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ELIZABETH:

A STORY WHICH DOES NOT END IN
MARRIAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF NATHUSIUS,

BY

S. A. SMITH.

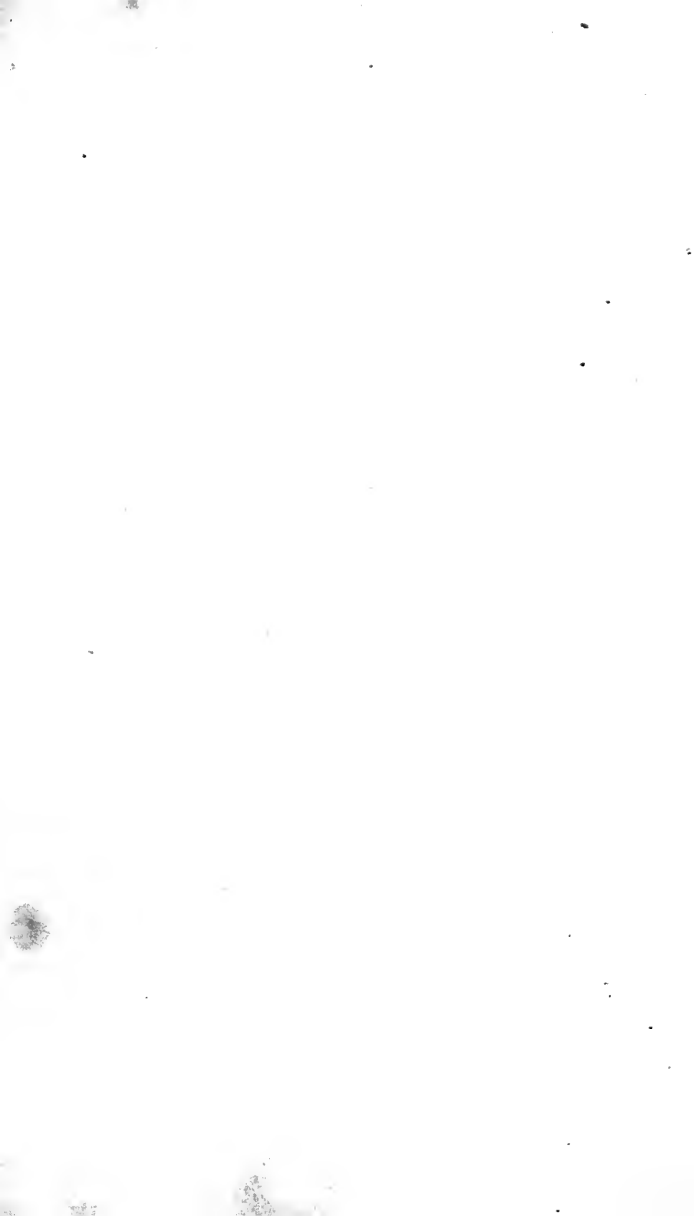
VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:

R. GRANT AND SON, 54 PRINCES STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

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ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER XIX.

NO HONEY-MOON LOVE.

THE happy wedding-festival was now past; the guests had returned to their homes—the old people were resting after the excitement, in the old house—while Elizabeth, with the utmost zeal, plunged into the mysteries of housekeeping.

On the first afternoon when her husband asked her to take a walk with him, she looked very thoughtful.

“I do not know whether I can spare time.”

“Time!” he exclaimed, in astonishment.

“I have been cooking the whole morning,” she explained; “it is no slight task to teach a servant. I am not yet come to the unpacking; and until I have done at least one great chest, I have no leisure for a walk.”

Her husband laughed. “Now, Elizabeth, prepare for a quarrel; and you must own beforehand that you are wrong. You *must* have time for a walk with me.”

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She mused for a few moments, looked at him, and said in a resolute tone, "Yes, I will go for a walk with you."

"Now, would you really rather unpack these beans and peas than walk with me?" he asked, sportively.

"No, I would rather go with you," she replied in all sincerity.

The first few weeks passed, and the household was so far arranged that the young people could pay and receive visits. The first to come to them were the dear grandparents; and it was pleasant to see how the young people exerted themselves to entertain their beloved guests, and how the latter rejoiced in the happiness of their no less beloved children. The grandparents had to go over the house, and admire all the arrangements. As they walked through the best room, the grandpapa noticed on a side-table, lying among other presents, their beautiful wedding bible. Involuntarily he laid his hand on the cover, but said nothing.

"Dear grandpapa," said Elizabeth hastily, in a deprecating manner, "I have really had no quiet time for regular reading; I have only used my little 'Treasury.'"

He smiled kindly; and when later, at supper, quite contrary to the custom in the old house, no grace was said aloud, he made no observation. The young people had seriously deliberated on this subject. Elizabeth had not been accustomed to take a meal without grace;

and though it was painful to her to do it, she was obliged to concede the point to her husband.

“Their acquaintances were people of such different opinions, the greater part, certainly, not accustomed to grace, that little embarrassing scenes might ensue—it would be far better for each one to say grace to himself.”

Elizabeth comforted herself with the thought, that she would pray in silence all the more heartily. So, when their good maid-servant, on the first morning (because she had always been used to it at the ranger's), asked about the family-prayer, it was Elizabeth's unpleasant task to tell her, that for the present they must all read to themselves, until the household was quite set in order. This reading to one's-self, up to the present time, Elizabeth had confined to a few verses in her “Treasury;” but on the morning following that of the grandparents' visit, she fetched the bible to her writing-table, and because she was up very early, read for some time in all stillness, to strengthen herself for the day. When she asked Otto pleasantly, if he would read with her, he answered, quite kindly, he would rather read to himself just now—he did not like doing it systematically—he preferred following his mood and his inner need. She had neither courage nor inclination to renew her entreaty; but she tranquillized herself with the consideration, that it was certainly as well for each one to read to himself. Her husband really took the beautiful bible and read sometimes, especially on Sun-

day afternoons, after they had both been to church in the morning, and had heard the faithful preacher, whose sermons Kadden had once spoken of so contemptuously. When he now sat with the bible in his hands, Elizabeth could not refrain from sending her servant into the room, on some pretext or other, really to prove to her, that if her husband did not have family-prayers, he was still a God-fearing man. How could she tell but that aunt Julia might make some inquiry of the damsel? How willingly she would herself say to her—"Every one has his own fashion, and we have ours; in time, everything will settle itself aright." The intercourse with Herr von Kadden's former acquaintances was begun with great circumspection, but at this no one was astonished, because the beautiful spring made company so unnecessary. Only the family of the Colonel—mother and daughters—were not so easily satisfied; they were fain to patronise Elizabeth, and had an inexhaustible store of small attentions and counsels to give. Elizabeth was on guard, especially against interference from Frau von Bonsak in her little household. She openly remarked, that young ladies were not usually willing to be guided by elder ones, it was so very much pleasanter to try every thing for one's-self. "Even if one is no great genius," said she, one day, complacently, "there is no art in cooking—one tries till it tastes right."

"And one must be cautious with the salt," added the Colonel.

“Of course,” said Elizabeth, with the air of a connoisseur. “The only difficulty with me was this,—I never knew how much time I must allow to prepare for dinner. The first week, from fear we should be too late, the dinner was ready every morning by ten; in the following week, because it was sheer destruction to keep the dinner hot three hours, we were never ready till two or three; but now we are punctual to a minute.”

She succeeded in warding off the undesired interference with her housekeeping arrangements, but it was not so easy to decline the courtesies of the daughters. The young household was too interesting to them; they would so gladly have played the part of familiar friends, especially Adolfine, whose naive importunity was carried to a great extent. Elizabeth might perhaps, from a certain little vanity, have been more carried away by her than she would afterwards have liked herself—she was not averse to being somewhat petted and spoiled; but her husband, so far from giving any encouragement, expressed his disapprobation with sufficient decision.

Adolfine told him plainly, “He was a tyrant; and that if he did not permit his young wife any regular society, she would soon become dull enough.”

He assured her playfully he wished for his wife a more staid friend than so independent a young lady, and must enter his protest against these projected clubs and musical entertainments; so this intercourse

too, like the rest, was almost confined to morning visits, and Elizabeth was convinced it was for the best. The spring days became ever more beautiful, and the walks more delightful; but as Herr von Kadden preferred riding to walking, it was resolved, to Elizabeth's great pleasure, that she should ride with him. In the preceding summer, she had often practised in her grandparents' garden; the beautiful bay horse was perfectly trained; and when, in her dark habit, she appeared for the first time in Woltheim, house and court, and the whole family at the ranger's, were in a state of excitement. Friedrich, who received his dear young "gracious lady," assured her she looked as elegant as his "gracious lady" of former days. The whole arrangement was much better than the one proposed with Ypsilanti. Elizabeth now rode frequently. She was surprised that she could not feel quite at ease, and courageous on horseback, and her husband was still more so; she never ventured without his having the leading-rein. When he teased her about it, and commended Adolfine, who was really a bold rider, as an example, she confessed that it was very strange that she never mounted the horse but with a beating heart, and that during the ride she was always slightly agitated.

"Only a pleasure in imagination, then," said he, compassionately. But he went on to assure her, she must try to overcome this agitation; she was as safe upon the horse as upon the smooth ground, if she

only held the bridle firmly ; it was gentle and tractable, and would do nothing against her will. She must really try once to ride without the leading-rein ; it would prove the truth of what he said, and give her courage. But Elizabeth would not ; he begged and entreated for one little trial, but all in vain. At last he became angry, and vehemently declared " he would never ride with her again."

They went home in silence. When he came to help her to dismount, he looked at her again quite kindly ; but she could not recover herself so quickly, and she hastened to her room to change her dress, and to reflect a little. He had never been so rude, and now to be friendly again at once was an utter impossibility. No ! she must be without feeling if she were not hurt now ; it was only natural she should indulge her present mood, or, at least, do no violence to herself ; he had been wrong, the thing was quite clear, and he could not be surprised. Contented in her decision she was not ; she thought of her grandmamma ; now, perhaps, was the time for the Lord's prayer, to deliver her from her anger ; but, closely considered, this little affair was scarcely worth it. She could very well make the trial for once. Certainly it had once been said to her, one must be very tender and cautious with one's love, and not foolishly trifle with it, even in the smallest things. Pray she would not ; she was seriously angry, and justly. To yield and be humble was too much to ask ;

it did very well for grandmamma and the old times, but was not consistent with the freer and more independent training of the daughters. She had not much more time for these sensible thoughts; her husband was knocking impatiently at the door—she must be ready speedily—so she briefly resolved to follow her inclination, and prove that she had had an independent education.

That same evening—it was about five o'clock—Elizabeth sat thoughtfully before her writing-table. She had been alone the whole afternoon, for the first time in her young wedded life. Her husband, to whom it had been of course tedious to have so silent and tender a soul with him, had gone out. Elizabeth hoped he would very soon return, and then she resolved to be more friendly. She took her work, and went into the little garden. Their house was very pleasantly situated, outside the gates, on the same side of the town where her grandparents had once dwelt. She seated herself in the jasmine bower, and was diligent; then she strolled up and down the walks, stood before the blushing fragrant roses, and looked over the hedge to the wide common. She became ever more restless; an hour at least had passed, and her husband was not come back. She left the garden, and went into the stable to the beautiful bay horse, the innocent cause of her present trouble. She stroked and patted him, and looked into his clear bright eyes, —“It is not thy fault,” she said; “I am alone to

blame." She left him, and put her little brood of white chickens to rest; then she thought of supper. At seven o'clock he must come. Once more she went into the garden, pulled the fresh crimson radishes, and busied herself with some other trivial matters, till at last it struck seven. Supper had long been ready, but Elizabeth waited in vain. When it struck eight, sorrowfully and with increasing unrest, she took her bonnet and shawl, and went again into the garden; but this time she wandered farther, through the wicket-gate, over the grassy ridges, till she reached a field of blossoming rye. Here all was still and peaceful; the summer evening sun was laying its gold upon field and wood, a few larks were still carolling high up in the clear air, and corn-flowers and red poppies, and the large white gowans, rested in their quiet loveliness in the evening sunlight. Elizabeth did not venture to pick one blossom. "Here you are very lovely," she thought; "but in my hands you would only fade. Ah! I might be as pure and tender as you, and gladden all hearts around me." She looked higher, up to the deep blue heavens that bent down with consolation and soothing to her fluttering heart. "Pardon me, dear Lord! To Thee the sorrowful heart may ever come, for Thou art ever gracious and tender; only on my fellow-creatures, or my own heart, may I not rely. Never has the world been so lonely to me as to-day; but it is well that I should be reminded not to lean upon human beings." As she folded her

hands involuntarily, she pressed her wedding-ring. "Even those whom one loves so dearly can be unjust and unloving, so that one's own heart grows cold; I can now help myself still less than this afternoon. He has left me for so many long, long hours, that I cannot possibly be joyous and happy. Ah! dear Lord, help me, and do Thou make it all right again, for I have no power." She sat a long time among the flowers in the blooming rye; and as the last rays of the sun sank upon the grass, she went home like a weary child. The deepening shadows of twilight darkened the room as she sat at her writing-table, lit her little taper, and read in her bible—(till ten, her usual hour, she meant to stay up). She read in the Gospel of St Matthew the Sermon on the Mount—the proclamation of the kingdom of heaven, that already here on earth, in its peace, and might, and glory, is within the hearts of the faithful. She was sitting, plunged in thought, with her head resting on her hands, when she heard rapid footsteps on the staircase. She was startled, and trembled all over. It was he. What should she do? Her first feeling was to put away the bible; he should not know in what mood she was; she would be friendly, but she would bear her sorrow alone; he did not deserve to know the thoughts of her heart. Already she had laid her hand on the bible, when she felt God's rebuke, "If I am to help thee, thou must be humble."

It had not been Herr von Kadden's purpose to

remain away so long. Stottenheim had received him with an encomium, that he was at last become so reasonable as to go out alone, instead of sitting always with his wife, and had taken him to a coffee-garden, where some of his other comrades were assembled. They played skittles; and between earnest and sport, Kadden let himself be persuaded to pass one evening with them in the old way. Elizabeth—that was his comfort—had no right to complain of him to-day; she had been (though he acknowledged to himself his own fault) so very unfriendly. Certainly, to remain away from her the whole evening was perhaps too much, he thought; and exactly this slight feeling of his own injustice helped him to fortify himself with coldness and composure, to meet the new reproaches or anger with which she might meet him. He entered swiftly, but stopped involuntarily at the door. She was sitting before the table, with her little taper. All was quite clear to his heart; he knew her mood exactly, and needed no little explanation. Elizabeth rose, and hastily took his hand, as though she would not wait for his cool reception to make her victory more difficult. But he was not unkind; he only needed one moment to collect himself.

“Dear Elizabeth,” said he, gently, “forgive me that I have kept you waiting so long.”

Then it was all over with her reasonable intentions. She certainly could not speak till she had mastered her tears; but then she gave the fullest answers to

his loving questions. She opened her whole heart, told him of her impatience, her penitence the whole evening, and also of her reflections among the flowers. He listened to all with a heart full of emotion. His love was quite ready now to soothe her. He felt that a breath from the kingdom of God had passed over him—a breath from that mysterious world above him. Finally, he took the bible, and they read once more the Sermon on the Mount together.

When Elizabeth rose on the following morning, her husband was gone to the usual early drill. As she went to her writing-table, she found in a glass of fresh water a bouquet of corn-flowers, scarlet poppies, and white gowans. Ah! how lovely, how peacefully they looked at her, and with what a grateful heart she bent over them! “I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast helped me in this little thing! How would it have been with me to-day, if I could not have mastered my pride?”

Life is made up of little things. Through little things the spirit of evil exercises its power over the souls of men. One little thing after the other hardens them more and more, till they can neither be, nor feel tender. Without remarking it, they fall into misery; and the love that should have grown ever more watchful and tender becomes, alas! a mere honey-moon love.

Towards noon, the usual time when the soldiers returned to the town, Elizabeth heard the glorious mili-

tary music in the distance. She had been waiting for it, and now hastened to the window, and saw the sun shining on the flashing cuirasses. As the glittering ranks came nigher, she drew behind the curtains, as was her wont, till a rider raised his head, turned towards her, and saluted her as he passed.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VARIOUS DEAR RELATIONS.

IN the middle of July Emily's wedding took place, as Schlosser had obtained the post he desired, to the universal joy. On this occasion Elizabeth and her husband made their first visit to their parents' house. To the former it was an extreme delight. She was much the same as of old—bright and joyous with the younger children, self-willed and hasty with her aunts Wina and Paula, and even with her mamma.

“Elizabeth is more confident and high-spirited than ever,” mourned Emily.

But she only said this to her bridegroom. To the rest of the family she was unusually affectionate and friendly, so that Herr von Kadden was not quite so hopeless of his friend Schlosser's future happiness. So, too, Kadden rose in Emily's estimation. Once, when Elizabeth with great eagerness contradicted her mother about some household affair, he laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, and expostulated—

“Does the little cook, then, know better than her mamma?”

He was not so entirely blind to her faults. There was hope that his estimation of her might become more temperate and just. In spite of this little observation, she was still of the same opinion, that the happiness of neither could be of long duration. This wonderful unruffled love between two people who were both so impetuous, so trifling and inconsiderate—who looked upon life so devoid of earnestness—how could it end but with terror, excuse their levity as much as one would? To all these fears Schlosser maintained an incredulous silence, till at length Emily said, almost solemnly, “We shall see, dear Wilhelm, who is right. I will henceforth be silent, and merely take a friendly interest in their happiness; but I still maintain it is a misfortune for Elizabeth that she has not married a man who can guide her, and it is an equal misfortune for him that he has not made a different choice. If he had married a mere superficial woman of the world, who would have lived in it without any thought, who would have joined him in dissipation abroad after they had both made their home-life insupportable, it would have been better for him.”

“Do you seriously think it would have been better for him?” asked Schlosser, gravely.

“Well, not exactly better for him,” she answered, blushing slightly. “In such case it would be with him as with hundreds of men of his views. They

quarrel with their wives, and are reconciled; seek their pleasure in the world—not in a bad way, perhaps good-humouredly enough; lead much such a wedded life as their friends do; and are satisfied in their way, because they have never expected anything better.”

“And that is the life you would really wish him?” asked Schlosser further.

Emily was silent for a moment. She felt that her understanding had again led her upon a cold, loveless way, but she would not acknowledge it; and in her desire to excuse her faults, she wandered farther on the same road.

“Will his life be more conducive to his welfare now?” she continued, eagerly. “Elizabeth cannot follow him into the world without feeling the sting in her breast; he, too, has this secret sting already; and yet they cannot withstand the world. Aunt Julia has told me, in the strictest confidence, and with great sorrow, that up to this time there has been small trace of anything godly in the young household. Their great temptations will not regularly begin till next winter. With their vacillating opinions, it can only happen to them as the gospel warns. In some hour of awakened feeling and excitement, they will drive the evil spirit out of the house, sweep and garnish it, and then, growing more careless than before, let in seven other wicked spirits, and feel a sevenfold sting in their own hearts. The

world must be a far greater enemy to them than to people who feel quite at ease there, and join in its dissipations without self-reproach. When one reflects that they are not happy at home—cannot quarrel agreeably and make it up again—because Elizabeth was differently brought up, and is *exigeante* ——”

“And very tender, and yearning for affection,” added Schlosser, considerately.

“Yes; tender, and desirous to be loved,” repeated Emily, readily. “She is certainly that; but he ——”

“He is the same,” interrupted Schlosser.

“He is the same,” repeated Emily again, with rather more excitement. “They have both an ideal in their minds, but no strength to work it out.”

“We will wish them power to do it, with all our hearts!” observed Schlosser, warmly. He knew that Emily’s greatest temptations were connected with this subject, and he carefully avoided entering into it deeply.

“Wilhelm, do not think that I wish them unhappiness,” pleaded she.

“Certainly I do not think that,” he answered, in all sincerity; “but you fear that the dear God can send them no other—because your reason sees no way of escape,” he added, sportively, as he gave her his hand, while she resolved in all seriousness to wish Elizabeth’s happiness, and to be kind and affectionate to her. Only on the wedding-day, when Elizabeth, in her own white bridal-dress, played her happy part

as guest, Emily had a severe conflict within herself, especially when Aunt Wina, though only in sport, politely commended the pleasing young wife as a pattern for her imitation. This foolish Wina, who had already corrupted Elizabeth's youth, continued her instructions in the most exaggerated manner. The bold principles that she proposed to her darling for the government of her life were something fabulous to hear; and it appeared to Emily almost incredible, and to Aunt Julia no less so, that Elise should permit her foolish old sisters-in-law to pay a long visit to Elizabeth. They both warned Elise; but the arrangements could not be altered. This time she could say with a good conscience, that it was her husband's wish. It was also proposed that he, with his wife and children, should fetch the sisters back from Woltheim.

A few days after the marriage, the happy aunts, with various packages and bandboxes, accompanied the young pair back to Braunhausen. Elizabeth had not the slightest objection. It would afford her great amusement to receive the admiration of her aunts in her own house; and then her husband was so very courteous and amiable, and accommodated himself so pleasantly to these not very agreeable family connections. The aunts were in an equally pleasing frame. They had always thought him very enchanting; now he was an "unutterably delightful phenomenon"—at least so Wina declared.

While Herr von Kadden was busy in the court of

the little railway-station arranging the luggage in the carriage, the three ladies had entered the cool waiting-room, and the aunts were eloquent in their nephew's praise. Aunt Wina, who was only too fond of hearing herself discourse, added a solemn warning to Elizabeth.

"With this man, my dear child," she observed, "you must live as though in paradise. The most exquisite lot has befallen you that could ever have entered into a maiden's dreams. He is such an ideal as one rarely finds upon earth; you must always acknowledge *that*. Should you ever become unhappy, you must not come to me with your complaints, for I assure you beforehand you will only have yourself to blame."

"Spoken as though from my own heart," chimed in Paula.

"You have both fancies that would beseem the youngest maiden," exclaimed Elizabeth, a little crossly. "You make out my husband a first-rate hero of romance. Do you think he is always so agreeable as you see him in company?"

The aunts looked at her in some perplexity.

"If you expect that, you will be greatly surprised ere long," she continued. "You really fancy my husband from morning till evening is in a sugar-and-water mood? No, indeed; he has his affairs, he is serious or cross, he sometimes does not trouble himself for half a day about me—scarcely looks at me

even; but that does not trouble me, as I know quite well that he loves me."

While making these extremely reasonable observations, Elizabeth felt herself very important, though the last was not strictly true. It never could have been a matter of indifference to her that her husband did not trouble himself about her, and scarcely looked at her. It was much the same as with the quarrelling and reconciliation—so very interesting in imagination, but in reality, as Clara Warmholz correctly observed, peculiarly odious, more especially if it has been caused by the untoward behaviour of some much beloved person. The aunts had been led into another circle of ideas too suddenly. Their hero of romance had become an ordinary man—like all other men, in fact—and Elizabeth a very reasonable young wife.

Wina first collected herself, and replied, though not without surprise, "You speak most sensibly, my dear Elizabeth. Of course it ought not to trouble you if your husband is at times deeply engrossed with business; that gives to him manly dignity."

"Yes," continued Elizabeth, in her zeal, "I should never desire my husband to live for me only—that would be too silly; I can occupy myself quite alone as much as he; it would bore me greatly if he had no profession, and devoted all his time to me."

"Do not go too far, Elizabeth," expostulated Wina, "but rather rejoice in the happiness of your youth."

"I would only prepare you," answered Elizabeth.

“ You must not be surprised if you find our life other than you had hoped.”

Herr von Kadden now asked the ladies to get into the carriage, and the conversation came to an end. Paula's thoughts remained in some perplexity, but the whole thing was perfectly clear to Wina. Elizabeth was gifted with an unbounded spirit of contradiction, and was adroit enough to make black appear white; therefore it was nothing to her to represent this angelic man as a mere ordinary creature. It did not disturb her tranquillity—she would see with her own eyes, and exercise the most powerful influence upon her froward-niece. Both aunts stood at the open window of their little chamber, that looked upon the court, and was now in shade; they took off their caps to refresh themselves after their hot journey, and shared their transports at this extremely poetical residence.

“ We will not allow our happiness here to be shortened,” suggested Wina to her sister; “ if there is any talk of our departure in a fortnight, we will be silent—that will be understood. I know very well, the grandparents and Elise, and indeed the whole set, are little pleased to see us here—it would never occur to their Christian charity to make life pleasant to poor unmarried ladies. One must not be too tender, and let oneself always be quietly pushed aside. As I said before, we will remain here at least six weeks.”

“ Do you think that will do?” asked Paula, thoughtfully.

“Certainly; I know Elizabeth is pleased to have us here. She is a kind, grateful child.”

“But her husband?” interrupted Paula, anxiously.

“Her husband will not be asked, my child,” continued Wina. “Do not believe what Elizabeth says of him; she does not believe it herself. I never saw a more refined, highly cultivated young man, whose wishes so entirely accorded with those of his young wife.”

Elizabeth’s glad, singing voice was now heard. The sisters broke off the conversation, and opened the door to their pretty niece. Another stream of transport had just begun to flow from Wina’s mouth, when Herr von Kadden’s loud tones were heard from the stable.

“He is scolding his groom,” said Elizabeth, with a certain complacency, as though it were very pleasant to her that her aunts should become acquainted with her husband’s faults.

“That must be necessary at times,” observed Wina.

All three hearkened at the window. Paula was already somewhat uneasy, as Herr von Kadden, followed by the servant, led his handsome bay horse from the stall. The horse limped; his master led him backwards and forwards a few steps, and rebuked his servant sharply, while the latter made excuses.

“If he would only hold his tongue,” began Elizabeth, eagerly. “Stupid man! he knows my husband cannot bear contradiction.”

“Call to him!” implored Paula, anxiously.

Elizabeth shook her head.

“Your husband can at least command himself,” said Wina, now slightly discomposed.

“That he cannot, or why should he have obtained the name of Hothead?”

“But my dear Elizabeth! a cultivated man! how can he so forget himself? it is really terrible.”

“Yes,” stammered Paula, “it is terrible.”

And Elizabeth herself was standing in great emotion. Her husband had raised his voice so much that his words could scarcely be understood; and as the servant warily kept himself in a safe place behind the horse, it was quite evident that boxes on the ear were not entirely out of fashion.

“Elizabeth, it is your sacred duty; go and bring your husband to reason,” exhorted Wina.

“Not yet, Elizabeth,” entreated Paula; “he is too violent, he might be so with you.”

“Ridiculous!” said Wina; “a cultivated man would never treat his wife as he would his servant. Who should lead him and tell him the truth if not his wife?”

Elizabeth had already left the room to hasten to the court; but when in the hall, she once more stepped to the window, and saw that her husband had again entered the stable with the horse. In a short time he came into the sitting-room. Elizabeth had been trying to recover from her terror here; but mindful of Wina’s warning, that it was her holiest duty to guide

her husband, which in her own agitation seemed very clear, she received him with a somewhat imperative tone.

“Otto, how can you be so violent?”

“The man is more senseless than the animal he takes care of!” he replied angrily, throwing his cap upon the table.

“I was so alarmed,” continued Elizabeth, reproachfully; “I quite trembled, and my aunts were perfectly horrified.”

“You are all three simpletons,” he interrupted; “such things are not unusual with men.”

“My father is never so hasty,” continued Elizabeth, warmly.

“Elizabeth, I will not be compared with your father,” he exclaimed, in downright anger. “Your father is phlegmatic, and I am not.”

Elizabeth could not control herself; she was too clearly in the right.

“But Wina says,” she began, warmly, “a cultivated man——”

Herr von Kadden had already seized his cap—

“If you would not compel me to leave the house,” he exclaimed, “and to remain out so long as your foolish aunts are here, be silent.”

She made no answer, he went to his own room, and she was left alone, in the most unpleasant frame of mind. She had fulfilled her sacred duty, but without any result, and now her only fear was that her aunts might perceive in what mood she was; she must constrain

herself to appear cheerful, and to look upon the whole affair as unimportant. When she returned to them, Paula received her with the question—

“How is it settled?”

“All’s right,” answered Elizabeth, lightly.

“Does he see that he was wrong?” inquired Wina.

“Wrong!” repeated Elizabeth; “a man is always right, and one ought not to mix oneself up in such affairs.”

Then, without delay, she asked the aunts to come into the garden, the evening was so fresh and lovely; she would go and order supper to be set there.

“Wina,” began Paula, with great solemnity, when they were again alone, “I am very much afraid of this man.”

“Poor Elizabeth,” sighed Wina, with equal solemnity.

“Men are all barbarians!” continued Paula.

“Yes, dear Paula, we may be very thankful that we have never married; we should have died of broken hearts.”

“We thought, in the innocency of our hearts, that this man was so very amiable,” sighed Paula.

“Yes, in our ideal world, we could not imagine that men could be so unpolished, so destitute of consideration,” continued Wina.—“But, Paula, my first feeling when I saw this man was perfectly correct, though afterwards my good-nature blinded me—he is a dangerous man; and the worst of all is, that Elizabeth cannot lead him.”

“ I must advise the poor child never to vex him,” reasoned Paula.

“ And yet to guide him cleverly,” interrupted Wina.

“ We will leave as soon as possible,” pleaded the other.

“ Well, yes, as soon as possible; I would leave this moment, only that it would make a sensation.”

The conversation went on in this wise for a short time, till, equipped with bonnets and work-baskets—Wina with slow and stately tread, Paula in more tripping measure—they walked through the court into the garden. The evening was exquisitely beautiful; the supper-table, with its snowy covering, stood very invitingly in the jasmine bower; and Elizabeth, in sky-blue muslin, prepared to enact the amiable hostess. The emotion in her heart, the wonder how her husband would behave this evening, she very skilfully concealed. To carry this through, she must of course carefully avoid seeing him alone, or speaking of it to him, or the aunts would inevitably detect her. Accordingly, she only went under his window, and called, “ Supper is ready, dear Otto.”

In a few minutes he came into the garden. They seated themselves, and, to the astonishment of the aunts, he was quite calm, polite, and attentive as ever, only a shade more serious. Aunt Wina, who had cherished the secret hope that he would be somewhat ashamed and embarrassed when he appeared before her, “ the distinguished and spirited aunt,” was extremely indig-

nant at his utter want of feeling. Elizabeth had now to play a part that was very difficult to her: she had to be merry and unconscious; to tease, and sport with her aunts, and even with her husband. She could not resolve to look at him; one of his earnest or searching glances would have been quite enough to upset her self-command. How joyful was she when he at last spoke in the same tone, and continued in the same mood as long as they were together. As it grew dark, and the aunts prepared to go to their room, Herr von Kadden wished his guests and his wife good-night at the same time; he had a quantity of writing to do in his own room, as business had accumulated during his absence. After Elizabeth had seen the aunts upstairs, she stood hesitating in the sitting-room. Should she go to him? he was busy, and did not seem to wish it. The affair was made up for the first time in this clever way—they had both been obliged to control themselves before their guests; they had succeeded. Why should they now discompose themselves by speaking of it again? She stood thoughtfully before her writing-table; bible and “Treasury” lay there, but she could not read to-day; she was too fatigued from the journey. If her heart had yearned for it, she would have done it. Sighing she went into her bedroom. “Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,” she thought. She was not wrathful, she was not even angry, but she would so gladly have said that out to him, and he would perhaps so gladly have heard

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it. Yet, no; or he would not have said good-night to me in the garden, she thought, and her eyes filled with tears. She resolved to go to bed, with her heart all unquiet as it was. A little while back this would have been impossible; now, the circumstances demanded it—and, in reality, she was risking little. If she found it too difficult, she could speak out to-morrow; for this once she would try silence. Thus she struggled with her thoughts, till sleep surprised her, and before she had said her evening prayers. On the following morning, she was scarcely dressed ere her aunts appeared, to enjoy the beauty of the day with her. Her husband, as usual, had ridden forth early, and was not returned when she went with her aunts to pay some projected visits. Both ladies had a great desire to amuse and to show themselves here, and Herr von Kadden had proposed to Elizabeth to be social at this time, and not to attempt to entertain the aunts entirely themselves. Elizabeth now took them to Colonel Bonsak's, and to a few other married officers' houses. Divers amusements were proposed, and the aunts returned well pleased, declaring Braunhausen to be a most charming place. The current of Elizabeth's thoughts was completely changed by these visits; the little scene of yesterday appeared to-day in quite a different light; and when her husband joked to-day as merrily as yesterday, her heart became lighter, and she resolved to think of the thing no more. The experiment succeeded. One must not

feel things too deeply, she pleaded with herself; why make one's life unnecessarily sad? There needed only a picnic with the Bonsaks, Stottenheim, and a few other friends, and Elizabeth's joyous nature had overcome all, nor was there the least shadow of constraint in the behaviour of her husband—he was well pleased to throw off the little burden from his heart. To this first party others followed; the fortnight swiftly passed, and Wina instructed her sister how they must act in order to defer their departure. She was quite resolved to amuse herself here a little longer.

“My heart is quite tranquil again,” she observed, “now that I have seen the delightful circle in which our young people live. Kadden is at least reasonable in this—he knows what is due, he knows the spirits must be refreshed after the toil and monotony of the daily household life. If he makes many heavy hours for Elizabeth at home, she can forget them in pleasant society—men are all very much alike.”

“Herr von Stottenheim is delightful!” interrupted Paula; “with such a man Elizabeth would have been happier.”

“Yes, he is a most sensible and excellent man; and I should with such perfect confidence have seen Elizabeth's happiness bound up with his. Above all things, he must draw Kadden more frequently into society. Stottenheim hopes that a good beginning has been made through us, and certainly Elizabeth seems to be

very well pleased there. We must not limit the beneficial influence of our visit to so short a time," Wina now observed. "Elise's purpose of inhabiting our little room with her husband for a week, while we are ruralizing in seclusion at Woltheim, must be frustrated."

"But Elise would rather be here," was Paula's modest representation.

"She would, and we would," answered Wina, pointedly. "We have the vantage-ground of already being in possession; one must not be too scrupulously delicate on such occasions. I always say, unmarried ladies are too much put upon; one must not allow oneself to be quietly set in a corner; one must be on one's guard."

On the evening before the Kuhnemans were expected, Wina imparted her resolution to her niece with perfect composure.

"We are here now," she observed, "but who knows when we shall make the journey again? Your mother will be coming frequently, and I am sure she will be quite willing that we should remain here. Of course, it will be just the same to her whether she is here or at Woltheim, as we can be every day together."

"I believe papa wishes it, though," answered Elizabeth, in some confusion.

"Your father will not be so inconsiderate as to press it," observed Wina, pointedly.

After a few polite but somewhat constrained remarks,

Elizabeth wished them 'good-night ; she was so completely taken by surprise it was out of her power to make any opposition. She went at once to her husband, to impart this new difficulty to him. He was fast becoming angry ; but when he saw Elizabeth so depressed and thoughtful before him, he commanded himself.

“ We will see whether I am master in my own house or not,” said he, sportively. “ I promise you, my sweet Lizzie, I *will* drive them out.”

“ Oh ! what could you not do in that way ?” she replied, with a gentle reproach in her tone ; “ but only think of Aunt Wina.”

“ Oh ! I will be quite courteous,” he observed. “ I will send them an embassy, certainly the most agreeable in the world. You must go to them and say, ‘ I bring you a respectful greeting from my beloved husband, and will you be so good as to depart for Woltheim to-morrow morning ?’ ”

“ But, Otto !” said Elizabeth, laughing and shaking her head.

“ Will not that do ?” he asked ; “ then apprise them, with all tenderness, that they will no longer feel comfortable here, because I have only been so amiable thus far in the hope of their speedy departure ;—rather an oversight of mine,” he added.

“ That will not do,” exclaimed Elizabeth.

“ Nor that either ?” he replied, kindly.

Elizabeth shook her head in utter perplexity.

“ Dear Elizabeth,” said he, speaking now quite

seriously, "they cannot remain here; we have fulfilled all our family obligations; and I think," he added, laughing, "I have done my part very well. I should think it very wrong to keep them here any longer; therefore tell them quite early to-morrow, we have both anticipated our parents' visit with great pleasure, and the arrangement must stand as it was first made."

Elizabeth looked at him thoughtfully and nodded, gave him her hand, and went to rest, not without some dread of the following morning.

It was another glorious day; Elizabeth had ordered breakfast in the jasmine bower; the aunts had admired the beauty of nature with transport, and enjoyed the excellent refreshing coffee; but now they sat opposite to Elizabeth, with glowing cheeks, and Wina with flashing eyes. Elizabeth had made her difficult proposal with much consideration and gentleness; and Aunt Wina had testified her astonishment and indignation without reticence. In fact, she did not know how to end.

"To you, my child," said she, sharply, "I make no reproach for this indescribable lack of courtesy; you only do what your husband commands, and that is so far right, though I might have expected, from your love and gratitude, that you would have spared us this trouble, even if it had cost you a few painful hours with your husband. You have given me painful hours, my child, for long years,

and *my* love has shrunk from no toil, no weariness."

Here followed a description of the past. Elizabeth listened to it all in silence ; she had exhausted all her arguments with perfect self-command ; and she knew it was a great relief and consolation to her aunts to unveil their noble inner sentiments on such occasions.

Both ladies then went to their room to pack up, as the new guests were expected about mid-day ; and Wina, after having expressed her noble feelings to her niece, was longing to unbosom her wrath to her sister. Never would she enter this house again, where rudeness and tyranny reigned supreme : this was her final decision ; and Paula only implored her to be composed ere the leave-taking.

After they had both remained in their chamber as long as possible, they made their appearance in the sitting-room ; and the conversation passed off tolerably well till Herr von Kadden entered. It was an excessively hot day. He threw himself on a corner of the sofa, with his hand occasionally pressed upon his temples, a sure sign that he had headache. It was a great trial to him to sit with these taciturn ladies ; however, he bore it as beseemed the polite host, only he was as taciturn as they ; so that Elizabeth, who had been somewhat discomposed by the luckless morning, and had really reckoned upon his help in the conversation, felt vexed with him. If she had not been obliged to play the part of all four, the comic

side of this state of things would have diverted her ; as it was, she found it extremely unpleasant, and rejoiced in her good fortune when Stottenheim appeared. He had but just now received from his friend the startling intelligence of the approaching departure of the ladies, and had hastened to take leave of them. Both aunts received this attention with feeling ; Wina became very talkative, not without divers shots and side-hits at the criminals who were sitting near her.

“ Are you in an ill-humour to-day ?” said Stottenheim, presently turning to his friend.

“ I have a headache,” was his short answer.

“ Confess, now, you have been in a rage with those stupid, tiresome clowns.” Then, turning to the ladies, he described the hardship of an officer’s duties, that bring him continually in contact with rough, ignorant men.

“ Double honour, then, to him who is not tainted with their coarseness,” replied Wina, with a dignified bow.

“ Nay, I should not like to be always heard by delicate ladies,” said Stottenheim, smiling ; “ one’s choler is too apt to overflow.—That man understood you for the first time to-day,” he continued, to Kadden, “ when you treated him to a few well-deserved titles of honour.”

“ You did not abuse him ?” asked Elizabeth, quickly.

There was an unpleasant twitching in Herr von Kadden’s face, but he made no answer.

“Ah, that is terrible !” began Elizabeth ; but he laid his hand upon her mouth, and said gravely, “Leave that subject, Elizabeth ; you understand nothing about it.”

She was silent, and looked blushing down upon her work. Wina flashed lightnings upon the barbarian ; and Stottenheim observed, laughing, “Thou art an ungallant man ; you may believe, my ladies, it is really so.”

He then led on the conversation with great fluency ; and Elizabeth, who greatly took to heart her husband’s behaviour to-day, left the room to make some preparations for the dinner for her guests.

A few minutes after, when Herr von Kadden too had gone out, Wina could contain herself no longer ; her sensible, excellent friend Stottenheim must sympathize with the anguish that was preying upon her soul.

“Poor young wife !” she began, with a sigh ; “did you see how she struggled to check her tears ? and he—he is gone to his horse.” She went on to assure him that she was only too thankful to leave this house, where one was ever in dread of some unhappy scene with the husband.

Stottenheim defended his friend in all sincerity ; but both were quite agreed that the very best thing for the young pair would be constant intercourse with agreeable society. They prayed God they might not fall into the hands of gloomy, one-sided people, whose views of life were so mistaken.

Unfortunately, Kadden came back too quickly, as Wina would gladly have made further plans for the future happiness of her niece with Herr von Stottenheim. At the same time, the dear expected guests arrived; and, mid the excitement of their arrival and the many greetings, their various humours were tolerably equalized.

Elizabeth embraced her mother with tears. Elise looked at her anxiously; but she saw they were tears of joy, for she welcomed her brothers and sisters with perfect delight; she would scarcely let Charlotte be out of her arms, and insisted on carrying her up stairs herself. While the packages were being taken out of the carriage, and the aunts were being started, the parents consented to Elizabeth's wish, that all the children should spend the day here; the three elder ones, who were to have gone with the aunts to Woltheim, could walk over in the evening quite well. Elizabeth must have them all with her to-day; she longed to pour out her warm heart's affection; and the glee and love of the children quite enchanted her.

It was a great pleasure to the town children to frolic about in the garden, to drink coffee in the shady bower, and to wander further along the hedgerows, and over the grassy ridges; they gathered field-flowers, made garlands and nosegays, and had their darling Elizabeth with them, as joyous as themselves. Just as she was putting a wreath on little Charlotte's curls, her husband came up to her, delighted to see her hap-

piness, and scarcely conscious that he had given her any pain to-day.

“Dear Elizabeth! how warmly you can love,” he observed, kindly; “but you must always love me best, or I should grow sad.”

She looked at him affectionately; and it now first occurred to her that she had scarcely troubled herself about him the whole day; she had felt no desire, after her ruffled mood in the morning; it had been a great satisfaction to be merry with her brothers and sisters, and to let him see that; but when he now stood pleading so kindly before her, she felt a little ashamed, the vexation of the morning was speedily forgotten, and she looked lovingly and tenderly into his eyes. She had no desire to speak of the changeful moods of this day; why should she disturb herself, as she had already experienced that such things are as well passed over?

The next week passed swiftly, but quite differently to the two former ones. Their present guests desired neither country parties nor intercourse with the people of Braunhausen; they were perfectly entertained the whole time, and needed no greater variety than the interchange of visits with their family at Woltheim. The two aunts were constantly with them; they had told the Privy Councillor of Elizabeth's struggles the very first day; he smiled, and said, “We must be patient with them, and not take things amiss.” In this kind and considerate way they were treated by all.

It had been proposed that, on their return home, the whole family should pay their first visit to Emily; they were to go so far by an early train, and not proceed to Berlin till evening by a late one. Every one supposed that the two aunts would have gone on at once, as they had never liked Emily; but Wina little dreamt of being excluded from this country pleasure; moreover, she had her sacred duties to fulfil;—Emily, the only one in the family who had shared her correct opinion of Kadden, must hear her mournful experiences in the young household. A fine day was propitious to the visit, and permitted the welcome guests, for whom the little parsonage had scarcely room, to wander in the garden and in the adjoining peaceful churchyard.

Emily's first remark to Wina was, naturally, "You have been some time with Elizabeth?"

Wina assented briefly, because others were standing near; but she shrugged her shoulders, and cast her eyes up to heaven. The temptation was too great for Emily; she very shortly contrived to be alone with her husband and Wina; he must hear the account from the latter, and not first from her.

"Did not you enjoy yourself at Braunhausen?" asked Emily, very openly.

Wina heaved a deep sigh, shrugged her shoulders, and described, with all the zest of wrath, the roughness of the husband, and the secret tears of the wife.

"It must certainly be Elizabeth's fault," interrupted Emily.

“You know her faults,” continued Wina; “I have wearied myself in vain to correct them; for, with a man of her husband’s disposition, they act as fuel to flame.”

After these remarks, she made a long discussion, in her peculiar fashion, the gist of which was, that such a sad household life could only be cheered by pleasant society, and that, in this one respect, Kadden was reasonable, and associated with a very delightful circle.

Emily did not enter on the last topic, and was very cautious with her observations; but as soon as their guests had left, her husband was obliged, little to his pleasure, to hear her reflections on Elizabeth and her marvellous love;—she had foreseen it all, but had not expected so speedy a realizing of her fears. Schlosser could say little this time; his own observations were not particularly satisfactory; Kadden had not sought a friendly tête-a-tête with him, as he used to do before his marriage; and Elizabeth, though quite affectionate to her husband, seemed too absolutely engrossed with the departure of her little sisters. So from this day there went a little whisper through the family, very softly breathed from ear to ear. It reached not Elise, but it came to the grandmamma; and that gentle heart was first anxious, and then consoled by the thought, “That the Lord oft leads His own by marvellous ways.”

CHAPTER XXI.

NECESSARY SOCIETY.

ON a still November day, when the sun, with its pale glimmer, only broke occasionally through its thin veil of clouds, the old gray horses trotted into Braunhausen. Elizabeth hastened joyfully down to welcome her beloved grandmamma. As her grandchild, by reason of the bad weather and worse roads, had not been able to come to Woltheim, she had now come to her. Elizabeth was alone; her husband was gone to dine with some strange officers; and as she did not expect him back till evening, her visitor was doubly welcome. The grandmamma, since the little whisper in the family, had at times been very anxious; now, she thanked God when she saw the eyes of the young wife beaming so guilelessly and so happily.

“You know we have joined the club,” began Elizabeth (as they were taking coffee), with some hesitation, yet with tolerable confidence.

“Yes; I was sorry to hear it,” replied her

grandmamma; "I could have wished you other society."

"But it was unavoidable," observed Elizabeth; "Otto would have made enemies among his superior officers; and we know he is already very sharply watched."

"He does nothing wrong," interrupted her grandmamma.

"Our opinions are quite wrong enough for them," continued Elizabeth, with great zeal. "Just think, if we entirely drew back from their circle, how conspicuous it would make us. No; much that would be very unpleasant would accrue to Otto from doing so. Besides, dear grandmamma," she added, complacently, "there is really no danger for us. We stand quite above the thing, and merely go because of the obligations that devolve upon my husband from his position."

"Do you remember what your feelings were after you had been with us to the Bonsaks' the first time?"

"I think the same still," replied Elizabeth; "but my position is now different. I have courage to meet both married and unmarried ladies, and hope to do some good among them."

"There you deceive yourself, dear child," said her grandmamma, gently. "Pray God that you may yourself gain no harm."

She then changed the subject, for she feared, through speaking too warmly, to lose Elizabeth's con-

fidence. She understood far better how to guide her indirectly; and to Elizabeth's great delight, she described her own youthful household nearly fifty years ago.

"We fancy as maidens," said the grandmamma, "that with betrothal and marriage our happiness is secured, and that nothing can fail us henceforth."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "I thought so once; but in reality life first becomes earnest then, and we only then begin to gain our experience."

"And until we can reckon the earnestness of life as part of its happiness, we do not know what real happiness is."

Elizabeth nodded assent.

"And until women can see all their household cares and labours, down to the slightest task that devolves upon them, in a poetic light—that is, with the feeling that these little tasks and troubles belong to their vocation, to the blessed vocation of a calm, peaceful, godly housewife—they cannot be sweet to them. The perfect ideal of such a housewife must be ever before them, in kitchen and cellar, and by the work-basket. To form such an ideal, by God's help in themselves, to care for husband and child, is the heart's joy and peace; and dissipations from without, large parties, all the things that many women fancy themselves entitled to after their daily toils, would be only a burden to a lowly, Christ-like soul. Such an one will keep her first love more truly than any other; and

over her, selfishness, *ennui*, or ill-humour will have no power. A woman who is busied in her most trivial duties—by larder, chest, or work-basket—in such a mind, will ever keep her love most firmly and tenderly in her soul. One so devoted to the holy vocation given her by God, will live in the kingdom of heaven in all lowliness and simplicity, and will never be regardless of her love—the sunshine of her household life. Those poor wives who are obliged to live without this sun may have the heavens over them, and see the eternal sun behind the clouds; but they have not the flowers in their life that are so indispensable to a woman's heart, and that only flourish in the sunshine of love.”

Elizabeth listened attentively, but with an uneasy conscience. The portrait of a still, gentle, Christian housewife had no place in her soul. Household labours had pleased her very much occasionally; but she was changeable, and after a busy morning, she had often given a playful account of her many tasks to her husband, and claimed to be especially amused on their account in the afternoon. In fact, she had already suffered from *ennui*, because she had taken the ready advice of other young wives, to afford herself the small expense of a needlewoman, rather than to worry herself with so much sewing. That such work should be looked upon as a vocation given by God, which she should strive to perform in all humility, she had never taken to heart. She had given up the

needlework without the least necessity; *ennui* followed, and the longing for diversion; then she thought—"How will it be at last, when custom will have taken away all the charm from my little house-keeping?" And to this thought was added that other—"Our love will not remain as it is now. Custom is a terrible thing."

"Dear grandmamma," said Elizabeth, softly, "I must be quite different."

The former looked at her beloved child tenderly.

"I know not why I should ever wish to live in the world," continued Elizabeth. "I would gladly be such a housewife, but in my actual life I forget it."

At that moment Herr von Kadden entered. He was equally surprised and delighted to find so welcome a guest. His love for the grandmamma was undisturbed and unchanged. He sat down by Elizabeth, and she said, after a pause—"Do you know, Otto, I have just heard from grandmamma that I am not what I should be?"

He looked at her inquiringly.

"I have often been ill-humoured and dull," she added, sighing.

"Any one may be dull sometimes," said her grandmamma, soothingly. "One is not always fresh and strong; and by the portrait of the ideal housewife I should paint that of the gentle husband, who would have patience with such passing moods or humours. Certainly we must recompense his patience, for which

we shall have opportunities enough. Men cannot endure a cold, for instance," she added, playfully.

"I never suffer from cold," remarked Kadden.

"No, but from headache," added Elizabeth.

"The very ground and conclusion of all good counsel, as I have so often told you before, and shall continue to tell you as long as I am spared to you," said the grandmamma, "is briefly this: If you would ever be pleasant-tempered, and patient, and loving, you must have that peace in your souls which so far transcends all reason. With this peace you must be fully contented; then love will thrive of itself. But if you have it not, you will be blighted by the storm-wind of the world's unquiet, though it rise but with the slightest murmur, such as considerations of society, the necessary favour of people in high position, the fear of acquaintances who think otherwise than ourselves—little embarrassments arising therefrom. And now," she concluded, warmly, "do not take my remarks amiss. I love you both very dearly, and would so gladly guard you from evil."

To spare them all answer she quickly prepared herself for departure, as the horses had already come round.

That same evening the young pair went to Colonel Bonsak's. After the conversation with her gentle grandmamma, Elizabeth entered the brilliantly lighted drawing-room with some degree of trepidation. Besides the usual members of the club, some other

guests were invited to-day, and the company was numerous. Elizabeth was at once taken possession of, as usual, by the younger ladies. Fraulein Amalie Keller, with her clear sharp blue eyes, was always the central point in this circle; for two years she had figured in tableaux, and acted French and German comedies without any result; her heart was still solitary, and at each new introduction she thought impatiently, "will this be he?" Adolfine, on the contrary, amused herself with all, and was conscious of each victory; sometimes her heart seemed to be touched, but, as she was never constant, no one gave heed to this. At the present time she was quite engrossed with a handsome but not very estimable young man; yet neither her parents nor her sisters seemed to trouble themselves about it.

"We must have some company games this evening," said Adolfine; "will you arrange them, dear Frau von Bandow, that one may have some life and spirit in them?"

The lady thus appealed to only answered with a certain expressive smile, with which Adolfine was quite content. They understood each other perfectly. Frau von Bandow was a frivolous, worldly woman, who had already been the unprincipled guide of many young hearts. One would have sought in vain for any love to her husband in her dead, empty soul. She amused herself with various little intrigues, and especially liked to be the confidante and helper in

affairs of the heart. She now arranged the places at the round table. With the greatest composure she seated Adolfine by the young lawyer Maier, the present object of her favour, and came to her other side herself. Adolfine's sisters, Elizabeth, Amalie, another young married pair, her husband, and a few young gentlemen, took their places in a mingled row. Herr von Kadden was asked to play, but begged to be excused, as he was deep in a musical discussion with an old counsellor of justice, an enthusiastic lover of music, on whose account he had not joined the younger party. Elizabeth, who felt particularly lonely and dreary in this society to-day, looked at her husband with many a yearning glance; he seemed to understand her, for he and the old counsellor ever drew nearer. Slips of writing-paper were now dealt out; each one was to write four *final* words; the papers were then folded up, mixed together, and again dealt out; each one was to make a verse in lines concluding with them. This done, the papers were again mingled, and finally read aloud. Elizabeth wrote "peace, bestow, cease, below." She had her own verse to make, but she felt very curious to see how her words would be arranged by another. The verses were made mid much sport and laughter. Stottenheim began to read aloud:—

“ When on some sweet and mild spring day,
The zephyrs with the roses play,
I think on my youth's spring of yore,
Gone to return, alas! no more.”

“Fraulein Keller,” exclaimed Frau von Bandow, maliciously. There was little love lost between the two.

“No; Stottenheim wrote that,” observed one of the gentlemen; “he loves such elegies.”

“The inquiries must never be two close,” exclaimed Stottenheim, hastily securing another:—

“Why should I yearn for tedious peace?
 What can *she* on me bestow?
 Love and joys that never cease,
 Are all I ask for here below.”

“Adolfine,” was the universal exclamation.

“I call that rather strong,” said Frau von Bandow, laughing.

Adolfine glanced boldly and proudly around her.

After a few pleasant little things had been read aloud, and amusingly commented on, Herr von Stottenheim began anew:—

“Ennui! oh, anything but sad ennui;
 Let each one use his gifts as best may be,
 Seize life’s fair pleasures gladly as they fly,
 When all is past and gone, he can but die.”

“Frau von Bandow’s noble views of life,” remarked Amalie, coldly.

“The best one can do, at any rate,” replied Maier.

“If the end were not quite so cheerless,” added one of the other gentlemen.

A large portion of the company, including Amalie

and Adolfine's sisters, agreed with him. The rest declared themselves for Frau von Bandow. Stottenheim sought to mediate, but was evidently on the more reflecting side. All through his conversation with the counsellor, Kadden had heard the whole, and involuntarily had drawn closer to Elizabeth—his conscience was not quite easy, that he had brought her into company where such bold, unprincipled opinions could be expressed without universal condemnation. Stottenheim now read the following:—

“ To him who hath a pure and steadfast heart,
That shrinks not from repentance' bitter smart;
To such a one our earthly life below,
Can hope, and joy, and blessed peace bestow.”

A universal silence followed. Involuntarily Adolfine drew back a little from Maier; and Frau von Bandow, who was just ready with one of her scoffing remarks, refrained for a moment.

“ Who is the pastor among us ? ” demanded Herr von Bandow first.

“ A la bonne heure,” exclaimed Stottenheim; “ this verse is the best of all.”

The young ladies and wives assented, except Adolfine and Frau von Bandow. A few gentlemen began to interpret the words after their own fashion, and a slight discussion arose, the subject being, whether one should take life seriously or joyously. The confusion and bewilderment of ideas that now came to light were

indescribable. One said that rectitude and a good conscience were of course the foundation of happiness; another spoke of virtue and universal love to one's fellows; one commended a serious, the other a sportive mood. Frau von Bandow, with her great gift of eloquence, would not let herself easily be dragged from the field of combat. She considered it the great art of life to take this life as it is, and to adorn it with the fairest colours, avoiding, of course, everything actually wrong.

"You, my dear young lady," she observed, turning to Elizabeth, "will only too soon be surprised by that horror of all horrors, ennui, if you continue thus absorbed in such one-sided gloomy views of life. Moreover, you have your husband upon your conscience, who is totally and entirely changed of late."

"He pleases me exactly," observed Elizabeth.

"That will all change," scoffed Frau von Bandow; he will become fearfully tedious to you, and you to him—you are young and beautiful, you should be gay in your youth."

"That would not please my husband," interrupted Elizabeth, confidently.

"All the better, he would grow somewhat jealous, and nothing could be more entertaining," continued Frau von Bandow, lightly.

"But Kadden might take that very much amiss," observed Stottenheim, smiling.

"That would be capital," exclaimed Adolfine; "he

would have a duel on account of his wife, than which nothing could be more interesting."

"No, no! it need not be so serious," resumed Frau von Bandow, lightly; he can make her jealous in his turn."

"Do not talk so, dear Frau von Bandow!" implored another young married lady, who was listening to the disputants.

"Why should we mutually torment each other?" pleaded Elizabeth, with tolerable courage.

"It is exactly as things come to pass," replied Frau von Bandow; "if the husband begins to dance with other young ladies rather than with his wife, which is of course quite simple and natural, we in our turn prefer other gentlemen to our husbands."

"We either dance together, or not at all," observed Elizabeth.

"Oh! fair, lovely honey-moon vows!" exclaimed Frau von Bandow, with a scornful laugh; "let us speak of this again next winter."

"We will!" said Elizabeth, with trembling voice.

Then her husband leant over her, and gave her his hand gently, yet gravely, as though he would say—"Your beloved husband is here; his truth will be your defence."

This quiet, simple gesture was quite comprehensible to all; even Frau von Bandow looked with some astonishment on the handsome, earnest man, who knew how to estimate her frivolity aright. Suddenly Eliza-

beth felt an inner glow and a mist before her eyes, and she rose from her seat. Amalie, her next neighbour, saw her turn pale, and rose with her.

“I will go with you,” she said; “this is not conversation to be listened to.”

Kadden looked searchingly and tenderly at Elizabeth, and would have followed her; but she lightly motioned him back, and seated herself with Amalie behind the ivied trellice, while the conversation was carried on at the round table.

“You are a terrible godless woman,” began Stottenheim, turning to Frau von Bandow; “how can you so torture your fellow-creatures?”

“An exceedingly tender child,” whispered she.

“The lady is a little nervous,” answered Stottenheim, in a low and quite paternal tone, “but (I am so often at Kadden’s, I know her quite well) she is a most delightful, charming woman.”

“How comes it, then, that this angel longs for a pure heart, and speaks of bitter repentance?” asked Frau von Bandow, scoffingly.

“Because she looks upon life too conscientiously,” replied Stottenheim.

“She reproaches herself for every laugh she enjoys,” continued Frau von Bandow, “though she has really the greatest inclination to it—poor young woman!”

Her hearers, especially Adolfine, joined in her laugh; then some more verses were read in haste, till they were summoned to supper. Elizabeth was soon

strong and well again, but she remained serious the whole evening; she could not help thinking of her grandmamma, and the portrait of a noble Christian wife; and, on the other hand, of Frau von Bandow and Adolfine. Then, too, she compared her husband with the others present. To feel quite sure that he was really her own, she pressed her left hand firmly on her wedding-ring.—“If he should be hasty, and try my patience to the very utmost,” she thought, “and if he should no longer give me the love my heart craves, he is still my own faithful, beloved husband; and I will fulfil my vocation, as a quiet, gentle Christian wife, and live in the kingdom of heaven.”

