

THE JOINER.

We met him at both ends of
The village jobber
On the common way.

His step was quick, though slow
His pace, his whiskers grey
His shoulders sloping and his
He bore a heavy burden

Time gave him health, a stalwart
But through his toil
His nobler manhood came
A truthful man of quiet lips
And little blame.
Each morning found him doing
Each evening brought him