

done myself the honor of calling upon you, to counsel together as to what is best to be done in view of the pernicious example constantly set to the young men of this college, for whose well-being we are responsible, not only to their parents, but also to our whole nation, by that misguided young man, your son. The disgraceful occurrences of last night, in which I am sorry to learn your Mr. Adler bore a part, render it necessary that I should take some decided measures. As there were older and wiser heads concerned, I presume your son was only led into the affair, but he was present, and his prominent position as the son of a clergyman, as well as of one of our most distinguished professors, make it absolutely incumbent upon us to take more notice than would perhaps otherwise be advisable. I am sorry for you, my old friend," he added, with a sudden exchange of his dignified manner for one of pitying sympathy, as he saw the Professor's lip quiver and his cheeks turn pale: "perhaps we can manage the matter without any very public exposure; the young men, I understand, were all greatly under the influence of liquor, and scarcely responsible for their actions; a short restriction might perhaps accomplish our ends. You have relatives in Germany, why not send your boy there for a visit till the noise of this affair has passed by?"

But the Professor was both a Spartan in endurance, and a very Brutus in the unswerving righteousness which would sacrifice, not only himself, but for worse, his own flesh and blood, the one star of his life's aspirations, for the good of the community over which he was to put in trust.

Sternly steady the quaver in his voice, and crushing back the tears which, strong man that he was, would force them into his eyes, he said:

"No; who stand in public positions have responsibilities to the public that we may not for personal considerations set aside. Expulsion is the punishment due to the offence committed; we should decree it to the sons of others, all the more must it be meted out when the culprits are our own; but God help me! what have I done, wherein have I failed in duty that I should be visited with such a fearful punishment as this? Oh, Ernest, my baby, my boy, my son, my son!" and the stern, self-contained Professor bowed suddenly upon his study-table, shaking like a palsied old man, and sobbing like a little child. In vain his sympathizing friend endeavored to soothe him while acquiescing in the justice of his decision; the righteous soul of the divine refused to listen to any compromise, and his fatherly heart refused to be comforted.

Thus it was that forth from the Paradise into which he had been taken in his babyhood, from the high position which he had occupied, with his brilliant future blotted out, his bright hopes clouded, his opportunities all thrown away, amid the scorn of the community which had at first flattered and then cast him off, amid the sternest sternness of his father, the tears of his sisters, the prayers of his mother, and his own loathing self-reproach, out into the world beyond the gate guarded by the angel with the flaming two-edged sword, went the disgraced Professor's boy. He had found in the Paradise the serpent who has never yet been effectually expelled from thence, and the poisoned fangs had already inflicted that wound whose inevitable results, unless some remedy were found, would be everlasting death.

CHAPTER V.—A NEW HOME.

Seven years have passed away, and at their close we will take a peep into a cozy little home in a Western city. Such a little home it is, and yet so bright and pretty. The very gloss is not yet worn from the furniture, the bindings of the books are undimmed; carpets, curtains, and upholstery are all of harmonious color, and the few pictures which adorn the walls, though of an inexpensive nature, are all copies of genuine works of art. Thanks to the various reduplicating processes of modern days, the poorest families may grow up surrounded by pure color and true form, rather than by the gaudy dabs, stiff "likenesses," or funeral "samples" of a past generation. A bright student-lamp on the small parlor centre-table, took the place of the conventional fire, and close beside it, seated so as to get the full benefit of the light upon the small garment she was

fashioning, sat a bright little lady, quite in keeping with the scene. Every now and then, as a passing step upon the pavement outside attracted her attention, she lifted her head and assumed a listening attitude, and then sank back again to the weariness of her lonely waiting. Madame Marion went long to-night, for Ernest Adler, her husband, has joined a convivial party, and the recurrence of the old pleasurable sensations, awakened again after their long slumber, will not yield readily in the whispered colloquy wherein the disapproving voice of conscience reminds him of the lonely little lady in his pretty little home. As she sits there keeping time to her thoughts with her needle, she is glancing backward over the three bright years of her married life, and it will be a good opportunity for us to join in the retrospect, and run briefly over the last seven years of our hero's career.

