



L. W. STEVENS OF FORT FAIRFIELD.

THEY blazed the way to the Border,
 In the scarf of the sapling pine;
 They cleared the virgin forest
 And planted the corn and the vine;
 And the sounds, that broke the silence,
 Were the settler's axe and saw,
 Where the mills now sing defiance
 To the Forest's primal law.
 From the first man's trackless searching
 To the man who goes at will,
 Is a stretch of modern progress
 That is measured from axe to mill,
 And the toll of Aroostook's seasons
 Is paid to those men of years
 Who like Stevens of Fort Fairfield
 Were of its lumbermen-pioneers,
 He has helped to build her cities
 And has dealt in her real estate.
 For Fort Fairfield's business progress
 He has labored long and late:—
 This the tribute that they offer
 To this man of modest ways;
 "He attends strictly to his business,"
 Which I consider highest praise.