

cheeks,—every feature of his noble face expressed emotion; I regarded him with delight. . . . Resting the fair, girlish head of my daughter, and the pretty infant face of my Arthur on his bosom—a group that united all the feelings, all the duties of my life,—my husband held out his hand to me, and said: "*Adrienne I am happy!*"

You know, Clemence, that word alone from the mouth of a revered and beloved husband is enough to repay the toils of a whole life; I have attained the object of mine, and, if God leaves me long here below, the memory of that delicious moment will strengthen me in the unavoidable troubles of every day;—union, repose, felicity; it was a glimpse of heaven!

Adieu! dear Clemence! Henri is come home for a long, long time; Juliette will never leave us, and we are all going to work at Arthur's education. Adieu

ADRIENNE.

