



HON. WILLIS E. PARSONS OF FOXCROFT.

“THE gentleman from Foxcroft,” I hear the Speaker say.
 “The Senator from Piscataquis,” the years have passed away.
 But memory quickly serves me, the picture to recall,
 Of him, who stood to answer, to the parliamentary call.

I have seen and heard him often, and have always felt the Man;
 The power of his logic or the wisdom of his plan.
 In the courts, the House or Senate, he's been faithful, thru and thru.
 Consistent and coherent, fervent, strong and true.
 The modern times are calling for a modern kind of man,
 Who recognizes duties, on the altruistic plan;
 Who would seek to find such resource, as Dame Nature kindly gives
 And is devoted to the service of the people where he lives.
 Such is Parsons, up at Foxcroft, who hasn't simply practiced law
 But who's pushed as hard for business, as any man you ever saw—
 Not the business of his office, but the business of his town—
 For the mill, the shop, the power-plant that makes the wheels go round,
 And I esteem it quite a marvel when a busy lawyer can
 Find his happy avocation, in such an altruistic plan.