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## Temptation.

(Mrs. W. B. Sutcliffe, in the 'Irish Templar.')

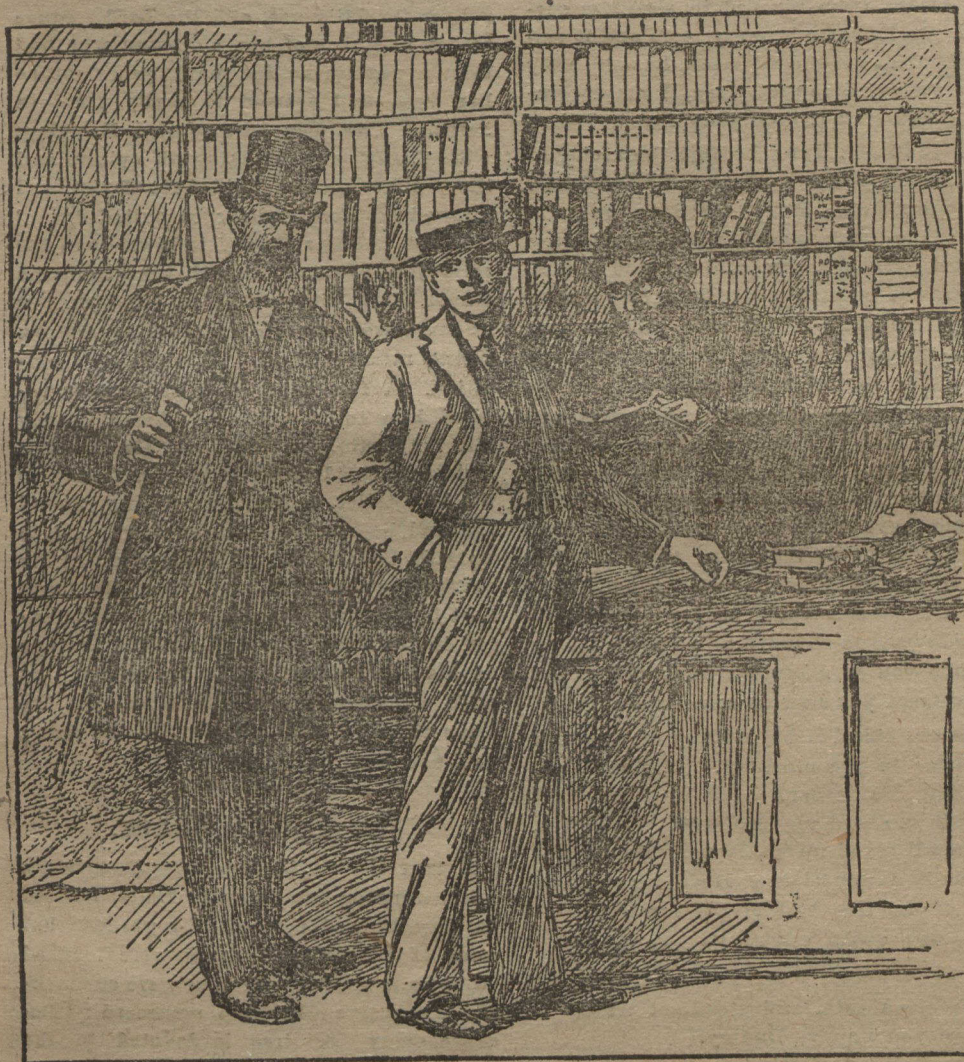
'Come along, Cyril, come,' said a couple of smart-looking young men to a fellow-student of theirs, who was hesitating as if in doubt whether the step he was about to take was right. 'Come along: an hour's recreation will do you good, and the tutors need never know anything about it.' 'Yes; but I don't know if this recreation is of the right kind,' replied the young man addressed as Cyril. 'I should prefer a good long walk into the country.' 'Bosh!' said one of the young men. 'Right kind! to be

