

months before; "if uncle Simon and the rest of you will com e and hear me."

"Agreed! agreed!" was heard from all parts of the house. And then the audience dispersed.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis strange what havoc intemperance will make of intellect and ambition. When William Smith was twenty-five years of age, he was considered the most industrious, intelligent and noble-hearted of all the young men in his native town. He was the pride of all the circle in which he moved, and bid fair to shine a bright ornament in the most respectable society. He married a wife, and for a time, lived happy. But the seeds of intemperance had been planted within him, and in ten years he had become "Lazy Bill."

But Smith went home that night, after the temperance meeting, and told his wife, with some effort, what he had done. "I've signed the total abstinence pledge, by thunder, Sally, but or miss, and next Tues lay night I'm going to preach." At first, his wife would not believe a word of it; but the next day, the indications of a change for the better were too strong to go unnoticed, and she admitted that "something must be in the wind." The signing of the Pledge dated from Wednesday, and on Friday, Bill did what he had not done before for two years; he worked all day—mending his windows, put new shingles on his roof, hauled firewood on his hand-sled, &c.; Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, were similarly spent; and when the temperance meeting came, on Tuesday evening, he brushed up his old coat, took his wife by the arm, and trudged silently to the old school-house.

The audience had got there before him, for every one was anxious to hear what Lazy Bill could say on the subject of temperance. Old Simon had seated himself close to the desk, that he might have the better opportunity to play off his pranks, and exercise his powers of ridicule. But when Smith entered—looking so changed—so noble—so dignified, comparably; the old man crept away, abashed, and apparently astonished. "Can this be Lazy Bill?" he mentally asked; and the more he asked the question, the more he was puzzled to answer it. Pretty soon Smith commenced.

"Ten years ago, I was respectable, industrious and happy. I came into this neighbourhood, bought me a few acres of land, built me a small house, got married, and went to work. We used to have social parties in those times, and Sarah, there, (pointing to his wife,) and I used to attend them. Sarah learned to knit edging and toil stories, and I learned to drink wine. Very soon I began to find myself occasionally impatient for the time of the next party to arrive; and when it came, I was equally impatient to see the wine go round. Finally I drank to excess—even to intoxication—at one of these parties; and from that time, though for a while heartily ashamed of my conduct, I had less of self respect and more of the appetite for liquor. I began to visit the tavern, and the little rumshop down there at the other village, and with others of like inclinations and appetites. I spent my time in lounging about these grogeries—sitting, now in the sun, now in the shade, but never engaged in any more active business than whittling a pin-stick, or tpling a decanter of New England rum. I lost by degrees, all my ambition—became lazy and indolent, and you call me Lazy Bill. At first, my wife fretted and scolded at my changed conduct; but this only made it worse,—then she cried and entreated,—but this had the same effect, produced trouble, and I drank more rum to drown it. Drunkards are sure to find trouble enough when rum has become its only antidote. I drank—lost the little property I had accumulated—broke the heart of my wife, and finally became heedless of everything. So I lived along, till last Wednesday night. You know what we heard then, and I need not say that I was convinced that rum had made me Lazy Bill, and caused all my trouble. I signed the pledge, and till now I have kept it inviolate; and, God helping me, I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live. Already I begin to feel the fires of ambition again in my breast, and to imagine myself a man. My wife, there, is happier, and looks healthier; and my little boy smiles sweetly when I take him in my arms. In short, I am a new man, with new feelings and new hopes, and now I am going to lead a new life—again, if possible, my character, and my property, and be happy. And I want my old companions to go with me. Some of you promised to sign the Pledge if I would, and as nothing has befallen me to discourage that resolution, I hope you will come up here and redeem your promises."

There was a pause for some minutes. The audience seemed

paralyzed with astonishment. Old Simon had been seen to brush away something that had apparently escaped from between his eyelids, and all were looking to him for some movement that should break the spell of enchantment. Presently he rose, walked up silently to the desk, took up the pen, and put his name to the Pledge. Now the people seemed to breathe freer; and one by one every man, woman, and child in that house, followed his example.

CHAPTER IV.

Five or six months ago, I was passing through the little town of Peppercorbo, and recollecting some of the incidents related above, bethought me to ascertain whether Bill had kept his Pledge. I could not then recollect his surname, and was obliged to inquire for "Lazy Bill," as of old. Nobody knew him, or could tell where he lived. Finally, I called at a house, and interrogated the woman industriously for the whereabouts of "Lazy Bill;" but she knew nothing of him, and turned to go away. Just then an old gentleman passed the house.

"There's old uncle Simon Leighton," said the woman, "and he knows where your man lives if any body does." I hurried into the street, and soon overtaking uncle Simon, put to him the question, "Where does Lazy Bill live?"

"Lazy Bill?" said he, "I suppose you mean William Smith, the carriage-maker."

"That's his name," I replied, "though I did not know he was a carriage maker."

"He lives on the old spot," said Simon, "just where he has lived for twelve years; but he don't look much like 'Lazy Bill, now, I can tell you."

I hurried on, and soon came to the place where, two years before, I had dropped the miserable being, called "Lazy Bill," whom I had taken from the grocery of the village below, to pilot me to a hotel. The old hovel had been torn down, and on its site stood a pretty white cottage, surrounded with a garden of flowers, just withering from the effects of an autumn frost. Beyond was a large building, which, from the sounds proceeding from it, I judged to be the workshop of William Smith, the carriage-maker. Thither I bent my steps, and, on enquiring for Mr. Smith, was pointed to a noble-looking workman in the other end of the shop, whose manly bearing and healthy looking countenance, were evidence enough that the Pledge had remained unbroken. On my approach he recognised me, shook my hand heartily, and, throwing off his apron, invited me into his house. We walked in together, and there I found one of the prettiest and happiest families I had ever set eyes upon. The wife was all joy and contentment, the children were all animation and beauty. The oldest boy was at work in the shop, but on learning that it was "the stranger" who had called, he came in and appeared overjoyed to see me. Our meeting there was a glorious one; and never shall I forget the warm grasp of the hand that the father gave me, on taking my leave of him.

"Tell my old acquaintance at S——," said he, "that Lazy Bill is now one of the happiest fellows in Christendom; that his wife and children are gay as larks and lively as crickets; that his industry and his property have come back to him; and better than all, that not a drop of liquor is bought, or sold, or drunk in the little town of Peppercorbo."—*Torrent.*

Confessions of a Maniac.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

(Continued from Page 131.)

From this moment Emile watched her with more than a parent's tenderness. It was too evident that her situation demanded all his solicitude. Her appearance underwent a rapid change, though she was still unable to say that she felt any pain.

We sent for the most able physician of the day, and he candidly told us nothing could save her. Emile was incredulous. He sent for another, and then a third; but they all told the same truth. And we discovered at last, that Lillah had been concealing from us some of the symptoms of that insidious kind of consumption, that steals upon youth and beauty like the natural fading of a flower. Perhaps she did not understand it herself, for it was unlike her to deceive. Perhaps she would not believe in the fact they foretold—and no wonder—no wonder life was sweet, to one so circumstanced.

If I had never loved Emile before my sister's illness, I must have loved him then. All that was magnanimous in his nature