

lack of tongues which made me doubt how fit I was to appear on this pleasant occasion, where, as I learned somewhat appalled, everybody was expected to talk *Welsh*. To stumble bewildered an intellectual tenderfoot in the learned land of Johns Hopkins might certainly give any man pause, but in the court of wisdom there must be of necessity a fool, and so I accept the position of the provider of sentimental folly and make my little venture.

'Tis said that hovering near your infant couch  
The fairy forms of Art and Science flew  
In generous counsel o'er the golden gifts  
They bade a joyous future pledge to you.

And if, they said, your life shall fail to give  
What Bacon called the "hostages to fate,"  
Unnumbered friends shall challenge love with love,  
And ever through thy happy hours elate.

Fair Nature, coyest of all maids that hold  
Reluctant mysteries from their lovers dear.  
Shall on victorious quests divinely smile  
And tell her secrets to thy listening ear.

Not yours shall be, companioned by the stars,  
To soar through space on thought's ambitious wings  
To worlds unseen; nay, yours shall be to roam  
That wondrous other realm of little things.

There, half unread, the ever less and less  
Lost in the lessening less, eludes our sight  
In space as sunless and more dark with fate  
Than are the baleful planets of the night.

There shall you stand upon the twilight verge,  
Where fades the sight of each material thing,  
And baffled wonder, what an hundred years  
To other eyes than ours may haply bring.

A lilliputian world to thee we give,  
Where deadly swarm the grim bacterial blights,  
With amboceptors strange malignant priests  
For demon marriage with satanic rites.

Here stegomyia and anopheles  
Are huge behemoths of this lesser sphere  
Where gay spirilla wriggle lively tails  
And vexed erythrocytes grow pale with fear.

"Be these your friends," the flitting fairies cried,  
"But who is this that leads a pirate crew?  
"Bacterium chronos! Get you gone from hence,  
"Or hungry leucocytes we'll set on you!"