



J. M. JOHNSON, CALAIS, MAINE.

NOW, fickle Fortune, tell me why
 You favor some, pass others by,
 Here massing gifts in bounteous heap,
 There giving almost naught to keep!
 "It never rains, but pours;" 'tis plain
 This is as true of gifts as rain.
 And Johnson's case I will recite,
 To prove to you, Prodigal, I'm right.

A heart you gave, as good as gold;
 Endearing qualities untold—
 The mirthful eye, the kindly face,
 And Humor's balmful, saving, grace.
 A will for toil that never ends;
 Genius to make and keep his friends.
 Now, Fortune, couldn't you "stand pat,"
 And let friend Johnson go at that?
 No, wastrel, to these gifts of self
 You add external power and pelf.
 In mart and council he sits high;
 While public honors pass not by.
 He's "cinched" the glory of the sod
 With Nancy Hanks and noble Todd.

Your treasure box you've ope'd so wide,
 You've scarcely left a thing inside.
 One only crumpled gift I see;
 'Tis resignation, meant for me.