

BLIND JOE.

The subject of the following poem is a blind fruit pedlar, resides in Waterloo, Eastern Townships, to whom the inhabitants are very kind.

Sightless worker, shut for ever
Out from the light of day,
Still toiling in darkness drear,
No beautiful thing thy soul to cheer,
Thy staff for thy guide and pioneer,
Groping thy lonely way.

Up to thy work with the rising sun,
Feeling his glad some rays,
While he gilds the tops of distant hills,
And anon the blooming valley fills,
Flashing among the dancing rills,
Chasing the morning haze.