

THE YOUNG LADY'S MORAL TOILET.

<i>The Enchanting Mirror—</i>	}	This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
SELF KNOWLEDGE,	}	And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.
<i>Wash to Smooth Wrinkles—</i>	}	A daily portion of this essence use ;
CONTENTMENT,	}	'T will smooth the brow, and tranquil joy infuse.
<i>Fine Lip Salve—</i>	}	Use daily for your lips this precious dye,
TRUTH,	}	They'll redder, and breathe the sweeter melody.
<i>Best Eye Water—</i>	}	These drops will add great lustre to the eye,
COMPASSION,	}	When more you need, the poor will you supply.
<i>Solution to Prevent Eruptions—</i>	}	It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
WISDOM,	}	And gives to woman dignity and grace.
<i>Matchless pair of Ear Rings—</i>	}	With these clear drops appended to the ear,
ATTENTION AND OBEDIENCE,	}	Instructive lessons you will gladly hear.
<i>Invaluable pair of Bracelets—</i>	}	Clasp them on carefully each day you live,
NEATNESS AND INDUSTRY,	}	To good designs they efficacy give.
<i>An Elastic Girdle—</i>	}	The more in use, the brighter it will grow,
PATIENCE,	}	Tho' its least merit is external show.
<i>Ring of Tied Gold—</i>	}	Yield not this golden circle while you live,
PRINCIPLE,	}	'T will vice restrain, and peace of conscience give.
<i>Necklace of purest Pearl—</i>	}	This ornament embellishes the fair,
RESIGNATION,	}	And teaches all the ills of life to bear.
<i>Diamond Breast Pin—</i>	}	Adorn your bosom with this precious pin,
LOVE TO ALL,	}	'T shines without, and warms the heart within.
<i>A true time-Piece—</i>	}	By this the youthful fair may learn to prize,
REGULARITY,	}	And well improve, each moment as it dies.
<i>Select Bouquet—</i>	}	Behold the gay assemblage ! but beware !
COMPANY,	}	For all are not as innocent as fair.
<i>A Graceful Bandeau—</i>	}	The forehead neatly circled with this band,
POLITENESS,	}	Will admiration and respect command.
<i>A Precious Diadem—</i>	}	Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own,
PIETY,	}	Secures herself an everlasting crown.
<i>Universal Beautifier—</i>	}	With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth,
GOOD TEMPER,	}	It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

The following is given as a fireman's toast :—"The Ladies—The only incendiaries who kindle a flame which water will not extinguish."

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.—BY DAVID L. ROATH.

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,
A hardy sunburnt man ;
No sturdier man you'll ever see,
Though all the world you scan.
In summer's heat, in winter's cold,
You'll find him at his toil—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil.

No weighty bars secure his door,
No ditch is dug around ;
His walls no cannon bristle o'er,
No dead lie on his ground.
A peaceful laborer is he,
Unknown in Earth's turmoil—
From many crushing sorrows free,
Is the Tiller of the Soil !

His stacks are seen on every side,
His barns are filled with grain ;
Though others hail not fortune's tide,
He labours not in vain.
The land gives up its rich increase,
The sweet reward of toil ;
And blest with happiness and peace
Is the Tiller of the Soil !

He trudges out at break of day,
And takes his way along ;
And as he turns the yielding clay,
He sings a joyful song.
He is no dull unhappy wight,
Bound in misfortune's coil ;
The smile is bright, the heart is light,
Of the Tiller of the soil !

And when the orb of day has crown'd
With gold the Western sky,
Before his dwelling he is found,
With cheerful faces by—
With little laughing duplicates,
Caresses will not spoil ;
Oh, joy at every side awaits
The Tiller of the Soil !

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,
A hardy, sunburnt man ;
But who can boast a hand so free,
As he, the Tiller, can ?
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
The pow'r has him to foil—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil !