

# THE HEARTHSTONE

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No. 3.

## IT SNOWS.

BY MRS. HALE.

"It snows!" cries the school-boy—"Hurrah!" and his shout  
Is rising through parlor and hall,  
While swift as the wing of the swallow he's out,  
And his playmates have answered his call.  
It makes the heart warm but to witness their joy—  
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,  
Like the rapture that burns in the blood of the boy.  
As he gathers his treasures of snow:  
Then lay out the trappings of gold on chine heirs,  
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" says the imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath  
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;  
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,  
He turns to the blaze of his grate:  
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushion'd chair  
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;  
He drinks a chill puff of the snow-buried air,  
Lest it wither his delicate frame:  
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,  
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" shouts the Traveller—"Ho!" and the wind  
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace.  
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,  
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face:  
For bright through the dark storm his own home appears:  
Though leagues intervened, he can see  
The clear glowing hearth, and the table prepared,  
And his wife, with their babes on her knee!  
Lord! how it lightens the dreary hour,  
To know that our dear ones are safe from its power.

"It snows!" says the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!"  
and turns  
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall:  
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek  
glows.  
While nesting on sleigh-ride and hall:  
And visions of conquest, and splendor and mirth,  
Flout over each drear winter's day;  
But the linkings of Hope, on the snow-beaten earth,  
Will melt like the snow-flakes away for brand,  
Till, turn thou to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,  
That world has a fountain no'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"O God!" and her sigh  
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;  
It's a burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,  
On her cheek pale with fasting and care,  
Tis a night—and her fatherless ask her for bread,  
But "He gives the young ravens their food!"  
And she hopes, till her dark hearth adds horror to  
dread,  
And she lays on her last chip of wood,  
Poor widow! That sorrow thy (and only knows  
Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows.

## THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK. A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENDALE."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### WAYS AND MEANS.

By the time Mr. Robinson's remains had been transported to England, and the funeral obsequies performed, every one knew the contents of his last will. It was worded with the closest regard to technicalities, so that it would have been very difficult for any one to find a flaw in it. There were legacies to a few personal friends as well as the servants who were with him at the time of his death, and some liberal bequests to various charities, in which he had taken a living interest. These were to be paid at once; and then all of his immense property, not already disposed of, was left in trust to three gentlemen, whose names followed, to accumulate until his natural heiress, the only daughter of his deceased sister, should marry; at which time she was entitled to claim it.

This clause of the will struck all who heard it with surprise, for neither Mr. Mellis nor the solicitor entrusted to draw up the document had ever heard the testator speak of the relative whom he had made his heiress. Who was she? Where was she? It might naturally be concluded, from the allusion to her marriage, that she was youthful. If so, under whose protection was she residing? or where was she receiving the education necessary to fit her for the position her wealth would entitle her to assume? Questions these which every one asked, and no one was able to answer.

Mr. Robinson, though always cheerful and social in his habits, had been a reserved man, who never made any allusions to his own affairs. It was supposed, on tolerably good grounds, that he went to India, when very young, and by industry, combined with remarkable business talents and energy, had worked his way up till his wealth grew to an enormous sum.

He had always shown himself hospitable and generously ready to assist any of his fellow-countrymen whose efforts were less successful than his own had been. But not one amongst the young men to whom, during his residence in India, he had lent a helping hand, nor either of his few personal friends, could recall any person who claimed relationship with the nabob, or who had known him in his earlier life.

In this dilemma, Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, was referred to. She had resided with him for many years, and was supposed to be the only personage ever honoured with his confidence. Her unflinching attentions to her master during his last illness had thrown her on a bed of sickness, and Mr. Mellis, learning that it might be some weeks before she could travel, went to Pau to interrogate her. He came back none the wiser for his journey. The old woman had little or nothing to tell. She testified a blind faith in the rectitude of all her master's proceedings; hardly averring that he had a right to make his will and bequeath his money just as he liked best. For her own little annuity of twenty-five



GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.—See page 4.