

sed the usual salutations of the morning with him, and wished him a pleasant journey; and as he did so, of a sudden the thought, the child of the unholy desires he had been nursing, darted through his mind, whether he might not make this traveller instrumental in effecting his ends; whether, in plain terms, it were not good to rob him!—He started indeed, from his seat, at the first suggestion, to act upon it at once—but his pride had not been schooled so far into submission, as that it could suffer him to execute the accursed and degrading thing, however sluggish he might have succeeded in rendering the protecting genius of conscience; and he slunk back, half blushing to his seat, stealing a thief-like glance about him, to see if his motion had been observed by Emma. But no—she was about her household duties within—singing like a bird in her heart's stainlessness, and dreamless of the wo to come!

Shape had now been given to Jose's schemes; and while he studiously withheld from his innocent wife the slightest whisper that should betray his purpose, for he well knew that her cheek would blanch and her hand tremble at it, and that the lightning of her reproving eye he could not meet, and still retain his design—he nurtured the resolve to force from the fears of the next unfortunate traveller, who should fall into his power, the means to be at rest again. At rest! So reasons often the sinful heart in view of its contemplated deeds! At rest—oh, madness of hope! to weave around one's self entangling meshes, all set with pointed and piercing barbs, and think to be at rest!

It was nightfall, and Jose and Emma were sitting on the bench before their cottage. She had taken his hand, and while she held it pressed between her own, she gazed into his face, smiling, now and then, in anticipation of a like return. But her sweet efforts of tenderness were in vain; his eye remained fixed upon the ground, or wandered away over the line of distant mountains. At once he sprung up, and bent himself in

an attitude of listening; and, as he did so, Emma heard as well as he, the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the rough road in the distance. "It is a traveller," said Emma, "perhaps he will remain with us until morning." But Jose said nothing. He looked steadily down the road, and when a jaded beast made its appearance, hanging its head with fatigue, and scarcely maintaining a slow and laborious trot—with a well appressed rider on his back, who also, by the drooping posture in which he rode, gave evidence that rest would be grateful—he breathed hard through his nostrils, his eye lighted up with an unaccustomed and strange brilliancy, and as he turned to salute the stranger, Emma noticed these sudden peculiarities with an undefinable dread. He hastily replied in the affirmative to the traveller's request for accommodation, and when he had disposed of the horse in his little stable, and seated himself beside his guest, while supper was preparing, sunk every few moments into deep abstractions, starting from them suddenly when addressed, in confusion and wandering of mind. When the traveller drew up to the table, to partake of the homely meal which Emma had prepared and served in ready cheerfulness, he scanned him again and again from head to foot, now and then stealing a look at Emma, to make sure that his unusual conduct was unobserved. So soon as his meal was ended the traveller desired to be shown to his apartment for the night, and Emma preceded him to the chamber opposite her own.

Soon after, Jose and she retired.—Jose had become uniformly taciturn of late, and so jealous of any remark upon his conduct by his wife, that she dared not speak now of the inconsistencies in it, which had throughout all the evening alarmed her; so she sought her bed, after kneeling by the bedside, and, according to the ritual of her church, counting her beads, and invoking the protection of heaven. Jose had oft cast some sneering reflections upon her religious trust, but never interrupted her; now, however, as she was kneeling, he turn-