



For the "Hearthstone." THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

The storms of the Western Winter were past, The snow spirits spread her broad wings on the blast...

Up, up, rose the sun! An enchanter of might, His arrows as ready, his shield the shrouds of night...

The king of the Winter rose up in his might, And he call'd back the winds as they pass'd on their flight...

He sounded his trumpets, the sky darkened o'er, As the snow spirit turned to his summons once more...

Ho matter'd his spells, like pale ghosts to their graves, Sink down in his fetters the wild, howling waves...

And the king of the Winter laugh'd loudly and gay, "Where now is the spirit of snow, and her eyes?"

The wild swans their pinions outspread in his train, And the breeze of Summer swept over the main...

And the billows released from their wearisome chains, Threw up to the heavens their wild, tossing manes...

She wakes, she rises, she shakes off the spell, The Summer hath triumph'd, she smiles and is well!

FROM BAD TO WORSE. A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER I. OUT OF THE STREETS.

It was a cold, windy morning in December; the snow which had fallen during the night was drifting about in blinding clouds...

There was very little of interest in the first dozen cases or so, they all coming under the denomination of "simple drunks;" the next case caused the Recorder to smile as he read the name "John Smith."

"What is his real name?" said His Honor, leaning over his desk and speaking confidentially to Sergeant Kehoe, who was checking off the fines on his sheet.

"I don't know," replied the Sergeant. "I never saw him before. He was very drunk when he was brought in, and refused to give any other name."

"John Smith," shouted Sergeant Nelson, and John Smith stepped into the dock. He was quite different in appearance from the "hard cases" who had preceded him.



"ONE DOLLAR OR EIGHT DAYS."

really a pity," he continued, indulging in one of his little lectures, "to see so young and respectable-looking a man as you are given over to the demon of drink. With your appearance of intelligence you ought to be filling some lucrative and honorable position...

man while he was in the dock, and seemed greatly interested in him. He took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, and after wiping them carefully replaced them on his nose; and, turning to the person sitting next to him, asked, "Will he be sent to gaol if he don't pay that dollar?"

"Of course he will, for eight days," was the answer. "Could any one pay it for him?" "Certainly; perhaps his friends will, if he has any."

"Were you ever locked up before?" "Never." "I'll take precious good care I never get in again."

The old gentleman talked to him for some time, and at last paid his fine, gave him a dollar to buy something to eat, and told him to call at his office at two o'clock.

Arthur Austin's conduct for the next four months fully justified Mr. Lubbock's good opinion of him, and the old gentleman congratulated himself on having secured a treasure.

As the spring gradually advanced and navigation opened, Arthur Austin proved himself of still greater service to his employer; he was acquainted with many of the leading Produce and Commission houses in Boston, New York and Chicago...

It was his custom on leaving the office to walk up St. James Street and through Victoria Square on his way home, and one evening as he was crossing through the Square he noticed a young lady standing by the fountain...

An Imperial Chinese edict is noticed in The Peking Gazette, having for its object an Army Reform. After conferring for certain promotions, it announces that Lieut.-Col. Iwa Feng is dismissed on account of old age and general infirmity...