Presented Tray; Returns Favor

Years of service in many unrelated fields by the Rev. W. G. Colgrove has been recognized by the University of Western Ontario.

**Silver Tray**

In a special ceremony in the office of Dr. G. E. Hall, president of the university, Mr. Colgrove, who has retired from the faculty, was presented an engraved silver tray. The presentation was made in the presence of all departmental heads under whom Mr. Colgrove had served.

Mr. Colgrove, after receiving the gift, reversed the procedure and presented Dr. Hall and the heads of departments with a copy of his book of poems, "Spare Time Poems."

**Many Rolls**

Mr. Colgrove, during his years at the university served as assistant in the Department of geology, taxonomist in the Department of Botany and lecturer in the Department of Astronomy. Many of the laboratory instruments used in science departments at the university have been designed by Mr. Colgrove and much of the demonstration equipment used in the Department of Astronomy was of Mr. Colgrove's invention.

Mr. Colgrove, besides being an inventor-at-large has also received acclaim as an author of poetry, of scientific articles and religious-scientific literature.
SPARE-TIME POEMS

BY
W. G. Colgrove, B. A., M. A., B. D., Medalist
2 Christie Street
LONDON - CANADA
APPEAL TO ART

O Art, dear Art, what dread disease
Hath smitten thee and thy keen sense,
That thou shouldst be so far bereft
Of all thy classic excellence,
In line and curve and perfect form?

What plague hath robbed thee of thy grace,
And substituted crookedness
For thy fine curves and flowing drapes,
Which were the points of early stress
That filled our spacious halls of fame?

O Art, we could weep bitter tears
For thee, because of such alarms,
That so-called modern devotees
Have prostituted all thy charms,
And put abortions in their place.

Proportion with its principles
Is almost wholly left alone;
True atmosphere is seldom seen,
And soon perspective will be gone,
So noblest art may disappear.

O Art of yesterday return,
Come back to earth once more we pray;
Let genius flourish in the land,
And seek again the ancient way
Of beauty, quality and truth.

Let not the work of giant minds
Be cast into destruction’s flame.
While dwarfs with gushing self-esteem
Busk in the glow of cheap acclaim,
Voiced by the parrots of the school.

O Art, come soon, ere these usurp
Thy place and crown, and teach our youth
Their foolish, half-baked fallacies,
And worse than all, their work uncouth,
Which looks absurd and not abstract.

O Judges, what has stymied you,
Have you forgot fair Beauty’s plan,
Fine drawings and true color schemes?
So you esteem a mess of lines
With slobbered tints as better than
SCULPTURED SNOW

There stands the man of snow
All gleaming in the sun;
Too bad he'll never know
He made us so much fun.

His body is immense
And shapeless as can be;
His head has little sense,
His eyes, they cannot see.

His hands stick out so far
One has to watch his step;
He has no skill to spar,
And no amount of pep.

He never says a word,
He never even nods;
You say, how do, my lord,
He's silent as the gods.

Some day Jack Frost will tire
Of such an empty show,
And let the solar fire
Change him to H2O.
VICTORIA'S STATUE

Of all the cities in the land,
This is the one where it should rest
Because we are art loving folks,
And yet possess none of the best.

Go up and down our thoroughfares,
Was e'er a city quite so bare
Of inspiration from great art?
One cannot find it anywhere.

Stop in our parks, scan east or west,
There's but a single monument
That holds attention for one hour,
But it reminds of manhood spent.

Where are the sculptors of our time?
Where are the statues of our great?
Have we none worthy of a bust?
No statesman and no potentate?

There is one spot to suit her grace,
That is, of course, Victoria Park,
Surrounded by some flower beds
And lighted when the day grows dark.

Ho, everyone, let it be known
You'd like to see her over there,
And tell the city fathers that
You'll gladly help because you care.

So let's no longer silence keep,
But urge to have the statue bought,
Don't wait until it is too late,
To buy a treasure such as that.
ASTRONOMY

THE MORNING STAR

O daughter of refulgent Jove,
And wife of Vulcan down below
In Etna's heart, where fires glow,
Thou ne'er didst lose thy magic love.

