

Professor Henry Calderwood

I pass within thy College gate,
With youth the most of low estate,
To ethic wisdom big with fate,
 And, choosing out my place,
I wait one noble face.

He comes—the Guide to laws of mind,
A just man, patient, ever kind—
His peer it would be hard to find ;
 He captures, ere we part,
 The love of every heart.

A will of strength with quiet grace,
A lover of the human race—
How often beams thy genial face
 Before me where I roam,
 In my Canadian home !

O Teacher ! tell the secret, thine,
Of influence so wide, benign :
'Tis—thou hast lived with One divine,
 His glory great thy goal,
 And He has filled thy soul.