation was completed, she went through the terrible struggle of parting with her charge, and

sending him away from her for the first time. He went from her as dependent and self-distrustful as a child of three—a trembling, bashful, wretched boy, and came back in less than a year just what any wise man would have anticipated—a rough, roystering, ungovernable fellow, who laughed at his mother, turned her orderly home into a pandemonium, flouted her authority, and made her glad before his vacation ended to send him back again, out of her sight. Untrained in self-control and the use of liberty, he went into all excesses, and became the one notorious rowdy of the college. He was rusticated more than once, and would have been expelled but for the strong influence which his mother brought to bear upon the government of the college.

"After his graduation, he was for a time at home; but Bradford was too small to cover up his debaucheries and immoralities. He had all the beauty and boldness of his father, and inherited his dominant animal nature. After a long quarrel with his mother, he made an arrangement with her by which he was allowed a generous annuity, and with this he went away, drifting at last to New Orleans. There he found college classmates who knew of his mother's wealth, and as he had money enough to dress like a gentleman, he was admitted at once into society, and came to be regarded as a desirable match for any one of the many young women he met. He lived a life of gayety, gambled with the fast men into whose society he was thrown, and at last incurred debts which, in desperation, he begged his mother to pay, promising in return immediate and thorough reform. After a long delay his request was granted; and I have no doubt that he honestly undertook the reform he had promised, for at this time he became acquainted with a woman whose influence over him was purifying and ennobling, and well calculated to inspire and fortify all his good resolutions. She was not rich, but she belonged to a good family, and was well educated.

"Of course he showed her only his amiable side; and the ardent love she inspired in him won her heart, and she married him. At this time he was but twenty-five years old. His mother had been looking forward wearily to the hour when he would

see the folly of his course, would complete the sowing of his wild oats, and be glad to return to his home. She had her own ambitious projects concerning a matrimonial alliance for him; and when he married without consulting her, and married one who was poor, her anger was without bounds. Impulsively she sat down and wrote him the cruelest letter that it was in her power to write, telling him that the allowance which she had hitherto sent him would be sent to him no longer, and that her property would be left to others.

"The blow was one from which he never recovered. He was prostrated at once upon a bed of sickness, which, acting upon a system that had been grossly abused, at last carried him to his grave. Once during this sickness his wife wrote to his mother a note of entreaty, so full of tender love for her sick and dying husband, and so appealing in its Christian womanliness, that it might well have moved a heart of stone; but it found no entrance at a door which disappointed pride had closed. The note was never answered, and was undoubtedly tossed into the fire, that the receiver might never be reminded of it.

"The son and husband died, and was buried by alien hands, and his mother never saw his face again."

Here Mr. Bradford paused, as if his story was finished.

"Is this all?" I asked.

"It is, in brief, the history of the boy whose portrait you have inquired about," he replied.

"What became of his widow?" I inquired.

"She returned to her parents, and never wrote a word to Mrs. Sanderson. She had been treated by her in so cruel a manner that she could not. Afterwards she married again, and removed, I have since learned, to one of the Northern States."

I sat in silence for some moments, a terrible question burning in my throat, which I dared not utter. I felt myself trembling in every nerve. I tried to thrust the question from me, but it would not go.

Then Mr. Bradford, who, I doubt not, read my thoughts,

and did not feel ready to answer my question, said: "You see how differently Mrs. Sanderson has treated you. I have no doubt that she reasoned the matter all out, and came to the conclusion that she had acted unwisely. I have no doubt, though she never acknowledged it to any one, that she saw the reason of the failure of the plan of training which she adopted in the case of her son, and determined upon another one for you."

"And that has failed too," I said sadly.

"Yes: I mean no reproach and no unkindness when I frankly say that I think it has. Both plans ignored certain principles in human nature which must be recognized in all sound training. No true man was ever made either by absorbing and repressing his will, or by removing from him all stimulus to manly endeavor."

"Do you think my aunt cares much for these things that happened so long ago?" I inquired.