I fain would lilt a song to thee,
Sweet goddess of the flower world:
May nectar in the blossoms curled
Reward the hastening honey bee.

At morn I scan the Orient sky,
And find thee playing with the clouds,
At hide and seek, or from their shrouds
Espying me so thrilled and shy.

Please show thy lovely form to me,
And let thy beauty still my soul;
Thou brightest starlet of the bowl
To all thy wonders give the key.

Don't say me nay, dear Lucifer,
Supernal glory is thy gown,
And thy fair chastity the crown
That makes mere man thy worshipper.

So rise and range across the dome,
Before old Sol with flaming steeds
Ascends to furnish human needs,
And hastens thee to thy western home.

O Phosphorus stay with me one hour,
Dispense thy potency divine,
By some strange alchemy refine
To me the secret of thy power.

This was the planet Venus.
A NOVA

I wonder what a nova is,
And how and why so suddenly
It bursts all nature's barriers
And with a cyclopean eye,
And something like atomic power
Shoots light throughout the universe;
Is it the ending of a stage,
Or does the cycle start again?

They say it is a star renewed,
Not new by any means my friend,
That it was there just where it stood
For untold ages, end on end;
But we could not behold it till
It reached the time for this display,
And many others no doubt will
As other eons pass away.

Its light and energy had grown
To far surpass the sun's great power,
And, had it planets of its own,
They'd all been cinders in that hour;
But doubtless stars are planet free
Until they reach that proper stage,
And hence a circling family
Perhaps begins to count its age.

'Tis thought that the first Xmastide
Was ushered in that distant night
By such a star at its rebirth,
Or by great planets in the sky;
The HOW of things has little worth
Compared to well established facts;
The presence of the Son of God
Is here to win the argument.
WHITHER BOUND?

The question mark has always stood
For anything beyond our ken,
It may be bad, it may be good,
But still we seek, as we did when
Long years ago we pondered well
The arching sky and its great height,
Or probed the depths in diving bell,
Or scanned the life that's out of sight.
Since then we've seen the world rotate
By nature's gyroscopic power,
'Tis spinning at a dizzy rate,
They say, a thousand miles an hour;
This does not take us far from home,
Because we stay upon the ball,
And yet, much farther we all roam
At greater speed along with Sol.
For now we know he's flying fast
At forty thousand miles an hour,
While Vega's stars go streaking past
Like spectres with atomic power;
And farther through the starry maze
We leave behind the double suns,
And flash into the depths of space
Like rockets shot from cosmic guns.
Meanwhile we're speeding round the sun,
Each hour some eighty thousand miles,
In non-stop flight we make the run
And check our fluctuating dials:
We wonder oft how many times
The earth has made its spiral path,
What change has come to her fair climes,
And what shall be the aftermath.
But, more than that we're carried in
A giant arm of Milky Way,
And must submit to speeds akin
To fourteen million miles a day;
But even though the speed is great
Around the central stellar core,
It takes to make it once rotate
Two hundred million years and more.
As round the galaxy we ride,
'Tis said the universe expands;
And yet it cannot be denied,
Because we do not understand;
So where's the end or edge or top?
Is Einstein right, or must we wait?
Let's keep the faith and never stop
Until we enter heaven's gate.
THREE EVENING PLANETS 1949

In ancient times, some writers say
Folks called the twilight planets stars,
And some still do the same today
No matter how the truth it mars.

We see these planets in the sky,
And wonder at their brilliant lights,
And ask their names with pensive sigh,
Oft on these starlit autumn nights.

We're told that Jove's the highest one,
Great Jupiter of giant girth,
Whose bulk, one thousandth of the sun,
Is thirteen hundred times the Earth.

'Tis distant from us out in space
Four hundred eighty million miles,
But we can see him face to face
And watch his satellites defile.

The temperature out there is cold,
Two hundred down beneath zero;
The winds are raging, so we're told,
Three hundred miles an hour or so.

Its day is not ten hours' long;
Its year a dozen such as ours,
So that within its year there throng
Ten thousand hurried days and hours.

