

Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Draw round the hearth, heap high the blaze,
Let none we love be absent now;
The holiest of happy days,
Should smoothe the sorrow-wrinkled brow,
And bid the merry blither be,
To see their fellows glad berke.
Come, bear the burden cheerly,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

The year is wanting to its close,
Spring, summer, autumn, all gone by,
The winter winds sweep o'er the snows,
Breathing a lonesome still sigh.
Yet, by our present draught with glee;
And if we hear the wind outside,
Echo let the burden be,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

In other climes, across the seas,
The summer ringer is a-dold;
And Christmas walks through vales and leas,
That many a crown of flowers yield.
Within, though winter strip each tree,
Let summer in each heart abide;
The joy-song of Love's harvest be,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

Draw round the hearth, heap high the blaze,
Let selfish thoughts and strivings cease;
Earth heard, as if to olden days,
The birth-notes of goodwill and peace.
Its warm each heart, each hand be free,
Our store with those who want, divide;
Then shall the burden fuller be,
"Welcome hither, Christmas tide."

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood matter'd,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have utter'd.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
Forgiven—not retented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Hither drown them all in tears
Than let another feel them.

A METHICAL RECIPÉ FOR A CHRISTMAS PUDING.

Ain—"Jennett and Jennott."

If you wish to make the pudding in which every one
delights,
Of six pretty new-laid eggs, you mus. take the yolks
and whites,
Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly
combine.
And let your yolk the suet up particularly fine.
Take a pound of well-stoned raisins, and a pound of
currants dried.
A pound of pounded sugar, and some candied peel
beside.
Mab them all up well together with a pound of
wheaten flour,
And let them stand to restle for a quarter of an hour.
Then to the mixture in a cloth, and put it in a pot.—
Some people like the water cold, and some prefer it
hot.
Bot though I don't know which of these two plans I
ought to profec,
I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it
weight.
Were I Emperor of France, or, still Letter, Pope of
Rome,
I'd have a Christmas pudding every day I din'd at
home;
All my friends should have a pcece, and if any d.d
remain,
Next morning for my breakfast I would have it fried
agulin.
F. J. S.

The Riddler.

ANATHOREMS, OR COMPOUND ANAGRAMS.

1. Bardon is coveted—on 66 11
 2. Judge a sire travels make 202 ruts.
 3. A repair a employes - 51 03
 4. Warrior are afflicted with - 551 soris
 5. Facial contortioe sa ha. - 1001 graces.
 6. Dwelling's contain - 5 throes.
 7. The J. L. E. took 2020 in Apr 1020.
- The answers to the above are found by turning the
value of the (Arabic) Letters in Numbers for (Roman)
letters, and then counting them with the ordi-

ary letters as given in each anagram. The V stands
for U or Y indifferently. Proceed with the trans-
position of the figures and letters in Italics, as in the
ordinary anagram.

CHARADES.—No. 26.

My first's a word we speak, and oft indite;
To mark each man's distinct possessive right;
My next is dissyllabic in its form;
Its very sound can kindle passions warry;
View'd in another sense, it only gives
The dauntling tall of many adjectives.
My whole denotes a lofty, glorious theme,
Outshining sage's lore and poet's dream;
Versant with every country, age, and clime,
It speaks the dictates of the voice of time.

No. 27.

The hum of the world is hush'd—"tis right,
And the city now lies sleeping;
But my first, unmark'd by human sight,
'Mid the gloom is slowly creeping.
Ha, ha! with a fierce and lurid glare,
It hath burst from my second's dwelling,
And far and wide in the midnight air
Its sullen roar is swelling.
And see my whole with a fearless heart
Amid the tumult dashing—
How bravely there he bears his part,
With ruin round him crashing!
There is not a quail in his noble breast;
But, firm and undaunted ever,
He toils till the demon's angry crest
Is crush'd by his strong endeavor

Varieties.

A Clergyman riding across a bridge near
where two men were fishing, overheard one of
them swearing most dreadfully. He dismount-
ed, tied his horse, and entered into conversation
with the swearer, asking him many questions
about his employment, and at length what kind
of bait he used. He answered, "Different
kinds for different fish." "But cannot you
catch fish without bait?" "No," said he,
staring at the minister; "they would be great
fools to bite at the bare hook." "But," said
the minister, "I know a fisherman who catches
many fish without bait." "But who is he?"
said the fisherman. "It is the devil; and he
catches swearers without bait. Other sinners
want a bait, but the silly swearer will bite at the
bare hook."

A witty moralist used to say of taverns that
they were places where men sold madness by
the bottle.

A Gentleman seeing a lady holding an act of
parliament before her face to keep the fire off,
said she was like an insolvent debtor;—"she
was taking the benefit of the act."

Rashness borrows the name of courage, but it
is of another race, and nothing allied to that
virtue; the one descends in a direct line from
prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

People are too prone to condemn in others
what they practise themselves without scruple.
Phariseh tells of a wolf, who peeping into a hut
where a company of shepherds were regaling
themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed,
"what a clamor would they have raised, if they
had caught me at such a banquet!"

Why is a sow called a sow? Because as how
(a sow) it is.

A Lady passing through New Hampshire ob-
served the following notice on a board: "Horse-
taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings
and sixpence, short tails, two shillings." The
lady asked the owner of the land the reason for
the difference of price. "Why, you see, ma'am,"
was the reply, "the long tails can brush away
the flies, but the short tails are so tormented
by them that they can hardly eat at all."

The words of a German author to his daugh-
ter are so full of wisdom that the young lady
who should make them her rule would avoid
half the scrapes of her companions. "Con-
verse always with your female friends as if a
gentleman were of the party, and with young
men as if your female companions were pres-
ent."

MUSIC IN MAN.—The universal disposition
of human beings, from the cradle to the death-
bed, to express their feelings in measured cad-
ences of sound and action, proves that our bod-
ies are constructed on musical principles, and

that the harmonious working of their mechanism
depends on the movements of the several parts
being timed to each other; and that the destruc-
tion of health, as regards both body and mind,
may be well described as being out of time.—
Our intellectual and moral vigor would be better
sustained if we more practically studied the im-
propriety of keeping the soul in harmony, by regu-
lating the movements of the body; for we should
then see and feel that every affection which is not
connected with actual enjoyment, is also destruc-
tive of individual comforts, and that whatever
tends to harmonise, also tends to promote hap-
piness and health."

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