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OUR QUARTER CENTENARY.

How swift the flight of time appears—
As t'were but yesterday
The fourth part of an hundred years
Has winged its course away !

Through all these years our folded page
Has monthly shown its face ;
So many moons of science sage
Succeeding in the race !

The story that we had to tell
Of bee and butterfly,
Our story—have we told it well,
With love and earnestly ?

O, with the lapse of years, how small
Do all our quarrels seem !
Like children's play, or like the fall
Of shadows on a stream !

This story of the spider's nest,
Of beetles, black or gray,
Is but a story, at the best,
Told by ephemera !

Still is it the *pursuit* of truth
Where all the pleasure lies,
A perfect knowledge—*that*, in sooth
Is hidden from our eyes.

Upon this quest our little barque
Has bravely held its way,
On board a crew of men of mark
As e'er sailed for Cathay ;

And all our volumes, as they lie,
Came ever opportune,
Thanks to the patient industry
Of Saunders and Bethune !

January, 1894

A. R. GROTE.