When they were alone, the evening after the party, Elizabeth could not forget her grandmamma’s conversation, nor Frau von Bandow’s scoffing remarks.

“I never thought,” she said to her husband, “that I could be jealous.”

He looked into her sweet, truthful eyes, and replied, smiling, “I was jealous in the summer of your little sisters.”

“Ah! that was very wrong of me at the time,” answered Elizabeth, thoughtfully; “it is well that you did not make me suffer for it.”

“And how could I have done that?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” she continued; “but it must be possible that one should purposely grieve the other.”

“No, Elizabeth, I could never do that,” he answered, kindly.

“But, if you ever really ceased to love me, and if you saw any one ——” Her voice faltered, she could say no more.

“Can you possibly imagine to yourself, that we can ever love each other less?” he asked.

“I have had strange thoughts,” she continued, “in idle, foolish hours; and although I knew they were untrue, and thought with trembling on the possibility of their being true, I said to myself—‘You love me no more as you did, nor I you; we shall grow quite accustomed to this—it is the way of the world.’ Certainly they were mere childish fancies, but they were very rash ones, and to-day I can scarcely feel composed. Grandmamma would never have allowed such thoughts; she would have looked upon them as sinful.”

“And I would beg you for my sake to lay aside these fancies,” said he, kindly.

“But if you should ever torment me,” said Elizabeth, with much emotion, “and if I should myself say to you, ‘I love you no more,’ and if the whole world should say it to you, believe it not, for it never could be true; I love you so truly from the very depths of my soul, even when I am quite cross to you; and if you really could love me no longer, I have the ring here still—with which God ——” She could say no more for tears, or she would have added—“with which God has given you to me to be my master, and I will henceforth be a lowly wife.—Yes, if God should appoint me the greatest of all sorrows; if my life, as

grandmamma said yesterday, should be without sun and without flowers, the ring is still my ring, and with it I will die."

Her husband soothed her with the most tender and loving words. He knew she had been excited by that foolish company. By chance, the conversation at supper had been something similar to that at the game. The Colonel related the history of the separation of one of his nieces from her husband; the young people had fallen violently in love with each other, had married quite against the will of their parents, and in a short time had longed to be parted.

"When matters have once become so very bad," the Colonel concluded, "remaining together is the ruin of both."

"But if they make another alliance," suggested one of the gentlemen, "a like issue is to be expected."

"My niece married again," replied the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders, "and that last marriage has been scarcely happier than the first; experience is bitter medicine,—she has now yielded to her fate."

To this Kadden replied—"I am still of the opinion that marriage is indissoluble, because such is the command of God; if married people can no longer love each other, they must just bear with one another, because it is God's ordinance, and His will."

Whereupon Stottenheim very pathetically remarkèd, "Two people of such views stand above the fatalities of an unhappy marriage; their conscience would

not permit them mutually to make life insupportable."

Stottenheim was like a blind chicken that has found a grain of corn, but the purpose to which Kadden smilingly put it was not altogether pleasant to him.

"With regard to the happiness of married people, it would be better for all if they had the one-sided, and certainly in some respects unseasonable, views of the so-called pious;—the only question is, whether it would not be better to adopt these views before marriage, and to enter into it with them."

These remarks were so commented upon and distorted, so much was said of noble characters and loftier views, that Kadden was silent; he had no inclination for, or pleasure in, such disputes. He now repeated to Elizabeth, that if a man can no longer heartily love his wife, he must still respect and honour her as such.

With this consolation, and the thought that tomorrow she would look upon her household duties, and all unpleasant tasks, and the headaches and ill humours of her husband, and whatever might depend thereon, in another light, Elizabeth at last became tranquil. The next morning her views of life were again bright and fresh, the spectres of the past evening had disappeared; one thing only was very clear to her,—that she never frequented this society but she brought home more and more unrest in her heart. As the club was at the Bandows' the next time, at Herr von Kadden's own desire they went to the

grandparents; and when it came round to their own turn, the latter were among their guests. It was strange to see these dignified people in this mixed company, yet none were more cheerful and courteous than they; and Elizabeth, to Frau von Bandow's great surprise, was in overflowing spirits. The presence of her grandparents gave her a double protection; and, however strange it may appear, so it was, that, before Elizabeth's exuberant gladness, Adolfine and her companions became silent, and when addressed by the grandmamma, with her usual sweetness, almost embarrassed. From respect to the grandparents, cards were not brought out; but conversation, music, and singing occupied the time so pleasantly, that the hours quite flew; and Stottenheim could not refrain from whispering here and there, "A delightful old pair! and, incomprehensible as it may be with their views, they are always so cheerful and hearty! yes, and so intellectual."

When Frau von Bandow would have ventured on some of her satirical remarks, he said, almost reproachfully, "Nay, my dear madam, we will, if you please, leave the elders alone; their life is to themselves. I know not how, but they have worked out their theories well. I cannot blame those who are much in their society for adopting their opinions, though they are in direct opposition to any reasonable views of life. As I said before, it is a problem I cannot solve; but they are certainly a charming old pair."

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW RICHES AND NEW CONFIDENCE.

ELIZABETH and her husband spent Christmas very happily with their grandparents. January and February were passed in calmness and seclusion ; and in March, when the spring sun shone warmly through the windows, she felt as though she had experienced somewhat of the wonderful—for lo ! a dear little child lay in its cradle near her. She listened thoughtfully to its light breathing and movements under the green veil, and she folded her hands, and thanked God for this undeserved gift. Now she was firmly assured she should never again know the feeling of ennui ; now her vocation was indeed a blessed one. A child alone had been wanting before ; once she could ill endure it, if her husband was busied and engrossed with other things near her, she had then felt so solitary ; now she had a being she could always embrace with the whole warmth of her heart. As she had believed at her betrothal that her love alone was suffi-

cient guarantee for her happiness, she now as confidently imagined the same of the sweet little child. Kadden was happy with his Elizabeth, rejoicing in the joy the infant was to her; for he assured his mother-in-law, who had come to be helpful in the nursing of the little one, that it would not really interest him till it could be set upon his horse; whereupon Elizabeth gave him the consolatory assurance, that if he had learned how to take care of the baby by autumn, she would lift it up to him herself. She passed the summer in unruffled happiness; if her husband was cross, or hasty, or out of temper, which happened of course more frequently than the previous summer, she had always her dear little Friedrich, who was so willing to be pleased with her love and care. She did not now think it worth the trouble to be always seeking for explanations with her husband—things usually came right of themselves; and afterwards Otto was again so loving and kind, that she thought herself the happiest wife in the world. The little whisper in the family had gradually died away. After her longer visit in the spring, Elise was well assured of the happiness of her children, and had openly spoken of it. But she was equally assured that their inner life had made little progress. Both were still hesitating between God and the world; both wavered between the conscientious struggle with their faults, and the leaving them to take their course. Elise had witnessed some scenes that made her anxious

about the continuance of this youthful happiness. How would they struggle against harder temptations, when they found difficulty in withstanding the little trials of headaches, nervous attacks, or changeful humours? However, she clung to the hope that both their souls had higher yearnings, that both had felt the power of the kingdom of God; she trusted that the Lord would hear her prayers, and would give them strength and firmness to leave the perilous world without, and to turn to Him within. The confidence between herself and her child had not been in any way increased by this longer residence with them; Elizabeth had now husband and child; she lived with her mother in perfect simplicity, as she had ever done; and Elise could only mourn to herself that she had neglected to gain her confidence in her childhood. She looked upon Elizabeth's swaying to and fro as the consequence of her own weakness; and often in the evening she mused, and wept alone, and prayed God to send his peace and blessing on the young household below. One object she had attained. Through the opportunity afforded during her stay by several meetings for benevolent purposes, she had succeeded in gaining an introduction for Elizabeth to two very amiable young women—the wife of the faithful preacher, and the wife of the assessor. Both lived entirely withdrawn from the gay world, and the latter especially was a bright, lively young lady, who would exactly suit Elizabeth. The summer, from various

causes, had not been very favourable to their intercourse, which was still in a shy and somewhat tender state; but Elizabeth doubted not but that in the winter she should become very friendly with them, especially as their husbands were by no means ordinary people, and Herr von Kadden would be far better entertained with them than with Stottenheim and his friends.

The autumn was come. Elizabeth was more bright and blooming than ever, and extremely contented. She looked with glad confidence on life and her own happiness; she was proving the truth of her grandfather's remark, in her childhood, "One who can embrace the chairs and tables with such warm love may embrace the world as warmly." She never thought, meanwhile, of turning to the world; she fancied herself safer than ever; she was lovely and guileless, and only longed for something of the wonderful to be always around her. Many things shaped themselves into the wonderful for her: a sunny afternoon, when she played with her infant on the grassy ridges, and her husband rode up to her, and she really lifted the little one up to the arms of his proud and happy father; or a walk in different orchards to try the various sorts of apples and pears, and then to heap up the bright fruits herself for their winter store; or a missionary meeting in the next village, when her heart was so deeply moved by some strange preacher, when she was conscious of yearnings that stretched

out far beyond her earthly happiness, and were more blessed than her love to her husband and her child. It was mysterious to her, that after this quickening and refreshing of the soul, she felt her love for her husband deeper and warmer in her heart; and involuntarily she pressed her marriage-ring with joy as she saw Kadden and her grandpapa, after the sermon, talking to the preacher, and her grandpapa laid his hand on her husband's shoulder, and said so kindly and earnestly to his guest, "When he (the old man) should have left the ranks at these gatherings, this younger soldier of Christ would be ready, by God's help, to take his place." Whereupon her husband answered, "that the sermon had inspired him with courage for the strife."

Beside the missions festival, in the most beautiful part of autumn, came the baptism of Schlosser's infant. Certainly Elizabeth annoyed Emily with her unasked advice about the management of the infant, and was in her turn sorely vexed by Emily, who did not withhold the expression of her fears of Elizabeth's thoughtless nature as a young mother; but the husbands—who maintained the same tender reserve, yet still felt the same liking and interest for each other—made it all right again. Elizabeth, from her very heart, confessed to her husband that she had been too dictatorial and self-confident, and must blame herself for the little scene. Emily was friendly because it was best to be so; but her opinion of Elizabeth was in no wise

changed ; and Schlosser did not enter into the subject to-day, but waited for some better opportunity of beginning it affectionately again. Since the little rumour in the family had ceased, she had cautiously avoided speaking particularly of Elizabeth; if she was mentioned, one could easily read in her decided features—“ I have patience, and can wait quietly ; it will be proved finally that I am right.”

When the beautiful autumn days were over, Elizabeth began to think of other entertainment, not that she confessed, even to herself, that husband and child were not enough. She looked around for some suitable intercourse, and that was no harm. She thought of the pastor, Kurtius, and the assessor, Bornes. Visiting these people would naturally be more pleasant to her and her husband than the tedious, insipid circle at the Bonsaks'. One morning, after church, she spoke of it to Herr von Kadden, and was quite occupied with the idea.

“ We will meet regularly,” she said. “ You gentlemen can read something beautiful aloud to us, as we used to do in Berlin, at the General's ; we will practise together, and sing chorals. We can read missionary information, too,” continued she ; “ and you, dear Otto”—she kissed his hand, and looked at him entreatingly—“ you will permit me to take some share in a missionary society ; you do not know how necessary something of the kind is to me.”

He considered long, gazed lovingly into her clear

eyes, but answered, with a sigh, "Think, Elizabeth, if I draw back entirely from my acquaintances—if I start a club with other friends—whether I can continue to live here. If I were not a soldier! or if I had but any thoughtful friends among my comrades! I do not see how I can entirely ignore the obligations that devolve upon me as a junior officer."

Elizabeth was thoughtful in her turn. Her husband was right, and she knew not how to answer him. The Bonsaks entirely depended on their again joining the club, especially as this winter it would be in some respects different. Frau von Bandow had encouraged Adolfine's flirtation in the most unprincipled way, till it had become the gossip of the town, and Kadden had imparted it to the Colonel. This caused an open rupture; the Bandows and the lawyer Maier were alike banished from their society; and Adolfine was so far subdued by this humiliation that she seemed as though she really desired to become more steady. The Bonsaks openly testified their gratitude to Herr von Kadden, and expressed the strongest desire for an intimacy with the estimable and charming Elizabeth for their daughters. How could she now be so wanting in consideration as to draw back from this friendship? What would Stottenheim and their other friends say? No! some other plan must be thought of. Elizabeth had heard only too much of consideration in her parents' house; of society entered into from this or that consideration,—society which was carried

on at the same time with the very different intimate intercourse they secretly liked. How ill her mother had endured this undecided way of life in her secret soul, Elizabeth did not even suspect. The sting that ever tormented Elise, which, from the example and constant warnings of her own mother, sank more and more deeply into her soul, was unfelt by Elizabeth; and she now made the proposal that they should follow the example of her parents; that they should continue their old intercourse with her husband's comrades and their former acquaintances; and for their true recreation, should look to their friendship with the other circle. Her husband was agreed, and he was quite of the opinion which she thus confidently expressed.

“The society of your friends cannot hurt us, we both stand so completely above their tedious, frivolous ways. We join them from conscientious motives, and as time goes on we may perhaps succeed in drawing very much back from them.”

Exactly so she had often heard her mother speak. She thought, like her mother, that there were other views besides those of the grandparents and the Rangers—views necessitated by the difference between a town and country life. Country people could not possibly have a right judgment on this subject. They could not alter the circumstances in Braunschauen, therefore it was right and natural they should follow the example of their parents. But Elizabeth

did not take into consideration that her father was calm in temperament, and very slightly moved by the exterior world—in every respect so unlike her husband, who, from his mercurial and impressible nature, must unavoidably suffer from the unpleasantnesses and embarrassments this double intercourse would cause. Her mother, too, from her clear understanding, and her peculiarly cool, critical temper, could stand more firmly than she, with her lively, impassioned nature. However, it was tranquilly decided that they would continue in the old club, and at the same time carry on a more intimate intercourse with that other pleasanter circle. With regard to the missionary society, Herr von Kadden entreated Elizabeth to wait a little. His comrades had better be first accustomed to their intercourse with their new friends. Herr von Stottenheim, that good-natured, impartial man, must be convinced that these new friends, despite their serious tendencies, were amiable and attractive. Then they might go on farther, and take some open share in the missionary cause.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE JUDICIOUS GRANDMAMMA.

ONE lovely day Elizabeth went on foot with her baby to visit her grandparents at Woltheim. They started early, while it was yet cool, as they had so often done in summer—the man-servant drawing the child's little carriage as far as the fir-tree hill, where he resigned it to the nurse for the remainder of the way, which, by taking the nearest footpath, was accomplished in about an hour. Her husband usually came at noon on horseback, and they remained together till evening.

When she was cosily seated with her grandparents, she imparted to them in confidence her prudent resolutions about their society in the approaching winter, naming her parents as an authority, and suggesting that her grandparents could not possibly judge, as they resided in the country. Her grandpapa did not suffer his wife to be very anxious, or to enter much on the subject; but, prophesying to the young pair

little joy and much disquiet with their double circle he broke off the conversation somewhat abruptly. For the rest, he was kind and affectionate as ever.

On this occasion Elizabeth again opened her whole heart to her beloved grandparents. She was now happier than ever, fresh and cheerful herself as were her views of life, while she looked into the future with confidence. This resulted from her having so much more experience. She was not quite so sensitive and *exigeante* as during the period of her betrothal, and while she was a very young wife, when every little untoward word she had exchanged with her husband had so discomposed her. Her grandmamma gravely reminded her of their conversation about the power which little things exercise on the soul. She must be on her guard, lest her bridal love should become a honey-moon love.

“But, grandmamma,” began Elizabeth, thoughtfully, “however desirous I might be to keep that, I do not believe men understand it. All those little things that make us so happy are of no import in their eyes, save to a bridegroom. After marriage their vocation comes into the foreground. That is quite natural, and I should be very foolish if I took it amiss in Otto. I know that he loves me, even if he has not time for half a day to trouble himself about me.”

“But would it have distressed you at the beginning?” asked her grandpapa, with shrewd face.

“Yes, certainly,” answered she. “Then, if he

was very busy in his room, he came backwards and forwards to me, and I went to him."

"And why have you left off doing it?" inquired her grandfather.

"It came to pass of itself," replied Elizabeth. "If Otto had much to do, he forgot to come."

"And then did you go to him?"

"Oh, no," she replied, smiling. "I must confess it vexed me very much when he did not come, and I always wished to see how long he could keep away."

"And who could hold out the longest?" interrupted her grandpapa, playfully.

"I went to him sometimes."

"And scolded?"

"I have got over it now, and can myself joke about it," answered Elizabeth; "but it cost me many a heartache to feel that we were gradually becoming estranged. But you understand me, dear grandparents," she added, anxious to reassure them. "I have only been speaking of little outward things."

"Now I see what a judicious wife your grandmamma is," said her grandfather. "If you knew how she acted."

Elizabeth looked at him inquiringly.

"Elizabeth, you would not believe how much can be taught to us men," he continued. "In such a case, your grandmamma would affectionately have represented to me that I should not be happy if I did not come to see her at intervals in my labour; or if I did

not greet her, or bid her adieu at these little separations, she would have told me that she did not feel so happy."

"She did not do that from design," corrected the grandmamma, "but because she could not help it."

"Very good," continued he; "but at any rate it did not cost her much trouble to let me know of her little unhappiness; for, believe me, Elizabeth, however magnanimous, and lofty, and independent men may appear, they like nothing better than to know of such tender feelings, and they accede to these loving wishes so gladly."

"Grandpapa," said Elizabeth, thoughtfully, "why do they do it all of themselves as bridegrooms? Why does it then seem to be a part of their happiness?"

"Because it is so ordered of God," replied her grandpapa. "The heart of a bridegroom knows it naturally, and the woman is given him to be with him, that he may not unlearn it. She must make him always watchful over his own happiness, and if he should fall into the reverse—for, Elizabeth, man is weak, and often does exactly the thing he would not do—a wife must not quarrel and dispute with him; no, like your grandmamma, she must have the deepest sympathy for the poor man at her side, and care more for his unhappiness than for her own wrongs. Your dear grandmamma had, moreover, a very good way with regard to these little attentions; and you know, Elizabeth, in all affairs of the heart how weighty these

little things are. Our whole life is made up of little things,—the great and the lofty spring from them;—and therefore every human being must look upon the little things in a true and conscientious light; remember, a love that is for life must be tenderly treated in these little things, if it is to remain a bride-love wholly and entirely. From this consideration, probably, your grandmamma was ever courteous and attentive.”

“No, no!” interrupted she again; “she had no especial meaning; she did it because she could not help it, and because thus it pleased her best.”

“Good,” he continued; “she did not then act from design, and I formerly had no particular reflections on the subject; the result, however, was simple—I, who was naturally polite and courteous, could not be behind-hand; and thus a generous strife arose between us, that settled down into the most endearing habit. I must confess that I am at times a little startled to find grandmamma somewhat in advance of me; her courtesies are ever finer and more delicate—a common understanding would scarcely perceive it—it demands a peculiar intelligence. It would not become me to be behind in any of these little matters, or your judicious grandmamma would entirely carry away the palm.”

The grandmamma smiled, she felt very happy, and her husband continued—

“She made me feel, too, that I was nowhere happier

than in her society—she managed that with her own peculiar tact. She assured me that she was happiest at home working for me, and afterwards for the children. Her greatest delight was, when I provided for her entertainment in our leisure hours. She desired no other society than the few intimate friends around us, whom we had like all other people. When she assured me of that (to my heart's joy, I confess, for who will not rejoice to hear that he is the most delightful of all companions, though one may not allow it to be perceived?), it was my duty, of course, to express the same to your clever grandmamma; and again a generous strife arose between us, that settled down into the most endearing habit, till the circle of children came and made our entertainment perfect."

"We, too, like to be alone," observed Elizabeth, seriously; "I am never happier than when I am working in the evening, and Otto is reading to me."

"And I really think the club is unnecessary," suggested her grandmamma. "You read together, you play the piano together."

"No, grandmamma," interrupted Elizabeth, laughingly; "we were obliged to give up the practising together, we quarrelled over it so very readily; you know how prudently we gave up the English reading."

"Quarrelled?" inquired her grandpapa; "but how?"

"If we are playing a duet, and get out of time, Otto will never own he is wrong, however certain I

may be of it. I play so much better than he does, he ought to rely on my judgment."

"Oh! Elizabeth," said her grandpapa, sportively, "I see more clearly than ever what a judicious grandmamma you have. We used to play together formerly; if we came to a luckless stand-still, she would say, 'Dear Fritz, I must have been wrong here;' or, 'we must play more slowly here, you have an extremely difficult passage.' She never made me feel that I played the worst of the two. I answered, then, that I was probably the one in fault. Because she ever anticipated me with the acknowledgment of error, I grew almost perplexed; and when I was really right, half suspected she granted it from courtesy. At last the clever grandmamma attained to this—once for all I allowed her to be right."

Elizabeth listened to her grandpapa's sportive remarks with a smiling face, but they fell rather heavily on her conscience. She could think of nothing in reply; and when her grandmamma reminded her that in the winter she could again resume her drawing, which she had liked so much as a young girl, she nodded, gave the subject another direction, and remarked, "Grandmamma, you never drew?"

"Never drew!" repeated her grandpapa; "she was a downright artiste, and had the most grateful public in the world. She not only did it for mere pleasure, she used it as a plastic art in the nursery. There was a certain picture which enchanted the nursery every

winter, and, through the tradition of one young artist to another, gained an historic and artistic worth. I see it still vividly before me.—On the left was a round hill, with two round bushes upon it; on the right, a house with two large chimneys, that smoked gloriously; on either side stood a slim poplar. Upon a beautiful straight path before the house-door stood a person with a round hat and a long coat, who had an old goose and a multitude of little goslings before her. The most beautiful thing in the picture was the round sun above the mountain, with its many beams. First, grandmamma drew the picture entirely; then the sun was left for her pupil to put in, which he soon learnt to sketch correctly with all its rays, long and short; in due time he attempted the fine curling smoke. Thus he went on by degrees; the poplars were not difficult, if he once safely got through the peril of making the many twigs go down the mountain instead of up it. Grandmamma corrected the little errors, and pronounced the unfortunate poplar to be a Christmas-tree. By the spring it could be decided if the pupil had any talent, if he could draw the picture as far as the goose-maiden, and at the same time teach his little brothers and sisters, and entrust to them the sun and smoke in his own sketch. Then, to keep her little artists busied as long as possible, the sly mamma advised them to make a great many windows in the house—usually it was profusely covered with windows of all sizes. A large flock of geese completed it; and

the little things tumbled so naturally over each other, it was quite a pleasure to look at them."

Elizabeth was much amused with her grandpapa's relation; and when he maintained that no woman could use her artistic talent more beautifully and profitably than her grandmamma, she was quite of his opinion, and would have drawn such a picture at once for her dear little Friedrich, if he had not been as yet "too stupid." She had already looked several times at her watch—her husband must soon arrive, for it was nearly twelve—she took her bonnet and went into the garden. After her grandpapa's conversation, she had a strange feeling that she must go and meet him, not from any prudent design, but because, like her grandmamma of yore, she could not help it. She had often not done it on such occasions, thinking to herself he will not much care to see me a quarter of an hour earlier, and I can wait patiently, it is so very hot towards noon, and we are always together. She now went through the garden, and under the light shadows in the cherry-tree avenue. The September sun lay warm and still upon the country. She looked yearning into the blue heavens, whose boundless peaceful canopy was spread over her; she longed for a bride-love in her heart, yet scarcely ventured to think she had it. Ere long she perceived the rider; but scarcely had he recognised her, than, like a bridegroom, he galloped towards her, then reined in, sprang from his horse, and greeted her joyously.

“How delighted I am you are come to meet me!”

Elizabeth's heart and conscience were smitten; she could not withhold her tears. For the first time the thought came to her—“It is incomprehensible that he should love me, for I do not deserve it.”

These tears were mysterious to him, and his look was full of inquiry and sympathy. She confessed she had been afraid that he would not rejoice at her coming to meet him; she felt unworthy that he should. This confession moved his heart to the most loving assurances; and both declared that, come what might, nothing should make them believe they did not love each other. That day was to both one of no ordinary happiness; they sat calmly and peacefully with the grandparents before the garden hall; their little darling played upon a mat near them with the coloured autumn leaves; and when it was time for the child to go, Herr von Kadden and his family, accompanied some distance by the grandparents, went home on foot. On the same evening, when Elizabeth was sitting alone with her husband, the society question was again debated; and the same resolutions were made again, more firmly than ever. Elizabeth's whole heart was filled with good purposes; she felt that she had neglected much in her young life; she would now become as amiable as her grandmamma, retrieve the past, and begin a new life; she was very thankful it was not too late. Though she did not speak this all out in words, her mood was so earnest and tender that

she called up a like one in the soul of her husband. Both felt themselves elevated above the poor world around them. With such good resolutions in their souls, there could be no peril for them; and they looked forward to the coming winter with peace and trust.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGH JOY OR SORROW ONLY TO GOD.

THE autumn and winter were passed, and through the power of this daily life, very swiftly. Like the links of a chain, one day, with its little or great occupations, was added on to another; and, without exactly remarking or willing it, the young pair, despite their good purposes, were becoming ever more firmly bound to the world. "My mother was right in this respect," thought Elizabeth, frequently; "this town-life (though it cannot really hurt us, for it has no hold upon us, we stand so entirely above it,) presses very heavily on the life of our souls; we cannot live as we would." In the autumn she had felt the strongest desire to lead a new life, and to be at least as amiable as her grandmamma; now, alas! she was too often with people who looked at life in a totally different light; she could not possibly withdraw from them, nor allow the inner life of her heart and soul to be perceived. On the contrary, she gradually accustomed

herself to act a part: she was in overflowing spirits, and rallied her husband; and, under this raillery, seriousness and sport were alike concealed. That he took the same tone, and teased her again, gave her frequent heartache; still they did not alter, and the next pleasure removed all traces of such feelings. Moreover, she was fresh and joyous, and readily tranquilized with the representation that nothing was wanting to her happiness; she must not be too sensitive. Amid all her varying moods, the utter failure of the double intercourse gave her the most unpleasant feelings. The intimacy was very pleasantly begun; they passed many delightful hours with these earnest, intelligent people; and Elizabeth had specially won the affection of Frau Bornes. But very gradually, and at first almost imperceptibly, with the same delicacy with which they began the intercourse, these new friends drew back. Elizabeth was much too innocent and open to have concealed her opinions of a worldly life; and the more (in order to excuse her own way of living) she described the worldly circle in which she passed so much time, in perfect confidence and gaiety, as unspeakably tiresome, though not dangerous, the more they recoiled from the opinions of this serious friend; and at length they altogether withdrew. It was very humiliating to Elizabeth to pass them with a distant greeting, instead of the hearty shake of the hand with which they had formerly met her. She said nothing of these unpleasant feelings to Herr von

Kadden, and tried to banish them as much as possible from her own mind; she was only too glad that her husband did not complain of these Christian people, who, according to her secret opinion, were hard, one-sided, and utterly wanting in consideration.

Herr von Kadden had experienced somewhat similar sensations; but he was too upright and clear-sighted to blame people who wished to know nothing of the world for withdrawing from those who certainly were living in the world, though they were not of its spirit. After gay, late parties, where Elizabeth had danced (always most gladly with him, but with other gentlemen too), if she was weary on the following morning, and not in a very good humour, complaining perhaps of this uncongenial life, the voice of his conscience said to him, "Art thou a good guide, and lord, and guardian to her? Does she find in the circle where thou leadest her, pure, healthy air, or pestilent vapour, that will blight the lovely, childlike life of her soul? Has she not already become other than she was formerly, when thou didst first win her, and she was entrusted to thee with confidence by the whole family?" Then he sighed, pressed his hand on his brow, and thought, "Yes, it shall be otherwise; for I would guard her as my heart's best treasure." But it was not otherwise. The power of custom and this daily life overcomes all good purposes, especially if there is a chain to be suddenly snapt in twain.

The young pair had not had much intercourse with

Woltheim this winter ; the grandpapa had a long, though not a dangerous, attack of influenza ; he needed rest, and the grandmamma bestowed all her cares and love on him unshared. Shortly after, Charlotte was taken ill ; the doctor pronounced it also to be influenza, but it soon assumed a nervous, if not a dangerous, character. One day, at the end of February, the gray horses appeared quite unexpectedly at Braunhausen, much to Elizabeth's delight ; she thought it was once more her grandmamma ; but old Friedrich did not long withhold his verbal message—"The young gentleman and lady must come quickly ; Charlotte was dying, and she had a great desire to see them once more." Elizabeth put away the dress that she was trimming for the evening almost with terror ; instead of sport and dance, she must go to a deathbed. She sat by her husband in the carriage in silence ; both were thoughtful and dejected, in expectation of the scene that lay before them ; neither had ever seen a human being die ; and that religion that reaches not beyond health and prosperity feels ill at ease by a deathbed. The grandmother led her children at once to Charlotte ; she lay peaceful and still. With the simple and confiding faith of a child, she saw heaven before her, and waited for the Lord to lead her dreaming through the valley of death. She gave her hand to Kadden and Elizabeth, held both theirs clasped firmly in her own for a moment, and whispered, "We shall meet again." She had already

taken leave of the others, in all humility and gratitude. The grandfather was reading a hymn for the dying, while Uncle Karl pressed his sorrowful face against the window-pane, when the physician announced her approaching end. A sudden palpitation made her breathing more and more irregular, till almost imperceptibly it ceased. All present were around her bed; so peaceful and blessed a scene was unspeakably touching. "Is this death?" was the question that went through their souls; and with it a heart-sick yearning for peace and home. Elizabeth stood by her husband in great agitation; he too was much moved; again he felt a breath from the wonder-world above him—a breath from the kingdom of God, in which such a death is possible. The grandmamma folded Charlotte's palms together, and said softly, "One could wish to rest as happily;" and the grandfather added, "By God's help, and through His grace, we shall all one day rest as happily, and exchange this world for an altogether glorious one." He embraced his wife, his brother, and his beloved children; they then left the chamber of death; and Elizabeth and her husband shortly after returned home.

On the following morning she lay on the sofa, and wept she scarcely knew wherefore; so long did she weep that, fairly exhausted and weary, she at last fell asleep. The good old nurse thought her gracious young lady loved Charlotte very dearly, and was sorrowing for her death; therefore she kept little Friedrich

back in the nursery, that he might not disturb his mamma, who as yet had not even asked for him.

When Herr von Kadden entered the room at noon, Elizabeth first awoke. He had left her weeping in the morning, and he now sat down by her full of sympathy; but he had not been near her many moments when, after an ineffectual struggle to keep it down, she burst into a flood of tears.

“Tell me, dearest Elizabeth, why you are weeping,” said he, affectionately; “Charlotte’s death cannot grieve you so deeply.”

She shook her head.

“You have never seen any one die before,” he continued; “has that moved you so much?”

She only nodded.

“Her death was so beautiful,” he urged.

Elizabeth wept more bitterly, but at last she said, “I feel as though I should never so die; my soul is empty and dreary; it seems as though I had no heart within me, but a something heavy and foreboding, that fills me with terror.”

He comforted her tenderly, and told her she was excited, because they had been so unquiet the last few days.

“I had a dream in the night,” began Elizabeth, somewhat more tranquilly; “it was nothing particular, and yet it haunts me. I was standing upon a lofty rock, and underneath me was a fathomless abyss, gray as a sea of clouds. I heard a voice—‘Spring down,

it is eternity.' I awoke with a start of terror. In that short dream, and from that one image, I have felt and experienced more than I can describe. It seems to me as though I had passed my whole life in dreams, and my future lies gray, and dreary, and immutable before me. 'Spring down,' said the voice, and I felt—thus eternity stands really before me; I *must* spring down, there is no escape; that which I had never before clearly imagined—the step from life to death—is there."

"You must be glad that it was only a dream," said he, kindly.

"But, Otto," replied Elizabeth, very earnestly, "that moment will and must come, and I shall then be as cheerless as now."

He had thrown his arm round her, and was looking gravely before him. Could he say nothing consoling to her? Of his good—conscience—heaven? of the consciousness of his well-doing? That heaven had long been disturbed, and before the fearful mystery of death its last support gave way. Our souls will live on, that is certain, though this may be as incomprehensible to the reason as the origin of the soul. We have been called into being, and blessings are showered upon us without any desert of our own. We feel that we are surrounded by an invisible grace, and love, and wisdom, and power; this unseen grace and love, this (to reason) all incomprehensible power alone can permit us to live on, and in a heaven of free

grace. How can any one be so foolish as to imagine that he can earn this heaven by his own merits? This question had often touched Kadden's soul. But into this heaven, which is the gift of grace, only a firm faith can look and long; and faith is not gained either through our own deserts. Does, then, this invisible love which encompasses us, which the most acute worldly reason cannot disown, though it may find it utterly incomprehensible; does this grace leave us without comfort or solution of the great problem that fills our souls with awe and terror? No! this love points out to us the simplest and safest way to faith and heaven, and would itself fill our souls with transport and bliss, rather than with fear and alarm. It is incomprehensible that every human soul does not follow with joy and thankfulness this call to happiness; or rather, it is conceivable only because behind that dread mystery of death not only a loving, compassionate Father, and a heaven, the gift of grace, are veiled, but the fearful contrast—the devil and the kingdom of hell. And here both powers strive for our souls: the power of grace and of sin, of heaven and of hell. Can, then, the reason not banish these presentiments of heaven, that ever and anon so powerfully stir the soul, and bring it nigh to God's kingdom? Can it not drive away the terror of death, and of what may come after, or the influence of that mysterious power that fills the soul with shuddering? Ah! no, it cannot; yet in his pride, man will not believe? The

faith that brings happiness to the soul, reduces reason and the old man within him to nothing; and therefore he would rather do his best in his own strength to fight the evil one in the struggle for his soul. He would do his best, though his pride will scarce let him believe in a power of evil;—he must, forsooth, be himself almighty. All he will acknowledge from the constant spectacle of crime ever going on in the world is, that there is something in sin which urges a man on from one step to another; but a devil tempting the souls of the uneducated and neglected to open crimes, and the educated to sins of a more refined and subtle nature, that is a thing he cannot believe, or rather it does not suit him to believe it. So true is it that one thing or the other we must be; we cannot serve God and the world at the same time. The only escape from this truth, whereby the unbelieving can lead their weak brethren astray, or rather confirm one another in their errors, is to represent the service of the world as innocent, or even as the service of God. But such an excuse will avail no one: The commands of God are too plain and clear; His word never leaves us doubtful, even in trifles, of what we ought to do or leave undone; and, to speak plainly, the unreadiness to fulfil these commands, the inclination men show to interpret them according to their own fancy and convenience, ought to make even right-dealing and honest men of the world carefully ponder to which of the two kingdoms they really be-

long. Herr von Kadden sat by his wife deep in thought; all these reflections had frequently come to him during the last year, and many of them were living in his soul.

In the sincere desire to understand those mysterious forebodings of heaven that had so touched his inner being, he had turned to the friends who stood nearest to the mysterious, wonderful kingdom of God above him. He had followed the yearnings of his soul in all humility; he received instruction gladly, and craved to know more of faith. In all stillness, and without even those who were nearest to him having remarked it, knowledge had grown in his soul. He saw distinctly the kingdom of God and salvation, or the world and endless misery, before him; the longing for the peace that transcends reason, the anticipations of which had already given him the happiest moments in his life, had gained a decided power in him; but that new birth, without which the kingdom of God is closed to us all, had not yet taken place in him. He still belonged to these excellent, upright people of the world who would gladly be saved, but cannot take God's commands literally, and seek to adapt them to their ideas of culture and the circumstances of their times. The command, openly and plainly, to break off all friendship with the world, and to declare decided hostility to it, with a determination to know only Christ Jesus, seemed to him impracticable. If the words of the Lord, "Whosoever

shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven ; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven," sometimes rose up in warning before his soul ; if they were too simple, and plain, and true to be misunderstood, he sought to escape them by interpreting them in his own fashion ; he would " confess" and " live in the world" also. He had made the good resolution in the autumn to live in the world as its enemy. The conceptions of " the world " are so different, he thought ; the world, as he had known it, was not evil ; in so trivial, and poor, and pitiful a form, it could never injure him—never make him falter in his belief—never make him poorer in knowledge ; he had long felt himself above it ; and now it was his firm resolution never to deny his opinions. He made a sufficient confession of his views when he went every Sunday with his wife to hear the faithful minister, whose sermons he afterwards defended from the attacks of his younger comrades ; furthermore, he was in frequent intercourse with pious people. He had attempted this winter to live in the world as its enemy, but with mournful consequences. If he had done so up to a late period quite harmlessly as a friend, it had not been difficult ; he knew no better. Certainly, the present had never contented him ; he had ever looked on with impatience and expectation to the future, as though it had some great treasure in store for him ; it drove him

from one dissipation to another; and if he felt his soul ever more and more empty, he only looked forward with still greater eagerness and longing. In times of confidential intercourse, Stottenheim had often said to him, in the most fatherly way, "My dear fellow, live in the present, and enjoy your youth; believe me, nothing better is coming. That longing and expectation is the very happiness of youth; and the disappointment that there is nothing more to come is the very pain of old age. I assure you, I have looked into the future as impatiently as yourself, until I was gradually convinced that there is nothing behind, and until I was reasonable enough to be resigned, and feel happy again." Kadden had never been able to content himself with this reasonable resignation. The society and pleasures that were offered him had never really satisfied him. The most trivial things had disturbed him: whether he had conversed indifferently or well in company; whether the lady of the house had treated him with sufficient respect; whether he had met with proper courtesy from this one or the other; whether he had been thought agreeable. So it was in his intercourse with his superior officers and comrades: he was tenacious and hasty; he had often something to resent or make straight. If he threw himself into the world's pleasures with the freshness and guilelessness of youth, he felt as though he were in a stormy sea, now rising with the waves, now sinking as deeply. No! the present

was not fair ; the future must bring something better. A heaven was opened to him at his marriage. Elizabeth's love, her life of faith, her hopes of heaven, had moved his soul to strange happiness. The confidence that the longings of his youth would have some blessed, some sure and certain fulfilment—the confidence that he was not merely to seek for a reasonable resignation, but that he might ever look to the future with greater hope and happiness ; that he would ever receive more, not from the miserable, empty world, but from the mysterious love above him—had taken root in his soul, and was nourished continually by his intercourse with the children of God, from whose influence he could not withdraw. As the old Herr von Budmar had formerly said to him, “ Our affection will disquiet you ; our prayers will oppress you.” With these reflections—with this knowledge in his soul—could he live unconsciously in the world as formerly ? He would fain live in conformity to those aspirations for heaven, and God's commands stood ever warning before him. God's commands are easily mistaken by the world or the evil will, but an upright heart can never long be in doubt ; it can at the utmost make some one unlucky trial. To take the Word of God other than literally, to strive to make it bend to circumstances and worldly considerations, and yet to expect peace, is a most foolish hope, and can bring nought but sorrow and unrest to the soul. This unrest, this thorn in the conscience, Kadden had

lately felt more and more deeply; and the more he resisted the means of grace his present life offered him, the more weary did he become, the more helpless for any effort to set himself free. In this mood, he understood Elizabeth's tears only too well; each tear fell upon his conscience. Had he not himself brought her to this misery?

"Dearest Otto," said she, after a long silence, looking imploringly at him with her exquisitely lovely eyes, "will you not comfort me?"

"I cannot comfort you," answered he, sighing; "you must go where you have ever sought consolation."

She shook her head.

"Elizabeth, speak," said he, earnestly.

"I would I could tell you all," was her answer.

"You must tell me all," he urged, still more earnestly; and she complained to him of her soul's need—how she had at first felt it but slightly, and lately had been ever more and more distressed. It was the true picture of his own state—a worldly life, with the yearning for peace and everlasting happiness, and the sting of conscience; only that Elizabeth's faith was more loving, her yearning and love to God warmer, and the cause of, and her own share in her soul's distress were less plain to her. She had always comforted herself with the thought that her husband's position would not allow them to live otherwise; and if she felt dissatisfied and ill at ease, she set before her-

self the example of her mother, who had so often complained of the pressure of a town life. "But my mother had more firmness and less vanity; the world had less hold on her," she thought, with sorrow, and much bitter self-reproach; for she felt herself entangled in a net of countless little meshes, that choked up the life of her soul. She was weak and weary, and had neither desire nor power for prayer; and if there was a deep yearning in her heart to come to God, she was timid, and ventured not to say, "Lord, I love Thee! Lord, I love Thee!" Ah! it was very clear to her that she was no longer true to Him. This had never been so clear to her as to-day, and she had never felt so anxious.

"If I were to die now, how terrible it would be!" she sighed. "Oh, dearest Otto! you do not know how unhappy I am," she added, a moment after, looking at him imploringly, as though he could help her.

"I believe it—I know it must be so;" and after a pause, he added, mournfully, "I, too, am very unhappy."

Then she suddenly arose, and glanced at him inquiringly. "Are you, too, unhappy?"

He did not look at her. It seemed as though he had not heard her question. She was so astonished, she could scarcely collect her thoughts. Instead of making excuses for her evil conscience, and comforting her, as a man of integrity and honour, by telling her she had done nothing wrong—that life could not

be otherwise—that she must accustom herself to such passing moods (the old man had raised this hope in her), he had merely acknowledged his own misery, and had no comfort to give her. Suddenly, it was clear to her that this *must* be; and she would far rather be unhappy herself than know that he was so—the husband that she so tenderly loved.

“Dear Otto,” said she, affectionately, laying her hand upon his forehead, “I love you so tenderly, I cannot bear to see you sad.”

He covered his eyes with his hands, and said gently, “And yet your love can comfort me as little as mine can help you.”

Elizabeth was still more startled at these words, but she had no reply. The love that was to have made them so secure and happy could help them nought. The husband, in whose guardianship and protection she was to feel sheltered alike in joy or sorrow, confessed it himself; and he was right—she felt it plainly. This love had never aided her in the slightest distress of her soul. God alone had been her helper then. So long as her weak and foolish heart had cherished the hope her husband would argue against her soul’s distress; so long as she tried to comfort herself with his love, and sought for excuses and diversions, her soul was very anxious, because in its depths she found no help: evasion was not consolation. From the very moment when there was no shadow of a doubt either of her sin or helpless-

ness, she looked up yearning to God. Through her sympathy with her husband's sorrow, her own faith again sprung up, strong and living.

"Then we must both pray to God," she observed.

"He who can really pray is already helped," replied he.

"If we cannot pray," she pleaded, "at least we can say, 'Out of the deep do I call unto Thee, O Lord;' and 'If Thou, Lord, will be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?' You can say that, too, out of a full heart," she added, faltering, yet in the most touchingly tender tone.

His eyes were dim, his lips trembled, he hastily took her hand, kissed her, and said, with much emotion, "Yes, dear Elizabeth, I too can say that."

"Then the Lord will hear us," replied she, joyfully.

"We must hearken to Him if we would have Him hear us," said he, again.

"We will," she exclaimed.

He smiled sadly. Was he thinking of his good resolutions? After the sad experiences of the winter, was he become much more capable of guiding her? No! Through the fear of being laughed at or misunderstood, from trivial considerations or dread of embarrassments, he was still more powerless than in the autumn, though his yearning and desire to escape from this dissatisfaction and unrest was stronger than ever. "Yes, Elizabeth," said he, suddenly, "we must

pray to God to help us; we are weak without Him; without Him I cannot protect you."

He embraced her fervently, looked into her eyes, and read therein a hope and happiness full of trembling. "We may be consoled, because we rely upon the Lord," he continued. "Charlotte's death is already a help. Now we can draw back from the world, and live for each other. That will give us repose, and God will help us farther through joy or sorrow. We will be content with all."

Elizabeth had folded her hands. "Through joy or sorrow," said her heart, in entire faith. Strange it was, that after this expression of humility he seemed to her loftier and more manly, and she looked up to him with still greater confidence. Yes, there is nothing more beautiful, nothing that more wins trust, than to see a highly gifted and proud man bow in humility before One greater and loftier than himself. Again Elizabeth felt a tender bride-love in her heart. "But was it not now too late to love like her wise grandmamma? Her husband was certainly very kind and good to her, but were they not both much changed for the worse? How was it with the love that was to have been so all-powerful? It helped them no more. To bring to God whatever impeded her love had become at last so strange to her, that she had given it up altogether. If she was out of tune, she continued so till some diversion or pleasure made her merry again. She did exactly as other women do,

only she had known something better. The earnest longing for a bride-love, and the beautiful vocation of a quiet housewife, continually arose within her. What was become of her love, and how did her life conform to the ideal of a gentle, religious housewife, happy in her calm vocation? She was startled at herself. But did not this image awaken her yearning and desire anew? Her husband had been called away from her. All was now made up and right between them. She hastened to her chamber, fastened her door, bowed her knees, and, after her long silence, once more opened her heart to God. She came not with good resolutions; she asked not to be happy through her love: she only desired to lie at His feet, to look up to Him, as she had done at the time of her confirmation; she would think nothing, will nothing; she would only love Him, and depend on His grace and compassion. Had she now less reliance than formerly? Ah! no; but she had a laden conscience to bring Him, and bitter tears. If He had now more sin to forgive, must she not look up to Him and trust to His tender compassion with greater love and fervour? But would the Lord work a wonder in her—would He restore this waning love to a bride-love—would he change a discontented, dissipated woman, to a calm, happy wife? Is it possible that all these neglected, faded, withered joys can revive again? The dread of a life without the sun of love, without the flowers that thrive only in its warmth, lay long and

darkly and heavily on her soul. If at times a bright gleam fell on her life, on the whole it was dull and monotonous. Her husband was pleasant and kind to everybody, and so he was to her; but he was irritable and hasty, and if she was vexed and angry, it rarely made much impression on him; he sought some diversion, she did the same, and mid the avocations of daily life the little strife was healed. These reflections were both mournful and humiliating to Elizabeth, when she compared her actual life with her ideal, and with that of her grandparents. Oh! that the last few years were only an idle dream, and that she could again stand as on her bridal morning! One thing now she asked of God with the bitterest tears, "That if she must live without sun, or flowers, or bride-love, He would not turn away from her, that her heart might never be utterly waste and empty; that He would comfort her in all sorrow." Yes! in all sorrow! A light, superficial, and unsatisfactory life is endurable in good fortune—the world with its dissipations is ready to help; but if the Lord speaks the word of power, and takes all the life and enjoyment away from these dissipations, where is the help then?

CHAPTER XXV.

THROUGH SORROW.

ANOTHER year is past. It is a lovely spring day. Elizabeth is standing at the nursery window, now gazing thoughtfully into the clear blue sky, now looking down on the court, where her little Friedrich is sporting joyously in the soft spring air; and the treasured little girl, whom God gave her the November before, is being carried to and fro in the warm sunshine. She presses her pale cheek against the window. Has the Lord brought a wonder to pass for her? Is she happier than formerly, when she could pray, "Through joy or sorrow, make me again Thy child." No! she is far more unhappy; the chastisement of the Lord seems to rest upon her. Sorrow is come, as the world has exhausted her soul and estranged it from God, and she has gradually ceased to pray and seek for help. The world gives no help in sorrow, it only holds with the fortunate. The world had disgusted her, but it had not sent her to God. For the last

year she had been weak and sickly, miserable alike in soul and body. A pious heart would have borne such suffering in peace, as a cross in truth, with frequent sighing and trembling; but she would have had calm and blessed hours, when the Lord would have been with her helping her to bear it. A God-fearing man, too, would have exercised kindness and patience to his weakly, capricious wife, not from joy in her, or love to her, for love and joy flee before selfishness and sickness; nor because he had such good purposes in his heart, for good purposes flee before provocation and temptations to sin; no, he would have exercised patience and affection simply and solely because God desires it, because he has been wont to hearken to God's Word, to seek help and strength from Him, and to receive them. Many men of good purpose and tranquil nature might bear the examination of their own conscience—they do not claim much from themselves; but the very best men, the gentle and magnanimous by nature, if they do not live in the faith of Christ, would think it mere folly to speak of happy, blessed hours in mutual bearing the cross. They are satisfied with themselves if they are not irritable and cross, if they are composed and regardless of sorrow. From them the poor wife gains but little. Soon after Charlotte's death (that was near the spring of 1848) came the Revolution, which almost entirely occupied all minds. But Elizabeth's, through ill health and shattered nerves, was so morbid, that politics were

quite indifferent to her ; or rather, she turned from them with dislike, for her husband had scarcely a word or a look of sympathy for her. That one great, unhappy event engrossed him so much, that he had no leisure to attend to Elizabeth's little humours, or to think of her little sufferings; and as she had often assured him she could not listen to politics, he turned where he could speak of them, and was naturally ever more and more in the society of men. The time that was enlivening and refreshing to his inner life, was most depressing to her's. From the very beginning it had been evident to him, that God had sent these serious events not for him alone, but for the help of all the weak in faith. How speedily religious people rose in respect and consideration ! They had at once openly decided for the good cause, and had courage to abide by it. How transported were Kadden's comrades now with the sermons of the faithful pastor, who defended the cause of the king and his soldiers against rebels and democrats, while other smooth preachers so pitifully succumbed to the power of the mighty people. If these great occurrences had confirmed him in his religious inclinations, and aided the cause of the faith, on the other hand they busied and engrossed him too much, so that he had little time left to devote to his inner life, and still less for his family. To bear Elizabeth's humours with patience would have been a great task for his nature ; she was almost always depressed, tearful, and self-willed ; and he

complained openly of her to her grandmamma. She prayed him to have forbearance with her, assured him that this state would pass away, and that she would again be fresh and joyous with him and everybody. How willingly did he accept her consolations; how often did her entreaties rise up in his soul; how often did he exercise the greatest patience and forbearance with the wife he loved so well, who made his life just now very burdensome. But how often was he betrayed into haste and roughness, for in passion, affection and good purposes are left in the lurch. His conscience warned him to take God's Word as his rule of conduct, but that is not so easily learned; it must be practised and prayed for, and he did neither. If good-nature sometimes compelled him to be affectionate and sympathizing to his wife, it did not help much; Elizabeth felt his design too plainly, and the thought that he loved her no longer, and was only kind from compassion and duty, depressed and grieved her more and more.

In November, just at the time when political events kept all minds in suspense and agitation, their little girl was born. The mother from Berlin was here; and all hearts were touched at the birth of the infant; Kadden himself was especially happy. Now his dear Elizabeth would be fresh and joyous again,—both mamma, and grandmamma, and she herself, had assured him so; now all would be quite different. But, ah! there was no change. Elizabeth had, as her

mother maintained, though she obstinately disputed it, caught cold once or twice, and she did not recover. Slight attacks of fever perpetually returned; and when the little Mary was baptized, she could scarcely hold her during the service, and the rest of the christening-festival she lay full of trouble in the quiet nursery. On this day, she confided her sorrows to her grandmamma; her mamma was so uneasy and displeased with her, she could tell her nothing; but her grandmamma was ever calm and cheerful, and knew well how to give comfort. When Elizabeth complained to her that her husband's joy in his little girl had been so short, and that he had only thought and interest just now for politics, she assured her that that was customary with men, and wives must adapt themselves to it, as she had herself experienced in times of war; it would only last for a certain period; when her husband's mind was wearied with great interests, his heart would yearn the more tenderly for home, for peace and happiness in his household life; only, she must cherish these home feelings in him with true affection, even if she did not just now perceive them. Alas! to do this a lowly, gentle spirit is needed—one that habitually lives in faith, and hope, and humility—and such was not the mind of Elizabeth. She made her grandmamma no answer; nor did she venture to express to her her doubts of her husband's affection: shame withheld her. She feared, moreover, that her grandmamma was conscious of her doubts;

she had so often quite unconsciously seemed to hint at them with words of consolation and sympathy. Elizabeth's chief complaint and sorrow were, to-day, that she had for so long a season been so depressed in spirit that she could neither read, nor sing, nor pray; it was all still and gray above her, and still and gray within her, even after the happy birth of the little girl; she could not rally, she could only bitterly weep over her poverty. Again her grandmamma comforted her, by telling her she too had suffered in a similar way, and much must be attributed to weak nerves. She exhorted her to recognise in it a trial and warning from God; He was knocking at her heart, to warn her to repentance, and to exercise and strengthen her in her faith; and if she was too utterly weary and spiritless for aught else, she must not neglect to pray for strength and help. "Let thine heart rest in faith, even if the night and darkness cover thee; thy Father cannot do amiss with thee; let now no storm or tempest terrify thee; even if thou seest no trace of Him, believe still." Her grandmamma repeated these words to her, and on the following day wrote them out, and sent them to her. Elizabeth clung to this consolation as much as she could, but the days passed on quietly and monotonously; she was still weak and irritable; and the physician and the grandmother looked forward with hope to the spring and a sea-bathing regimen. As she was now standing so sorrowfully at the window, her husband rode into the court. She felt the

warm blood mount up into her cheeks; the more doubtful she was about his love, the more her heart clung to her own. He seemed preoccupied to-day; he did not look at little Friedrich, with whom he was usually so much and so happily taken up; but the child insisted on being noticed, and did not rest till his papa set him upon the horse, and let him ride into the stable. They came out together, and the good old nurse brought her little pet for her papa to admire; he did so very kindly, and then went into the house. He did not look up to Elizabeth, but she thought nothing of that; the time was long past when she used to hasten to the window that looked to the street, as soon as she heard the military music approaching, to receive his joyful greeting with such exquisite pleasure. When he had begun to forget the greeting, she had neither sought it, nor proved to him that it made himself happy. Thus it was a thing of the past. The hope that the Lord would work a wonder, and revive again her faded bride-love, had long been given up, though the conflicts in her solitary, yearning heart never ceased. To her joy at knowing him to be in the house, and her unquiet love, was now added a slight degree of anger. "He knows that I am in this room—could he not have looked up? Men are all selfish; not one of them could love a poor, sick wife.—(She felt anxiously for her wedding-ring.)—I have still my wedding-ring; he can never leave me; nor can I leave him, if he treats me ever so un-

kindly, and loves me no more." At that moment he entered. As he saw her standing there, so pale and sorrowful, it went like a sword through his heart.

"My poor, dear Elizabeth!" said he, compassionately, folding her to his heart; "if I could only help you."

How soothing was this sympathy! She wept quietly; but she forced herself to smile, that her tears might not drive him away.

"It is such a lovely day," he said; "shall we go for a little walk after dinner?"

"If you like," she answered, half terrified at her own words, in which perhaps a reproach for him was lurking. With such reproaches, or rather with complaints that he loved her no longer, and never did anything for her from affection, she had made him so angry, a short time since, that she still thought of it with trembling. He had assured her that she herself suggested such unhappy thoughts to him, and that he feared it *would* really be so. His good purposes and excellent designs had not helped him to remember that he had a poor, sick wife before him.

"I should like it," he now answered; and he added many kind and hopeful words about the coming spring, when she would be bright and well again—his own dear Elizabeth.

Little Friedrich fetched his parents to dinner, and at table they arranged for their walk; as soon as Elizabeth had rested, they would go with the children, if only as far as the broad, grassy ridges.

When she had taken a short sleep, and was preparing to go out, she saw, to her disappointment, that the heavens were clouded, and a few drops of rain were falling. Her husband was truly sorry. "Will he stay this afternoon with me?" she thought, anxiously. No! he was very restless, soon took up his cap, and went to his friends; there were most exciting tidings from Baden in the "Times" that he wished to discuss. As he went out, he promised to return soon; and he did so with an uneasy conscience: he might have made some little sacrifice to his sick wife; it was perhaps his duty to entertain her, if it gave him no pleasure. Elizabeth felt the same. "His conscience tells him that he ought to stay," she thought; "he owes some of his time and conversation to me and the children, but he cannot give it; he follows his own pleasure, not the commands of God; grandpapa was right—such love endures in joy, but not in sorrow."

She struggled against these unkind, angry thoughts, and was scarcely composed when her husband suddenly returned. His comrades had formed some party after mess, and he found no one within. This made him cross, but he tried to hide it. "Now I will talk to my wife and children," he said, sportively. If she had only had power enough over herself to express her joy at his coming—for it was really a joy to her; but, no! she could not; she was silent, and smiled, but sadly.

"Shall I read aloud to you?" he inquired, kindly.

She nodded.

“Or shall we play a duet?” he added.

Friedrich decided he should like to hear music, and dance to it.

His parents accordingly sat down to the piano, and played while he danced.

All went on very charmingly; but the child thought himself obliged to run off to the nursery to comfort his weeping little sister; as he re-entered the room his papa rose from the piano, closed the music-book with violence, and left the room.

“Papa must play!” said Friedrich.

Elizabeth did not answer the child; she sat pale and trembling. She had been irritable, and self-willed, and unkind; but how could he be so violent? Could he not have patience with her? The music-book had narrowly missed her head. She had sat motionless for at least ten minutes, when the door opened, and her husband returned.

He sat down by her, took her hand, and said, seriously and sadly, “Pardon me, Elizabeth.”

“It was my fault,” she replied, in a low voice.

“Ah! yes, Elizabeth,” he continued, very mournfully; “if you would not provoke me to such violence! You do not know how miserable a life I lead; I am almost afraid to be with you!”

She wept. It was bitter pain to hear it, but it was only the truth. After they had sat a few minutes in silence by each other, he left the room.

In June, the birthday of the Ranger's wife was the occasion of a little family gathering; and both Elizabeth's parents and the Schlossers came to Woltheim. Although it was painful to Elizabeth to be in company with Emily, Aunt Julia, and almost with her mother, she persuaded herself that this party would please her. She did not trouble herself to conceal this feeling from her husband; nay, she managed to let him feel, though without positive deliberation, that as he left her solitary and without affection, she must seek love and consolation in her own family, where she was certain to find both. She gained her end completely. Before their departure, and on the way, he was in an ill humour; to know that he should be watched by the women of the family was most disagreeable to him. That Elizabeth was received with special warmth and sympathy did not improve his temper. The more she lingered with them, and let herself be pitied for her ill health, the more she held to them, and appeared cheerful and pleased, the more silent and serious he became. It was plain enough, they wished to make him observe how he ought to treat his sick wife. The good-humoured Aunt Julia acted without the slightest degree of tact. Emily's cold, clever face was both in itself and to him unpleasant; and to-day she glanced at him with a certain air of triumph. His mother-in-law was really sad and full of trouble; he could not look at her, and still keep away from her. He felt as solitary and forlorn in this company as he had

once done before his old family-chest ; indeed, his discomfort became so extreme at last, that it was quite a task to remain there, and to enter occasionally into conversation with the men. What Elizabeth had commenced half in sport now made her very anxious ; she fully understood her husband's dark looks ; and he did not come to her as in the first summer, when, in her joy at having her brothers and sisters again, she had forgotten him for a few hours ; he did not say now, " You must always love me best, dear Elizabeth, or I should be very sad." At last she could no longer withstand the pleading of her conscience ; she went to him and asked, in the greatest confusion, " Are you unwell, Otto ?"

