

1796—1896.

## Scarboro Centennial.

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“ONE hundred years !” How easily 'tis said —  
How slight an effort of the gift of speech !  
Not many letters to comprise it all.  
A little child can lisp them o'er with ease,  
But who can grasp the fulness of the time ?  
Or who can measure all that it contains ?  
Its symphonies and mournful cadences,  
Its echoes of the past that thrill the ear,  
That stir the heart to richer, fuller life,  
And cause the pulse to beat with quicker throb  
As we do muse on days that long are past ? --  
Days that were bright with honest, sunny smiles,  
Or clouded o'er with sadness, or with pain, --  
Days full of memories of varied scenes  
Illumined by the acts of friendship true  
Of those whose lives were joined to ours in love --  
But who have left us for a little while,  
Until the call to us shall also come  
To enter on a higher, nobler life  
That knows no end, that is not measured by  
A term of years, but where ten thousand times  
Ten thousand centuries are but a drop  
In the vast ocean of eternity !

—R. DAVIDSON, *Ingleside*.