

Blair, Mrs. Forget and Secord, between whom the honours of the ball-room were so undecided for long years—the first named a brunette of vivacious manner, a great favourite; tho' of late years living somewhat secluded owing to her husband's uncertain health, but flitting about the grounds of her pretty tree-embowered cottage surrounded by pet deer, dogs, and horses may often be seen.

Then the rising generation of "buds from the rosebud garden of girls" whom it would be a pleasant task to speak of—girls that are "mother's help;" full of happy hearted gaiety, whom no "hereditary humbug" could spoil, and on whose shoulders will fall the weight and pleasures of the future social duties which they are gracefully capable of sustaining.

MARY MARKWELL.

ONLY.

Only a little bird,
In a cage of lath and wire,
Brought yesternight, with a hoarded mite
From the seamstress' pitiful hire.

Only a girl as pale
As the linen o'er which she bends ;
A poor mean room, and a deepening gloom
On a city that holds no friends.

A song the angels might hear,
From the bird in its cage on the wall,
And clasped hands raised, as tho' she praised
The God who loveth all.

Only a woman's tears,
From eyes unused to weep ;
A lark's sweet song, a cadence strong,
And a memory roused from sleep.

H.R.H.