He looked at her coldly and quietly, and replied, " Not in the least ; why should you think so ?"

She turned anxiously away, for she felt that a storm was gathering, and she was afraid.

Emily had watched this little scene. She took the Ranger's wife aside, and said, " Poor Elizabeth ! one cannot help pitying her. I cannot understand Elise ; how she can see her daughter so tranquilly with that man ?"

" Tranquilly !" repeated Julia, with emotion ; " she is anything but tranquil. Do you not see that poor Elise has grown quite old this last year ? her hair is beginning to turn gray, and she can no longer look cheerful. That she is glad to be tranquillized by her husband and parents is only natural."

" Yes ; the good grandparents are incomprehen-

sible," said Emily, sharply. "It is as though for Elizabeth and Kadden they had renounced their correct, sound judgment. Kadden is their darling; the grandmamma is always comforting him, throws all the blame on Elizabeth's shattered nerves, and expects wonders from the sea-bathing. But the sea-bathing will be no help (this was uttered with quiet decision). Things will remain as they are. How can a love continue between two such hasty, self-willed people? I have long prophesied it, but no one would believe me. When I think of the time of their betrothal——"

"Ah! that was a lovely picture," interrupted Julia, hastily; "it makes one only too sorrowful to see them now."

"It was a lovely picture," continued Emily, "a bubble in the sunshine; but I say to you, Julia, we have not yet reached the end of their sad history. I see it plainly before my eyes; but if parents and grandparents can be so tranquil, I may be so too."

She was not, nevertheless. When Kadden and Elizabeth had left in the evening, and the little circle had dwindled down to the grandparents, the Privy Councillor, and the Ranger's family, she made the ill-humoured young pair the subject of conversation, and Julia was very ready to help her. Emily's decided counsel was, that the precipice on which they were standing must be pointed out to both; they must be plainly warned and admonished that between

their present state and the desire for a separation there was but a short step.

Julia was not quite agreed with Emily. She thought Elizabeth loved her husband too dearly for her heart to be capable of harbouring such a thought.

“ You deceive yourself about Elizabeth,” observed Emily ; “ she has allowed herself to be quite spoiled ; in these light, irritable natures love is easily changed to wrath ; and her very pride and self-respect must rise up against such treatment.”

The grandpapa had listened quietly, but now he took up the conversation very seriously. “ Above all things, do not take pains to exaggerate the matter. Do not speak too much about it. Make no useless comments among yourselves even. If you think the thing really important, take it with heartfelt sympathy to God.”

“ Yes, I was grieved for Kadden to-day,” said the grandmamma. “ He must have felt annoyed by your manner, and even Elizabeth was regularly enticed and drawn away from him.”

“ But, dear aunt ——” began Emily, with a significant shake of the head.

“ Hush, dear child,” interrupted the grandmamma ; “ you know very well what I mean, and you must grant that Elizabeth is the most in fault, though one may excuse much on account of her sickness. We can do nothing better now than comfort him, and make it more easy for him to have patience with her.”

“Well, aunt,” replied Emily, tranquilly, “we will not speak any more on the subject. Our views are too much opposed. I only wish I may be in the wrong, but I fear the contrary.”

Elise and Julia were silent. They were evidently on Emily’s side.

The grandfather once more observed (and Schlosser and the Councillor were quite agreed with him)—“If Elizabeth were well, their life would again be happier; so that, if not a model-marriage, there would not be the remotest thought of a separation.”

It was very plain that the grandpapa did not choose to enter any farther into the subject, especially as he warned them not to make it too much a matter of family gossip, but rather to bear it in their hearts with sympathy. He promised, at the same time, to abide by the arrangement, that after the sea-bathing Elizabeth should come to Woltheim to complete her cure, and remain there with her children till the autumn drill was over.

Meanwhile Elizabeth was riding home by her husband’s side. At the beginning she dreaded a scene of violence, but she soon perceived that he was perfectly tranquil and cold. She tried to converse with him, for her whole being was filled with the earnest, yearning desire to appease him; but she did not succeed: he could not master himself: she had pained him to-day where he was most sensitive. At last she gave up the effort, and sat by him silent and full of trouble.

The next morning she was alone. Her husband had ridden out without seeing her, or wishing her good-morning. She began to meditate on the previous day. What had she really done? She could scarcely see anything wrong now, and her reflections on her husband's behaviour became more and more reproachful. "If he neglects me, am I not to seek comfort from my own family? Am I not weak and miserable, and much to be pitied? How will he behave to me now for the whole day? This afternoon he will not stay at home with me." An irrepressible longing to pass this afternoon with her parents and brothers and sisters, arose in her heart. If she were obliged to go on foot she would not think it a hardship, and her husband would not care for her absence.

This last reflection was made in anger, but with miserable heartache.

At dinner Kadden was himself again. He talked to Elizabeth on different subjects, and spoke kindly and lovingly to little Friedrich. When they rose from table, Elizabeth could not subdue the conflict within. She must needs express her desire to go to Woltheim, despite the clear warning voice of her conscience. She excused herself with the thought—"If he is always thinking of himself, why should I not think of myself? Besides, it is the simplest wish in the world."

"To-day, they are all at Woltheim," she began, with some timidity.

Her husband was silent.

"I should so gladly be with them," she continued.

"To-day, again!" he exclaimed, with surprise.

"I shall not see my sisters again this summer, and whether I am here in the afternoon or not is a matter of indifference."

He looked at her, with his rapid, searching glance. If she had been reasonable she would have ceased; but the thought that he might refuse her request, perhaps positively forbid the visit, irritated her beforehand.

"If I could but go!" she said, resolutely; "it would be only natural that I should be with them to-day."

"I have no objection," he exclaimed, hastily.

"But how can I go?" she continued, in a tone of irritation.

"Do you want a carriage?" he asked, involuntarily.

"That would be asking too much," she answered, in an under tone, and left the room.

She stood at the nursery window in a very mournful mood. Anger and indignation, and the voice of an evil conscience, struggled within her for the mastery, when suddenly she heard her husband call his servant, and send him for a carriage. She stood for a few more minutes, thoughtful and alarmed, and then went to her husband's room.

"I would rather remain here," she said, with faltering voice.

He did not look up from his writing-table, or perhaps her imploring glance, her whole appearance, would have touched him.

“If the carriage can be had you will go,” he answered, quietly.

“No, Otto! I would really rather remain here,” she pleaded once more.

“And you will really go!” he replied, hastily. “I beg of you to go,” he added, more tranquilly.

Thus one sin brought on another, and one misunderstanding was linked to another. Elizabeth left the room very unhappy, and went so to Woltheim. Her family were surprised at her coming, as it was quite contrary to the arrangement. Elizabeth was not in a state to conceal her unhappy mood; and her mother’s heart was sorely oppressed, when she saw in her daughter the fulfilment of Emily’s luckless prophecies. She could not help asking Elizabeth—even in the presence of her grandmother—the cause of her depression to-day.

“I had such an earnest longing to come, but Otto did not wish it,” was her hesitating answer.

“Poor, dear child!” said Elise, stroking her cheeks.

But her grandmamma observed, somewhat reproachfully, “If he did not wish it, you should have remained at home.”

Elizabeth shook her head sadly, but made no answer; when she proposed returning early in the afternoon, no one endeavoured to retain her. Kadden had

not passed this afternoon with his comrades; he had been occupied with his own thoughts—even politics had no interest for him to-day. In order to be quite alone, he had chosen the solitary walk on the grassy slopes—so miserable, so destitute of hopes for future happiness he had never felt. In what relation had he stood yesterday to his wife's family—with what utter want of kindness or consideration had he been treated by these women. Only Schlosser and the grandpapa were unconstrained, and the gentle grandmamma was affectionate as ever; she had taken his hand kindly, and looked tenderly into his eyes, as though she would have said—"Dear Otto! it will be better soon." Only the grandparents' behaviour had induced him to remain patiently the whole long day. And Elizabeth, too! how could she turn against him, purposely vex him, with a certain satisfaction in making him atone for his unfriendliness? He did not take into consideration her penitence, her trouble, her heartache; he only thought of her faults, that he might on that score excuse his own behaviour to-day. That he did not succeed, that his conscience smote him, only increased the perplexity of his feelings. He returned from his walk with the firm resolution to be considerate, and do his duty. With the same consolation that had deceived him more and more lately, he was fain to content himself now. He had not long returned to his room, when Elizabeth arrived. He was prepared to consider the affair as made up—to be kind and com-

posed as ever—indeed, he felt almost proud of his resolution. But his heart was uneasy when he heard her light, trembling steps in the next room; and as she opened the door, she was so exhausted with the misery of this afternoon she could do no more than go to him, weeping bitterly. She laid her head on his shoulder, and entreated, “Otto, do not be angry with me.”

This came so unexpectedly, he looked at her with emotion, and was quite ready for reconciliation.

“I will not be angry,” he answered, frankly.

She threw her arm round his neck, and prayed once more, “Forgive me, I have been so unhappy.”

“I quite forgive you,” he replied; “be composed, we will not make life too heavy, all is right now.”

She looked at him very sadly; if he would only have permitted her to speak out; but that would not have been exactly pleasant for him, as he could not have listened to her without self-reproach, and from that he shrank. Elizabeth would only irritate him again, and then there would be another scene. But she would not have irritated him now; she only yearned for reconciliation.

“It was so wrong of me, Otto,” she began once more.

“Speak not of it,” he entreated quite kindly, but shrinking from the subject; “let us both forget it. I am really not in the least angry with you.”

She made no answer, for she was cold at heart; but

she gave him her hand affectionately ; he went with her to the door, kissed her absently on the forehead, and she went to her bedroom. There she sat utterly comfortless. All was clear to her ; he loved her no more, he desired no little explanations, he only craved external tranquillity. How could she bear that ? If she was sick and weary now, and a cloud lay upon her heart and soul's life, still there were days and hours when hope and joy awoke within her ; her heart was still the old one, warm, and thirsting for love. " All is past," she thought, and wept incessantly ; " He loves me no longer—why did he ever love me ?" she added, in despair. " Ah, yes ! leave it ; all is right." She would have reassured herself, but could not ; she felt forsaken of God and man. She could not pray, she could only weep.

Her husband sat in his room ; he had work to do, but he could not do it. He took up his cap irresolutely, and threw it down again. He knew well what he had done to Elizabeth ; he knew her warm heart, her help-seeking, thirsty heart ; he had thrown her from him—she was alone in the world. He resolved to be her comfort, and help, and support henceforth ; but not to-day, he could not constrain himself. She appeared at table ; he saw that she had wept, but he would not see it. He was kind and attentive to her, and she was the same.

" If he loves me no more," she thought, in still resignation, " my heart will grow accustomed in time to

making no claims on him, and it will not be very difficult to be kind and attentive to him." But the heart is alike perverse and desponding, especially a warm one; in one hour it can form the most cool, reasonable resolutions, and throw them overboard in the next.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCUSSION AND RECOLLECTION.

A FORTNIGHT had passed in mutual circumspection, but mournfully enough, and now they had serious preparations to make for the sea-side journey. The physician recommended Wangeroge. Elizabeth's nerves would be strengthened there, and the sea-bathing would relieve her husband from the headaches, that had lately been more and more severe. The journey was much spoken of in the family; the grandmamma was firm in the opinion that it would do wonders — restore Elizabeth to health, and make Kadden contented and happy again. At the departure of Elise, she had seriously endeavoured to console her by these representations, much to the astonishment of Emily and Julia, who, after late occurrences, had only been confirmed in their suppositions. Such suspicions of late had not only been entertained in the family, but Kadden's friends began to ascribe Elizabeth's sufferings to other causes than shattered nerves.

Stottenheim, who took a sincere interest in the young pair, could not help imparting his grief at this unhappy union to the inquisitive daughters of the Colonel. His good-natured heart did not exactly know whether to plead for Elizabeth or Kadden; he took the middle course, and decided that they were not suitable for one another. She was tender, and refined, and most lovely; and he the best fellow in the world. From this opinion he never swerved.

To this Adolphine invariably replied—"No; she is a whining, sensitive, selfish person. She knew beforehand that he was hasty; she ought to be reasonable, and adapt herself to him. A wife with such distorted views must be doubly trying to a man like Kadden."

The Colonel joined in the conversation, and declared, for such people, there was no other course than to separate. It had been just the same formerly with his niece; their discontent had been slight at first, but finally intolerable. He had always foreboded something of the kind for his youthful Hothead; and nothing had so aroused his fears as to see Kadden fall under the influence of a peculiarly one-sided, pietist family. Kadden might clank *his fetters a little longer*; but at last he would suddenly and entirely break loose when they least expected it.

Stottenheim was obliged to confess that, much against his will, he had long secretly cherished these

fears, though he could not himself be against the pietist family; they were most excellent, estimable people, and their opinions had something of a charm for him, though they were most unsuitable to Kad-den's nature.

Elizabeth, meanwhile, had been comforted, so far, by her grandmamma's assurances that she looked forward to her journey with hopeful thoughts. She could rejoice, too, that her husband had consented to take the children with them.

On the evening before their departure, when she had been busy with her packing, and was somewhat heated, she went into the garden, where her husband found her as she was standing by a blossoming rose-tree, gathering a few half-blown buds. Her cheeks were slightly flushed; she looked pleased and happy; and could she have seen how lovingly his eyes rested on her, it would have been a sunbeam to her timid, doubtful heart. At that moment she was engrossed with pleasant anticipations of the journey, and hopes of her restoration to health. She looked innocently at him, with her large beautiful eyes, and said, "If these rose-buds which I am plucking now, open and bloom well in Wangeroge, it will be a sign to me that I shall be fresh and glad again."

"Dear Elizabeth," he pleaded, "they might fade on the way, and then you might imagine the bathing would do you no good. I think you had better leave them."

“Oh no! I cannot leave them,” she replied, smiling, with her old charming little tone of decision.

“But to please me you will do it,” he entreated, and laid his arm on her shoulder.

She glanced at him. The tone and look moved her soul; but she ventured not to trust them, or to make any reply, she only gave him the roses.

He took the flowers from her hand, and said, kindly, “You can take them with you, as they will be pleasant for you on the journey, but in the evening we will quietly throw them away.”

She nodded, and he was satisfied.

Very early the next morning they began their journey. Besides the children and their nurse, they took the man-servant. All went on well at first; the morning was very cool; little Friedrich behaved well; and the baby Mary slept much. But the journey was long; the day became very hot. Friedrich grew impatient; and, as his mamma was not inclined to answer his numerous questions, he turned continually to his papa, who was leaning back in the corner, and complained of headache. The good nurse did her best, but to soothe the two crying children was impossible; and the whole party arrived in Hanover in the most uncomfortable state.

Instead of ordering dinner, or making any arrangements, Herr von Kadden laid himself in the sofa-corner, and closed his eyes. Elizabeth looked at him narrowly; he was evidently suffering, he was so pale.

If she had had sufficient power over herself to say a few words of sympathy to him ! but she feared his only answer would be one she had often received before—a wave of the hand to motion her off—and that she could not endure. Moreover, a certain amount of anger mingled with her sympathizing affection : was she not as miserable as he, and had he the least sympathy for her ? In all her grief and sorrow for her faded love, she never ceased to think first of herself, to look upon herself as the first to be considered. Thus, as pride will not let us believe, so neither will it let us love ; the humility that makes it so easy and blessed to do both is very hard to the natural man.

After Elizabeth had dined with the children, the nurse and man-servant took them out, that their suffering master might be undisturbed.

Elizabeth was alone with her husband in a little room near the saloon ; he lay still with closed eyes, and had eaten nothing. She stood at the window, and looked out upon the broad quiet square, across which at times a few solitary people walked—strangers. The heavens were lofty and blue above the strange houses ; she stood in an unknown spot for the first time, and felt solitary and forsaken. She glanced up to the blue skies, “ If I could love God,” she thought, mournfully, “ I should not feel alone.” But her heart was heavy and lukewarm ; she had given up her private prayers, and could only sigh, or send up her weary thoughts. She knew how wonderful is the

peace and repose of the heart that loves God. At times she felt the greatest yearning for this love, and this very yearning was peace-giving. But these were gleams of light that came without her own seeking, for she could do nothing. So it was with her reading in the Bible; she looked into the book, read a few verses in a wandering indifferent frame of mind, and then laid it sadly by. To-day she had her little Bible in her satchel, but she could not resolve to read in it, though she felt so lonely and forsaken. Ah! if her heart could have loved God; if she had been calm, and peaceful, and happy, she could have gone to her husband, knelt at his side, taken his hand lovingly in her own, and, even if he had turned from her, she would have stayed by him till he had been soothed by her sympathy, and had gratefully laid his hand upon her head. The thought thrilled through her heart; she went nearer to the sofa, and stood trembling. He opened his eyes, and looked at her in surprise. Then she turned away again, startled, to the window. No! the times when it stood thus between them were irreparably past.

At four o'clock the train was rushing on. The children were refreshed; the cooler evening, and the shorter distance, made the journey less trying. The little ones slept the greater part of the way. Their parents rested at least with closed eyes; and they were all surprised when the train stopped at Bremen. Now came the most unpleasant part of the whole

journey. The alighting and looking after the quantity of luggage, the choice of the hotel, and, above all, the giving orders when there. All this is trying to a perfectly clear head ; however, Herr von Kadden undertook it, despite his headache, and Elizabeth's temper did not lighten his unpleasant task. At last they fortunately arrived at their hotel. Elizabeth and her children were taken into a pleasant room, while her husband was busy with the luggage. Presently he came.

“ I have just had the carpet-bags brought,” said he. “ I have given the boxes and portmanteaux in charge to the porters, who will take them to-morrow morning to the steam-boat.”

“ I must have one box, to take the purchases I shall make here,” interrupted Elizabeth, hastily.

“ Are you going to make purchases here?” he asked, in astonishment.

“ Why, you know I am,” she answered, angrily.

He certainly knew it, because it had been spoken of circumstantially at home. Elizabeth had taken little thought for her dress either the past summer or this, when she had been so unwell ; and now she was going to a watering-place, she wanted many things, and was advised by her friends to purchase them in Bremen, where the prettiest and most tasteful articles can always be got. Her husband had quite agreed. He had promised to accompany her to the shops ; or, if she was very much exhausted, to procure them for her

himself. She did not consider just now that he had not changed his mind—that he would willingly grant her anything, if it could only be procured without his hearing of it. She did not consider that he was out of humour, exhausted with the journey; that it was just now no pleasure to him to care for anything or think of anything; and that at the very moment when he thought all was settled, to hear of new cares and labours was particularly disagreeable. She might have taken all this into consideration, for she had had experience enough; but she would not. No; she thought herself justified in giving him the full benefit of her present irritability. She yielded to the evil humour, and thought, “If he still loved me, he could not talk in that way; but what I wear is a matter of indifference to him. How wrong it is of him to let it be perceived! How difficult it will be to me now to ask him for anything!”

Such were the thoughts that darted through her mind, as he observed, “Yes, I remember you wanted to buy something here; but just leave me to-day in peace.”

“And if the boxes should be taken to the steam-boat early?” she asked, in annoyance.

“Well, go now and buy the things,” he answered, quietly, handing her his purse.

“I cannot go about alone in this strange place,” she continued, in the same tone.

“Take Wilhelm with you,” was his answer. (This was his servant.)

“ You would not have asked me to do such a thing in by-gone days,” she complained.

“ Pray be silent, Elizabeth, and do not tease me to-day,” was his earnest request.

“ I may never reproach you,” she answered. “ I must always be silent, no matter how right I am.”

“ Elizabeth, I shall go into a passion, if you say another word,” he exclaimed, angrily, as he stood before her.

But she thought, I am too well accustomed to his passions, and the circumspection I have had to observe these last few weeks is becoming intolerable; I must speak out as I have begun; I will pour out my whole heart, and for once he shall be told of his injustice.

“ Yes, you are always passionate and unkind to me,” she remarked, in a trembling voice, “ if you are kind, and considerate, and courteous to every one else.”

“ Be silent, Elizabeth!” he exclaimed once more, struggling with his wrath.

“ I must bear everything,” she continued, in a low tone; “ you can be even kind to my maid.”

“ You shall be silent!” he exclaimed, raising his hand in a threatening posture.

If she had not started in terror from his side, he would certainly have struck her. Her first impulse was to throw herself at his feet, and entreat for pardon; but she heard him say, “ Oh, torment of my life!” and ah! other feelings then warred within her. “ He

would have struck me! me, the mother of his children! he neither loves nor respects me—all is over.”

As soon as he had recovered from his horror, and was returned to his senses, he came up to her, and would have taken her hand.

“Elizabeth, have pity on me! to what are you driving me?”

But she neither took his hand nor looked up.

“Pardon me, Elizabeth,” he entreated, and once more endeavoured to take her hand.

She turned from him, and said, “Never, never—all is over—perhaps it is best so.”

He scarcely knew whether to be grieved or angry, but he inclined to the latter, as he turned away from her, and went to the window.

She now first remarked, that in her rapid movement she had struck her head, on the temple, against the corner of the secretary. The place smarted severely, and a few warm drops of blood trickled down her neck. She felt rather stunned, and seated herself on the sofa. Now her grandfather's and Emily's prophecies were come to pass. Ah, it was terrible! Now, perhaps, was the time to say the Lord's prayer, but she never thought of such a thing; all was dark within and without; everything was alike indifferent to her—she could have died without the least terror. When her husband turned again from the window, he saw her pale, with closed eyes, and with bright drops of blood on her white neck.

“What have you done, Elizabeth? you are bleeding!” he exclaimed, in alarm.

“I have given myself a knock,” she replied, “but it is nothing.”

She stanch'd the blood with her handkerchief, and closed her eyes again. As a waiter came in at the same time to prepare for supper, she rose up quickly, went into her bedroom, and lay down on her bed. Herr von Kadden told the nurse his wife had hurt herself, she must take water and arnica to her; the nurse told the man, who ran at once to the landlady; and the latter, a very pleasing person, came to the bedroom herself with the arnica to see to the wound.

Elizabeth saw her enter; she saw her husband hand a linen cloth to her; but as both drew nigh the bed, she closed her eyes, for she felt it impossible to talk to the woman while the wound was examined, and a wet cloth laid upon it.

“A dangerous place,” whispered the hostess; “thank God, it is no worse.”

The people assured her the lady was lying in a regular swoon from the knock; and it surprised no one that she ate nothing that evening, and did not again make her appearance.

The following morning Herr von Kadden took breakfast with the children alone. Elizabeth had not opened her eyes, though he did not imagine she was asleep. It soon drove him out of the house.

He had little inclination for the beauties of the town, but it was refreshing to him to wander about alone in the shady avenues. Many people, gentle and simple, passed him with indifferent faces, reminding him most agreeably that he was a stranger here, and could rove about unobserved; and he quite longed for the steam-boat that would take them still farther away among unknown people. If he had been obliged to meet his friends just now, Stottenheim especially, who had so often tormented him, with his well-meant but obtrusive observations!

“It is a great pity,” he had observed, only a short time since, “that your charming wife has such ideal views of life, and that you have now adopted them yourself. You make your lives needlessly heavy; she expects too much from you—a man cannot always be a bridegroom. It is true I have never seen any one so lovely and fascinating as your young wife; she was so tender, so very engaging.”

“Is she not so still?” asked Kadden.

“She certainly is,” continued Stottenheim, eagerly; “but the great misfortune is, that you, my dear friend, are so changed. You could not have remained as you were; that you vex yourself at this unavoidable change is your present foolish torment.”

“You are mistaken,” replied Kadden, angrily; “not our ideal views torment us, but the pitiful ones that prevail in your society.”

“Now, Kadden, be honest,” interrupted Stotten-

heim; "have I ever attacked your enthusiastic views? Have we not all carefully avoided discussing such things with you?"

"That was not necessary," was Kadden's short answer; "to breathe only in such an atmosphere is corruption to any spiritual life."

"Extremely flattering; really we might be shocked," replied Stottenheim, slightly disconcerted; "but I allow you to say whatever you please, and promise you I will not take it amiss. I know we shall come to an understanding by and by."

"Never!" said Kadden again, indignantly. "I can only confess that I am a poor, miserable man; that I have exposed Elizabeth to the corruption of your apparently agreeable views of life; and, as you own yourself, have thereby injured the tender and exquisitely beautiful life of her soul. Hence our mutual trials; but, by God's help, we shall finally overcome them!"

"How enthusiastic that sounds!—by God's help. Why should God help you in such simple, customary, common-sense affairs? Really we shall grow quite confused!"

"Has He not mightily acted during the past year amid your paltry reasonable views? Do you not all think quite differently of the faithful, and of our pastor? Were you not yourself delighted with our old Herr von Budmar, when he remained so calm, and confident, and lofty amid the little town uproar; and with the Ranger, when he maintained order so simply and harmoniously?"

“A la bonne heure!” said Stottenheim; “with regard to politics, I take off my hat to these people. Yes, in this respect we have come to an understanding during the past year, and it would be absurd to deny the hand of God therein.”

“It needs only His hand to bring us to an understanding in matters of faith,” interrupted Kadden, “and to strengthen us in them.”

He spoke thus so gladly to Stottenheim, it encouraged and strengthened himself. Ah! if he had only had strength to act in accordance with these sentiments.

“We have wandered to quite another subject, I think,” said Stottenheim; “once more, you must own, if your wife had been otherwise brought up, if her views were less ideal, her feelings less tender, it would, in any case, have been better. You might have been hasty, perhaps at times a little quarrelsome.—Good heavens! a man is not always master of himself, especially we poor soldiers, who are brought into contact with rude nature. If she would not take it to heart, or let it pass over as a thunderstorm.”

“Or perhaps quarrel a little in her turn,” exclaimed Kadden, sarcastically.

“Well, selon moi, you might be content with that,” said Stottenheim, laughing; “when it had passed, it would be forgotten. You are such a thoroughly good, honourable man, why should not a wife ever bear that in mind, as I do? it would never occur to me to cure you of your impetuosity; it does not vex me.”

“Stottenheim,” said Kadden, very earnestly, “listen! your love for me ought not to take it so quietly, even for my sake.”

Stottenheim’s large blue eyes were fastened on him in astonishment.

“Yes; this is the reason,” added Kadden, “why we cannot mutually give up our ideal. I would rather struggle with my haste and violence till my death, than see Elizabeth less tender in her feelings.”

Stottenheim perceived the import of this, and thought it wonderfully beautiful; but it was mere poetry, not reality. To make his meaning plainer, he compared a girl like Adolphine (who was now very sensible and agreeable) with Elizabeth. How coolly would she pass through life, and rise above these trivial disturbances, in wedded life especially.

“Or defend herself,” replied Kadden, sportively.

Sunk in these remembrances, he wandered to and fro in the pleasure-grounds. Elizabeth’s image as a bride, at the time when she could live in herself, rose up before him. How readily she then felt the slightest need of her soul, and both sought and found help, and made him so happy therewith. Was she, then, less susceptible now? Did she not feel her soul’s needs? Ah, yes! they were greater still; but the dissipations of their worldly life had untaught her the habit of seeking help. This was the sole cause of her present condition. On many occasions this thought had quite gone to his heart; this had often

drawn him to her with love, and compassion, and self-condemnation, and had preserved to her the few occasional sunbeams in her life. These considerations made his heart ever heavier; it was as though the whole past stormed at his conscience after this last mournful scene. And how comfortless and forsaken must she now feel, with no one to whom she could confide her sorrow; alone in a strange place, with a husband she must dread, with the terrible humiliation of feeling herself in his power. He thought of the kindly heart of the grandmamma; how it would have sympathized with and cared for its darling; how ready it always was to soothe and love. It was all unspeakably sad to him. Again he thought of the grandfather, and his warnings at the time that he had been Elizabeth's pride and joy, and her protector. Could he then no longer comfort her with his affection? No; the time was past.

He returned to the hotel, weary and troubled. He found the nurse with the children in the entrance-hall, and to his inquiry for his wife, had answer that she had been up, had sent her things to the steam-boat, and was lying down again. The wound still smarted; she had not slept in the night, and was trying to rest now. While he was listening to this, the porters arrived with a truck to take away the packages; that reminded him of the unlucky purchases that were really necessary. He questioned Johanna about them, who assured him "her gracious lady"

had properly no bonnet, besides which she needed a shawl or mantle, and the children jackets. Her gracious lady only shook her head when she reminded her.

“The things could be brought here,” observed the obliging hostess, “and the lady could choose for herself.”

Herr von Kadden thanked her, but went out again himself with Johanna and the children. How willingly he did it! If she knew nothing of it, nor ever would know, he could still do something for her and his children. He was treated most politely by the lady of the millinery establishment, who would willingly have brought him everything in the shop; but as he was so serious and silent, she turned to the sensible nurse for a description of her gracious lady, that she might produce such things as would be becoming to her. Johanna gave her a most conscientious one, and he stood by with strange feelings. He heard of her brown curls, her slim figure, her fair complexion—all in answer to the milliner’s questions. When she proposed a pure white chip hat, with cerise or deep blue ribbons, he instantly decided for the latter. That was the colour in which he had seen Elizabeth the first time. It was to him as though she were dead, and he must still cling to the remembrance of his lost happiness. The clever Johanna then chose a blue velvet mantle, and very pretty jackets for the children. The things were ordered to

be sent at noon in a bandbox, in which they were to travel to Wangeroge.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth lay still in bed; she had passed the night without sleep, in a state of utter prostration, almost without thought; all was dark about her and within her. She rose in the morning in order to arrange her things, with the one engrossing, startling thought, "Her husband might in his anger, perhaps even to punish her, resolve to return. She would rather bear anything from him with patience than see her grandparents and family just now."

When she had finished her packing, Johanna forced her to take a cup of broth. She yielded, on the express condition that she should be left at noon in peace. Johanna then bound up the wound again, and made a comfortable resting-place for her dear young lady in the bed. To drive away the torturing present, Elizabeth buried herself in the remembrances of her youth—of the innocent, joyous days she passed with her grandparents. If her thoughts strayed farther—to the ball, to her first acquaintance with her husband—she compelled them to return; and after many such conflicts, she succeeded in finding a quiet resting-place, when she fell asleep.

After Kadden had returned, and sat about half an hour in the saloon, while his children played under the trees before the door, he could rest no longer—he must see Elizabeth. He opened the door of her bedchamber softly, and lightly approached the bed.

He saw that she was asleep, and had not merely closed her eyes. She was propped up with several white pillows, her head was slightly drooping on her breast, and her thin, white hands, with the white bandage and her pale face, gave her altogether a sick and mournful appearance. He could not gaze at her for heartache. Struggling even with his tears, he went to the window, that looked upon a little court, and gazed on the strange, dreary world without. "Ah!" he thought, in his emotion, "am I not a miserable man after all? Where is now my heaven of a good conscience, my integrity, my firm will, my magnanimity?" Memory, with her train of sorrowful images, was busy within him, and he hindered her not. One season after the other rose up reproachfully before him. He looked upon his wedding-ring; he thought of the marriage discourse—"Thou shalt rule over her." What kind of a ruler had he been? Had he loved her as himself? had he been always reasonable even? had he honoured her as the weaker vessel? Certainly he had loved her dearly, and been very kind and reasonable, when he had been in the mood, and she had been amiable; but when he had not been so, or she had been weak and capricious, then he had more frequently been imperious, unreasonable, and unkind. With how little consideration had he treated her in her whole illness! How had he punished her ill-humour?—with scenes of violence! His good purposes, to be always thoughtful and kind for love of her,

had helped him little. Elizabeth had experienced truly from the very beginning—"When one is angry, love helps nought, for she flees herself from anger." In happier hours he had often sought to comfort Elizabeth with good resolutions, which, alas! had been followed by no good results; but after what had occurred, when her heart must be filled with fear and aversion, he had little inclination to attempt it again. Yes, when he thought of her, he was absolutely ashamed to speak such words to her again, and he felt utterly helpless. Then came suddenly a thought like a flash of light into his troubled heart—"Seek once more to act after God's will, and according to His commands, and wait patiently for a blessing thereupon. Thy love, thy good purposes, and thy rectitude have not helped thee; do thy duty now according to God's will; hearken gladly to His voice; so will He again listen to thee." Him he might venture to approach, with the repentance, and unrest, and trouble of his soul. "If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?" He stood long, deep in thought. In giving himself to God, who continually surrounds us with His favour and compassion, his heart became still; he had again found some foundation for his future life, on which he could stand firmly. It was already a great relief to know what he had to do from this moment, irrespective of the moods of his wife. "At any rate, she shall not dread me," he thought, with softened heart, as he again turned

towards her. She shall feel that I am her true protector, and that no one in the world can stand so near her in care and sympathy as the husband who was given to her by God. He looked on his wedding-ring, and then on Elizabeth's. He thought of the grandfather's remark, that he had known marriages begin with the most enthusiastic love, and happiness, and circumspection, and end with a separation. Oh! what a consolation to him now was the faith of the whole family, that made a separation impossible! Elizabeth was his own till death. No one could take her from his side. But if she did not wish to live with him any longer, would he compel her to do so? This thought was sudden and agitating, and greatly threatened his new peace and courage. "It is all over; it is best so." These words now stood before his soul.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

By Johanna's advice, Elizabeth was not awakened at noon, as she would not eat anything; but when the carriage drove up at two o'clock, Herr von Kadden went himself into her bedroom to awaken her. She was sleeping soundly, and her cheeks were flushed. He called her softly by name; at last she slowly opened her eyes, looked at him innocently and kindly. Ah, she had dreamed! it had all been only a dream! At once she arose quickly, blushed deep as crimson, and looked down. At that moment her little Friedrich came into the room, ran up to her, climbed upon her knee, and was very loving. She laid her hand upon his curls, and looked at him, but sadly and drearily, without venturing to caress him, for she feared to remind her husband that the woman he no longer loved, or honoured, or esteemed, was the mother of his children. The little boy summoned her for the journey, and she quickly made herself ready. The

hostess and her people were standing by at their departure; all looked at the lovely young woman with interest, and feared the blow on the head might have done her some serious injury. In the carriage, the nurse sat, as usual, with little Mary by her; her husband and Friedrich opposite. So near him! that was hard! She thought of her dream, and the happiness she had felt at the thought "it was only a dream." Struggle as she might, she could not keep back her tears. Every moment she feared he would angrily forbid her weeping—he had done so, often; and it was for no want of good-will if she could not now refrain. She watched him in terror as he talked to little Friedrich; and when he involuntarily looked up at her, he saw how timidly her eyes rested on him, and how rapidly she strove to conceal her tears from his notice. He sat a few minutes in silence; but when Johanna and the children were looking out into the streets, he bent forwards, and said to her, with hesitating voice, "Elizabeth, I would not hinder you from crying." He took her hand, and held it sadly in his own. She hid her face with her pocket-handkerchief, and let her tears have free course. In the steamboat, she went at once into the ladies' little cabin. She dreaded the presence of strangers, and shrank from being alone with her husband. Johanna, who had been once with the Ranger's wife to Nordernei, knew all about a voyage by steamboat, and at once took possession of the best corner for her lady

and the children. Here she formally made all her little arrangements, from that of the beds, to the little bottles and the children's playthings, then took a beautiful bouquet of roses from her basket, and placed it in a glass of fresh water.

Elizabeth, who was resting in a corner, raised herself, and asked, "Where did you get those roses?"

Johanna, greatly rejoiced at the first words her dear young lady had voluntarily spoken since yesterday evening, answered, "That they came from Braunschauen: yesterday she had taken them out of the moss, quite cool, and fresh, and lovely, and put them in water; she hoped they would last some time in Wangeroge, as there were not many flowers upon the Sand Islands."

Friedrich now brought them to her, and said, "You must smell them, mamma; how delightfully they smell!"

Elizabeth was still bending over the flowers when the door opened. A lady entered, very tall, with large dark eyes, and beautiful tresses of dark hair. She had two children with her, a girl of perhaps ten, and a boy of eight. "Ah! here are children," said she, kindly; "that is pleasant; we will quarter ourselves here."

Elizabeth turned swiftly away; she heard the lady talking to her children, addressing the boy as Paul, the little girl as Annie; then she asked Friedrich a few pleasant questions. Elizabeth was glad to hear

Johanna say, "Now we will go up on deck, while mamma remains here, because she is unwell."

The boat was soon in motion. Elizabeth lay under a little window, and watched the waves foaming and dashing; but she soon grew giddy, and closed her eyes. She would willingly have slept; and because the memories of her youth had made her happy in the morning, she sought to renew them. But one image ever haunted her: it was as though her husband sat opposite to her, took her hand, and said, mournfully, "I will not prevent your weeping."

Hours passed thus, the doors were often opened, people looked eagerly in, and Johanna came from time to time, and implored her to come on deck, because it was so beautiful; but Elizabeth could not resolve to go. At last, when it had struck seven, Johanna brought little Mary to bed, and again told her lady how very pleasant it was on deck, and that they could already see the sea. Elizabeth asked for her little Friedrich, and heard that he was with his papa in another part of the vessel; her master seemed to prefer walking up and down, where there was more space and fewer people. This decided Elizabeth to leave the hot cabin, and her uncomfortable couch. With downcast eyes she followed Johanna through the crowd of strangers, and took a seat that was near the helm, and looked towards the sea.

Her appearance excited the observation of the company. "Who was the sick young lady?"

At that moment her husband approached with Friedrich, and their attention was redoubled.

“The thoughtful, serious gentleman is her husband, and the sweet little ones are her children,” was whispered from one to another.

Kadden felt this observation annoying, and again withdrew.

Elizabeth sat about an hour, the cool air refreshing her hot head; she thought no more of the strangers around her, who might still be looking at her quiet, pale face, as they walked to and fro.

Then came little Friedrich to wish her good-night. He begged “that his mamma would come and hear him say his prayers, as she was well again to-day.”

She consented, and followed him in a few minutes to the cabin. It was so unpleasant to her that the strange lady with the two children was already there. She would almost have abstained from praying with the child, but he had already risen from his pillow, and was waiting for his mother with folded hands. She constrained herself, knelt, as she was accustomed, by the child, while he repeated his little verses reverently, and when he had finished, softly said, “Amen,” and “God bless you;” then, kissing him, she turned in some confusion towards the door. Here stood the lady with her children; they had all three folded their hands, and looked unaffected and thoughtful, as though they had heard nothing unusual or remarkable. She hastened up the staircase, for she wished,

if possible, to pass the night on deck, where it was so pleasant. Moreover, she shrank from the lady, in whose eyes there was an expression of inquiry and sympathy that made her almost uneasy. When she gained the deck she found, to her sorrow, that her place was occupied; so she took another seat, and turned as well as she could to the sea. Her husband was sitting opposite to her; he had not seen her come, and he appeared to have forgotten the curious people around him; with his arm resting on the bulwarks, he gazed into the water with troubled glance. The thoughts, whether she would remain with him, and whether he could constrain her to do it, tormented his soul.

As the solitary stars appeared one by one in the heavens, and many of the passengers were already gone to rest in the cabins, the lady with the dark eyes and dark tresses was sitting near the cabin roof, and at her side stood a tall, fine-looking man, her husband, Herr Ernst von Hohendorf.

“You may believe me,” whispered the lady, “they are both unhappy; for nearly two hours they have sat opposite to each other so listlessly, one cannot help being sorry for both; I know not which to pity the most.”

Herr von Hohendorf smiled. “Dear Anna, they are both sea-sick,” said he; “exactly so people in that condition sit opposite to each other, perfectly indifferent and wretched.”

“How can you turn them into ridicule?” exclaimed Frau Anna, indignantly.

“I am convinced that the other passengers think the same of them as I do, and that you are the only one who has made out so interesting a little travelling history.”

“No! I know better,” she interrupted, quickly; “but you will not do me the pleasure to enter into a conversation with the gentleman.”

A shade of reluctance passed over the face of her husband, but he laughingly inquired, “Shall I go up to him, and ask him why he is sad, and implore him to impart his sorrows to me?”

“No, you shall not,” she replied, eagerly; and then she added more softly, “I merely thought you might enter into ordinary conversation with him, as they are going to Wangeroge, and are people with whom we can have intercourse.”

“Have intercourse? Now, really!” he again interrupted, laughing.

“Certainly,” she answered, “at least so have I proposed to myself.”

“If you have proposed the thing, it is certainly critical,” was his answer.

“I know not how it is,” she began, while she took his hand and looked at him earnestly, “but there must be something in my manner to-day that provokes you to contradiction. I know very well I am excited with the journey; and you, too, perhaps,” she

added, with a smile. "But dear Ernst, I only meant that we should cultivate their acquaintance, if you have no objections; as we wondered some time ago, whether we should find any Christian friends, I took it as a matter of course that we should make their acquaintance. If you had seen the young lady just now praying with her child, you would not doubt that they belong to us. It was this that took from me every feeling of strangeness, and if you allow it, I at least shall enter into conversation with the lady."

"I allow you to do what you cannot help doing," said he, kindly; "and I will follow your good example and pay the gentleman a visit."

Anna looked at him gratefully, and then walked to the place where Elizabeth was sitting. She took a seat by her, and said, composedly, "Our little ones are all sleeping very sweetly."

"They are weary from the journey," replied Elizabeth, in some confusion, and without looking up.

There was a pause.

"How wonderful it is to watch these ever-rolling waves," said Anna.

Her companion nodded.

"Is this the first time you have seen the sea?" asked Anna.

Elizabeth answered in the affirmative, and raised her eyes.

"The feeling that it gives me is strange," continued Anna; "at first, my poor narrow heart felt

still more contracted, before the boundless, the unceasing."

Elizabeth nodded again, and looked into the beautiful, trust-awakening eyes of the friendly lady.

"I thought to myself," continued the latter, unreservedly, "if I had been wrecked upon a little sand island, and separated from all my heart loves, and must ever listen with yearning soul to this unceasing murmur—"

Elizabeth glanced involuntarily to her husband. Singularly enough, she had just thought, "If the ship should carry her forth into the boundless ocean, and she must leave all she loved behind."

Anna understood the glance. Elizabeth's large, childlike eyes could never conceal her warm feelings.

"But if we have our loved ones with us," continued Anna, "then this rushing, and heaving, and never-failing return of the waves, has another meaning for the soul; the infinite presses upon it less; it feels the ever-new, ever-flowing waves of the grace and compassion of God."

Elizabeth nodded assent, but her lips were compressed and her eyes full of tears.

Anna went on with still greater warmth, "When the grace and compassion of God float around us, we have the true consolation."

Elizabeth rose quickly, and looked over the bulwarks to the sea, but involuntarily she gave her hand at the same time to the kind-hearted speaker. Her

sympathy was precious to her lonely forsaken heart, and she would not have her turning away misunderstood. The twilight became deeper, and the deck very still.

“Shall we go down to our children now?” asked Anna, kindly.

“Ah! no,” replied Elizabeth, hastily. “I will remain here, I feel so much better up above.”

Anna made a few attempts to induce her to go down; she feared the cold night air for her delicate health. But Elizabeth shook her head, and could not be moved. Here and there on the seats a lady still lingered, or walked to and fro, so she was not left alone. At that moment the two gentlemen approached. Neither was inclined to make acquaintance readily, and Herr von Kadden would probably have been still more reserved, if he had not seen the wife of this gentleman so kind to his children, and just now to his wife. Herr von Hohendorf had said to him, “As our wives and children have made acquaintance with each other, and we are all bound alike for Wangeroge, I shall introduce myself.”

Herr von Kadden then mentioned his own name, and both conversed on ordinary topics. They now approached the ladies; Herr von Hohendorf feeling somewhat curious, as he was fully convinced that Herr von Kadden was not sea-sick, and that his discerning wife was a true soul-searcher. The gentlemen were introduced to the ladies, and Herr von Hohendorf

advised that they should go down to the cabin. Anna mentioned Elizabeth's resolution of passing the night on deck.

"You had better go down," said Herr von Kadden, quietly; "you would take cold here."

Elizabeth made no answer, but turned for a shawl that lay upon the seat, and would have withdrawn at once, because the strange gentleman was looking at her so attentively.

Herr von Kadden remarked her purpose, and said, kindly, "You must first take some tea; you have eaten nothing this evening."

"Nothing this evening!" exclaimed Anna, in surprise.

"I had a bad headache," said Elizabeth, in a low voice, turning to her, "and I prefer water."

In the meanwhile, a waiter brought tea, and set it upon a little table near them.

Anna walked with her husband to the helm; they looked on the starry heavens above them, and then on the heavens mirrored in the water; and Anna whispered softly, "See now how strange it is with that pair; how attentively he hands the tea to her, and she drinks it like a little child, only because he wishes it."

"Is she somewhat weak-minded?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Certainly not," said Anna, eagerly. "No! I tell you they have quarrelled."

Herr von Hohendorf could not help laughing.

“Perhaps you know, too, which is most in fault?”

“No, I do not; but I am right. She is unhappy; and if that were not the cause, her husband would be more sympathising.

“Well, that is a plain conclusion,” said her husband; and she continued—

“Probably they are both to blame, but I am more sorry for the lady; a husband never feels his fault so sorely as his wife.”

“My dear Anna!” admonished her husband.

“I say so,” she added, with a sigh, “because I usually am the most to blame, and there is no greater misery than remorse.”

Herr von Hohendorf made no reply; but he took her hand, and laid his arm on her shoulder.

“If one has a husband that stands above it, and can help one out of one’s sorrow, all is well,” said Anna, gently. “But how few men understand that! I pity the wife most, and must find some opportunity of speaking to him of reasonable men.”

“Dear Anna!” warned her husband.

“Don’t be afraid,” said she, smiling; “I know perfectly well how to deal with gentlemen.”

Elizabeth drank her tea quickly, and hastened to the cabin. She still feared a conversation with Frau von Hohendorf. Her husband carried her shawl, and accompanied her to the door; he gave her his hand, and said, “Good night.” Her heavy heart could not

return this ; she had a choking sensation in her throat ; and when he gave her his hand, she could only weep. She was already in her berth, when Frau von Hohendorf entered, and took her place by her children. Elizabeth saw the glittering stars through the window ; she heard the rushing of the waters, and felt herself rising and sinking with the waves. She would gladly have charmed herself to sleep with the remembrances of her youth, but she could not ; she had succeeded once, but the spell was gone. Still the power of reflecting had in some wise returned to her ; all was not so dim within and without ; she could meditate on her unhappiness. She thought of her bride-season—how she was admired and spoiled like a little queen ; she thought of the lovely May-morning of her marriage, of her brave hopes, her confident expectation of an unchanging good fortune and unsullied joy. Now, in her terrible humiliation, she saw only the ruins of this good fortune. Ah ! how bitter it was ! how terrible ! She could never love him again ; never again lovingly clasp or hold the hand that had been raised threateningly against her. “ But is all this the Lord’s chastisement ? ” That thought came also ; she was obliged to reflect upon it, for there was no way of escape. She folded her hands, and again heard the words in her soul, “ When the grace and compassion of God float around us, we have the true consolation.” If she could not grasp this truth, she felt that she was

encompassed by it, and borne up still ; and finally she slept.

Towards morning, the vessel had to wait some hours for the flowing of the tide, that the little boats might come near enough to take in the passengers ; from the boats both people and luggage were passed on to large carriages that went slowly through the smooth water to the land. All the inhabitants of the island seemed to be assembled to greet the new passengers ; joyous horn-music sounded to them already from the distance. Frau von Hohendorf gazed with delight on the blue sea that surrounded these little sunny islands, on the green hills, the pleasant houses, and the pretty pleasure-grounds ; to pass a few weeks here, with her husband and children, was an exquisite prospect to her. Elizabeth, on the contrary, was moved to deeper sorrow by the horn-music that rang out so joyously in the morning air ; it made her home-sick, and gave her strange longings for Braunschweig, and the time when such tones had allured her to the window, to wait, unseen by all but one, for the welcome greeting. She had little Friedrich in her lap, and her tears dropped fast on his flaxen curls. In the universal confusion of arriving, and dismounting, and dwelling-seeking, she remained unnoticed, till she found herself in the clean, pleasant little cottage of a mariner, close to the sea.

The whole house contained only two sitting-rooms, one bed-room, and a kitchen. The latter, which was

perfectly bright and clean, with its white hearth-stones and pretty display of crockery, was inhabited by the owners of the house. One of the sitting-rooms was appropriated to Johanna and the children; and the pleasantest parlour, as well as the bed-room that overlooked the sea, were assigned to the gentlefolks.

Elizabeth stood at her parlour-window, and looked at the little garden and the green sand-hills that were scattered with cheerful-looking houses. The stillness was very grateful to her, and she was glad to be no longer thrown amongst so many strangers. Suddenly her husband entered the room, and her heart became heavy. "How will it be, now I must be so much with him?" The thought drove her to her children; yet she did not venture to leave the room the moment he entered. He stepped up to her, and said gravely, almost gloomily, "Elizabeth, will you ever resolve to talk to me again?"

A swift, timid "Yes," flew from her lips.

"Will you and the children come to the sands before the door?" he asked, more kindly.

"I should like to be alone a little while. I mean," she amended, "I should like to rest a little."

He left her, and found his children before the door; but he felt it impossible to play with them, so he wandered alone on the solitary strand. The doubt that had tormented him the whole night—"whether she would remain with him, and whether he would compel her to do it," grievously oppressed him. He

scarcely knew what he had done in his violence. Perhaps, according to the civil laws, such scenes would be a sufficient ground for a separation. That Elizabeth and her relations would be governed by the laws of God was a comfort to him yesterday; to-day, it was clear to him that nothing was gained by it. Would Elizabeth overcome her fear, and dislike, and ill-will? would she willingly conform to the laws of God? No. He knew that she had of late been estranged from God more and more, and the persuasions of her parents and grandparents would be of no avail; both their lives would only be made more miserable. He remembered now that his colonel had once said, "When two people come to that pass that they make each other's lives a burden, it is better to separate." He fancied, in his present mood, they were arrived at that state. Elizabeth must be yearning for freedom. "It is all over, and it is best so." The words ever sounded in his ears. Her heart had been estranged from him long since, but he was too blind to perceive it. "Else why did she look at him so timidly and shyly, even when he was kind to her?" He had sought for the ground for this in her present condition, her shattered nerves; but now he could no longer deceive himself about the true reason. He must confess that all had been long prepared for the last unlucky scene, that it did not come from a cloudless sky, and that an incomprehensible selfishness had ever led him nearer and nearer to this mournful end. The world would advise him to tor-

ment himself no longer, to give up his happiness; it would make the most persuasive and reasonable representations, to which he could answer nothing. He felt himself bounded by a very narrow horizon, and constrained to draw closer and closer to the world and sin; and this horizon he could not pass beyond. A man who stands above these things cannot comprehend how a poor weak heart can so torture itself; and yet the majority of souls sigh under the pressure of the narrow, enthralling world of sin. They consider, they examine, they turn round and round, as in a circle, but come not forth. He became so engrossed with these fancies, that he took them for the veriest truth and reality. It seemed to him the greatest of humiliations to see his wife so constrained in his presence. He considered whether it would not be wiser to return to Bremen. The gossip and curiosity of acquaintances would vanish before their real misery. It would be perhaps better if she were with her grandparents. There she might learn again the help-seeking she had unlearned with him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HILLS FROM WHENCE COMETH HELP.

HERR VON KADDEN again entered the cottage, with a sad foreboding how he might find Elizabeth. Johanna was standing with the owners in the kitchen; but she came forward to him, and whispered, "They are all asleep." He entered the room gently. Elizabeth had fallen asleep on the sofa. He approached her, and saw she was exhausted with weeping, and had rested her weary head on the hard back of the couch. But a book lay on her lap—the Bible! Then a light dawned upon the night of his sorrow. She was still able to seek help. He bent over her, and looked into the open book. His eyes fell upon the 130th Psalm—"Prayer for the forgiveness of sin." He could have knelt down and wept, he loved her so dearly. Despite all sin and weakness, he would bear her on his soul. Ah, how suddenly joy and confidence were restored to his mind! She would seek help; she would yield to God's commands; she would

struggle against fear, and dislike, and anger—not for the persuasions of men, but by the help of God. All this the book in her hand told him. Yes, when our weak human thoughts tell us there is no help, no preservation, God can send help. How enlarged did his soul now become, while the prudent, shrewd considerations of this world faded and vanished. “My soul looketh to the hills, from whence cometh my help.” He longed for a Bible in his hand, but did not venture to take Elizabeth’s, lest he should startle her. He walked uneasily into the children’s room; he had not deceived himself. Two dark little books were lying on a table; he took the Bible, and went out before the door. The tide was fast coming in, and the waves foamed and dashed against the little sand-islands. He sat at some little distance from the house, on the top of a green down, and looked upon the foaming waves, each one of which seemed to bring restoration to his weary soul. He opened the Bible thoughtfully, and read in Isaiah—“For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer. So have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee.” When he had read this, he gazed again upon the waves, and opened wide his breast; those glorious inrolling waves brought him ever more refreshment, and strength,

and courage. He read the 121st Psalm—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; and He that keepeth thee will not sleep." These are the words of eternal life. Ah! blessed is he who fears God! He will grant him a large measure of His grace; He will enrich him, and raise him above all pain, all trouble. Herr von Kadden felt himself lifted up into another world: peace came with reverence, love, and faith; and he gave his future to God. When one can be peaceful in sorrow, as he now was, what is there to fear? Still he gazed on the foaming waves, and then on his Bible. He looked for the verse which his grandfather had given him on the threshold of life, that had long been unthought of. He found it in the 31st chapter of Jeremiah—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." With loving-kindness! that was comprehensible to him now in quite another sense than when he had told the grandmamma of it, and thought only of his earthly happiness.

He was so deeply sunk in thought that he did not hear the approaching footsteps on the soft sand, and suddenly he saw Herr and Frau von Hohendorf at his side. His first involuntary movement was to conceal the Bible (a book that is so little esteemed by the world—so far below clever and cultivated people—that

a reasonable man should take out with him in a solitary walk for his edification). What would they think of him? This would have been perhaps a great embarrassment before people of the world. But to one influenced by God's grace, the world and its considerations look very pitiful. The Bible was the anchor of his hope, of his faith, the kingdom of his happiness, the assurance of his peace and eternal bliss, and he had courage to own it to the whole world, and to stand tranquilly with the book in his hand, and return the greeting of the strangers.

"We have disturbed you," said Herr von Hohendorf, in a friendly tone.

That these people esteemed him all the more for having his Bible in his hand, he knew not; to them it was a sign before which all strange barriers, all worldly forms gave way; they stood before each other unknown, and yet known, and felt themselves drawn to him by sympathy. Even Herr von Hohendorf felt no reluctance to testify this, and for the very reason that he had the Bible in his hand did he now greet him so openly and heartily.

"The sea is very beautiful here," observed Herr von Kadden.

"You have been reading in the Bible," said Frau von Hohendorf. "How gloriously the psalms must chime in unison with this grand and mighty voice of nature! Dear Ernst," she continued, turning to her husband, "we must bring the Bible here with us."

Perhaps she said this involuntarily, to show the stranger they were of like mind with himself.

Herr von Hohendorf put his hand in his coat-pocket, and replied, "I have a New Testament, and will bring the Psalter, if you like it."

She thanked him with pleasure, and said, "When I look at these mighty waves, I cannot help thinking of the words, 'Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same, the rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God.'"

"One can never picture to oneself the grandeur of the sea till one has seen it," remarked Kadden. His companions were agreed with him.

They now expressed some astonishment at the solitariness of the shore, till it was remembered that it was dinner-time for the bathing guests who joined the *table d'hôte*; and it was mutually observed they had resolved not to join the general society, but to live quietly by themselves, and with the glorious sea.

Frau von Hohendorf inquired for Elizabeth with interest; and Kadden replied, that she had not recovered from the journey, and was resting.

"The nurse told me how very weak and delicate she is," she observed, sympathizingly.

He assented. "She has been suffering through the past winter, ever since the birth of the little girl."

"We must take great care of her," she continued; "yes, you must allow me to take a share in nursing

her ; I cannot tell you how very much she won my affection from the minute I first saw her."

Kadden was somewhat confused ; and Herr von Hohendorf remarked, " The openness of my wife makes it your duty to be equally frank, and assure her you do not want her help, and would rather undertake the nursing yourself."

" Ah, no !" answered Kadden, warmly ; " I do not understand how to nurse my poor wife."

" Then you must learn ; from a woman older than yourself you may well take good advice," remarked Frau von Hohendorf, pleasantly.

Her husband feared his wife was a little premature with her good counsel, and might perhaps begin to speak of " reasonable men ;" so he interrupted her sportively, " I should offer myself as a much better counsellor, but my wife would not recommend me ; she is so impolite as to maintain that I am never so disagreeable as when she is unwell."

Frau von Hohendorf smiled, and promised Herr von Kadden a visit the following day. Then taking her husband's arm, they departed.

" How could you say that ?" she began, somewhat reproachfully ; now I cannot hold you up to him as a pattern."

" It is only the truth !" replied her husband.

" My dear Ernst, you must not believe it," she entreated ; " I only say it if I am vexed and cross."

" I do not believe it," was his speedy answer, and

the confirmation of his words might be read in his face.

Kadden strolled back thoughtfully to the house. After the few words he had spoken with his companions, he had a perfect idea of them, and thankfully acknowledged the leading of God in their meeting. If we have only eyes to see and ears to hear, we shall own that the hairs of our head are numbered, and that God guides us in all our ways. What a comfort it was to him to hear that faithful people—people, too, who loved each other—did not always think each other agreeable. Neither did the anticipated visit annoy him; he rejoiced in this intercourse for Elizabeth's sake.

He entered the room again with very different feelings. He found Elizabeth in the same corner of the sofa, but waking. She saw the Bible in his hand, and looked this way and that; her heart began to beat fast. The conflicts and tears, that had ended in her own Bible-reading, had been brought on by the question, whether she could bear her loneliness here, with the constant presence and demeanour of her husband; whether she must not flee to her grandparents for protection and sympathy, love and consolation. Her heart beat violently, as he sat down by her; but he could not say anything very bad with the Bible in his hand, that was a consolation.

“Are you agreed, Elizabeth,” he began, with a faltering voice, “that we should obey God's commands, and abide together in patience and humility?”

He stopped; she drooped her eyes, and could make no answer.

“If you are yearning for your friends, I would not keep you back,” he continued; “but we are come here solely for your health, and must hope you will grow quite strong.”

His eye fell upon the roses, that were still sweet and fresh, in a glass near Elizabeth’s Bible.

“We will look upon these flowers as the confirmation of your hope,” said he, with a smile, that was mournful enough.

Elizabeth was still silent.

“And when we return, it is settled that you go with the children to your grandparents.” He then went on to tell her, as gently and tenderly as he could, “She should pass the time here exactly as she pleased, live and act entirely as her inclination prompted. She should talk or be silent, cry or be joyful, go out or rest; yes, wander alone on the shore as much as she pleased; she had no one to ask, no one to give an account to of her proceedings; she should feel herself free, and must neither fear to vex him, nor to make him angry; she must only think of her health, and of her peace,” he added, in a low voice.

