

THE TOILER.

O who of you, down in the street,
 Will help him bear his load?
 He struggled through the burning heat,
 Honest along life's road.
 Where roses lay he found sharp thorns
 And shadows near sunbeams,
 Black night walked with his fair, white morns,
 Despair rode on his dreams.

O who of you will speak a word
 To cheer him on his way?
 Such music! ah, he has not heard
 For many a long day.
 'Twill part the shadow clouds of grief
 And Love's bright lights will shine,
 'Twill bring his heart a swift relief
 And strengthen yours and mine.

O who of you will lend a hand
 To lift his cross of years?
 The poor old soul! he cannot stand
 The leaden weight of fears.