

woman on the ground-floor, and ascended the stair. He opened a door which he thought led into the room in which his accomplice slept. But he beheld a scene very different from that which he expected to see.

A baby, clean and healthy-looking, slept in a little cradle; but on a wretched pallet on the farther side of the room lay a woman, so thin, pale, and worn, that it was scarcely possible to believe her living. Her features were still lovely, though pale as death.

With what horror did George Freeman—for he was the person who had entered the room stealthily—look upon the wreck of the once happy Ellen White! He, he alone, had done all this; he had caused all this misery! He had deliberately wrought the destruction of the little family; he had, by secret calumnies, estranged Morton's love from his excellent wife; he had ruined his professional character, by placing faulty materials in his hands; he had contrived to throw the blame of the robbery, at the establishment of the Bristows, upon Spencer, whose coat and cap he had put on while Morton was at work upstairs, and the foremen were absent at dinner. He had thus made it appear that Morton, not he, had changed the missing notes. Finally he had, in pretended friendship, robbed Spencer Morton of the money paid him by Mr. Bristow.

While George Freeman had thus deliberately planned the ruin of Spencer's fortunes, as well as of his domestic happiness, he well knew that the result of his conduct must be something like the scene which he now beheld. But the dreadful realization of his schemes, the sight of the wreck which his evil passions had produced, in the scarcely-living woman whom he had thought so beautiful, and who he falsely believed that he loved, roused an agony of remorse in his heart. A thick veil seemed to be torn from all he had done; he saw himself in all his