She heard all in silence, and was silent still.

After a pause, he said, quickly—“Say just one word, Elizabeth.”

“I thank you,” she replied; and he hastily left the room.

“He acts from kindness and generosity,” was the whisper in her soul; and this conviction was perceptible in her answer. When he had left the room, her mournful thoughts speedily returned to her again. “Generosity will not be difficult; he has no desire to hear much of me, because he no longer loves me. My presence is as oppressive to him as his to me; he will be glad to feel himself free. And yet,” she concluded, finally, “it is best so; the resolution is wise;” and that it was made before God with an upright heart, she felt in her own soul.

She rose to follow his counsel, and be as much as possible in the open air. She stood before the glass, put back her disordered curls, and fastened a light lace handkerchief over her glossy hair.

At this moment, Johanna entered with the new bonnet and velvet mantle. Elizabeth looked at her in astonishment.

“Now, gracious lady, you must make yourself smart,” began the maid; “all the company are walking on the shore. We must go, too, with the children.”

“Where did you get those things?” asked Elizabeth, with a faltering voice.

“The master bought them himself in Bremen,” said Johanna, smiling; “so you must thank him heartily.”

Elizabeth took the things from the hand of her maid, laid them in a press that stood in the room, and said, “I am not going to the shore now; I

shall stay here with the children, on the bank before the house."

Johanna knew her young lady was capricious, and she said no more.

Elizabeth sat the whole evening at the gable-end of the house, where an erection of sail-cloth concealed her from the passers-by, and through which she had a perfect view of the sea. Her husband was gone out. She took her supper with the children here, and then sat alone, till the sun, like a large ball of fire, sank gently into the deep blue ocean. She sat with folded hands; her heart was quite still and peaceful; she had read in her Bible, and could pray; help had come to her, and comfort would follow. God had hearkened to her, for had not all been ordered well, so contrary to her expectation? Since her husband had spoken to her, her dread and anguish had vanished; the time here would not be insupportable after all. She would not look into the future, but only pray for the present day. She had played in the evening with her children like a child herself, and would neither think of the past nor future. She sat calmly and thoughtfully now her little ones were in bed, looking steadfastly on the sea, thanking God for the last peaceful hours, and praying for a good night for herself and children.

When the sun was almost set, and rested like a little golden boat upon the water, her husband suddenly approached her. She started up involuntarily.

“ I did not mean to disturb you,” he said, quietly, and was about to go.

“ Ah, no !” she answered, quickly ; “ the sun is so beautiful now.”

He remained a few paces from her, leaning against the wall of the house. Both watched the sinking sun, till at last it was only a star, that sent its glowing rays over the golden-crested, lightly-heaving waves. Finally the star sank, and an ever-deepening crimson spread itself over the darkening twilight sea, that enclasped the little islands in its wide arms, and stretched out beyond to the boundless, melancholy distance.

“ It will soon be cold,” said Herr von Kadden. He longed to add, “ It would be better for you to go into the house ;” but he did not attempt to persuade her, because he had said she should live entirely according to her own pleasure. But he had no sooner spoken, than Elizabeth collected her things together, and went into the sitting-room, where the servant followed her with lights. She hastily fetched a little prayer-book her grandmamma had given her as a child, out of which, for several years, she had read each evening the portion appointed for the day. In the winter that she had been so much in company, and had usually returned home very late, she had gradually discontinued the reading. Finally, when she had been weary, and little in the mood for such things, she had, at the most, given it an occasional glance, with a divided heart. She had brought it here, because she

had been accustomed from childhood to take it everywhere with her little Bible. When she again took the dear old book in her hand, it was with shame and a guilty conscience, yet with great longing. She found the meditation for the day—July 14th—“My heart hath talked of Thee. Seek ye My face. Thy face, Lord, will I seek. I am Thine; oh, help me, for I seek Thy commandments. They who seek Me early shall find Me. The poor seek Thee, and rejoice. Their heart shall live who seek the Lord. He who seeks, finds. Who findeth Me, findeth life.”

“If thou art lingering till thy heart awakened be ere thou draw
near

To God, so mayest thou stand apart, and He thy voice will never
hear.

Pray without ceasing, calmly force thy backward will, close to
Him press;

So will He bless thine earnest course. Ah! lose not all from
idleness!

All needful strength thy God will give; His word is pledged to
thee for aye.

Seek, then, His face, and thou shalt live; oh! seek thy Saviour's
face alway!”

When she had read the first part, her husband entered the room. She was about to conceal the book. She thought, as she blushed deeply, he should know nothing of her mood: he would not wish it. He had himself untaught her to find sympathy and consolation from him. He would not care to know what was passing within her. To-day, with her book in her hand, it was sufficient consolation that the Lord

knew it; yet this last thought would not allow her to put the book aside. She read now for God's sake, certainly with a very distracted mind. She would have known nothing of the last part, had it not been familiar to her from long use. At last, after short consideration, she rose and wished her husband good-night. He did not give her his hand, but she was content.

She lay long awake, and listened to the flowing tide, rushing ever closer and closer to her windows. She thought of the dark, boundless water-floods, and said, "If I had been shipwrecked on an island, and separated from all my heart loves!" She remembered her precious little ones, and could thank God so sincerely! How much she owed her tranquillity to the feeling that she was not alone in this strange land, without a protector, without having one near her on whose magnanimity at least she could rely, was not clear to herself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NEW BEGINNING IN PEACE.

THE next morning Elizabeth resolved to portion out her time. She remembered her grandmother had told her, that when she was a maiden, if all was not quite right within, she never found anything better than diligent labour. In the sorrow that results from sin, and in bearing the cross, pray and work—a calm and ordered life brings the best consolation. Elizabeth resolved to live now as she did when a maiden, and at her fairest time, the season of her confirmation. Ah! then, in her first love to her Lord, her heart's deep longing was to live to Him. The rich knowledge of His Word had grown at the same time with her spiritual life. She was then quiet and diligent, helpful to her mother, in all kindness and humility; she played with her little brothers and sisters, learned hymns when she was busy with her needle, and played and sang in the twilight from the treasures she had collected in her soul. What a long time lay between

now and then! How untranquil, dissipated, and heavy-hearted she had been! Her young heart had looked into the future with confidence and joy, as though there were no perils to fear. She had greatly longed then to find some one her heart could love; but this love was to aid her to all goodness, and to a holy walk before the Lord. That the real conflicts of life first begin with love, and betrothal, and marriage; that this love itself both dissipates and divides the heart, she had never believed. Yes; that life first becomes real and earnest then; that the command then comes, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," no young heart would believe. Elizabeth believed it now; and when she reflected on her past life, and the last few days of her present one, she felt as though her soul could not bear its burden, as though it would be best to give up all earthly hope, to turn away from all human beings, to grieve and weep for herself, and entirely to throw herself on the compassion of God. Reason should never look back; and faith should ever look forward, and rely in all humility on the promises of God. And, with her heavy chastisement, had she not the consolation that God would release her from the burden of her sin? Like a reed swayed by the wind, her thoughts moved her to and fro; her courage flickered like an expiring light, and then sank again.

In such mood she sat, early the next morning, on her seat by the sea, and opened her book at the 15th July

—“ My God, I trust in Thee ; let me not be put to confusion. I wait upon Thee, O Lord ! Thou wilt hear me, O Lord, my God ! He who waits on Thee shall never be put to shame. *Answer*: Hope is never put to shame. Those who trust in the Lord will not fall, but stand fast as the hills about Zion. Who that trusted in God was ever confounded ? And though help may be delayed, wait patiently ; for it assuredly will come, and will not tarry. Should God delay to help, and the enemy should make thee doubt His truth, remember the command, ‘ Wait.’ Thou livest yet, and shalt be a witness of God’s truth. If He were not true, He would not be God. His truth is eternal, sure and steadfast as He is Himself, but far above our comprehension. Thou wilt finally experience this—yes, and in all its gladness ; though heaven and earth pass away, thou shalt not be put to shame. He is ; and faith abides for ever.”

“ No soul of man upon the earth that prays and hopes for God’s dear
grace,

Shall be denied, or put to shame : full often He doth hide His face.

Bethink thee, that His lingering may be another form of aid ;

And thus the longer the delay, the more assured thy help is made.”

“ I, too, will wait,” thought Elizabeth, consoled ; “ I will only look on to the future in faith.”

She now began to arrange her day. The physician had ordered her to begin the bathing on the morrow, so she could pass another day unnoticed in her little sail-cloth tent. She fetched her different tasks there. She had chemises to make for her little Mary ; and

would scarcely have believed, some time ago, that she could be thankful for the work, because at home all inclination, all pleasure in needlework had utterly failed her. She resolved, while sewing, to learn again all the forgotten hymns of her youth; this would prevent her thinking too much of the terrible past. She had brought all the materials for drawing and painting, and she would occasionally refresh herself by using them. She would walk in the little garden, and play with her children; perhaps, at the solitary hour of noon, when the tide was highest, she could go beyond the palings, to a little neighbouring prominence, and look down upon the foaming waves. So her day was marked out fully and peacefully; and she began with good courage the first little garments for her baby.

In a short time she heard voices before the house-door—Frau von Hohendorf, with her children. She had not thought of such an interruption. “How shall I get on with company?” she anxiously asked herself, as her husband introduced the guests. She closed the song-book, and laid her work on the cover; the roses from Braunhausen, with paper, pencils, and paints, were standing there.

Frau von Hohendorf at first would not stay, as she did not like to disturb Elizabeth; she only wished to say “good morning” as she passed. But Elizabeth could not withstand those sympathizing eyes, and she begged Anna, in some confusion, yet very kindly, to take a seat.

Kadden took leave, and went to walk on the shore with Herr von Hohendorf.

Frau von Hohendorf's children played with little Friedrich, while their mothers watched them.

Frau Anna took the song-book in her hand, and said, unconsciously, "Are you learning while you work?"

Elizabeth nodded.

"I have so much time in Wangeroge, I mean to go over the Catechism again; one forgets it, and one has to learn it again like a child."

"The Catechism!" repeated Elizabeth, thoughtfully; "that is true; I have not gone over it since my confirmation." And she was obliged to look down upon her work to conceal her tears.

"That could not have been very long ago," said Anna, affectionately.

"Five years!" was Elizabeth's answer; and, in thought she added, "long enough to be very miserable."

"If I am diligent with my studies, I shall be able to lend you my book," said Anna, good-naturedly. "But would it not be better for you not to learn here, but to rest your nerves completely?"

"Ah no! doing nothing does not strengthen the nerves," answered Elizabeth; "I have tried it long at home."

Anna's eyes rested with interest on the refined, pale face, and the clear open eyes; she felt an irresist-

ible impulse to embrace Elizabeth, and to whisper words of affection to her, and implore her to tell her what she had upon her mind. But as she could not do that, she took little Friedrich upon her lap, and kissed his fair forehead.

At that moment Johanna appeared with his little sister. Elizabeth took her child, and, as she looked into its dark-blue eyes, and blooming little infant-face, that looked forth upon the world with such touching innocence and confidence, the childlike expression of goodness and joy that was habitual to her came again into her own eyes.

The ladies had not remarked that their husbands had approached the palisades, and, though in conversation, were watching mother and child, till Paul called his mamma's attention to it, whereupon she took leave of Elizabeth, and went on for a longer walk.

"She appears to be very happy," thought Elizabeth, as she drew the sail-cloth a little back, and saw her standing upon a high down by her husband's side, a little distance from the house. They certainly fancied themselves unobserved. Anna, with her hat in her hand, was leaning her head, with its beautiful brown tresses, on her husband's shoulder, and he was looking down on her with a glance that made Elizabeth's heart tremble. She wondered whether there was ever any thing between them that came in the way of their love; and then she had to struggle again to free her

own soul from the burden of memory, from her trouble and humiliation.

A week passed rapidly, if quietly, for each day brought much variety to Elizabeth. She bathed every day, and then walked upon the shore; at times she ventured to the little promontory, and sat there, while the waves foamed and roared underneath; or she played with the children, helped them to collect the pretty sea shells, and lived quite free and unrestrained. She scarcely saw her husband, except at table. While she was in her own little kingdom, he was in the sitting-room, busied with his books and papers; and when he went to walk with Herr von Hohendorf, and some other gentlemen, or played on the sands with his little boy, she did anything she wished in the sitting-room. It was dreary to her, and became from day to day more so, to see the husband she had loved so fondly, sitting near her almost like a stranger, without a friendly word, or a kind glance; and she felt as though her heart could not bear its woe much longer. Then evil thoughts rushed in upon her, and agitated her soul. "He has injured me too sorely—he has ruined all my hopes—my whole young, bright life; even if I would, I could not love him again." To these evil thoughts followed repentance and unrest; and there was no more calm till she had taken her trouble and heartache, in all humility, to the Lord. Then she felt that she had floated into a safe little haven, where the waves of

trouble could not reach her ; then she could think, with deep sympathy, on the many, many women living in the world without God, who, either with or without their own fault, must bear such pain all through their lives." How many wives have the image of a happy bridegroom, and an attentive, affectionate young husband, in memory, while the real man at their side is cold, and inconsiderate, and unkind.

One very lovely afternoon she sat quite alone upon the bank ; she heard the voices of her children on the shore, but she knew not whether her husband was in the sitting-room, or gone out. She had just put in the sleeves to the third little garment, and laid it contentedly down. She had a great fancy to sing something ; it was so long since she had done so, it would give her great pleasure. She rose, looked round the corner of the house, no one was there. The bedroom window was closed, the blind down ; Johanna and the little ones were on the shore ; and her husband, if he were in the room, would not hear her soft song. That he was standing thoughtfully at the bedroom window, as he so often did, and had fixed his earnest gaze upon her from behind the blind, she little suspected. He saw her reconnoitring, and drew back from the window, till she had taken her seat, when he approached it again. She sang in a low voice, but distinct enough for him to hear.

“Jesu! with us go,
We will not be slow,
To follow Thee upon life's way,
To follow Thee without delay ;
Lead us by the hand,
To our Fatherland.

“Though all ills betide,
Firm we will abide ;
In sorrow's night aye calm remain,
Nor of our burdens e'er complain ;
Steep the way may be,
If it lead to Thee.

“If our stricken heart
Writhe beneath its smart,
Feel too keen a brother's sorrow,
Patience we from Thee will borrow ;
And our thoughts will send,
Always to the end.

“Saviour! ever dear!
Order all things here ;
And if our pathway rugged be,
Aid us in each extremity ;
And when life is o'er,
Ope to us Thy door !”

In many parts her voice became a little uncertain, but she sang on bravely to the end, then rose and looked on all sides, to be sure she was alone. Reassured, she sat down again to finish a painting. She took a sheet from her portfolio, and looked at it thoughtfully ; there were the Braunhausen roses, beautifully drawn, and finished with the most fresh and exquisite colouring. The faded originals were before her in the glass, and she meant to throw them

from the green prominence into the sea, now that she had a lovely, lifelike, unfading image of them before her. It was very consolatory to her to have it; but she did not herself know why. A few strokes were yet wanting to the stalks; then she held her work by the flowers that were standing in the water, so that the watcher at the window could see the painting, which would have been carefully hidden if he had approached her table. She now opened the Bible, rubbed carmine and Indian ink in the saucers, and took her pen in hand; she was about to write. In days of yore, he had always added the mottoes to her little artistic performances, because he could do them best; naturally, she did not think of asking him now. He could no longer remain in the sitting-room; the hymn she had just sung had given him courage; his going to her now could not disturb her. He went out, but she heard him not; and as he suddenly stood before her, she started, and covered the painting with a handkerchief.

“May I not see your work?” he asked.

She lifted the handkerchief from the roses in some embarrassment, for she fancied he would think her very childish. Why should she have painted those especial flowers? she did not know herself.

He sat down by her, took the drawing in his hand, and said, “How beautifully you have painted the roses! they are more beautiful than the real ones.”

“They are a memorial of Braunhausen,” she observed.

He glanced at her inquiringly. The sad meaning that he found in her words was not to be read in her eyes; she was only constrained for a moment.

“Were you going to write something underneath?” he asked, as he looked at the capital A already done.

It was an unlucky question. She could not be un-courteous; but she would rather not have told. When she saw that he was not going to press his question, and was rising, she handed him a little paper, on which she had first tried the words with a pencil, “Abraham believed God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because against hope he believed in hope.” The Roman letters were printed with unsteady hand, and he offered to write the words under the painting for her. She gave him the colours and the pen; and when he asked how he should interchange the colours, she answered, “As you like; only not too much black.”

“No,” said he, looking calmly and openly into her eyes; “the writing to those lovely roses must be more crimson.”

He sat by her, and printed the little text with firm, steady hand; she followed each letter with her eyes, and rejoiced that he was completing her work with those promising words. “His kindness will excuse my finding amusement in the long blooming of the

roses," she thought, with pleasure, "or he would not have helped me so earnestly." Yet the words would be somewhat problematical to him ; however, he did not seem to think about them, but handed the painting to her kindly, and went away.

CHAPTER XXX.

ANOTHER MARRIED PAIR.

JOHANNA now mounted the little heights with the children, as the tide had driven them from the shore ; and immediately after, Frau von Hohendorf came to Elizabeth.

“ Are you sure I do not disturb you ?” she asked, doubtfully.

“ Quite sure,” answered Elizabeth, and, for the first time, in a somewhat joyful tone. She knew not why, but she was happy just now.

“ I am come to you really to be comforted,” said Anna, in great agitation. “ I have scarcely felt so solitary and forsaken as to-day.”

Elizabeth looked at her in some surprise ; that she should come to her to be comforted was a novel idea.

“ Just fancy, my husband has been away for two hours with the children.”

“ And you do not know where ?” interrupted Elizabeth.

"I know not where," repeated Anna.

"But there is no danger, the sea is so perfectly smooth."

"Oh! I fear nothing," continued Anna, as she sought to conceal her vexation under a sportive manner; "but it vexes me that he should have gone away without saying a word, leaving me to wait here all alone, though he knows how very much I like to go with him."

"Could you not have followed him?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Anna, sportively; "I could not have followed the impolite man! and then, I fancied every minute he would come back for me."

"Ah! true," said Elizabeth, thoughtfully (she knew the feeling so well), "if he did not go away because he was angry," she added, frankly.

"No, he was not that," was Anna's answer; "but I fear when he returns, I shall so receive him, that he will be angry."

"Possibly," replied Elizabeth; "but if one has time to consider beforehand."

"He has certainly left me time enough, and as I have spoken out to you according to my heart's pleasure, or rather displeasure, perhaps I have shamed myself sufficiently, and shall be able to control myself."

Elizabeth, much interested, took her hand; it did her good to see that this lady, who appeared to her so

happy, could quarrel with her husband. Anna, with the design of throwing off her vexation under the veil of sport, continued, "Men are so different to women! How can any one like to bring a shadow over another?"

They were interrupted by Herr von Kadden; she greeted him, and informed him that her husband was gone to walk alone to-day, and had completely forgotten her."

"I saw your husband not long since," said Kadden, "walking along the shore with our three friends."

Anna considered now, whether it would not be advisable to restrain herself in the presence of Herr von Kadden; but that was not easy, for her heart was full, though she still talked playfully.

"Our three friends!" she repeated. "Yes; I suspected they had enticed him; but still it is incomprehensible, as he knows that our long, daily walks are my great delight. I have long been married now," she continued, shaking her head, "but I never lack occasion to marvel at the selfishness of men! As I said to you just now, dear Frau, how can any one so act? to leave me in this strange place, the whole afternoon, without a creature, while he goes for a pleasant stroll with his children and friends."

"There must be some especial reason," pleaded Herr von Kadden, smiling.

"None at all!" interrupted Anna. "I am convinced he will return, unconscious and innocent to the last degree."

She had not remarked, in her excitement, that Elizabeth was perfectly silent; and Herr von Kadden almost embarrassed. She had reminded both too forcibly of the period of their betrothal, and the first part of their wedded life, when such disquietudes were not uncommon to them. During the last year, unless quite by chance, Kadden had rarely said anything when he went out alone. Elizabeth's trouble and inner conflicts had been quite unthought of by him, and he had entirely discontinued little explanations with her, because they had become insufferable to him. The manner of this agreeable, pretty woman was not pleasant just now, for people are not pleasing in anger, however skilfully they may strive to conceal it. Kadden felt somewhat constrained and curious as Herr von Hohendorf approached with the children.

He greeted her and Frau von Kadden, and then said, more warmly than he was wont, "Good day, my dear Anna!"

She took his proffered hand, and gravely considered whether it would not be well to restrain herself before these strangers. She resolved not to ignore her annoyance quite, but to speak in sport.

"I thought you were lost," she began.

"If you will spare me the lecture," replied Herr von Hohendorf, "I will begin with my excuse."

"The only excuse could be, that you had met with some misfortune," she interrupted, hastily.

"We have not done that, as you see," was

his smiling answer; "but if you will allow me to speak."

"Oh! yes," said Anna. "You were having so important, so pleasant, so interesting a conversation, that the time passed away unobserved."

"Of course! but still there was something else; may I speak?"

"Unheard of patience!" thought Kadden, who meanwhile had been at first silent, and had then spoken of some ordinary matter.

"I know exactly what you are going to say," replied Anna; "it will not excuse you."

"What do you advise," said Herr von Hohendorf, turning to Kadden. "Shall I let my wife continue in error, that with all the greater pride I may hear my innocence fully acknowledged by and by?"

"If your wife will not permit you to speak, I do not see what other course is left to you," answered Kadden, laughing.

At that moment, the three friends above named entered the tent. The oldest, one Herr von Buhlen, was a tall, vigorous man, with white hair, a landowner in Westphalia; the second, a professor of theology; the third, the pastor from Herr von Hohendorf's own village, who had arrived by the last steamer. All three were here without wife or family, and daily met Herr von Hohendorf and Kadden on the shore. After the general greeting, Herr von Buhlen said to Anna, "Your husband hastened on before us, to receive his

lecture under four eyes, as he said; he has not been lucky, as you were not at home."

"I have a charge to bring forward against these gentlemen," said Anna; "they are the guilty cause of my husband having forgotten me the whole afternoon."

"Forgotten! not the least," replied Herr von Buhlen. "The poor man's uneasiness went to our hearts."

Anna felt irritated at the sport of the old gentleman, and would have replied hastily, when her husband warned—"Anna, be circumspect."

"You know, dear Ernst, that I can neither be circumspect, nor wait impatiently for husband and children a whole afternoon, and remain perfectly indifferent."

"There your wife is right," argued the elder gentleman.

Herr von Hohendorf gave her his hand so quietly, that she felt her right somewhat doubtful; still this important affair was not yet settled. The Pastor was too intimate with Anna not to suspect what was passing in her mind, and therefore asked permission to relate an adventure that would serve for the instruction of all present. Anna turned to him eagerly, and he stated, "That of course they had first induced Herr von Hohendorf to go with them one quarter of an hour, as he had purposed that he would be back in time. Just half the time had passed in lively conversation, when they turned back, but found their farther

progress checked by an arm of the sea, that was already filled up by the advancing tide. They turned, and coasted along the little half-island, to find some other way of egress; but the waves, as if in mockery, were rapidly coming in on the opposite side, which was somewhat sunk; and they thanked God when, half an hour after, a fortunate leap effected their escape from the rapidly dwindling half-island, and they were enabled to make their way home along the top of the down, a route that, to little Paul especially, had been very trying."

This was, of course, sufficient excuse; but the human heart is weak. Anna could not quite overcome her vexation, though she resolved not to let it be perceived. She thought, "the first half-hour is still unexcused." Meanwhile, Herr von Kadden had watched Anna and her husband in great suspense. How quietly and composedly he held her hand fast in his own, as though he would guard her from her own weakness, and give her due honour. "My poor Elizabeth, I acted very differently to you!" thought he, sadly. "My violence shortened our scenes, but made your struggles only the greater." Had she similar thoughts? Her attention had been directed to the pair. "Ah!" she thought, "if he had so helped me, it would never have been so bad!" And she was obliged to struggle with her whole heart against the remembrance of the humiliating scenes she had gone through.

The subject was dismissed as a mere joke, and the three gentlemen, who were here for the first time, admired the beauty of the situation.

“Now I comprehend,” said Herr von Buhlen, turning to Elizabeth, “your taking your prescribed rest so conscientiously on this place. You could not have a more beautiful one. We live by the Waat,” he continued, addressing his friends, “where it is not at all beautiful, and we have both sea and fresh air to seek.”

“You can watch the sunset hence,” observed the Pastor to Elizabeth.

“It is my evening’s pleasure,” she replied.

The friendly attention of both these gentlemen, whose manners particularly inspired her with confidence, was cheering to her poor, depressed heart; but when Herr von Buhlen looked earnestly at her, and then at her husband, she bent over her little Friedrich, and stroked his flaxen curls from his fair forehead. It was her fashion of concealing her embarrassment on such occasions.

At the same time her husband stooped to the child. “Could we not invite them to tea?” he whispered.

“If you like,” was her quick answer.

“If it would not be too much for you,” said he, again.

“I should like it,” she replied; and as he turned to invite the Hohendorfs and the gentlemen, she re-

collected her position as wife, and had courage to add, "I beg of you to stay. Do."

No one had any objection, and Herr von Buhlen took Elizabeth's hand kindly, and said, "I know not how it is, my dear young lady, that you seem so well known to me."

Elizabeth raised her large, confiding eyes to him, and answered, smiling, "Because you are so like my grandpapa."

As her tears were hardly to be repressed, despite her smiles, she quickly withdrew to order tea. All eyes followed her with interest, and were then directed to the husband, who was looking at the sea with a grave, tranquil expression; but the next moment he took his little boy in his arms, and talked to him with the utmost warmth and affection.

Elizabeth, assisted by Johanna and the hostess, made her little arrangements with great energy. Cold meat, wine, tea, cakes, and white bread were set out with taste. While Johanna and the servant were busied, Elizabeth took her baby, and carried her to the window of the sitting-room. She gazed upon the little dry garden and the green hills, with the scattered houses. Just this little occupation of arranging supper for the guests had given her pleasure. "A conscientious, active, quiet housewife," she thought—"a true and loving mother, can perhaps be happy without sun and without flowers, if she loves God, and has His peace in her heart."

At that moment, music floated to her from the public gardens. The still green hills, the blue heavens above, the distant wind-music, filled her heart with longing. "O dear, dear Lord! help me to love Thee earnestly—to love Thee as I did at my confirmation, when my heart desired Thee alone, and no other. If I loved Thee as I should, I could be kind, and affectionate, and patient to all—to him who has so sorely grieved me, she added, with fluttering heart; I should bear this humiliation cheerfully, from love to Thee. If Thou layest it upon me, and desirest me to bear it, I will do it for Thy sake—yes, willingly, and with my whole heart, if Thou wilt help me. I would never again be so hasty and angry, even as the beloved wife out there. She may ——" But a rustling at the open door caused her to turn, and she saw Anna slowly approaching. She went to meet her with joy, for she felt more and more drawn to her, especially to-day, when she had seen not only her happiness, but her soul's need—one of those little things that help to make up so large a portion of our life.

Anna put her arm round Elizabeth and the little Mary—"I love you so dearly, I can no longer keep it to myself," she said, "although I scarcely venture to own it to you to-day, I am so ashamed of myself."

Elizabeth shook her head, and smiled—"It was so pleasant to me to hear you," she observed, after a pause.

"You are always gentle and humble," continued Anna, mournfully.

“That I certainly am not,” replied Elizabeth; and as she raised her head, the truth of her words was plainly to be read in her guileless eyes; “but I wish to be.”

“I wish to be so,” repeated Anna, “but it is very difficult. Can you believe that for ten years I have striven, and must strive still?”

“But is it not becoming easier?” asked Elizabeth, affectionately.

“I should be only too glad to think so,” answered Anna; “but as one’s standard becomes higher, the difficulty remains ever the same.”

“One can always come again to God,” remarked Elizabeth.

“Yes; and to those who love us.”

Elizabeth nodded; but her heart felt sore. “Had she those who loved her? Her parents?—she feared to own her sorrows to them, as her mother always appeared unhappy about her. But the grandparents?—ah! yes, she could go to them, in the full assurance of their love and sympathy.”

“Dear Elizabeth, if I may call you so,” began Anna, caressingly—(Elizabeth’s answer was in her eyes)—“I think God has purposely led us together.”

“I have already thanked Him for it,” added Elizabeth.

“But was it not rather malicious of you,” asked Anna, with moist eyes, but playful voice, “to find pleasure in seeing me act like a silly child?”

“It is consolatory to me,” replied the other, “that people who love God can do so.”

“I wonder whether one has to struggle against one’s faults till death,” said Anna, thoughtfully.

Just then Johanna came into the room, took the baby from Elizabeth, and both ladies went out. All was very pleasant and inviting—the fresh air, the blue sea, the rapidly sinking sun, and the tea-table with its snowy cover. They took their places—Herr von Buhlen next to Elizabeth—and folded their hands. She glanced at her husband, and suddenly thought, “Now he will say grace aloud.” Yes, he did it; for the first time in his life he exercised this right of the master of the house. Anna sat between Herr von Kadden and her Pastor; then came her husband. The guests were animated—even Elizabeth could talk. She spoke to Herr von Buhlen of her grandfather and Woltheim; while her husband was, as usual, somewhat impenetrable. He was a most attentive host, very tender and watchful over his little boy, and sportive with the elder children, who, thanks to the humorous Professor, were full of fun and spirits.

“How pleasant it would be if one could be always thus cheerful!” said Anna, to the Pastor.

“You always are,” he replied.

“Oh, no!” she exclaimed; “you should have seen me this afternoon.”

“You were not in earnest,” he remarked, looking fully at her with his keen eyes.

“Indeed, I was in earnest,” she answered; “I walked up and down the shore for an hour, possessed by the most foolish thoughts. In fact, I felt like a silly girl.”

“It was a great shame that these thoughts were not expressed for my benefit,” said her husband; “it is long since I have had such a pleasure.”

“I am exceedingly glad of it,” said Anna, much pleased; “but, Herr von Kadden, I wish you had heard less of me; I must make some excuse for myself to you.”

“It is quite unnecessary,” he answered, frankly.

“Do you know the sensation of struggling against an impetuous temper?” she asked.

“I do,” he replied, with a peculiar smile.

“It is a great relief, then, to have some one who is so reasonable, to whom one can fearlessly express their little conflicting feelings.”

“Would you permit your husband to do it to you?” asked Kadden.

“Oh, it would never be needed,” said she, drawing back; “he stands quite above such folly.”

“Yes, I admired him this afternoon,” replied Kadden.

This was not exactly pleasant to Anna. “Do you hear, dear Ernst?” said she, turning somewhat reproachfully to her husband. “It is entirely your fault that people admire you; you have accustomed me to talk as I like, just according to my pleasure or displeasure.”

“Very wise of your husband,” said the Pastor, sportively.

“But not necessary,” continued Anna; “if my father only looked at me kindly and tranquilly, it was a help.”

“I am of opinion, a woman may speak, whatever her mood may be,” said Herr von Hohendorf, gravely, to the Pastor.

“An opinion I decidedly hold,” observed the latter.

“Only fancy,” said Anna, turning to Kadden, still willing to excuse herself, and at the same time glad of an opportunity to speak of ‘reasonable men,’ “what my husband gave me, the very first birthday after we were married. I had been constantly vexed during the previous summer at my impetuosity, and had struggled hard to keep it down; in the autumn, he sent me a very solemn letter, duly signed and sealed, setting forth that it was my duty to share every vexation and uneasiness with him.”

“And he pledged himself,” added Herr von Hohendorf, “not to love his wife a whit the less.”

“It was only a joke,” continued Anna; “but it was tranquillizing, and not without importance to me. You remember,” she continued, turning to the Pastor, “the little history of the bailiff; he drank so hard, you wished, as I did, that my husband should discharge him from his service; after which, without consulting us, he took him into it again; so I thought it my sacred duty to point out to him his weakness and indifference, and make him feel his error. A little

time before, I should not have ventured to do it, because he once told me, to my great vexation, 'I must not interfere in business matters;' but on this occasion, with the written permission in my desk, I boldly entered his room. He gave me a scrutinizing glance, led me to the sofa, took my hand, and said, 'Now, Anna, speak out!' His demeanour made the performance of my sacred duty somewhat doubtful; I felt beforehand that he was right, and did not know what to say."

"Yes, the letter and the seal little availed," added Herr von Hohendorf. "I had not calculated on the spirit of contradiction in the human heart; if I had desired, at the peril of my love, she should never venture to contradict me, nor be hasty, nor disrespectful in my presence, I should certainly have had more frequent opportunities of being magnanimous. It was very difficult to me to listen to the scruples about the bailiff."

"We shall say no more of that," interrupted Anna; "I was at times very strange in former days."

Her husband laughed, and gave her a look that said, "I hope you will remain so."

The conversation now became general, till the sun had sunk very low, and its disc was so large and golden that all eyes were directed towards it.

"Now I will ask my choir for a song," said Herr von Buhlen; "lead, Herr von Kadden."

"I can join in, but not lead," replied he, readily.

The Pastor proposed a choral, but found that only Elizabeth, Anna, and her children knew it all ; to the shame of the gentlemen, only a very small number could be found that could sing without book. At last they chose, " Let Thy grace abide with us." " Help us in all our need !" so echoed the last words as the sun set.

" Help us in all our need !" repeated Herr von Buhlen, after a pause. " Yes, we are all alike in need, one in this way, one in that ; and the conflict will not cease till we find ourselves glorified on high."

" Not though we struggle always ?" asked Anna.

" No," replied the Pastor ; " our besetting sins and our need have grown with our life."

" When we grow older," observed Herr von Buhlen, " the world is not so dissipating to us as in youth ; we can lift our hearts more constantly upwards ; and the more we do this, the more the spiritual life thrives, the more easily the soul sets itself free from the power of the world."

" The world, in this sense, has had little hold on me," said Anna ; " it has never caused me much distress."

" The world in the young heart," interrupted Herr von Buhlen.

" That is what I meant," she added.

" Yes," said Herr von Buhlen, " to the one the peril comes from within, to the other from without ; therefore it is well that we should all sing, " Help us in all our need !"

The Pastor and Herr von Buhlen resumed the conversation, while the others listened.

Kadden was accustomed to such discussions with these friends; for if they frequently talked of the things of this world, of matters ordinary or indifferent, there was no reserve in speaking of those subjects that must ever be of the deepest interest to the spiritual life. There are those who think we should not speak of such subjects, but keep them to ourselves; if they were not poor, and dreary, and empty of soul, so that they really have nothing to keep to themselves, they could not be silent. The faithful Christian is not influenced by such men. For however proud and confident, however clever and self-sufficient they may be, they are destitute of faith, of real assurance, of joy. Their knowledge, their cleverness, their riches, vanish in the weightier moments of their life, and help them nought; and when the decisive hour comes, when they must take the step from this world to the other (which the children of God can do in joyful trust), they see no firm ground on which to tread, and sink in that misery which, in their foolish pride, they deemed their superiority. None but poor, weak souls are imposed on by this arrogant superiority; he who is rich and strong in the Lord can boldly confront these children of the world, and throw down their card houses, without caring that they regard him as insane; he knows what he wills, what he dares, what he can do,—“he inherits the earth.” All worldly

wisdom serves him, all arts and poetry, all industry, all knowledge and wealth; only he may not serve them, for he is the servant of the Almighty God. To confess Him, to proclaim the honour of God, is life to him. He who sets God above men, and above all worldly relations, and yet does not venture to acknowledge this, and act upon it in all earthly events, is in a state of fearful self-deception, that will lead him to ruin. He is in far greater danger than those worldly people who have never felt the grace and love of God in their souls. Ah! how many half-Christians there are, who serve and acknowledge God occasionally, but whose convenience, in their accustomed society, and paltry vanity—not only the coarse and personal, but that which they deem the lofty and intellectual—must have its course. They call this a cultivated and cheerful Christianity, such as is permitted by the gospel; but if they honestly searched the gospel, they would find a startling answer to this. A curse rests upon these half-Christians, not visibly, but in their poor, untranquil, heavy, doubting hearts. They know what grace and sin are; but they care not for the former, and would enjoy and palliate the latter. Thorough Christians can thoroughly enjoy art, and poetry, and knowledge, for they see all things at the feet of their Saviour. If they read Shakspeare, or Dante, or other great authors, with delight—if they admire their gifts, and perceive their failings—it is but a simple step to them to go to the highest and

noblest study of all, to some chapter of the Holy Scriptures, some psalm, or spiritual song. Half-Christians may do the same in the spirit of the world, and think "it is lawful, and practised by the most decided professors;" but they do not perceive the difference in doing it for the beauty of the thing itself, and in order to find in this very beauty the glory of God,—and the doing it to amuse their own foolish hearts, and to nourish their childish vanity. From such vain and foolish enjoyment of art, to the study of the noble and the beautiful, is anything but a little step; and if half-Christians say, "It is very bad taste to speak of serious things in company; tact alone, and a certain inward reluctance, would prevent our doing it," they are quite right. The Holy Spirit forbids their speaking of them in such society; but "this tact, this certain inward reluctance," ought to convince them that they do not properly belong to this society. Undecided Christians cannot do better than seek for themselves very decided friends, who will help them to form a right judgment in worldly matters; for the world, with its garishness and glitter, first flatters, then allures the weak heart, and finally altogether bewilders its judgment. Kadden listened to this grave conversation with the conviction that divine grace had led him into this circle; the others were not surprised that he was more a hearer than a speaker. Herr von Hohendorf rarely spoke more; the gift of discoursing on that which preoccupies the

soul differs among Christians ; solitary words of assent are often sufficient to awaken the feeling of mutual communion. Where this happy feeling exists, one may speak or be silent, according to one's pleasure ; the conversation will neither be carried on without tact, nor will one's silence be deemed indifference. Herr von Buhlen now discoursed with the Pastor, more especially on the communion of the children of God ; how, though outwardly unknown, they felt themselves of one soul, and that this unity was the greatest refreshment to the weak heart. Christian hearts, despite the weakness and sin that cleaves to them, have already begun to lead that glorious life to which they so ardently aspire. This Christian love is the purest, the most blessed, the most abiding, for it is built on a secure foundation. "If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?" With these words, Herr von Buhlen ceased, and the Pastor sang, half aloud—

"In deep distress to Thee I call."

Anna joined, and then one struck in after the other till all were singing ; the words and melody touched all hearts. Kadden knew this song throughout ; and as the gentlemen gradually ceased from ignorance of the words, he, Elizabeth, and Anna, with their very different, but most harmonious voices, went on to the end. When they came to the fourth verse—

“ And though it wait until the night,
 And on again to morn,
 My heart shall never doubt Thy might,
 Nor deem itself forlorn.”

Elizabeth's voice became again unsteady, but her husband sang more firmly. She glanced at him involuntarily; his eyes were resting anxiously upon her, for he feared she would awaken the observation of their guests. She understood his expression quite well, collected herself, and sang with clear, lovely voice—

“ Although our sins be manifold,
 Though deep and dark our fall,
 His help He never will withhold,
 His love surpasseth all.
 Our loving Shepherd eye is He,
 Who will at last set Israel free
 From every sin and sorrow.”

“ That was a beautiful conclusion,” said Herr von Buhlen, much pleased; “and now, good-night! I fear we have already disturbed our kind hostess too much.”

The gentlemen rose. Anna went to Elizabeth, laid her hand kindly on her burning forehead and glowing cheek. “ It has been too much for you,” she said; “ you are quite exhausted.”

“ I am not unwell,” answered Elizabeth, apologetically; “ it is probably because I have not been in company for so long, and have almost given up singing.”

When the guests were separated from the house by the low green hills, Herr von Buhlen remarked to his friends, “ There is something peculiar about the

lady, as though she were melancholy, or, at any rate, had been."

"She is peculiar," said Anna; "and I think solitude suits her best; we must leave her in quiet."

"You are satisfied that she is nursed and cared for now," said Herr von Hohendorf, smiling.

"Ah! it is touching to see how he watches her, all unobserved, how his care surrounds her at all times; but," she added, thoughtfully, "she is not suffering from the nerves alone."

"Strange things befall us in this world," said Herr von Buhlen; "and God alone can help us in all our need."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ATTEMPTS TO BE HUMBLE.

ELIZABETH was very glad to be alone again ; and as her husband was gone to walk on the shore, and it was a very mild evening, she ventured as far as the little green prominence. All was perfectly still. The moon, in her first quarter, like a little golden boat, floated, on a clear, deep blue background, over the lighthouse ; and the advancing tide, with its murmuring waves, came ever nigher. The past had been an agitating day ; but she had experienced much that was consolatory, and she thanked God for it with her whole heart. That communion of the children of God, of which Herr von Buhlen spoke, was, despite her weakness, not utterly lost to her ; the thought soothed and consoled her, though she could not grasp it with entire joy. She did not yet like to be with others ; the constraint, the thought that she was watched, was too painful ; she wished to be with God alone, to be consoled by Him alone, to be distracted by nothing ex-

ternal. If she prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread," she thought, "Give me food for my fainting soul to-day; to-morrow I can plead for it again." The cool night-wind that was wafted to her from the sea, was grateful to her burning forehead. The golden boat was sinking nearer to the green downs, when she arose, and gazed full of expectation on the dark figure that was pacing up and down the shore with rapid strides. As the careful Johanna came to look for her, she went in. "Shall I go to bed before he returns, or wait to bid him good-night?" she thought. This bidding "good-night" was one of the faded blossoms that yet remained to her of her lost flower-life. It was something she could do without timidity; and for the last few calm days, she had looked forward to this simple conclusion for some hours, as though it were a great event. "Should she give it up because he was indifferent, and forgot all about it? Oh, no! should she not be more careful now in her poverty, than she formerly was in her wealth? But if he remained away purposely? what should she do? At any rate, she would read first. She opened her little book at the 22d of July—"Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in that which is least,

is unjust also in much. God demands fidelity; if thou hast that, thou needest not fear."

"And art thou, Christian, fain to know, how holiness increaseth?
By faithfulness in small and great, as Christ himself here
teacheth.

Then be thou true in everything."

"Yes; to be faithful in little things," she thought; "pride, at least, shall not make me poorer. I will wait till he comes, to wish him good-night." She thought now of her saintly great-aunt, Elizabeth, whose name she bore; her grandmother had often told her with what roughness, and utter want of consideration, she was treated by her husband; and yet how calmly and faithfully she had performed each duty; how often she had sat up for him half through the night, when he was absent on some journey, or hunting, or pleasure party, in order to greet him, or tend him affectionately when he returned. There had been something terribly humiliating in this portrait to Elizabeth, but then it was quite one of the olden times. "He shall be thy master." Her Aunt Elizabeth had ever set this before her as the word of God, and hearkened to it with the most conscientious fidelity. Elizabeth looked at her wedding-ring; this evening she would be as patient as her aunt. She sat quietly listening for the much-desired footsteps; she became very weary; but as she had made this waiting a matter of humility, she would persevere, and strengthen her weak heart. At last the footsteps

approached. "Perhaps he will be angry," she thought, with beating heart, "if he is surprised to see me up." He opened the door softly, as he thought she would already have gone to bed."

"You up still, Elizabeth!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"I am going now," she said, and added, "Good-night."

"You have not remained up on my account?" he asked, hastily.

She lingered a moment before answering—"I merely waited to say good-night."

He gave her his hand, and would have said something, but he repressed it.

More tranquil days followed; one after the other passed in peace. Elizabeth now occasionally took solitary walks on the shore, and was hindered by no one. It was understood by her friends that she preferred to be alone; if they met her, they spoke a few kind words, and then passed on. Even if her husband was with them, it made no difference; the children, whom she usually had with her, were a great help in the embarrassment that such meetings caused her. It was very evident that the bathing and quiet life on the shore agreed with her; and her husband had several times spoken of it with such joy to Frau von Hohendorf, that she became perfectly easy with regard to his share in the nursing of Elizabeth. She had cleverly proved to Herr von Buhlen that, during a

period of mental suffering, Elizabeth's love to her husband had been shaken,—that explained his behaviour; but she admired ever more and more his tender, gentle care, so that it never occurred to her to speak to him of “reasonable men,” still less as she reflected how the Lord holds the hearts of all men in His hand, and rewards constancy and patience. But if she saw him standing near her, full of thought, with his beautiful eyes resting hopefully upon her, she became quite uneasy, and could fain have prayed God not to delay any longer with His help.

Another week had passed, when Herr von Buhlen stopped, as he did every morning, to greet Elizabeth over the palisade, and to add a request to-day. He had invited the little circle of his friends to the public gardens; as the company of bathers were going to have a picnic in the afternoon upon the downs, they would be quite alone, and Elizabeth might venture to join them with her husband. She promised to give the invitation to her husband, who had gone to bathe, and to consider about it herself. Somewhat discomposed, she went into the nursery to her children. She had only been there a few minutes, when Frau von Hohendorf entered. She spoke of the invitation of their old friend, but did not attempt to over-persuade Elizabeth. The latter felt inclined to go, but could not in her old bonnet, which was good enough to wear when she went to bathe, or stroll alone on the shore, but was not fit for company; even in church;

Elizabeth sought out an unobserved corner ; and, as to wearing the new bonnet, it was simply impossible. She was just observing that she had better remain with the children, when Johanna appeared with the new bonnet and velvet mantle.

“ You must see, gracious lady,” said she to Frau von Hohendorf, “ that we have beautiful things ; and it would do my mistress good to join the party this afternoon.”

“ Take away the things,” said Elizabeth, somewhat reluctantly ; “ I am not going out.”

“ It is wrong of our gracious lady,” continued Johanna ; “ my master bought the things himself in Bremen, and he has never seen them since.”

Elizabeth blushed deeply, and observed, in some confusion, to Anna, that “ they were too good for the shore.”

The latter, fully convinced that Elizabeth was unwilling to wear them because her husband had chosen them, said kindly, but now urgently, “ I would advise you to wear the things, and make a beginning this very afternoon.”

Elizabeth felt agitated. Anna could not know what moved her ; perhaps she thought her self-willed. She hesitated a few minutes, while her friend still persuaded, and finally decided to go. Her husband might certainly misunderstand her ; he might think she adorned herself from vanity, and showed a great want of delicacy ; that would be hard to bear. But

God knew that it was another humiliation to her to wear these unlucky things ; she would do it, then, for love of Him, and not trouble herself about the thoughts of men.

“ I will go with you,” she said, at last, to Anna, who embraced her warmly, and rejoiced that she had come to this resolution.

In the afternoon, Elizabeth dressed herself for the first time with especial care. Johanna was very busy and important ; she had ironed a white muslin dress, trimmed with lace, and was quite delighted to see her lady looking as fresh and blooming in it as a young maiden. The toilet was made in the nursery, and Johanna left the room quietly to fetch the bonnet and mantle from the press ; she was a little afraid of Elizabeth’s caprice. She found Herr von Kadden here, busied with the “ Times.” An old servant has a greater right to make little remarks than a young one.

“ At last we have persuaded our gracious lady to wear the beautiful things,” said she, confidentially. “ Frau von Hohendorf proposed it this morning.”

Herr von Kadden looked up quickly, with an expression of discomposure. “ Lay the things down,” he said ; “ my wife will put them on here.”

“ Yes,” said Johanna, innocently ; “ the glass in this room is the best.” Whereupon she laid both on the sofa, and departed.

Herr von Kadden rose, walked uneasily to the door, returned to the window, and again went to the door, opened it this time, went to the nursery, and knocked. "Elizabeth, are you ready?" he asked.

She came to the door, and answered, "I am ready."

He went back to the sitting-room, but she would have perceived by his manner that he expected her to follow him, even if Johanna had not imparted their conversation to her. What would he do with the things? If she had not received from him permission to do exactly as she pleased, judging from past scenes, she would have expected him now to say, "You have not looked at those things for three weeks, a clear proof that you are dissatisfied with them. I do not wish you to wear them." Did she not know how often he forgot his good purposes in his vehemence? Might he not have forgotten his express permission; and, though he had treated her with so much consideration for the last few weeks, might he not again be violent as heretofore? While she was still searching anxiously for a pocket-handkerchief and gloves, she thought, "I will bear all, though he should treat me as my old uncle formerly treated my aunt; I will remain tranquil and friendly, for the love of God." Still, with these good purposes, she had to struggle against her indignation, and the dread of a humiliation she must bear meekly. Her weak nerves had much to do with this. Trembling, she entered the room, her thin, delicate hands

pressed convulsively against her bosom, and glanced at him timidly, as he looked at her with a dark and troubled expression.

“ Oh, Elizabeth !” said he, suddenly, with a broken voice, “ how can you be so afraid of me ?” He threw himself on the sofa, covered his face with his hands, and fairly wept.

Elizabeth fetched a deep breath. She was alarmed, but not as before. “ Otto,” said she, drawing nigh him, greatly touched, “ I was afraid you would be angry with me.”

“ Now, Elizabeth,” he replied, “ have pity on me : tell me what you thought.”

She sat down by him.

“ I do not demand it,” he continued ; “ I only entreat you. I will demand nothing from you ; I only earnestly entreat you.”

“ I thought,” said Elizabeth, tears choking her voice, “ if you were violent, I would remain calm and friendly.”

He gave her an inquiring, scrutinizing glance, that asked to know more.

“ I would bear all, and remain quiet, for the love of God—and because you are my master,” she added, softly.

“ I will not be your master !” he exclaimed, hastily, firmly compressing his lips.

Elizabeth saw his agitation with anguish. “ Otto !” said she, imploringly, taking his hand in hers.

“Have you not been satisfied with me the last three weeks?” he asked, gloomily.

“I thank you for them,” she replied, warmly.

“Pardon me if I have been wrong now.”

He was silent, but more composed.

“Will you ever have confidence in me again?” he asked, mournfully.

She wept.

“I ask nothing more,” he continued; “but spare me the torment of being so timid and shy with me before strangers.”

“I will willingly do what you wish,” she answered.

“Ah, yes! you are my good Elizabeth,” he exclaimed, mournfully; “but ‘what is destroyed is destroyed.’ I make you no promises; but my whole behaviour shall inspire you with confidence, not fear.”

“I have no fear, only forgive me to-day,” said she, imploringly, still holding his hand, and shedding quiet tears.

How often had she sat by him thus in the last year, and affectionate words were uttered, and good resolutions made by both; and yet matters had ever grown worse between them. Was it in any wise different to-day? Were their souls without courage or hope? Their souls were in the hand of God. They put no trust in promises or purposes. They willed nothing but to hope in God, and to keep His word before their eyes.

The silence was broken by the childish voices of

Anna and Paul. Elizabeth rose quickly, and dried her tears, while Kadden went to the door. The children informed him that their parents were already gone to the gardens.

“We are coming directly,” was his answer.

Once more he approached Elizabeth.

“I must tell you,” he began, quietly, “why I wished to speak to you. I feared you had allowed yourself to be over-persuaded to go out, and to wear those luckless things. I merely wished to beg you to do nothing that was painful to you—not to agitate yourself so needlessly. But if you do go,” he added, after a pause, “you must speak to me, and look at me if I talk to you.”

“I will,” she replied; took the new bonnet hastily, put it on without needing the best mirror, and bathed her burning eyes with cold water. Her husband assisted her to put on the mantle, and both left the room. Johanna was already standing with the children before the door. Elizabeth was about to take little Friedrich by the hand, and go on as she was accustomed; but her husband offered her his arm. The way to the gardens was not long, but so long that they could not accomplish it in perfect silence. Her good purpose, to talk to him without constraint, was very difficult to carry into practice; and the more she tried to think of something to say, the less did anything occur to her. She spoke first to little Friedrich; then, as she looked at her

husband, she remarked that he put his hand to his temples.

“Have you a headache,” she asked, sympathizingly.

“Only the approach to it,” was his answer.

“I saw it coming on this morning,” she observed.

“Was I cross?”

“Oh, no!”

“I saw it in your eyes,” she replied, quickly.

“She still looks at my eyes, then,” was his consolatory reflection.

They spoke now of the sea-bathing, which had almost cured his headaches; and she assured him she felt quite fresh and strong.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEW CONFLICTS.

ELIZABETH sat, the same evening, alone in the sitting-room, by candle-light. She would have read, but she could not, her heart was again so heavy and full of trouble. She would fain have thanked God for this day; and, in truth, she had much to thank Him for. Must she not confess to herself that each victorious struggle she had had with evil thoughts had brought her new peace, and had made her richer? If these thoughts still warred within her, her humbled heart collected together each scattered blossom of her happiness, and had its individual joy therein. The happy events of her uniform days, though they were as trifling as the saying "Good-night," she would gladly cherish, and not lose again through her own fault. To-day, as she could not remain with their friends and the children very long, her husband brought her back himself, and told her kindly that his headache had not become worse. He had supped with her and the children, and had said "Adieu"

when he went out to walk on the shore; and while she was still sitting by the light in the sitting-room, he came in to bid her good-night, and to tell her she must not wait for him again, as he was going to enjoy a ramble in the moonlight. Just after he had gone away, her conflicts began. Her heart would have thanked God for all these little things that helped to make her happy; but the mournful thought came, "Are these little proofs of attention and condescension sufficient? Oh! how poor and miserable am I become! Can I possibly have the love of this man so much at heart that I can pray for it? Have I no womanly pride—no sense of honour left?" She thought of the ball, and of her first meeting with him, when his eyes could not conceal the emotion of his heart, and his whole behaviour showed how entirely he was in her power; then of a later period, when she played the little queen, and proudly and confidently maintained the immutability of her happiness against all the world. On the other hand, rose up the dark image in Bremen, when he stood in a threatening posture before her. No! it was impossible to forget that. Her heart strove strongly, but in vain, to enter upon a new career; sorrow and shame must ever follow her. How could she have been so mild and gentle to him this afternoon? "What is destroyed is destroyed," he had said to her to-day. The words were eating into her soul, and powerfully dragged her into the terrible past, and all its misery. Certainly, she

had thought the same herself daily, "What is destroyed is destroyed;" but hope was in the depths of her soul. "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness; and he believed in hope against hope." She had repeated that in the yearning of her solitary heart. Her hope and her faith had been shaken by her conversation with her husband to-day, though she had outwardly won much. She could not fear that she must lead a life like her Aunt Elizabeth—one so difficult to bear with patience; but was that any consolation to her now? No! it was quite clear that her great-aunt might well have borne patiently the behaviour of a man, who stood so far apart from her soul, whom she had married only from motives of reason and obedience; she could scarcely have expected a different lot, and was herself free from blame. A life without sun or flowers was not an utter blank to her; in the fulfilling of her duty, in faith and love to God, she was quite content. But could Elizabeth, with her past, with the remembrance of her lost happiness, with the wreck caused by her own sin, find peace again? It was difficult to believe or hope this to-day? She was too unhappy; she wondered why she had not answered, "Yes, what is destroyed is destroyed! let us not mutually torment each other, by holding to God's command under such circumstances; it is too bitter."

There is much sorrow in the world, but an unhappy marriage is the severest of all; every other is softened by time, the pain gradually diminishes; but

in this, each day brings new conflicts, each conflict brings a new thorn,—the pain and resentment must increase. There is but one help on such a terrible thorny way, but one consolation,—God and His Word. They who bring conflicts, and resentment, and every thorn to Him, will find even the thorny way a peaceful one. Elizabeth could not find the way of peace to-day, rather she tortured herself to feel the thorny one more acutely; she tried to convince herself, that it must be a torment for her and her husband to live with each other; she yearned for the time when she and her children should be with the grandparents. She plunged deeper and deeper into these proud and evil thoughts, till all was dark above and within her. “Art thou true?” asked the warning voice of conscience. “Thou mayest not look backward in doubt, but forward in faith. Can the Almighty God, who has made one heart gentle, and another impetuous; one grave, and another joyous, not create a new heart also? God can do it; thou mayest, thou must pray to Him for it; but if He is to hear *thee*, thou must hearken to *Him*. There are times when it seems as though He would not hear, and then thou must cling to Him the more closely.” She opened her book, mournfully, August 1, and read, “For the most glorious promises, one must ever wait the longest.”

“ At last God gives the blessing that we crave,
When by a cross, our faith and love are tried,
And patience may be read in features purified.”

Were her faith and love proved by her cross? No! at the very beginning, she was impatient and unfaithful. In all unhappiness, whether the Lord send it from without, or sin cause it in the heart, the Word of God alone is a sure consolation and a firm support. If all be dark in the soul; if life has no charm; if the heart and mind know not what to grasp; if they see no goal, no happy future; if the soul, despite its longing and sighing, can neither believe nor pray, it can only still hold fast to God's Word and commandments, and go on from one short day to another, as it walks upon the narrow way. Life brings, without our will, without our finding any interest in it, to each his temptations; it goes on its unceasing course; it proposes to us, in joy and sorrow, the all-eventful question, "Art thou for heaven, or hell?" and our deeds make answer. The children of God, however sinful, and weak, and miserable they may be, yearn for heaven; and to that decisive question, they have the decisive answer ready—they are doing what God commands—they are making His will their law. In this doing, life has for them a goal, a future, for each short day answers the question, "Art thou for heaven, or hell?" To answer that question clearly, though with fear and trembling, is work enough for each short, limited day. But the labourer is worthy of his hire; each child of God can only do what is commanded him; the blessing that is promised a hundred, yea, a thousand fold, to those who fear God, will not be withheld from him.

One day slipped by after the other, and each one brought the end of their sea-side visit nearer. Elizabeth often thought of her return home, and with very mixed feelings. What heavy days loomed in the distance before her. The secluded and uniform life here had become pleasant to her, but it could not continue after her return. How should she regulate her life at home; how mix among people—those who stood nigh, and those at a comparative distance? The intercourse with their friends here, at least, since she had been outwardly unconstrained with her husband, had become pleasant. All points of contact with the past, all external relations, were so easily avoided; they lived in the present, and conversed most frequently on spiritual subjects, that were ever becoming more consolatory and instructive to Elizabeth. Occasions for inner conflicts were certainly never wanting; and it was especially trying to her when continued rain and storm compelled her to leave her tent, and find shelter in the house. The first wet day, she settled herself in the nursery with her work; the thought that her presence might be burdensome to her husband, was too humiliating and insupportable; she considered, moreover, that at home he had his own room; and, during the past year, it had never occurred to her to go and sit there for her own pleasure; it could not therefore surprise him if she remained with the children. But when he returned from the bathing, and the necessary exercise, and found her sitting

in the nursery, he looked gravely and inquiringly on her little arrangements there, and left the room, without saying anything. At dinner he spoke no more than was necessary, and very little to the children; and in the afternoon, when a certain disquiet led her to his room, she found it empty. His dissatisfaction was no longer doubtful, but he said nothing, because she was to do as she pleased. She began now to reflect, and thought this dissatisfaction quite unpardonable. Why could he not have invited her to come? Why should she make the first advance? Even at an earlier period, when she was so sure of his love, that would have been impossible; if he could hold out, so could she. Even after her grandfather had advised her to follow the example of her wise grand-mamma, and she had herself the greatest desire to do it, she had never been able to compel herself. And now, when all was so different, so dark and dreary, how should she overcome her reluctant will? Her evil thoughts rose up against this; she persisted he must know that she did not come from delicacy—simply because she feared to disturb him, therefore he ought to invite her. But under all these plausible reflections, she felt plainly that she did him wrong, that she was following fancies, and not the truth. She felt that it would have rejoiced him if she had gone confidently to him in his room; his goodness and kindness to her deserved her confidence; but it is easier to complain of another than to overcome oneself. As

she stood now alone in the solitary room, and looked through the rain and storm to the little green hills, she felt so sad she could not repress her tears. The next morning it was still more dark and stormy, and the physician prohibited the bathing for Elizabeth. While her husband was away, she resolutely took her working materials, her portfolio, and books, left the nursery, and settled herself in the little sitting-room; for she thought, "Let what will come, my conscience, at least, shall have peace." If she had struggled with herself more bravely the day before, it would have been easier to her; her unpleasant, humiliating feelings were far more difficult to bear to-day. Her husband did not come back till noon. Again she heard his footstep, in great agitation; and as he entered the room, she wished him good-morning in evident confusion. He went to the other window, then to the door, but finally turned and came up to her.

