

and affection were unbounded, she would have done all that a generous and loving heart dictated, had she means or opportunities, but since the insolvency of her father, Mr. T. made a great profession of economy; but though it extended itself to the household arrangements as far as his wife and her visitors were concerned, his own comforts and pleasures suffered little diminution. Katrine had immediately suggested that the bridal gift of her father, amounting to some thousands, should be restored, to meet even though slightly some of the demands of the numerous creditors, but her husband angrily informed her that he had devoted the money to other uses, and would hardly be expected to consent to the payment of other creditors, when he himself had suffered more severely than any from the bankruptcy of her father. It was her first insight into the selfishness and cruelty of his heart, and that early lesson was a bitter trial to the poor girl. She had fancied her husband the personification of human excellence. Her own heart overflowed with kindness and generosity to all around her, and it was her chief pleasure to think that all their thoughts were in unison. It was then deeply humiliating to find that he was far, very far, inferior to all she had fancied him, and many a bitter tear fell over the rude dispersion of her loving illusion. He had also spoken unkindly to her—the young wife's first sorrow—when she hears harsh accents from the lips that have ever been attuned to love, at least to her, and even though it may be that her own waywardness and caprice have caused the censure, still it falls very hardly upon the sensitive heart. But poor Katrine had not this alone to bear—she would have forgiven, as woman always does, the hasty words of momentary anger, but the heartlessness and meanness displayed in his words gave the deepest wound to the heart that trusted and leaned on him so fondly. Hard is the first awakening to the demerits of those we love, but the arrow wounds not so deeply if we have been led on step by step to the consummation; but when the veil is torn away, rudely and at once, the lightness of the spirit departs, and the wings that bore us on so gaily, trail drooping and sorrowful in the dust. It was Katrine's first page in the volume of her sad history, and she read it with a failing and a fainting heart.

Mr. Schiller had not been an inmate of his son-in-law's house for many weeks before the hand of death released him from his earthly sorrows. Care and anxiety for months previous to his failure had done sad havoc upon his once strong frame, and the humiliating position in which that event placed him, was more than the already worn out form could endure. He lingered for a short time in an apathetic and moody state, disregarding the endearments of wife and children, turning away from remonstrance and advice, apparently communing with his own sad thoughts and brooding over the disappointments of the past. But human nature cannot long hold out against such continued warfare of spirit; so just when the quiet morning first glanced through the shadows of the night whispering the approach of bustle and sunshine, the pallid