



DR. J. ABBOTT NILE; RUMFORD FALLS.

THE doctor; he who cures our ills
 Makes twice as strong appeal
 When he, from practice spares the time
 To give for public weal.

In town affairs, a vital force
 In taxes and police
 In Board of Trade in divers ways,
 His efforts never cease.

A man of human instincts, he
 A social man—the best;
 An Elk, a Mason—other goats
 He's ridden with the rest.

Along old Oxford's hills, he drives
 For many a weary mile—
 As Androscoggin hurries on
 So runs this Western Nile.