The next is Venus, loved by all,
And still the cause of many smiles,
But not so large as Tellus' ball,
Away some sixty million miles.

She's tropical and humid too,
And her famed beauty's but a cloud
That hides her surface from our view,
Where probing Sol can't pierce the shroud.

OVER
And farther down amid the haze,
Elusive Mercury resists
Our inquisition's spying ways,
But may be seen if one persists.

This midget planet, so they say,
Is so blamed hot the thermal dials
Of a space-ship would melt away,
'Tis six and thirty million miles.

WHY STARS SHINE

Twinkle, twinkle giant star,
What a wonder now you are,
Since we've learned to calculate
And glean something of your state.
We are all a-jitter here
Wondering what you're doing there.

We employ the telescope,
Swing it round with patient hope,
Set its eye before your face
And observe you out in space;
Shine, O shine refulgent star,
We don't wonder what you are.

You are but a globe of gas
And through many stages pass,
Once you were a greenish youth
Vibrant, but to tell the truth,
You will some day turn the page
And advance to ripe old age.

Now we know why you still shine,
'Tis because you're balanced fine,
And by stellar chemistry
Urged by constant industry,
You combine the gasses right
To maintain your size and light.
ASTROLOGY

I've read the magazines and books,
And pondered its pretences o'er
I've ribbed these pseudo-science crooks
And found their falacies galore.

I've tried a score of horoscopes
On folks of high and low estate,
And found no answer for their hopes
But mocking emptiness and fate.

I don't complain if it's for play
And that seems all it has to share,
But when they ask for you to pay
I hope you'll say you've none to spare.

Because it's just a waste of time,
A waste of trust and money too;
Because its ignorance sublime
Makes nearly all its claims untrue.

Don't be deceived by such a ruse,
They have no contact with the stars,
Yet they your confidence abuse
By mouthing Jupiter and Mars.

Their's is a racket like the rest,
Which to appear as higher class
Supports a publisher as guest,
And poses with its shameless brass.
THE DRESDEN METEORITE

Flashing like a blazing rocket,
Lighting all the countryside;
From the eastward it descended
Like a football glorified.

Sparkling as it fled to westward,
Thundering as it passed so near,
Gleaming brighter, ever brighter,
Bursting in the atmosphere.

We were standing on the campus
Wondering where it would alight,
Running, watching smoke and fire
Till it vanished from our sight.

Then we followed in the morning,
Found the place to which it flew,
Paid the price they wanted for it,
Brought it back to Western U.
MOUNT PALOMAR

The new look today is a look far away,
Far away from the haunts of our renegade race,
Very far from the strife of this wobbling world
To the unmeasured reaches of infinite space.

Tell me why is the quest made with such eager zest?
Are there crowns for the winners of this marathon?
If they bring back a picture of yonder abyss,
There'll be fortune and fame when the task is well done.

On a mount lifted high with its head toward the sky,
Looms the keenest inquisitor science has found,
Where the sun and the stars wait for us to revolve
On our annual circuit through distance profound.

In that Palomar giant with sinews of steel,
With its eyes that are fashioned from fireproof glass,
They will see through the heavens a billion light years,
By the glint of great mirrors surrounded with brass.

Will they halt when they're told of the spaces so cold,
Or have fear for their safety beyond the earth's air?
Nay, they will lift anchors like sailors of yore,
Like those of the Argo they will fearlessly dare.

Though this journey's assayed, it will never be made,
Since science has drafted and fashioned an eye,
That can see what transpired long ages ago,
Far away in the measureless depths of the sky.

Many thanks to the men with unusual ken,
To whose minds the Creator has secrets unsealed.
Of the eons and objects too vast for our sense,
Which show there His wisdom in wonder revealed.
THE COMET WHIPPLE 1947

Good morning! Have you seen the comet yet,
Or were your eyes co-centred on the ground?
Did worries bow your head and slow your feet,
So you did miss the cosmic glory gowned
In pearly evening haze?

Good day my friend, you surely did not fail,
To see the glowing aviant of space,
With its bright head and filmy streaming tail,
And its high speed in a celestial race
This side of Capricorn.

