

There are lines on his brow of grief and care,
Writ with a quill from Time's feathered wing.
There are silver threads in the chesnut hair,
The blossoms white of a fair dawning spring.

Yet Victor Roy has a kindly word,
And a kindly smile for all he meets ;
No cry of distress is by him unheard,
While many a blessing his pathway greets.

"Yes, that's right Jasper, draw the curtains close,
And make the fire burn bright ;
God help the poor and suffering ones
Within this city to-night.

Did your wife send food to that sick girl in the
market lane to-day ?

Did you carry coals to the man whose limbs were
crushed by the loaded dray ?

Well, that's all right, what is it you say ? you
wish that I did but know

The comfort I give to hearts that are weak, or
erring or low.

Have you turned lecturer, Jasper ? no ; but it
makes you sad,

To see me lonely and quiet when I'm making
others glad.

But Jasper, remember that you and I, hold
certain things in trust,