

To R. R. W.¹

From Scotland's mists across the sea you bore
The sacred fire, (kindled by him whose name
Has made the century famous with his fame,)
And bid our lamp burn brighter than before.
Upon our Tree, a branch from Scotland's shore
You grafted, and behold our Tree became
Wanton in leafage ; with blossoms all aflame ;
Deep rooted ; and with boughs to heaven that soar.

We see the better issue from the strife,
And hope the best. In loathsome crawling things
We feel the fluttering of jewelled wings.
In Nature's score, with seeming discords rife,
We seek to read, with you, the note that brings
To harmony the jarring chords of life.

¹ Read at the Dinner given in honour of Professor R. Ramsay Wright, Professor of Biology and Dean of the Faculty of Arts in the University of Toronto, on his retirement, May, 1912.