

wickedness, and knew the depths of sin into which one wrong thought, freely indulged, had led him.

He left the room silently. Ellen still slept, and he went up to the room in which his intended accomplice awaited him.

"I have given up the job," said he.

"Given it up!" returned the man. "Why it was you who made the plan, and persuaded me to do the thing with you."

"It is true. But to tell you the truth, Jem, I have seen something to-night that has sickened me of these things. I think I shall leave them off."

"Well, certainly, it's dangerous, and not over profitable. At any rate, I won't do this job without you give me the false keys."

"That I shall not do, and I advise you to go abroad and get work. It is not pleasant to be in fear of one's life all day and all night."

When Ellen rose up from the sleep of utter weariness, she found, to her astonishment, a sovereign on the floor. Certain that it had not been there when she went to bed, she knew it must have been placed there by some one for her use. But the idea that her room was entered at night, was frightful to her; she lost no time in changing her lodging. But even now her benefactor did not forsake her. A letter soon reached her, containing a five-pound note, with the words, "From Ellen's husband," written inside the cover. She thought the handwriting something, but not quite like that of Spencer, but he might have been hurried when he wrote; at any rate, the gift was for her.

Before long she was able to take a neat room for herself and baby, and with her earnings for needlework, and the frequent gifts which, though only a few short words containing the address, accompanied them, she hoped came from Spencer, she found herself able to dress her-