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Spring ;

OR, SIGNS IN THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

Oh weary am I o' this dust and this smoke !
And o' looking at weary pale-faced city folk,
I long for the blue vault hung o'er the wild rock,
Where the sun in his glory is shining ;
I'm sick, oh I'm sick ! o' thir wearisome books,
Let's aff to our tents in the bonny green nooks !
And range at our will wi' live rinnin' brooks,
Where no living creature's repining.

The cuckoo is come wi' the tidings o' May,
The gowan is oot on the breist o' the brae,
And here in the city nae langer I'll stay,
Where a' things are lonely and dreary,
I lang to return to the far awa' dale,
Where the lang-craiget-heron abune me doth sail,
And the stane-chucker churrs tae the watty-wagtail,
Wha bobs tae her blithsome and cheery.

Although I am mony a lang mile awa',
How sweetly the roar o' the lone Locher fa'
Has sougheed through my bosom sae far abune a'
The great city's wearisome noises ;
And oh hoo I lang but to welcome ance mair
The wildings o' nature a' blooming sae fair,
And the wee wand'ring minstrels o' earth and o' air,
Whase sangs ev'ry bosom rejoices.

Oh welcome's the voice o' that early cuckoo,
A voice frae the region o' sunlight and dew,
A voice frae the region where love's ever new,
And hope in the heart ever springing ;
Oh let me awa' frae this wearisome gloom,
Awa' to the braes o' the rich gowden loom,
And the dales where the v'lets are a' in their bloom,
And the lav'rock abune a' is singing.

The hills and the valleys nae langer are dumb,
The green earth rejoices—oh listen the hum !
The air's full of voices that shout to me "come"
Where the archway of blue shall hang o'er us.
Oh when this heart hunger fa's doon upon me,
Through the smoke o' the city hoo often I see,
The broomy knowes start up and wave upon me
To start aff and join the glad chorus.

Then let us awa' wi' the bonny brown bee,
Wha's oot on his airy wing fearless and free,
Wi' his bees and his bugle, a blithe knight is he
While the sweets o' the spring he doth gather,
Wi' what a delight through the hale gowden hours,
Hoo he rifles the bells o' the bonny wild flowers,
Or blows on his bugle-horn 'mang the green bowers,
Or romps 'mang the red highland heather.

Noo a' the wee warblers are oot on the wing,
And mony a mony a lang vanished spring,
And gleams o' past glories a moment they bring,
But the young hert ah never ah never !
The spring o' the footstep, the licht o' the e'e,
Ance like the wee rangers a' fearless and free,
Alas, ah alas ! they can bring not to me,
Like my dear ones they've vanished forever !

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

(Conclusion.)

ELATED by the clear, pure air and the inspiring sunshine—added to the charm of lively companionship—the Pickwickians greatly enjoyed their stroll along the Island walk. Objects of interest on either hand continually attracted the attention of one or another, and remembering their special commission as investigators, our heroes spent whatever time they thought necessary in the exam-

ination of these objects. It need hardly be said that the roller coaster was one of the first "institutions" to excite their interest. Just as the party arrived in full view of the coaster, the car, laden with passengers, was sweeping like a flash around the eccentric circle. The Pickwickians watched it with a sensation which Coddleby described as akin to that with which he had often witnessed the finish at the Derby, and when the passengers were safely landed at the starting point, Yubbits proposed that they should indulge in the novelty of a trip.

"This," said he, argumentatively, "is a peculiarly American affair, and I can't see how we are to justify ourselves to the Club if we fail to take advantage of the opportunity. We came to America for the express purpose of examining and reporting upon everything of the sort, you know."

"I quite agree with you, Yubbits," said Coddleby, "and though I must confess I feel a little timid, yet my sense of duty compels me to undertake just one trip upon this machine. What do you say, Crinkle?"

"I share your feeling precisely; I am willing to take the risk from a pure sense of obligation. The Club will expect us to obtain all the practical experience we can, so that our reports may have some real value."

"Then," said Mr. Douglas, "I suppose it is quite settled that you will take a trip? I hope you'll enjoy it. I would go with you only that my head will not stand any rotary motion of the kind. I will therefore walk on and join Elsie and Mr. Bramley, who I observe are some distance in advance."

"As you please, sir," said Coddleby. "We'll join you presently."

So saying, the three Pickwickians mounted the stairs of the coaster, while Mr. Douglas walked off briskly in the direction of the slowly retreating pair.

"Elsie seems rather interested in this young gentleman," he mused, as he gradually approached. "I wonder if it is anything more than a casual liking? I hope not—and yet, why should I begrudge him my little girl's love? He's a first rate young fellow, so far as I can see. Yet I can't bear the thought of Elsie loving anybody except her mother and myself. Pshaw! what an old dotard I must be getting to be sure." It required but a few minutes of rapid walking for him to overtake the young couple, and his cheery "Hello, there!" apparently broke in upon something unusually pretty that Mr. Bramley was just in the act of saying—

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Elsie, looking somewhat flurried and blushing slightly, "you startled me! Where are the others?"

"Oh, they thought it their duty to take a trip on the coaster, they'll be along presently."

"They are quite right," said Bramley. "I felt so myself as we were passing that queer arrangement, but Miss Elsie preferred not to go. However, it will be all the same now that my colleagues are investigating it"—and he had the air of a man who feels himself honorably relieved of a vast and painful duty.

"Off there," observed Mr. Douglas, pointing with his walking cane, "is the Turner bath, which is reached by yonder bridge; and the object in the distance ahead of us is the lighthouse."

"Really?" commented Bramley. "I suppose we shall get a better view when we are nearer."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit," said Elsie, with a little twinkle of mischief in her eye.

"What a splendid day it is!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas.