

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

The gray pussy-willow is purring
by the pond,
And the cow-slip is moo-ing in the
lane,

The cat-nip screeches by the back
fence beyond,
Where the horse-chesnut shakes his
shaggy mane.

The dog-wood barks in the edges
of the wood,

And the goose-berry waddles on
the grass,

The crane's-bill would warble and
fly if she could,

And the lady's-slipper murmurs
Alas!

The angry bull-finch paws up the
ground,

And the crow-foot caws in the glen,
Where the sheep-sorrel nibbles in
flocks all around,

And the fox-glove hies to his den.

Such a stir, such a rush, such a
hustle, such a rout,

All the birds, and beasts, and ani-
mals at play;

Now would you believe such a bed-
lam came about,

Just because, heigh-ho, its April
first to-day!

A LADY ORCHESTRA.

It was about five or six years ago that this female orchestra was organized at Brockville, Ont. Each member had selected an instrument best suited to her taste, and was given two weeks in which to become familiar with its eccentricities. On an eventful Tuesday evening, they met at the house of the leader for a first rehearsal. The second violin and double bass were the first to arrive. The young lady who was to saw on the big fiddle had been obliged to charter an express wagon to transport it to the scene of action, and was accompani-

ed by her younger brother, who was to hold the thing while she played upon it. It is to this young man that I became indebted for a description of the rehearsal.

This young lady said that the fiddle was so heavy that it made her back ache to hold it up; nevertheless she was delighted with the progress she had made, and could produce the most beautiful sounds imaginable, and was certain that in something that contained dying groans, she would be sure of an encore.

When the first violinist arrived, she announced that she could already play upon one string without hitting any of the others, and observed parenthetically, that the first day she practised, their old cat had climbed up into an apple tree, and had refused to come down up to that time. The young lady who was to struggle with the cornet, next arrived, and after putting her instrument together succeeded in bringing forth a faint croak that rather resembled the last gasp of a dying frog; upon which she was congratulated by all present.

The flutist had evidently been crying, and said that she had nearly blown her brains out, but as yet produced no sound whatever from the instrument, and would therefore have to trust, to a certain extent, to luck.

The tromboness, on arriving said, that although blowing her horn made her eyes very red and blood-shot, she had at times succeeded in producing a most glorious burst of sound, so glorious, in fact, that the police had forced an entrance into the house, under the impression that somebody was being murdered. The other performers having arrived, the rehearsal commenced. The leader produced a curling stick, to be used as a baton, and rapped for the attention of the orchestra.