

name, and paused to shake hands, exchange a few words, advise me against exposure in that keen air, and reflect upon the true American carelessness, or vanity it may be, which had prevented my guarding my feet more effectually against the cold and damp. I thanked her, and she passed on; but I had little opportunity of showing her that her words were not lost upon me, for our stay in Paris was so short that we only met once more.

It was in the afternoon, somewhat past visiting hours, though several American gentlemen had not taken their leave, when Madame Lasteyrie called upon me. Our valet had left the ante-chamber for a moment, therefore she entered unannounced. At the first glimpse of that antiquated black silk bonnet, the rusty gray cloak, and clumsy wooden walking shoes, well bespattered with Paris *boue*, my friends with one accord rose to bid me good afternoon. I presented Madame Lasteyrie with a chair, and then said to a couple of them as they shook hands, "Stay, stay, I wish you would not go," accompanying my words with a glance which I intended should convey the idea that there was some especial reason for their remaining. The words and significant glance were, however, equally thrown away. Both gentlemen looked at me in surprise, gave another doubtful look at Madame la Marquise, who was quietly drying her thick over-shoes by the fire, and said, "Oh no, you have business—we will not interrupt you—good morning." They evidently mistook La Fayette's noble-hearted daughter for a *couturière* or an old *bonne*, or it may be some person of even less consequence. I was not more fortunate in making my wishes known to the other gentleman; he, as his companion had done, construed my words into mere civility, and seemed bent on imagining that there would be an im-

propriety in his resuming his seat, as I must have some private business with the good woman in the gray cloak.

They left me, and I had leisure to devote myself to Madame de Lasteyrie. Though I could not help regretting that my friends were either so obtuse, or that I could convey so little meaning by looks, which were intended to convey so much, I was probably the gainer by their absence. My kind friend was, unconsciously, induced to speak with frankness and feeling upon many subjects, on which she would not have dwelt before entire strangers. I succeeded in persuading her to give me a sketch of some of her little protégés, and the scenes of which her mode of life made her a daily witness. How much that was lovely, interesting, and touching had the alchemy of her kindly spirit extracted from sources which, to less generous hearts, presented nothing but the coarse, insipid, and even the revolting! She assured me that her visits amongst the poor afforded her indescribable happiness, and that her tastes for literature, social intercourse, and amusements, were rather sharpened than impaired thereby. What a mission on earth was hers! How blessed her life, spent in soothing the cares and alleviating the pains of suffering humanity, and in dispensing amongst the poor—what wealth cannot purchase for the rich—peace, cheerfulness and content!

It was with sincere regret that, after a long and animated conversation, I saw Madame Lasteyrie rise to bid me adieu. I was never so fortunate as to see her again. In a few weeks we left Paris, and with it many whose names are linked to a thousand pleasing associations, but few that left on my heart so sweet and lasting an impression as La Fayette's noble-souled daughter.

## THE TWICE TOLD SEAL.

THE MOTTO BEING "GOD BLESS YOU."

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

THE letter was a common one,  
A business letter too,  
Announcing some commission done,  
And thence its words were few.  
I read it idly, tossed it by,  
And then a pretty seal  
And kindly motto met my eye,  
That gave my heart to feel  
A something more than business air,  
As if for gentle dame  
A dash of chivalry were there,  
Half blending with her name,  
And made the slightest office seem  
A genial one to do—  
It might have been a woman's dream,  
Which she from knighthood drew;  
It might have been; perchance the seal  
Was carelessly applied—  
"God bless you," has a look of zeal,  
Of earnest truth beside—

I lingered on the words awhile;  
They always touch the heart,  
And oft, too oft, a tear beguile,  
When the beloved depart.  
Days passed away—the seal once more  
I read with sweet surprise—  
Not careless now, if so before,  
"God bless you" meets mine eyes;  
Some gentle hand the words again  
Beneath the seal repeats,  
And my heart feels nor idle, vain,  
The blessing that it meets.  
I know not whose the gentle hand,  
If ever pressed in mine,  
If often met in social band  
Where honor, truth combine;  
I only feel, howe'er unknown,  
Though drear life's path may be,  
A quiet joy that there is one  
Who thus remembers me.