

could have sunk through the deck, and slunk out of sight without saying a word—and the boys having explained the cause of the dispute to the Dr. he advised them to take another boat at Greenock, which would carry them to Gareloch head, by which they would save a great distance, and by walking about seven miles would have an opportunity of seeing a piece of the finest and most interesting scenery in the Western Highlands. The tempest was now over, and this great and good man whose mighty eloquence enchained alike the lofty and the lowly, chatted away, in the kindest and most familiar way, with these grateful and admiring boys, about their studies and their sports, patted Nelson on the head, and confessed that he had always had a very strong love for a dog—and discussed their sagacity and instincts with his young friends as if they had been his equals both in years and intellect. "One thing I have always remarked of true greatness," said Charley Maitland as the Doctor walked away to look after his luggage, "it never walks on stilts. Just contrast Dr. Chalmers with Monsieur Boharme, at the High School!" "Contrast Jupiter with Pan!" said Frank Lindsay, while his lip curled with contempt—for Monsieur indeed was a somewhat conceited and goat-like personage.

But they were now nearing the quay at Greenock—the boys had paid their fare, and one of them had landed—when as ill luck would have it, Nelson in leaping ashore, jumped short, and fell backward into the sea.

(Continuation in next number.)

PAGES FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Fol. 118.)

Solution to Enigma No. 14.

In chalky cliff—in marble quarry deep,—
 And mine of ebony coal, doth Carbon sleep,
 Cementing by its power, the bed where lies
 The fossil relic—earth's antiquities—
 Which ne'er display their records to man's sight
 Till art and labour bring their forms to light.
 Once in the Indian arrow's marble head,
 It helped to lay his game among the dead,
 And made his watch fire's blaze shine forth at night,
 Making his wigwam in the forest bright.
 Now with gunpowder ends the deadly chase—
 Fells the proud moose that speeds with rushing pace;
 It on the hearthstone wakes the flashing blaze,
 In coal it feeds the fire through winter days;
 In kingly hall and peasant's hut 'tis found,