the orphan of their only child, and they had adopted him as their son, fondly hoping that bye-and-bye he would be their solace and comfort. By dint of much economy the lad's love of learning had been encouraged, and at the proper age he had come up to the city as a student in — College, preparatory to entering on the work of a school-master. He had splendid intellectual powers, and often stood highest in the class after close competition with some of the foremost students, but was somewhat deficient in steadfast principle, earnest purpose, and unshaken determination. Our readers, therefore, will not be surprised that he accompanied

join them in a Saturday afternoon 'spree.' But very soon he learned to love drink, and then he called for it on his own account. So it was that he trod the slippery path.

Cyril's home supplies were rather scanty, yet sufficient for a young student of limited means. His grandparents were in somewhat humble circumstances, and had both striven and economized very carefully to give him the necessary training for his profession. He knew they spared him all they could out of their little income and could give him no more, so the love for drink tempted him to do what at another time he would have scorned. Within a few months after the conversation given at the commencement of this story, some very valuable books were missed from the College library, and great was the consternation respecting the matter. The College authorities were perplexed, hesitating to blame any students for fear of injuring the innocent, and yet mortified and sorrowful to think that anyone under their tuition could commit himself so basely as to steal. Ingenuity was taxed to find the culprit, but in vain.

So it remained, until one day the Principal was out walking, when his eye saw some familiar looking volumes on a book-stall, and going up to the stall, he requested to be allowed to see the books. On looking over them he found they formed part of the missing books. Here was a valuable clue. Hastening back to the College, the Professor went straight to the library and found the remaining copies of the set. Having marked each volume, he returned to the book-stall keeper, and telling him he suspected the books to be stolen, directed the man to retain them in his custody until he should see him again. This he promised to do, and the Professor having gathered from the description given that the thief resembled Cyril Rivers, set himself to watch that young man narrowly. He was not mistaken. That evening he watched Cyril leave the College with a parcel of books under his arm. Taking his hat and stick, he followed, and came up with him just as he was concluding a bargain with the stall-keeper. Tapping Cyril on the shoulder, he desired him to return with him. The young man obeyed without a word. On arriving at the College, the Professor took him to his own room, and demanded to know the whole truth respecting the crime. Cyril confessed all, and implored mercy. He told how he had contracted a love for drink and billiards; that he had written home for money until his grandfather intimated firmly but kindly that he could send no more, and so to satisfy his craving for these forbidden indulgences he had resorted to theft. All this he told and much more, amid many a pang of remorse. The professor was not an unfeeling man, nor inflexibly stern, and he looked with more pity than anger on poor erring Cyril Rivers. Said he, 'What will your grandparents say to this when they hear of it?' 'I don't know, sir, and I cannot bear to



sure it is. I should think it a fine thing indeed if a fellow were to be restrained from a bit of fun simply because he had to teach the young ideas how to shoot, bye-and-bye.' 'But, Cyril,' urged another, 'you are not compelled to join us if you don't like. Be a looker-on. So come on at once, there's a good fellow.'

Cyril Rivers stood irresolute, undecided which way to turn. Indeed his face was a study to a lover of physiognomy—much that was good mixed up with a certain instability and indecision of character likely to operate detrimentally to its possessor. He was the 'only son'—aye, the only grandson—of an aged couple far away on the Yorkshire moors, the pride of their eyes and the hope of their hearts. He was

his fellow-students to the scene of pleasure. This resort was a favorite billiard-saloon, patronized 'on the sly' of course by the 'fast' young men of the College. Had the fact been known to the authorities, expulsion would have been the certain result. In their company Cyril Rivers passed some hours; and when he at last regained his room, it could have been very truthfully said that he had taken one stride on the road to ruin. Not that conscience did not speak; it did, and loudly too, and Cyril resolved to yield no more. But he did. Other temptations followed, and it was so hard to resist the kindness of his companions—mistaken kindness though. This he could not see; so hard to refuse when offered drink or requested to