

A nail from the finger of scorn.
The total sum of a hen's bill.
A check on the bank of Newfoundland.
A machine to build a railing round the brink of despair.

A blanket from the bed of the ocean.
A pair of legs from a ship that walked the water.
The lining for the cap of liberty.
The spool on which was wound the thread of life.

A piece of bark taken from the penny post.
A man who danced at the ball of a musket.
Someone to collect the rents in an old coat.
And, a knot whole projecting from a tree.

BY "BASIL DIEGO."

The Other Side.

"The words are good," I said, "I cannot doubt ;"
I took my scissors then to cut them out ;
My darling seized my hand. "Take care," she cried,
"There is a picture on the other side."

I fell to musing. We are too intent
On gaining that to which our minds are bent ;
We choose, then fling the fragments far and wide,
But spoil the picture on the other side !

A prize is offered ; others seek it too,
But on we press with only self in view,
We gain our point, and pause well satisfied,
But ah ! the picture on the other side.

On this, a sound of revelry we hear ;
On that, a wail of mourning strikes the ear ;
On this, a carriage stands with groom and bride,
A hearse is waiting on the other side.

We call it trash—we tread it roughly down,
The thing which others might have deemed a crown ;
An infant's eyes, anointed, see the gold,
Where we, world-blinded, only brass behold.

We pluck a weed, and fling it to the breeze ;
A flower of fairest hue another sees.
We strike a chord with careless smile and jest,
And break a heart-string in another's breast.

Tread soft and softer still as on you go,
With eyes washed clear in Love's anointing glow ;
Life's page well finished, turn it, satisfied,
And lo ! Heaven's picture on the other side.

The Islands of Orkney and Shetland are not, and never have been, an integral part of Great Britain. It holds them, it appears, only as a word and disposition in security ; and the Danish Crown may at any time resume possession by discharging the bond.

As Great Britain has had them since 1468, it is not likely however, that Denmark will propose to resume possession.

DICK FOSTER AT SCHOOL.

EMMA SCHILLING, RYERSON SCHOOL.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

I did not know whether to accept this pressing invitation or not.

I wanted to play, and most of all to make friends with the boys. But then I had to put my things in order, and prepare the next day's lessons. After deliberating some time I made up my mind to go.

The play-room was in the basement, underneath the dining-room and two of the school-rooms.

It was very large, with shelves on one side, filled with all kinds of things.

There were balls, bats, nine-pins, lacrosses, croquet, and lawn-tennis sets, and, from the ceiling hung two swings, which were made to fasten up when not in use.

There were nine boys down there, and they wanted me to make ten, so as to have even sides for a game of ball. It was splendid ! but that trunk upstairs, and the lessons wouldn't go out of my head. The more I tried to forget them the more they bothered me.

The game lasted till tea-time, and after that we were dismissed to our rooms, where we were supposed to stay till supper-time about eight o'clock.

I had not been in my room more than five minutes before I heard the steps of several persons in the room to the west of mine, and, as there was only one rightful occupant, I began to think something was the matter, and wondered what ?

After listening some time I heard one of the boys say in an undertone, "I guess we'd better be pretty careful, we got found out last time. We'll get into an awful row if we're caught again."

What in the world were they up to ? They weren't surely planning to raise a disturbance in the school, to gain some end ? or, worse than that, to rob the Principal's orchard ? But whatever it was it was something pretty desperate.

After that I could not study. My thoughts went constantly to what was going on in the next room.

I heard no more, I tried for some time to imagine what was taking place on the other side of the wall, but came no nearer a final decision than I was at first.

All of a sudden the bell announced it was eight o'clock, and partially broke up my reveries.

When I went out into the hall my next door neighbor peeped out, to see, I suppose, if the coast was clear, came out and was almost immediately