

died childless in a distant land. The lovely little girl is gone, no one knows whither. The homage of the rising generation is paid to the present lord of the manor, and the glory of the once proud family of Carlos is lost in the dust with the things that were.

Why cannot I too forget. This night, the anniversary of the accursed night on which I first shed blood, and that the blood of a father, is as vividly impressed upon my mind, as though ten long years had not intervened. How terribly long they have been to me. Is there no forgiveness for my crime—will God take vengeance upon me for ever?

My mother still lives, but her form droops earthward. Sad, silent, and pale, her quiet endurance is my perpetual reproach. I feel that my crime is known to her, that her punishment is as terrible as my own. I took up her Bible the other day, and my eyes fell upon these words, "The seed of the adulterous bed shall perish." I felt that I was doomed, that the sins of my parents had been visited upon me, and the horrible idea brought consolation. I am no murderer, but a passive instrument in the hands of an inexorable fate.

Conscience will not be cheated. Night came, and the delusion vanished. The horrors of remorse are upon me. I know that I am a responsible creature. That as a man sows, so must he reap. God is just and merciful, he will not condemn me for another man's sin. The burden of my own is intolerable, when shall I find rest? * * *

Another ten years has vanished into the grave of time. My mother, my poor mother, is at last gone; she died calmly and full of hope. She told me that she knew all, had known it since my illness, twenty years ago. The sad conviction of my guilt had led her to repentance, she had wept and prayed for me for years, and she hoped I should find mercy and forgiveness through my Saviour's blood.

It was not until she lay dead before me that I knew how dear she was—what a dreadful blank her absence had made in my home. I no longer had her eye to dread, but like the little children who huddle together in the dark, I was afraid of being alone, afraid even in noon day of something, I knew not what.

Hodge, my man servant, had lived with me for six years. I used to be sullen and reserved to Hodge, but now I am glad to talk to him for companionship. My watch-dog has become inexpressibly dear. He sleeps at the foot of my bed of a night. Oh! that he would scare away these demons that haunt my pillow.

Hodge advises me to take a wife. He says that I should be much happier with a smart young woman to look after the affairs of the house. He is right. But alas! what can I do,—will any woman whom I could love, condescend to unite her destiny with an old, care-worn man like me. The iron hand of remorse has bent my once active figure, and turned my dark locks grey before my time. How can I ask a young girl to love and obey me.

"Tush! I have wealth. Who knows my guilt. Have I not kept the secret for years, can I not keep it still? A good woman might be the means of leading me to repentance and to God. Yes, I will marry. * * *

Providence, if Providence still watches over a wretch like me, has thrown a lovely, simple girl in my way. The evil spirit was upon me, and the murdered stood visibly before me face to face. Nature and reason yielded to the shock, and the fatal secret trembled on my lips. In that dark hour of mental agony, she came like a ministering spirit to soothe and comfort. She did not disdain the fear-stricken stranger, but shared with me her humble meal. My heart is melted within me, I feel a boy once more, and the sins of my manhood are lost in the dim shadows of bygone years. * * *

She is mine—she regards me as her benefactor, while she is to me the good angel sent by a relenting God to snatch me from perdition. My heart cleaves to my new found treasure, and wonder of wonders, she loves me—loves the murderer! while her arms encircle me, the hot breath of the fiend ceases to scorch my brain.

My felicity has been of short duration. The mother of Bill Martin, and his sister, have returned. The raven of remorse is again flapping her black wings around my head. My sleep is haunted by frightful dreams. There is no peace for the wicked. The near proximity of these people fills me with dismay.

My wife is unhappy. She does not complain, but she is wasted to a shadow. I dare not enquire the cause of her grief. I recal the sad, pale face of my mother, and I tremble, lest she too may have discovered my guilt.

Oh, God! she knows it all. She asked me a question yesterday, that has sealed my doom. Instead of falling at her feet and pouring out the sorrows of my heart, I spoke harshly to her—threatened to strike her. What a miserable coward guilt has made me. I tremble before a young girl. I dare not meet her eyes. Surely the punishment of Cain was light to that which I endure.