"Why did you remain in the other room, Elizabeth, yesterday?" he asked, quietly.

She felt unable to say a word; but she looked at him imploringly, as she gave him her hand.

This had been her custom in the early period of their acquaintance, when she felt timid if he became hasty, and yet could not speak. He seemed to be perfectly content with this explanation, and gave her a pleasant description of a long ramble he had had quite alone to the highest of the downs, and of the wonderful beauty of the sea in the storm.

She asked him, timidly, to take her there, and he was quite ready.

In the afternoon, when the rain had almost ceased, and the wind was driving wave and cloud alike before it, Elizabeth, well wrapped up, went by her husband's side along the shore, and climbed the highest down, where they stood still to gaze on the striking prospects before them—the mighty, dark-rolling waves, with their crests of milk-white foam, and the storm-birds wheeling over them. It seemed as though the raging sea would swallow up the little island,—it came rolling nigher and nigher, and then drew foaming back, as if to gather up its strength for a new attack. When one is happy, one may gaze on such a scene with exultation, but Elizabeth grew mournful as she looked. Her whole life appeared dark, and sad, and troubled. She felt it almost impossible to bear these continued struggles; she hoped the Lord was leading her through sorrow to Himself, and would soon take her where there is neither unrest nor need. How foolishly had her heart clung to the world, what dreams she had indulged in of joy and happiness, and now she was so poor she had scarcely the capacity for happiness left.

“Elizabeth, can you not tell me why you remained with the children yesterday?” asked her husband, affectionately.

“It would only grieve you,” she replied, mournfully.

“ But, really ——” he began, and then was silent.

She looked at him thoughtfully, and her very sadness gave her courage to speak. She had no hope of any happy results; but she would neither vex him nor be misunderstood. “ I was saying but lately,” she began, “ to Frau von Hohendorf, that it is dangerous, especially for women, to give their fancy the reins. In such moods, one may persuade oneself of things that, conscientiously reflected upon, would be pronounced foolish and untrue. Such fancies should never be spoken of aloud, lest one might pain another with them. I cannot, therefore, tell you what I persuaded myself yesterday. I can only say that I did not myself actually believe it.”

“ And have you ever considered that men in such moods may do or say things of which they afterwards repent, and which they themselves did not really believe ?” he asked.

As she now looked up to him, it was as though hope yet lived for him in those eyes—as though she might forget the past, and cling to him with new love and confidence. Elizabeth was strangely touched by his question. Her clear eyes could never conceal her quick feelings. At that moment she almost feared her own heart.

They stood for a short time by each other in silence. Then he spoke tranquilly of the storm and ocean, and led her back tenderly to the house.

After dinner, Elizabeth sat opposite to her husband,

busied with some needlework, while he read aloud to her. That would have gladdened her at another time, but to-day she had neither strength nor heart to rejoice at anything. She had difficulty in maintaining her self-control at dinner-time, because his searching glance disturbed her so much, each time that little Friedrich plied her with his many childlike questions in vain, though she did her best to shake off her sadness.

Suddenly he laid the book down, and asked her, tenderly, "Are you unwell, Elizabeth?"

"No, I think not," was her faltering answer.

"Have you any special cause for being unhappy to-day?" he asked again.

She replied in the negative, and he took up the book and went on reading.

An especial cause she had not. "Perhaps it is the dreary weather," she thought. But in spite of all her efforts, her thoughts wandered to her home. What was going on there? How could she continue struggling thus, all weak as she was? Strange visions rose up before her. She saw her husband in his old circle, and herself, silent and unhappy, beside him. He could do no other than find it tedious, as before; yet she could not be merry, could not sport and laugh with Adolfine. What if others should advise him—"As it is come to such a pass between you, leave her, and be happy with some other?" Then society at home was very different to what it was here—the influence so

different. As their misunderstandings had gone on so far, they might yet go on further. She knew not what the Lord had in store for her.

She was disturbed in her reflections by the ringing of the bell that usually summoned the people to bathing. Herr von Kadden was just going out to ask the meaning of its ringing now, when their landlady came to him, and said the bell was to call the attention of the visitors to the luminous appearance of the sea. Storm, and full-tide, and illuminated waves, combined to form a magnificent spectacle.

Elizabeth wrapped herself up again, and went with her husband to the little green prominence, to gaze on the wonderful sight. With them went almost all the inhabitants of the little cottages, also Herr and Frau von Hohendorf, and a certain Frau Brandes and her daughter. Both ladies dwelt in one house with the Hohendorfs, and the youthful daughter and Frau von Hohendorf had become very intimate. The shore was alive with dark, veiled figures, and expressions of transport and admiration were heard on all sides; the sea was agitated and stormy, and each heaving wave was crowned with fire, and as it rolled over, it scattered myriads of fire-drops on the dark mass of waters. At a short distance from the present shore, where a former one had left a long ridge that was not without breakers on the calmest day, the waves rose to an immense height, and dashed over in a splendid fiery waterfall, in ever-changing and

magnificent forms, till they were successively engulfed in the deep, mighty ocean. Elizabeth stood at her husband's side, and gazed at this manifestation of God's glory ; but the majesty and grandeur of this spectacle were powerless to elevate her ; she only felt the more depressed. Frau von Hohendorf was near her, so happy, so exultant, and glad ; the power and greatness of God had nothing terrifying to her ; He was her God, proclaiming Himself now in great glory, and winning her to new admiration and love, and to firmer faith. Elizabeth stood as in some unhappy dream ; yet she would fain have stamped this vision deep in her soul ; the time might come when she would be still more sorrowful, and look back upon this period as a happy one. She gazed alternately on the luminous sea, on the dark tumbling waves, and the features of her husband, who, unoccupied with her, was all engrossed with the wondrous spectacle, and commented on it to their friends.

Frau von Hohendorf proposed they should mount the downs, whence the view of the sea was more extensive ; so wonderful and rare a sight they might never witness again, and, despite rain and storm, the prospect thence must be still finer. It was never supposed Elizabeth could go, which excited Anna's pity ; her husband wished her good-night, and advised her kindly to go in now. They went ; Anna leaning on her husband's arm ; the Pastor taking charge of Frau Brandes, who was not particu-

larly inclined for the stormy walk ; and her daughter, of sixteen, in the care of Herr von Kadden. Elizabeth watched them musingly, saw their shadowy forms disappear beyond the lighthouse, which, as the dark clouds were rent from each other, loomed out one moment as a giant in the night, and then disappeared. So miserable as now she had never felt. Why was she not invited ? why should she not walk at her husband's side ? for the first time in her life she felt something like jealousy in her heart, to which she had properly no right. Her husband was doing nothing wrong ; he could not believe that she would have liked to have gone with him, as she had never concealed of late that she preferred being alone. But when she remembered the time of her bridal love, if he had quietly left her then to walk with another young maiden on his arm ! The fancy that had tormented her before, now became more vivid ; her husband could not possibly endure her presence, and yet she could not be cheerful and happy. She wept bitterly. When the spectators near her left the shore, she seated herself upon the prominence, gazed, as in a dream, upon the raging sea, and lost herself in torturing thoughts. Her past, her gladness, her confidence, and her backsliding—ah ! her backsliding, despite the example, and the warnings, and the love of her grandparents—despite the trouble of her mother, and the admonitions of Emily—all rose up in accusation before her. She could not excuse herself,

and she would not ; but her soul yearned for consolation. Approaching voices startled her ; she knew them well, and hastened home ; she repented she had remained out so long, and feared she must have been seen by her husband ; indeed, she had scarcely taken off her things, ere he entered the chamber. She resolved, at any rate, to hide her feelings ; if he could go out with a young girl on his arm, and leave her alone without reluctance, he should not suspect what was passing in her heart ; it would only be vexatious and unpleasant to him, and not without shame to her.

“ Have you been out till now ? ” he asked, in astonishment, as he entered.

“ I could not leave the shore,” she replied, without looking up.

“ Were you so delighted ? ” he asked, as he looked at her acutely.

If she had nodded, and said good-night forthwith, the affair would have been settled in the shortest way ; but Elizabeth never uttered an untruth, and now she shook her head.

“ You were not,” he said, thoughtfully, and then came to her and implored, “ Elizabeth, only look at me, and tell me what is the matter.”

“ I was so solitary out there,” she answered, sadly.

“ Should you have enjoyed it if I had stayed with you ? ”

“ Ah, yes !” she replied, suppressing her tears with difficulty.

His heart throbbed with joy ; he took her hand, and said, “ If I had known that, I should not have gone away ; you shall never feel solitary again. If I only knew,” he continued, with a shade of reproach in the tone ; “ but if you cannot tell me, I will try to guess.”

Again Elizabeth stood as in a dream ; she had done him injustice ; how willingly she would have owned it, but she could not ; and yet he seemed to expect an answer. At last, she looked up timidly, and said, “ Pardon me !”

That was a word now so often on her lips, not only to her husband, but to God, and to all with whom she was most in contact ; even to Johanna the feeling extended. The good maiden had suffered enough from her temper and caprice ; and now that she was so humble before God and her husband, she had become so to her servants.

Her husband appeared quite contented with this short answer. “ You have been so sorrowful all day,” said he, tenderly, “ I should be so glad if I could comfort you ; but I understand that ill ; I will only read something to you.” He took the Bible, she looked at him joyfully, and they both sat down. He opened at the 121st Psalm, and read, “ I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven

and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; and he that keepeth thee will not sleep. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand; so that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, for evermore."

When he had ended, he looked at her, and asked, "Are you still so lonely and sad?"

"No," she answered, thankfully.

"You must learn again to take all your wants to God, as you used to do in olden times," he observed, gently.

Elizabeth looked down, but made no reply. She longed to ask a favour from him, and yet could not venture; yet if she did not do it she felt she would be wrong, and perhaps might one day repent of it. "Dear Otto," said she, suddenly, "will you read something aloud with me every evening?"

"With great pleasure," he answered, instantly.

"And when we are at home too?" she added, faltering.

"Always," he said again; and both were silent.

She put up the Bible, wished him good-night, and went away greatly comforted. And wherefore so greatly comforted? Why had her mournful visions

faded away, as the forms that fancy traces in the clouds? "If he reads in the Bible with me every evening, it will be a link to bind him and me together to God, and to keep us in His fear; even if he is not happy with me, he can never become untrue to me." These were the simple, true reflections before which all unrest vanished, and which brought her consolation and peace. That her husband, since the evening on which they had company, said grace aloud, and that he would read the Bible with her, were two events for each day, for which she owed her deepest thanks to God. Thus, ever more completely armed, she might trust herself back into her old circle. "But wherefore," asked her conscience, "had she not compelled herself immediately after their marriage to overcome her reluctance, and make the same request to her husband as she had done to-day? He would have granted it for love of her; but she formerly thought it unnecessary, unimportant. The bond that kept their hearts together needed not the Lord to hold it; it was firm enough, without God's help, to withstand the pressure of the world without, and sin from within. Pardon me!" closed her meditations. With the words on her lips, she slept in peace.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BITTER FREEDOM.

THE heavens were again blue; the warm August sun chased away all trace of rain and storm; and Elizabeth again took possession of her tent, conscientiously resolved to care only for each short day as it came;—for her weak heart and changeful moods, that would be the easiest. She now occupied herself regularly with her work, with her little household cares, and her precious little ones, and lived very quietly, according to her physician's prescription. She often went with Anna and Frau Brandes and her daughter to the shore, and never avoided their society. Certainly, she could not entirely forget that the younger lady had been the cause of her sorrow, the night that she saw her in her own place, hanging on her husband's arm. While the ladies of this little circle were fully occupied and entertained, the gentlemen became somewhat restless; and the more so as the time for their departure approached. They felt the want of their

various employments and avocations, and proposed to each other, for diversion, a sail as far as Spickeroge, the nearest of the little islands that was inhabited. Herr von Kadden was invited to join them, and consented. Frau von Hohendorf promised to take especial charge of Elizabeth and the children during his absence; and the former was well pleased—in fact, the thought of being two days alone was very agreeable to her. She still felt a great restraint in the presence of her husband; to know that she was so carefully observed, to be compelled to be watchful over herself, was very painful to her; in these two days, she would try to feel as free and guileless as a young girl. Her eyes were so clear and open, her whole nature so transparent, that her husband could not help perceiving the truth. Although he could not but think it quite natural, it vexed him; and he took leave of her more gravely than was pleasant to her. Still she comforted herself with the reflection, that he was perhaps somewhat absent; she would be very careful not to do him injustice, nor to give way to evil thoughts. The morning passed very rapidly between the bathing and the walk with her friends on the shore, and the first part of the afternoon was not tedious; but to feel as free and guileless as a young girl was out of the question. As she walked up and down the little garden, in the calm sunshine, and heard the distant wind-music, she felt solitary and untr tranquil in her heart. She went to the other side of the house,

where she could see the sea and the distant isles. She gazed yearning over the wide waste of waters, and longed for his return. She felt she had been a simpleton to wish him away, and to fancy freedom would be sweet; no! freedom was very bitter, as she was to know by experience. Little Anna came at the right time, to fetch her and her children to her mamma. The visit had been arranged this morning, though Elizabeth had been scarcely willing to give up any of her solitude. She found Frau Brandes and her daughter Louisa with Anna, and they were all deep in a very interesting conversation.

“I am so glad you are come,” said Anna. “You must help me, or rather us, for Louisa is on our side.”

Frau Brandes was a very kind-hearted, excellent person, who did not, at any rate, withdraw from the grave conversations, that were scarcely to be avoided at Frau von Hohendorf’s; and her daughter had a very ardent, susceptible nature, and clung, in youthful love and devotion, to her more serious friend.

“You will make my Louisa quite confused,” said Frau Brandes, good-humouredly; “I should like to know why she should not dance at the soirees here.”

“Because I have no desire,” interrupted Louisa.

“Very well; if you have no desire, you need not go; but you must not try to persuade me that it would be wrong.”

“Yet it would be,” said Anna, gently.

“Not for me, certainly,” continued Frau Brandes;

“ I assure you I act, and think, and speak no otherwise than I should with you ; it is in reality very tiresome to me to sit there, and I only do it on Louisa’s account.”

“ I will willingly free you from this duty,” said Louisa, laughing ; “ I have already told my acquaintances here, they may rejoice to be rid of me, as a superfluous dancer.”

“ The talking and questions on the subject are particularly unpleasant to me,” said Frau Brandes ; “ the ladies have already asked me, if we did not belong to ‘ the pious.’ ”

“ They asked me too,” interrupted Louisa, “ and I answered, ‘ I do not belong to them so much as I wish ; ’ but, dear mother, when we go home, I will begin quite another life.”

Frau Brandes shook her head thoughtfully. “ I do not like singularity,” she observed, “ and I do not see any reason for it.”

“ No reason ! ” exclaimed Louisa ; “ because it is for my happiness and my soul’s welfare ; and because I would know nothing more of the world ; and because I would prove to the Lord, that I love Him dearer than the world. Mother, you do not know how little I care for the opinions of people who may comment on us, or be surprised at us. But,” she added, thoughtfully, “ we certainly must not begin our old life again ; we must break it off at once, or there would be danger that we might be drawn into it again by degrees.”

“ Only follow my advice,” said Anna, taking up the discussion, “ it is so easy ; only one must be decided and true to oneself ; if our acquaintances see hesitation in us, they have won.”

“ It is all very easy for you, dear Frau von Hohendorf,” said Louisa’s mother. “ You live in the country, and have no one to criticise you ; but I live in a very large circle, and one friend brings another.”

“ But, really, it will not be difficult,” pleaded Louisa ; “ we will speak our mind quite kindly, tell them in what manner we are willing to have intercourse with them, and then it is their affair to consent or not.”

“ You have taught the child well,” said Frau Brandes, half vexed ; “ I, too, brought her up in the fear of God.”

“ Or she would not have learned so quickly,” observed Anna, kindly. “ I know, too, that you are not vexed with me at heart ; but I heartily advise you to seek intercourse only with pious people ; in friendship with such, one is strengthened and consoled. Is it not so ?” she asked, turning to Elizabeth, who, until now, had been a silent listener.

She gave her her hand, and nodded assent, as she thought, “ I have found it so here.”

“ She who has once known something of God, and has loved Him,” continued Anna, “ cannot again feel herself at ease in the world ; her reason may seek to represent intercourse with it as innocent, and harmless, and void of danger, but the storm is in the heart,

and it knows no peace till it has brought ALL as an offering to God—fear of man, and vanity, and pride, and all the enemies that strive against the impulses of the soul.”

“But, dearest Frau,” said Frau Brandes, “a friend of mine is obliged to live at court, and her husband requires her to do the very things you condemn as sins.”

“I do not condemn the things as sinful in themselves,” replied Anna, quickly, “only the way in which they are done. If your friend’s husband requires it of her, she must do it; she does not then act from the fear of man, nor from pride and vanity, but from obedience, and because her position in the world necessitates it; that will neither disturb her conscience, nor make it doubtful to the world on which side she stands; her whole life and behaviour will sufficiently prove that. But I should exhort the majority of people who represent themselves as being compelled, to examine themselves narrowly, whether it is really duty, or obedience, or necessity that leads them in the world, or the weakness and inconstancy of their own hearts.”

“Now, mother dear, we are really not in such very difficult circumstances,” said Louisa, “so we need not be perplexed, though Frau von Hohendorf is right in saying, God will help us through the greatest difficulties in perfect peace, if we sincerely offer to Him our whole *hearts*, and all the vanity and weakness of

any kind that may be hidden there. We will simply resolve not to visit people we cannot like, who are not of the same heart and mind as ourselves. Of course, we must make exceptions in cases of duty and necessity—I mean real duty. I shall regularly visit my guardian, and be very friendly and grateful to him; but if he invites me to a ball, I shall beg to be excused.” Louisa spoke still farther in her youthful warmth and enthusiasm. She felt that her good mother really agreed with her, and that exhortations to be of good courage were not unwelcome.

At last Anna remarked, “You are very silent to-day, dear Elizabeth!”

“I could only assent to all you have observed,” was her reply; “and I advise you,” she said to Louisa, “to set yourself free from the world at once; do not imagine you can do it by degrees.”

“Yes, the world is very injurious to a youthful Christian life,” remarked Anna; “and the people who see the least perils in it, are the most to be dreaded.”

“That is a hit at me,” said Frau Brandes, good-humouredly; “however, I am very willing to be instructed; and if my Louisa is a good and sensible maiden, and is not frivolous, fond of dress, and of pleasure-seeking, like—yes, it is sad enough to confess—like most young girls, I shall be well content. And if she will not join the company here, I am not sorry; it will be more convenient for me.” Other topics of conversation were now introduced; but

Elizabeth remained full of thought. "Ah! I was like Louisa once," she thought; "as joyous and confident. I fancied it would be so easy to go on with good courage; but it is easy only when one is persevering and earnest. Young girls are easily inspired with enthusiasm; but if they are not constant in prayer to God; if they do not conscientiously strive to overcome the smallest thing that would shake their love; if they do not simply stand on the ground of the catechism and the Word of the Lord; if, with their joy, and confidence, and happiness, they are not working with fear and trembling, there is little to be hoped from their enthusiasm to be true against the least temptation to vanity, pride, and the love of the world. He who is true in little things, God will set over great things. The power of the world is manifested in this way,—it tempts us first in little, trifling things; strengthened by victory, it then goes boldly on to greater. All that Anna said," thought Elizabeth, "was so simple, so easy, so unquestionable; yet, in the carrying out, how difficult. Now, when her own unfaithfulness was so sadly avenged, she could not imagine how she could regulate her life at home with their old connections. She knew not, but she dared not be anxious; she must never look beyond the day, and in the limits of this short day, walk conscientiously, and in the love of God. So much is certain: if we give our heart and life to God, He will help us through the most difficult circumstances, in peace and gladness. If

my mother had spoken to me as hopefully and decidedly as Anna speaks, all might have been different ; but my poor mother was always swayed to and fro. How will it be with this young maiden, if her mother does not stand firmly by her ? How will it be if she marries, when the needs of her soul will first begin ? The freedom of girlhood is so fresh and lovely, the heart is so confiding and free from care, it sees only joy and happiness before it, and the whole world in dazzling splendour." But Elizabeth did not wish the careless confidence of her girlhood back, nor envy Louisa, nor murmur just now at her own severe conflicts. She took all her faith from God, even the experience she was gaining to-day—that her freedom was not sweet, but very bitter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FOOLISH FEELINGS.

THE twilight was fast becoming darkness — the children were sleeping calmly and sweetly ; but Elizabeth still sat on the green hillock, and gazed on the ever-darkening sea. A dense mass of clouds hung in the north.

“ If it is stormy to-morrow, our husbands cannot return,” Anna had observed, and had then spoken of the threatening clouds to her old hostess.

“ The wind blows from the south,” was the comforting answer. “ I do not think it will be stormy.”

“ The Lord will guard our dear ones,” said Anna afterwards, to Elizabeth, “ and to-morrow we shall rejoice all the more when they return.

Elizabeth could scarcely confess that she greatly anticipated the morrow ; but she was glad now. “ When the night is past, and the skies are again clear and blue, I will thank Thee with my whole heart, dear Lord,” she thought, as she left the green mound,

and went to rest. In the night she awoke with a start, and heard the roaring of the sea under her window. When the soul sets itself free from heavy dreams, it is dreary still in awaking. "Is that really a storm?" she thought, occasionally as she awoke, all trembling; she could rest no more till she had ascertained; she went softly to the nursery, to get a large cloak. Johanna was greatly startled.

"The sea is roaring," said Elizabeth; "I must see whether it is very stormy."

Johanna sought to reassure her; maintained it was only the tide coming in; and that if it were stormy, the gentlemen would not leave Spickeroge."

But this remark was no consolation; her mistress knew the voyagers would embark in the middle of the night, because some of the gentlemen purposed going for a seal-hunt; perhaps at this very moment the little boat was tossing on the waves. She left the house with dreary bodings; but how lonely all appeared. The tide rushed in foaming against the downs, but not more violently than usual; a soft wind was blowing from the south; the stars were shining in a clear sky; and a light streak in the east heralded the coming day. With what thankfulness and blissful yearning did she look up to the heavens, disturbed by no anxious thoughts or anticipations; the next day stood all bright and clear before her, and she was again in a dream! She went into the nursery, spoke to Johanna of the beauty of the night, kissed her

sleeping children, and then returned to her room, where she stood musing a few minutes before the table on which her husband's things lay—paper, pens, knife, and a silk neckerchief—she stood before them exactly as in former days before the cluster of moss and fir-twigs, which had been in his hands.

The day broke fair and warm, and wonderfully beautiful; and Elizabeth arose with glad heart. With that joyful expectation in the background, she would try once more to enjoy her freedom, and live courageously and carelessly, without fear of conflicts. Such should be her life during her residence with her grandparents; she would be free, and yet not solitary, with her dear ones, and he would come every day to see her, as the field-exercise would be in the immediate neighbourhood of Braunhausen. Thus she reflected, as a certain uneasiness led her again to the table on which his things lay. Then she seemed to hear the well-known footstep, and joyfully composed herself (willingly would she now have given up her freedom); but she was a simpleton—he could not be expected before evening.

Immediately after the bathing, and the prescribed walk on the shore, she fetched Annie and Paul to spend the day with her, as Frau von Hohendorf had a severe attack of toothache. At heart she preferred the society of children, and Anna's played so pleasantly and reasonably, that nothing could have suited her day of freedom better than the presence of these

little people. In order to keep the children near the house (which she naturally did not like to leave a minute, as the time for her husband's return drew nigh), she had thought of an excellent plan. In a spot in the little garden, where formerly there had been seats, they would lay out a little park. She had often made little edifices for them on the shore, with stones and shells, that were regularly washed away by the waves. It was soon evident to the children that the time and trouble spent here on the solid ground would not be wasted. She made a regular plan for them: little houses, and stables, and grottoes, and greenhouses, were to be surrounded by turf and tiny gardens. Elizabeth ordered, and Annie and Paul, to little Friedrich's transport, went zealously to work. It was rather slow; but they had the whole day before them, and no difficulty was shunned. Elizabeth helped the little ones, then walked to and fro, stood at the palisades, and looked over the sea, or went to the other side, to gaze on the footpath that wound among the little green hills down to the Waat. She sat thoughtfully on the green mound; then went into the chamber, and laid the silk tie in the drawer; till, blushing at her own unrest, she returned to her work and the happy children.

In the afternoon, when the pleasure-grounds were nearly finished, Annie said, "We must have some little figures—tiny men, and horses, and dogs, and sheep, and cocks, and hens."

“I will draw them for you,” answered Elizabeth, “and you can paint them.”

There was a universal shout of joy. The materials were brought, then and there. Elizabeth sat upon a footstool, and the children knelt before her seat. In this interesting occupation, Elizabeth forgot her uneasiness and expectation. New ideas perpetually occurred to her, and the little erection at her side grew very pretty. Thus engrossed, she did not hear the step of her husband, as he entered the house from the shore. He looked into the sitting-room, no one was there; and in the tents, but all was still. To be expected by no one was not pleasant to him. He had hoped that he should be met at least by Johanna and the children. He had fairly mastered his displeasure at Elizabeth's liking to be all day alone, therefore he would not be cross now; but there was a remnant of vexation left, and his reception increased it. As he went to the window of the sitting-room, he heard voices, and suddenly perceived the little company of children. He went into the garden, and stood at the gable-end of the house, in much the same mood as when listening to Elizabeth's consultation with old Friedrich on the possibility of turning the gentle Ypsilanti into a saddle-horse. He soon forgot his own trouble. The picture was a very charming one. Elizabeth, in white muslin (she did not know why she had put it on), was sitting among the children, and drawing rapidly.

“But, aunt,” said Paul, “why have you made such long ears to the horses?”

“I have told you before, dear boy,” answered Elizabeth, somewhat impatiently, “they are not horses. I have put them long ears on purpose that they may look more like asses.”

“But we have no horses, to show which are fields,” objected Paul.

“Oh, the oxen show that,” said Annie, caressingly. “It is sandy ground here.”

“Aunt Elizabeth, your oxen have too long legs,” observed the little critic again.

“They are very thin oxen,” said Elizabeth, hastily, “and are coming into the fattening stalls. I will make you some fat ones, very plump, with short legs.”

“Take care they don’t look like pigs!” warned Paul.

“But, Paul,” said Annie, reprovingly, “auntie makes such beautiful long horns for the oxen!”

At that moment Friedrich espied his papa, and ran to him, shouting for joy. Elizabeth rose swiftly to meet him; but as he first kissed Friedrich, and then Annie and Paul, she had plenty of time to collect herself, and to return calmly his quiet, friendly greeting. Friedrich drew his papa to their little artistic labours. He must look at and admire everything, while Elizabeth stood by; and she felt as though she had had a good dream, and had been very foolish.

“Aunt Elizabeth,” said Anna, suddenly, “Herr von Kadden must draw us some horses.”

There was a flush of displeasure in Kadden’s eyes, but he constrained himself.

“Anna, you call her aunt, but you call me Herr von Kadden; do you not know that she is my wife?”

“Yes, I know,” said Anna, simply; she did not reflect on the subject, but she felt it was different with her papa and his wife.

“If you would make us two coach-horses and four cart-horses,” entreated Anna.

He looked at Elizabeth, as if asking permission; she gave him pencil and paper, and he began to draw, not only horses—no, he was very kind—he improved the lean oxen, drew some cows and sheep, and then went to his room.

Elizabeth could not play any longer with the children; she sat down with her work in her hand, but scarcely thought of it. In four days they were to leave, therefore she constrained herself to arrange her packing up; and if she found her thoughts wandering, she forced them back. Anna and Paul were now taken home. She took tea alone with the children, because her husband was gone to walk with his friends on the shore. Johanna told her, that the gentlemen had called and invited him to go for a long ramble, as, after the unpleasant voyage in the little boat, it would do him good. Herr von Hohendorf had remained with his wife, because of her toothache.

Elizabeth had seen her children to rest as usual ; and towards the latter part of the evening, as her husband was still away, she felt very solitary, and the struggles against the thoughts that were ever nigh at hand became weaker and weaker, till at last she gave up, and let them have their course. In the north stood a dark mass of clouds, as on the previous evening ; but then, if she had looked anxiously over the boundless sea, her heart was happy in its yearning. Oh ! how foolish she had been yesterday, and this whole day. She was ashamed of her folly ; ashamed to confess to herself that her weak heart was too pitifully weak, or how could it have forgotten all the misery it must yet suffer, and have felt as at an earlier, gladder time. Her husband had been the same at his return as at his departure ; she must candidly own, not unfriendly at either. That he remained out so long to-day was nothing unusual ; it was her own fault if she had been foolish the last two days, and now felt deceived after his return. His former promise, that she should never feel lonely again, was given to her from compassion ; it was certainly very painful that he could forget so soon, but it was quite natural. She resolved steadfastly that her folly should not be perceived ; she would not act as though she had expected anything better from him. She would be very reasonable and tranquil, and gradually accustom herself to conceal her feelings better ; she must learn to be resolute and cool. To women who can be so, life is much easier ; they

have much less heartache, because men do not understand or prize a warm, foolish heart, and often vex and disturb it. But were not all these reasonable purposes very doubtful? had she not been proposing her whole life long to change? Even as a child, when she thought herself misunderstood by her parents, brothers and sisters, or friends, used she not to resolve to keep her feelings to herself, never to speak them out, and, above all, to be more serious and composed; and, before she was aware, had she not been joyous and open-hearted again, clasping all in love to her heart? Certainly, her love was shaken now, especially this evening, when the effort to feel warm and glad again only rested as a new humiliation upon her soul. She considered very exactly how she must behave to her husband when he returned: she must be friendly and unconstrained, for he must not surmise that she had been foolish, and had expected something different from him—that, in spite of all his efforts to be kind and good to her, he had not altogether succeeded.

During these thoughts, her eyes were seeking the shore; the last solitary walker was gone, and she was convinced that her husband had gone in with some acquaintance to supper. She went into her room, and took her books to read. Once more she resolved to be rational and cool, and to hide her foolish feelings; but in the very outset, the beautiful castles in the air she had so skilfully constructed vanished utterly. She bowed herself over her Bible on the table, and

wept bitterly. "No, Lord, I cannot be resolved, and cool, and tranquil; I can only be foolish, but I bring my folly to Thee; Thou canst either make me happy again, or console me. I love him so dearly, I cannot be otherwise; and reason, with all its bold counsel, cannot help me."

Her heart beat joyfully when she heard her husband's step. He paused for a moment before the house-door, for, strangely enough, his conscience was not easy. Formerly, he had a very short method of dealing with this feeling: he came to Elizabeth, quite quietly and unconcernedly; if she was irritated, embarrassed, or silent, he fancied he had a good right to be so too. To-day, he forced these thoughts down, but entered the room with some constraint.

"Did you wait supper for me long?" he asked.

"No, not long," was her friendly answer.

He was uneasy, and fain to excuse himself. "I remained out a long time," he continued; "but I know you do not mind."

She gave him one quick glance, but instantly looked down again, and made no answer.

He came to her, took her hand, and said, sighing, "I thought you were glad yesterday at my departure."

"I thought so too," was her simple answer.

"Ah! forgive me, Elizabeth," he entreated, and stopped short; he could add nothing more; he could not say, "You shall never be lonely again." No; he

was grieved at himself, that his weakness should have been greater than his good purpose. It was a comfort to him to-night to read to her from the Bible. He chose the 13th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, and read "of the charity that suffereth long, and is kind." When he closed the book, Elizabeth gave him her hand, and said good-night. She thought, it is well that God does not require one to be cool, and prudent, and resolute; it is much happier to exercise patience, and love, and humility; and as she looked at her husband with childish trust, her heart was again hopeful and comforted.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAPPINESS IN THE DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

AFTER two days, Herr and Frau von Hohendorf took an affectionate leave of them, and departed. Frau Brandes and her daughter accompanied them. Herr von Buhlen had left a week before. The evenings had now become long, the island was very solitary, and Elizabeth yearned for home; and not she alone—Johanna was become perfectly restless; in fact, she had awakened the earnest longings of her mistress; by speaking so often of their visit to the grandparents, and of the pleasure all their friends would feel in seeing Elizabeth so well again.

On the last afternoon, when the packing was finished, and her husband was gone to pay some farewell visits, Elizabeth went with the children for a long walk on the shore; and then, leaving them with her servants to play in a sheltered spot, she walked on alone to the very last green down. Anna had brought her here a few days before, and now she had

courage enough to wander alone in this utter solitude. She wished to take leave of the island, and of the time she had passed here. She climbed one of the highest of these wave-formed hills. It was very lonely here : on land there was neither life nor motion ; the sun shone very warm and still on the sand, the thirsty heather, and the dry grass ; the heavens were deep blue, the sea clear, and the breakers silvery white. Elizabeth sat down, and gazed upon the sea, that looks so uniform, and yet rivets the eye with no sense of weariness. One wave rolled in after another, crystal-clear, fresh, sparkling, and breaking into milk-white foam on the tranquil shore. That rushing of waters is ever a quickening sound ; the soul draws in courage and power with each rolling wave ; it never becomes weary ; almost it is fain to plunge and sink itself in the deep, mighty, rushing waste of waters. " What can God make of a weak heart ? " Elizabeth sat with clasped hands ; she listened to the rushing sound ; she followed each sunlit wave : it was to her a sound of blessing—ever new and life-giving. She looked up to the pure, mild heaven, a type of grace and truth, whose canopy of peace was spread wide over the world. She half longed for wings, like the sea-mews that swept through the blue skies over her, with their silver plumes, or lightly dipped into the fresh foam of the waves—her heart was so light and happy. How miserable in body and soul had she arrived here ; how entirely otherwise

would she depart. She felt no resentment, no sting, no humiliation now; she loved God with her whole heart, and this love brought nothing but joy, and peace, and confidence to her soul. Such love, such faith, does not admit of description; it is too wonderful, too rich and glorious. Like the fresh, young life in spring, with the buds and folds of a thousand blooms and flowers, it is not to be explained; but it is there, and fills the soul with longing, and joy, and thanksgiving. In this joyful mood, Elizabeth's affectionate heart yearned for her dear ones at home; her beloved grandmother should never be anxious for her again. That one can rejoice in sorrow she had now learned by experience, and she looked hopefully on to the dim and unknown future. Yes, though she had many difficulties to expect at home—though she dreaded the observations of her mother, and Emily, and others—her soul was regardless of all at this time, and swept, with the sea-birds, through the clear blue heavens, or dipped into the cold, refreshing waves.

The most unpleasant part of the journey was over. The rising in the middle of the night; the long waiting in the little boat for the steamer; the rough sea; the steaming up the Weser; the conveying the luggage from the steamer to the railway hotel; the paying dues and unpacking; and now the little company were sitting together in the railway carriage. Elizabeth saw that her husband had headache, though he had

taken upon himself all the travelling arrangements and little cares very readily and tranquilly; but now he leant back in a corner of the carriage, with closed eyes. Johanna was still suffering from the rough passage, and very unwell. The poor children were too much overpowered with weariness to sleep; Elizabeth alone appeared to be fresh and well. "Blessed are the meek." Did she really feel better than on the journey to Wangeroge? No; she was weary from the sleepless night, unwell, and suffering from neuralgic pains in the forehead; but she did not think of them, it was so sweet and happy to perform her duty. On that other journey, she had looked at her husband with bitterness, and thought—"Why has he no sympathy for me? I, too, am tired and unwell; it is his duty to care for me. Can my self-respect and position demand that I should not trouble myself about him; let him take care of the children and amuse them; he is better able to bear the burden than I." Oh! how heavy were those reflections; how sunk in misery and sorrow she had felt, and the very things that were then a source of anger, and pain, and torment, were this day a source of peace and joy. Truly, "Blessed are the meek." She soothed little Mary, took Friedrich on her lap, and let him look out of the window, told him stories—and all with quiet care that her husband should not be disturbed. She drew the curtains to shade him from the sun, took the things that the children threw around them lightly

away, and did all unobserved, as she thought, because it was a service of love, and she could not leave it alone. But he remarked it all; he felt her gentle offices, her care and sympathy, all through his headache, and it was most grateful to him; though her earnestly striving to fulfil her duty, her subdued, gentle demeanour, from the moment he had stood threatening before her, was ever a thorn in his heart. Then he pondered on their life at home, and scarcely knew how it would be. His acute pain was partly the cause that he could fix on no one else a consolatory thought. He could do no other than permit Elizabeth to go to her grandparents; but it was very bitter to him to know that there would be those between him and her who were perhaps closer to her heart than he, to whom she would speak of thoughts and feelings that she strove to conceal from him. He might perhaps have entreated her not to mention to her family those unhappy scenes that had startled them both from the sad life they were leading; he might have added to this entreaty promises for the future, that were heartfelt and sincere; but his whole soul rose up against this. He would not deprive her of the consolation of speaking out, if it were necessary to her; he would put no restraint upon her confidence; therefore, on the previous evening, he had only spoken of necessary arrangements with regard to Woltheim. The slight hope he had cherished, that she might prefer going to Braunhausen with him, he had given up; she

certainly thought only of abiding by the arrangement that was made before their departure. In his present mood, he had nothing to urge against it ; at any rate, it would be more convenient for him to be alone in Braunhausen at first ; he longed, too, for the drill, in the hope that then many things would right themselves, unobserved by curious spectators. Amid all these unpleasant, perplexing thoughts, he held fast to one—that he and Elizabeth were in the hands of God ; and that it depended on Him to order all things for them with regard to the world and busy tongues, and, if He willed, to shield them. That tongues were indeed very busy, that reports, far exceeding the truth, were loudly bruited at home, he little suspected. A landed proprietor from the immediate neighbourhood had been at Nordernei ; on his return home, he had met with passengers in the steamboat who had been to Wangeroge ; they made some inquiries about the singular young pair, and he enlightened them without any hesitation. On his return home, he spoke of the remarks of the people from Wangeroge, and after the usual fashion, they were not only eagerly listened to, but repeated again, greatly magnified and embellished. Elizabeth's family heard of these rumours through the Ranger, who stood neutral ; there was nothing to disprove them in Elizabeth's short, peculiar letters, still less in the manner of their life before their departure. The Ranger's wife and Emily had prophesied all this long ago ; it was incomprehensible that any human

being could have been blind to it. Aunt Julia felt the claims of kindred strongly enough to take Elizabeth's part, especially after report had described Kadden as being utterly indifferent to his wife,—cold, and destitute of ordinary consideration. His friends in Braunhausen eagerly maintained that he was right; it was his only chance of making life endurable with a wife who was so unfit for him; but there was a regular division of opinion on this head, and the return of the much-discussed pair was looked forward to as an event, and awaited with impatience.

The travellers rested at Hanover, on the children's account; and on the following day, about noon, the train stopped at the little Braunhausen station. The gray horses were there, and the handsome bay was waiting for his master; and, moreover, one very unwelcome expectant, Herr von Stottenheim.

“He was too sincere a friend,” he assured them—“felt too deep an interest—not to come and greet them.”

How far an uneasy curiosity was the motive—a desire to convince himself that his fears for his friend had been only too well founded—was by no means clear. Elizabeth naturally felt some confusion, and only on his assurance that she looked particularly blooming and well (which scarcely agreed with his expectation), could she make some easy reply. While her husband was giving various orders, and looking for the luggage, she lifted little Friedrich up to caress the

favourite bay horse, which gave Stottenheim an opportunity of noticing how lovely, childlike, and pleasing she was; all of which little tallied with his expectation. But the departure set him at rest again. Kadden's absent, serious manner quite tallied with his suspicions; and, as he mounted his horse, shot past the carriage like an arrow, while Stottenheim cried, "Do not ride so madly." He thought, contentedly, —Yes, the rumour is correct. Formerly he had flown thus, with joy-lit eyes, to greet her with mad speed; now, with an expression of gloom, he sought to escape her. When Stottenheim was riding by his side, he felt clearly that, although his friendship made him long impatiently for a confidential explanation, he must go very cautiously to work with his peculiar friend. There was nothing to be done just now; so he was perfectly unconstrained, and related with great vivacity all the little news of the day.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.

KADDEN found everything in his house ready for his reception, as had been proposed before his departure. The good, trustworthy cook, who had been left there in charge of everything, was now to be his housekeeper, and he had his man-servant to wait upon him. After his solitary dinner, he endeavoured to busy himself with his work; but how dissipated and ill at ease he felt from the time he had breathed the air of Braunhausen. Ever since Stottenheim, in his superficial and yet decided way, had tried to lead him back to his old life, he felt as though the past few weeks had been a dream—as though he stood before the world absolutely powerless—as though it would oppose him with the same claims as at an earlier period. If he could only have resolved to ride to Woltheim; but he would not disturb Elizabeth's first meeting with her grandparents; he could not believe that his presence there would be welcome to-day. A

mysterious dread of the first visit strengthened him in this opinion.

Towards evening, Stottenheim appeared, with a few other officers ; all were rejoiced to see him again ; and he succeeded in being perfectly tranquil and unconstrained. Their invitation to go with them to the public gardens was quite natural ; he had always accompanied them there in the summer, and he had no reason for declining now ; a walk would do him good, after the long, unpleasant journey ; and, in his present mood, he had nothing better to do. He went with them, therefore ; and, to avoid conversation himself, proposed a game at bowls. " He is a reasonable fellow," thought Stottenheim, well pleased, " and will soon wave aside all unpleasantnesses."

As they returned from their amusements in the twilight, they were suddenly overtaken by the Ranger ; not only Stottenheim, but all the officers, remarked how unpleasant this meeting was to Kadden. Naturally the Ranger was somewhat reserved ; he saluted him, but could not conceal his constraint ; and the ever-ready Stottenheim took up the conversation for his friend ; he related how they had brought him, and proposed a game at bowls, to cheer up his solitary life. Kadden was annoyed with this explanation ; and, in his annoyance, forgot to send a greeting to his wife and child and the family.

On the following morning, there was the usual exercise ; in the afternoon, the necessary call at the

Bonsaks'; and in the evening, he proposed to go to Woltheim. The Colonel's family, informed by Stottenheim beforehand of the purposed visit, were in high expectation in the afternoon, especially Adolfine, whose roving, foolish fancy was occupied with the strangest images. During the whole of the last year, when Kadden's marriage had been generally spoken of as an unhappy one, her whole interest and sympathy were given to the fascinating young man who had been her first girlish love; and unaccustomed to struggle against the evil thoughts that passed through her head, to this interest she had linked certain visions of her future. She did not reproach herself for these feelings; she had never tempted him to inconstancy. No! Elizabeth had nothing to blame but her own unreasonable behaviour; and when the Colonel often said openly, "The best thing for poor Kadden would be a separation from his wife," her reflection was, "I should be a far more suitable wife for him." That the state of things had become as critical as her fancy pictured it, excited her greatly; and in the most careful toilet, and with brilliant eyes, she listened to Stottenheim's account, who, of course, did not fail to impart all that had passed in this "first interesting visit." In the strictest confidence and friendship, he spoke to the ladies of the fate of his comrade. He described everything; his meeting the young wife at the railway station; Kadden's departure from her; his demeanour at the gardens in the evening; and, finally, the singu-

lar meeting with the Ranger, by whom he had sent no salutation for wife or the grandparents.

“I am convinced,” he observed, “that Kadden’s heart is wholly and irrevocably alienated from his wife, and that he has sent her to the grandparents with the good purpose of thus setting himself free.”

“Do you really think they will be separated?” asked Adolfine, in great suspense.

“I really see no way of escape, however much I may be grieved,” answered Stottenheim, shrugging his shoulders.

“At any rate, we will wish it for the poor man’s sake,” observed the Colonel, in the most fatherly manner. “According to the experience I have gained in the world, when once the happiness of a wedded life has been disturbed, especially where there is such strong individuality as with these two, the restoration of it is impossible. One must confess, she is a singular, a peculiar person. If she had married a man who would not have troubled himself about her singularity, who would have gone simply and firmly on his own way, and would have tried to have given her rational views of life, all might have been well; but in his youthful, ardent enthusiasm, he has allowed himself to be captivated too much by her sentiments. Now he will see his madness; he will see how far it has led him.”

“I represented to him, in the most friendly way, the danger of his opinions,” began Stottenheim,

eagerly; "I showed him what was true and right, what foolish and unpractical; I told him why he could not live coolly and agreeably with his wife; I assured him that they mutually tormented each other with their enthusiastic views. He was in a state of the greatest excitement. Can you believe that he openly declared to me, 'That it was not his ideal views that had been a source of distress, no, but the wretched sentiments current in the world and in society, and that he hoped yet to withdraw his poor Elizabeth from such a pestilent atmosphere; and that he would rather struggle against his own roughness and impetuosity a whole life long, than see his wife's feelings a shade less tender.' I had just before observed to him, that if he had a cool, reasonable wife, who could quietly shake off the little thunder-showers, that come in every marriage, he would live more comfortably."

"Of course," said Adolfine, perfectly agreed, and adding in thought, "If a husband rages, one may just stop one's ears, and amuse oneself during his ill-temper in the best way one can."

"Those are just the gloomy views of such narrow pietists," said the Colonel, shaking his head; "and I fear that Kadden is so entangled with them that he will have great difficulty in breaking loose."

"Can you not speak to him?" said Adolfine to Stottenheim. "You are his friend; you should give him your advice."

“ I fear, I greatly fear,” replied Stottenheim, consequentially, “ he feels ashamed when with me. Kadden has a proud, resolute nature ; after what has passed between us he will never acknowledge that I was right. He is certainly in a very dangerous situation.”

“ One must be very prudent, too, in such cases,” said the sensible Colonel. “ I shall find some opportunity of speaking to him. The poor young man has no one in the world to take an interest in him. For the present, we will be very friendly, and try to make his time here pass pleasantly, that he may be sure we mean all for the best.”

It was now observed that the husband of Kadden’s sister was quartered in Berlin, and that the latter was a very charming, sensible woman, whose influence would do much for her brother.

Adolfine was standing at the window, and, seeing the object of their expectations approaching, she said to Stottenheim, who had joined her, “ Only see how gloomy he looks !”

“ Terribly ! terribly !” was Stottenheim’s answer.

A few minutes after, Herr von Kadden was announced. At first there was some little embarrassment amid the general salutations ; but as Kadden was perfectly composed and unconscious, all were soon at ease, and the conversation became lively. The first topic discussed was the autumn exercise, for which a number of fresh troops had been brought into the neighbourhood. Kadden was greatly interested, and

made the most minute inquiries. From this they went on to his journey to Wangeroge. He spoke much of the sea, and of his residence beside it; the remembrance of his calm, peaceful life there with Elizabeth made his heart warm; and although he did not venture to name her, the image of her in his memory gave to his description something touching, which did not exactly coincide with the representations of his hearers before his arrival. Adolfine alone decided that the feeling of freedom gave him so much animation; and certainly this ardent, yet thoughtful expression in his features, was, to her ungoverned fancy, extremely fascinating. When Kadden finally mentioned that their residence at the sea had done his wife the greatest good, he received scarcely any answer. It was so striking that he could not help noticing it, though the ready Stottenheim-hastened to observe, "She was looking exceedingly pretty, and quite fresh and well, when he had the pleasure of meeting her at the railway station."

Kadden now took leave, and Stottenheim went with him. He was too much annoyed at the strange behaviour of the Bonsak ladies when his wife was named, not to ask Stottenheim immediately for the reason.

"My dear friend," he began, discreetly, "I cannot conceal from you that every one here knows how matters stand between you and your wife."

"And how do they stand?" demanded Kadden.

Stottenheim now cautiously informed him of the rumours that had reached Braunhausen.

“The world is mad,” said Kadden, quietly; “but *you* know quite well that, for the sake of my wife’s health, she passed her time at Wangeroge in perfect quiet, and of course was rarely seen in company.”

“I was not in the least surprised,” said Stottenheim, confidentially; “but, my dearest friend, I assure you, I feel with my whole heart the miserable fate that is hanging over you. You cannot conceal the truth from me. I have long known that these quarrels, with which people’s tongues are now so busied, must of necessity come not through fault of yours—certainly, not through fault of yours.”

“People’s tongues are busied,” interrupted Kadden, with unsteady voice; “perhaps those of my wife’s family too?”

“Of course,” replied Stottenheim; “they are fire and flame. I only heard how the Ranger’s wife expressed herself on the subject.”

“The Ranger’s wife,” repeated Kadden, with bitterness; and as he had just come to his house-door, he gave his friend a brief adieu.

As the latter invited him for a walk that evening, he nodded assent, in utter absence of mind; and, in the same mood, he waited till his servant, who was standing in the street, opened the door for him. Sunk in thought, he walked up and down his room, engrossed with these late tidings. Still annoyed at what had occurred in his call at the Bonsaks’, unwell, and with

aching head, he felt it impossible to ride to Woltheim, and resolved to remain where he was.

Elizabeth and the children arrived safely on the previous day at the grandparents'. They were most gladly welcomed, and affectionately tended and cared for; they seemed to have no other thoughts than those of love and sympathy for her. Yet they had in truth other thoughts, and, despite appearance, Elizabeth felt there was something besides affection and tenderness that occupied their minds. When the children had gone early to bed, and the Ranger's family had paid them a visit, and Uncle Karl had again gone forth on his solitary affairs, Elizabeth and her grandparents stood at the window and watched the evening glow, changing gradually to a deeper crimson behind the fir-hills. Then the grandpapa took Elizabeth's hands in his own, looked kindly into her eyes, and said, "And now, Elizabeth, is it well with you?"

In the greatest anxiety lest she should grieve them, she answered, in tones of emotion, "Dearest grandparents, you never need be anxious for me again; God will help me; I am very happy, though I was unhappy," she added, in a low voice.

As she spoke, such exquisite confidence and joy beamed in her eyes, that the truth of her word could not be doubted. The grandmamma embraced her darling, but looked very sorrowful; she felt that all was not quite right; and the confirmation of the general

rumours which she found in Elizabeth's last words, pressed heavily on her heart. But the grandpapa raised Elizabeth's head gently, and said to his wife, "We must not be anxious. Does she not really look very happy?"

Elizabeth, quite overpowered by her heart's warm feelings, clasped her hands, and said, "Oh, you were always right—quite right; there is nothing so blessed as to love God, to trust Him, and to desire no other than to be led by Him. For this, one can give up all—yes, all. So now you must rejoice with me, and not grieve."

"And have you nothing to complain of?" asked her grandmamma.

"No," said Elizabeth, thoughtfully; "everything that God has sent me was for my welfare."

"That is well," said the grandpapa, shortly; "therefore you must not complain if you are now at peace; we will thank God with you!"

"And He will order all things right for the future," said Elizabeth, hopefully.

"All will be right," replied the grandfather. "Heaven is our future; and if we are already happy in God, we need have no fears for this short earthly life."

"I have none," she replied, much comforted.

Such was the communication Elizabeth had with her grandparents; more, she neither could nor would say. It was complete enough. If she felt anxious,

and mournful, and solitary, she could be comforted by them with the hopes that reach beyond joy or sorrow. Their sympathy, and love, and consideration were un-failing.

When she mentioned that she must write to her mother, she heard that they expected her in a few days. She glanced anxiously at her grandfather; he smiled. "Ah, grandpapa," she observed, with a sigh, "I fear she will be unhappy, and that grieves me so much."

"The Lord can change the trouble into a blessing," he replied; "let this console you."

On the following afternoon, the wife of the Ranger came again; she would have called earlier had she not been hindered by a visitor, for she was longing to tell her parents of her husband's meeting with Kadden. With that her mind was greatly occupied; and though she meant well, the weakness of the human heart had much to do with it. Such occurrences, mournful as they are, are interesting, and are often talked about too much and too willingly by religious people. She now stood with her parents at the window, and opened her heart. The matter was no longer doubtful; instead of coming here, he had passed the evening playing at bowls with the officers, and had sent no greeting to wife or child. The grandmother listened sorrowfully; but the grandfather said, "We shall be very ungrateful if we do not thank God for what He has already done; Elizabeth is bright and well, quite

different from what she was, and contented; that is enough."

"And is she not unhappy about it?" said Julia, doubtfully. "It is true she is entirely changed; I was quite astonished to see her so much so. But who knows how he may have treated her? The self-respect and pride of a woman must be roused at last, and then love fades away."

The grandpapa made no farther explanation. Elizabeth, in a light summer dress and white georgine, was playing with her two little ones on the lawn. "She does not look to me exactly as though self-respect and pride were her consolation," he answered, after a pause, during which all there were watching her.

"Dear father, you know what I mean," said Julia.

"Yes; I understand you," he answered, gravely; "but we will not disturb ourselves with needless surmises; rather let us pray more fervently, and say for each other, 'Deliver us from all evil.'" He then went with both ladies into the garden.

Elizabeth was in uneasy expectation; her husband must come to-day. As she recognised their manservant in a horseman who was approaching the hedge, she crossed the lawn, leading Friedrich by the hand, and carrying little Mary on her other arm. The servant gave her a note; and, with throbbing heart, she opened it and read:—

“MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—

“I am not well to-day. I hope to-morrow to see you and the children. God bless you.

“C. V. KADDEN.”

After she had read it, her first thought was, that she and the children must go to him at once ; but she could not venture to do this without writing first. The grandparents and Aunt Julia approached meanwhile ; Elizabeth imparted her tidings, and asked whether she ought to go.

“Is your master very unwell ?” said Herr von Budmar to the servant.

“I heard that Herr von Stottenheim was coming to walk with him,” observed the man.

“Then it is not necessary for you to go,” said the grandpapa, kindly, to Elizabeth ; “we may hope he will come to-morrow himself.”

“Will you say that we shall expect him to-morrow,” said Elizabeth, with difficulty concealing her sorrow. “Beg papa to come,” said she to little Friedrich ; the child sent his message. “You cannot yet entreat him,” Elizabeth remarked, looking mournfully at her baby.

The grandmamma turned away to hide her tears, and all returned in silence to the house. Elizabeth remained out with the children, while the others went into the garden-hall.

“To-morrow morning I shall go to him myself,” said the grandfather, after they had all three sat for some time in silence.

“ But, dear father,” said Julia, respectfully, yet in some excitement, “ I would not do that ; he ought to come to you first.”

“ But suppose, Julia, I would rather go to him than that he should come to me ?” replied Herr von Budmar.

“ The world already says that we are using all our power to keep him ; that we are not willing to let him go.”

“ Of course we are not,” he interrupted her, in surprise ; “ there the world is quite right.”

“ But it is a great humiliation for our family,” said Julia, “ if we would not consent to a separation. I for one would never force Elizabeth upon him.”

“ But, Julia,” said the grandmamma, indignantly, “ things have not yet gone to such a length.”

“ You would not believe it from the beginning,” said Julia, doubtfully ; “ but one must be cautious now on poor Elizabeth’s account. I cannot understand how it is she has not spoken out to you.”

“ *I* understand,” said the grandmamma, quickly.

“ And *I*, too,” added Herr von Budmar ; and the conversation was broken off.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DEAR GRANDPARENTS.

ON the following day, Herr von Kadden had just returned from the field-exercise, when the gray horses drove up. He stood a few minutes irresolute, with the door-latch in his hand, then sprang down the staircase. He greeted the old gentleman constrainedly, and took his dear little Friedrich, who had insisted on coming to see his papa, in his arms. When they were in the sitting-room, Herr von Budmar took Kadden's hand, and said, kindly, "As you do not come to us, I am come to you."

"Has Elizabeth told you all?" asked Kadden, sighing.

"She has only told us that, despite all trouble, she is happy," was Herr von Budmar's answer.

"Nothing more?"

"We were fully satisfied with her answer, and I am come to hear how it stands with you, my dear Otto."

“ I hoped to have been able to answer the same,” said Kadden, mournfully ; “ but since I have been here, I feel as though I were bewildered, or as though I had lost all heart.”

“ How so ? ” inquired the grandpapa.

“ The atmosphere here weighs me down, and the people oppress me ; I have a load upon my breast, and feel as though I could not so much think what I ought to do, as what they would have me do.”

“ Dear Otto, you are a free man,” said the old gentleman.

“ Certainly, I am that,” interrupted Kadden ; “ but you do not know how difficult it is, when one has lived in the world from childhood, and been accustomed to be guided by its judgment, and to look for its approbation, how very difficult to stand completely above it. When I was among strangers, and could be my own master, all conflicts were speedily over ; but here, in the midst of a life that has a hold upon me on all sides, that perpetually disturbs me, and brings me into contact with people whom I would so gladly avoid, I own to you, I feel myself weak again.”

“ Weak we all are in ourselves,” said the grandfather ; “ but in God we are strong, and mighty, and valiant, and in Him we overcome the world.”

Kadden shook his head, and said, “ Have patience with me yet. God will help me finally.”

“ I am not anxious,” answered the old gentleman, smiling. “ I can already see the time when I shall

stand at your side, and admonish you that the world, too, has some claims on you."

"No, I shall never acknowledge them!" exclaimed Kadden, impetuously.

"There we are," said the grandpapa, kindly.

"I thank you so much for your consideration," replied Kadden, greatly touched. "You shall learn to trust me again—and," he added, with a sigh, "Elizabeth shall learn too."

At these words Herr von Budmar was silent. He knew not how matters stood between them, and hesitated whether or not to mention the rumours that were afloat, now that he was so far satisfied.

"I am glad to be alone just now," continued Kadden; "if it is painful to me in many respects, it is good also. Excuse me if I do not come often to Woltheim at present; and if Frau von Schulz is very much discomposed thereby—pray, tranquillize her," he added, with bitterness.

"But grandmamma will see you to-day?" answered Herr von Budmar.

"Of course," replied Kadden, quickly; "I shall come with pleasure.

