# The blind man's hope.

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# TO THE PUBLIC.

The bearer having lost his eyesight in the pursuit of his business, and having a family depending on him for support, and not wishing to become a burden to the public, takes this means of gaining a livelihood for himself and family, and most respectfully craves your patronage.

# THE BLIND MAN'S HOPE.

On me the world has darkly frowned,
And cast a withering blight;
Affliction's clouds o'erspread my sight,
And hide the morning light.
Misfortune, too, has aimed at me,
Her most envenomed dart,
And all her weapons brought to bear
Upon my broken heart.

But still, through trouble dark and deep,
I strive with all my might,
And all the broad creation round
Is gloomier than night.
Though oft my spirit seemed to sink,
And Hope yielded to Despair,
My strength is from the mighty One,
Who hears the blind man's prayer.

From the cup that's mixed for all,

Be pleasure mixed with pain;

The bitter portion I have drunk—

The sweet must yet remain.

Through many pleasant future years,

May happiness be mine,

And no corroding griefs assail,

To mar my peace of mind.

Where thorns were wont to throng my path,
Grow roses in their stead,
And on the breeze that fans my brow,
A hallowed fragrance shed.
And when to other worlds I'm called,
And bid farewell to this,
May all my sorrows be assuaged
In everlasting bliss.

Please buy my Appeal.-Price 5 Cents.

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