



HON. NORMAN H. FAY OF DEXTER.

**T**HE man who creates, from the crude idea, the machine that will do his will;  
 Who stands ready, at hand, to put into form, any device that was  
 ever born;  
 And set it at work, in the aid of men, to battle the primal curse  
 again;  
 To fashion the tool in its kindred parts, that, like the hand of man, will  
 ply the arts  
 Or cause from the inventor's subtle brain, the dream of years to live  
 again;—

Such men perforce, from their very selves, their missions large fulfil.

The man who receives, from his fellow-men, the reward that his works decree;  
 Who stands ready at hand as friend Fay has done, to serve to his best  
 till the battle's done;  
 Who in business affairs or Board of Trade, or in legislative halls, has  
 made  
 A record that fits to his record there, where the tool cuts true to the  
 shade of a hair  
 And a life is lived that is full in line, with the Maker's drawing and  
 design:—

Such men, whose honors are justly won, need surely no word from me.