"And Frau von Schulz shall decidedly have no admission to-day," said the old gentleman.

"Oh, pardon me!" entreated Kadden; but Herr von Budmar repeated his promise.

Just then, there was a rap at the door, and Stottenheim entered. He had seen the well-known grays,

and could not help coming to his friend, that in the event of some agitating scene, he might stand as a guardian angel at his side. With his invariably smooth and complaisant manners and address, he entered the room gently. The hearty, yet tranquil greeting of the old gentleman almost put him out of countenance; but he was a man of the world, and speedily recovered himself, and uttered a few polite phrases.

“I came, properly, to fetch you to the Colonel’s to dinner,” he observed, addressing Kadden.

“I cannot go, as I shall ride to Woltheim,” answered Kadden, quietly.

Stottenheim shrugged his shoulders. “You accepted the invitation, and it is the first time, after a long absence; they have visitors besides.”

“Dine there with the visitors,” advised the grand-papa; “then come and spend the evening with us—there is a full moon.”

Kadden hesitated a moment, and then resolved to remain. “But, my dear little Friedrich,” he said to the child, “must I then part from you again so quickly.”

“We will take him with us,” proposed Stottenheim, eagerly; “the young ladies will be quite delighted to see their little pet again. I assure you, he is in high favour,” he observed to Herr von Budmar, quite expecting some objection; but he had wonderfully deceived himself.

“Excellent!” said the grandpapa; “Friedrich shall remain with his papa, and we will easily provide some conveyance for the little man in the afternoon.”

“I shall stay with my papa,” said the happy child, as his father took him up, and pressed him warmly to his heart.

The affair was settled; Herr von Budmar took leave, and the young men accompanied him to the carriage. Stottenheim did not go in again with Kad-den; it was so much more to his mind to hasten on, and have a confidential chat with the young ladies, that he left his friend behind.

“You see,” he began, with great importance, almost before he had entered the room, “all we can do is of little avail; my poor friend was summoned like a conscript, and answered the call. I found the carriage before the door, and old Herr von Budmar with him.”

“It is utterly incomprehensible that they should have come to him first,” said Frau von Bonsak.

“The people have no feeling,” exclaimed Adolfine, petulantly; “I should think he had sufficiently shown his mind by his conduct in the last few days.”

“He sent no message to his wife,” observed Stottenheim; and, in the proud feeling that he was a person of great weight, and had the guidance of his friend’s fate, he continued to make similar representations, with still greater boldness. But the entrance of his friend stopped him, and the arrival of the little

visitor gave quite another turn to the conversation. The young ladies were delighted with the dear little child, whom they knew very well, especially Cecilia, who had often visited Elizabeth in the previous summer, and taken much interest in the children; she was both an affectionate and sensible person. But Adolfine insisted on having Friedrich all to herself to-day; he sat by her at table, and Kadden, who was at her other side, and had not the faintest suspicion of her unlucky fancies, on taking leave, thanked her sincerely and warmly for her kindness and attention to his little boy.

The grandmamma and Elizabeth were walking up and down before the house towards evening, when the expected rider entered the garden—not very quickly, for he had little Friedrich before him on the horse. Both went to meet him, and Elizabeth lifted down the child. Kadden sprang from the horse, gave it to old Friedrich, and saluted the grandmamma, who looked into his eyes as lovingly as at his departure. Ah! what good it did him; another weight fell from his breast. He offered her his arm, and gently said, “It was so wrong that I did not come yesterday; only say that you forgive me.”

She looked at him kindly, and said, “I knew that you had not forgotten me.”

“Certainly not,” he answered, warmly, and kissed her hand.

Johanna now brought little Mary; he took his

baby, caressed and fondled it, and carried it to the house, where the grandfather and Uncle Karl were awaiting him at the door; they then went all together to the linden tree, where Elizabeth made tea. Kadden felt as though just aroused from an evil dream. They all treated him as of old, only the grandpapa was merrier than at their departure, and the grandmamma even more tender. Her gentle eyes were fixed on him at times so lovingly and confidingly, and, as she laid her hand in his, she said, "I am so very glad to have you with us again."

And thus it is with the intercourse of God's children among each other, if they are at unison in the chief thing. All private and worldly intrigues, perplexities, and embarrassments disappear as clouds before the sun; all is light and clear, everything seems to flow on aright; there is nothing to dread or be anxious about. Why should the grandmamma not be tender to the grandson she loved so well? she had this day heard the cheering account from her husband, and the rumours wherewith the world sought to alarm her had faded away as the veriest slanders; her husband had talked to him to-day in the same warning and encouraging manner that had been frequent with him of late; but never before had Kadden answered with such entire accordance of feeling. God had answered her prayers, even beyond her hope and expectation. Kadden's state of mind, with regard to Elizabeth, was not inexplicable to her; long before

the journey to Wangeroge, he had declared to her that Elizabeth was becoming insufferable; and she had implored him to be patient. Perchance he had told her how he felt, and that had terrified her; but all would be for her weal, and God would help them both. She had proposed to herself, during Elizabeth's visit to them, to convince her of her fault; even if her husband was not without excuse, if he had really been hard and unkind, and thus caused the evil reports, she meant to have proved to her that she had first been to blame; and now, when God had restored her strength, she must lift up her heart to Him, and seek for pardon and grace, to be yielding and tender. The gentle grandmamma was again anxious in vain; she little guessed what was passing in her darling's soul.

When Kadden took leave in the evening, he clasped Elizabeth's hand affectionately. The dreaded meeting with him and her grandparents had passed off happily, and had not been painful to her. He had often spoken to her, especially at times when she was sunk in thought; and on her part, she had seen by his expression that her silence was unpleasant to him, and had then joined in the conversation. She did not suspect that her manner was quite different to what it had been, and her grandparents were too wise to remark it.

As she accompanied her husband to the garden-hall door, where his horse usually awaited him, she asked him, somewhat timidly, whether she should come with the children the next afternoon to the stone on the fir-

hills, as he had mentioned before that he should have a great deal of work in the next few days, and could not often come to Woltheim. "If you have time, you can see the children," she pleaded; and as he made no answer, she added, we will not positively expect you."

He was already on his horse, and stooped to take her hand once more; the pure moonlight rested on her face. "I shall come gladly," he observed, and then rode away.

On the following afternoon, Elizabeth went with the children and Johanna to the fir-hills; she sat upon the stone, and gazed thoughtfully on the towers below; she had not waited long ere a horseman approached.

"There comes papa," exclaimed Friedrich, joyfully; but it was only the servant, who had come to say that his father would be on parade the whole afternoon. But wife and children must not wait for him in vain; therefore he sent the messenger, and a large packet of bonbons for the children, wherewith Friedrich was fully compensated.

The gathering clouds warned the little party to return speedily, and they had scarcely reached the grandparents' ere the storm came on, and thunder, lightning, and heavy rain never ceased till midnight.

On the following morning, Elizabeth saw, to her sorrow, that the sky was heavy with clouds. A meeting on the fir-hills was not to be thought of,

and that was a great disappointment. She could not call the days long that were passed with her grandparents; but a short time ago, it had been her one wish to be with them; there her heart would be light and refreshed. Light it was not; she was full of yearning and trouble, but she strove to be patient; one day (if ever so long) would pass after the other, and thus, in time, the heavy weeks. .

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

UNAVOIDABLE SCENES.

THE weather was unchanged on the following day, when the carriage went to the station to fetch Elizabeth's mother. The former had been in painful suspense the whole day ; she knew not how the meeting with her mother would pass off, but in every case it would be different from that with the grandparents. Frau von Schulz was gone to the station. After full consideration, and from the best motives, she must speak to her sister alone, ere she had seen her parents. After the grandmamma, on the day of Kadden's visit, had begged Julia to leave them that evening to themselves ; after she had heard, on the following day, from both parents, that Kadden and Elizabeth were much happier together than before their departure, though they acknowledged they had not spoken especially on the subject to either, Julia was convinced that her excellent parents had too little interest for this earthly life. They were too ready to be comforted, and to wave aside

all anxieties for Elizabeth's terrible fate. She had already corresponded with her sister about the reports that were universally circulated, before the arrival of the young pair at Braunhausen. Elise, who had long before seen the unhappy state of things with them, was not surprised that the long-dreaded rupture was come at last. Her motherly heart was overflowing with love and sympathy for her daughter, and the rumour of Kadden's usage to her at Wangeroge was an insupportable misery, the more so as in her secret soul she ever reproached herself as the guilty cause of her child's sad fate. She had consulted the General; as well as her husband, whether a separation under such circumstances would not be possible, but was obliged to own herself that it would only be adding sin to sin. Schlosser, too, whom she visited on her way to Woltheim, was of the same opinion. The only counsel, especially Emily's, was to take Elizabeth from her husband for a time, if possible; in her present unhappy mood, they might perhaps work upon her susceptible nature, and win her in earnest for the Lord. "Now that her husband has repulsed her by his conduct," said Emily, "he will have no farther influence over her."

Julia was greatly astonished to meet the Schlossers with Elise at the station. After all her important advice, Emily had decided it would be better to go herself. During the past year, she had been very intimate with Elise—her adviser, her confidante, her privy

counsellor in all weighty matters. Elise had brought her, as a help and protection, to the conference with the grandparents, from whom—she could scarcely comprehend why—she could hope for no ready assent to her plans. Schlosser had readily come with them, to keep guard over Emily's great zeal, although, as she had been so wonderfully correct in her assertions and fears, he had little inclination to be of the party. As soon as the sisters found themselves opposite each other in the carriage, they embraced with sobs of emotion. Elise was very wretched, and Julia's feelings were easily moved, and their tears flowed without restraint. Emily looked with a sigh at her husband. Her features said, "I am greatly grieved, but I foresaw all this misery; it could not have been otherwise." He meanwhile looked out of the carriage window.

"How is Elizabeth?" asked Elise, at last. "Is she very wretched?"

"No," answered Julia; "the sea-bathing has done her much good."

"But are matters really in such a terrible state betwixt them?" asked Elise.

"Alas! I fear so," answered Julia; and then followed a circumstantial detail of Kadden's behaviour the last few days; of the meeting, the playing at bowls, and finally that the grandfather had been obliged to fetch him. For, despite of all, the good old people would not be convinced of his bad conduct; and probably, in the determination not to hear any harm

of him, they had not once allowed poor Elizabeth to speak out.

“Poor, dear child!” exclaimed Elise, sorrowfully. Schlosser shook his head.

“What do you think?” said Elise to him.

“I cannot believe that he has really treated her so ill.”

“Dear Wilhelm,” said Emily, crossly, “I wish I knew what earthly reason you can have for thinking so.”

“I know him,” replied Schlosser, with perfect composure; “and I advise the ladies to be very cautious how they interfere in this affair.”

“Dear Schlosser,” said Julia, eagerly, “we are not mistaken. The poor child is much to be pitied, and we must stand by her.”

“Is she very depressed?” asked Elise.

“Strange to say, she is not,” answered Julia, with an important air; “but I quite comprehend this. She has set herself free from all love. Her pride is aroused—very naturally, I think.”

“I think not, for Elizabeth,” said Schlosser again.

“And why should Elizabeth not be angered at last?” demanded Emily, in astonishment. “Recollect how entirely she gave way to her feelings; and now, when she has the greatest right to be aroused, when she has been so sorely aggrieved, it cannot be otherwise. If we would really help her, we must take advantage of this mood—we must wean her from her foolish love, and from the world, at the same time.”

“And if she really loves her husband still, would you seek to disturb her in that?” asked Schlosser, gravely.

“She does not really love him,” interrupted Emily. “I know her too well. Her spoilt and *exigeante* disposition will have carried her too much the other way. But if she is in a state unworthy of an earnest Christian, we cannot be surprised. We will have great forbearance with her: make no reproaches: her temptations have been too great for her. When I think of the past times!”—And here followed a description of Elizabeth’s overweening confidence, her implicit trust in the continuance of her happiness, and more of the same kind, that was to Emily some indemnification for the bitter, humiliating hours she had herself experienced on her account from her own husband. “Who was right now?”

In this (to Emily and Julia, not unpleasing) manner the conversation went on till they approached Braunhausen. Not far from the place of exercise, they met Kadden’s servant. He rode in good fellowship by old Friedrich for a time, and then innocently saluted the occupants of the carriage.

“My master is on parade,” he observed; “shall I call him?”

Elise shook her head; and Friedrich drove on.

“How strange that the stupid man does not know what is going on around him!” exclaimed Julia.

“Very strange,” said Schlosser, quietly; “the

people about one usually know something of these terrible scenes."

"Kadden is much too cautious," observed Emily, "to put himself in the power of his servants; and the man appears to be very stupid."

Elizabeth was standing at the window, gazing at the masses of clouds that hung darkly and heavily over the fir-hills; her children were playing by her on the floor. For the first time in her life the thought occurred to her, whether she could really wish she had never known her husband? whether she would like to revoke the past? She was not yet twenty-three; life was long before her, and she was so young. But no, she could not; her soul was heavy, and she pressed her hands on her heart. She would not have missed the past, but she would look hopefully to the future; and for love to her husband, to whom her heart so tenderly clung, and for love to her children, she would patiently bear the sorrowful present, and, just now, this meeting with her mother.

The carriage rolled into the court, and Elizabeth drew back. She walked restlessly about the room, looking for her handkerchief.

"Be tranquil, my dear child!" said her grandpapa, tenderly, stroking her forehead, as he passed her to receive their guest. What was his astonishment to see not only Elise, but the two Schlossers.

Elizabeth saluted them all in confusion; and they entered the sitting-room, accompanied by Julia.

The grandparents exerted themselves to be exceedingly glad and unconstrained; and the grandmamma looked impatiently for the large coffee-biggin, that was so ready a help in all little embarrassments; but their exertions were in vain, though Schlosser (to Emily's annoyance) backed them up to the utmost of his power. The three ladies had made a plot; Elise could not bear the idea of seeing her child in such miserable restraint before her; she should have the comfort of speaking out, and decidedly, in the presence of the good but weak grandparents, that they might be fully convinced of their error.

After a pause, while the grandmamma was looking out in the utmost anxiety for the entrance of the coffee, Elise suddenly embraced her daughter, and said, "I cannot bear to see you so silent, my dear child." She wept, and Elizabeth wept with her.

"Do not distress yourself so, Elise," implored her father; "you have no cause for weeping."

"Dear father, why should the poor child not speak out?" asked Elise.

"I have no objection," said the grandpapa, evidently annoyed, "if it is agreeable to her."

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Not to your mother?" said Elise, reproachfully.

"I would not grieve you," was Elizabeth's answer.

"You would not grieve me! I only pity you, and would comfort you," said Elise; "you will not hear a word of reproach from me."

Elizabeth glanced involuntarily to Emily and Julia.

“Dear Elizabeth,” said Emily, in a most friendly tone, “have no fear of us; we feel nothing but sympathy for you; we will not reproach you; he is more to blame than you.”

“Yes! we will protect you from this man!” added Frau von Schulz, good-naturedly.

“From what man?” asked Elizabeth, trembling.

“The man who misuses the right he has over you,” continued Emily; “who causes your misery. You shall find refuge and consolation with us.”

“Causes my misery! who says so?” asked Elizabeth, utterly bewildered.

“My dear Elizabeth!” exclaimed Elise, “the whole world knows how he treated you in Wangeroge; and we know how he behaved to you at an earlier period. Do not be afraid to speak out to us; you cannot conceal your unhappiness, and this is the only suitable time to help you.”

“Are you speaking of my husband?” asked Elizabeth, once more.

The ladies became somewhat doubtful, and Schlosser, who had been silently looking out of the window, now turned his attention inwards.

“Does all the world say that of my husband?” continued Elizabeth, gathering courage; “then, tell all the world that it is grievously mistaken. I, and I alone, am to blame for all our unhappiness. He has been ever kind, and generous, and considerate to me; but I

have never given him anything but trouble and heart-ache. And, oh! I love him with my whole soul; and with God's help, I will make all well again."

She left the room, bathed in tears, and the whole company remained silent and astonished. Even the grandmamma was surprised; but her husband looked at her, smiling, and gave her his hand. Emily went to her husband at the window. The surprise, the error was too great. Oh, humble Elizabeth! thou art in no unworthy frame; but how is the serious Christian, Emily, feeling? Should she say to her husband, "Yes, you were right; I have been mistaken?" As soon as the thought entered her mind, she turned quickly away from him. It was perfectly plain that she was not wrong in the main point; she must now carefully investigate and reflect on the subject thoroughly. But this was poor consolation, and her mind was ill at ease. Her husband stood immovably by her, and thought, sadly enough, "She would never confess that she had given me trouble or heartache."

After a time, the grandfather observed, "I hope now you are all satisfied."

They were silent; but Elise, comforted by Elizabeth's confession, gave him her hand, smiling through her tears.

The grandmamma left the room, but soon returned with Elizabeth, who embraced her mother, while her glad eyes looked so open and true, it was easy

to be perceived that her grandmamma had not been with her in vain.

Emily would willingly have departed the next day, for she almost felt as though she must be no pleasant guest to the grandparents ; but as Elise proposed to remain two days more, and her husband enjoyed the society of the old Herr von Budmar, she was obliged to stay. After mature reflection, she resolved to speak to her husband about Elizabeth ; it was annoying to her that he did not begin. She had reasoned coolly and carefully on the touching scene of yesterday, and Frau von Schulz had been ready with her suggestions ; together they had clearly made out, that in the main they were right. How could two such clear-headed persons err in a judgment they had so cautiously weighed. That Elizabeth was truly humble and most amiable they did not doubt ; but she was merely an affectionate, clinging child, blinded by her foolish love for her husband. One could not believe her excuses ; her whole deportment was a flat denial of them ; in fact, Emily found in Elizabeth's present mood the greatest obstacle to her salvation ; and if this influence of the husband was allowed to act upon her undisturbed, for his sake she would do whatever he pleased, and live in the world with him, light and joyous as formerly, for she was now fresh and well enough for anything. All these excellent considerations she submitted to her husband, and ended, solemnly, " And so the end of this marriage will be.

what I always prophesied." She looked at her silent listener, whose composure was intolerable, as if all that she had proposed to him was quite simple and clear; she had done Elizabeth full justice, and had spoken from real love and interest.

At last Schlosser spoke. "Emily, I advise you to keep your triumph for yourself; you are preparing great humiliations for yourself; you are entirely mistaken in Kadden, and have always done him injustice."

With these words, he left her in a state of insufferable annoyance, for she thought he was purposely exciting and tormenting her. No one, not even Schlosser himself, had till this time been able to deny that Kadden and Elizabeth were unhappy, and that their state was gradually becoming worse. Now, when a sort of crisis had arrived, they all chose to shut their eyes to the truth. The old grandparents might perhaps be excused, but certainly he could not. However, she resolved never to speak on the subject to him again; it had already become unsafe ground; she would wait with patience; the mournful end must assuredly come some day.

The following morning, a message was sent to Kadden, that his mother-in-law was come. He answered, that the service made it impossible for him to leave for some days yet; but as she returned home, he would go to the station for a short interview; and that he hoped, when the field-exercise was over, to come with Elizabeth to Berlin.

He really was on duty ; yet, if he had felt a very strong desire, he might possibly have gone in the evening to Woltheim. But as his servant had told him that Frau von Schulz had brought the Privy Councillor's wife from the station, he suspected what was passing between the sisters, and he thought it better to leave the family conference to the grandparents ; and as this arrangement was the most convenient, of course he easily persuaded himself it was the wisest. However, when the first day was passed, his conscience was somewhat uneasy. He thought much of the grandparents and Elizabeth ; and as he had a short time free on the second afternoon, he mounted his horse, and rode to Woltheim.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOPES AND FEARS.

THE weather was still bad—depressing, windy, and at times very rainy. The family at Woltheim, with the addition of the Ranger's, were all assembled in the large parlour, except Elizabeth, who had taken advantage of a temporary improvement in the weather, and was gone for a walk alone; she could bear to be in company no longer.

“There is Kadden,” exclaimed Schlosser, suddenly, as he left the window, and went to meet the approaching guest, who had already entered by the little garden-gate, and was rapidly drawing nigh.

“You here,” exclaimed Kadden, equally rejoiced and surprised.

To Emily's vexation, the two men embraced each other heartily, and Kadden, at the side of his friend, ventured courageously into the family gathering. By the grandparents, good old Uncle Karl, and his children, he was most warmly received; and Elise was

affectionate, though Emily and Julia had implored her not to put too much confidence in the grandparents' opinions, nor to cherish vain hopes. The stiffness of the remainder of the party to Kadden was not to be mistaken; but the more Schlosser remarked it, and the more they hoped that he would, at least, be neutral, the more hearty and affectionate he became to him.

On his first arrival, Kadden asked for Elizabeth, and was told by the grandmamma that she was gone for a walk, but would soon return. A quarter of an hour passed, and then another, and still she did not appear.

Kadden left his seat by Herr von Budmar, and planted himself in a recess of the window, with Schlosser. With little Friedrich on his knee, he gazed on the masses of flowers, all bowed down with the heavy rain; and on the trees, whose wet branches swayed to and fro in the wind. "Where was Elizabeth gone? surely not to the fir-hills?" His heart became more and more uneasy. "I wonder that Elizabeth should go so far in such weather," he exclaimed, at last, somewhat impatiently.

"If we only knew which road she had taken, we could go and meet her," answered Schlosser.

At that moment she came out of a little copse that led to the maples by the brook, and was the nearest footpath to the fir-hills.

Kadden set Friedrich on Schlosser's knee, and left

the room unobserved. He went to the hall-door to meet her. She had a bouquet of heather, all wet with the rain, in her hand. He was not mistaken, she had been to the hills. She looked at him, and greeted him, but did not venture to express the joy she felt. He took off her damp hat and shawl, and she stood before him in a dark, fine, woollen dress, with the same blue crape scarf twisted round her as on a former day, when he met her at the railway-station; and she looked at him now, with her bright features, and slightly disordered curls, and the same inquiring, yet embarrassed expression as then. Was he now as sorrowful and doubtful as then? He feared he had good cause to be; he did not venture to trust those kind, sweet eyes; he thought it was only her good, childlike wiles that moved her heart. Wherefore should the memories of the last loveless year, and the terrible hours in Bremen, have faded away? Ah! wherefore? What had so changed all within him? Why did he now stand timid, yet unhappy, before her? Why did he feel a mysterious, blessed world above him, and a mysterious world within himself? Why did he feel that the links between these alone gave charm to his life and impulse to his soul? Ah! wherefore? he knew not, but he felt it warmly at heart, despite all doubt and anxiety.

“Where have you been so long?” he asked, anxiously.

“To the fir-hills,” was her embarrassed answer.

“ In such weather ? ” he continued ; “ how cold and damp you are. ” He took both her hands in his own.

“ I could bear it no longer in the sitting-room, ” she replied.

“ You are right there, ” said he, sighing ; “ we will remain here ; I must say good-bye, as to-morrow or the next day I shall leave. ”

“ And will you not come here again first ? ” she asked, without looking at him.

“ I don't know, ” said he, musingly. He longed to know whether she would have preferred a “ yes ” or “ no ” in answer. ”

The last evening in Wangeroge, she had candidly told him how much she rejoiced in the prospect of the visit to her grandparents ; and he had no reason now to expect the contrary. He looked at her clear, lovely eyes, and then at his wedding-ring. She must follow him at last, when the next three weeks were over, despite the rumours of acquaintances, and the gossip of aunts and relations.

“ Are you well cared for at home ? ” she asked ; and her duties as housewife fell on her conscience.

“ Yes, everything is attended to, ” he replied, “ and a soldier does not need much. ”

“ But you have a cough ; I must get you some flannel to put round your throat, ” she observed.

“ And suppose I won't use it ? ” he asked, smiling. She stood irresolute.

“ You can fetch it for me, ” he then pleaded.

“Do you take any books with you?” she asked, timidly.

“I have bought a little Bible like yours,” was his answer.

“I could give you my little book of meditations, in which we used to read together,” she began, more courageously, “for, while I am here, I could use grand-mamma’s.”

“So you could,” he answered, affectionately, “and then we could read every evening at the same time.”

He had taken her to a window, where, in her girlhood, she had placed a little writing-table for herself: so happy in doing it, she gave him the book. He opened it, read a few minutes, then said to her,

“You can give this from me to your Aunt Julia to read.”

Elizabeth looked at the passage, and read as follows:—“Even among the religious, how little is this reflected on, how much idle talking, how much that is profitless, does one hear among them.”

In remembrance of the scene of the previous day, and in the dread that he might have heard of the reports that had so slandered him, she looked at him with an expression of anguish and entreaty.

“No, my dear Elizabeth,” he said, “you need not give it her; but,” he continued, after a pause, “do not listen to their talking.”

“Ah! no,” she replied, in a low voice, “I know better.”

Little Friedrich now came running into the hall, begging his papa to take him in his arms; but the latter looked at his watch, and found that his time had expired, and that he might expect his horse every minute.

Elizabeth ran to fetch him a piece of flannel, and he took Friedrich again into the parlour.

If, in a marriage that has been unhappy and disturbed for a time, both parties sincerely long for peace, if they were left alone, by God's help they would find it again. But they are not alone; there are sympathizing mothers, and sisters, and friends, all especially desirous to be the confidants of the wife. Very seldom, indeed, do they give the right counsel and consolation—the short counsel, “Look only to your own sin;” and the short consolation, “Blessed are the meek” No; that would be too hardhearted. Their consolation must not be drawn from God's Word, but from their own weak, partial hearts. How many mothers, without wishing or suspecting it, with even the best will to help, have their daughters' unhappiness upon their souls. Between married people, none but God may stand as counsellor and consoler.

At the moment when Kadden entered the room, Elise, with Emily and Julia, were advancing from the other side. They had been holding a very well-meaning, sensible, and wordy conference.

As Elise remarked that Kadden was preparing to take leave, she approached him and said, “I should

have been so glad to have had Elizabeth with me just now, Otto ; but her grandparents will not hear of it."

"It is best so," said Kadden, shortly. The very thought of Elizabeth with his mother-in-law, instead of here, was insupportable.

"But you will allow her to come to me afterwards for a few weeks, with the children," she continued. "I long to have her once more with me; and it would be convenient before you arrange your household again in Braunhausen."

"Would Elizabeth like it?" asked Kadden, stiffly.

"Certainly she would," answered Elise, hastily.

His eyes flashed. "We shall see by and by," he answered shortly, and turned away.

Coldly and distantly he took leave of everybody, even of Elizabeth and his children. He mounted his horse, and flew over the common; but presently he halted, and looked back. The fashion of his departure grieved him already. "But that selfish mother-in-law! She would so like to have her daughter, and I may be content with the servants!"

For the sorrow of this chilling adieu, Elizabeth had her mother alone to thank. She stood at the door, with Friedrich in her arms. Sunk in thought, she watched him ride away—saw him halt, take off his cap, and wave it in salutation.

"Adieu, dear papa!" the little child called out, sorrowfully.

"There is a specimen!" whispered Frau von Schulz,

who was standing at the window with Emily and Elise. "There is a ruler! We can speak a reasonable word with our husbands: any one would be afraid of him."

"Poor Elizabeth!" sighed her mother.

"The incomprehensible grandparents!" added Emily.

At last the guests departed, and Elizabeth was very glad. She had enjoyed a closer intercourse and affection with her mother than ever in her life, and the only interruption to it was her refusal to go to Berlin after the field-exercise, in which she was firmly supported by her grandparents. Emily had sorely vexed her from first to last, and all with the good purpose of profiting by this time of sorrow and loneliness to make her think of her salvation. Therefore she never ceased to remind her of the past—of her hopes, her former happiness, and her own prophecies. All this Elizabeth could bear with humility, for Emily was right; but when she spoke to her especially of the love of her husband, and wearied herself to convince her of his present coldness and hardness, that was too bitter to be borne.

"How can you, Emily, try to set me against my husband?" she once exclaimed, in her old impetuous manner.

"I do not set you against him," was Emily's answer. "I wish you to look at your union in a proper light, and to maintain it in the right way. You should not persist in believing that so extravagant a

love can be the happiness of life; you should not mourn over it, and give up, for the folly that has ruined your earthly weal, your eternal happiness also. No one has your interest more at heart than I; I have ever been your truest friend."

Elizabeth was thoroughly perplexed by her discourse, and became exceedingly depressed. She neither could nor would speak of her own or her husband's inner life. Her only defence was, that she extolled him as the best and kindest of husbands, which strengthened these wise ladies in their representations.

At last the rainy season was over, the blue September heavens looked down on the fresh and invigorated earth. The soft turf gleamed like green velvet, and a few red leaves here and there on the trees and bushes contrasted brilliantly with the fresh green foliage. Elizabeth passed her days in peace and calm with her grandparents. This time was not unlike that of her confirmation; serious, yet happy; if not so glad, it was still rich and beautiful.

One afternoon she was sitting on a footstool by her grandmamma, under the lindens, near the house. The latter spoke of the delusions of youth, of happy and unhappy marriages, of the consolation of finding God again after wanderings, of the repentance that must come for time misspent, and of the sweetness of that repentance that frees from all bitterness, from every sting. "A happy marriage is the greatest blessing

on earth," she continued ; " therefore no sacrifice is too great to make for its continuance."

" Most young maidens think it needs no sacrifice," said Elizabeth ; " they expect everything from their love."

" Most true," said her grandmamma ; " but the love to God our Saviour, our Helper, and Consoler, must ever be the first, or the other has no solid foundation."

" If they would only believe it before they have learned it by bitter experience," exclaimed Elizabeth.

Her grandmamma gazed into the distance, musing.

" If God has drawn two hearts together, He means them to be happy," continued Elizabeth.

" And if it were not His work, He knows wherefore," added the grandmamma ; " and we are always sure of His love, and favour, and consolation, if we are His children." She spoke farther now of heavenly hopes, and she said, " That at times she felt as though she already stood blissful and waiting at the gates of heaven. Life is short," she continued ; " you will one day come to this. You, too, will stand at the doors of heaven in blissful expectation, and look back upon this period as one of grace."

Elizabeth was able to smile. A flash of light darted through her soul. We often read and speak of some passage in the Holy Scriptures ; but at times we not only perceive its meaning—a sudden light falls upon it, it enters with a fulness of life

into our souls. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." These words stood out in brilliant light before her now. Since the cold adieu of her husband, she had been very sad and full of trouble. She gave herself up to this trouble, and thought—"It is the Lord's will; He sends me this cross that I may bear it; and yet He does not so much send it, as lay it before me, that I may take it up." Though her soul had again found its God, she feared her earthly happiness was lost, or worse, frittered away. But she prayed to Him ever and again, without ceasing, according to her heart's deep longings; yes, prayed for the renovation of this faded happiness. Every fervent prayer is heard; it is not always accomplished, but it is granted. The fulfilling of the petition is a temporal happiness; the acceptance, an eternal one. This sounds bitter to the unfaithful heart; but to the eternally happy, there must be the implicit surrender of the heart to God.

After Elizabeth's soothing conversation with her grandmamma, she arose, and walked slowly on the lawn. The long shadows were resting on its deep green. The warm rays of the sun streamed over the velvet-like grass, and trembled on the fine glittering gossamers that were woven among the blades of grass, or fluttered as a silver veil over some stately flower. Elizabeth gazed on the light, silvery veils, on the broad, peaceful blue heavens; she watched a slender

wagtail bathing itself in the rippling stream, and a gold-gleaming beetle climbing a green stem. "Ah, dear Lord," she thought, "if it is so lonely here in this world, what will it be there." She felt, with her grandmamma, hopes and yearnings for heaven in her soul, and all the blessedness of self-sacrifice. She had not prayed for her husband's love to-day; she would only ask to be one day blest with him—with him and her children—to walk with him heavenwards, to rejoice in God with him, to rejoice in His goodness, His grace, His power, His works, and thus their hearts be filled with thankfulness and joy. "Give to Him even so little a heartache, and He will give thee for it a greater heart-joy." That is most assuredly true.

She now returned to her grandmamma, who was already in the sitting-room, gazing in deep thought on the glowing evening crimson, as was her wont. Elizabeth felt that she must speak. Save the confession that had been wrung from her in her mother's presence, she had said nothing of her husband, nor of her own position with regard to him—at least, nothing special or private, much to the satisfaction of her grandparents, who never dreamt of intruding on such sacred ground with unnecessary prating or discourse.

"I am not so unfortunate as my saintly great-aunt," began Elizabeth, as she stood before her grandmamma, blushing deeply, and with faltering voice; "she had an unbelieving husband, and I have a God-fearing one."

Her grandmamma bowed assent.

“When I was in my greatest trouble,” she continued, “he advised me to seek comfort from God, and helped me to do it. He read to me every evening from the Bible; and when he comes back, we shall always read together.”

While she was thus speaking, her grandmamma clasped her hands, and said, “Dearest child, you do not know how that rejoices me.”

“That is why I tell you,” she replied, in a low voice. “You, at least, must know, that I never can be miserable; but,” she added; lingering, “I have a dread of speaking of these things.”

“We will speak of them to no one,” added the grandmamma.

CHAPTER XL.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ON the same day, Herr von Kadden, with his Colonel, marched to an estate that was many leagues from Braunhausen, and belonged to an elderly landed proprietor, who was a very intimate friend of the Colonel's, and was, moreover, the very individual who, on his return from Nordernei, had circulated the interesting reports about Kadden. This military spectacle was a great pleasure for the Grand-bailiff, Herr Wiebert (and a still greater one for his grown-up daughters); and as he was not only very rich, but hospitable, his reception of the officers was very brilliant. Adolfine and her eldest sister were staying at his house; the former was overflowing with delightful expectations, and among all the young ladies she was conspicuously the most handsome, as they stood before the tent in the garden, to welcome the approaching soldiers, who were wearied with the dust, and heat, and length of the march. A splendid dinner was

the inauguration of the spectacle. How could their host make a more effectual display, than with all the costly things that only money can procure? Such days were the reward of his toil, his speculations; such days were his delight; on them he showed himself, quite to his satisfaction, in all his dignity and splendour. At an earlier period, Kadden had followed the example of others in such matters; he had never considered in the same light as to-day this ostentatious display of riches, this excess of eating and drinking, and high living. In his present mood, he knew how to estimate them aright; and he felt decidedly the leading of God, that against his will, and with all the yearnings of his heart drawing him the other way, he was obliged to go forth into the joyless waste. When his comrades, with more or less beaming faces, made their grateful acknowledgments to the Grand-bailiff, — with the Colonel ever at their head, for he enjoyed life most in such company; and Stottenheim, who thought this pleasant interruption to every-day routine extremely refreshing, — Kadden remained grave and tranquil; and it required all the aid of Adolfine's unrestrained fancy, to keep her from entirely losing patience with him. Only when she spoke to him of little Friedrich, a warm, light glow came over his features, that reassured her, and convinced her he was not quite an icicle. In the evening, the younger people amused themselves with singing and music; the elders proposed a game at whist.

“Do you belong to the elder or younger gentlemen?” said the Grand-bailiff, in a friendly tone, to Kadden.

“To neither,” he answered, courteously. “I must beg leave to withdraw, as I have letters to write.” He bowed, took leave of the lady of the house, and retired.

“It makes one’s heart bleed to see so young a man so unhappy!” said the Bailiff, sympathizingly, to the Colonel and Stottenheim, who were standing by him, and with whom he had already spoken before of Kadden’s fate, and his serious face.

“Yes, marriage is a lottery; one has luck, another none,” answered the Colonel.

“It is fortunate if one draws a blank,” said the Grand-bailiff, laughing; “then one can try again.”

“Of course,” said the Colonel, obligingly (the Bailiff had already been separated from one wife); “but fancy the stupidity of these so-called church people, who maintain that marriage is indissoluble.”

“Why?” asked the Bailiff.

“Because it is God’s command,” was Stottenheim’s ready answer.

“Well, I must confess,” began the Bailiff, good-humouredly, “I don’t exactly know what God’s command is; it is certainly said, ‘Marriages are made in heaven; and what God has joined together, let not man put asunder.’ But there are many things in the Bible that are not adapted for ordinary life.”

“Of course,” observed the Colonel; “life will teach us plainly enough the way we ought to go.”

“The way was shown to me very plainly,” remarked the Bailiff. “I and my first wife lived like cat and dog. I own to you,” he whispered, confidentially, “I set upon her once with a hunting-whip; but she was a malicious person. In short, we separated. And now you can best judge, my dear Colonel, who knows how happily I live with my present wife, whether it was my fault.”

“You should hear the old Herr von Budmar discourse on the subject,” began Stottenheim, who liked to display his universal information. He says, “the devil permits in his kingdom that people should separate, and marry again, after the evil inclinations of their hearts; but that God does not permit it to His children, but commands them to forgive each other, to exercise patience and forbearance till the end of life, and to think upon eternity.”

“Now, listen for once,” began the Bailiff, laughing. “There is nothing I think of less willingly than the end of life and eternity. I tell you, if the present state of things would last eternally, I should be perfectly contented.”

“But it will not,” said Stottenheim, shrugging his shoulders; and he continued, with an air of great importance, “I can assure you, in all sincerity, for I have wearied myself to make out the opinions of these people. You know a man can never learn too much!”

The Bailiff nodded assent.

“I can assure you, that these people who literally hold to the Bible, strictly keep its commands, and rely upon the promises of heaven and everlasting happiness, are uncommonly happy here.”

“A beautiful faith! a beautiful faith!” exclaimed the Grand-bailiff; “but what child of man can take all that in, and fulfil it literally? No, my dear fellow, it is an utter impossibility, and the merest enthusiasm. We were created men, and cannot be angels.”

“These people don’t deny it,” interrupted Stottenheim, who was too fond of hearing his own voice. “They own we cannot keep God’s commandments in our own strength, and then they come in with the—in all cases—indispensable Redeemer.”

The Bailiff shook his head doubtfully. “Look you, I will not have my evening spoiled; one is obliged to hear too much of such things, against one’s will; there is no church where one is really safe; and I assure you that sometimes I have not been able to sleep at nights for such representations.”

“Whatever does not agree with the reality of life I throw overboard,” said the Colonel, sensibly. “The commandments of God are given us that we may not become bad men; and if two people were to remain together who did not suit each other, they would become worse.”

“Exactly so,” exclaimed the Bailiff.

“Herr von Budmar would tell you that you ought

to remain together, that you may become better," remarked Stottenheim, smiling.

"I should like to know whether the family are really so opposed to Kadden's separation," said the Colonel. "The Ranger appears to be a very sensible man."

"The Ranger and his wife, as I happen to know exactly," exclaimed Stottenheim, "are not willing that Frau von Kadden should return to her husband at present; but are only for a short separation, not for a divorce."

"Madness!" said the Bailiff.

And as Stottenheim at that moment was summoned by the young people, the Colonel continued, in confidence, "I must confess to you, I feel myself particularly bound to this young man; he stands almost alone in the world, and is really in the power of these people."

"But he is a free man," said the Bailiff, with vivacity.

"He has breathed the same atmosphere with them for several years," observed the Colonel, "and has imbibed their sentiments, at any rate. He has no longer resolution enough to decide for himself."

"Ah! just so," said the Bailiff. "I know it demands some resolution; a friend had to manage it for me. I should like to speak to the young man myself, and to talk it over coolly with him, as I have gained my experience."

“No,” said the Colonel, “you had better not do that; he is a very peculiar man. One must first discover from the wife and family what they think of a separation. To help him effectually, one ought to come to him with something decided; to propose that would be the best beginning.”

The Grand-bailiff was perfectly agreed, and undertook to speak to the Ranger, with whom, despite their different religious views, he was very friendly. In a few days they must meet, to make some regulations about a neighbouring common, and then he would have an excellent opportunity.

The following day was to be one of rest. All the officers who were quartered in the neighbouring villages were invited in the evening to a ball. The weather was unusually beautiful, and the younger ladies and gentlemen made the best of it. As Kadden was returning rather early from a solitary walk, he found quite a large assembly in a field behind the garden, and Adolfine and two officers on horseback.

“There comes Kadden,” exclaimed Stottenheim; “he will try it; he thoroughly understands about ladies’ horses.”

One of the gentlemen dismounted; and Kadden remarked that on his horse was a lady’s saddle.

“Ah, my dear Herr von Kadden, will you just try the horse once,” asked the Grand-bailiff; “my daughter wishes to ride it, and I am a little anxious.”

Kadden mounted the horse, exercised it for some

time, and assured the lady she might ride it without the least danger.

He was now requested by her father to give her a little instruction, and was so polite as to consent. In a short time his own horse was brought, and he rode by the side of the young lady, while Adolfine and the other gentlemen galloped to the wood. After a short time she returned, and was bold enough to ask Kadden to admire her horse, and to give her a riding lesson also. He had no objection; she rode extremely well, and looked very handsome; he could do no less than praise her. At last she returned to the house with him, quite proud and bold, he little suspecting what was passing in her fancy.

In the afternoon the sky became cloudy. They remained indoors, and had music. Kadden was a willing listener; as Stottenheim had particularly requested him not to draw back too much, this amusement was the most pleasant to him. He was near the piano, talking to a comrade, when he heard a whispering. One of the daughters of the house had sung a few notes of the people's song, "It is appointed by God's will," when Adolfine hastily took the book, and whispered to Stottenheim, with a glance at Kadden. Kadden knew in an instant what it meant; forcibly repressing his annoyance, he quietly walked to the piano.

"Will you not sing that beautiful song?" he asked.

The young lady opened the book in some confusion.

“Do you sing?” asked the elder sister, who had not seen the little by-play.

“He sings exquisitely!” replied Stottenheim for him; “you must sing once,” he added, in a tone that signified, “poor fellow, be not so mournful.”

This irritated Kadden; he sat down to the piano, and said, with a smile, “Then you must allow me to sing that very song; it is a great favourite of mine.”

Stottenheim and his friends were a little thrown aback; but Kadden sang the whole song with most perfect voice. The couplet—

“If some sweet bud is given thee,
Put it in water tenderly.”

—was very touching; naturally he was thinking of his own little buds. But when he had sung—

“And thou and I alike may ken,
Alike may ken,
When loved ones part, they whisper then—
Ah! surely we shall meet again,
Shall meet again.”

—he rose from the piano, listened with composure to the usual thanks and admiration, and left the room.

“How strange!” said the young lady.

“Really, if one did not know that he was a married man,” observed Stottenheim, “one would imagine he was at some stage of his betrothal. He is so absent, so deep in thought; goes to walk alone, and

gathers the most beautiful little clusters of wild-flowers; he is quite incomprehensible."

Adolfine was so beguiled by her foolish heart as to blush, and turn away in confusion.

On the following morning, the troops marched on to bivouac for one night, and were then to return. The young ladies had time to rest and reflect the whole day. Adolfine became more and more self-deceived. Kadden had been a courteous spectator for a few hours on the evening of the ball, but had left early; during those few hours, he had sat twice by her and her mother, spoken freely of his children, and said how solitary he felt in a large assembly. She felt the deepest compassion for him, and considered how she could best show it on the following evening, when he returned from the bivouac. She was about to take a solitary walk, when a peasant boy passed through the hall with a post-bag.

"Are you going to Braunhausen?" The lad replied in the affirmative.

She took the bag from his hands, under the pretext of seeing if one of her father's letters had been put in, and walked to the window with it. Her curiosity was satisfied; there was a letter from Kadden, among others; she looked at it. What were the contents? On this question depended the happiness of her life. She did not long hesitate; the temptation was too great; so, dexterously withdrawing it, she returned the bag to the boy, and watched him in some

suspense till he was out of the court; then she hastened to the most retired spot in the garden, leant against the huge trunk of a tree for concealment, and broke the seal. She felt as though she were standing before her long-dreamt of and yearned for happiness—as though she were suddenly to pass from doubt and expectation to certainty and bliss. She read, and read again, blushed deeply, crumpled up the sheet in her hand, and as she imagined she heard footsteps, hastened out of the garden. What had she read? certainly nothing very particular; no asseverations, no reproaches, no solemn renunciation; it was a simple, short, strange letter, that would not have suited her at all, and she became very uneasy that it had been in her hands. How could she have been so foolish, so bewildered, as to imagine for a moment that the earnest Kadden would indulge himself in an unlawful inclination for her? She became exceedingly agitated; shame and anger strove for the mastery; but the latter soon prevailed. Yesterday, on the evening of the ball, when she might have been the prima-donna, how much might, and must, have occurred, to give her pleasure, but she had hardly taken any notice of any one. She comforted herself with the thought that it was lucky she had pounced upon the letter. She tore it now into a hundred pieces, threw them in the stream, and did not in the least disturb her conscience that she had read it.

A fortnight had passed since the departure of Elise,

when the grandparents returned from a walk, and entered the pleasant sitting-room. Elizabeth had not been able to go out for the last two days; she had caught cold, and remained with the children in her own room. Almost at the same time, Frau von Schulz came in; and it was easily seen by her manner that she had something particular to impart.

“Now, Julia,” said her father, smiling, “what is it this time?”

“I shall certainly fall under the suspicion of being gossiping,” said Julia, rather irritated; “but I must discharge my commission.”

Her mother looked at her very anxiously; the last fortnight had been hard to bear. Kadden’s departure from Elizabeth, his silence (for they had not received a line), Elizabeth’s own manner, her struggles with her sorrow, and her seeking for comfort, all proved to her that her fears were justified, and that, despite Kadden’s good-will to honour and respect his wife, his love for her was gone.

Julia related now, in good-humoured excitement, the Grand-bailiff’s proposal to make himself acquainted with the views of the family, with regard to a separation. She related faithfully how Kadden had ridden with the young ladies, sung with them, and finally had been at the ball with them.

“Julia, that is all downright gossip,” said her father, composedly, “and the proposal for a separation is a falsehood.”

“But, father,” replied Julia, “it is not very long since you dreaded yourself, on Kadden’s part, a desire for a separation, and he tranquillized you by the assurance that there was not a person in the whole circle of his acquaintance who could put his heart in peril.”

“Recollect, Julia, I had this fear just as much when he was the happiest of bridegrooms,” observed her father, wholly unmoved; “and recollect, too, that I formerly warned him, that his happy marriage, in spite of his loving heart, might end in a separation; he might love another with as ardent and passionate a love as he then had for Elizabeth. But, Julia, one may say the same to all men and women who rely on their own noble hearts.”

“But, dear father, are you then astonished, after we have all so long regarded the marriage as an unhappy one?”

“Kadden does not rely on his own noble heart, but fears God,” said her father, shortly. “Have patience; in a week he will be back; and I promise, for your especial relief, that I will speak to him about the separation.”

The grandparents now broke off the conversation, and Julia constrained herself to silence; but at home she opened her heart to her husband.—“Her good parents were not to be convinced! If they would but be persuaded at least to send Elizabeth to Elise, till Kadden could be brought to reason! The separation

question had been talked of enough in the world long ago."

"And as if that were not bad enough," the Ranger quietly remarked. "Last year it was generally reported that the Grand-bailiff was about to separate from his wife, only because she was at Berlin three months on account of her health."

Ah, this is a strange world! when it feels too great ennui, it raises a great alarm about something or another, be it ever so trivial! but, fortunately, one outcry expels another.

On the following day, a multitude of strange troops were expected to pass through Braunhausen, and manœuvre in the neighbourhood. Spectators poured in from all sides; and some of the people from Woltheim went also. When Elizabeth heard that the Ranger's family were going, she begged to accompany them; and her good-natured Aunt Julia was glad to afford her the little diversion. It was known that the cuirassiers would be on the ground about a league from Braunhausen, where the final gathering together again of the different troops was to take place. The sky was clear and blue, but the wind cold. Elizabeth did not acknowledge that she was very unwell, and had been faint while dressing in the morning. Her extreme uneasiness drove her to Braunhausen, for there she might at least hear something of her husband. His not writing had made her very sad; and when she saw even her grandmamma depressed,

despite all her efforts for consolation and strength, her heart trembled. The Ranger drove himself, beside his wife and Elizabeth; his children were in the great hunting-carriage. Near Braunhausen they drew up; and all looked with admiration and delight to the quarter where the troops were assembled. Elizabeth scrutinized them narrowly, and then turned to the place of exercise. She scarcely trusted her eyes, but so it was: her husband, on his bay horse, was standing perfectly still, at no great distance from them; and Adolfine was galloping around, and displaying her horsemanship in the most masterly fashion. The Colonel and a few other officers were not far from him. Elizabeth closed her eyes. Her husband with Adolfine! She was much too weak for reflection. The remembrance of that evening returned to her mind, when Frau von Bandow would have made her anxious about the constancy of her husband, and he, with such composure and tenderness, had given her his hand. Was he no longer the same? A mist came before her eyes; she was still and pale, and yet in the greatest anguish lest she should be observed.

Suddenly Frau von Schulz exclaimed, in the greatest surprise, "There is Kadden!" Glancing at Elizabeth, she added, in alarm, "She has fainted; let us drive back directly."

Her husband instantly turned the carriage.

"Who is the lady with him?" he asked his wife, in a low voice.

“Adolfine, for whom he wishes to be separated,” she whispered, in great excitement.

Elizabeth had not fainted; she heard the words and opened her eyes, but she sat as in a dream till they came to the house. She lay on the sofa at her grandmamma’s, while her Aunt Julia imparted the unpleasant tidings to her parents in the garden-hall; she was extremely brief and cautious, giving them only the facts, and reserving her reflections for herself.

On hearing Elizabeth’s voice, the grandmamma went to her.

“Will you lend me your little book?” she asked.

The grandmamma gave it to her, and stood by her, overflowing with sympathy.

Elizabeth turned over the leaves for a minute, and then said, “The last time Otto was here, he showed me this passage, and said I might give it to Aunt Julia to read.”

The grandmamma took the book, went away, and delivered the message.

Aunt Julia read and blushed, and her parents looked at the passage with her—“But I say unto you, that for every idle word men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment;” and farther on—“Even among the religious, how little is this reflected on; how much idle talking, how much that is profitless, does one hear among them!”

“I do not know why we are here, and not with

Elizabeth," said the grandpapa, gravely, as he took the ladies into the sitting-room. He had not made any comment on Julia's report; and the latter was quite struck with Kadden's warning, and could not comprehend it.

"My dear children," began Herr von Budmar, quite warmly, "what possessed you to play such a farce? You saw Kadden, and actually did not go to him?"

Elizabeth rose quickly.

"Why did he not come to us?" asked Aunt Julia, in confusion.

"He would have come if he had seen you," said the grandfather; "and if he knows how you have behaved, he must think you are mad."

Julia did not venture to say a word.

He rang, and ordered a messenger to be ready on horseback.

"I will write to him; if he is ever so short a time at Braunhausen, and ever so fully occupied, he will be glad to hear of his wife and children."

Aunt Julia went away with a puzzled expression; but as soon as Elizabeth was alone with her grandparents, she wept bitterly, and complained to them of her aunt's remark.

"Absurd!" said her grandfather, indignantly; "but we will not speak another word to her on the subject. We need not tranquillize you, dear child, about such ridiculous gossip, but I am very glad you gave Julia Kadden's advice."

Elizabeth looked at him thankfully. By that threatening image, by her own meek, doubting heart, stood now the image of her husband, true and constant, and devoted to God.

The messenger was sent, and returned with the tidings, that Herr von Kadden had been at his house to see the people in charge (as the cook had come to Woltheim during her master's absence), and asked for a letter from his wife. He had mentioned, that he only left the squadron to fetch this letter, and was very much disappointed to find none, but he trusted in the next six days, at the latest, to be with his family; he did not himself know where he might be during the next few days.

The account was of course a verbal one, but the grandpapa sent the messenger on with it to the Ranger's. His treatment had quite restored Elizabeth; she looked composed and easy, and felt as though she had been completely bewildered. Aunt Julia could scarcely get out of her circle of ideas, but she stood to them less firmly. Every affair has two sides: one can see it on the simple, true, matter-of-fact one; or the romantic, perplexed, and wonderful one. The step from the one to the other is usually short for a woman. Good Aunt Julia wearied herself to-day, with upright heart and searching conscience, to step back; but it was far more difficult than to step forwards.

CHAPTER XLI.

NEW BRIDE-LOVE.

Two days after this, the old family doctor called on Herr von Budmar, and mentioned that he had a severe operation to perform, in the afternoon, at a neighbouring village; it was about two leagues from Woltheim, and if the troops were not manœuvring close to it, they were certainly in that quarter. Elizabeth knew that there was a missionary festival at the village to-day, to which she longed to go; but she did not choose to ask her Aunt Julia to take her, and her grandmamma had a bad headache. She now requested the doctor to take her with him, and he was much pleased to do so. Nothing could have been more apropos; and immediately after dinner he came for her. Elizabeth reached the village somewhat too early. She entered the clean, inviting little church, which was open and decorated with green branches; and left it again to walk in the churchyard, where she wandered from one gravestone

to another, reading and pondering on the inscriptions. The weather was mild, and warm, and still in the sunshine; a few flowers, whose blossoms had been drooping from the hoar-frosts of the early morning, now gradually raised themselves again to meet the warm glow of the sun, and dreamt once more of summer. Elizabeth was very peaceful, yet full of longing and expectation for the service; she knew that their own faithful preacher was to take a part in it, the one whose voice she had so long heard with a dead and weary heart. To-day she felt as though she could wander only here, with folded hands, and composed features, and gentle steps, to prepare her soul for the refreshment that awaited it in the calm little church. At last others arrived, and stood waiting and whispering about; and as Elizabeth wished to be alone till the ringing of the bells, she left the churchyard, crossed the road, and walked up and down the entrance of an oak wood. On her way, she gathered some beautiful red stone-pinks, wild thyme, scabious, and some tiny red and yellow flowers, with which she made a nosegay, not very striking, but, when closely examined, exquisitely lovely. As soon as the bells began, she left her solitary path, and saw, a few paces from her, several ladies leaving the parsonage garden, and going on to the church. She was surprised, on entering, to find the places already taken, and looked around in some embarrassment, when a pleasing, well-known form stood before her, and took her hand: this was the

assessor's wife, Frau Bornes, one of the ladies who had come out of the parsonage garden. She now led Elizabeth to the clergyman's pew, where, among other ladies, was the wife of the pastor Kurtius.

Elizabeth's soul was strengthened by both singing and preaching; rarely had a sermon fallen on better-prepared ground than on her heart to-day. Kurtius's sermon was a plea for missions and a call to repentance in one; he exhorted them to shake off their indolence and sloth, and to be earnest in God's service, to open their hands gladly, to give freely, and to pour out their hearts in lively and thankful prayer. When, after the sermon, the hymn was given out—

“ In deep distress to Thee I call,
Oh, hearken to my prayer;”

—it seemed as though it were meant for her alone; her soul had received more than edifying to-day—even the very fulness of life—

“ And though it last until the night,
And onward to the morrow,
My heart shall not distrust God's might,
Nor yield to care and sorrow.”

At these words, the warm tears fell on her hymn-book; but she sought to conceal them, and fancied she had succeeded. But she was mistaken; for, nearly opposite to her, half hidden by a pillar, stood Kadden; and though he endeavoured as much as possible to fix his attention on the preacher in the

chancel, his eyes were constantly seeking the calm, pale face below; and he heard, with deep emotion, the hymn that was so full of meaning to both.

When the service was over, he hastened through the crowd, and stood at the church door, waiting for her. The ladies spoke to Elizabeth with great kindness and courtesy, and invited her to the parsonage; and she was going with them when her husband joyously saluted her. She did not consider how to demean herself.

“You here, Otto!” she exclaimed, her eyes radiant with joy and happiness.

He held her hand fast in his, and explained to the ladies, that the cantonment was about a league from the village; that he had taken advantage of a free afternoon to be present at the festival, and had thus unexpectedly met his wife. As he had not time to accept their invitation to the parsonage, he took leave, and led Elizabeth away with him. He had beforehand heard, at the hotel where he put up his horse, from the Doctor's coachman, of their being here; and also that, as soon as the service was over, he was to put the horses in and drive them on. To keep company with his wife a little longer, Herr von Kadden walked on with her on the Woltheim road, and left a message for the Doctor to that effect.

When they were by the oaks, he said to her, with tender reproach, “Why did you not write to me, dear Elizabeth?”

“I did not know your address,” was her speedy answer.

“Did you not receive my letter?” he asked, as quickly.

She shook her head, and her sorrow was visible in her eyes.

It was incomprehensible. He told her when and where he had written, and that he had said he would himself go to Braunhausen for her answer in a few days. That she already knew from the messenger; and she told him what a comfort it had been to hear of him, and that she had resolved to bear the last few days with patience.

His heart trembled for joy. He scarcely knew what to say, and the unwelcome carriage had nearly overtaken them. “One more clear day, Elizabeth,” he said at last. “The morning after to-morrow I shall come to Braunhausen, and in the afternoon to you.”

“May I come to meet you?” she asked, in a low voice.

“Yes. I will come on foot, the nearest way to the stone.”

“I will wait for you there,” she added.

They stood still for a few moments in silence; then he took from his button-hole a little spray of oak, that, with its autumnal tints of red, and brown, and green, looked spring-like and lovely, and gave it to Elizabeth—at the same time, half hesitating, yet with glad expression, putting out his hand for her flowers. She

gave him the nosegay, blushing deeply, yet feeling as though in a dream. He kissed her for the first time again upon the forehead, and led her to the carriage. Here he greeted the old Doctor, inquired of Elizabeth for the children, and took leave.

The Doctor had to go to a suburb on the other side of Woltheim; he therefore put Elizabeth down at the great oaks, near the Ranger's. She would have gone swiftly on towards home, for she could open her glad heart best to her little Friedrich. She yearned for her children, yet she was so bride-like and happy. She saw before her the form that was dearest to her in the world, the large, dark-blue eyes resting upon her as they exchanged flowers; and it was the same image that had presented to her the bouquet of violets in former days. As she was hastening past the deal-fence that formed the boundary of the Ranger's kitchen-garden, she saw her aunt, and the tall, slight Mary, moving among the rows of beans. They were busily gathering in the last crop. Aunt Julia espied Elizabeth, and hastily carrying a stool to the fence, held out her hand to salute her.

"You are returning from the missionary festival, I suppose."

"Yes," replied Elizabeth; "and only fancy," she added, with a peculiar expression, that could not be misunderstood, "Otto was there."

"That was delightful!" said Aunt Julia, somewhat disconcerted, yet with heartfelt interest.

“The day after to-morrow the drill will be ended, and he will return,” said Elizabeth, in the same glad tones; and then she broke off the conversation, and went on.

Her grandparents and Uncle Karl were in the cherry-tree avenue, waiting for her. Her old uncle smiled, well pleased to see her; and her grandparents were quite astonished as they observed her light, floating movements, her radiant face, and in her eyes the same glad, childlike, happy expression, as in her brightest maiden days.

“Whom have I met?” she asked, as she drew nigh; and though her whole face smiled, the bright tears gathered in her eyes.

“I guess,” said her grandpapa, the truth instantly occurring to him.

