

Minister—Your mother is not one to give in easily, Robert; she just lives for you, try and not disappoint her.

Robert—Well, that is just it. Mother has never been out of the village, and knows nothing of the world, or what it costs a fellow to live like other fellows. She expects me to spend all my evenings at prayer meetings and love feasts. She can't see that while these are all right in a village, a fellow would be laughed at as an old woman in the city, unless he did as other fellows did.

Minister—I don't just understand what kind of things you have to do, Robert, to be like other fellows.

Robert—(rather hesitates)—Well, for one thing, you can't go around showing your blue ribbon and pledge card all the time. If a fellow asks you to take a drink, you've got to be man enough to stand up and take it, and not slink out of it as if he had no back bone.

Minister—Now, Robert, you are on the wrong track, that is just where you require your back bone. It is in refusing that you show your strength of character, for when you know the right and do not do it, you show yourself a weak man in every way.

Robert—Oh, it is alright for ministers to talk, but they are never tempted; who would have the nerve to ask a minister to step in and have a drink ?

Minister—Your argument is weak, Robert, and not worthy of a man of thought. When I was your age, I lived in a city, and was subject to temptations the same as you are. I was not