



HON. LUTHER R. MOORE, SACO, MAINE.

THE Saco's stream flows gently,
Within its confines green,
While on its swelling bosom
A glimpse of heaven is seen.
But where its way is trammelled,
Its mien no longer gay,
With rush fierce and determined
It cuts the rock away.
Tho, in its crooked windings,
It turneth many a mill,
Yet seaward it floweth ever,
Its goal remembered still.

How like to the flowing river
Is the man we sing to-day.
As gently, 'mid pleasant environs,
Goes the tenor of his way.
More truly, in manly actions,
In deeds of truth and love,
In his zeal for the cause of the weaker,
We glimpse the realm above.
He showeth an equal persistence
When opponents impede his way,
He moves toward the goal of his striving,
With a purpose that nothing can stay.