“Yes, Otto was there!” she exclaimed, frankly. “We were so delighted; and the day after to-morrow, he will be here.”

“And will he not allow you to go then to Berlin?” said her grandpapa, affecting gravity.

“Madness!” exclaimed Elizabeth, reminding him, by the tone, of her former playful audacity.

The children now came with Johanna. Elizabeth caressed them, and gave to them and her grandparents all papa’s messages, and related at full length the unexpected pleasure she had had.

In the evening, Aunt Julia had the little excitement of a visit from the Doctor, who expressed his

astonishment at the meeting of the much-discussed young pair. The reports were quite familiar to him, and Frau von Schulz had not altogether suppressed her own sighs in his presence.

“No bridal pair could have looked happier,” observed the Doctor; “and when they departed, they exchanged flowers with each other.”

“It has been all gossip,” exclaimed Aunt Julia, boldly; and late in the evening, she read again the short warning that Kadden had recommended to her consideration.

The following day the sun did not appear, and the air was cold and raw from morning till evening; but Elizabeth felt too restless to remain in the house; she took her regular walk, and of course to the stone on the fir-hills. The towers of Braunhausen lay beneath her, with dark masses of clouds drawn over them; but to-day her yearning eyes did not rest there, but gazed on to the distant oaks on the other side. To-morrow she would be sitting here at the same hour, waiting and longing; she seemed to have come to-day to summon up all her courage for the meeting. Yes, to-morrow she had resolved to unlock heart and tongue alike; here, alone, she would implore his forgiveness for all the trouble she had caused him, and pray for his love once more. Yet, no! the last she could not do, it would be too exacting; he might perhaps answer, “I will honour and respect you, but I cannot restore the sunshine and flowers to your life.”

And even if he should say that, her heart whispered at last, I must yet entreat him.

On the following afternoon, at the same hour, she was sitting here again; it was still colder and more stormy, but she heeded it not. Timid thoughts yet ingered in her breast; she knew not how it would be; but she was firm in the Lord,—“I must ask his forgiveness.” After she had sat there some time, and the piercing wind seemed to blow through her, she rose to seek shelter among the fir trees; she walked backwards and forwards, and then came forth and glanced upon the dark towers. At last she grew quite anxious, and feared he would not come; in her unrest, she had left home too early. As the dark clouds over Braunhausen parted, she saw, by the golden gleam between, that the sun was not yet low in the west; but it was very dreary here. She stood again before the trees, looked at the gloomy clouds, and the strange bright gleams between them, then on the dark towers, till the loneliness became weird and oppressive, when suddenly the long-expected one came forth from the alder copse, and was close to her. The first minute, she was startled, and her heart beat violently; then gathering courage, she went to meet him. How should she begin? Would he understand her? Would he perceive what she wished? Ah, yes! he observed it, and understood her: there was no need to say anything. He took her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart; and she clasped his hand—the hand that

bore the wedding-ring—the hand that had once been raised threatening against her; as she clasped and kissed that hand, he fully comprehended what her lowly heart meant thereby. They sat together upon the stone, and Elizabeth could speak now; her large open eyes rested on him again with implicit confidence, and as he asked of her sorrow and her joy, and she concealed nothing from him, he scarcely knew which touched him the most.

“Oh! dearest Otto,” she said, at last, “if I cannot comprehend why you do love me, and why you always will love me, I know that your love is the will of God. I take it as a gracious gift from Him, and I know that He will guard and keep it for me, so that I shall never be anxious about it more.”

“Neither shall I,” he added; “though I scarcely understand how you can pardon me, or forget the past.”

She kissed his hand again; and as he would have spoken farther, she laid her finger lightly on his lips, and said, entreatingly, “Do not speak of it any more.”

They were now sitting on the same spot as their grandparents had done so many years ago, and Elizabeth was speaking in the same strain as that humble bride of yore; and the husband at her side was no longer relying on his own weak heart, but looking to God, who holds our hearts in His hand, and alone can plant and foster in them faith and love, patience and constancy. They rose to hasten home to their grand-

parents and beloved little ones, and felt, for the first time, that the wind was becoming still more piercing and violent.

Under the two large portraits in the gilt frames sat the grandpapa on the sofa; in one corner by him was little Mary; on the other side nestled Friedrich. He was sunk in thought, but had laid his hand caressingly on the baby-girl; and both children were looking with earnest eyes at the fire in the stove, that lit up their faces with its bright glow. The grandmamma stood waiting at the window. All was quite still in the room, save the pleasant singing of the tea-kettle.

“Now they are coming!” she exclaimed, heaved one deep sigh, and went to her husband on the sofa.

“Now you will hear,” said the grandpapa, calmly, taking her hand. She sat down by him, as though she could there only still her motherly heart to rest.

The garden-hall door was opened, and the next moment that of the sitting-room, and Elizabeth entered with the longed-for guest.

The grandparents rose: the loving, motherly heart had not long to tremble.

Kadden embraced her, and said, in a tone of child-like entreaty, “Now you must give her to me once more, and, with God’s help, I shall do better.”

A few minutes later, he sat upon the sofa, the grandparents by him, his two children on his knees, and Elizabeth on a footstool before him and her grand-

mamma. She would have it so, that she might the better look into all their eyes.

Not a word was spoken of the past, save that the grandmamma once glanced at it, as she said, "Now, dear Otto, you know that the verse your pious grandfather chose for you, and wrote in your Bible, promised to you blessing and everlasting joy—'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'"

"Now, it will not stand in the Bible only," replied Kadden.

"But in your heart," added the grandmamma, affectionately.

During their conversation, Kadden had hastily swallowed one cup of tea after another. Elizabeth looked at him earnestly from time to time, and she perceived that he had deep shades under his eyes, and, as he coughed, he pressed his hand, as though in pain, upon his chest. She took his other hand, and it was icy cold.

"Dear Otto, you are unwell!" she exclaimed.

He looked kindly at her, and answered, "I certainly am."

The grandparents listened attentively, as he told her that he had suffered from a cold a long time, and that since yesterday his chest had been in great pain when he coughed. This morning, when riding, the pain had been continuous; and for that reason he had been the more glad to come on foot.

At that moment the arrival of his horse was announced; but he sent word to the servant to put it in the stable, as he could not ride home at present.

It had been agreed that early on the morrow Elizabeth should come to him with the children, but she was so uneasy that she implored permission to send for the Doctor; her husband was unwilling, but her grandparents came to her aid, especially as such a violent chill came over him that he could scarcely keep his teeth from chattering. The Doctor was soon there, and offered him the alternative of going home instantly to Braunhausen, well packed up in the close carriage, or of settling down here for a few weeks. He quickly decided on the first, and instant preparations were made for their departure.

Though Elizabeth was anxious, she felt too much gratitude and joy at heart to-day to be unhappy. She was again his Elizabeth; she could now go with him, and nurse him unasked; she must never again be timid and doubtful before him.

The man was sent on to order a bed-room to be well warmed, but he was scarcely there before the carriage arrived; a fire was already kindled in the stove, but it had not yet affected the temperature of the room. The cook, whom she had brought with her, was busy getting tea, the man was gone for a physician, and Kadden lay packed up in all his wraps on the sofa. Elizabeth was sorely depressed; all here was so dreary and unhomelike, and the remembrance of

the past year was so vivid in these old, well-known rooms. Her husband understood her and her present feelings; he called her to him, and said—

“Do you remember, Elizabeth, the morning after Charlotte’s death, that we prayed God that He would lead us through joy or sorrow to Himself, and all would be well? Soon after that our troubles began; but the remembrance now must only move us to thanksgiving.”

“It shall, indeed,” was her answer.

“Now, think nothing more than that you are my own dear Elizabeth, and must nurse me.”

She nodded.

“This illness, too, God sends us in mercy. I am well content to trouble myself about no one, and that no one can see me.”

“Ah, yes!” she answered, hastily, for the evil rumours came into her mind, and Aunt Julia’s terrible words the morning they saw Adolfine by him.

The physician interrupted their conversation, and if Kadden had wished to hear and see nothing of the world, he had the fulfilment of his wish in the orders laid down for him. Judging by the violence of the fever, a fierce struggle might be expected; a slow inflammation of the lungs, the physician called his attack. He ordered the largest and most quiet chamber to be prepared at once for the sick-room.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE WORLD TURNS WITH THE WIND.

ON the following morning, Stottenheim went to the Bonsaks'. He felt ill at ease, for he had met the doctor just before the door, who had hastily informed him, in passing, that Kadden was seriously ill. He asked whether they had heard anything of it here? No, the ladies had heard nothing of it; the Colonel had scarcely been with them to-day. "Fate seems to follow hard upon poor Kadden, with her luckless darts; he is now lying very ill, without nursing or comfort. I must go at once, and ascertain all from his servant. I am quite convinced that nothing but the agitation of his mind, his constant mental struggles, have brought on this illness."

"And why should he have tormented himself so long?" said the Colonel's wife; "he is usually so decided and manly, why can he not act with some resolution?"

Adolfine was busied with some needlework, and perfectly silent.

“My dear lady,” began Stottenheim, with considerable importance, “the matter is for him no trifling one; I will confess to you, that even I, were I in his place, should hesitate what to do.”

“Why so?” asked the ladies.

“I mean, if I were in his place,” continued Stottenheim; “the views of these people have something very captivating about them.”

Cecilia looked at him, perfectly agreed.

“Then, on the other hand, he has the full certainty of an unhappy life before him. Only fancy the poor man’s conflicting state of mind.”

“I do not believe that he will separate from his wife,” observed Cecilia.

“Unless something brought it to a crisis,” whispered Stottenheim.

“And what should do that?” exclaimed the ladies.

“I believe — but I must not venture to speak of it,” replied Stottenheim, shrugging his shoulders.

Of course this excited their curiosity the more, and as Stottenheim was not hard-hearted, and was, moreover, with most intimate friends, he observed, “I fear he has another inclination in his heart.”

“Another inclination!” they repeated, in the greatest astonishment; but Adolfine was immoveably silent.

“You would not believe with what enthusiasm he speaks of Wangeroge,” continued Stottenheim, mysteriously, “and of their friends there, among whom a

most charming young wife, and a blooming maiden of sixteen, were the chief persons. Which of the two ladies it is I do not exactly know, but I assure you his feelings are greatly excited—I might almost say, as much so as before his betrothal.”

“One has often heard of such things,” observed Frau Bonsak.

“Yet I am heartily sorry,” said Stottenheim; “what will come of it? One of the last beautiful days that we were quartered together, he was absent the whole afternoon. He spent that evening with me alone, but he was like a man in a dream; and though he imagined he was attending to me, he was, in reality, quite engrossed with a lovely little bouquet of field-flowers.”

“What are you racking your brains about?” said Adolfine, now boldly entering into the conversation. “He is in love with his wife.”

A universal laugh was the only answer.

Adolfine glanced searchingly around her. “Have you ever known Kadden do anything that was expected of him?” she continued; “no, he delights in doing just the contrary.”

They thought Adolfine’s remark extremely droll; and Stottenheim now took leave, to look after the nursing of his forsaken friend.

In the entrance-hall of Kadden’s house he met his servant, and asked, quickly, “How is your master?”

“He is very ill,” answered the man, in a low voice.

“Is he well cared for? in which room is he lying?” asked Stottenheim, further.

“We have made him up a bed here in the most comfortable room,” answered the man, pointing to the door, “and my bed is there too; but I have not slept the whole night through, as I had to give him medicine continually.”

Stottenheim nodded, quite satisfied, and interrupted the man's relation by opening the door of the sick-room and entering; but he stopped short at the threshold, in the greatest surprise. There lay Kadden, pale, with closed eyes, sunk in the white pillows. On a footstool at the bedside sat his wife; she had taken her husband's hand that was hanging down, and was resting her cheek against it, with closed eyes. Stottenheim started back, closed the door softly, and stopped to collect himself; he was fairly out of countenance. Elizabeth just opened her eyes from a light, half-slumbering rest as the door was closing. She rose lightly to see who was there, gave a friendly glance at Stottenheim's perplexed face, and begged him to enter. Just then Kadden opened his eyes, and Stottenheim, who had approached the bedside with Elizabeth, inquired with sympathy for his health.

“I do not feel well to-day,” said Kadden, with labouring breath.

“I have thought of late that you were unwell,” observed Stottenheim.

“ I was only sick of longing for my wife,” said Kadden, with a faint smile, as he took Elizabeth’s hand.

“ Ah ! yes ! exactly !” stammered his good friend.

“ Will you inquire at the post-office about a letter that I gave in charge to Herr Wiebert, intended for my wife ?”

“ Pray do not talk,” implored Elizabeth. It was only too evident that speaking was very painful to him.

At that moment the doctor entered, looked doubtfully at Stottenheim, and said, “ I must play the disagreeable doctor, and forbid the admission of visitors; solitude and perfect rest are best for my patient.”

Stottenheim bowed assent, pressed Kadden’s hand, and gently left the room.

As soon as he was out of the house, he hastened with rapid steps to the Bonsaks’. He had indeed been quite unprepared for what he had seen, and he scarcely knew whether to rejoice or be vexed ; but at any rate he must speak out. He found the ladies still together, and the Colonel with them.

“ What will you say ?” he began at once, as he entered the room, quite forgetting his usual polished address ; “ Fraulein Adolfine was right.”

Adolfine turned very red, but she tried to assume a triumphant look ; she did not succeed, however.

“ What is she right about ?” asked the Colonel.

“ Kadden has completely blinded us all,” continued Stottenheim ; and he then painted in glowing colours the very touching scene he had just witnessed. “ I

own to you, that that little interview was quite heart-moving. 'I was sick of longing for my wife,' he said; and he was really in earnest; and the young wife stood by me, lovely, gentle, embarrassed, the image of what she was the day she called on you the first time with her grandparents.

"She is a dear, good little wife," said Cecilia.

"But how in the world, then, could the reports have been made with such precision?" asked the Colonel, in no slight confusion.

"It rests with the Grand-bailiff Wiebert, in the main," replied Stottenheim; "those accounts, you know, from Wangeroge."

"The blooming maiden of sixteen!" exclaimed Adolfine, sarcastically.

"We have nothing on this head to reproach ourselves with, Fraulein," observed Stottenheim, somewhat irritated; "but we can truly rejoice that it is proved to be incorrect."

"Compose yourselves," said Frau Bonsak, shaking her head; "there must have been something in it."

"You said yourself," said Cecilia, turning to Stottenheim, "that your friend assured you he would rather struggle against his roughness and impetuosity his whole life, than see Elizabeth's feelings less tender. That pleased me with him so much."

"Yes, yes; that gave me pleasure too," answered Stottenheim.

"Perhaps, then," continued Cecilia, "during the

long time that his wife was ill, he was dreary and vexed with himself because he could not be tender enough with her."

"Very likely," said Stottenheim, "you are right, Fraulein Cecilia; you may believe that of him."

"It seems, then, that his silence to you did not arise from shame and embarrassment!" exclaimed Adolfiné, maliciously.

Stottenheim writhed uneasily in his chair, vexed at this sarcasm, but unable to reply.

"I do not understand your not speaking to him of these rumours," said Cecilia.

"I did so, of course; but in these things he is so wonderfully composed. He made no other answer than that 'the world was mistaken.' Now all is clear to me; it has been a regular amusement to him to mystify the people, and, so to speak, to lead them astray; he will have a fine opportunity of discoursing on the friendship of the world."

"And he has a right to it," said Cecilia. "With what relish the rumours have been everywhere discussed!"

"Relish? No!" exclaimed Stottenheim; not on my part, at least."

"With what ardour, at any rate," was Cecilia's amendment.

"Ardour? Well, perhaps so; but there was nothing personal in it; it was aimed more at the religious fancies that make his happiness so doubtful."

“Now, children, let me beg,” began the Colonel, “that you speak to no one farther on the subject; it is best to act as though there had been nothing of the kind, for you know ‘He who excuseth himself accuseth himself.’”

“Of course,” observed Stottenheim, “one must know nothing about it, and that is why I came to you at once. I promise you, Kadden and his dear Herr von Budmar will have the upper hand.”

Cecilia smiled, as though she thought, “Who knows whether they are not right.”

“Kadden may say what he likes,” said Stottenheim; “he is my greatest friend; and my conscience is so far perfectly clear, that, however our views may differ, I have always acted by him as a friend. I am now going to the post-office to make some inquiries about a lost letter, which seems to be much on his mind.”

“What letter was it?” asked the Colonel.

“One to his wife,” replied Stottenheim, “that disappeared either from Herr Wiebert’s, or from the post-office. Perhaps you know something of it?” he observed, suddenly turning to Adolfine.

“I! indeed!” said Adolfine, turning red as fire.

“I only mean,” continued Stottenheim, all unembarrassed, “that you remained there longer than we did. I remember that Kadden wrote on the last day, and gave the letter himself the following morning to the care of the Grand-bailiff.

Adolfine did not venture to look up, but merely observed, while she was crimson to the forehead, "That is very likely."

All looked at her in astonishment, while strange thoughts darted into their minds; her whole demeanour was so extraordinary. Stottenheim was on the right scent; he knew Adolfine perfectly well, and a sudden light flashed upon him.

"Young ladies are audacious occasionally, and curious always," he observed, watching her narrowly. "One might have seen from that letter, you know, that Kadden was in love with his wife."

"Very likely," said the elder sister, laughing, "the impertinent maiden has read the letter."

"Yes," said Adolfine now, with consummate assurance, "the letter by chance came into my hands, and I think, Herr von Stottenheim, together we will consign the blooming girl of sixteen to oblivion."

Her parents and sisters laughed, only Cecilia shook her head.

"I must confess I have erred," exclaimed Stottenheim, not a little irritated.

"And to err is human," remarked the Colonel. "We must all act as though nothing of the kind had ever been spoken of."

In the afternoon, despite the bad weather, the Colonel rode to Herr Wiebert's, to explain to him that any further communication with the Ranger would be superfluous. The Grand-bailiff was at first much

astonished at the Colonel's information; but, to the best of his recollection, he had related nothing of Wangeroge that could justify the reports. It was impossible that anything he had said could have led to these rumours. And the Colonel assured him, in return, that he had never believed a word of the matter.

When the wind blew all from one quarter, every one had said or known, prophesied or remarked something: there was nothing to be astonished at. Now that it veered, no one had heard much, and no one had believed anything. Stottenheim declared, with the firmest conviction, that his friend had often been serious and depressed of late, on account of his wife's sickness, and because he felt that he did not know how to treat her with sufficient tenderness.

And now a totally different species of report arose. Fraulein Amalie Keller declared "the Kaddens were at once the most amiable and attractive people in their circle;" and found no opposition to her sincere wish to meet them again in society, bright and joyous as they used to be two years ago. So it is with the judgment of the world. At once childish and absurd, it accepts anything save the simple truth. From the lying and the delight in evil report of the majority, it easily passes to the highest attainable heights of extravagant praise and sentimentality. But he who is wise passes through good and evil report, and holds to God, from whom alone no truth is veiled.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SORROWFUL AND BLESSED HOURS.

A FORTNIGHT passed. Elizabeth was anxious at times; but she trusted to the assurance of the physician, who saw no immediate danger; and she was, on the whole, happy, and engrossed with the care of the beloved invalid. Her mother had instantly written, and offered herself as nurse, or, at any rate, as sharer of Elizabeth's trouble. Aunt Julia, too, had made many kind proposals; but all were declined. Kadden preferred her nursing to that of a stranger, and Elizabeth wanted no help, either for herself or the children. The latter were safe with Johanna, in their own little domain. Their occasional society was Elizabeth's only recreation; and it was her heart's greatest joy when she could venture to take them into the sick-room, and call forth their father's warm, earnest affection for them. So passed one calm, peaceful day after another. Elizabeth lived in the darkened chamber; she listened to the light ticking of the watch,

and gave medicine and refreshment to the invalid, from time to time. If he then gave her a look of content and thankfulness, she felt it warm her happy heart. Her favourite place was the footstool by his bed. There she listened to his breathing, and found either consolation or cause for anxiety therein. When, wearied and exhausted, she leant back against his pillows, and his hand lovingly sought a resting-place upon her head, she would remain motionless through the long hours, not to disturb him, and often fell asleep thus herself. But the recovery and restoration of strength, after the inflammation was happily subdued, lingered from day to day. Elizabeth noticed his frequent and utter prostration, how often he lay in partial slumber with half-closed eyes; and the doctor, who had at first regarded this weakness as the natural consequence of the fever, was soon convinced of the nervous condition of his patient. He did not conceal it from Elizabeth, wrote himself to Herr von Budmar of the somewhat critical symptoms of the invalid, and begged for another opinion with regard to the treatment to be pursued. Both grandparents came the same afternoon to Braunhausen. Until now, the grand-mamma had not been many times in the sick-room, and only for short visits, because she thought her presence unnecessary. But Elizabeth was anxious and sorrowful, and she accepted the proposal to pass this day with her with thankful tears. She was much with her beloved guests in a neighbouring room, because,

as she sadly remarked, her husband was always slumbering, and took nothing from her just now. Once only he called her, and the grandparents went to him with her. He knew them, was glad to see them, and willingly consented to the grandfather's proposal, that some one should be called in to assist in nursing him. Elizabeth should have her fixed hours for rest, and should settle herself, with the children, in the other side of the house. At the grandfather's proposal, Stottenheim—who had most earnestly entreated permission to help to nurse him—was chosen, he was so well accustomed to Kadden, and was, moreover, an old and dear friend, and he could come and go without disturbing Elizabeth. And that the latter might have proper time for rest and refreshment, the grandmamma promised the invalid to be here as much as possible.

Three weeks again passed in heaviness and suspense. Elizabeth was comforted by a soothing conversation with her grandmamma; she spoke to her of heavenly hopes—"that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us." Elizabeth felt it indeed dark around her; but she stretched her hands upwards in faith, and yearned for strength and consolation from above.

She now entered the sick chamber; as she drew nigh the bed, Stottenheim left his post, and walked to the window. The November storm was driving its

first flakes of snow through the streets ; all was dreary without, and Stottenheim felt as though a mountain were on his breast. He saw no hope for his friend, and no consolation for his wife. Kadden suddenly opened his eyes, looked uneasily around him, and found only Elizabeth kneeling by his bed.

“ Elizabeth,” he said softly, “ read to me the hymn — ‘ In deep distress.’ ”

She took the book and read ; he clasped her hand, and listened attentively ; and when she could scarcely read distinctly for her tears, he stroked her forehead tenderly with his hand.

“ I am now ready, with God’s help, Elizabeth,” he said, in a low voice ; “ I rely on His grace alone. I know, too, that you have pardoned me,” he continued, after a pause ; “ but I must once more beg your forgiveness. Ah ! yes, my own Elizabeth, forgive me all the heartache I have caused you ; pray, with all your love, that I may be forgiven. I would henceforth have given you little anxiety ; but God’s will be done.”

She kissed his hand, but could make no reply.

He looked at her imploringly — “ Elizabeth, submit yourself to the Lord’s will.”

She nodded, and tried to smile through her tears.

“ The Lord himself will comfort you ; you have learned by experience that you cannot rely upon man.” He covered his eyes with his hand, and wept bitterly.

Elizabeth bent over him, kissed his pale lips, and

lovingly entreated him not to be sorrowful; they would both place themselves in God's hands. Ah! how consolatory she felt this.

He closed his eyes, and seemed utterly exhausted.

The grandmamma had seen all through the open door; and, without hearing the words, she had understood their import, and had wept and sorrowed with her beloved children.

Elizabeth glided to her side. "Oh! grandmamma," she exclaimed, "I have experienced, for the first time, what consolation there is in knowing that a soul we love so dearly is dying in peace."

Her grandmamma looked at her in affectionate assent.

"Grandmamma, God can teach us to give up our most beloved to Him; but they are fearful days before one can resolve; He alone has done it, He has changed my soul."

"So long as we cannot willingly lay our dearest in His gracious hands, we have no true peace," answered her grandmamma. "God will have our whole heart. He says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"Ah! grandmamma," continued Elizabeth, "I know not how it is so with me, but all is peace within. I know, too, He can make the heart sorrowful, and He can make it glad. Have you, too, ever been able to give up your most beloved one to God?"

"I?" said her grandmamma, sadly; "I have had to send forth my dear Fritz to the war, to such terrible

sanguinary battles, that for long months I have daily expected tidings of his death. At that time, Elizabeth, God taught me to give up my dearest to Him ; then He taught me that love to Him must ever have the first place in the heart, and that I must let His grace be sufficient for me. Yes, Elizabeth, he who cannot be blessed and content in trouble and loneliness, cannot be in good fortune. I always steadfastly maintain this. And if Christ were not dearer to me than all my heart loves, then love could not make me so happy as it now does ; the more passionately and exclusively I looked upon them as my own, the more would care and anxiety beset me. These yearning hearts of ours, that are ever craving for earthly love, may well take home that Scripture warning, ‘ Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man, and taketh man for his defence, and in his heart goeth from the Lord.’ And if God draws nigh to us with the question, ‘ Lovest thou me ?’ well for the heart that can answer, ‘ Yea, Lord, I love Thee above all things ;’ or, ‘ Heartily do I love Thee, O Lord ! be not far from me with Thy help and favour ; the whole world gladdens not me ; I ask nought in heaven or earth, only give me Thyself.’ ”

Elizabeth looked quietly and thoughtfully before her, and at length said, “ Dear grandmamma, you must permit me to watch this night by him alone ; I am rested enough for it, and now I will be comforted, and will blot from my memory the misery of the last

few days. It cannot hurt me," she continued, as her grandmamma hesitated; "and even if it should try me a little, my soul yearns for it."

The grandmamma understood such feelings. Stottenheim was dismissed for to-day; and Elizabeth found herself quite alone in the still sick-room, and felt as though she stood with her beloved patient in the fore-court of heaven. Her soul was in prayer; she knew not what would be in the coming time, she only knew how it was with her now; she felt perfect acquiescence in God's will, and therewith a peace that no reason, no understanding, no natural heart can comprehend. As she took her hymn-book to find something that would suit her present feelings, she could only look among the songs of thanksgiving; after turning over the leaves for some time, her mind was quite absorbed in the song of praise.

"Songs of praise shall I not sing?
 To my God not thankful be?
 When I see in everything,
 That He gracious is to me.
 Nought but purest love doth move,
 To our aid His tenderness;
 Ever near to soothe and bless—
 They who serve Him, this will prove.
 All things earthly pass away;
 God's dear love endures for aye.

"Though I sleep, His tender care
 Watcheth o'er me, Guardian true!
 Forth I go each morning fair,
 Quicken'd and refreshed anew.

If my God had not revealed
Unto me His presence bright,
I had never seen the light,
Nor of my deep wounds been healed.
All things earthly pass away ;
God's dear love endures for aye.

“ As a Father to His child,
His heart remaineth ever true ;
Though from the right path beguiled,
Deeds unworthy he may do.
Thus with me : and yet my God,
Graciously forbears to smite ;
Lays upon me penance light ;
Spare the sword, but gives the rod.
All things earthly pass away ;
God's dear love endures for aye.

“ Though His chastisements and trials,
To the flesh may painful be ;
Tokens are they, true as smiles,
That my Friend remembers me.
This base world plots for my loss,
With its tempting shows and pride ;
Thus to keep me at His side,
He lays on me a heavy cross.
All things earthly pass away ;
God's dear love endures for aye.

“ This glad truth I keep in mind—
As our cross is, so our strength ;
Meekly bear it, thou wilt find
That it lighter grows at length.
When the winter's storms are past,
Shines the summer sun again ;
Patient bear thy night of pain,
And thou shalt rejoice at last.
All things earthly pass away ;
God's dear love endures for aye.

“ Father, as a child to Thee,
Low, with outstretched hands, I bend ;
Tender is Thy love and free,
Knows no boundary, nor end.

On thy love I would repose,
Cling to Thee with all my power;
Never leave Thee for one hour,
Till this earthly life shall close.
And safe on th' eternal shore,
I love and praise Thee evermore."

"I lift up my hands to Thee, O my Father! as Thy child." She could not say that often enough; her heart was overflowing with childlike feelings, and with them she felt calm and safe at her Father's feet. She heard the light ticking of the watch, noted the hour, gave medicine and refreshment to her patient, then rested calmly at his side, and listened to his breathing without anxiety or misery, for in her soul was perfect peace.

Once only he opened his eyes, and said, "Elizabeth, are you still here?"

"Yes, I shall remain here till you are well."

He smiled faintly, and closed his eyes again; her presence was the dearest to him of all.

Six more days passed. The grandparents were gone back to Woltheim; but their prayers were in the sick-room, and with their darling, whom they had left composed, and strong in faith, and whom they commended ever more firmly and confidently to God. The physician expected the crisis of the disorder this day. Elizabeth knew it; but the hours were told out by the ticking of the watch in peace. If the waves of trouble began to rise, her longing heart said, "I lift up my hands to Thee, O my Father! as Thy child."

And He raised her above the waves; and He led her on, as in some dreamlike inspiration, from one heavy hour to the next. Wonderful it was, that since she had been perfectly resigned, hope sprang up in her soul, by the side of self-surrender. A child that entirely yields to the will of its Father, in confidence, humility, and love, has the right to implore Him earnestly; yes, to besiege Him with prayers.

At night, after the sick man had slept tranquilly for several hours, Elizabeth was sitting, towards morning, by his bed, and listening to his breathing. "Thou, Lord, canst bring life out of death," she thought, and looked imploring upwards. She prayed ever and again; and suddenly, as the bright, warm rays of hope streamed upon her soul, she said, in faith, "O Lord! self-sacrifice is of Thee, and hope, too, is of Thee! I lift up my hands to Thee, O my Father! as Thy child. Give me grace to cling to Thee, night and day, through my whole life, till, after time has passed away, I shall praise and love Thee in eternity."

As she breathed the last words, her husband opened his eyes, took her hand, and said, "I have been in Wangeroge, listening to the rushing of the sea."

Elizabeth looked at him full of joy—that was the flowing tide of blessing from God.

"Imagine," he continued, in a low voice, "for a long, long time, I know not how long, I could not even conceive what light and sun were; I felt as though I were encircled by lofty gray mountains, and I had

ever to press violently against them, because they seemed to narrow in, and threatened to crush me. I struggled against them; I tried to bring before myself some lovely image, but could not; at last a vision of the sea came before me, bright, life-giving, sunny."

Elizabeth had clasped his hand, and was shedding quiet tears.

"Weep no more," he added, after a pause; "I, too, thought I should die, that my death might speak; but I think now, through God's grace, I shall live, and my life shall speak."

She looked as though she would say—"I know it too."

"Now, you must go and sleep," he said, tenderly, "and not be in any anxiety about me; I close my eyes and see the fresh, foaming sea, and the bright sunshine; and I know I shall sleep, I am so very weary."

Elizabeth gave him once more some medicine, and went into the neighbouring room, in order, with light heart, free from care and blessed, to sleep as she had not done for a long time.

As the day dawned, she rose and went into the sick-room; her husband was sleeping quietly; for the first time his expression was one of perfect repose. She hastened to the nursery; the children were awake and alone; she went to Friedrich's cot—"Now, darling, we must thank the dear God that He has made papa well again," she said, joyfully. How often

she had taught him to pray in the evening—"Make our papa well again." She took the child out of bed, and her little Mary too; she held them both on her lap, and pressed them to her heart, and said in her emotion, "I thank Thee, dear Lord, and the children thank Thee too."

Just then Johanna entered.

"Now, Johanna, do you also thank God; my husband is better."

"Really! really!" exclaimed the good nurse. She sank in a chair, with trembling knees, quite overpowered. "Oh, dear little children," she said, at last, "the Lord has not forgotten you." She would have spoken further, but Elizabeth affectionately pressed her hand, and left the room.

She went into the kitchen to tell the joyful tidings to the cook herself, but did not find her there; then she ran down the steps that led to the court, for she must tell his man-servant in the stable. The ground had a light covering of snow, and the flakes whirled around her, but they hindered her not. The faithful attendant and oldest friend of the sick man was worthy of the trouble. She entered the stable, where the groom was polishing the coat of the beautiful bay, so that he did not observe her entrance. "Wilhelm," she exclaimed, gladly, "I must tell you, that by God's blessing, your master is really better."

The true, good-hearted man, who had been ill at ease all through these long weeks, stopped in his

work, and looked bewildered. "Thou compassionate God! that is good!" he exclaimed, and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Yes, that is good," repeated Elizabeth, as she went up to the horse, stroked his mane, looked into his bright eyes, and exclaimed, "Dear, good horse! you may be glad too, for you will carry your beloved rider again."

She had little time to spare, and ran back quickly to the house. "But the good landlord must be told," she thought, as she passed his door; she knocked, and hastily entered.

They were quite astonished at this early visit.

"I know you will rejoice with me," said Elizabeth; "my dear husband is better."

"Has the doctor been with you already?" asked the wife, with hearty interest.

"No, not yet; but I know it without the doctor; he spoke to me quite cheerfully in the night, and is now sleeping as tranquilly as an infant."

She hastened up the steps, and met the cook with the breakfast.

"Is it true," said the latter, "that our dear master is better?"

"Yes," replied her mistress, "he is better; O how very glad and thankful we will be; and now you can bring me some breakfast."

An hour after, the doctor came, with Stottenheim. Elizabeth went into the hall to meet them. Her

bright eyes sparkled with joy; she forgot that she had an old unbelieving doctor before her, and that Stottenheim would think her excited.

“My dear husband is better,” she began; “I felt quite suddenly in the night that God would help him, and He has.”

“I suppose the doctor may speak a little word to him all the same,” said that gentleman, with a slight smile.

“Yes, you must rejoice with us,” replied Elizabeth.

“Taking the very best view of things, we are not over the hills yet,” said the doctor, half crossly.

“But God will help us farther,” replied Elizabeth, with an expression of trust and hope in her lovely features, that appeared to the doctor a peculiar æsthetic emotion, and he had nothing to answer.

She turned to Stottenheim, and said, “You, too, dear Herr von Stottenheim, will thank God with us.”

He answered, in great agitation, “Certainly, with my whole heart.”

Meanwhile the doctor approached the bedside, where the patient lay in tranquil sleep. He bent over him, felt his pulse, and then stepped back.

“Yes,” he began, with a sage nod, “the crisis has passed to-night; his pulse is much quieter, the skin cool and moist.”

At that moment Kadden opened his eyes, looked cheerfully around, and said, “I have been asleep.” Then he turned to Elizabeth, and gave her his hand,

as she knelt by his bed ; she scarcely needed the declaration of the doctor, yet it was another joy to her.

The doctor ordered the same careful attendance to go on ; and Elizabeth replied, " The real nursing will now properly begin."

" But other than yours," said Kadden, affectionately, as he looked at Elizabeth ; " and my good Stottenheim, too, must want rest."

He gratefully clasped his friend's hand ; both protested against any change, but the doctor decided for them. He need not be watched during the night any more ; his servant could sleep in the room, and give him his medicine, even if not quite regularly.

Elizabeth accompanied both gentlemen to the hall ; she could say no other than " I thank you so much, doctor, for your great attention and care ; you must thank God that He has blessed your exertions."

The doctor smiled. " Yes, life hangs on a thread."

" God holds these threads in His hand," said Elizabeth. " Every hair of our head is numbered ; that must be such a comfort to every doctor."

He nodded, and she left him.

" An exquisite faith !" said Stottenheim, as he went down the steps with the doctor ; " no pen could describe what I have experienced in these few weeks."

" The young wife is a little enthusiast," said the doctor, smiling.

" Enthusiasm is natural to her," observed Stottenheim.

The doctor bowed, and went his way ; while Stottenheim hastened to the Bonsaks' ; one person was there to whom the tidings would give especial joy—that one was Cecilia. He found the family together, and told them, with eager interest, that Kadden was out of danger. He had all throughout brought regular tidings from the sick-room ; and when he had described Elizabeth's wonderful resignation to God's will, Adolfine boldly maintained, " that she could not really love her husband, if she could stand by his deathbed so tranquilly."

Stottenheim turned to her now, quite pathetically, and said, " If you could see the joy of Frau von Kadden, you would not venture to assert she did not really love her husband."

" It is quite absurd to imagine," exclaimed Adolfine, " that any one could passionately love her husband, and yet tranquilly see him die."

" Yet, I believe the power of so doing bestows a peace that entirely transcends reason," said Stottenheim, " though it is incomprehensible to me, and opposed to all reasonable views of life."

" It is one of the wonders of faith," exclaimed Cecilia, warmly.

" Yes," replied Stottenheim ; " our Pastor declares plainly that faith works as great wonders now as of yore, when our Lord Jesus Christ was on earth ; I understand now what he means by that."

" Good heavens!" thought the Colonel, " now he, too,

is beginning ;” so he took up the discourse, and observed, “ You have passed through a time of much trouble, dear Stottenheim, and your nerves are quite shaken.”

“ That may be,” he replied ; “ I have experienced much that no pen could describe ; but I will never again venture to attack Kadden’s faith.”

“ Who else would do it ?” said the Colonel ; “ Kadden’s faith has never bored me, still less that of his wife ; they are most agreeable, delightful people. In the first place, they never talk of their opinions ; in the second, they are always cheerful and reasonable with their friends.”

“ Yes, yes, Kadden can be both perfectly ; but I know very well what are his views, and what he thinks of the opinions of the world.”

“ He may think what he will, as far as I am concerned,” said the Colonel, hastily ; “ recollect, in the winter before last, till her illness came on, they were the most pleasant people in our society ; as the time passes on, they will forget their little fit of enthusiasm at the sick-bed.”

Frau von Bonsak began to reckon now with her daughters how long they must wait ere they could see Herr and Frau von Kadden among them again ; and Stottenheim declared, that until the new year, at the very earliest, the doctor said such a pleasure was not to be hoped for.

Elizabeth was engaged in writing letters almost the

whole of the first day, only at times she rose to look at the unceasing sleeper. The first letter was of course sent, by the servant on horseback, to the grandparents; she had also pleasant, affectionate messages to forward to her Aunt Julia. Then she wrote to her own parents, and to Aunt Wina, a short effusion of joy and thanksgiving; and lastly, a letter to Emily. She had quite dismissed from her mind the remembrance of their last meeting, and had only the sympathizing inquiries of Emily and her husband before her, and now she must give them joy by her tidings; and as this last letter was the most complete outpouring of her full heart, so was it the longest. "Yes, dear Emily, I have ever in my heart and ears, and almost on my lips, those words—'I am not worthy of all the mercy and truth which thou hast shown unto thy servant.' The Lord has done so much for me because I was His weakest child; He has borne me on eagles' wings, and ordered all my life. I cannot tell you how full of consolation these last weeks of trial have been. I can scarcely comprehend now how God made my will so much at one with His, that I could entirely surrender my beloved Otto to Him; yet I shall love him henceforth with a double love. I never dreamt that my heart could love so blissfully, nor that life could stand before me so beautiful, far-reaching, and altogether blessed. And now, too, I shall not love my Otto alone; I shall love you all, who stand so near my heart, far more sincerely and fervently. God will help me; I am

nothing, less than nothing without Him ; but resting on Him, I am so tranquil and comforted. Do you remember, my dear Emily, my favourite song, in the Advents we passed together—

‘ Lord ! I love Thee !
Lord ! I love Thee !
Saviour, from my heart I love Thee !’

I have formerly often sung that hymn with tears, and with a foolish heart, yet He heard me. He has Himself taught me how to love Him, and now I will entrust my love, yes, my whole heart to His grace.”

When this letter came to Emily’s hands, Schlosser was in the room ; he drew nigh, full of expectation and sympathy, to read it with her. Every word that Emily read was as a stone upon her breast. It was Elizabeth’s old way of speaking, so loving, so ardent, so confident in her happiness. Can love so bless the soul that has it ? May one look upon life so tranquilly ? May one be so free from thought, so kindly, and simple as a child ? Yes ; we not only may and can, but we ought. If Christ has the first place in the heart, that heart can love thus blissfully ; if He is the guide, and ruler of our life, we can look upon it tranquilly ; and if faith and trust in Him and His Word fill our souls, we can be free from care, and simple as a child. Then He will make use of us as He sees fit, and make us apt in His service.

Emily read the letter, but made no remark ; she did not know what to say, and her husband was imperturbably silent. At last she observed, in a few embarrassed words,

“ We must rejoice, and trust that God will keep her in this frame of mind.”

“ Do you doubt still ?” he asked.

“ No ! not exactly for Elizabeth,” was her answer. “ But how will it be with him ?”

Suddenly a light flashed in upon her.

“ Could not we work upon him now, if he gets better,” she asked eagerly, “ and show him the right way ?”

“ Elizabeth can do that better than any of us,” was his tranquil answer.

It was like a dream to her to hear this. Elizabeth understand best of all how to point out the way of salvation to any one ! and stranger still, she could make no reply. She must allow her husband to be right.

“ Besides, we do not know how it stands with him,” he added, after a pause.

“ Remember, Wilhelm, the last time we saw him,” she replied, with forced meekness ; “ remember how haughty, and stiff, and unfriendly he was at his departure, and how he treated poor Elizabeth. I believe that her warm heart quite deceives her about his love ; I quite believe of her that she will love him again, as fervently as she did when a bride ; but we

will not be deceived about him, despite the representations of the kind, weak grandparents. Elise herself does not trust to them; she yearns for her daughter, who dares not go to her because Kadden will not allow it."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE HOUSE FRIEND.

ELIZABETH passed the season of Advent quite to herself. She had invited her mother to come, in the first letter that announced the change in her husband; but the Privy Councillor was ill with gastric fever—not dangerously so;—but of course Elise could not leave him. The grandmamma was suffering from the long strain upon her, and unusual agitation; and now that cause for anxiety was past, she was glad to be perfectly tranquil with her husband alone.

The complete restoration of the dear invalid was, as usual, very slow. The first week he slept continually; in the second he began to eat, and Elizabeth had plenty of cooking. Now first began the real, but welcome labour of nursing; and if her husband was sometimes impatient, and a certain hasty, searching glance was not lacking, she rejoiced. “He was growing too fearfully gentle!” When he asked the doctor how soon he might get up and go out, and the latter

informed him that he might try and get up in a few weeks, and must regularly learn to walk again, his impatience went beyond the *glance*—he forbade such absurd jokes. Elizabeth took his hand caressingly, but the doctor was in no way discomposed; he seriously assured Kadden that this awakening of his natural temperament was the best sign of returning health; and prophesied that after this long illness, his physical strength would be doubled, so that, without doubt, he would raise his long-lost *nom-de-guerre* to honour again. Kadden could not refrain from laughter; and as his eye fell upon his servant, who was standing near, and whose whole face laughed at this prophecy, he said, playfully,

“What do you think, Wilhelm, of this probable return of the good old times?”

“I have no objection,” was the flattering answer of the good old servant, as he left the room with the doctor.

“And what do you think of it, Lizzie?” said Kadden, brightly, turning to his wife.

“I am not afraid,” she replied, laughing.

He looked at her earnestly. “Yes, I know you are no longer afraid of me,” he said, much comforted. “Quite lately, when speaking confidentially to Wilhelm, I told him why I treated him so well when I was a joyous bridegroom, and that the foundation of that goodness was very insecure; but that henceforth I would be a good master to him for the love of God,

because it is His will. He perfectly understood me. He was quicker in learning than his master, to whom you represented much the same thing once at a ball, and he would not believe it. But if I seriously ask myself," he added, after a pause, "why I loved you then and there so very dearly, I do not exactly know—it must have been because you gave me so much good advice."

Elizabeth was quite of the same opinion; and when she was gone to attend to some of her household duties, he mused long on that evening of the first ball; how high he then stood above a childlike faith and angel-theories; what a miserable heaven he then believed in; what a poor conscientiousness he trusted to! Now he looked back on them with shame, though he had the plea of ignorance. He was, as Fritz once said, too untaught and neglected.

At last, on Christmas Day, the invalid was to sit up; the grandparents were solemnly invited for the great event, and had promised to come. On the holy eve, the children and people were to be assembled in the sick-room; and it was beautifully prepared and adorned in readiness for the occasion.

As it was growing dark, Elizabeth went with Friedrich to vespers. Herr von Stottenheim carried the child. He had been busily occupied with the preparations all day; for he declared, that if he passed many solitary hours in his own quarters, he had a regular hankering for the sick-room. He was

just such a house friend as one reads of in books : he made all practical inquiries for them ; was adroit and ready in all sorts of little household affairs ; would put on little Friedrich's coat, or lace his boots for him ;—nothing came amiss. Little Friedrich was very fond of him ; he clambered upon his knees ; and once, as he was standing there playing with his hair, he found to his surprise a little bald place at the top of his head, and exclaimed, in the greatest excitement, " Uncle Stottenheim ! you will certainly be as tall as papa ; you are growing through your hair !" Stottenheim was greatly delighted at this ; and he told it himself, because he loved the child, and liked to hear him admired. Now, as he carried him to the evening service, wrapped up in his paletot, the boy repeated to him, much to his heart's joy, all the little verses and hymns he had learned in honour of the Christ-child. In the church, Elizabeth took her darling on her lap ; they both sat with folded hands ; they had both the Christ-child in their souls. The little boy saw wonders enough in the lighted church and the singing children, who responded each other from side to side. Elizabeth looked beyond to the Star of Bethlehem, to the beloved Christ-child, who filled her happy heart with faith and yearning.

As they left the church, Frau Bornes and Frau Kurtius came up to Elizabeth ; she had often met them on the way there, and had passed with the usual slight and embarrassed greeting. At each former

meeting the past had risen before her soul, when, confident and secure, she had defended her worldly life to these ladies. She was, indeed, ashamed of that time ; but she never dreamt of showing herself in a better light : it was enough that God knew her heart. It is wonderful that, if our one desire is to live to God, to give our whole heart to Him, it cannot long remain concealed. The Pastor Kurtius had often visited Elizabeth during the time of her trouble ; and both his wife and her friend longed to give her something more than the usual brief salutation. Therefore they came to her now, expressed their heartfelt joy at her husband's recovery, and told her how often their thoughts and prayers had been with her in the sick-room. Elizabeth thanked them warmly, and without reserve ; she did not know why they were so cordial, but it was grateful to her heart. After the short delay, they hastened on the more rapidly. The way from the church to their home was somewhat long ; but the stars shone down upon the white snow, and made it a glorious Christmas evening. As they drew nigh the house, Elizabeth remarked that it was unusually bright in the festal-chamber.

“ What can it be ? ” she exclaimed, in astonishment.

“ Who can have lit our Christmas-tree ? ”

“ The Christ-child has lit it, mamma, ” said little Friedrich ; and Stottenheim was again delighted with his favourite.

They hastened up the steps, and found the man-

servant in the hall, with a wonderfully pleased face. At that moment Johanna appeared, with the now intelligent little Mary, then the cook; and scarcely had the church-goers taken off their things, than the door of the festal apartment was thrown open, and the master of the house admitted them himself. The surprise was delightful; even Friedrich forgot for a moment the Christmas-tree—it was so long since he had seen his papa in uniform; but as the first kiss to-day was not for him but for his mamma, he soon let Stottenheim take him to the brilliant tree, and to his soldiers, and guns, and gingerbread-nuts; then Stottenheim pointed out their places to the company.

While the attention of all was directed to the presents, Elizabeth sat on the sofa by her husband, well pleased with her own gift, and not suspecting that there was anything else in store for her. Presently, she rose to fetch a little table from a neighbouring room, that she had prepared with presents for her husband, and found on her return a stand before her own seat. Her eyes beamed with pure joy and surprise. Among other presents, lay in the midst the roses she painted at Wangeroge, and around them a wreath of beautiful polished muscle-shells.

“Oh, my roses!” she exclaimed; “but where could you have got the muscles here?”

“I bought them as a Christmas-gift for you in Wangeroge,” he answered. “After I had written

the words of promise under the roses, I could venture to keep them in my heart."

Elizabeth looked at him gladly, but could say nothing. She seemed to hear the rushing of the sea, to see the silvery breakers, to feel the life-giving breeze from the waters. He, meanwhile, was gravely thinking, "It was well that she could never hide the thoughts of her soul from me; thus she ever strengthened my own faith; I will cherish her as my heart's jewel."

Presently, they were sitting with Stottenheim at supper; the latter, who, of course, had been a sharer in the presents, was in a most agreeable mood, and spoke with much feeling and sincerity. When Kadden had said grace aloud, he observed that he thought it a beautiful practice in an intimate circle; the heart longed to thank its Creator for blessings daily received.

"Only in an intimate circle?" asked Kadden.

"My dear friend," replied Stottenheim, shrugging his shoulders, "in our ordinary society, it would not do; we cannot change men by such observances."

"You mean," said Kadden, quietly, "that for our connections, our position, our daily course, in fact, a God-fearing life is not suitable."

"A God-fearing life is, of course, suitable," said Stottenheim, shrewdly; "but one must not go beyond the mark. One must keep it in stillness for oneself and one's family life; and adapt it, as far as possible, to the usual forms and customs of society. Where

one acts with due skill and caution, I believe the two ways of life may be perfectly united."

"Then you have nothing really to urge against faith in the Bible?" asked Kadden.

"Oh, no! nothing at all," replied Stottenheim. "There are certainly many things in it utterly incomprehensible to me; but I pass them over. There is much more that I do not quite understand, but it draws me to the serious side of life; and I feel now a certain content therewith that is very grateful to me."

"And if you were your own master," continued Kadden; "for example, if you lived in the country—if you were a landowner, quite independent of the whole world—if you could choose your society entirely according to your pleasure—you would take the religious side?"

"Certainly, I would; I would choose a faithful pastor, and live after my heart's desire; and," he continued, smiling, "if you were in my neighbourhood, living in like circumstances, yourself an independent man, I promise you, I would take your whole household as a pattern; yes, I confess, I would willingly allow you to take me in tow."

"If this is really the case, Stottenheim," began Kadden, laughing, "permit me to take you at once in tow. We will act as though we were free men; and I promise you I will bring you safely past all the big and little rocks that you see in the way. I have a very skilful person at the helm."

“My dear friend,” began Stottenheim, pensively, “think whether we could even remain in our places if we were to draw back from company, and fairly wage war against so many sincere, well-meaning friends.”

Kadden was silent, and sighed involuntarily; and Stottenheim, gathering courage from this sigh, began to describe minutely the innumerable rocks; and ended with the assurance that, with a true faith in the heart, one can live outwardly with the world—even if one has a strong conviction against it, one may yet live in it very comfortably.

Kadden sighed only at the remembrance of his own folly, and weakness, and fear of men. Stottenheim was now maintaining the same opinions as those of Elizabeth’s mother, which the daughter had once upheld as so excellent, which he himself had hearkened to with so much pleasure, and so willingly acted upon; but he was silent, because he would not strive with words, from which there never came much good; rather would he prove what he held by his life. A heart that truly loves Christ must manifest it to all the world: it cannot give up to the world in the least trifle—not in the least trifle displace Christ from His seat there. “Oh! that thou wert cold or hot!” were the words of Christ; and with them He has spoken the condemnation of hundreds of Christians. There are Christians moved by the appearance of the Lord, by His teaching, by His words of blessing and promise—

Christians who do not cry out with the world, "Crucify him! crucify him!" who stand in the way, shedding tears of compassion and sympathy, if He passes by them, as their Redeemer, on the road to Golgotha. They weep; but not tears for their own sins—tears of penitence. Such tears are too bitter, too grave and miserable. After such tears, sin cannot so easily again be committed, a worldly life cannot be so boldly defended. Either thou must renounce the world, and bear thy cross after thy Lord, and see in Him thine own Redeemer; or thou must remain, with thy emotion and thy tears of sympathy, standing afar off. There thou canst live after thine heart's pleasure, and tamper with the world, and gaze upon the cross from a distance, and see how well it suits thee. Thou dost not, certainly, deny that Christ is a Redeemer; but He is not thine. Nothing comes of thy tears of emotion, and they will not help thee in any wise to stand firm at thy post. Either thou must decidedly renounce the world, struggle against sin in earnest, combat it on all occasions, and accept Jesus Christ as thine own Redeemer; or thou must sooner or later cry out with the world, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

Stottenheim meanwhile spoke fluently, and much to his own satisfaction. He would fain have made Christ himself a good friend to the reality—"The truth of life," as he called it, like the Colonel. Elizabeth was silent, but she was astonished that her husband could bear to hear him talk in that way. Certainly, they

were her own bold views of yore ; but Stottenheim's superficial, florid style of speech, sounded like a parody on Kadden's earlier discourse. Kadden's silence had quite inspired poor Stottenheim ; he fancied that his friend understood and entirely agreed with him. " I look forward with such pleasure," he ended, " to the delightful winter we have before us. With these elevated views, I shall stand quite above the world, and have for the first time real happiness within ; and for that I have you to thank, my dear friend. *Au reste*, we must confess that the most friendly sentiments have been always entertained towards us, and that the circle in which we move is a most delightful one. I assure you, Kadden, they are all longing for your pleasant society ; during last winter, we discovered what a great loss you and your charming wife were to us.

"Fraulein Adolfine sighs for dancers," said Kadden, sportively ; "Fraulein Keller for pages ; and my Lizzie and self are wanted to represent the mournful royal pair."

"No, certainly not," said Stottenheim, laughing. "You are both of you only adapted to play the most youthful parts ; and there are so many agreeable young ladies, that you are not obliged to dance with Fraulein Adolfine."

Elizabeth looked laughingly at her husband, but he answered, very seriously—

"You are quite right, Stottenheim ; we cannot give up dancing, we are both too young."

The other nodded, well pleased.

“But I intend only to dance with my wife henceforth; Friedrich and my little daughter will be another pair; and if you will provide yourself with a lady, I will permit you to join our dancing-parties.”

“Delightful, quite delightful!” exclaimed Stottenheim.

Kadden continued—“I am a great advocate for tableaux too; but I am convinced that I need no strangers—my wife and children are born artists.”

Stottenheim, who saw nothing especial under his words, said, in great excitement, “Yes, you are a happy man! I shall keep you to your promise that I may bring a lady into your pleasant circle. Really, Kadden,” he continued, solemnly, “if you could find me a suitable wife, I have the greatest desire to establish a hearth of my own.”

“I make over the commission to my wife,” said Kadden; “she understands such things better than I.”

Elizabeth smiled, and thought, “I know of one already.”

Stottenheim continued, somewhat sentimentally, “I promise, then, that my life shall be like yours, as I have learned to know it while with you. Yours shall be a pattern to me.”

“Do not promise too much,” warned Kadden.

“Certainly not!” exclaimed his friend; “but I must choose a wife who will find pleasure in a quiet domestic life, who will be simple, and not *exigeante*, for my

circumstances will not afford luxury. In following out my present views of life, I have made the resolution to marry ; but my wife must have courage to be the most simple in dress, &c., in all our circle."

"She has the courage!" said Elizabeth, playfully.

Her husband looked at her, inquiringly, and then turned to Stottenheim. "You see now what a skilful manager I have given you. Say, Elizabeth, who you mean."

"I shall carefully abstain from doing that," she replied ; "I will neither suggest to Herr von Stottenheim, nor be a manager."

"Not exactly a manager," he pleaded ; "but one is glad to be helped by a good friend. I brought your husband to you, my dear lady ; without me, he would not have gone to the ball, and would never have seen you."

"True," said Elizabeth, looking joyfully at her husband. She thought of the evening when she first saw his fine, tall figure among the strangers, and first met his ardent, inquiring glance. "I am very grateful to you," she said ; "and if you will let me thereby guess something, I shall be grateful to you again."

"If we give Stottenheim a wedding-festival, Elizabeth," said her happy husband, "you must wear a white dress with blue trimmings."

CHAPTER XLV.

PEACE, BUT NOT WITHOUT CONFLICTS.

CHRISTMAS-DAY had been gloriously celebrated. The grandparents came to them, and Elizabeth was as joyous as formerly, when they paid their first visit to the young household. Certainly she had no new arrangements to show her grandmamma, with her beans and peas, and coffee-berries; but all was new in her heart, and, without speaking of it, it beamed in her clear eyes. There were no embarrassments this time about saying grace aloud, or the dusty Bible; it was an unruffled meeting, under the Christmas-tree. After the festivals, many calm, peaceful days followed, though the impatient invalid had to learn patiently to walk again; and was obliged, after some weeks, candidly to own to his clever doctor, that he was quite right—lying on the sofa suited him best. January was terribly cold, and the early part of February; then sudden rain dissolved the ice and snow. A few green strips in the meadows looked up yearningly to the blue

sky and mild sunshine, and the larks tried their voices, thinking it must be spring. As longingly as the green patches of grass awaited the spring, as gladly as they welcomed the pure breezes, did Elizabeth's beloved husband leave his room, to refresh himself in the pure air and sunshine. At first he was obliged to be contented with the little sunny court; then it became dry in and beyond the garden; and at last he returned the visits of his comrades, who had been most kind and attentive to him for many weeks.

One day Elizabeth was in the garden with her children. Little Mary was playing about quite independently and bravely, able to defend herself now from being run down by her great brother Friedrich, when Herr von Kadden returned from paying the last visit, and was joyfully greeted and detained by his happy family in the garden. He led Elizabeth to the broad walk, between the many centifolium roses. The little brown buds were still very tiny, but they looked bright in the sunshine, and a wonderful mysterious life was already working within them. Elizabeth was very fond of walking up and down this favourite path.

"I have invited some company for you," said Kadden, merrily; "certainly you did not bespeak it, but I have noticed how exceedingly busy you have been the last few days, and I know you like to be rewarded."

"Oh, no! I do not," hastily interrupted Elizabeth. "I never desire such rewards. The housekeeping gives

me pleasure enough in itself. It is for you and the children," she added, in a low voice.

He must not misunderstand her, if she spoke of pleasure in housekeeping. Yet she could not tell him that her whole soul was filled with the image of a still, devout, happy housewife, ever working calmly and willingly in her simple calling—that calling in which she was now blest with undeserved sunshine, and budding flowers.

"No reward!" he said, looking at her kindly, but somewhat searchingly.

"No!" she replied, confidently. "If I have been very diligent, and have done much work, the fairest reward is to have you and the children with me; you are my most welcome guests."

"Dearest Elizabeth!" he exclaimed, smiling, "you must not think I am merely returning the compliment, if I say the same."

"Oh, no!" said she, well pleased; "I know better."

"It is quite right that we would rather be by ourselves than with strangers," he continued; "but we must invite them when necessary, or profitable."

"Yes! we will do that," she answered, brightly, "and think it a pleasure; but it shall not be for me especially, and I will not take it as a reward."

