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No. 1.

WITNESSES.

BY HARRIET FRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Whenever my heart is heavy,
And life seems as sad as death—
A subtle and marvellous mockery
Of all who draw their breath—
And I weary of throned injustice,
Of rumor of outrage and wrong,
And I doubt if God rules in heaven,
And I cry, "O Lord, how long
How long shall darkness and evil
Their forces around them draw?
Is there no power in Thy right hand?
Is there no life in Thy law?"

Then at last the blinding brightness
Of day forsakes its height,
Slips like a splendid curtain
From the awful and infinite night;
And out of the depths of distance—
The gulfs of purple space—
The stars steal, slow and silent,
Back in the ancient places,
Each in armor shining,
The hosts of heaven arrayed,
And wheeling through the twilight
As they did when the world was made.

And I lean out among the shadows
Lit by that far white gleam,
And I tremble at the murmur
Of one note in the mighty beam,
As the everlasting squadrons
Their latest influence send,
And the vast meridian sparks
With the glory of their tread—
The completed glory
That the primal morning saw—
And I know God moves to His purpose,
And still there is life in His law.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENVAUGH."

CHAPTER I.

IN THE BUD.

A handsome tilbury was driven at a rattling pace into the station yard at Halifax, and one of the two gentlemen seated in it springing out, began to interrogate the porter who respectfully touched his cap to his handsome interlocutor.

"Train due, Williams?"
"Come, Sir Charles, seven minutes ago!"
Sir Charles Trevelyan gave his brown moustache a vicious twist, muttered an oath between his teeth, and then laughed at his own vexation, as he turned to his companion, who had more leisurely followed him.

"There's an hour's waiting before us, thanks to your laziness, and I shall be too late for my appointment. Thank goodness, you'll have to share the blame!"
"My dear fellow, I always make a point of being at least half an hour behind time," drawled Major Colby, as he stirred a spoon of dirt off his boots. "It saves one the annoyance of having to wait for other people!"

"I'll take a note of that for my own guidance, whenever I make appointments with you!" the baronet retorted. "But, 'pon my soul, this is excessively provoking! I really wanted to be in town by noon."

"I wish you'd stand still," said the Major. "You've incidentally what a dust you raise when you walk about so! Better have a cigar, and be more philosophical. The train is gone! Well, what matters? There will be another presently, and you must stay for it whether you will or no. Business is not yet sufficiently advanced to despatch you along the telegraph wires. I wish it were, for my own sake."

"It's never any use arguing with, or grumbling at you, Colby," the baronet began, half amused, half annoyed.

"Not a bit," the Major interjected, as he drew out his cigar-case, and critically made his selection from its contents.

"But it's a comfort to me," Sir Charles went on, "to know that you'll find this one of the longest hours you ever spent in your long life."

"I'm not so sure of that. A man of intellect can find amusement even in an ugly little country station," the Major profoundly replied.

"True; he can read all the advertisements backwards, and upside down. I'll leave you to it, while I go and try to get a nap on the sofa in the waiting-room."

"No, don't," said his friend. "I tried that when I came down, and it's stuffed with pins and needles. Besides, I want some information respecting the surrounding country and the natives."

"You'll have to get it from some one else," Sir Charles replied, as he lounged against one of the columns that supported the roof of the platform. "I never came here but once before, and then I was en route for Lord Hatherley's."

One of my fellow-passengers was an enthusiastic angler, and he gave such a glowing account of the trout-fishing to be had in the stream yonder, that the first time I was held up for want of something to do, I came down; found that he had not deceived me; wrote for you, on the principle that any society is better than none" (Major Colby gracefully lifted his hat); and at the close of a week we are going back to town, satiated with the sport of slaughtering the Bony tribe, and having fish for dinner daily."

"Varied with bacon boiled, bacon broiled, and bacon spoiled," the Major ruefully added. "Such fare, if persisted in, would have ruined my health and my temper. I am beginning to feel positively greasy! Pah!"

Sir Charles looked at his watch. "Only ten minutes gone! This is horrible! Haven't you any newspapers here, Williams?"

The porter meditated for a few seconds, then brightened. "I can borrow last Sunday's for ye, from the 'Green Dragon,' Sir Charles."

"Ah! but they might object to lend their



"THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE." FROM A PAINTING BY KRIEBEL—See page 8.