Good eve to you, and may I thus inquire
If on your rounds you've seen the comet, sir,
With its fair retinue of silver fire?
No, I've not seen it, but it caused a stir
Around the anxious world.

Whence came this spatial visitor so far?
Pray tell its nature and its grave portent;
Does it bring peace or herald aught of war
Upon this earth, on its strange mission bent,
Across the vault of heaven?

Where will it go from here, to east or west?
Or will it plunge and disappear, or rise
To greater heights, where we may see it best,
And hale it as an astronomic prize,
Beyond our fondest hope?

Let's keep keen watch like sentries on a hill
And wait in patience for the clouds to go:
Then with all haste scan yon horizon till
We catch a glimpse of nature's flag aglow,
Surpassing all the stars.
THERE IS NO SKY

There is no sky, the thing that I behold.
The thing that baffles me and has no weight,
No substance I can conjure with;
So subtle, so transparent, it abides
Within its strange estate.

How odd to be and not to be, said I.
And went my way into a score of domes.
But found astronomers as vague,
And not so skilled to hide revealing facts,
In their much studied tomes.

So that which we've called sky a thousand years,
Is naught but endless areas of space;
And yonder orbs that seem to stud
The spanless, broad, immeasurable void,
Have there no resting place.

And what about the vaulted arches there?
They never were, they do not hold the stars;
Nay, heaven's lights that flashed across
The primordial gulf and far away,
Ne'er met with any bars.

Then what is space, how made and how maintained?
Go ask the alchemist, the polyglot,
Consort with him who scans beyond
The vast beyond, to that which lies beyond
The range of human thought.

There is no sky, no bounds, no limits there;
Since that is so, what can the wonder mean?
And then I saw within my soul
That some things are observed with mortal eyes,
And some by insight seen.
DIANA'S RETURN

I've read in books, said Mother Earth,
My daughter's coming home;
But when and how are Greek to me,
For though I read I cannot see
How men can tell her perigee,
Say naught of when she'll come.

Astronomers are busy folks,
Forever watching us;
Collaborating nights and days
About this old world and her ways,
About Diana's golden phase;
Enough to make us cuss.

How do they know, how can they tell
Such things may come to pass?
Great calculations they prepare,
With telescopes they watch her there
And measure by a spider's hair;
There's no escape, alas.

But if she's coming as they say,
Within a billion years;
I wonder if she'll stop and fret
About the limit Roche has set,
Or will she crash in fervent heat,
That solid frame of hers.

'Tis fifty million years or more
She's been away, you see,
Torn by a solar tidal wave,
Snatched from the ocean's mighty cave,
And held for ages like a slave
'Twixt yonder sun and me.

And when she comes, I'll take her to
That self-same spot again—
There she may sit upon my knee,
'Tween Panama and China Sea,
Where sunsets reach eternity
That haunts the souls of men.
Though caught by stealthy thieves of space,
She ne'er forgot her home;
But ever turned this way and smiled,
Just like a good obedient child,
And on my shores the tides upplied,
Though still compelled to roam.

The years have gone, the journey's done,
Diana's home at last;
Through many a thousand leagues she hied,
With many a javelin in her side,
Flung by the fiery Sol who cried,
I'll follow just as fast.

But what, my child, are all these marks?
These blotches, pocks and spires?
Ah, Mother dear, I went alone
Through storms of flame and flying stone,
With fulminations of my own,
Against those cosmic fires.

Alas, alas, I feel so strange
Since you came back to me;
When in my arms I clasp your weight,
I feel I surely can't rotate
On tiptoe as I did of late.
What must the reason be?

The answer is not hard to guess,
For when the Moon sits down
There'll be a shock to Mother Earth
Like in the hour of Phoebe's birth,
And all around her giant girth
A trembling to her crown.

Old Mother Earth with awful groan
Will know her course is run;
She'll roll and wobble without aim
As solar forces grip her frame,
Only at last to yield in shame
A captive of the sun.

The Moon will swell the Sea of Peace,
But peace will then be gone;
Five thousand fathoms deep she'll sink,
And all the creatures on Earth's brink
Of Noah's blood will quickly think,
And seek a safety zone.
But though she sinks so far below,
She's high above the foam;
Above the waves, above the crowds,
Beyond the air our planet shrouds,
Two thousand miles above the clouds
She rears her sunkissed dome.

