

Naught but her voice could be heard amid the breathing hundreds who listened to her words: but the holy cause for which she pleaded, sustained her in her new position. At length it became necessary for her to turn her attention to the Company who were seated before her. A few words of praise and welcome to them collectively, and then her eye sought the one in whom she was so deeply interested—and to him words of warning, assurances of sympathy, and an exhortation to faithfulness, were breathed from a heart filled with the most intense desire to perfect his recovery from the snare of the destroyer. But long before her lips had given utterance to the few sentences expressive of those sentiments, was she compelled to turn her eyes from the countenance of William B——. The eager attention, the breathless, motionless devotion with which he hung upon the words she uttered, the solemnity of the thought that one mortal being listened to her, as we may suppose the ancient Ath-nian listened to the response of the oracle whom he had consulted on matters pertaining to life and death, coupled with thought that many a beating heart in that assembly seconded the words of her lips, with the purest aspirations towards Him whose blessing can alone make efficient the means put into operation to save an erring man overwhelmed her, and to recover from the confusion these thoughts produced in her mind, she, with a feeling of relief, turned her eye upon other faces in that silent mass, and concluded her address.

The spring ripened into summer, and early in June, the same Engine Company were convened, under the same roof, to listen to a Temperance Address, delivered before the Wallabout Washington T. A. Society, with which Society they had identified themselves. After the address, an opportunity was given for those who wished, to come forward and sign the Pledge. To the surprise of many, one of the firemen rises, leaves his seat, advances into the aisle and thus breaks silence:

"I want to sign the Pledge again! Will you allow me? I have broken my former vow to you and to my Company, but I heartily regret it. Will you take me back?"

A thrill ran through the assembly, and every heart responded.

"Yes and gladly."

He walked forward at a signal from the President, again affixed his signature, and returned to his seat.

A whisper is heard,—“Who is it?—who is it?”

“It is William B——.”

It appeared that his former companions had been but too successful in turning his feet from the paths of Temperance. Taking advantage of his warm predilection in favor of the political party who had swept the Ward at the previous election, they induced him, in token of joy at their success to drink one glass.

Alas! the one glass was to him what it had been to many others—a pit-fall and a snare! For a time he had succumbed to his former tyrannical master, but once again the spirit of the man rallied in his bosom, and that night witnessed the result. He stood once more on the ground of total abstinence.

Great were the rejoicings over William B——'s return, but alas! they were doomed to be but short. Circumstances that cannot be here detailed, threw him again within reach of those who gloried to betray a Washingtonian, and again he fell. Bankrupt now in reality was he! No hope, no succour, he gave himself up! From that time he never rallied. Shame, suffering, and remorse, were again his portion. The sight of his certificate seemed like an accusing angel, and frequently did he beseech his mother to take it from his sight, to remove it from his room; but still hoping against hope, it was suffered to remain, his friends thinking possibly he might yet make one more struggle to be free.

At length he resolved to leave Wallabout, and visit a brother who resided in a pleasant village in the State of

Pennsylvania, knowing that there the tempting potion would not be so continually before him; but previous to leaving, he gave his certificate into his sister's care, with expressions of deep regret that he had rendered himself unworthy to retain it. He was absent some weeks, and his appearance on his return indicated that he had striven to conquer his powerful and pitiless foe. His friends hoped for the best, and for a few days he avoided the society of the rum-seller and rum-drinker, and began to think of reclaiming his certificate. But in an evil hour he fell in with one who bantered, discouraged, and mocked his resolution, until he finally led him to his own bar, and gave him the draught that sent him reeling home to his afflicted mother and weeping sisters.

After a week's fiolic he again started for Pennsylvania, determined, as he said, to remain there, rather than expose himself to the machinations of those who gloried in his imbecility.

How he accomplished the journey is known only to God, but the result may be best told by a letter received from his brother the latter part of September.

“C——, PA.

“DEAR MOTHER,—Painful as it is to my feelings, it becomes my duty to inform you that my brother William is no more! Doubtless you have often feared, as well as myself, that he might die among strangers, without any of his friends being permitted to know of his exit, far less to have the privilege to inter the mortal remains. But this grief, my dear mother, has been spared you, and I trust you will find it some alleviation.

“He arrived here five days since, emaciated almost to a skeleton, and trembling with what he called the horrors. I feared he had not long to live from the moment I saw him. He was quite dejected by the fear that his distress of mind and body would lead him to commit suicide. His soul seemed to revolt at the thought. I knew that in previous attacks of this kind, he had resorted to the free use of liquor, and offered to obtain some for him immediately; but he sternly and steadily refused it, saying, ‘No, brother! I believe my time has come to die! and if I could not live a sober life, I am determined to die a sober death, if my reason is preserved through this awful conflict. Watch me closely, brother, when my paroxysms come on, lest I rush into eternity by my own voluntary act.’ I promised to do this, and for two weary days and nights, I, with my family, watched him narrowly, and did all in our power to restore him to health. The third night, near midnight he asked me to give him the Bible. I did so; he seemed quite rational then, read awhile knelt and prayed, rose from his knees, read a longer portion of God's word, then knelt again, and prayed audibly for the forgiveness of his sins, and to be kept, if his fits returned, from the terrible crime of suicide. Then rising, he called me to him, told me he felt willing to die, hoped his friends would forgive him, and reiterated the injunction to me to watch him, ‘for,’ said he, ‘I feel certain, if those horrible ideas again rise in my mind, I shall get crazy, and may be, destroy myself.’

“He laid down after this conversation nearly an hour, and I thought him sleeping, as he had ceased to repeat the words he at first kept murmuring,—‘I am happy! all is forgiven me.’ I sat opposite his bed, suddenly with a terrific scream he arose from his bed, and ere I could grasp him, he fled with maniac speed to the bridge over the ——, lifted up his hands as if in mortal terror, and plunged into the stream. In less than five minutes we had drawn his body from the water, and bore him back to the room he had occupied. But it was too late to save him; life was extinct! He was interred the next day in our churchyard near by, amid the regrets of many, who, on his previous visit, had learned to love him.

“Dear mother! dear sisters! what can I say to comfort you? Look to Him, of whom William asked forgiveness in that last night of his existence, and he will sustain you.