

below the angels in beauty and excellence! Candid and generous herself, she never suspected deceit in others. When she praised a friend, it was with all the honest zeal of a true, warm heart; and the artful flattery of the two-faced crew, who form the larger portion of society, was readily received as truth, by one who was incapable of falsehood. Her mother had ever been the bosom friend and confidant of her ardent, guileless child; and it was with feelings of conscious shame, that, in relating her visit to the ruins, she, for the first time in her life, concealed any event which had happened to her from her easy and too indulgent parent. This was the first false step of her life, and from it she might well date all the misfortunes which afterwards cast their baleful shadows upon the brief, bright dawn of her joyous youth. Mrs. Rosier was much pleased and interested in her account of the antiquary, and expressed a wish to improve his acquaintance. This circumstance helped to raise Mildred's drooping spirits; but when her mother's eye was off her, she again fell into a fit of gloom, and the tears unconsciously filled her eyes, as she asked herself the question—"Why did I promise him to conceal it from my mother?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MIDDLE CLASSES IN FRANCE.

The middle classes in France are very different from the middle classes in England. Here there are myriads belonging to the middle rank in life, who are the possessors of large fortunes, and live in a style of comfort, if not of splendour, with which even the aristocracy of France could never dream of competing. They have their handsome carriages, their studs of first-rate horses, their spacious and splendid residences; their ten or twelve servants, and all the other adjuncts with which we associate the idea of "making an appearance." In France, you see nothing like this among the middle classes, and exceedingly little of it even among the nobility. The middle classes in Paris consist of the more respectable shopkeepers, and of persons engaged in professional pursuits. Their incomes average from £250 to £400 a-year. On either sum, it is unnecessary to say, it would be impossible to live in what is called style; but the Parisians know not the want of any comfort, and yet always contrive to live within their means.—*Paris and its People, by the Author of "Random Recollections."*

George Colman being once asked if he knew Theodoros Hook—"Oh yes," was his reply; "Hook and I (eye) are old associates."

MY BEAUTIFUL—MY OWN!*

TO M. S.

Oh! life to me, unless by love of thine,
Were like a desert drear,
Where verdant spots are never known to smile,
Or cooling founts appear:
For I do love thee—in my brightest dreams
Your image dwells alone;
My hopes you gild, and bliss but through thee beams—
My beautiful, my own!

And I have felt, when glow'd ambition's flame,
And hop'd I much to rise,
That 'twould be bliss to win an honour'd name,
The praises of the wise;
Yet fancy e'en a picture drew the while,
Where joy more beaming shone;
It was that at my triumph you would smile—
My beautiful, my own!

And wander'd have I in the silent glade,
Where ran a gurgling stream;
The trees above me twined in verdant shade,
Beneath, was mossy green,
Where all was lovely, calm, from trouble free,
I thought of thee alone,
For all things bright and pure remind of thee—
My beautiful, my own!

And pluck'd I flowers—their sweetness and their glow,
Oh, they seem'd like to you!
And I have watch'd the stream's light, cheerful flow,
For it seem'd like thee too!
I've seen the ivy round the trees entwined,
Where no decay had shone,
And oh, it seem'd too like affection's thine,
My beautiful, my own!

Nor yet in happier scenes, where joy but cheers,
Did fancy turn to you;
In sorrow's hours, in disappointment's tears,
Oh, then I saw thee too!
And when I sank, depress'd, and like to fall,
Saw foes where friends had shone,
You smil'd—wert kind—and I was bless'd withal—
My beautiful, my own!

Then may I hope that mine one boon may be,
For love that thus is thine—
That you will live for, feel for, only me,
With love as deep as mine!
For though I've said I with—seen those o'er and o'er,
Who loved me, and alone,
Yet ne'er could I call one in life before,
My beautiful, my own!

ZADIG.

Toronto, January, 1841.

* The words "My beautiful, my own!" occur in Lord Byron's lines on the death of Unkle, as a quotation. I have also a faint recollection of having seen them at the head of some verses not long since, in some of the magazines. But as every one's "beautiful, his own," may not be alike, and still less may be his feelings towards her, I suppose I may be allowed to have mine, as well as my own peculiar feelings too. If the one or the other resembles anything that has been already written on the same words, I am unconscious of it.