



* * * To the New Science Hall. * * *

WELCOME, thou late resident that dost mark
An era of good will in those who sent thee
here
To dwell among thy aged sisters. For thou th'
apostle art
Of new ideas, wondrous thought, gained by Dar-
win, Edison,
Thomson, and others, who with gifted sight have
penetrated
The robe of Nature and have all but solved
The secret of her life.

But do not look with scorn
Upon thy sisters here. Though clad in garments
Sear and brown and bearing on their front
The marks of time, their's is a glorious past.
From their good guardianship have gone
Some whose deeds have left their names
Deathless and hallowed in our hearts;
Others whose hands still nobly bear
Before us, the conquering banner of truth.
Thy sisters here have paved the way for thee;
Then on them look with reverence due.

Be this thy task:
To lead the reverent youth through all
The paths of Nature. Nor fail—for if thou dost,
Eternity alone can count the cost—
To point each one to that Almighty Hand,
Which hath so strangely joined by unseen band
The invisible mote that floats around us
To yon mighty globe that rolls its ponderous mass
Among the celestial spheres.
But him who'd follow thee with sacrilegious step,
Turn back. Better for him to walk alone in
darkness
Than to follow thee some way and yet refuse
To see the goal to which thy every path doth
lead;
For satisfied with but a little of thy truth,
He'll live to lead the weak to th' apparent chasm
That doth lie athwart thy path and cry
"This is the end!"

Aye, be this thy noblest task:
To lead by Nature's path to Nature's God.

W.