



F. P. GRANT, FORT FAIRFIELD, MAINE.

BACK in the long-lost halcyon days,
 —How dim they seem, thru Time's dull haze—
 When we were boys, we oft did read,
 In well-thumbed text, the doctry deed
 Of Cincinnatus, from the farm,
 Fending Italia's threatened harm.
 The Times have changed; Man's highest aim
 No longer is to kill or maim,
 Feelings of rivalry do not cease,
 But now they wear the garb of Peace.
 And in this war, the strife of Toil
 Our leaders oft come from the soil,
 Methinks their simpler, saner life
 Doth better fit them for the strife,
 Fort Fairfield folk believe this thing;
 Witness the works of him I sing.
 Where man forgathereth with man
 With mystic rites of secret clan,
 In common effort for the Good,
 In foremost rank he long has stood,
 The public well he often serves,
 From Duty's path he never swerves.
 Long years he's read our page each week,
 What further praise is there to seek?