



DR. E. E. PORTER, PITTSFIELD, MAINE.

**W**HERE Sickness lies in its sombre gown,  
Awaiting the call of the spectre, Death,  
And rich and poor alike, in the town,  
Pay homage to him with parting breath,  
You'll find our Doctor there.  
He snatches the prey from those bony hands;  
Renews in Life's hour-glass Time's glistening sands,  
Smoothing the brow of Care.

Where Masons gather in secret rite,  
Searching the Orient's mystic lore,  
Waging for Truth an unceasing fight,  
In His name whom all mortals adore,  
Our Doctor delights to be.  
Liberty's torch he lifteth on high,  
Tolerance, Charity, Freedom, the cry.  
The Cult's High Priest is he.

Where softly falls the sun's slant ray  
Thru forest trees, on shimmering brook;  
Where fish pursue their insect prey  
And deer frequent the sheltered nook,  
Our Doctor oft will stroll.  
If there be left some idle time  
He also courts the muse sublime  
'Tis food unto his soul.