

A BALLADE OF SPRING.

THE blossom's on the calkin,
The woods are full of breeze,
The robin's on the whistle,
The 'Tisheme's on the sneeze.

The dust is on the rampage,
The snow clings to the past,
The sunshine shows the dirt up,
The sky's too bright to last.

The home is on the house clean,
The tenant's on the move,
The stranger's on the house-hunt,
The ice is on the shove.

The horses shy at papers
Promiscuous round that fly,
The small boy shies at all things,
Within his ken that lie.

The side-walks blush with brick-dust,
The planks with lumber piles,
The grass grows greener daily,
So do the camomiles.

And when the summer tourist,
Shall join our Jubilee,
The bashful dock and thistle,
Will both be there to see.

The boulevards bloom with egg-shells,
Old boots and lobster tins,
Filth, ashes, refuse, parings,
The tail-end of the bins.

The scavenger takes charge of
To empty once a week,
The which he does by turning
Them plump on to the street.

And with his little shovel,
Three-quarters at the most
He pitches in his little cart.
Which is our city's boast.

And ne'er a broom he uses
To clean the mess away,
But drives off quite contented,
And thus he does away.

Like soup the city water,
Is meat and drink in one,
O come, where glory waits thee,
And hunt the reason down.

Brave Howland, there's a filter
They say at Yorkville fixed,
It must be out of kilter,
When our drink is so much mixed.

The water-cart is hiding,
With strikes the echoes ring,
The demagogue is active,
Who says it isn't spring?

S. A. C.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XL.

"COME, gentlemen," said Bramley, "we mustn't keep Mr. Douglas waiting," and he started off down-stairs, followed by his companions. Mr. Crinkle was duly introduced to Mr. and Miss Douglas, who made many kind and anxious enquiries regarding his hand.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Douglas, "as this promises to be a very hot day—it was very misty at an early hour this morning—I propose that we cross over to the

Island and enjoy the cool lake breezes, instead of being cooped up in the city; what do you think?"

"Excellent," exclaimed all four at once; "the very thing."

"And as Hanlan is at home," continued Mr. Douglas; "you can gratify yourselves with a look at the ex-champion; I know him well, and a first-rate little fellow he is. Well, are you ready? All right, we'll be off. We can walk down to my boat-house, and we'll go across in one of my boats."

The party accordingly set off in the direction of the bay, and shortly arrived at the boat-house, where the faithful Timbs was at his post.

"Now, Mr. Yubbits," said Mr. Douglas, "I believe you're a crack oarsman. Do you think you and I are equal to the task of rowing the party across, eh?"

Whatever doubts Yubbits might entertain in his own mind upon this point, at any rate he did not display any misgivings, and said, with a faint smile, that they could try.

"All right; now, this way please and help Timbs to launch the *Sylph*; she'll carry us all nicely; Elsie, you'll steer. Off she goes," as the *Sylph*, a roomy, but graceful pleasure boat, was run swiftly over the rollers and into the water, "there; capital boat, that; commodious and safe, and runs very easily. Throw in the mast and sail, Timbs; always best to have them with us. Now, Mr. Yubbits, you'll pull bow; I'll take stroke oar. Elsie, jump in, and now, Mr. Bramley, and you, Coddleby—there, that's all right—in with you, Mr. Crinkle; now, Mr. Yubbits—bow-oar, please," that gentleman having a most vague idea as to which was bow and which stroke, and having taken the seat which Mr. Douglas intended to occupy; "change your place, if it's all the same to you, though perhaps an experienced hand like you would prefer to pull stroke. Just as you please."

"Oh, no! never mind; I'd rather take the front oar," replied Yubbits with a forced smile, changing his seat; and Mr. Douglas stepping into the boat, Timbs shoved them off, and away they went.

No, they did not go—not immediately at least.

"Do you prefer a long or a short stroke, Yubbits?" asked Mr. Douglas

"Oh! I'm not particular; about the usual thing; suit yourself," replied Yubbits, taking a vigorous pull, but the oar happening to strike nothing more substantial than air instead of water, our hero found himself sprawling on his back at the bottom of the boat before he could realize what he was about or where he was.

"Hello!" cried Mr. Douglas, "are you hurt? No? All right, try again," as Yubbits regained his seat and said,—

"I'm a little out of practice, you know, but I'll soon get into it—this stick is terribly awkward and clumsy," and with the laudable desire of showing that he was doing his best to "get into it," as he was reaching forward utterly regardless of the time set by Mr. Douglas, to take a tremendous stroke, the blade of his "stick" struck the water with considerable violence, and the handle coming in contact with his chest at the same moment, Mr. Yubbits once more exhibited his heels and the soles of his feet to the party in the stern of the boat.

"Dear me! what ails Yubbits?" asked Coddleby, anxiously, as that individual scrambled back on to his seat and gasped for breath; "I say, Yubbits, are those some of the wrinkles you intend to teach Hanlan?"