How different was this to the olden time, when she used to assure him she had been worried with so much tedious and unpleasant work; he must seriously con-

sider that he owed her some pleasure. Was that wrong? if not strictly so, it was unworthy of a God-fearing housewife, who needs not little studied pleasures and diversions between her tedious and unpleasant labours to fill up the time. All that is fair and glorious—all that brings peace and joy to the soul—must pass between it and the Lord. A half-Christian can never be a godly housewife. In some poetic emotion, she may find her mending pleasant, and her store-closets interesting; but this only lasts till the emotion is over, and these moods flee before the vexations and perplexities of life, still more before suffering and a real cross. And as, most assuredly, this earthly life will offer us more inducements to a depressed and heavy mood than to a youthful, bright, and poetic one, so must we give up the heart to Him who rules over our whole life, and all our moods, whether joyful or sorrowful. We must send the soul into that wonder-world of faith, in which we stand above the embarrassments and vexations of the world—in which suffering and the cross strengthen and enrich the soul—in which alone, if the dreary season be past, and God sends us again bright sunshine and blue heavens, and a spring-world of peace and joy, can the heart again feel youthful, poetic, and full of gladness. Elizabeth had had experience of all this, and had now no anxiety for her future. Faith was the foundation of her happiness. She had nothing to do but to love God, to trust Him, to give Him the

first place in her heart. It was no severe duty, but the dearest and most blessed of all. She had experienced, that if sin and the world can blight and destroy all earthly happiness, the Lord can restore peace and joy to the sorrowful heart. She had learned that the love of God is happier than a bride-love, and can move the heart as exquisitely. She knew that she should love her husband and children more firmly, and tranquilly, and fervently, because God had the first place. He was the Rock on which her joy, and courage, and happiness were founded. She had found out, that to be really joyous, and fresh, and bright with husband and children, she must love best to be alone with God. Every day must find her sometimes alone with Him (even if with some work in her hand—some of the sewing or labour demanded by her position), should it be only for a short meditation on some verse, or hymn, or portion of the Bible. With this, the most unpleasant and tedious work would not long remain so; and for such calm, peaceful hours, she could desire no reward, no diversion of man's giving. These same still hours, in which her soul found peace and full enjoyment, rather helped her to be doubly bright and happy with her dear ones and chosen friends. Elizabeth had not deliberated on the company-question in any wise with her husband. All went smoothly, and the threatening rocks they had formerly seen everywhere had now disappeared. Just as we look at the world, and

all that pertains to it, it looks at us; as we deal with it, it deals with us. If we are fickle and undecided with it, it masters us; if we are bold and firm, and resolved to have the upper hand, it yields to us—with a few grimaces and side-hits, perhaps, that do not reach us. The world desires no explanation of our doings; it knows and feels instinctively whether we mean to serve or rule; whether we associate with it from fear, weakness, vanity, and half-pleasure, or whether we do it from motives of duty, and because it is sometimes good for us. God often gives to His faithful children a vocation in the very midst of the world, and points out to them their duties there. In all earthly circumstances, God shows us one clear and right way: He says plainly, "Give to God the things that are God's, and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" and "Render unto every one his due." There are duties beyond those to our inner circle—to our fellow-workers, and to those set over us. We must not only fulfil these duties, but perform them without pride or condescension, even to those who do not share our faith. We must cherish a sincere interest in, and regard for, them; and in what way we can do that, consistently with our inner life, God will show us plainly, if we first give Him His due, and take His Word as the rule of our life.

Kadden related to Elizabeth that he had invited all his younger comrades to tea, because he wished to show himself grateful for their interest, and the

great attention they had shown him during his illness.

Elizabeth was quite agreed, and promised him a splendid entertainment. She only added one petition—she wished to invite Cecilia; in the first place, because she did not like to be the only lady among so many gentlemen; and in the second, because she knew it would give especial pleasure to Stottenheim.

In truth, Cecilia, by slow degrees, and in stillness, had become Elizabeth's intimate friend. During the year that the latter had been so sickly and depressed, she used to come uninvited, play with the children, and strive to amuse and cheer Elizabeth in her solitude. Quite lately, during Kadden's illness, she had been often in the nursery with Johanna, or helping in some little domestic matters. Moreover, she had a great reverence for the Pastor Kurtius, and had at times taken a part in different charitable labours with his wife. There was no doubt that God was leading her, for her whole life proved it. To whom but to Cecilia could Stottenheim's serious inclination be directed? He did not conceal it; and Cecilia appeared well pleased, much to Elizabeth's surprise.

As her husband now agreed to the invitation, she remarked, "I willingly invite them together, but I should have liked a different husband for Cecilia."

"But she cannot get another," said Kadden, mischievously; "and Stottenheim is a very true, good-hearted fellow."

“Yes; but how she can resolve to marry him, I cannot comprehend,” was Elizabeth’s answer.

“Marriages are concluded by God, and He draws the hearts together,” he observed. “And recollect, she will not fall into such distress as a certain other lady.” He sighed as he concluded the words, for it occurred to him that lately his impetuosity had somewhat exceeded the quick, searching glance.

Elizabeth looked at him with confidence, and grew very courageous. “That lady has not so placid a nature,” she said, boldly; “she makes many claims, but fears nought.”

“But will she patiently bear so unassuming and peaceful a life in her immediate neighbourhood?” he asked.

“Willingly; I have not the slightest objection; but I do not quite understand what you really like me to be.”

“You are to be now and always extremely *exigente*,” said her husband, playfully; “and you are to be content with me, if I am never so meek as Stotenheim.”

“And not to be afraid of me!” she added, confidently.

They left the garden; the children entreated to be taken to the stable, where Kadden had lately accustomed them to ride. While he, ever ready, went on with the little ones, Elizabeth thought to herself—
“How strange it is that I am so vexed when he is

hasty. I know he is impetuous, and will be all his life ; but I know that he does not mean it, and that it in no way affects his love. After my long experience, I must cease to be so childish ; my heart must grow strong at last. Of course," she added, hopefully, in thought, "the struggle against natural faults and weaknesses must end at last. If one perfectly knows them and stands above them, one will not always need to importune God with such trifles—one will not let them come to conflicts ; for if one is ever so sure of the victory beforehand, they are untravelling and painful."

Elizabeth went into the stall, where both children were sitting on the back of the horse, the little girl in transports of joy.

"Now, Elizabeth," said Kadden, sportively, "you must allow that your daughter surpasses you in courage."

"Questionable," answered she, in the same tone.

"Will you really try the riding again?" he asked.

"With pleasure," she replied, quickly ; "but without a leading rein."

"Of course, without a leading rein ; but I fear, Lizzie," said Kadden, playfully, as he put little Mary in her arms, "you will be riding at windmill-sails."

This joke was a terror to her heart ; it recalled to her a very painful day ; and it was well for her that her husband was engaged with Friedrich, so that she could go on with Mary.

As she walked away, she heard him tell the servant to exercise the horse with the lady's saddle for an hour immediately after dinner, because he wished to ride in the afternoon with his wife.

Elizabeth carried her little girl into the nursery ; as Johanna was not there, she set her down to her playthings, and walked musingly to the window.

Why could she not now keep to the resolutions she had made so confidently a few minutes ago ? She no longer remembered them ; she was deep in memories recalled by her husband's allusion. Last summer, not long before they went to Wangeroge, she went, with a few ladies, to a neighbouring spot, to see the gentlemen ride. Here Kadden attempted (not with his own horse—that had long been trained to this feat) to ride at windmill-sails with the young wild horse of a comrade. Neither the prayers of his wife, nor her miserable silence, nor the protestations of the other ladies could keep him back ; his ambition and intense desire to tame the horse were so aroused, he would listen to nothing, and did not give up till he returned the horse, covered with foam, but perfectly subdued, to its owner. The ladies seriously represented to him that he might at least have undertaken it when only with his comrades, and not in the presence of his wife and others equally timid. He listened to nothing but the admiration of his comrades. When Adolfine, who was by, counselled Elizabeth to forget in her own bold riding her anxiety for her hus-

band, and as he, whom she had, alas, long accustomed to disputes in this circle, nodded assent, she declared she would never mount a horse again; and he replied that he should never give her a chance. The remembrance of this scene was too painful; that he could allude to it in sport, was incomprehensible; her it only annoyed and grieved. His doing so was a sign to her that his former behaviour caused him no sorrow; and what one does not regret, one may repeat. "I am not quite sure that he will not do it again," she reflected; and she worried herself beforehand at the prospect, and began, like her Aunt Wina on her first visit here, to comment on the peculiarities of men. "They are all selfish; they have no conception, even, of tender feelings." As she could not add, like that same lady, "It is a blessing we are not married," she ended, "I must not be too exacting, nor too sensitive; I must be quiet and resigned, as far as I can."

Her philosophy was cut short by the summons to dinner. Her husband was too well pleased to observe that she was not quite bright and joyous. At last, he spoke of the riding-lesson to-day; and Elizabeth so far mastered herself as to talk and laugh.

While he was taking, as was still necessary for him, a long siesta, she sat in her room, and continued her reflections. It was more than ever incomprehensible to her that he could joke at those fearful windmill-sails; her thoughts fairly turned round in her head with

them. She could not comprehend how she could ride with him again, nor how she could have said, when he was regretting his impetuosity, that "she had no fear." In one respect, it was not true; in any case, it was unwise to say it. He would think little of his haste, imagine himself perfect, and she should be unable to work upon him any more. Yes, hasty and imperious he will ever remain, she reasoned; and when she had considered the subject on all sides, she found the only thing was to be satisfied with him. Besides, her husband's hour of rest was past, she heard his step, and had to decide between two things: either to ride with him, though he did not deserve it; or to say to him, "With the remembrance of the windmill-sails, it is impossible for me to ride with you again." But the last thought she could not seriously entertain; nay, she was ashamed of it; and as her husband entered the room, she rose and met him, with the question—

"Shall I get ready?"

He held her at the door, and said, "Will you really? it pleases me too much, for I do not deserve it."

She blushed, and he raised her head, and looked at her inquiringly. She was confused; but said involuntarily, and with a deep sigh, "Ah, yes! the day of the windmill-sails!"

"What would you say to me about it?" he asked, kindly.

"Nothing," she replied, resolutely; "I do not

wish to say anything. You remember Frau von Hohen-dorf's advice about unpleasant fancies, which one must not rely on, and must keep to oneself."

"But there is something true in this," said Kadden; "and if you do not tell me of my faults, how am I to conquer them?"

"No," said Elizabeth, hastily; "in such a mood, I will never tell you of faults."

Her fancy now took the road back to his truth and reality; suddenly a new thought flashed into her soul. "To blame, is always a critical thing; it is better that each should take his faults conscientiously to God." It was clear to her, all at once, that it was not necessary she should work upon her husband; he was earnestly striving against his faults himself.

She exclaimed joyously, "What do you think, Otto! we will never blame each other; we will only give mutual praise?"

"You are right, dear Elizabeth," he replied, smiling, though tears glistened in his eyes; "the devil has his share in blame; and now, Lizzie, try for once and praise me about the windmill-sails."

"No, Otto!" she exclaimed, a little disconcerted, "you must not laugh at that."

"The thought that you will always praise me is too delightful; I accept the proposal, and promise you, that I will conscientiously take care the praise shall not be too difficult for you."

She smiled assent.

“With regard to the windmill-sails,” he added, “I assure you I never meant to terrify you, nor vex you; I did it throughout because the horse must be tamed. If such an occurrence should happen again——”

“I will never let it come,” interrupted Elizabeth, hastily.

“Then I will entreat you to allow it, and not to vex yourself about it; striving is my vocation, and as a proper soldier’s wife, you must accustom yourself to it.”

She nodded.

“And now, Elizabeth,” he continued, seriously, “I am well pleased that you will never quarrel with me; but if you are really grieved, we abide by our former agreement—I must always know.”

She looked at him earnestly.

“You know the difference between the two?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” said Elizabeth, with a sigh, while she remembered the past. “If one is only grieved, one takes the sorrow to God; if one is angry, one remains too often in distress and sin.”

He was satisfied with this explanation, and kissed her on the fair brow, that seemed the seat of all pure, kindly thoughts.

As the servant announced the bringing round of the horses, and Elizabeth in her riding-dress went down the steps with her husband, he said—

“ You will let me have the leading rein to-day—the first time—I am so terrified.”

She laughed. “ Dearest Otto, I know very well you are saying that for my sake, and I confess you are right ; but only to-day, at the beginning, for, I promise you, I will do as you wish.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE JUDICIOUS GRANDDAUGHTER.

THE ride had been attempted, and happily accomplished at no great distance from the garden, and Elizabeth had gone to make some arrangements for the reception of her guests, when the gray horses drove up to the door, and brought the grandparents, to the joy of the whole family. They were heartily received, and told of the expected company. The grandparents, in their turn, announced the speedy arrival of Elise and the Schlossers. After short consideration, it was concluded they must arrive by the next train; and as it was nearly the time, Kadden snatched up his cap, and hastened to meet them.

“It is very kind of him to go immediately,” said the grandmamma to Elizabeth; “Emily will be so pleased.”

“Oh, no! Emily will not be pleased,” replied Elizabeth; “she wrote me such a singular letter,

after I had sent her word of Otto's happy recovery. If I am joyful, ~~she~~ she thinks it her duty to warn me of the deceitfulness of the human heart; she cannot allow me to love my husband so much. I should like to know what she really thinks of him; I have not been quite clever enough to find out."

"Does your husband know of the letter?" asked her grandfather.

"No; I burnt it at once."

"Leave her," said the grandmamma; "every human being has his weak side."

"I am not afraid of her now," observed Elizabeth; "Otto is much too reasonable. But I cannot say for her pleasure that I do not love him, nor can I conceal from her that I am happy. I hope she will be convinced of it at last."

They laughed; and her grandpapa said, "Or she will be a 'stupid old thing.'"

Elizabeth now heard the well-known voices before the door; then came the welcome ring, and she ran to meet her dear guests. It was real transport to see her mother again. Now Elizabeth's dear large eyes were again fixed upon her mother, beaming with peace and joy. Emily looked gravely at her husband—"Poor Elizabeth was unchanged; still undeceived, guileless, childlike, radiant with joy; and Kadden, that strange man, was much the same.

When the first salutations were over, and they were about to take their places at the coffee-table, Kadden

led Elizabeth to his mother-in-law, and said, playfully—

“Now, dear mother, look at us well; are we not both become very fresh and young again?”

“Yes,” said the grandpapa; “life brings its healthy and sick hours, as you, dear ones, have experienced very near the beginning.”

“When I saw you about this time last year,” said Schlosser, affectionately, to Elizabeth, “you were very miserable.”

“By God’s help, that is all behind us,” replied Elizabeth, with her own peculiar bright smile.

“Incomprehensible!” thought Emily; “now everything is to be attributed to the mere outward sickness; even my husband must do the same.”

“You all came to-day as though formally invited,” continued Kadden; “you see we are beginning to enjoy life, and we expect a large party this evening.”

Emily again looked gravely at her husband, who, strange to say, innocently observed, “That will be a pleasure for us, will it not Emily? We have passed a very quiet winter, so now we will be merry with you.”

Kadden took a seat by him, and told him about the expected guests.

Meanwhile Elizabeth, with a child in each hand, stood before Emily; she had so much that was sweet and interesting to tell of them, and the little things were so lovely, that Emily was quite touched. To her great astonishment, she noticed that Kadden, as

formerly at the bridal visits, held out his hand secretly to Elizabeth, and she hastened to his side. If Elizabeth had only observed, as formerly, "I never dreamt of such happiness," it would have been a perfect rehearsal of that scene. Had Kadden, like a bridegroom, the express purpose of adorning Elizabeth to-day with a little crown? It certainly was not simulation on his part: this was a reproach he had never deserved; he seemed, on the contrary, as though he tried to restrain himself, yet all he said was praise. He related that, to please him, she had been riding again, despite the terror he caused her last year with the windmill-sails, the history of which he innocently told.

"That was very wrong of you," exclaimed Elise and the grandmamma.

"Yes, indeed," added Emily.

"And he has assured me to-day that, on a similar opportunity, he will do it again," said Elizabeth, merrily.

"Even if it is so unpleasant to you?" asked Emily.

"Yes; but you see, my dear Emily," she continued, in the most contented, instructive tone, "if we think anything unpleasant that our husbands like, there is no way of escape, no shorter way, than to think it pleasant too. It is not always easy, and yet is not so difficult as it appears; and, at any rate, there is no other way."

Emily tried to smile; but she did not look at her husband, for she might have reminded him of some

not very happy attempts. She had yielded to his wishes ; she had given up at first much of her favourite work, and would not now have become the superintendent of a society, though she was diligent in all stillness, and, through her quiet influence, effected much. But she did it all with a certain air of resignation ; she had never been able, like Elizabeth, playfully to laugh at it ; nay, she had solemnly requested her husband never to allude to the subject. There was something rankling in her heart ; and she always hoped that Schlosser would see her martyrdom, and finally be moved by it. It had been the same in many of the little things that life brings in its course. She yielded to her husband with the greatest self-restraint ; but he could always feel through it that she considered it an achievement, and neither heart was made warmer thereby. Elizabeth's real joy in giving up—her confidence that it could not be otherwise—fell on her conscience ; and as the grandmamma playfully turned to her daughter, and said—

“ Elise, we, too, shall learn something from the young wife ! ” she could no longer keep silence, and with a faint attempt at playfulness, she said—

“ That would be a very one-sided union, if the man is to be always right, and the wife always wrong ; the husband's mind would at length become too confused to discern right from wrong. ”

“ The case is not just as you depict it, ” observed the grandfather ; “ a wife has either to deal with a reason-

able, or an unreasonable husband. A reasonable man will always see his fault, even if he is not in the mood to confess it; the mood will pass, and then he will acknowledge it."

"And if he forgets to do that sometimes, we will be satisfied, because we know that on the whole he is reasonable," interrupted the grandmamma.

"Right," said the grandpapa; "in any case, it is better not to call our attention to it, or at all events to do it in a very amiable, affectionate way."

"Remarks must never be personal," interrupted the grandmamma; "it is better to make very general ones."

"Yes!" exclaimed Kadden. "Lizzie understands general remarks exceedingly well."

Grandmamma nodded kindly.

"Now, I will consider the second point," continued the grandpapa; "if a wife has an unreasonable husband, that must be very sad; and wives who are not so unhappy may thank God daily; but even in such case, it is better for the woman to yield."

The grandmamma playfully remarked, "That this point was of no importance to the present company;" and the conversation was prolonged in the same tone.

Elizabeth was very merry; she heard only praise, and that was to her very pleasant, probably because it is not a peculiarity of men alone, but quite as much of women, to prefer praise to blame.

But Emily could not get over the one-sided union.

A thoughtful woman cannot always yield; it is ar-rant selfishness in men to desire it; it is incompre-hensible to me how Elizabeth can do it, and so cheer-fully. Fate decreed it that Emily, to-day, should be tried still more on this point.

Little Friedrich, who had been sitting the whole time at a side-table, busied with a lead-pencil, gave a paper to his papa, and whispered—"Give that picture to my grandmamma."

It was his acknowledgment to Elise for a large paper of bonbons she had brought to her little favourite, to make friends.

"The boy has an excellent drawing-master," said Kadden, as he handed the picture to his mother-in-law, and took the sly little giver on his knee.

"That is the picture in our nursery," said Elise, with the greatest delight.

"Give it to me," said the grandpapa. "I shall be the best judge if it is that."

He took it in his hand, and drew little Friedrich to himself.

Elise admired the sketch with her father, who entered upon a serious discussion with the little artist.

"Quite right—there is the round hill—there are the round bushes; you made the bushes, Friedrich?"

The child nodded assent.

"Those are the two poplars; you made the strokes? What a luxuriant growth of branches!"

“The first is a Christmas-tree,” interrupted the little one.

“That is quite plain,” observed the grandpapa; “and you have made a beautiful sun for your grandmamma—the rays will please her so much—and what great smoke! The little boy, decidedly, did not manage the windows quite alone.”

Friedrich nodded, and pointed out to the grandpapa all that mamma had done. “The house, the girl with the geese, and all the fine strokes.”

“Yes, yes,” said the grandpapa, “you have a very clever mamma; some day, perhaps, she may equal my wise grandmamma.”

“Oh!” said Kadden, “this winter Elizabeth has resumed all her pleasant studies, and I with her; we read English together, and play the piano.”

“I am so glad you can read English,” said Elise, much pleased; “Elizabeth will not forget it, and her expensive lessons will not have been wasted.”

“Oh, no!” replied Elizabeth, proudly; “I shall soon teach the children myself.”

“Did you not study it together at the time of your betrothal?” asked the grandpapa.

“Yes,” answered Kadden; “but we discontinued it, because we never could agree about the pronunciation. My English must have been refreshed from having been laid by, as it is certainly better, and my teacher is very well satisfied with me.”

Elizabeth was slightly confused, for her grandpapa was looking at her very searchingly.

“At times I have some suspicions,” continued Kadden, that she is not strictly honest with her praise. I have often complained, when we are playing the piano, that she is not quite truth-loving. If we are out of time, she instantly declares that she has probably counted wrong; and if I am too evidently the guilty party, she assures me I have a difficult passage, and we had better play it more slowly. I believe I must seriously forbid it, or I shall grow at length quite confused. If she plays wrong, and is the real culprit, I am afraid she only says so; thus I am defrauded of my right.”

“Very good,” said the grandpapa; “now I see that I am not the only man who possesses a judicious wife.”

“I knew that it was all design, though,” continued Kadden, “for to-day she openly proposed to me, that we should only mutually praise each other.”

“No,” said Elizabeth, blushing; “I have done nothing designedly. I have simply done that which was most agreeable to me, and the plan that we should only praise each other came into my head to-day for the first time.”

“It is not so bad a proposal,” said the grandpapa.

“I am still right,” continued Elizabeth, turning to her grandpapa, playfully. “Men cannot bear the

least reproach. If they are really unkind, and one tells them so, matters become very critical."

"Lizzie!" warned Kadden.

"She is perfectly right," said the grandfather to him. "She is making general remarks, and no one need apply them to himself unless he feels compromised; for there are praiseworthy exceptions to every rule."

While they were talking thus playfully, Emily remained very serious. Though she liked praise better than blame, she could not quell the thought, "What can be the end of it, if these two people are only to praise each other?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

A SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

MEANWHILE it grew dark. First Cecilia arrived, and then the remaining guests. The rooms were well lit, the tea-kettle was singing, and the company were in the most agreeable mood. The grandparents were persuaded to remain all the evening, and to return home by moonlight. While the grandmamma and the ladies had the best seats in the room, the gentlemen, with the exception of Schlosser and Stottenheim, sat upon a small sofa. Stottenheim must always have a confidential conversation with the ladies. His good taste helped him to carry it on in the right way with the present company; nor was his warm, yet serious, mood merely assumed. But his conversation was necessarily in a half-whisper, as Elizabeth was not to hear; and certainly this whispering was an especial pleasure to him. Elizabeth was very near him, making tea, and Cecilia was helping her to attend to her guests.

“What I have experienced in this room,” observed

Stottenheim, "I shall never forget. I can seriously assure you it has made another man of me. Your daughter," he observed to Elise, "is worthy of reverence—yes, reverence—though she is so young."

Emily was silent; Stottenheim's fashion of talking was insupportable to her. But Schlosser and Elise, by their friendly questions and remarks, drew more and more from the narrator. He described to them many little scenes from the sick-room, with an enthusiasm and emotion, such as no pen could do justice to. Elise, who had never exactly trusted to the representations of her good parents, listened with quiet joy. Emily noticed how often her eye rested upon her child with loving admiration—the child of her anxiety—and her untranquil heart was ill at ease. God had not rejected the prayers of the weak and wavering mother. He had shown compassion instead of justice. He had strengthened the mother through the sorrow of the daughter, for Elise had suffered indescribably through the past year; and though Emily had perhaps been a useful friend to her, she had neither been a sympathizing nor a loving one. Now the mother was full of joy, there was no farther ground for anxiety; now she had only her son-in-law to look upon with some doubt, in which Emily confirmed her. Through little whispered remarks, they mutually directed each other's attention to Kadden. How pleasure-loving he was becoming, how intimate and merry with his comrades. If this worldly life was to

begin again, all the blessings of illness were risked. Such was the judgment of both. Schlosser ought to profit by this opportunity, and enter into a serious conversation with the young officers. Then, perhaps, it would be easier for Kadden to make some confession, that would be henceforth a barrier of separation between him and them. But Schlosser was inconceivably tranquil, the grandfather still more so. Both ladies regretted Aunt Julia was not here. She would have paved the way for a serious discussion, for she neither lacked words nor courage.

Schlosser now advanced to the young officers, and Kadden said to him, playfully—

“Sit here, Schlosser, for you partly belong to us, as you married a soldier’s daughter.”

“I am not afraid,” replied Schlosser, good-humouredly.

“Nor are we afraid of him,” said Kadden, in the same tone; “he is a true colleague of Pastor Kurtius, if he is not worse.”

“We respect the Pastor Kurtius highly,” said one of the eldest among them, “and have no fear of him.”

Emily and Elise listened attentively to these remarks, and Emily said, “It will be extraordinary if Schlosser does not go on now.” But he appeared to have no intention of doing so, for he merely answered “that Kurtius was an excellent man.” But the ever-officious Stottenheim came to his help, for he was longing to let his own light shine; and turning to his

comrades, with an imposing air, he observed, "If you respect the man, my dear friends, you should not so often blame his preaching."

"If we do not agree with him, we cannot praise it," answered again the oldest officer, who was upright and excellent as Kadden ere he was betrothed, had the same self-satisfaction, the same notions of heaven and a good conscience, the same unpeaceful present and hopeful future, with the gray nothing beyond.

"But why are you not agreed," urged Stottenheim; "because you are proud, and do not choose to hear of the grace he preaches."

"There is something to me very weak in speaking so much of grace, instead of striving in a manly, courageous spirit, and approving oneself by one's deeds," answered the officer, with nonchalance.

Stottenheim attempted to reply to this, but fell into hopeless confusion.

As the grandpapa and Schlosser were still silent, Kadden naturally took up the subject.

"Courageous man!" said he, playfully; "do you think it beneath your dignity to bow before the majesty of our King, to humble yourself before him, if desirous of some special favour, and yet to live in his service, and to fight against his enemies as a brave, courageous soldier."

"No, I consider that in nowise beneath my dignity," was his comrade's answer.

"Good!" said Kadden; "but what is the earthly sovereign beside the heavenly One. Don't take it

amiss, but it seems to me inconsiderate, to say the least, that a poor human being, who owes everything to the almighty Creator of heaven and earth, cannot bring himself to bow before Him."

"I do it in my way," said the officer.

"In what way?"

"I believe in Him, and reverence Him in my heart;—do you take me for an Atheist?"

"No; but if you will not be offended, you act exactly like the present Constitutionals: you allow the Heavenly King to exist, because He does so by long-established usage; you would not set Him aside as the Democrats do; you would give Him due honour, but He must not govern or command as a Sovereign; you prefer ruling yourselves. And so it happens with you as with the constitutional Philisters. Because such a mere puppet-monarch cannot really be honoured at heart, you have not the courage to oppose his enemies, to acknowledge him, and to stand up for his honour. No! if I bear the King in my heart, and believe in Him, I will deny Him to no one. And as I know you are not deficient in bravery, I can only think the King of heaven and earth is not a living one in your heart."

The ladies listened to the discussion attentively. Elise pressed Emily's hand in her happy excitement: the latter was listening in strained expectation.

The elder officer now resumed the subject with much animation. "If we fairly enter upon the sub-

ject, I must reply, that it would scarcely avail me to acknowledge this King; He seems to be set aside from His throne by the so-called faithful, as they are perpetually speaking now of their Lord Jesus Christ."

"Because they are both one," replied Kadden; "and because, by Christ, we first come to the Father."

"My feelings rise up against this," said his friend.

"My pride, my feeling of honour," added Kadden, who knew well from experience.

His friend nodded assent. "There is something so absurd, so superfluous, in the idea! Why can I not come at once to God? Why must I first obtain an Advocate and Mediator?"

"Why cannot every subject come to the king?" asked Kadden. Why may subjects not do this and that? Why may a good soldier not inquire wherefore this or that is commanded? Why are there poor and rich, masters and servants, in the world? Why might all our circumstances in this earthly kingdom perplex us with a 'wherefore?' Because it is the will of Him who has created and ordered all things. This world is but a type of the eternal; if such 'wherefores' perplex us in things of this earth, still more must they perplex us in those that are above, which the weak human spirit cannot comprehend; and there is nothing left for us created beings but to yield to the will of the Lord, who made us. If some poor beggar scorned an earthly monarch, thought his orders superfluous, and fancied that they wounded his pride and independence, we

should regard it as madness ; yet hundreds and thousands of human beings are no less mad in regard to their Heavenly King. God has created us His children, but He has not constrained us to obey Him ; He invites us to come to Him of free love ; He warns us to reject the evil, and to choose the good ; and this is a struggle that we must fight out. And as God invites us to come to Him out of free love, so, too, His free love provided for us the redemption ; because we cannot war against evil in our own strength, and, despite the best will, know not how to walk in His ways. We must either believe in the Holy Scriptures,—the book that offers us the help and grace of redemption,—or attempt the struggle against sin and death in our own strength. Most men try the last, and are lost thereby. They ask, ‘ Why do we need a redemption ? why cannot we become happy by our own power ? ’ The answer, ‘ Because it is not the will of God, ’ appears absurd to them.”

“ Oh, no ! ” interrupted his comrade ; “ we recognise a Redeemer in Christ. We Christians stand above all other people who know not His teaching : it is that which makes us nobler and wiser.”

The disputants now went on with the usual evasions, that Christ was the noblest and wisest of men, the perfect pattern in all things, and the loftiest of teachers ; but He was only a man, and was now dead ; therefore His power and help had come to an end. The other young people spoke on this head, and were all agreed.

Kadden allowed them to speak quite quietly ; but as

Schlosser and the grandfather were silent, he once more resumed.

“No, Christ was not merely the best man. He is either the Son of God from eternity, who sits at the right hand of the Father, and governs with Him; or, He is a liar, and deceiver, and blasphemer. You have no alternative.”

“Kadden!” exclaimed the elder officer, reproachfully.

“Now, Schlosser, find me the passages where Christ speaks of Himself,” said Kadden.

Schlosser began, and between them the following verses were read:—“I and the Father are one.” “I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” “Before Abraham was, I am.” “And now glorify thou me, O Father, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world began.” “All power is given unto me in heaven and earth.” “That all may honour the Son, as they honour the Father.”

“Who ventures so to speak?” asked Kadden. “Either He is Truth; or, what should you call the man who appropriated to Himself the honour and attributes of God?”

The officers had nothing to reply, only the eldest observed, “We are no theologians, and do not know the Bible so exactly.”

“That is just what I wanted to hear,” said Kadden; “in past times, it was just the same with me. I knew nothing of the Scriptures, and took my notions

from the conversation of unbelievers, and maintained what seemed to me suitable and reasonable. But one cannot stop there. The question, Whether the Lord Jesus Christ be a deceiver, or the Son of God, one cannot escape from—there is no alternative. This question is submitted to all; and who has the hardihood to say, ‘He is a deceiver, a blasphemer.’ If I must acknowledge Christ to be the Son of God; if I believe in Him, as I do in the Father; if I accept His counsel of love, and the grace of redemption, then I must hearken to His commands. I must search and inquire what these commandments are; and if I know them, I must have courage to obey them; I must be at least as brave a soldier for Christ, as I should be for my earthly king.”

“Kadden, you are quite right,” said Stottenheim, with the air of a competent judge; “and it is well to speak sometimes on these subjects. I know, at first, such thoughts were insupportable to me; I was always uneasy; but he who will have peace, must first have war.”

“And he who will have peace, must have courage,” added Kadden. “As you have advanced so far, Stottenheim, that you know the Lord’s will, and have a desire to perform it, you should certainly have sufficient courage not to deny Him to the world, and quietly put aside all conflicts.”

“My dear friend,” said Stottenheim, doubtfully, “we must not go too far.”

“ Exactly as I spoke,” observed Kadden, “ before I knew the Lord, or desired to know Him ; and when I first knew Him, I hoped I could have Him in my heart, but still live with the world ; I was afraid of going too far. An over-prudent, suspicious, timid warrior will never be much honoured by us soldiers ; and if I am once opposed to the enemy, I would rather be madly bold than timid ; nor is that really difficult, for the victory is certain—we have an invincible Lord for our ally.”

“ Each one strives after his fashion,” said Stottenheim, now ready to avoid the subject.

“ Yes ; but he must strive uprightly, and serve uprightly. What monarch would have a soldier who would be with him to-day, and to-morrow with the enemy. What do you think ?” he said, turning to his comrades. And the chief speaker replied—

“ Kadden is perfectly right ; if I thought as he does, I would resolutely act upon it.”

“ I will never carry the enemy’s colours,” exclaimed Kadden ; “ I will never come under the suspicion of belonging to him, though the colours may be innocent enough in themselves.”

“ What do you mean by that ?” asked Stottenheim.

“ All that the world does and carries on are its colours ; and one cannot too decidedly renounce its opinions and practices. He who searches the Bible diligently cannot withstand the truth. It stands there—‘ He that saith I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar.’ ”

Kadden ceased, and the grandfather added—

“ ‘He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked,’ for ‘there is no other salvation, no other name given unto men, whereby we can be saved, but Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ ‘The word of the cross is foolishness to those who are lost; but to those who are saved, the power of God.’”

“Dear Kadden, you are become an excellent theologian,” observed Schlosser.

“I have had so much time to study it this winter,” replied Kadden.

“Yes,” observed Stottenheim; “Kadden is a real searcher of the Scriptures.”

“And Stottenheim was obliged to profit by it,” said Kadden, sportively.

“Ah, yes!” I was his patient public, for very often he was not content with reading to himself. In everything that he takes in hand, he is a Hothead.”

“We must both warn him to be more tranquil,” said the grandpapa, to Stottenheim. “I was obliged to threaten him with his old name in the autumn, before he studied theology.”

No word of this conversation had been lost by the ladies. Emily sat with glowing cheeks, constrained at last to yield. But it was inconceivable that she should have been so mistaken; that her husband and the grandparents should have been right. And yet the slightest doubt was no longer possible; a man

that so frankly and powerfully acknowledged his opinions; a man who was naturally so proud and imperious, was not likely, from fear of man, or from fear of any earthly considerations, to draw back from his standard. Elise had clasped Emily's hand, but she said nothing; but she felt she should have courage henceforth to speak openly to her son-in-law, to say all that was in her heart. The words of her favourite song rung in her soul—

“ It is not difficult to be
A Christian, in the Spirit, walking steadily.

“ Put all thy care and sorrow far apart;
Ah! why should fear and grief thy soul be weakening?
Arouse the faith that slumbers in thy heart,
Else will thy unbelief be ever deepening.
If to thy Father thou thy misery tell,
All will be well.

“ Forward, my soul! Why linger still?
Go as a child to God, without delaying;
Enjoy their sweet repose who do His will,
And walk in peace with Him, no halt, no straying;
Cast all thy care, the grief that makes thee moan,
On Him alone.”

Cecilia was sitting by the grandmamma, who had taken her hand. She felt a quiet interest in the young girl, and was affectionate enough to show it. Elizabeth took her favourite place—a footstool—before her grandmamma, near to her mother and Emily. Her head had been turned towards the gentlemen, to whose conversation she was listening; but now she looked at her grandmamma, and said—

“ We two have the best husbands in the world, grandmamma. You know I always said my husband should some day, at any rate, be like grandpapa.”

Her grandmamma nodded; and Elizabeth, though she had resolved to be very circumspect with Emily, could not refrain from saying—

“ Now, dear Emily, confess that you rejoice over my husband; you would not believe how happy I am; and I know so assuredly that life will ever be gladder and fairer.”

Emily nodded kindly, and the grandmamma repeated—

“ Yes, with Christ, life is ever gladder and fairer.”

Emily rose—she was burning hot—and walked to the window, and gazed on the pure, starry heavens. She heard a voice in her heart, “ The proud are not pleasing in His sight, but the prayers of the humble and lowly are acceptable to Him; and God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.” Suddenly her husband was at her side; he said nothing, but took her hand kindly, as though he would make it easier for her to speak. She understood him, and hearkened to the voice, “ God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.”

“ Ah! Wilhelm,” she faltered, “ Christ came for the virtuous, and for those who are light and joyous; but He came for proud and loneless hearts also.”

Her husband looked at her, much moved; and this little confession lightened each heart.

The evening guests were gone, and Schlosser and Emily rose to go to rest. Elizabeth wished them good-night, and looked at Emily with as much affection and gladness in her heart's eyes, as though she had always been her best friend. Again Emily heard the voice, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." She could not help embracing Elizabeth, and saying, with tears—

"Pardon me, dear Elizabeth, all that has grieved and vexed you." Then, turning to Kadden, she said, imploringly, "I do not know whether you can forgive me."

Kadden was so taken by surprise, that at first he made no answer; but afterwards he shook hands with her, and said, kindly, "We will learn to bear with each other better, dear Emily."

"God grant it," added Schlosser, and then left the room with his wife.

As soon as Elizabeth was alone with Kadden, she said, with emotion, "I am so glad that she believes in my happiness at last."

Another week passed. Elizabeth's visitors had been gone for several days, and she was walking in the garden with her children. It was growing colder, yet the weather was wonderfully beautiful, when suddenly the wind-music was heard in the distance, and Elizabeth looked up to the clear blue heavens. Oh, how heart-moving were those tones! She sprang up the steps, and soon stood at the old window. Her

husband had gone to the exercise to-day with his regiment for the first time; and she was waiting in some anxiety to see if the dear old greeting would again be hers. She saw the sun flashing on the bright cuirasses; and as the brilliant procession came nigher, she drew back behind the curtains—her timid, longing heart beat so rapidly. There he was, the noblest form among them; would he look up? Yes; he turned his head, glanced up, and bowed. She stood with folded hands, gazed into the clear blue heavens, heard the peering tones from the far distance; she thought of the past, of her bride-love, of Wangeroge, of her prayers and yearnings. Can the Lord work wonders? can He restore again a faded bride-love? Yes, He can; He is our Help and Comfort in all need, if we have only implicit faith. According to the measure of faith that we bring, will be the granting of our prayers. If we come with divided heart and absent mind, we receive but scant measure; we must not be surprised if we go forth no richer than we came. The Lord said Himself, “Be it unto you according to your faith.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING-DAY.

THE 11th of May 1855 was an exquisitely lovely spring day; the weather seemed to be preparing for the approaching festival—the golden wedding-day of the grandparents. Elizabeth had found plenty to do. The old gray house, with the escutcheon over the doors, the little windows, and large rooms, was prepared for the reception of many guests. Elizabeth, too, was to receive a part of them. The well-known room with the balcony was prepared for those highly respected individuals, the Aunts Wina and Paula; others, for her parents and sisters. Elizabeth was nearly ready with her arrangements, when the trumpets pealed in the distance. It was always a delight to the children; but Elizabeth had been obliged to give up the shy drawing behind the curtains; the little company was too numerous. She had her youngest little girl in her arms, and four sweet little faces round her, gazing through the windows, as the splendid pro-

cession came past. The stateliest of all the officers looked joyfully on his riches; he was a happy man. Elizabeth gave the little one to the elder children, and hastened to Johanna in the balcony-room to give some orders. From the window she saw her husband ride into the court, with the same joyful heart-beating as nine years ago; and as he rapidly sprang up the steps, she hastened to meet him. As she entered the sitting-room, he was standing among the children, who were besieging him with questions and prattle; each one vying with another who should shout the loudest, in order to be first heard.

“What a nest of impatient sparrows!” exclaimed their papa, as Elizabeth entered.

He turned to her, and for a moment the storm was allayed, till Friedrich began, more softly—

“Papa, the cakes are already there.”

“Papa, they have taken the sofa out of our nursery into the great balcony-room,” interrupted little Otto.

“Papa, you have no looking-glass in your room; mamma has really taken it away.”

“Papa, may I show you a whole windowful of roast-meat?” entreated little Lizzie.

There was great peril that the twittering would get the upper hand, the preparations for the visitors were so very interesting to the little sparrows; but as mamma had something to tell, and he could not understand her, he commanded silence. And now

Elizabeth stood prattling before him, winning as the children; but she had her kingdom to herself, and could speak more easily. He listened attentively; but she saw by his face that he had the greatest inclination to laugh. She was not in the least perturbed, but gave a full account of her famous preparations and skilful contrivances.

“And now I want you to hang up the new pictures in the aunts’ room; we did not attempt it, because we knew we should not do it exactly enough to please you.”

“True!” replied Kadden; “you can do everything beautifully, my sweet Lizzie, but you cannot hang up pictures with due exactness.”

“At any rate, I will leave it for you,” she replied. “In return, you must come with me into the new bed-room and the larder; you must admire my capital cakes, and other beautiful things.”

“I will make over the office to Friedrich,” replied Kadden; “Friedrich, go with your mamma, taste all the cakes, and other beautiful things, and bring me an exact account of them.”

Friedrich was extremely willing. The other sparrows wished for some work to do, and the twittering again became so overpowering, that it was fortunate they were summoned to table, as there, once for all, no noise might be made. They sat with folded hands, quiet and still; the papa said grace. It was a lovely scene, suggestive of the words—“Blessed is the man who fears the Lord.”

In the afternoon, by the time all was ready, the pictures hung up, and the cakes admired, the guests arrived; Schlosser and the Privy Councillor, with the grown-up children, on foot, through the young wood, and paths strewed with blossoms—a most lovely walk; they were more to be envied than the four ladies shut up in the close carriage. Again the aunts, Wina and Paula, stood in the balconied room, at the open window, took off their caps, and refreshed themselves in the cool air. This time they were in no suspense or troubled expectation about their visit here; they knew perfectly well the family life. The summer after Kadden's illness, when they paid another visit, which passed to their entire satisfaction, Elizabeth was really, as both sisters agreed, a considerate, grateful child, now that she perceived how much she was indebted to her aunts; her whole behaviour was affectionate and respectful. If she ever fell back into the old tone, her husband knew how to call her attention to it so gently, that the clever Aunt Wina soon remarked, and acknowledged openly, that Herr von Kadden best understood how to deal with their indulged favourite. On their first visit, too, after his illness, Elizabeth told them again, they were not to fancy her husband was always in a sugar-and-water mood. He had his own affairs to attend to, and had neither time nor inclination to be always thinking of her. Sometimes he was irritable and angry with his people, and she never then interfered from any absurd impression

that she could manage him, but waited tranquilly till he was again in a good humour; and for this she could wait the more tranquilly, because she was busied in her own happy calling, and because she knew well that his moods did not really affect her. Elizabeth uttered this from real conviction, as her aunts plainly felt; and Wina expressed her approbation in a series of lofty sentences. Whether the different moods of her husband were difficult or easy for her to bear, she kept to herself. Her aunts would not have understood her if she had said, "There are conflicts in every wedded life, but in a Christian one they are not perilous."

The aunts came almost every year, and were more and more convinced of Elizabeth's happiness; and their love for her, and their respect for their ever-honoured nephew, were ever on the increase. Even the decidedly opposite views, that never came before them more strongly than in Kadden's individuality, they called in this household "harmonious." Aunt Wina declared she held the same opinions, and had done so from her youth up; and Paula shed tears of emotion whenever there was some little touching scene with the children.

The good aunts were ten years older. The glittering light of their pleasant life, their society, their æsthetic and poetic enjoyments, now merely played on the surface of a dreary gray. They often felt lonely and forsaken. They had the dreary, old-maid sorrow

in their hearts, without any prospects of peace. Therefore to be even in the occasional vicinity of that peace was an unspeakable refreshment.

Elizabeth's clear voice now summoned them to the garden, where a table was set with coffee, and, to the infinite delight of the children, the testing of the cakes was conscientiously to be performed now. It was, in truth, most pleasant here, and the happy grand-mamma Elise looked thankfully over the white blossoms up to the blue heavens.

After a time appeared Stottenheim, who, having married Cecilia, allowed Kadden to take him in tow, and was a happy, if a very talkative man. Yet Cecilia's influence, and that other influence that was acting upon his life, was ever more perceptible. Since he had left off striving to be everywhere the most useful member of the human race, and had confined himself to his own house and his own little circle, his thoughts were not so unconnected and trifling. His many good qualities, his good humour, and excellent understanding, deserved respect; and Kadden, despite their great dissimilarity, ever remained his true friend. Stottenheim now came as an ambassador from his wife. Schlosser and Elizabeth's eldest brother were to be quartered at his house, and he wished to assure them personally how welcome they would be; after which his conversation was exclusively addressed to his old friends, the respected aunts Wina and Paula; and, as they used to discourse

formerly of "the reality of life," and their sensible and pleasant ideas of this same reality, so now he spoke of the happiness of his domestic life; of his unusually precocious little girl; of his gentle, affectionate helpmate; and of that peace, so far surpassing reason and reality, that can alone bless the soul. This fashion of prating, as Emily called it, was to her so utterly insufferable, that every time she met Stottenheim, it was to herself an unsolved problem how she had been able to listen to him, and to answer his questions patiently. She certainly acknowledged in her heart, and readily to her husband, that Christ came also for good-natured and superficial people. She understood that Stottenheim had received but one talent, therefore the Lord would require but little of him.

Before sunset, the whole company went to walk in the pleasant common. It was a refreshing May evening. Elizabeth again gathered lovely wild flowers with her sisters; and her husband had no cause to be jealous of the young ladies, but was himself a most affectionate and attentive brother-in-law. When they came to the end of the green furrows, they all sat down on one somewhat higher than the rest, and began to sing. To Elizabeth's delight, Kadden started the Lorelei—

"I know not what it forebodeth."

—and Friedrich and his little sisters joined in at—

"That I am dull and drear."

They knew the song well, for papa always sang it

when he was very merry. Then the whole young choir sang alone—

“ It is the law of God for all,
That men from what they dearest call
Must sever.”

—and as they returned, one beautiful song followed another, till they closed with the sisters' favourite, the lovely song of Knapp, their own townsman—

“ Oh that I might flee ! might flee !
That my Saviour I might see.
My soul is filled with longings sore,
To cling to Him for evermore,
Near the great white throne to be.

“ Glorious light ! glorious light !
Breaking through the clouds with might,
For Thee my yearning spirit faints.
Ah ! when shall I with all the saints
Gaze upon Thy radiance bright ?

“ Ah ! how clear, sweet and clear,
The angel's song : far, far from here
I fain would wing my upward flight
O'er hill and vale, to Zion's height,
In His presence to appear.

“ What will be, what will be,
Salem's glories, Lord, to me ?
The city, with its streets of gold.
My God, how shall this weak heart hold
Joy, such joy as then shall be ?

“ Paradise ! Paradise !
Sweet and costly beyond price.
Thy fruit, thy tree of life will seem
A vision, in some blessed dream.
Bring us, Lord, to Paradise !”

The following day was like that 12th of May in the year 1805. The heavens were singularly bright, the young wood dewy and fragrant, the blossoms silvery-white, the auriculas splendidly attired in their many-coloured velvet garments; and from the fresh dewy turf glanced hundreds and thousands of bright, clear little eyes, flashing like glossy silks and precious stones. In the early, cool morning beams, two people walked over the common, under the shady maples that overhung the stream, to the green fir-hills. They did not walk with so light a step as fifty years ago, yet they were firm and active. They sat on the heights, and gazed down on the lovely blossoming earth, and looked up to the clear, peaceful blue of the heavens; and though they were less inclined to talk to-day than fifty years ago, they were still happier.

“ Ah! dear Fritz,” said the golden bride, “ we have much to thank God for; in what a circle shall we celebrate our happy festival. Now, I would gladly lay aside every earthly care, and however dear to me may be the pleasant voices of young and old in our house, we shall gladly return to our quiet life again; and, ere long, look down from our perfect peace on children and children’s children.”

The golden bridegroom was quite agreed with her. They were both standing now, in blissful expectation, at the doors of heaven.

As they returned, the whole household was in motion. All the children, great and little, were sum-

moned to dress, in readiness for church. Aunt Julia was to-day the active bride-mother; she received the golden bride, and went to assist in dressing her, whereupon all disappeared to their chambers, and the house was still.

The bridegroom was soon standing alone in the quiet sitting-room, in holiday attire, with the golden myrtle-bouquet in his breast. He stood at the window, and thought of their former days, when he was waiting, glad and full of yearning, for his youthful bride. Had that longing and expectation been fulfilled? He was lost in the remembrance of her blooming, youthful form, when the door was softly opened, and she entered. Her fine, graceful figure was the same: her carriage was upright and easy; she was dressed in bridal white; but her rich white silken shawl and lace trimmings almost veiled her. Her head-dress was a small white cap, and the golden wreath. He looked at his beloved bride, now the dear, true mother, with her pure forehead, and the same large childlike eyes and delicate features. Tears came to his eyes as he clasped her tenderly in his arms.

“I thank you for all your unfailing goodness, your love and truth,” he said; “I can never repay you; but the Lord himself has already rewarded you.”

She could make no reply, but she looked at him, through tears, so affectionately and gratefully, as though she would have said, “You have ever been the best, the dearest, the truest of husbands.”

“And with regard to the growing prettier, it is quite right,” he observed, after a pause; “I could not have imagined you would look so pretty.”

She laughed, and believed it.

They now went to the sofa and took their usual places, under their own youthful portraits; what was their surprise at seeing, on the opposite wall, their counterparts, in handsome gilt frames—a youthful wife, and an officer in the cuirassiers. “Otto! Elizabeth!” exclaimed the grandparents, in joyful surprise.

The grandmamma had long expressed the wish to have their portraits. “If I am ever confined to the room, and you are transplanted,” she once said to Elizabeth, “I should like to have your portraits.” Elizabeth had not delayed the fulfilling of this wish; and, at the same time, she had begged that the portraits of the grandparents might be bequeathed to herself. For the present, they were hung on opposite walls, and looked affectionately at each other.

At that moment Uncle Karl entered, in a black dress-suit, with gray head and stooping shoulders. He was but seventy-eight, two years older than the grandpapa, but he looked much older than the robust bridegroom. He had almost lost his hearing, but he attended to the farming as far as possible. His eldest nephew, Wilhelm, who was lately appointed to be Counsellor of Administration at Woltheim, was now an ever-ready assistant. The grandmamma now led him to the new portraits, at which he was equally surprised

“ Our darling ! ” he exclaimed.

The grandmamma nodded.

“ You remember her, sister, twenty-five years ago.”

“ She is still the same dear child,” the grandmamma exclaimed, in his deaf ears. “ And as she formerly embraced the stools and tables in her overflowing affection,” she observed to her husband, “ she now clings to God.”

“ Yes ! and the heart of the grandmother is without anxiety,” he added.

As they now looked from the window, they saw their favourite walking by her husband’s side, through the garden. She had been there some time with her guests and children ; her husband was unable to leave so early ; therefore he rode over afterwards, and, as usual, walked with Elizabeth as far as the great plain, leading his horse by the bridle. They saw the grandparents at the window. Kadden gave his horse to a servant, and hastened with Elizabeth to greet the dear old pair. The grandmamma kissed him.

“ *Thou** art my own dear Otto,” she said, “ and henceforth must call me THOU, too, because thou art my dear son.”

* For those unacquainted with German, it may be well to mention, that “ Du ” (thou) has several applications. First, it is used to the Supreme Being, because on Him we bestow none of the worthless titles with which we decorate our fellow-creatures. Secondly, it is used to denote inferiority ; hence, to subordinates and little children. Thirdly, it implies affection, fondness ; thus parents address their children, brothers and sisters one another, intimate friends, and married people, as “ Du.” The Germans have a verb, “ dutzen,” to express the use of the second personal, answering to the French “ tutoyer.”—*Translator’s Note.*

He thanked her, happy as a little child; that loving heart had so long been a mother's to him.

The grandfather also saluted him as a dear son, and called him THOU for the first time.

Kadden told them how much he liked them the first time he saw them, and had a presentiment that he, the poor homeless man, would find a home and peace with them.

Elizabeth, ah! she was too happy to say more than she did twenty-five years ago—"I love you all so much."

Schlosser conducted the service at church; and all married people would do well to lay his discourse to heart. After this, several tables, festively decorated, received the guests.

Uncle Karl's purpose was unmistakeable, that everything to-day should be in the best style; and, so far as he was able, he was an attentive host. He had put old Friedrich into a new livery, that he, too, might properly celebrate the day. For the last few years, he had been Uncle Karl's personal attendant and constant companion. It was no trial to him, for his old horses were dead, and he could not be reconciled to the young pair, which were swift and spirited, and mostly used by the young Counsellor. He was the head-waiter at the wedding-table to-day; and as he had accustomed himself to speak very loudly, on account of the Uncle's deafness, his extremely precise and polite fashion of talking was heard on all sides, and gave especial

amusement to the younger part of the company. Kadden took the seat by Emily's mother. The General had been dead several years, and she passed her widowhood in great retirement and stillness. To-day, it gave her especial pleasure to speak of her beloved husband, and the years they had passed together. Kadden, too, was no longer a mere soldier in earthly uniform—he was a soldier of Christ. Kadden much liked the conversation of this amiable and gifted woman. One great subject of their discourse was, the entering into society from weakness, and the fear of man, and such petty considerations, or the doing the same from motives of duty and respect to the position in which God often places His children in the world; also the singularity of the fact, that the world forebodes and knows how every one stands with regard to it. That Kadden neither frequented clubs, theatres, concerts, or balls, astonished no one; or if some necessity led him there, alone, or with his wife, every one knew why he came. The well-meaning and sensible among his comrades valued and respected him the more for his candour and decision, and went to his house with pleasure, though there was no card-table for their amusement, and a serious conversation was sometimes unavoidable. If, on a musical evening, Elizabeth could not help singing some favourite choral she had lately practised with her husband and their religious friends, their other guests listened with pleasure; and Kadden was

fully convinced that, in reliance on God and the Holy Spirit, and with true good-will and affection to our brethren, we can speak out plainly that which is dearest and most precious to our souls. That the Bonsaks were removed was very pleasant to them, and still more so to Stottenheim and Cecilia. Adolfine was married, and led such a life as might be expected from a pupil of Frau von Bandow. The elder sisters, who were fast becoming sentimental aunts, were occasional visitors at Braunhausen ; and it was the great problem of Stottenheim's life, as he lived to declare, how to convert them. Colonel Bonsak's successor, if not a decidedly religious man, was far more serious and thoughtful than his predecessor, and his wife evidently preferred the little faithful circle at Braunhausen. She asked Elizabeth to tell her in what charitable works she could best take a share ; had been introduced to Kurtius and Bornes in a large party at Kadden's ; after which, she expressed much pleasure at having made their acquaintance, and had given large contributions to missions. Kadden ended his little relation to the General's wife by a remark, with which she quite agreed, that the times were much changed since 1848 ; that it is far easier for the young people to acknowledge their opinions openly to the world ; all the danger now is on the other side, that they will be too ready to bring forward their views.

After the pleasant banquet, the whole company went to enjoy the exquisite May evening in the

garden ; and when they were once more assembled in the sitting-room, it was proposed that singing should close the festival. The grandparents sat on the sofa, children and children's children, relations and friends, sat or stood around, while Aunt Julia presided at the piano.

“ We have sung many beautiful songs to-day,” said the grandpapa, kindly, “ and naturally songs of praise and thanksgiving ; for, if we look back to the past, we have so much for which to praise and glorify God. And now, at the close of the festival, when we need God's help to meet the future, I would sing one more song with all my dear ones, one that is deep in my soul. With that song I would stand one day at the gates of heaven, with my beloved partner ; with that song, which is our prayer, may you all one day stand there. He who can utter it from his heart will not be rejected. The best farewell with which I can dismiss my dear ones is, that God may fulfil it to us all.”

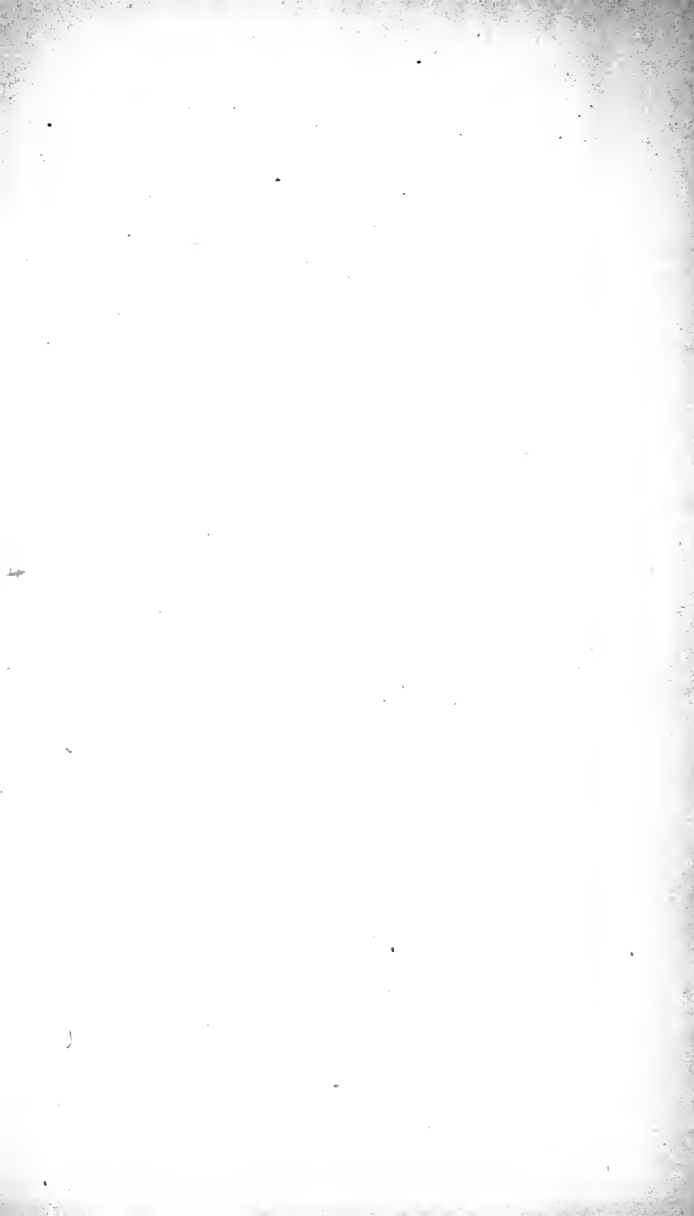
“ In deep distress, to Thee I call,”

he commenced, and all joined in with deeply moved hearts. Ah ! it was indeed a beautiful conclusion to their glad festival—

“ And though it last until the night,
And onward to the morrow,
My heart shall trust to God's dear might,
And know nor care, nor sorrow.
The good and loving Shepherd He,
Who will His Israel set free
From every care and sorrow.”

Emily was standing with Schlosser at a window, and Elizabeth and Kadden, by chance, were near them. Emily held her husband's hand, and sang with much feeling, for she trusted one day to stand at the heavenly gates with that song in her heart, but the way before her did not look easy. Elizabeth sang with clear, sweet voice, while leaning against her husband, so confidently, so lovely, so full of hope and joyous anticipation, as though she were shielded from all the sorrows of life. And she was, in truth, with the husband whom her soul loved. Now his happiness was included in her own; they had both one Lord, one Saviour, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Amen.

THE END.



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