"Yes, I think that she cares for them more and more as the days go by, and bring her nearer to her grave. She has softened wonderfully within a few years, and I have no doubt that they form the one dark, ever-present shadow upon her life. As she feels the days of helplessness coming, she clings more to companions, and misses the hand that, for sixteen long and laborious years, she tried to teach obedience, and train into helpfulness against the emergency that is almost upon her. She mourns for her child. She bewails in secret her mistakes; and, while she is true to you to-day, I have no doubt that if the son of her youth could come to her in rags and wretchedness, with all his sins upon him, and with the record of his ingratitude unwashed of its stains, she would receive him with open arms, and be almost content to die at once in his embrace."

The tears filled my eyes, and I said: "Poor woman! I wish he could come."

Mr. Bradford's observations and conclusions with regard to her coincided with my own. I had noticed this change coming

over her. I had seen her repeatedly standing before the picture. I had witnessed her absorption in revery. Even from the first day of my acquaintance with her I saw the change had been in progress. Her heart had been unfed so long that it had begun to starve. She had clung more and more to me; she had lived more and more in the society of Mrs. Belden; and now that Henry had become an inmate of her house, she evidently delighted to be in his presence. Her strong characteristics often betrayed themselves in her conduct, but they were revealed through a tenderer atmosphere. I pitied her profoundly, and I saw how impossible it was for me, under any circumstances, to fill the place in her heart of one who had been nursed upon it.

We went on talking upon various unimportant matters, both of us fighting away from the question which each of us felt was uppermost in the other's mind. At last, summoning all my resolution and courage, I said: "Was there any child?"

"Yes."

"Is that child living?"

"Yes; I think so—yes."

I knew that at this reply to my question the blood wholly forsook my face. My head swam wildly, and I reeled heavily upon my feet, and came close to the window for air. Mr. Bradford sprang up, and drew my chair close to where I stood, and bade me be seated. I felt like a man drifting resistlessly toward a precipice. The rocks and breakers had been around me for days, and I had heard indistinctly and afar the roar of tumbling waters; but now the sound stunned my ears, and I knew that my hurrying bark would soon shoot into the air, and pitch with me into the abyss.

"Does Mrs. Sanderson know of this child?"

"I do not think she does. There has been no one to tell her. She communicates with no one, and neither child nor mother would ever make an approach to her in any assertion of their relations to her, even if it were to save them from starving. But the man undoubtedly lives to-day to whom Mrs.

Sanderson's wealth will belong by every moral and natural right, when she shall have passed away."

The truth had come at last, and although I had anticipated it, it was a plunge into warring waters that impelled, and held, and whelmed, and tossed me like some poor weed they had torn from sunny banks far away and above. Would they play with me for an hour, and then carry me with other refuse out to the sea, or would they leave me upon the shore, to take root again in humbler soil and less dangerous surroundings? I did not know. For the moment I hardly cared.

Nothing was said for a long time. I looked with compressed lips and dry eyes out of the window, but I knew that Mr. Bradford's eyes were upon me. I could not but conclude that it was the intention of my friends that Mrs. Sanderson should be informed that her grandson was living, else Mr. Bradford would not have told me. I knew that Mrs. Sanderson had arrived at that point in life when such information would come to her like a voice from heaven. I knew that the fortune I had anticipated was gone; that my whole scheme of life was a shattered dream; that I was to be subjected to the task of taking up and bearing unassisted the burden of my destiny; that everybody must know my humiliation, and that in my altered lot and social position I could not aspire to the hand of the one girl of all the world whose love I coveted.

The whole dainty fabric of my life, which my imagination had reared, was carried away as with the sweep of a whirlwind, and the fragments filled the air as far as I could see.

When reaction came, it was at first weak and pitiful. It made me angry and petulant. To think that my own father and my old teacher should have been plotting for months with my best friend to bring me into this strait, and that all should not only have consented to this catastrophe, but have sought it, and laid their plans for it, made me angry.

"Mr. Bradford," I said, suddenly and fiercely, rising to my feet, "I have been abused. You led me into a trap, and now my own father and Mr. Bird join with you to spring it upon me.

