



SELWYN THOMPSON, BELFAST, MAINE.

PHILANTHROPISTS may give their all
 To mend conditions on this ball;
 Found hospitals and libraries
 (Their names engraved upon the frieze),
 Establish schools, ope Learning's door
 (To those who knew a lot before)
 But here is one whose kindly heart
 Does truly take the laborer's part,
 And with the product of his hands
 Between him and the cold world stands.
 Confess it now, ye sycophants,
 What were proud man without his—clothes?
 King, poet, peasant mixed would be
 In obscure mediocrity.
 Old Adam wept and swore to boot
 When Eve brought him his fig-leaf suit.
 They didn't fit him by a mile.
 (What really pained him was the style).
 No more he'd weep if he could gain
 A suit at Thompson's, Belfast, Maine.