

he had so far successfully traveled the road toward a good education, and he was now looking forward with hope and ambition, full of determination still to so order his life as to be a credit to himself, a comfort and blessing to his mother, and a worthy follower of the Master to whose service he had given himself in his youth. He was full of boyish confidence in himself, and, while willing to listen to and respect his mother's cautions, sometimes felt that she was fearful overmuch.

"I shall have a grand day, mother," he said gaily, wishing her good-by one morning, "fishing and boating on the lake, and supper in the evening with the young college chaps. They are all older than I am, so it is very good of them to notice me so much."

He found things as pleasant as he expected. Phil Archer was a young man belonging to the college himself, looked forward to entering, and he was much gratified at finding him disposed to treat him with great courtesy. He was manly, high-spirited and gentlemanly—"exactly the kind of a fellow mother would wish me to make a friend of," said George to himself. He expressed himself a warm advocate of temperance, glancing with a disapproval equal to George's own at a saloon door from which a poor sot came staggering, with the remark, "What a shame to have such a blot on this beautiful lake shore!"

He played the part of host at supper with ease and polish which increased George's admiration of him. His manners were quiet and elegant. He talked well, and in every subject involving a question of right and wrong seemed enthusiastically ready to stand up for the right.

Judge, then, of the amazement of his ardent admirer, when, supper being nearly over, he said to the waiter:—

"You put that claret in ice when I told you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it now."

The dainty glasses clinked musically as they were placed around the table, and soon the wine glowed in them like huge rubies.

"Ho!" said one of the company, with a laugh, "I thought, Phil, you professed to be a temperance man."

"I do," said Phil with a dignified air, "but I am not one of those who live in a high-bowd fear of imaginary evils. What is temperance, pray, but the temperate use of all the good things the good Lord has given us? What more harm is there in this drop of light wine than in that bunch of grapes? Your good health."

His glass was gracefully raised, and he presently bowed over it to George, in whose mind and conscience a great struggle was going on. What Arthur had said sounded so well and so reasonable—might there not really be two sides to the question? Surely the opinions of this bright young fellow were entitled to consideration. Low company, disreputable places, whisky, brandy, rum, and all their vile kin were to be shunned, but after all, what harm could be found in this shining drop of grape-juice, taken in the company of these well-bred young men.

But just as Phil's frank eye met his, his mother's words flashed across his mind. "Your temptation will come as you least expect." How his reverence for his mother arose and increased! How keen had been her judgment in such matters! Here was his temptation—not in the glass of wine, but in his strong impulse to conform to the ways of those about him.

He returned the bow, but without tasting the wine.

"Won't you take wine with me?" said Phil, looking surprised.

"You must excuse me," said George, firmly: "I never take it."

"Ah! You are one of the teetotal sort, then? But of course I wish you all do as you please here." There was a shade of contempt under the elaborate politeness, which was very cutting to George, coming from this person whose good will he so desired to secure. But the strength which always comes through a victory over self came to him in large measure, as he sat and quietly listened to what went on about him, feeling, after the first moment of false shame, most thankful for the stand he had been enabled to take. He had met temptation in an unlooked-for shape, and had come off conqueror.

He soon entered into the interests of the hour with renewed spirits, listening eagerly to a discussion on the merits of different societies in the college. Before long the discussion arose to a dispute, in which Phil and one other grew excited, carrying on with vehemence an argument in which appeared so little point on either side that George gazed in wonder at his admired friend. The intellectual face grew flushed and the eye beamed with an unnatural light. Sneering tones and coarse expressions soon followed, and

Phil presently returned an answer to a simple inquiry by George in a manner so offensive as to cause the latter to start in anger from his seat.

"Don't notice it," said Brand, a quiet boy at his side, speaking in a low tone. "He would not speak so if he were not excited by the wine."

"What are you whispering about?" cried Phil, turning fiercely upon the speaker, being just then exasperated by something said by his opponent. "Only sneaks whisper—gentlemen never!"—at the same moment seizing one of the small glasses and flinging it at him. His unsteady hand missed its aim and it struck George, shivering to pieces, inflicting a slight wound on his forehead. He sprang up and was about to speak, but checking himself, quickly turned and left the room.

Brand followed him out of doors, finding him choking with mingled feelings of indignation and disappointment.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed in angry contempt, as he wiped away the blood, "this is a fitting mark that I have been in the company of gentlemen at a wine supper? Why did I ever go among them?"

"Don't regret it," said Brand earnestly; "let me tell you what you have done for me by being there. When my mother died, long years ago, she begged me never to taste liquor of any kind. I never have, but to-night the wine seemed so harmless and the company so good, and then I was ashamed not to do as the others did, and ashamed of such old-fashioned prejudices, and I should have drunk it if you had not set me such an example. I believe this will be a turning point in my life. Hear those fellows in there! No harm in wine, indeed! How long will it be, I wonder, before they are wanting a taste of something stronger? Let's go."

In the quiet of the night, under the white moonlight, the two entered into solemn compact as soldiers of the Prince of Peace to fight the good fight against the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"I heard some one read a poem, once," mused George, as he walked alone, "which had in it the idea that the angels in Heaven sometimes grieve that they never have had an opportunity of overcoming self for the Master's sake. I wonder if they ever do, and I wonder if they know about the joy of helping some one else to stand fast."—*Lever.*

### Our Casket.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—The amusement afforded by ludicrous typographical errors will be inexhaustible while printers are fallible and editors write with abominable indifference to legibility. One of the most astonishing blunders of this kind was committed some years ago in the *Bulletin*. The writer who had cautioned his readers against "casting their pearls before swine" was amazed and grieved to perceive that the compositor had warned the public against "carting their pills before sunrise." This was corrected in the proof, but the reporter who declared that a certain new store had "60 fancy windows" was even more indignant than the store-keeper, when he saw in his paper the statement that the establishment contained "60 faded widows."

The poets suffer most deeply. Nothing could be worse, for instance, than the misery of the bard who asserted, in his copy, that he "kissed her under the silent stars," only to find that the compositor had compelled him to "kick her under the cellar stairs." A certain Jenkins, also, was the victim of an aggravated assault, because when in his report of a wedding, he declared that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by eight bridesmaids," the types made it that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by *light* bridesmaids." These things are peculiarly unpleasant when they occur in remarks upon death; as in the case of the editor, who, while writing a sympathetic paragraph, observed that "Mr. Smith could hardly bear the loss of his wife," only to find that the printer had made it "Mr. Smith could hardly bear such a boss for a wife."

But the printers do not make all the mistakes. We remember the laughter and comment provoked by the statement of a provincial reporter, who called the attention of the constable to the fact that "on Sunday last some twenty or thirty men collected in the hollow back of Thomas McGinnis's, and engaged in fighting during the whole morning." McGinnis's back must have been uncommonly large.—*Steuben Signal.*