

So they sat by the fireside, they three. The white-haired old man, leaning back in his chair, sometimes looking up, and saying a word or two, but oftener with drooping head, and eyes half closed, and hands locked together before him. Miss Kendal, fresh coloured, and especially *vital* of aspect as she always was, sat opposite; and between them, her arm flung across her uncle's knee, and her head lightly leaning against Miss Kendal, was Caroline, young, blooming, fair, and unconscious.

THE TREE AND THE SNOW.

A LIFE FABLE.

*Parva mala patienda
Ne majora sint ferenda.*

'Snow, thou art too cold for me,'
Cried a fond, impatient tree,
When winter first began to throw
Around its limbs her pall of snow;
'Go, seek the Earth, I cannot bear thee,
'Snow, thy cold embraces spare me.'
Rejected thus, the snow forlorn
Alighted on a grain of corn,
Waiting but till the springtide come
To rouse it from its wintry tomb.
Soon hadst thou cause to rue thy choice,
Fond tree! with rude and blustering voice
When Boreas from the hills came down,
His icy fang and gloomy frown
Left thy poor branches bare and sere—
A laughing stock to all the year.
Sadly, in the smiling May,
While the balmy breezes play
Among the waving blades of green,
Thy black and withered boughs are seen
Confessing, but alas! too late,
That heaven is just, though sad thy fate.
The lesser ill hadst thou but patient born,
Thou wouldst not thus have mocked the vernal morn.

O. M.