

PASSING WORDS.

The good old year is well-nigh gone,
 We count its soamy saunders,
 And fain would we reverse the glass,
 But ah! our feeble hands
 Are powerless 'neath the giant grasp
 Of the relentless Past.
 These fleeting moments, they are all
 Most dear, because the last.

Yet ere they pass, with each we'll link
 A loving thought or prayer;
 The rose may droop, but ere it die,
 It sheds, upon the air,
 Its fragrant breath, and thus e'en now
 From many a spirit shrine,
 Love's incense floats to bless mankind,
 Then mounts to the Divine.

Few, fewer still those golden sands I
 (Then let me speak to thee
 Ere they shall pass, I come e'en now
 With blessings fond and free
 For thee, for thine—thy chosen guide,
 Thy "little children" dear—
 God grant the morn may bring to each
 In truth, a happy year.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

ENIGMA:

Complete through endless space I roam,
 And countless millions call me home.
 And though quite large, I move as fast
 As does the war-wind or the blast;
 But when transposed, it is confessed
 I dwell in every human breast;
 One letter drop, and through the grove
 A free and happy beast, I rove;
 Another gone, and you'll decide,
 I am to science near allied;
 If now transposed, by all 'tis said,
 Again, and I'm a quadruped;
 My whole curtail, transpose, and lo!
 I flow for sorrow, joy, and woe;
 Reheaded now, I truly claim
 To be a portion of man's frame;
 Curtail, and then replace my head,
 And I'm a fragrant herb instead;
 Transposed, and there are very few,
 When well, but will me daily do.

CHARADE.

An article that's oft in use
 You'll find my first to be,
 And that which rises to a point
 You'll in my second see;
 The poet's soul is in my third,
 As vivid thought and feeling burst;
 Sometimes 'tis grave, sometimes absurd,
 While with my whole you'll be reversed.

REBUS.

In many shapes I now am made,
 And many low I've often laid;
 I never smile, though make many a face,
 And generally one of the human race.
 Behold me now, and don't despair
 If I do not suit, and am not fair.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A gentleman of considerable talent as an orator became a member of a legislative body in one of the Eastern States. In speaking he was addicted to an old habit of handling his spectacles, first placing them on his nose—suffering them to remain a minute or two—throwing them upon his forehead, and finally folding them and laying them before him upon the desk. One day a very important question came up for consideration, and he commenced a speech in opposition. A friend to the proposed measure, who was a most incorrigible wag withal, determined to spoil the effect of the honorable member's remarks, and accordingly, before he entered the house, provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. But a few minutes had elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair upon the desk before the speaker. These were taken up and, by regular gradations, gained a place on his forehead, by the side of the others. A third, fourth and fifth pair was disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenance of the honorable members, which gradually lengthened into a grin; and, at last, when the speaker had warmed into one of his most patriotic and eloquent sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was one long and loud peal of laughter from all quarters of the hall—president, clerk, members joined in chorus. The speaker himself looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption; but accordingly raising his hand, he grasped the spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses to the floor, took up his hat and left the hall. The bill passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's very silly and useless habit.

SMART CHATS.—We have very smart boys in this town, says a cotemporary. one in particular, who was called up the other day by the pedagogue to give some account of his absence, and to give some evidence if possible, of progress in his studies.

"Where was you yesterday, sir?"

"I was out in the field alone."
 "What were you doing in the field, sir;—picking berries?"
 "No, sir, I was out alone by myself."
 "Well, but what were you doing?"
 "I was meditating."
 "Meditating upon what?"
 "I was meditating what I'd be when I got to be growed up—printer, doctor, lawyer, or school-master; and took the field for it."
 "Brave boy! what was your conclusion?"
 "Thought as how I'd be a school-master—they live easy, likes to give lickin's, and teach the young idea what to shoot at."

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—More may be learned by devoting a few moments daily to reading than is commonly supposed. Five pages may be read in fifteen minutes, at which rate one may peruse twenty-six volumes, of two thousand pages each, in a year. You say you have none to guide you. The best scholars and men of science will tell you by far the most valuable part of their education is that which they have given themselves. Volumes have been filled with the biography of self-taught men. Think of Franklin, the printer; of Linne, the shoemaker; of John Hunter, the cabinet-maker; of Herschel, the musician; of Donald, the weaver; of Turner, the printer; of Buritt, the blacksmith. Love learning, and you will be learned.—Where there is a will there is a way.—Begin at once, take time by the forelock, and remember that it is only the first step that costs; and having begun, resolve to learn something every day.—Strike the blow, and avoid the weakness of those who spend half of life in thinking of what they shall do next. Always have a volume near you which you may catch up at a few odd minutes as are your own. It is incredible, until trial has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in these broken fragments of time, which are like the dust of gold and diamonds.

A fine intelligent boy, twelve years and nine months old; son of Mr. Joseph Brown of Wallace Bay, was killed on Saturday, 19th inst., by falling from a horse. He had ridden the animal to wafers, and when returning the horse took fright at some noise behind him and started to run; when near the barn-yard the horse stumbled, pitching the boy forward, and rolling over him. The poor little fellow was picked up instantly, but life was already extinct.—Citizen.