And so the continents will change,
The shorelines be renewed;
While round the Moon on every hand
Three thousand miles of water stand,
And make the widening seascape grand
From every angle viewed.

For many a mile her swelling bilge
Will overhang the sea;
Full many a score of miles away
Her darksome shadow hold its sway
And make a night within the day,
O'er limpid lake and lea.

And then the eyes of all the world
Will focus on the sight;
The scientists all wide awake
Will go to see this fact or fake
And many a picture draw and take
To ponder through the night.

With speedy craft they'll fill the sea,
The ships with eager men;
But as they reach that arid strand,
They'll find no shore on which to land,
No harbour fit for ships to stand.
So they'll return again.

The airmen then like gulls will seek
A place to disembark,
But ever and anon they'll fail,
Their efforts seem of no avail,
They never, never can assail
That rugged ceiling dark.

Ah, what's the use, all say at last,
Attempting such a chore?
Let's go back home to plod and grope,
To work, to ponder and to hope,
And meanwhile use the telescope
As we have done before.
EARLY WILD FLOWERS I.

(Harbinger of Spring)
Well hidden away till a warm Spring day,
Neath dark brown leaves in a forest glade,
There the glassy stems with the finest gems
Of the floral world their venture made;
From apparent death came their life and breath,
The dainty flower and the fretwork leaf
Emerged through the woof of its wind-built roof,
The first to rise from the winter's grief.

(Common Hepatica)
When the March winds tear in the tree-tops bare,
Or wildly charge down a winding hill,
When they howl and sweep through the forest deep,
And shriek 'round the wreck of a haunted mill;
With their petals pink they will slyly wink,
As their smiling floral stars once more,
With their three-lobe leaves from their furry sleeves
Bespangle the sunlit woodland floor.

(Yellow Adder's Tongue)
When the April showers and the sun-bright hours
Have warmed and watered the mossy dells,
One may wander wide o'er the country side,
To find the haunts of these sylvan bells;
In a woodlot fair, with its scented air,
One may see a thousand trumps unfold,
With their blades so green in a mottled sheen
And their shining perianth of gold.

(Common Blue Violet)
As the Springtime heat makes the cold retreat,
And the sun begins to hotter burn,
On the grass so brown is a vernal crown,
And early birds to the woods return;
Then a gentle flower in its sheltered bower
Nods its azure head with easy grace,
While the breezes play with it through the day,
And at sunset seek their resting place.
EARLY WILD FLOWERS II.

(Spring Beauty)
Where the warming breeze greets the budding trees,
And the dead leaves dance with the fairy throng;
When the sun half high in the cloud-swept sky
Makes a pattern rare with the shadows long;
If you look around you will see the ground
Is decked with the florets gay and bright,
Of that dainty thing called the Pride of Spring,
In its dress of green and pink and white.

(Wind-Flower)
Down a shady trail where the quiet quail
Seek a dark sequestered nesting place,
You may find a spot in a shady plot,
Where the fern fronds sway in gentle grace;
On the ground nearby you may soon espy
Some wind-blown blossoms snowy white,
With a five-lobed leaf and its stay so brief,
That it makes one think of time in flight.

(The Trillium)
In the woodland deep where the rabbits sleep,
And the groundhogs hide the winter through;
Where the redbirds call in the spruces tall,
And the black squirrels play as kittens do;
You'll find Wake Robin with his trine head bobbin'
In official cap of white or red,
He is often seen painted pink and green,
But sometimes grows all green instead.

(Marsh Marigold)
From high on a bank where the trees are lank,
And the crows on top hold confab long,
One can see a pool with the fish in school,
While a tree-toad trills to the cricket song;
Near by is a swamp where the bullfrogs romp,
At its very edge are piles of gold,
Below many more gild the winding shore,
And it makes one dream of wealth untold.
EARLY WILD FLOWERS III.

