

world by demons that had, as they declared, come to carry them to hell. Could you have seen my beautiful sister fall victim to the same monster—Intemperance.

Not that my father planned this. No, he would by tearing down others, build his name upon the ruins.

But the mark of Cain was upon him, and sometimes I think the curse of God must be upon his generations forever. But still, my son, I know you need not share in the curse; you need not be the rumseller or his drunken victim. I can only pray God to make you the means of wiping out the curse which the drunkard-maker leaves to future generations."

Will's mother ended her story thus abruptly; and they both sat in silence, each busy with their own thoughts.

She, since her husband's death, had struggled along in her poverty,—Will attending school most of the time; but now it was necessary that he should leave home and go to work for the next six months. After that he would attend school another term, where he hoped by hard study to acquire enough education to commence teaching school himself.

Both Will and his mother decided that work on a farm would be most beneficial, as it would give him plenty of open air exercise, be attended with little expense, and he would have a nice little sum of money coming in from his wages, with which they could get along nicely the next winter.

Mr. Wilder, for this proved to be the name of the farmer with whom Will Dunkin had hired, sent for him as he had promised.

Will not only found Mr. Wilder opposed to temperance, but also desirous of sharing in the profits to be derived from liquor selling.

He did not seem anxious to engage in the business without a partner, and finding Will possessed of what he termed "a business turn of mind," he soon unfolded his plans to him, which were as follows:—that Will should take possession of a house belonging to Mr. Wilder, and situated upon one of his farms, and open a grocery store, and sell rum over the counter. "Keeping a grocery is respectable, but it's the liquor that brings the cash," said Mr. Wilder, "you'll get rich, and then you'll be able to make your mother one of the greatest ladies in the land."

Mr. Wilder could not understand why Will's eyes flashed such an angry glance, or why his foot came down with a stamp, for the next moment he answered humbly, though earnestly, "I cannot, Mr. Wilder, I cannot be the rumseller or his drunken victim."

Soon after this Wilder brought home an Irish boy named Jim