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Song.

THERE'S nothing that the world calls fame,
There's no reward or prize,
That can be gained like what is rained
From lovely woman's eyes.
The snob may cry, Oh fie! oh fie!
And threaten hard to stone us.
A fig! we cry,
While Jeannie's eye
Is raining blessings on us.

Ambition strong doth prompt man on,
But woman's nobler far;
She's prompted on by love alone,
Her spirit's guiding star.
How oft our hearts would fail within,
When hard's the path of duty,
Till mid the din
We're roused to win
The smiles of love and beauty.

Their smiles can make the weakest strong,
The coward can inspire,
And even fill the poet's song
With pure celestial fire;
Oft we'd have struck to coward fear,
And ignorance o'erthrown us,
If there had been
Nae bonny Jean
To shower her blessings on us,

O woman's still misfortune's shield!
The last one to forsake
The vanquished on the battlefield,
The martyr at the stake.
Then let the mob of sneak and snob
Still in its wrath disown us,
A fig! we cry,
While Jeannie's eye
Is raining blessings on us.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XII.

SURELY some one of her lovers would see a chance to display his love and his heroism together, and would plunge into the briny deep after her, to rescue her, and then all Miss Alice Moffat would have to do would be to simply hand herself over to her gallant preserver.

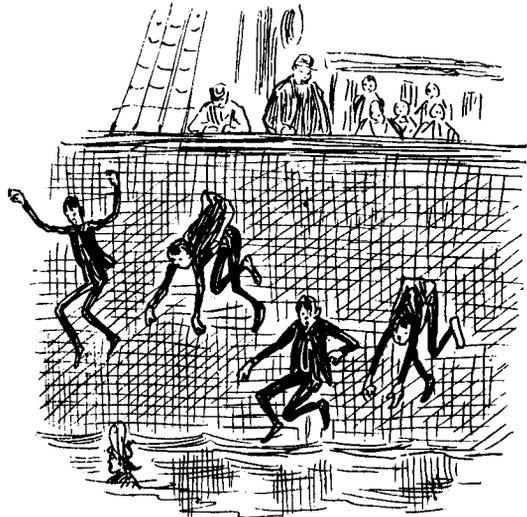
The day after the concoction of this deep scheme happened to be beautifully calm and warm; the sea was like glass, and the sun shone brightly, and a large number of passengers were promenading the deck, and amongst them Miss

Moffatt, who was taking a few turns up and down unaccompanied, for a wonder, by any other gentleman but Captain Braceman. The engines had been stopped, and it was generally understood that some trifling irregularity in them, which would be set right in a few minutes, was the cause.

After walking a few times up and down the poop, the captain halted and looking over the vessel's side, pointed to something in the water immediately below and directed Miss Moffatt's attention to it. She eagerly leaned over

and in doing so, as if by the merest accident, whilst the captain glanced for a moment in another direction, lost her balance and went splashing over into the Atlantic.

"Miss Moffat's overboard!" roared the captain, stamping frantically; "quick, quick; lower away the boats there; look alive my men. Throw one of those life preservers," and so forth, but before the boats could be lowered, splash! went something jumping into the water, and then another splash! and then another, and another!



It had been as the captain had surmised it would be: some one of the lady's lovers *did* jump overboard after her, but alas! the one was multiplied by four!

Yes, four of the five rivals happened to be on deck when the object of their affections fell into the sea, and each one of them, determined that the other should not gain a point on him, plunged head-long into the ocean, and struck out valiantly for the fair Alice, who really enjoyed her plunge, and who was picked up by the boats in less time than it has taken to describe the scene, along with the four devoted lovers. Just at the precise moment when Mr. Yubbitts appeared at the gangway with a life preserver and a cork jacket round his body, inquiring wildly to be shown where the drowning young lady was.

Being assured that she was safe, and that further trouble on his part would only be futile, he was persuaded to remove his encumbrances and was loudly applauded by his three companions for the valour and heroism he had displayed, and which stamped him in their minds as a still more chivalrous spirit than ever.

But now the young lady was in a worse dilemma than before. She was now under obligation to four men at once, and she was fairly at her wit's end what to do; so she sent for Captain Braceman to come to her state-room where she was lying, getting dry.

"Now, my dear captain," she began, as soon as that gallant officer appeared; "what on earth am I to do now? I am worse off than ever. We have made a terrible mistake. Here are four of them, at this minute, lying as wet as I am for my sake! What *can* I do?"

"Oh!" said the captain, a smile breaking over his jolly countenance, "take the only sensible one of the

