

formed you that I belong to the Sons of Temperance; you will therefore confer a favor by not pressing your kindness further upon me."

"Take it as a medicine, then; a glass will neither awaken your conscience nor injure your stomach," said Haveril.

"Do as St. Paul advised Timothy to do—take a little for your stomach's sake and your often infirmities," said Nichol Henderson.

"Come, Fred, *one glass* will never ruffle a feather in your conscience," said Ernest Stevens.

"Come, boys! tip up your bumpers!" exclaimed Haveril, and then singing aloud, followed by the others in chorus,

*"For Fred's a jolly good fellow," &c.*

Frederick having declined was again pressed to drink, to which he replied—"I am willing to condescend to the wishes of the company in which I may be placed; but when principle is at stake I must necessarily decline sacrificing my honor to the demands of others, even those of my best friends, as I am a pledge-bound total abstainer."

"Pooh! pooh!" ejaculated Jenkins, "that's enough of your sophisticated balderdash. Do you not know that a London pledge is not valid in Canada?"

"Why, what's the difference," exclaimed Fred, "the principle is the same throughout."

"Well, sir, the difference is just this," said