

**ROSEVILLE  
SEMINARY; A  
TEMPERANCE STORY**

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Roseville Seminary; A Temperance Story by Maria Simpson

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**MARIA SIMPSON**

**ROSEVILLE  
SEMINARY; A  
TEMPERANCE STORY**



# ROSEVILLE SEMINARY;

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY  
MARIA SIMPSON.



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TO

Our Lord Jesus Christ,

THE GREAT CAPTAIN OF THE TEMPERANCE ARMY

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS REVERENTLY

**Dedicated**

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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# ROSEVILLE SEMINARY.

## CHAPTER I.

HIRAM M'ROSS.

**W**ELL, Tom, you see I have come to this Seminary, as you so strongly recommended. Why did Mr. Grant establish it in this lonely place?"

"From regard to our morals, Thorne," replied his comrade, in a mocking tone. "We are just a mile from Roseville, and are not allowed to go even to that miserable little village, except on Sundays, when Mr. Grant marches us all to the Congregational Church. He is religious, but very cold and reserved; while his assistant is one of the most snarling, hateful men you ever came across."

"Not a very favourable account of my future teachers," laughed George Thorne.

"You will wish to know the names of the scholars. That's Archie Campbell, running between those snow-forts. He is just sixteen, and quite popular in the Seminary, but *I* don't like him, for he's a saint."

"A Christian, I suppose you mean, Tom. My mother is one, but *I* am not; and so much the worse for me. Who is that lad over there?"

"Hiram McRoss. He has done nothing but go to school all his life, though he has only been with us for two years."

"How old is he?"

"Nearly twenty. Hiram has a fearfully bad temper, and yet makes out he is a Christian."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the sympathizing Thorne. "It must require a good deal of grace to subdue a constitutionally hot temper. How long has he been a Christian?"

"Only about a year, and, to confess the truth, he has improved greatly since then. If Mr. Slow were not so snarly, Hiram would have a better chance."

In the evening, the new-comer formed acquaintances with several of the scholars. At nine o'clock they were summoned to prayers; then the Principal sent them off to bed, Thorne being permitted to room with his friend.

"Isn't this a very gloomy place, Tom?"

"Of course it is. That's why I wanted you here. Misery likes company."

George laughed. Then his thoughts going on a different tack, he inquired, "Is not Ivon a dear little fellow?"

"Yes, he is, Thorne. That ten-year-old child has set his heart on being a minister. Now, my old chum, what do you think of the Principal?"

"Indeed, Tom, I feel a little afraid of him; for I never got on well with my teachers, and it will doubtless be the same here. Of course I am eighteen; but, in case of trouble, what chance would you and I both together have against that monstrous Yankee?"