

of God had been done. Alas ! She had bereaved her own to gratify herself, and was she happy ? Far, far from it. The reflection was very painful—she drew her veil over her face to hide her emotion, and, promising to visit Mrs. Bruce on the morrow, she departed with her husband to the quarters he had prepared for her in the Barracks. He had succeeded in obtaining better rooms, which, with the aid of furniture hurriedly procured, and a blazing fire on the hearth, presented a tolerable appearance, though the housekeeper's room at Granby Hall would have shamed it. Katherine still had this thought as it arose, and approaching the fire, threw herself into a large arm chair, thoughtfully sent for her use by Captain Beauchamp, and being wearied and much exhausted from mental anxiety, her eyes gradually closed and she sank into a sound slumber ; Captain Warburton, while pacing up and down the room, musing on the probable consequences of his hasty marriage with one so young and inexperienced, and so totally untried, by the kind of education she had received, for the duties and responsibilities now devolved upon her. He had no idea, when he stole her from her father's house, that Mr. Aberston would have retained his anger so inflexibly—and, although no sordid motive had led him to the act, yet he certainly supposed that with his wife, he would have succeeded to fortune, sufficient, at all events, for her own expenses. In this, however, he was doomed to be disappointed, and now the future presented nothing but difficulties, if not distress, since from his own father he could look for no assistance.

"And yet, if I could recall the past month, would I not still do the same ?" he said, as he gazed fondly on the beautiful girl, whose fair head rested on the chair, her countenance expressing the calm repose of an infant. "Surely a being like that is worthy of any—of every sacrifice."

Captain Warburton believed this when he uttered it, but he knew not himself. Much less did Katherine know the man for whose sake she had forsaken parents—brothers—home ; that the curse of an inconstant fickle nature clave unto him, united to habits the most extravagant, and a love of play. As a bachelor he had been accustomed to sit up half the night at the card table, where brandy and water helped to keep up the excitement of the mispent hours. His companions were all the light, thoughtless and youngest men of his Regiment, into whose minds one serious thought had never entered, or one reflection that they had souls to be saved—and an outraged God to fear. He was very slightly acquainted with Captain Beauchamp, who belonged quite to another set, termed in derision *saints*, and

ridiculed for the fidelity with which they served their Divine Master, but happy in themselves, and feeling only pity for those, who preferred the follies and vanities of this fleeting life to the perpetual joys of a better one to come.

In a little time after Katherine had been settled in her new (and to her, strange) abode, the elasticity of a naturally buoyant spirit enabled her to rise above her vain regrets, and remorse for having deserted her home. She had received letters from her brothers, to whom she had written, and they removed her anxiety concerning her mother, by saying that she was better and had been twice out in the carriage. They expressed a hope that their dear sister was happy, and Ernest begged she would not be offended by his enclosing a guinea, which he wished her to expend in the purchase of a new Bible, to keep for his sake and to read for her own. He added that one of the boys in the school had caught the scarlet fever, and that Mr. Groves, their master, intended giving a fortnight's holidays to the rest in consequence. He closed his letter with a short prayer, beautiful—and to Katherine deeply affecting. She was so much struck by it, that she showed it to her husband, expecting that he would feel all that she did, but after hurriedly reading it, he threw it down on the table to address a servant who at the moment entered the room.

Frequently was Katherine doomed to be disappointed in this way, a trial which to one of her ardent temper was very great, particularly so indulged and petted as she had been, and so devoted as she was to the husband for whom she had sacrificed all. At first Captain Warburton returned her affection with an ardour equal to her own, but as his passion cooled (as cool it ever must when not founded on a more solid basis than that of mere fancy,) her gentle upbraidsings at his long absences would make him impatient, if not angry, and he would ask her if she expected him to remain for ever tied to her side.

"No ! I cannot expect that, dearest Neville!" was her soft reply ; "but I do wish that you would stay at home more frequently in the evening. It is so very, very dull to be all alone."

"Then why not go to Mrs. Bruce, who so constantly asks you ?"

"She is kind and good, but she is not Neville Warburton to me," said the poor girl, drawing her arms round his neck.

A slight pshaw ! a smile and a caress would then follow, when Katherine again became perfectly happy.

Amongst the many visitors who had called on her since her arrival at ———, was a Mrs.