

“Permit me,” she continued, “but I really think De Louven-court—ah! he is now in another sphere; but his *ci-devant* companions at the University, might be employed at more useful studies than such as consist in criticising the devout demeanor of the lady frequenters of either Notre Dame de Lorette or St. Thomas d’Aquin. They might then, at least, not have to plead guilty to the humiliating fact of spoiling the fair pages of ladies’ prayer books with such bad epigrams, as the following

LINES ON A FASHIONABLE PLACE OF WORSHIP.

“Here wordlings say the lie is given  
 To those whose cares to merit Heaven  
 Their wan austerities maintain,  
 As needful to celestial gain;  
 And blame this gentle-winding move  
 Of joys below tow’rd joys above;  
 Which, softly blending, seem to lure  
 The Heaven and Earth in clare-obscure;  
 Or bridge them o’er with easy stairs,  
 For those who, when Hell’s chasm scares,  
 Devoutly kneel to say—no pray’rs!”

Madame d’Aumont had reached her hand to the ink-stand, and taking up the brightly gilt Manual which lay beside it, read the foregoing lines in a tone of voice bordering on a mock affectation of the comic. She had been taught English in early youth, and the elegance of her delivery was rendered still more interesting by the slight French accent with which her utterance was tinged. Hastening, however, to relieve her only auditor’s embarrassment, for the guilt he had perpetrated some months before was too confusedly apparent on his face, she gave him her note to M. Berryer, with a desire that he should lose no time in delivering it, as he might be gone to the *Chambre*. “And now,” said she, rising and going to the piano, “I have some difficult passages to practise for this evening, in Bellini’s ‘Norma.’ Good-bye, then, *à ce soir*,”

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)