

FOOT.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

I love the clanging hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The clangor of the factory saw,
The roar of the rivet,
The ringing of the steel,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirr of the spindles,
The barking of the looms,
The rattling of the looms,
The clinking of the anvils,
The din of the mills,
The sounds of busy labour—
I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The driver's off-repeated shout,
As he spurs his stock along;
The bairns of the noisy mill-man,
As he runs him to the door;
The hallo from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down;
The busy sound of chaffers,
As the grain from the ripened grain;
As the sheaf falls with a crash and glee,
Beneath the snowdrifts on the plain;
The kind voice of the dairymaid,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry
I love, them all.

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life,
How much of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife?
Not the toil and strife that faint,
And the toil and strife that grieve,
Not the toil and strife that growth
Beneath a tyrant's sway—
But the toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart—
The toil that ever bringeth
To the master of his part.

O, there is a good in labour,
It we labour but bright,
That gives vigour to the day-time,
A good that brightens night;
A good that brings pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours,
For duty cheers the spirit,
As the dew revives the flowers.

GUTTA PERCHA.

My patient died when I leaped from her side,
To fall rankled with wonder;

4. And here's abroad in the wide world around,
The green-wood abode of woe.

5. I hold the flower in the sunny bower,
I shelter the dead in their graves;

6. I kiss the hair of the fairest fair,

7. And bid defiance to knaves;

8. The man whose gold often gives me to hold :

9. I'm chaser'd o'er the green, where the school-

boy sees me;

10. I want at the taper's desire.

11. I ride on the wave the sailor to save,

When he shrieketh aloud in despair;

12. I've been tried, am cast with felon's lot;

13. I'm belov'd by the wounded and torn;

14. I reveal the oaks (16) the tall tale I couch;

15. I'm fashioned as high and low;

16. Many garments in the sighted blind;

17. By the sick man's bed (21) the ship's

most head;

In the various forms I am there,

22. Deep in the earth, though unseen in my words,

23. I bear the weight of the softest brier;

24. And hold that which treach'rously mind;

25. When the emigrant lands on far-off strands,

Perchance he treadeth on me;

26. On the rich musty table, (27) in the horses'

stable;

27. My host may frequent me;

Now I challenge your mind to assert to find,

28. Though I travel along by your hand;

29. I come from the south; (30) I may dwell in

your mouth.

30. Or rest you at the top of your head?

The following explanation may serve to illustrate

the above—

1. I relate to the guita peach tree; they are tapp'd

and dried, which is then a milky juice

exudes.

2. It is used both above and under ground.

3. Guita peach flowers-pot.

4. Linings for coffins.

5. Perfume's staves.

6. Money bowls.

7. Water pots and engine-bugs.

8. Cricket bats.

9. Maces.

10. Machine driving belts.

11. Indestructible vessels for the use of prisoners.

12. Balsam for slight wounds, instead of sticking

plaster.

13. Optical glass.

14. Casting of the telegraph wires.

15. Medals and casts of celebrated and notorious

persons.

16. Cord for window-blinds.

17. Cloths lined.

18. Casting of the telephone wires.

19. Medals and casts of celebrated and notorious

persons.

20. Cord for window-blinds.

21. Cloths lined.

22. Casting of the telephone wires.

23. Optical glass.

24. Casting of the telephone wires.

25. Optical glass.

26. Casting of the telephone wires.

27. Optical glass.

28. Optical glass.

29. Optical glass.

30. Optical glass.

31. Souvenir hat.

KNICKERBOCKER BOY-MOM.—The Knickerbocker Magazine gives the following, which are good for now:

"An old chap residing here, says a correspondent, who might be classed as of the genus 'Scalavag,' who was in lazy to work, but picked up a living by pettiboggling, and other means more or less equivocal, was caught by a neighbour with a loaded gun, and shot him dead. The old fellow ran from his neighbour's house for fire-wood. "Hello! you old scoundrel! what are you stealing my fence for?" was the salutation he received from the owner. "The old fellow turned round, rested one foot on the rail, and said, 'I'm not dead without the least embarrasment.' 'I'm not much a sight older than you are, you meddling old fool!' Then deliberately, shrugging the ruff he carried it home. Slightly the wrong track."

KNICKERBOCKER BOY-MOM.—Old Mr. Fiddle fell down a pitch, just as a sun-away house and stay came in his helpless plight he roared with fright; the house came quick, all gallop and kick, when the old man rated his great oak stick; I the house then shied at the old man's stick, who had no hands to well-fend him, and the sticks were no friends to the well-fended him, and on it goes. Up-comes Fiddle, from out of the paddy, and stands on the road with a staggering gait, then whirling away from the scene of the fray, he furnished his stick with a hero's pride.

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