

THE JOINER.

He met him at both ends of day—

The village jobber

On the common way.

His step was quick, though short

His pace, his whiskers gray ;

His shoulders sloping and his figure bent,

He bore a heavy burden as he went.

He gave him health, a stalwart frame ;

But through his toil

His nobler manhood came—

A truthful man of quiet lips

And little blame.

Each morning found him doing at his best,

Each evening brought him peaceful rest.

But John is failing, and his eye

Is not so true

As in the days gone by.

His neighbors marking, yet

Would fain deny

That age has warped the judgment of his head.

He needs must earn his daily bread.

Though time may lade him in his years,

His simple trust

Removes his deeper fears,

His manly faith is stronger

Than his tears.

His God has been his stay through trials past,

He will be to the last.

From those who toil enduring late,

As humble craftsmen

Or as honor'd great,

God mans the bulwarks of

His church and state.

Safe-guarded thus His kingdom shall increase ;

Their rest shall be *His* day of peace.