

Once I asked him what he was dreaming about, and whom he thought he had murdered in his sleep, and he flew at me like a maniac, and said that he would throttle me, if ever he heard me say the like again; that people could not commit murder in their sleep, that they must be wide awake to shed blood."

"Aye, aye," said the old woman, doubtless, he knows. Does he ever mention the name of the murdered person in his sleep?"

"Constantly. Did you ever, Mrs. Martin, hear of any one of the name of Carlos?"

But the old woman did not answer, a change had passed over her face, and she sprang from her seat, and clasped her hands in a sort of ecstasy. "Aye, 'tis out at last. My God, I thank thee! I thank thee! Yes, yes, vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord. My Bill, my poor Bill! and thee hadst to die, for this man's crime, but God will right thee at last. At last, in spite of this villain's evidence, who swore that thy knife did the deed, when he plunged it himself into the rich man's heart. Ha! ha! I shall live to be revenged upon him—I shall! I shall!"

"What have I done," shrieked the unhappy girl, "I have betrayed my husband into the hands of his enemies,"—and she sunk down at the old woman's feet like one dead. The old woman gloating over her promised revenge spurned the prostrate body with her foot, as she scornfully told her more humane daughter, to see after Noah Cotton's dainty wife, while she went to the magistrates to make a deposition of what she had heard.

Sarah tenderly raised the fainting Sophy from the ground, but long ere she recovered to a consciousness of what had passed, her husband had returned from S —, and was on his way to the county jail.

THE NIGHT ALONE.

"Shall I sleep with you to-night, Mrs. Cotton?" said Sarah Martin, in a kind soft voice, as towards the close of that sad day, she opened the door and looked in upon the desolate widow, but not of the dead.

"No, Sarah, I wish to be alone," was the brief reply. Sarah lingered with her hand upon the latch; Sophy waved her hand and shook her head, as much as to say "go, go, I know the worst now, and wish no companion to look upon my grief, my remorse, and better humiliation," and the door slowly closed, and Sophy was once more alone. Many hours passed away, and the night without, dark and starless, had deepened around her cold hearth, and she still sat there in

a sort of despairing stupor, unconscious of every thing but her own intense misery.

Then came painful thoughts of her past life. Her frequent quarrels with her good sisters, her unkindness and neglect to her suffering mother, her ingratitude to God, and her discontented repining over her humble lot, which had led to her present situation. She had sold herself for money, and the wealth she had so criminally coveted was the price of blood, and from its envied possession, no real enjoyment had flowed. The poverty and discomfort of her mother's cottage were small when compared to the heart crushing misery she at that moment endured. Then she thought of her husband—thought of her imprudence in betraying his guilt, that she would be a principal witness against him, and that her witness would in all probability consign him to the grave.

She felt, that whatever the magnitude of his crime might be, that he had bitterly repented of it, that he had suffered untold agonies of remorse and contrition. Then all his kindness to her returned with a sense of tenderness, which she had never felt for him so strongly before, and her soul melted within her and she shed floods of tears.

She saw him alone in the dark dungeon surrounded by the frightful phantoms of a guilty conscience, with no pitying voice to soothe his overwhelming grief, or speak words of peace and comfort to his tortured spirit—and she only exclaimed—I will go and see him to-morrow. I will at least say to him, "I pity you, my poor afflicted husband. I pray you to forgive me for the ills which I have brought upon you."

And with this thought uppermost in her heart, the unfortunate girl covered her head with her apron, and fell asleep.

And, lo! in the black darkness of that dreary room, she thought she saw a bright shining light. It spread and brightened, and flowed all around her like the purest moonlight, and in the centre she beheld a female form, smiling and beautiful, which advanced and laid a soft hand upon her shoulder, and whispered in a tone of ineffable sweetness.

"Pray, pray for thyself and him, and thou shalt find peace." And the face and the voice were those of her dead sister Charlotte, and a sudden joy shot into her heart, and the vision faded away, and she awoke.

And Sophy rose up, and sank down upon the ground and buried her face in her hands, and tried to pray for the first time in her life.

Few and imperfect were her words, but they flowed from her very heart, and He who looks