

"The night before last."

"We were together in spirit that night; I never knew how dear you were to me, Noah, until that night. How painful it was for me to part from you for ever."

"It was selfish in me, Sophy, to join your fate to such a monster as me. But I thought myself secure from detection—thought that my sin would never find me out; but the voice of blood never sleeps, from out the silent dust it calls night and day in its ceaseless appeal for vengeance, at the throne of God. I have heard it in the still dark night, and above the roar of the crowd, and ever felt a shadowy hand upon my throat, and a cry in my ear—'Thou art the man!' There were moments, when goaded to madness by that voice, I have felt inclined to give myself up to justice, but pride withheld me, and the fear of those haunting fiends chasing me through eternity, was a hell I dared not encounter; my soul was parched with an unquenchable fire—I was too hardened to pray."

"Noah," said Sophy, looking earnestly into his hollow eyes, "you are not a cruel man. How came you to commit such a crime?"

The man groaned heavily as he replied,

"It was pride—a foolish false shame of honest poverty that led me to the dreadful act."

Sophy thought of her own sin in this respect, and her tears flowed afresh.

"I have felt this," she said; "I now see that sinful thoughts are but the seeds of sinful actions ripened and matured by bad passions. Perhaps I only needed a stronger temptation to be guilty of as great a crime as that of which you stand accused."

"Sophy," said her husband, solemnly, "I wish my sin to be a warning to others. In the long winter evenings, after my mother died, I wrote a history of my life; I did this in fear and trembling lest any human eye should catch me at the task and learn my secret. But now, that I am called upon to answer for my crime, I wish to make this sad story beneficial to my fellow-creatures. After I am gone, you will return to F—. By a will, made two months ago, you will become the owner of all that I possess. I have no relations to dispute with you, your legal claim to the property. In a private drawer in my bureau you will find a roll of bank of England notes, to the amount of £500. This was the money stolen from Mr. Carlos the night I murdered him. It is stained with his blood, I have never looked upon it since I placed it there, upwards of twenty years ago; I never had the heart to use it, and I wish it to be returned to the family. Under this drawer you will

find the papers containing my history; you and Mary can read them together, and, oh, as you read pity and pray for the unhappy murderer."

Sophy's distress almost equalled his own, as she wiped the tears from his eyes. He was very pale and he shook and trembled.

"I feel very ill," he said. "These reflections make me so. There is a strange fluttering at my heart, as if a bird beat her wings at my breast. Sophy, my wife! my blessed wife! can this be death?"

Sophy screamed aloud in her terror, as he fell to the ground, and the clang of his fetters awoke the echoes of the damp, vaulted cell. Her cries brought the jailor to her assistance. They raised the felon and laid him upon his bed, but life was extinct. The agitation of the preceding day had been too great for his exhausted frame. The criminal had confessed his guilt, and had died beneath the arrows of remorse.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS IN SEPTEMBER.

Out we went, we three,
In loving companie,
Faith, I mote remember,
'Twas the month of September!
Hawes were red, and fields mowue,
And the song-bird sate alone,
On the brown bough; singing, she
Made amends for companie.

By a brooke sate we,
And discoursed of destinie.
"See you now how things change
As they draw near to die?
Man slackens in's gate,
Hair whitens on's pate,
Puff goeth out's breath!
So comes the year's death:
Verily, friends, it is strange!"

Out then spoke another,
In hollow accents, "Brother,
There's a charnel for the flesh,
And a grave for all matter,
But there's what springeth fresh
From the first as the latter:
The field getteth a new green cloth,
But who knoweth how it doth?
And man quickeneth again,
How or where we seek in vain!
The life of nature it is given
To our view—our own to Heaven!

Colbourn's Kalender of Amusements.