

# The Canadian Entomologist

Vol. LI.

LONDON, JANUARY, 1919.

No. 1

## A BREATHING SPELL.

Full fifty years of seasons fleet  
Give pause to round another bend,  
A rallying-place for friends to greet  
Ere onward once again we wend.

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### I.

A gallant flood of noble sweep  
Our stream holds bravely on its  
course,  
With sparkling face and limpid deep  
That draw from rills beside the  
source.

A varied scene its banks display  
In wood and swamp and far ravine;  
By mill and farm it makes its way,  
By garden-plot and pasture green.

All honour then to those before  
Who pointed first the distant goal;  
From hill to vale who steadfast bore  
To trace the course our waters roll.

With outlook wide, from upland slope,  
Our fathers viewed all Nature's  
ground;  
We strive within a smaller scope  
To perfect out our little round.

### II.

Children at play upon the shore  
Of a mysterious, murmuring sea—  
But gathered shells is all our lore,  
The vaunt of poor humanity.

'Mid doubt and error on we go,  
By glimmering star a path we steer;  
To seek the truth but not to know,  
The lot of all who voyage here.

We have our moments rich and rare;  
Amid long hours of darkest night,  
When on our vision bursts the glare  
Of meteor's trail or Northern  
Light;

Till comes with dawn the lookout's  
call,  
Strange ships beat up by wind and  
lee,  
In one great quest adventurers all  
We sail no more a lonely sea.

### III.

Within the heart's all-cherished shrine  
Of talents manifold are three  
That Nature's mysteries best divine—  
Love, Reverence, and Humility.

In earnest work, in eager play,  
By Nature-love united all,  
With might and main do what we  
may,  
Nor boast the great, nor scorn the  
small.

"So much to do, so little done"  
Each lonely labourer's parting sigh,  
Then speed the work so well begun,  
The common purpose cannot die.

Each has his place within the plan,  
His proper place none else may fill;  
In brotherhood our course began,  
By brotherhood is furthered still.

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Then onward once again we wend  
From rallying-place for friends to  
greet,  
From pause to round another bend  
And fifty years of seasons fleet.

FRANK MORRIS  
Peterborough, Dec., 1918.