



NATT I. ABBOTT, SANFORD, MAINE.

INTO Columbia's lap is poured
 The best of each State's richest hoard.
 Lo, California sends her gold,
 New Hampshire, from her mountains bold,
 Her finest granite; the land of Penn,
 The handiwork of skillful men;
 The prairie offers its golden wheat,
 The South, the fruits we love to eat.
 Each freely gives, from shore to shore,
 The rarest jewel in its store.
 "Oh, Maine, search well thy treasure chest,
 And give me that thou thinkest best."

"My gift the choicest is of all.
 I send my sons, brave, strong and tall.
 Afar and wide my children roam,
 Retelling the lessons learned at home,
 Subduing the wild, the plain, the wood;
 Replacing evil by the good.
 Freely these jewels I give to thee,
 Then frown not, if perchance you see,
 Some choicer sons at home I guard.
 Let them my sacrifice reward."

All this concerns the case in hand.
 Vide picturam; you'll understand.