

## ODE TO SPRING.

A poem on Spring I could indite,  
Through a whole canto I could run it;  
But then I feel 'tis useless quite,  
For every poet has already done it.

They've worked the subject through and through,  
Looked at it under all its phases;  
Yes, they have drained dry the very dew,  
And threadbare they have worn the daisies.

## A MODERN SERMON.

(The following exhibit the method upon which the average parson constructs his delectable discourses:)

"Brethren, the words of my text are:—

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none."

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyse their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone"

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless old, solitary, widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *she went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are '*the cupboard.*' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'left-hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the stair, but just *the cupboard.* The one little humble cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told *she got there.*

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?"

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheesecakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog, was bare? Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry—The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog-biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognisant of enough?

"Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door—depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor—the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And, oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do—if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things—let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curvetting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text—

"And so the poor dog had none."

—Portsmouth (Eng.) Monitor.

## Here and There.

The sleighin's slain.—*Ex.*

"Come, gentle spring, diphtherial mildness come!"

"Take yer old belt," says O'Leary, "and be off wid yez. Be gob, I'm going to buy a better one."

They hold such peculiar views in Kentucky that it appears to be safer to be a murderer than a judge.

A nose that can be unscrewed and carried in the pocket is what is wanted for the American climate.—*Ex.*

It is now about time some smart man invented seedless oranges.—*Ex.* And he might leave off the peel while he was about it.

Sitting Bull's remark, that "there is no American who wears trowsers who is not a rascal," is not understood to include Dr. Mary Walker.

In Southern Sunday-Schools, as we learn from the Philadelphia Herald, the superintendent is the only one who is allowed to carry a revolver.

The Oil City Derrick observes that when it is written D. D. it stands for doctor of divinity, but when it is written d—d it signifies something altogether different.

It isn't Ollendorff, but the Philadelphia Herald which remarks that "the diamond pin of the fashionable hotel clerk will be worn this summer by the wife of the pawnbroker."

One of the greatest feats of woman's endurance, according to the Philadelphia Herald, is when the female with a diamond ring wipes her mouth 3,000 times in 3,000 quarter hours without complaining of the least fatigue.—*Ex.*

There is nothing new under the Sun. There were, doubtless, Budget Speeches in the days of Shakespeare. He wrote:—

"This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of; some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge."

In Springfield, Mass., on the first of April, a gamin made a pretty good thing out of the "April fool" business. His plan was to ask a person for a cent, which he professed to wish to fasten down to the walk in order to fool people. Of course every person he asked gave him the desired penny, which he put in his pocket, renewing the application with the next new-comer. In this way he collected quite a pocketful of coppers.

The woman who doubts entered a Detroit fish store the other day with hesitating step, says the Detroit Free Press, and after looking around upon various piles of the finny tribe, she turned to the proprietor and asked, "Do you keep fish here?" "No, madam," was the prompt reply, "we keep hardware and groceries here, but you will find a fish store four doors below. Come to the door and I will show you." She looked from him to the fish and back, hesitated, and he continued, "Can I sell you anything in the line of stoves to-day?" She shook her head and walked out. She didn't call at four doors below, which was a tobacco store, but she looked into the windows at the display of pipes, then back to the fish store, and somehow or other something puzzled her.

## Around Town.

Beecher's Brigade will be here next month.

Did any one remark that winter had left us?

The Lecture season is almost over. Is anybody the wiser?

Mr. Tilley's Budget contains no reference to the duty on old maids.

The Witness is desirous of seeing the Local Hop-shun Law introduced here.

The Ile Ronde project is the best way of bridging over our Municipal difficulty.

Col. Handyside has resigned. Seventeen years service deserved a better conclusion to a useful military career.

Grip has doubled its proportions. We hope it will double its income at the same time.

One day we see carts on the streets, another sleighs. Really, if the weather continues this way, it will be difficult to get a spoke in edgeways.

"Kyind christian friends" beware of the man who lives at a town some distance off, and who has but just been discharged from the hospital in such a feeble condition that he faints on your door step.

You can't drill our Police Force for a hundred dollars a year, and then come to the conclusion that some of the men will not make the mistake of shooting some innocent person "who wasn't doing anything."

Speaking of School teaching, does it not show a sign of "something rotten in the state" of the scholars' fundamental knowledge to be able to elicit parrot-talk like unto this from a young hopeful? "Who built Sir Christopher Wren? Answer: St. Paul." It is really appalling.

Just one economical suggestion to our School Commissioners;—that in future our money be not wasted in maps, atlases, &c., as the rising generation will always find a superabundance of geography, now and in times to come, by perusing our "gushing dailies" describing our "little wars"; and the youngest aspirants may rest assured that their "finishing school" will be amply supplied with such sanguinary geography by the Diurnal Dribbler.