not clear, Mademoiselle?" said the devotee four hours' time you would be reduced to to her niece.

"Pardon me; I do not understand you, Madame," replied Adrienne, with an air of surprise. "Mademoiselle, who honours me with her friendship, has consented to be present at our interview; I say she has consented, for she must have a great degree of affectionate condescension to reign herself, for my sake, to hear all the kind and charming things which you have no doubt come to acquaint me with."

"But, Mademoiselle!" said the Princess. "Permit me to interrupt you, Madame," replied Adrienne, in as pleasant a tone as if she had been paying her aunt the most fattering compliments. "In order to place you at once on terms of confidence with Mademoiselle, I must inform you that she is acquainted with all the holy frauds and all the pious atrocities of which you tried to make me the victim; therefore I hope this will banish your delicate and interesting modesty." "Indeed!" said the Princess, with a sort

of angry amazement; "I know not whether I am asleep or awake."

"Oh! Madame!" replied Adrienne, with mair of alarm, " the doubt you express as to the state of your faculties is disquieting; the blood, no doubt, is flowing to your head, for your face is very red; you seem oppressed perhaps there are no males here perhaps you are too tight-leed, Madame?"

The Princess became the colour of crimson; and she said, in sitting down, abruptly, "Well, Mademoiselle, I prefer this reception to any other; it places me at my ease; on terms of confidence. as you say." "Just so, Madame," replied Adrienne,

smiling; "we can at least frankly say what we have on our minds; this for you must have the charm of novelty; therefore, between ourselves, you will acknowledge that you are indebted to me for enabling you to take off, for a moment, that troublesome mask of kindness and devotion which must weigh so heavily on you."

"A thousand thanks, Mademoiselle, for your excellent sentiments and intentions. toward me; I appreciate them as I ought, and I hope, without further delay, to prove this to you.

"Go on then; go on, Madame; I am both eager and curious to hear you.

"And yet," said the Princess bitterly, "you are far from guessing what I am going to tell you."

"Indeed! I am afraid, Madame, that your candour and modesty mislead you," replied Adrienne, sarcastically, " for there are few things that I am not prepared to expect from you, Madame." "Perhaps, Mademoiselle. Suppose, for

example, I were to tell you, that in twenty-

poverty !"

This was so unexpected, that both Adrienne and the Mayeux started with surprise.

"Ah! Mademoiselle!" said the Princess, with a triumphant air, on observing the astonishment of her niece, "acknowledge that I have surprised you."

"Well, Madame, I frankly confess I am surprised, for I expected one of those acts of base malice, in which you excel. How could I expect you would make so great a display about such a trifle!"

"To be ruined-completely ruined! You, so lavish !- To see yourself deprived not only of your income, but of your hotel, your furniture, your horses, your jewels-everything, in short, even to that ridiculous attire of which you appear so vain-you call a trifle!'

Adrienne was about to reply; when the door was opened, and Djalma entered, without being announced. At the sight of the Prince, a proud expression of tenderness shone on the radiant countenance of Adrienne; and it would be impossible to describe the scornful look of triumphant happiness which she cast on Madame de St. Dizier, who could not conceal her astonishment at the arrival of the Indian.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD DEATH MIGHT DO.

If Death would come to show his face If Death would come to show his face As he dare show his power, And sit at every rich man's place Both every day and hour, He would amaze them every one To see him standing there, And wish that soon he would be gone From all their dwellings fair. Or, if that Death would take the pains To go to the water-side, Where merchants purchase golden gains To prank them up in pride, And bid them think upon the poor, Or else "1'll see you soon," There would be given then at their door Good alms both night and noon. If Death would take his daily course Where tradesmen sell their ware, His welcome, sure, would be more worse Than those of monies bare : It would affright them for to see His lean and hollow looks. If Death would say, "Come, show to me My reckoning in your books." If Death would through the markets trace Where Conscience used to dwell, And take but there a huckster's place, He might do wondrous well : High prices would abated be, And nothing found too dear; When Death should call " Come buy of me ''' 'Twould put them all in fear. (From the Roxburgh Collection of Ballads.)