

face of the honest but unfortunate German merchant spoke to the distressed wife of the departure of the soul. Many were the tears shed over that inanimate form by those who had been nearest and dearest to his heart; yet still they rejoiced that he was now 'at home and at rest,' far, at last, from the strife of our work-a-day-world, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

Madame Schiller and Louise were now left entirely dependant on Mr. T. for protection, if not support. These were tardily given, by the young man once so eager to fulfil every wish of the family from which he had taken, in their eyes, the best treasure. But so perfect an adept was he in concealing his real thoughts and feelings from all but the narrow circle in his household, that the world looked on pityingly and admiringly—pity that one so young and joyous should be encumbered with so large a family, and admiration for the spirit and courage with which the burden was apparently borne. He was still the favorite with his companions, and the welcome guest at the gay entertainment or the social gathering. He was always in demand, and as ready to respond. None marvelled that the husband of a few months, and the sharer and sympathizer of his wife's sorrow and bereavement, should leave his home and rightful place by her side, for the gaiety and amusement of the outer world; but all approved of the disposition that led the young soldier to rise superior to the ills of life, and turn from its adverse but unavoidable mischances to the pleasures that others enjoyed.

Mrs. T. had the usual measure of sympathy and kindness from her friends and admirers; yet her total seclusion affected them but little. The etiquette that enjoins retirement while the 'days of mourning' in outward apparel last, accounted for the non-admittance of visitors; and the mother and sister, now the constant inmates of her house, were deemed by all companions well fitted to atone for the frequent absence of her husband from a home where sorrow had usurped the place of cheerfulness and festivity. None dreamed of the young wife's loneliness of heart, of the poisoned arrows implanted there by that husband's hand. He still wore his mask to the world, frank and joyous in manner, kind in every minor particular, winning the sympathy of all whom he met in the outer-world—society. His conduct at home was judged by the same rule, and Mr. T. was accordingly esteemed and beloved. Months passed on in this way, every day depriving Katrine more and more of the companionship and kindness of her husband, at a time when she most needed it. Madame Schiller and Louise felt their dependant position most painfully. The trials incidental to the merchant's bankruptcy, the shame and sorrow of feeling that his memory was disgraced, while his numerous creditors remained unpaid, were sufficient in themselves to oppress very keenly their sensitive hearts, but when averted and cold looks were their portion, from their only rightful protector and friend, joined with the circumstance that this course of proceeding on