

Well, she flew at me like an enraged tiger cat, with clenched fists, and eyes flashing fire, and returned me what I gave with interest, and I believe there would have been murder between us, if Mrs. Strawberry had not dragged her off. What has become of her, Mrs. Strawberry; how is she now?"

"You had better go up and see," said the woman with a bitter laugh. "She is not very likely to fight again today."—There was something in the woman's manner, that startled the brother. "Come up with me, Godfrey, and speak to her; one word from you will make my peace with her. I did not mean to hurt the gal."

Mary had been sleeping. The sound of approaching footsteps broke in upon her restless slumber; but she still kept her eyes closed, as if unwilling to rouse herself from the stupor of quiet, into which she had fallen.

"She is sleeping," said Mathews. "By Jove! I thought she was dead. How still she lies. How deadly pale she looks, and what is that upon her breast?"

"A child—my child," said Godfrey, stepping eagerly forward. "Poor Mary, she is safe through that trial—but the child—"

"Is dead," returned Mathews. "Yes, dead, Godfrey; you are in luck—what a fortunate thing for us all."

"It is indeed," said the father; "she was so healthy I dared not hope for this. Poor little pale, pretty, thing, how happy I am to see you thus. What a load of anxiety is removed from my heart. What a blessing it would have been, if it had pleased God to take them both."

This, from the man she madly loved, the father of her child, was too much; Mary opened her tear-swollen eyes, and fixed them mournfully upon his face. He stooped down, and would have kissed her, but, she drew back with ill-disguised horror. The love she had once felt for him, vanished. She turned upon the pillow, and fixing her eyes upon the dead infant, mentally swore that she would live for revenge. She no longer shed a tear, or uttered the least complaint, but secretly blessed God that the babe was dead. She had lived to bear the father of that child, for whose sake she had borne the contempt of the world, the reproaches of conscience, and the fear of eternal punishment, rejoice in the death of his firstborn, and without a tear or sigh, wish that she might share the same grave. Could such things be? Alas! they happen every day, and are the sure reward of guilt.

"My poor Mary," said the hypocrite, "you have suffered a great deal for my sake; but do not weep. God knew best, when he took the child from us, though it is painful for us to part with him. He is better where he is."

"I know it now," said the young mother; "yes, Godfrey Hurdlestone, he is better where he is, and

for some wise end, God has spared my life. Is that you, William?—the murderer of my child has no business here."

"Mary, it was the drink," said the ruffian. "I did not mean to hurt either you or the child, so shake hands, and say that you forgive me."

"Never," said the girl firmly, "neither in this world nor in the world to come."

"Do you know what you say?" said the man, drawing near, and bending over the pillow, whilst his dark eyes emitted a deadly light."

"I am in my senses," returned his sister, with a bitter laugh, "although you have done your best to drive me mad. You need not stamp your foot, nor frown, nor glare upon me, like a beast of prey. What I have said, I again repeat, and may my curse and the curse of an offended God, cleave to you for ever."

"I will murder you, for those words," said the fiend, grinding his teeth.

"Death is no punishment," said Mary; "threaten me with something that I fear. I am helpless now, but I shall soon be well and strong, and my arm may be a match for the feeble drunkard, the destroyer of women and children."

"Unhand me, Godfrey Hurdlestone," roared out the villain, struggling in the powerful grasp of his colleague in guilt, "for, by the living God, she shall answer for those words."

"Hold, Mathews, you are mad! I will stab you to the heart if you attempt to touch her!" He spoke to the winds, for throwing him back to the wall, Mathews seized the knife from his hand, and sprang upon his intended victim, who, rising slowly up in her bed, with an air of calm and solemn grandeur, held up the pure face of the dead child, between herself and the murderer. Not a word was spoken; with an awful curse, the man reeled back as if he had been stung by a serpent, and fell writhing upon the floor; and the girl, sinking back upon her pillow, covered her face with her hands, and muttered to herself, "How strong is innocence! The wicked are like the chaff which the wind scatters abroad. Oh! God, forgive the past, which is no longer in my power; and let the future be spent in thy service. I repent in dust and ashes—wo is me, for I have sinned." Rousing Mathews from the fit into which he had fallen, and in no very enviable state of mind, Godfrey left the apartment, and joined a set of notorious gamblers, in the private room below.

From a scene of riot and drunken debauchery, he was summoned by Mrs. Strawberry, to attend a gentleman who wished to speak with him in the outer apartment. With unsteady steps, and a face flushed with the eager excitement of gambling, Godfrey followed her into the next room, and, ruffian as he was, his cheek paled, and his eye sought