Cast suddenly forth from his home and familiar life the poor boy—for he still was, in spite of the unusual precocity of his eighteen years—would have gone at once to the destruction everywhere opening wide its gaping mouths for such as he, but for the friendly hand of John Lawrence, stretched forth once again for his salvation. This good fellow, by personal effort, endorsement, and recommendation, succeeded in securing for his young relative a good situation, with a sufficiently good salary, in a rising city of the Far-West, and here, where no knowledge of his antecedents, save his connection with the distinguished young Professor Lawrence, followed him, Ernest once more had a fair chance for a start in life. How did he take it? Well, his own conscience and his God alone knew that. That he did not follow his true friend's parting advice, and seeking the God so ready to be found of him, find in His strength, even now, the possibilities of a noble manhood, is the key with which to open the pages of those seven years.

He managed to keep up a fair show with his employers; the appetite, for such it was rapidly becoming, was, as yet, greatly under his control, and while this was the case he knew little of his constantly augmenting strength. But pleasure he must have, and he sought it where such as he are wont to find it, in the society of gay young men. Once more he was the life of sleigh rides and supper-parties, his high spirits, brilliancy and wit making him a welcome guest in every convivial entertainment. Occasionally he would exceed the bounds of propriety, and reach his lodgings in a state bordering on intoxication; but his employers never suspected it, and had they done so, it would have made little difference to them, provided he was in his place at the usual hour in the morning; the code of our business morality contains no clause constituting a mercantile house its brother's keeper, even though that brother be a homeless young clerk in its employ. Nor would the reputation of "dissipated" have prevented the young man's warm reception in society, even had it reached the fair circle into which he gradually found entrance. Young men must sow their wild oats—careless sowing of a fearfully certain crop, and the reckless spirit which guides the young hand in the sowing, is sure to accompany just the fascinating qualities which adorn society's pets. So once again was Ernest Adler the idol of drawing-rooms, the leader of private theatricals, the arranger of tableaux, always ready with a song or original poem to lend the grace of art and genius to the vulgarity of revelry.

Into this fast Western society came suddenly a fair young girl from the East, the soft moonlight of whose presence, as much by its contrast with his surroundings as by the memories of his home-life, at the brilliant hero of society captive at once.

To such a nature as Ernest's courtship was likely to be a serious matter, but we are not about to weary our reader with the rhodomontades of a love-sick poet. It is enough to say that Marion Gray's visit to her Western cousin terminated in her engagement with the young clerk, of whose social proclivities no one took the pains to inform her. His noble qualities, of course, under such stimulus, all came to the surface, and Marion considered herself a very fortunate girl, when a year later, blessed by both her own mother and Ernest's—who was present at the wedding, though his father still refused to have anything to do with his disgraced son—she again went West to take possession

of the bright little home in which we have just made her acquaintance.

Professor Lawrence and his wife had also honored Ernest with their presence at the wedding, and the former had vainly striven to have a few serious words with the young man for whom he had done so much. But the bridegroom's high spirits rendered such suggestions impossible.

"A family altar, John; how can you talk such antiquated nonsense, and you a college man and a professor. I thought all our scientists had discarded the old superstitions; no one out West holds to them except priests and women, and the majority of these are fast emancipating themselves. You ought to see what spirited creatures those Western girls are—think and act for themselves, I can tell you. But, after all, I like Marion's style best; I believe it was because she was so different that she first attracted me. No! old fellow, my wife is to be the divinity of my house, and my whole life shall be spent in her worship."

To his mother's prayers and tears Ernest gave evasive answers; he had been used to such appeals since infancy, and the few letters which she had written him since his separation from her, had been only repetitions of the old story. He knew that she knew nothing of his way of life for the last four years, nor did he desire that she should, and deep down in his consciousness somewhere lay the suspicion that to his mother's persistence he owed it that he had not gone to utter ruin before this; so he gave her a boyish hug, and told her she was a good mother to come so far to the wedding of her scapegrace son, and she might be sure he would be a good boy now with Marion to keep him straight.

Indeed, it almost looked as though the needed element of redemption had been found. So entirely had Ernest been absorbed, first by his love-making and then by his interest in fitting up the cage for his pretty Eastern bird, as to lose all interest in his ordinary pursuits. He developed an uncommon faculty for both saving money from his salary and making more by magazine articles and other literary jobs which fell in his way, and even procured a few private scholars, whom he instructed in some of his college studies several evenings in the week, and thus the year of probation and preparation passed rapidly away.

