

"Yes sir," he replied, with an energetic effort to master his tears, "and I have seen how a Christian lives. This woman was an angel of God sent from heaven to me. I see it, I understand it all now. Her piety enabled her to bear with my brutalities, I called it weakness! Sir, I am a brute. I have treated her shamefully, and she has never given me a bitter word. These lips, now closed forever, have never uttered anything but words of love, of sweetness and of truth. I hated her on account of her goodness. The holiness of her life was a continual reproach to my conscience, a living witness against me and against my wretched life."

He hurried out of the room and occupied himself with looking up and down the court-yard at the rear, while I went to seek a neighbor woman to ask if she would watch near the body and I would go and make arrangements for the burial.

On the following day, at the funeral, the husband was present, serious and deeply impressed by the service, and by all that he heard. When the first shovel full of earth resounded on the coffin, grief and remorse overcame him again. Burying his face in his hands, he leaned upon a tombstone and every one saw with surprise and sympathy the flowing tears, and heard the sobs which escaped from his breast. James D. was well known by all the residents of the locality as the most wicked man of the neighborhood, and his respectful attitude at the funeral had already excited surprise and called forth the remarks of the neighbors who were ignorant of