



F. H. CARR, SANGERVILLE, ME.

**I** WONDER if they call him Carr,  
Because, with purpose strong,  
He lifts the burdens of a town,  
And makes them move along?

I wonder if it is because  
His heart was built all door,  
And in it there is always found  
Room for a few friends more?

Or is it that they have observed  
The stiffening in his back,  
That makes him take, when duty points,  
A straight, unswerving track?

Perhaps it is, I'm sure this guess  
More near the goal approaches,—  
In half the time he does more work,  
Than most of us slow coaches?

Thy reasons, friend, are very good,  
Thy wit is far from tame,  
But I suspect they call him Carr,  
Because it is his name.