The structure was to be built; a written programme of the exercises on this occasion; a roll of autographs of all the school children in town; a copy of the "New Hampshire Sentinel" for July 4, 1900; and a written statement of Mrs. Farnham, explaining the object of the building and her intentions regarding it.

The President of the day was Mr. Henry Dwight Learned, who called the assembly to order at 3.30 P.M. The order of exercises was as follows:—

1. Scripture Reading and Prayer by Rev. Robert Collyer of New York, N. Y.
2. Remarks by the presiding officer.
3. Statement of Mrs. Farnham regarding the purposes of the building, read by the presiding officer.
4. Letter from Wm. S. Leonard, M.D., of Hinsdale, read by Mr. Learned.
5. Vocal music, by a quartet, consisting of Mrs. Laura W. Piper, Mrs. Minnie E. Leffingwell, Mr. W. B. Kirk, and Mr. R. A. Dobson.
6. Depositing the box and laying the corner-stone by Mrs. E. C. Farnham, using a new trowel and hammer.
7. Placing a mass of fresh pond-lilies upon the corner-stone, by school children.
8. Address by Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D., of New York, N.Y.
9. Original Poem by Miss Emily E. Derby of Dublin.
10. Singing of America by the audience.

Original poem by Emily E. Derby:

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."
— Longfellow.

LIBRARIES AND SOCIETIES

A poem written by Emily E. Derby on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the Dublin Public Library
July 10, 1900

Build reverently, O workmen,
For within this house of stone
There abideth deathless spirits;
Think not there are books alone.

Thoughts of saints and thoughts of sages
Speak from out the printed page,
Guiding, cheering, helping, leading,
Ever on from age to age.

But the thoughtful reader seeth
Visions that elude the artist:
Something more than printed word:
In his heart a chord have stirred;

Reverent forms and earnest faces
Of the little band of yore,
Generous pioneers of learning
Giving from their scanty store.

That the needs of a rude people,
Struggling for their daily bread,
Might by them be satisfied
And the mental hunger fed.

Gone from out our narrow earth-life,
Entered on another sphere,
Still their influence remaineth,
And we think of them as here.

Here abiding still in spirit,
With the work that they begun;
Work committed to our keeping,
Be our part as nobly done!

Treasure rich beyond our reck'ning,
Wealth untold of human brain,
Make the casket worth the jewel;
But a mine with treasure filled.

Build joyfully, O workmen,
'Tis no common house ye build,
Not a house of idle pleasure,
Be our part as nobly done!

Build worthily, O workmen,
As the sculptor lends his skill,
Cunning hand and trained eye
Doing well the master's will,

Build faithfully, O workmen,
For the structure that ye raise
Shall be viewed of men unborn,
And shall bring ye blame or praise.

Not the eyes of fabled gods,
But the eyes of men well skilled,
Shall in future years take note,
Asking how and why ye build.