You have wheedled them into it; you have determined to ruin me, and all my hopes and prospects for life, because I do not choose to model my life on your stingy little pattern. Who knows anything about this fellow whom you propose to put in my place? A pretty story to be trumped up at this late day, and palmed off upon an old woman made weak by remorse, anxious to right herself before she goes to her grave! I will fight this thing to the death for her and for myself. I will not be imposed upon; nor will I permit her to be imposed upon. Thank you for nothing. You have treated me brutally, and I take your grand ways for just what they are worth."

I whirled upon my feet, and, without bidding him good morning, attempted to leave the room. His hand was on my shoulder in an instant, and I turned upon him savagely, and yelled: "Well, what more do you want? Isn't it enough that you ruin me? Have you any new torture?"

He lifted his free hand to my other shoulder, and looked me calmly and with a sad smile in the face.

"I forgive it all, Arthur," he said, "even before you repent of it. The devil has been speaking to me, and not Arthur Bonnicastle. I expected just this, and now that it is come, let us forget it. This is not the mood in which a wise man encounters the world, and it is not the mood of a man at all, but of a child."

At this, I burst into tears, and he drew me to his breast, where I wept with painful convulsions. Then he led me back to my seat.

"When you have had time to think it all over," he said calmly and kindly, "you will find before you the most beautiful opportunity to begin a true career that man ever had. It would be cruel to deprive you of it. Your aunt will never know of this heir by your father's lips, or Mr. Bird's, or my own. Neither the heir nor his mother will ever report themselves to her. Everything is to be done by you, of your own free will. You have it in your power to make three persons superlatively happy, and, at the same time, to make a man of yourself. If

you cannot appropriate such an opportunity as this, then your manhood is more thoroughly debased, or lost, than I supposed."

I saw how kindly and strongly they had prepared it all for me, and how all had been adjusted to a practical appeal to my manhood, to my sense of justice, and to my gratitude.

"I must have time," I said at last; "but where is this man?"

"In his grandmother's house, with a broken leg, suffered in the service of his friendship for you; and his mother is nursing him!"

"Grandmother's house? . . . Henry Hulm? . . . Mrs. Belden?"

I was so stunned by the information that I uttered the words in gasps, with long pauses between.

"Yes, the Providence that has cared for you and me has brought them there, and fastened them in the home where they belong. There has been no conspiracy, no intrigue, no scheme. It has all been a happening, but a happening after a plan that your father learned long before I did to recognize as divine."

"Do they know where they are?"

I asked the question blindly, because it seemed so strange that they should know anything about it.

"Certainly," Mr. Bradford said, "and Henry has always known his relations to Mrs. Sanderson, from the first day on which you told him of your own. When you first went to her, I knew just where both mother and son were, and was in communication with them; but I knew quite as well then that any attempt to reconcile Mrs. Sanderson to the thought of adopting them would have been futile. Things have changed with her and with you."

"Why are they here under false names? Why have they kept up this deception, and carried on this strange masquerade?" I asked.

"Henry very naturally took his step-father's name, because he was but a child at his mother's second marriage; and Mrs. Belden Hulm chose to be known by a part of her name only.

for the purpose of hiding her personality from Mrs. Sanderson, whom she first met entirely by accident."

"Do they know that you have intended to make this disclosure?" I inquired.

"No, they know nothing of it. It was once proposed to them, but they declared that if such a thing were done they would fly the city. Under Mr. Bird's and your father's advice I have taken the matter into my own hands, and now I leave it entirely in yours. This is the end of my responsibility, and here yours begins."

"Will you be kind enough to send a messenger to Mrs. Sanderson, to tell her that I shall be absent during the day?" I said. "I cannot go home now."

"Yes."

I shook his hand, and went out into the sunlight, with a crushed, bruised feeling, as if I had passed through a great catastrophe. My first impulse was to go directly to my father, but the impulse was hardly born before I said aloud, as if moved by some sudden inspiration: "No; this thing shall be settled between God and myself." The utterance of the words seemed to give me new strength. I avoided the street that led by my father's door, and walked directly through the town. I met sun-browned men at work, earning their daily bread. On every side I heard the din of industry. There were shouts and calls, and snatches of song, and rolling of wheels, and laughter of boys. There was no sympathy for me there, and no touch of comfort or healing.