(Blood-root)
In a clearance bare where the sunbeams glare,
And its shining shafts work their alchemy:
Where the blackcaps climb in their stately prime,
And the grapevines clothe the Dogwood tree;
You may see a score, doubtless many more,
With their great green leaves where'er they stand,
And the big white bloom fit for any room,
And its reddish sap that stains the hand.

(Pepper-root)
On a sun-kissed knoll near a chipmunk's hole,
Where foxes prowl in the twilight dim,
And the ivy clings to the other things.
Like a hungry leech to a bather's limb;
In the dark subsoil where the rodents toil,
Are the crooked roots so pepper hot.
That a single bite proves the name is right,
And its ivory bells make a beauty spot.

(Blue Wood Phlox)
Round an old tree trunk that is partly sunk
In the mossy mold where it lies dead:
Where the antlered deer browses without fear,
And the doe reclines on a leafy bed:
Twixt the sun and shade in the sylvan glade,
One may chance upon a dainty hue.
As it sways and nods to the woodland gods.
With its salver shape of pale sky-blue.

(Garlic Mustard)
In the lowlands where there are rushes rare,
And the pastures grow so thick and rank;
Where the Great Ragweed rears its season's seed,
And the muskrats dig beneath the bank;
On a river side or a meadow wide
Sends the mustard capped in snowy white,
While its leaves so green in a polished sheen
Reflect the rays of the warm sunlight.
EARLY WILD FLOWERS IV.

(Dutchman's Breeches and Squirrel Corn)
When our May Day comes and the wild bee hums
Through the woods and fields and leafy bowers,
In the sun-bright spots of the forest lots,
One may chance upon these waxen flowers;
They are dressed in style for a little while,
And aloft display their banners white,
We see at a glance they are Dutchman's pants
Or Squirrel Corn packed in the earth so tight.

(Canada Mayflower)
Almost any day in the month of May,
When Sol is warm and the air is light,
One may venture far through the thicket bar
Blends the mustard-rapped in snowy white,
The scent in the trees is used by the bees
In their nectar search of the flowers there,
As they quickly sip from the ivory lip
Of this three-leaf lily now so fair.

(Shepherd's Purse)
In the yard close by one may soon espy
These common weeds with heart-shaped pods,
Rising sheer in grace from a radical base,
And rooted tight to the sleeping clods;
The purses so green in score may be seen
Neath blossoms white on stems erect;
The roots burrow deep the moisture to seep,
And sagittate leaves grow up unchecked.

(Wild Geranium)
When swallows return with the crosier fern,
And the catbird cries in the sumach bush;
When the wren arrives and the kingfisher dives,
And we hear the song of the woodland thrush,
One may find on a hill this large Cranesbill,
With its hairy stem but one foot high,
And its flowers pink make one almost think
They were dropped from the purplish evening sky.

---

On a snowy carpet gleaming white,
THE NIGHT BLOOMING PRIMROSE

Have you seen the nightly primrose blow
Right 'fore your eyes at half-past eight?
Have you watched its flowers ope and glow
On calm night air at rapid rate?

Have you seen the calyx sepal s f l i c k,
Its saffron petals fly apart?
While you stood amazed at nature's trick,
And marvelled at its occult art.

If you've failed in this, you better find
A rendezvous, where in the dark
They glow like fairy lamps enshrined
In sylvan shade, a shining mark.

Then follow me to my garden fair,
And watch this gem of midnight bloom,
While it breaks its golden chalice rare,
Like sprite emerging from the gloom.

You will say it's wonderful and grand,
And shout as many flowers blow;
You will wait to see the last expand
In regnant beauty, ere you go.
THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

In my back yard there grows and grows
What experts call the Christmas Rose;

All summer long it spreads its leaves
And through the days a pattern weaves;

It splits them deep down to the hem
And then unites them at the stem.

Then in the Fall it starts to sprout
As though new life had broken out;

And, caring naught for frost or snow,
Begins with beauty to o'erflow;

And spite of wind or sleet or rain
From blooming it does not refrain.

At Christmas time 'tis at its best
And seems to never take a rest;

So through the winter time it blows
Right there amid the swirling snows;

And frozen tight with stems erect
It rears its blossoms quite unchecked.

