

it was strange, a glorious display of restraining grace that prevented me from being drawn into the snare I was thus thoughtlessly spreading for the poor drunkard. But even in those early days of temperance I was not without my trials of mind in respect to the unholy traffic. Once, when at Hartford, making purchases for my store, of which rum formed no inconsiderable portion, I accidentally heard of a lecture on temperance, to be delivered at Dr. Hawe's Church. This was the first discourse on the subject I ever heard. The speaker excited a deep interest in my mind, as he told me of the origin of rum, its primary costliness and rank among medicines, of the growth of distilleries, the consequent decline in price, and the attendant spread of drunkenness. So deadly a plot against the peace of the world, he said, could only have been contrived in hell. This discourse fell like light on some dark opaque; it illuminated my understanding, disturbed by conscience. No sleep visited my eyes that night. Duty said, "Send back your team without rum in the morning." Fear of men, public opinion and interest said, "No, every other store-keeper sells it, and so may you." The latter argument prevailed; conscience was rebuked; the rum went to my store.

Shortly after this struggle, I married a member of the Methodist Church in Hartford. We removed to Somers, Connecticut, where I continued to sell rum, though, as before, with great caution, and with much inward struggling of mind. At last I could hold out no longer, and in spite of the example of ministers (some of whom often drank, though sparingly, at my house), in spite of the sneers of the scornful, and of the fear of loss to my trade, I gave it up. It was for the poor, untaught sailor to set the example of sacrifice to the store-keepers of Somers. Three others imitated me in a short time. Not to me but to the grace of God be the glory of my decision and resolution. I can assure the modern rum-seller, whose lashed and tortured soul still cleaves to the rum-barrel and the toddy-stick for the sake of the profit, that I have ever regarded that act as among the best of my life.—"*A voice from the main deck,*" by Samuel Leech.

The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities; it is made up of currents that issue from the remotest past, and flow onwards into the remotest future.

### Story of Agnew, the Orphan Outcast.

In one of those noble institutions, sustained by the noble city of Boston, is a little orphan boy named Agnew. Should there be a single child who reads the *Well-Spring* who is not a total abstinence child, will he not immediately become so, when he hears little Agnew's account of himself, which he gave his kind teacher.

"I am not certain where I was born. Perhaps it was in Canada, or it may have been in Vermont. When I was a very little fellow I lived with my grandparents in Canada. After my grandmother died, I went with my grandfather to Vermont to live with my father and mother, of whom I had no recollection. At first they were very kind to me, gave me clothes, and learned me many things; but they sometimes drank whisky, and then they treated me very cruelly. I did not know before what drunkenness was. Grandfather would not drink that bad stuff. It smelled very bad all over the house. After a while my parents sent me every day after whisky. The man who kept it, used to tell me not to come after it again, and once when I would not go, mother tied me down to the bed, and whipped me till I was bruised all over. When she was sober, she put something on me to make me well again. People don't know what they do when they are drunk. When my parents were sober, I had enough to eat, and was treated kindly; but when they had been drinking, they would give me no food, and would whip me for nothing. One cold night, when my mother had taken so much that she could hardly walk, she called me out of bed, to go just as I was, to the spring for some water. When I came back, I could not get into the house. I was shivering with the cold, so I went to the nearest house, which was a mile off. The people there were very kind to me, and when I went home in the morning they gave me some clothes, but mother whipped me, took away my clothes, and made me wear my old ones again. I had a little brother and sister, but they both died, and I expect whisky killed them, for my mother used to give it to them, mixed with sugar.

"After a while I was put out to a place where the people were very kind to me. When I had been there about a year, a letter came which they read to me, saying that my father and mother were both dead, and that my grandfather had gone