

regiment returned to Milan, his comrades who had heard of his cure came to see him several times. He received them in a friendly manner, but he was so melancholy and languid, that they observed with regret, the friend they had thought saved, extinguishing by a slow agony; and they resolved to employ every means in their power to efface the painful remembrance that overpowered him.

The officers of Mr. de Schenbrunn's regiment were to give a ball to the Milanese ladies, and they decided that cost what it might, M. de Schenbrunn must be forced to attend; but all their invitations, even prayers, failed to vanquish the resolution of the young officer; he preferred his moral sufferings, and ended by finding consolation in them. Piqued by this refusal, one of those with whom he had been most intimately connected, could not refrain from saying that his melancholy degenerated into weakness. "Her whom you love is dead, said he; these are misfortunes we should expect; we are mortal, and seldom find companions who do not abandon us sooner or later." "What you say may be true, answered M. de Schenbrunn, but I do not possess that exalted degree of philosophy (in speaking thus his eyes were fixed on a distant part of the saloon); moreover, added he, who told you that she whom I love is dead?... Do you come here to break my heart?... Sister Theresa has not left me one moment, she does not leave me, even now; I see her, she extends her arms to me, there, at the bottom of the room, she would console me.... Oh! it is not an illusion, it is truly her! She calls me! do you hear her soft voice!..." His eyes filled with tears, his features were discomposed, and he extended his arms as if he would seize the object he saw.

The ball took place; all the handsomest women of Milan were present; joy and gaiety reigned throughout the evening. At supper the conversation fell on M. de Schenbrunn, each made some remark on what they termed his unfortunate passion; some of the women laughed at it, and were about to do more, when a young officer remarked near him, a lady whose features bore so strong a resemblance to those of sister Theresa