With the commencement of the new home-life came new occupations and new interests, and three happy years had glided peacefully by. The family in the little house now numbered three instead of two. Nothing had as yet clouded the happiness of Marion Adler's life; her lover had developed into all that she could desire as husband and father. He worked hard in his position and out of it, to give her and their little one all the home comforts to which she had been used, and in turn she exerted herself to the utmost to make his home the little paradise which every home should be. She knew nothing of the past, and it never entered into her mind to conceive that in the very heart of her glorious life there lay, curled up, the canker-worm which should blight its future sweetness. For during these happy years the appetite for strong drink, so early implanted and fostered, had not died; it was only dormant, kept in check by the presence of more violent emotions. At times it faintly asserted itself, and then Ernest stepped to the nearest saloon and helped himself, or was "treated," to a glass of whatever he fancied; he took wine at parties, as other young men did, but though his wife did not like this, having been educated in strict New England total abstinence principles, she never remonstrated, setting this down as one of the customs of Western society, which she had not yet learned quite to like. One thing she would gladly have had changed; her husband never broached his newly-assumed scepticism to her, accompanied her regularly to church, and in her presence, treated religion and religious things with outward respect; but she knew he was not himself a Christian, and as month after month he left her to kneel at the Lord's table alone, she felt that they were not yet quite one, and so, though too timid as yet to say anything about it, she learned in secret to join her prayers with those of his mother for the conversion of Ernest Adler.

(To be Continued.)

COOL HEADED.

The *Youth's Companion* gives the following instance of self control: Sir Walter Scott was in the habit of employing in literary work a German student named Weber. Being an interesting person, he became a favorite with Scott's household, and often dined with them. Sir Walter knowing that Weber was inclined to drink too freely, encouraged this intimacy, that he might keep him as much as possible from temptation.

When Sir Walter left Edinburgh at Christmas, 1813, the two parted kindly, and on the day after his return, Weber was with him in the library, as usual, making extracts. As the light began to fail, Scott leaned back in his chair and was about to ring for candles, when seeing the German looking at him with unusual solemnity he asked what was the matter.

"Mr. Scott," said Weber, rising, "you have long insulted me, and I can bear it no longer. I have brought a pair of pistols, and must insist on your taking one of them instantly," and he produced the weapons which had been placed under his chair, and laid one of them on Scott's paper.

"You are mistaken, I think," said Scott, "in your way of setting about this affair—but no matter. It can, however, be no part of your object to annoy Mrs. Scott and the children; therefore, if you please, we will put the pistols into the drawer till after dinner, and then arrange to go out like gentlemen."

Weber answered with the same coolness, "I believe that will be better," and laid the second pistol on the table.

Scott looked both in his drawer saying, "I am glad you have felt the propriety of my suggestion; let me only request further that nothing may occur at dinner to give my wife any suspicion of what has been passing."

Scott then went to his dressing-room and immediately sent a message to one of Weber's intimate companions who came and took him away.

He had been on a long walk through the Highlands, during which he had drunk so heavily as to unsettle his mind. He became a hopeless lunatic, and till his death was supported at Scott's expense in an asylum at York. But for the great novelist's self-control, there would have been a murder in that quiet library.

NO RIGHT TO INDORSE.

1. A man has no right to indorse, when the failure of the party to meet his obligation will render the creditors of the indorser liable to loss in consequence of such indorsement.

2. He has no right to indorse for another man unless he make provision for meeting such obligation, independent of and after providing for all other obligations.

3. He has no right to indorse unless he fully intends to pay what he promises to, promptly, in case the first party fails to do so. Few indorsers prepare for this.

4. His relations to his family demand that he shall not obligate himself to oblige another, simply, at the risk of defrauding or depriving them of what belongs to them.

5. He should never indorse or become responsible for any amount, without security furnished by the first party. It should be made a business transaction—rarely a matter of friendship. It is equivalent to a loan of capital to the amount of the obligation, and the same precautions should be taken to secure it.

6. A man has no more right to expect another to indorse his note without recompense, than to expect an insurance company to insure his home or his life gratuitously.

7. It is not good business policy for one to ask another to indorse his note, promising to accommodate him in the same manner. The exchange of signatures may have, and usually does have, a very unequal value. It is better to secure him the amount, and exact a like security for the amount of responsibility incurred.

8. It is better to do a business that will involve no necessity for asking or granting such favors, or making such exchanges. It is always safe and just so to do.—*Prairie Farmer*.

AN UNCONVERTED TEACHER may get along very well with a class so far as it concerns teaching the general facts, but when it comes to making practical application of truths to the heart and life, then the Christian teacher is needed.