

THE DOUBTING CARPENTER.

(The following lines were addressed by Captain Andrews to a certain carpenter who, on the day previous, had expressed a doubt of the originality of his compositions.)

"Labor conquers all things."—OLD PROVERB.

Perhaps, when you see these *lines* you'll say
They're not original ;
From what you told me yesterday,
It seems quite possible.

Therefore *oil* *axe* you like a man
If this *adze* to your case ;
Brace up and *auger*, if you can,
Where I the *bit* shall place.

And so, my knight of *saw* and *plane*,
You thought to *chisel* me ;
Don't try to *hammer* me again,
Or use your *nails* so free.

Your *spirit-level* will disclose
All things that are not *plumb*,
For if you *punch* and *gauge* your foes,
An *old file* you'll become.

May be it is the *planes* you use
That *shave* your conscience bare ;
If so, your conduct I'll excuse,
And we will call it *square*.

There may be others like yourself,
Who with *edged tools* would fool ;
They'd better leave them on the shelf,
And try the golden *rule*. W. D. A.