DANIEL McMASTERS OF RUMFORD FALLS.

IN Scotland's early days, they say, the old verse this way ran
"McMasters make the Masters"—and dour was the clan.
But other days have come since then—tho masters never cease—
When mind and heart supplant the sword—the Mastery of Peace.
Then come with me to Rumford Falls: up here among the hills,
Where foaming waters tumble down to turn the Oxford Mills
And meet the man who's pictured here—a man of large affairs
Who manages these Oxford Mills and countless honors shares
In church and school; in Board of Trade he helps in everything
And when the apt occasion comes—he teaches them to sing.
Then every homage be to him—the subject of these rhymes—
Who spells "Success" in large concerns—and also sings betimes.