Puzzles for Pastime.	Enigmas.
Charades. I. In two great men, but timid, people say, That France and England sent to the Crimea, My 1st and 6th in each of them is plain, My fifth and second's seen to grace the game	<ul> <li>I am composed of 11 letters.</li> <li>My 1, 9, 4, 7, 11, I meet often in my rambles through Montreal.</li> <li>My 8, 3. 11, is what'one of two parties must lose.</li> <li>My 2, 10, 8, 5, 1, when once acquired it is hard to dispense with.</li> <li>My 6, 7, 4, 11, is used to make hats.</li> <li>My whole, though little and unassuming, attracts attention.</li> <li>Montreal.</li> <li>C. F. FRASER.</li> </ul>
That Austria plays just now, • or seems to play; My 3rd and 4th in Turkey ever stay,	11.
All foles delight in me, because I fill The farmers purse, stores, ships and mer- chants till. Sorel. R. H. •Austria was playing the part of umpire	My 5, 7, 1, is an insect. My 4, 10, 7, 3, is found on an animal My $11, 2, 5, 0, 2$ is found in 11 the deep blue.
20th January.	My whole has done much good.
II. Alashand welluder I Ali waa ia mat	Montreal. C. F. FRASER.
Alas' and welladay! Ah woe is me! My first in each expression you may see. Libertine, lifeless, lounging, lubber, lost, Behold my second in that worthless host, Enthralled, entangled in eternal woe You see my 3rd—Now take me or say—no. Sorel. R. H. III. Look for my 1st in the sweet scraph's song; My 2nd seek in pearls rich and bright; Religion guards my 3rd from sin and	III. I am great, I am small, I am near, I am far, And the glance of my beam is an evening star; I move, I am still, in my wanderings free, And the source of my brighthess known only to me. Though earth-born I am, yet the star of my light Has pointed to Hope in the dark gloom of night; Wildly, freely I live, though I rest with the dead,
wrong; My 4 industry treasures as light. My 5th is seen in nature's fancy robe; My 6th delights to guide and give you joy; And where I am, all creatures on this globe, In ocean, air, and earth may find employ. Sorel. R. H.	And to Death as my bride, my beloved, am wed! The lamp which I hold man cannot ob- tain, Though beneath his proud feet, his proud grasp I disdain! I am bright, I am beautiful, leader and snart—
IV.	Loved, hated, sought, dreaded, man's hope and despair !
My first supports you where you stay; Two-thirds of wandering from your way; My second—be my whole I pray, And from your path you will not stray. A. R.	T. E. W IV. I'm a very funny word, And admit a funny change ;
v. My first is a fowl of very good eating, Though not at all times of the year. My second, without any treating, Is found in the bedge that is near. My whole is a fruit, that is seen To flourish in gardens, near bowers 'Tis red, it is yellow, or green, And you like it much better than flowers. T. S.	Yet I vow it's very true, The' it may seem very strange: If shorter you should make me, I would have you bear in mind; My nature would forsake me, And much longer you'd me find : So ye wits l'd have you try, This mystery to explain; If you find it out, then I,

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