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CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

The weeks at last slipped away, and Charlie took his degree as Bachelor of Arts, not with honors, however—indeed, he almost expected himself to be plucked—but he was heartily glad he had managed to pass his examinations; as that fellow Sharpe (with whom, by the way, Charlie had been on excellent terms before he became his rival in his attentions to Miss Jessie) had taken honors both in classics and mathematics. He verily believed there was partiality shown in many cases. He did not see why he should be behind such a conceited puppy. Poor Charlie had forgotten how in the beginning of the session Sharpe had begged him to come to his rooms, and study with him, instead of going out skating and sleigh-driving, and how he (Charlie) would run off laughing at such an old Solon, and say he was not going to sit and mope such a splendid night; study might do very well for stormy evenings. How hard our friend had to grind at the last for fear he should be plucked; while Sharpe was quite cool, and even able to spend the evening previous to the examination at the Rectory, while poor Charlie was trying to cram his bewildered brain with the Q. E. D's, and the Q. E. F's of the darkey Euclid, and *hoc omne genus*; though his unruly thoughts would run riot, and follow Jessie and Sharpe, till in despair he would throw his book across the room, and declare nothing would keep him a moment longer; but again the thought of to-morrow would come, and, slowly and sadly, he would set to his work again.

Thus passed the night, and when the

morning dawned, and the glorious king of day appeared, rejoicing in the east, Charlie had about as much idea of what he had been cramming himself with as he had had the previous evening. How he ever got through he did not know, but on hearing the joyful news that he had passed, he performed such antics as would have for ever thrown the Grecian gymnasts and athletes into the shade. He thought himself rather a lucky fellow after all, and declared that he would go and see Jessie; it was only polite to call after being invited, he argued. So off he started, whistling "Jolly Dogs," with great vigor.

He found Miss Jessie looking blooming, and drew a partial promise from her to attend the approaching conversazione, on which occasion Charlie hoped to be her humble cavalier.

He went home in great spirits, but received a check from Selina, who greeted him with the encouraging words,

"I never saw such a rude boy in my life!—rushing into the house like some great plough-boy, whistling and stamping." This kind remark drew nothing from Charlie, but a scornful, defiant look, as he brushed past her; yet it had the effect of damping his ardor in some degree—he could not whistle so merrily, though he tried hard as he ran upstairs, two steps at a time.

"I wish Edna were at home," he said, musingly, "then Jessie could go with us—but then I would have to see Edna home, or she would have to walk round with us, so it is better as it is; for I want to tell Jessie that I think of leaving town. I won-