Then I sought the solitude of the woods, and the silence of nature. Far away from every sight and sound of man I sat down, but even there went on the ceaseless industries of life. The bees were plundering the flowers with not a thought of me or of play. A humming bird probed a honeysuckle at my side, and darted away like a sunbeam. A foraging squirrel picked up his dinner almost at my feet, and ran up a tree, where he sat to eat it and scold me for my idleness. A spring of water, twinkling in the light, gushed from under a rock, and

went singing down the valley on its mission of service. Back and forth a robin flew, carrying food to her young. The air was loaded with the breath of flowers and the scent of balsams, beauty appealed to my eyes wherever I turned them, and the summer breezes fanned my feverish cheeks. Industry and ministry—these were the words of the world, and God had uttered them.

I looked up through the trees into the deep blue Heaven, and thought of the Being of whom that sky was but an emanation, with its life-giving sun and its wilderness of unseen stars wheeling in infinite cycles of silence, and there came unbidden to my lips those words—a thousand times divine—"My father worketh hitherto, and I work." I realized that to live outside of work was to live outside of the universal plan, that there could be no true godliness without work, and that manliness was simply godliness made human.

I thought I knew from the first what I should do in the end; but I felt the necessity of being led to my act by deliberation. I need not tell how many aspirations went up from my heart that day. I threw my soul wide open to every heavenly influence, and returned at night strong.

On the way, I thought over all that had occurred in my intercourse with Henry, and wondered why I had not apprehended the facts which now seemed so plain to me. I thought of his reticence, his reluctance to enter the door of his friend and companion, his likeness to his father's portrait, his intimacy with Mrs. Belden, of a thousand incidents that pointed to this one conclusion, and could never have led to anything else. It is more than likely that the reader of this history anticipated all that I have recorded, but to me it was a staggering surprise that would have been incredible, save for the conspiring testimony of every event and fact in our intercourse and history.

I entered the house with a new glow upon my face, and a new light in my eyes. Mrs. Sanderson noticed my altered look, and said she was glad I had spent the day away.

In the evening, I went out upon the broad acres that lay

about me, looked up at the grand old house and the splendid elms that stood around, and said: "I can do it, and I will."

Then I went to bed, and with that sweet and strong determination locked in my breast, I slept, brooded over and wrapt around by a peace that held every nerve and muscle of my body and every faculty of my soul in downy bonds until morning.

CHAPTER XXI.

I MEET AN OLD FRIEND WHO BECOMES MY RIVAL.

WHEN I woke, on the following morning, it was with a start and a pang. It was like the shrinking shiver one feels in passing from a room full of warmth and the perfume of flowers and the appliances of comfort into one that is bare and chill; or, it was like rising from a bed, sweet with invitations to dreams and languid luxury, to an icy bath and a frosty toilet. The pang, however, did not last long. With the consciousness that I was relinquishing the hopes and plans of a life, there was mingled a sense of power over other lives that was very stimulating and pleasant. It was a great thing to be able to crown my benefactress with the highest earthly blessing she could wish for. It was a great thing to be able to make my faithful friend and fellow rich, and to restore to him his rights. It was a great thing to have the power to solve the problems of three lives by making them one.

Mr. Bradford and his advisers were exceedingly wise in leaving everything to me, and placing all the responsibility upon me. The appeal to my sense of justice—to my manliness—was simply irresistible. If Henry had been other than what he was—if he had been a young man inheriting the nature of his father—I should doubtless have had difficulty enough with him, but they would have stood by me. He would have made my place hot with hate and persecution, and they would have supported me and turned against him; but they knew that he was not only the natural heir to all that had been promised to me, but that he would use it all worthily, in carrying out the purposes of a manhood worthily won.

It was strange how my purposes with regard to the inmates