

for those ills. At every visit he noticed a face, a man's face, seamed and hardened with crime. He had never given this man more than a passing thought, until one evening he received a note from a hospital nurse—"The man in ward 8 is near death, and is constantly asking for you." He remembered that was the ward of the evil-faced man, but without delay, he repaired to the hospital. The dying man signed to him to draw a screen around the bed, and take a chair by his side. Then in a hoarse whisper, he said,—“I've been watchin' you fur weeks, comin' here every Sunday. You're an honest looking chap, an' fur some reason, which I cannot explain, I want to make my confession to you, an' git you to set to rights what I hev put wrong.” Then with many pauses for breath, the dying man confessed that he was the murderer of the old couple on the Niagara Road, that he took the gold and hid it for months, but was afraid to spend any of it for fear of being discovered. The old man seemed to grow stronger as he continued, and in a voice preternaturally distinct for one in his physical condition, he continued,—“There was a grandchild of the old couple who should hev inherited the money, an' I thought someone would be lookin' fur the money fur it, an' I made up my mind to put it out o' the way too. So one dark, rainy night in November, I hid in a barn fur that purpose. I knew the woman who cared fur that child, was to pass there with it that night. I could easily take it from her an' git off in the darkness, an' the rest wouldn't be much trouble fur me. About half-past nine, I was settin' on the barn floor with my ear to an opening in the door, when all at once the barn door opened, an' there stepped into the darkness, a man. He dropped upon his knees a few yards away from me, an' began praying—‘O, God,’ he said, es if speaking to someone he was sure would hear, ‘if any foul crime is about to be committed here to-night, by Thy Almighty power, stay the hand that would do it.’ I knew es quick es I heerd his voice that he wus an eccentric Methodist parson, who held meetin's thereabout. I felt es if I had been struck by lightnin'. He said more, but I did not

hear it. Then he got up an' slipped out o' the barn es quick es he had come in. I lay most like a dead man. In half an hour the woman and child passed, but all the murder was gone out o' me, an' from that time on, I wanted to git red of the plaguy gold. I thought of how I could git quit of it day and night fur a week, an' at the end o' that time, I carried it back an' put it in the old man's grave—under his arm. So he can't go up to the jedgment an' say I hev his money, I gev it back to him,” he vehemently gasped, “every cent of it.”

“Now,” he added when he had recovered his breath, “I hev been watchin' you around fur weeks, an' I hev decided to leave the job with you, of puttin' things to rights. The kid is in the orphan's home in this city, same name as the old folks; bring it out an' git the money, an' give it to it. It is it's by rights.”

A half an hour after the old man made this confession, he died. It seemed as if nature had rallied all her powers to assist him in his desire to make restitution. And John Ballington walked out of that hospital to wrestle with the temptation of his life. An evil voice whispered in his ear, “Don't bother yourself about that money, the old man is gone, the secret is between you and the dead.”

He was young, and he walked the streets far into the night, like one in a dream. One moment he shook as with an ague chill, and the next, a raging fever coursed through his veins.

There are fiercer and more strongly contested battles fought in many a human breast, than eye has ever witnessed; verily, greater than he that taketh a city, is he that ruleth his own spirit.

He walked north, not knowing whither he went, until he reached the suburbs of the city, and coming to a knoll crowned by pine trees, he threw himself on the ground, face downward, and pressed his hot cheek to the cool earth. Through sheer mental exhaustion, perhaps partially soothed by the whispering pines over his head, he fell asleep. During the half hour he slept he turned over, and when he awoke, he opened his eyes on the over-arching heavens. To his newly awakened consciousness, the fair,