



WILBUR C. OLIVER, BATH, MAINE.

WIELDER of iron he; its firm, resisting mass
 He moulds in varying forms; makes it to pass
 Thru heat of fiery forge, 'neath hammer's blows,
 Till, by the force of human will, it grows,
 Refined, embellished, a fit instrument
 Of human comfort, need, or betterment.

Wielder of human hearts is he, as well;
 A fabric softer to the touch, but, truth to tell,
 Resisting, more than steel, the workman's hand.
 A stubborn heart he oft can make expand
 Beneath the gentle glow of kindly word.
 He knows wherewith its deepest chords are stirred,
 When best to use Persuasion's subtle arts,
 Logic's relentless blows, or Satire's darts.
 And thus, in many a local Lodge, he leads
 The way to helpful works and kindly deeds.

His influence in public life is known;

Protectingly his arm, of late, is thrown
 About the city's poor; in him they find
 A champion courageous, honest, kind.
 So lives he, that it may be said, at last,
 "Things better are, because he this way passed."