



E. K. WHITAKER, BAR HARBOR.

THE thought conceived in the artist's mind
 Must outer realization find
 Beneath his touch; that which exists
 In brain-stuff only, thru him persists
 In enduring stone, in solid form,
 Resisting the teeth of wind and storm.
 But for his fixing, congealing art,
 These fabrics of dreams would fall apart.
 Fancy's flowers would fade away,
 The dreamer gone, his work decay.
 Stone upon stone, his buildings rise,
 Till the splendid whole doth greet our eyes.
 Type of the patient workman, he,
 Who sees, not what is, but is to be.
 To all who would rise, this word he brings,
 "Despise not the day of little things."