

ed out as a living model of perfect life, saving grace illustrated, and an incarnation of all the virtues. He had been wild at College, and had never taken any particular pains to conceal that fact. His impulsive nature, and his love of fun often had led him into difficulties, and follies, which a more cautious person would have avoided. But this was rather a token of his goodness of heart, than otherwise. His generosity was unbounded, and his nature made him loving and affectionate.

He, then, was the man whom Alice Alton intended to cast aside on account of his former faults. One of those muck worms of society called gossips, had first unfolded his College scrapes to her with elaborate minuteness, and where the narrative was at all defective in point, took care to add some additional illustrations by way of embellishment.

When Alice taxed Charles with his wild career at College, he did not deny it; he said he had been a wild youth, thought the most of young people were the same. He hoped his sons would not follow his example; and left Alice in a state of delightful hesitation, between telling him never to see her again, and kissing him, and granting him her forgiveness.

It is now time that we should introduce two other characters to our readers who will figure much in this tale. One is Alice's mother, the other is Dr. Bland.

Mrs Alton was one of those women whose extreme religious views make them almost as bad members of society as if they had no religion at all. She was not content that her piety should be felt in the range of her own household, but she was always obtruding it where its display was at least uncalled for. She was no doubt a very excellent woman, and a very exemplary member of the church. Her zeal was genuine, even if it were sometimes directed in a wrong channel; and it certainly was not vanity or ostentation that led her to display so much of her religion outside of her own peculiar sphere. But she committed the great fault of comparing her own case with that of her neighbours,—forgetting entirely that a thousand circumstances might combine to prevent any of them from possessing so much active piety as she was blessed with. This is generally the case with all extreme religionists. They make themselves the standard of humanity, when they in reality may be only the more favoured exceptions to the common lot.

Mr. Godly, who has a neck about as large as a goose's, and a development of the organs of his head, a trifle above that of a canary, cannot understand why Mr. Fleshman, (whose head is 8 inches across at the back, and who wears a 16 inch collar), will persist in drinking brandy at dinner, and ogling all the pretty girls he meets. No wonder Mr. Godly is puzzled. He cannot be expected to understand it. The two men have nothing in common. One is all animal passion, the other possesses none at all.

Mr. Fleshman is doubtless as much puzzled at Mr. Godly, as Mr. Godly is at him. Let them change places. Set Mr. Fleshman to teach the Bible class in Sunday school, and put Mr. Godly at a bar with a glass of brandy in his hand, and they will both speedily discover that what the world calls the superior piety of the one over the other is but a weakness of constitution and body, which is an effectual bar to all excess on his part. Mr. Godly would have no stomach for the brandy, and Mr. Fleshman none for teaching. Thus it is the world over. Men who are, either from constitutional weakness or timidity, incapable of excess, are perpetually flaunting their superior piety in the faces of their friends, and making long faces at the sad contrast there is between the conduct of the most of men and their own exemplary lives. But let them enjoy their delusion now; all men will, in the end, be rewarded according to their talents.

Mrs. Alton, blessed with a comfortable home and abundant wealth, with a good husband, and a most dutiful daughter, thought it excessively sinful for people not to be content with their lot. But if Mrs. Alton had to change places with some of her less favored neighbours, and toil wearily through the world in the midst of poverty and disaster, she might have been inclined to look with a more charitable eye on those who sometimes felt tempted to repine at their condition.

The next character we shall introduce to our readers, is the doctor we have before named, Dr. Lemuel Bland. Dr. Bland was wealthy and young and good looking. The wealth and looks he inherited from his mother, the youth was originally his own. He did not practice his profession much, and then it was only among the poorer people, and gratuitously. He would take no reward for his services; but did good for its own sake. He was constantly with Mrs. Alton in her benevolent missions among the poor of Amherst. Dr. Bland was a good young man in every respect,—good enough even to satisfy Mrs. Alton whose standard of piety was extremely high. His piety was universally known; and although many people pretended not to like him, they could not but acknowledge his goodness.—Of course he was a great favorite with Mrs. Alton—and a constant guest at her house, so much so as to be almost counted one of the family.—Dr. Bland was tall and slight, complexion fine but rather pale, thin lips, slight aquiline nose, and grey eyes, and with a voice of the most winning and silvery kind. Reader, this is Dr. Bland, I advise you to get well acquainted with him, for you will see much of his society before we are through.

Dr. Bland was a young man of the most commanding talents, and possessed the most excellent professional education. He carried off high honors at the University, and was highly recommended for his skill in his profession. He was extremely fond of the study of chemistry, and spent hours in a small laboratory which