



J. W. GORDON, OGUNQUIT, WELLS, ME.

THEY don't do things now as they used to do,
 Time used to be when one man made a shoe,
 But now an expert sews, or pastes or pegs.
 Things are not now as once they used to be.
 This doctor helps you hear, that one to see,
 One auscultates, another saws your legs.

The ancient way to us would seem right queer.
 We could not live, alone; gone is the pioneer
 Who did all things, dependent on himself.
 The antique style we should not understand;
 "Do one thing well" the rule is of our land,
 "Specialize or lose the race for pelf."

Once in a while we find this is not so.
 Oft doth a giant pine 'mid saplings grow,
 Showing the broader spread of ancient days.
 There are exceptions, sure, to every rule;
 I know a genius of the olden school
 Whose tout savoir recalls the olden ways.

In school he leads the child, marries the man
 (As Justice of the Peace); does what he can
 To guard the public health, improve the common lot;
 As coroner upon your corpse he'll sit.
 Johannes in loco a title is, most fit.
 (I could translate it, but would rather not.)