

he had in one part of his house, making new experiments and discoveries in that most fertile of all the sciences for the patient explorer.

This laboratory with its miniature forge, and its galvanic, and electric machines, and a hundred other instruments, with unknown names, was really a very formidable looking place, but people were not in much danger of being terrified with its appearance, for but few were ever admitted into its sacred precincts, and then only for a moment, and at long intervals. 'No admittance' was placed above the door, and he adhered to the principle with tolerable exactness.

Having now introduced the prominent characters to our readers, we will go on with our story.

Alice Alton had been much distressed about what she had heard in reference to Charles, and in the midst of her perplexity her cousin Ellen happened to step in. The result was the conversation which is narrated at the beginning of the story. When Ellen left, her doubt in regard to what course to pursue was not by any means decreased. She had a letter already written, which she had intended to send to Charles, informing him that she could see him no more, but since her cousin's conversation with her on the subject, she was in doubt whether to send it to or take the advice of her cousin, and burn it. It was not so easy, after all, she found to give up Charles in spite of faults and former follies. She had never realized until then the real strength of her affection for him, and she was now surprised to find that even what she considered his crimes were scarcely sufficient to turn the scale against him, when balanced with her affection for him. There is something in the love of a true woman which will even survive the disgrace of its object, something which retains its potency, even where the goodness which called it forth has passed away, or proved as false and unreal as the misty halo which surrounds the midnight moon.

Happy the man on whom such affection is bestowed! most wretched he whose unworthiness is the cause of its being withdrawn from him! for the remembrance of the treasure he has lost will pierce his soul like a poisoned arrow, and torment him with more than the anguish of a Tantalus.

Alice Alton went up to her room with a sad heart, though love in the mean time had triumphed. She would not forsake Charles. She would destroy the letter, as her cousin had advised her. While engaged in this train of thought she heard a tap at her room door, and on opening it her mother entered the room. Her grave demeanor assured Alice that she had something of a serious nature to communicate, and she accordingly prepared herself to hear unpleasant tidings.

"Alice," she said, "I have come to speak to you about Charles Rivers. I hope after what you have heard of his college life that you consider your engagement with him at an end."

"My dear mother I would that you had chosen any other time than this to speak to me on this sad subject; the thing has haunted my mind so much lately that I scarcely feel equal to the task of conversing upon it. I had viewed it in every possible light; I had even so far resolved to give Charles up that I have written a letter to that effect for him, but I cannot now. I cannot give him up;—I cannot leave him."

"My daughter, it grieves me much to think that a child of mine should hesitate between misplaced affection and duty. After the care I have taken with you, and the attention I have paid to your religious training, I did not think that you would so far forget the principles I have brought you up in from childhood as to speak as you are doing now. You surely cannot be serious in what you say."

"I am serious, mother, in what I say; and I am more than that, I am determined. I honor the principles you have taught me from childhood, but I cannot see their application here. Besides, I know of no principles which man can lay down which should be so arbitrary as completely to dispense with the exercise of the reasoning faculties in those who are desired to follow them. If I think I am doing what is right in refusing to forsake Charles, by what principle can any one who is not familiar with the facts of the case condemn my conduct in doing as I intend to do?"

"By the principle that we should have no contact with evil. A principle with a divine origin."

"I deny the correctness of the principle and its supposed origin. It is one which no man can follow, and therefore a false one. If the ministers of the gospel attempted to carry it out, where would their converts come from, or how would the heathen be saved?"

"My daughter, the Spirit of Evil is in your words. He has armed you with his insidious speech to enable you to resist the truth."

"We can never agree upon religious matters mother, and it is useless for us to discuss them."

"But have you resolved in your course in regard to the other."

"I have."

"You act with sinful rashness."

"It has cost me much thought."

"Alas! daughter, I feel for the sad state of your heart—you cling to the wicked and forsake the good. Let me picture to your mind the man you intend to marry—careless and hard in his boyhood, fonder of wicked sport and idle mischief than his book or his bible. In youth, rash and hasty of purpose—then given to seek the companionship of those as careless as himself, he pursues his career up to his manhood. He drinks, perhaps he gambles—shall I finish the picture?"

"Go on."

"How does he end? He becomes a man of the world, hard and selfish."