Now this is something seldom seen,
A plant whose leaves are ever green;

Whose flowers rare of white and gold
With purple petals too unfold;

Like groups of stars they brightly shine,
Of every Christmas-tide the sign.

They grow in my garden.
THE WEED

I'm but a weed, yet recognized all round the world today
As one who has, within itself, the magic power to sway
The government to favor it because of rising wealth.
Regardless of the harm it does to morals and to health.
That makes me so damn popular, that I can blow at will,
My poisoned smoke into the face of any Jack or Jill,
For I don't care for manners, nor for customs good or ill.

It is not strange that I'm entrenched so solidly just now,
Within the thought and habit of so many dupes somehow;
They like me so, they'd rather die, by my lethal decree
Than give me up and be content to conquer and be free.
Their values are all based upon whatever they desire,
It matters not how deep it drags someone into the mire,
Nor yet how much good currency they fling into the fire.

It sure is nice that multitudes stay by me all the years,
So I can fill my money chest by sale of lost careers,
Some care no more for high acclaim, nor even honest toil.
I make their breath obnoxious, their teeth become as jet,
My habit-forming tendency will make them addicts yet;
What matters it since I am out much golden gain to get?

Who has the right, I'd like to ask, to find a fault with me?
I give large gifts to every cause with generosity;
Why blame me for the evils, that from this habit rise?
I do not force on anyone my product in disguise;
But I am bound to do my best to make my virtues known.
It is not love that moves me so, that sentiment's outgrown;
So take or leave it as you wish, but let my faults alone.

Now braggart bold, I know you are a very favored weed,
But you are full of poison too, no rules of life you heed;
You do not care that nicotine destroys a person's health,
And breaks the power of his will by undiscovered stealth;
You give us nil for all we spend but poison gas to puff,
You lie about your virtues and, as if that's not enough,
You kill us by degrees, you rat, with your inhuman stuff.

From Finklest, "Tom, Dick and Harry," Chap. XIV.
Some years ago I wandered wide,
In search across the countryside,
For specimens of interest to
The teacher of our little zoo,
Who taught us many useful facts
Of nature's secret ways and acts.

One day as I was driving o'er
A hillock, near the western shore
Of ancient lake, I saw a nest
High in a tree, and did my best
To climb and take the novel prize,
No matter what its shape or size.

But soon I saw 'twas far too great
For me alone to emputate,
And then it clearly proved to be
No nest, but some strange malady,
Developed by a parasite
That now was hidden out of sight.

A stunted growth so flat and wide
It spread four feet from side to side,
And two feet thick, with underneath
A mat of branchlets in a wreath,
All clustered like a great bouquet
For someone's sylvan wedding day.

It seems that by unlucky blow
An interloper, Mistletoe,
Had lodged a spore upon a limb,
And struck its roots with eager vim
Deep down within the pine tree's bark,
And drank its life-blood in the dark.

Thus it cut off the constant flow
Of sustenance from down below,
So that the branch soon drooped and died.
And fell to earth all brown and dried;
While the usurper grew apace
And more than filled the other's place.

'Twas soon removed and taken to
The museum at Western U.,
Where now the students may behold
A Witch Broom, oft in story told:
And anyone who cares may see
The strangler of the Scotch Pine tree.

I found it on the University grounds.
A SOLAR SYMPHONY

The other morn I stepped outside my door,
To see what seemed to be a fallen star;
Or someone's diamond dropt the night before;
But in a trice the glory disappeared
Because a little cloud eclipsed the sun,
And left the dew-drop dull.

I ventured closer, took the crystal sphere,
And placed it neatly in my microscope,
To see how it was made so limpid clear;
Then deep beneath its fine transparency
I saw the blade of grass.

The glistening drop soon vanished from my view,
Borne on the wings of earth's warm atmosphere;
For Sol, in spite of cloud, had caught the dew
And wafted it to empyrean heights
To add its spectral lustre to his crown,
While I sat there amazed.

And now the vernal blade began to glow
With sunlight from the mirror underneath,
Which penetrated every cell, and lo
I saw the shape of things unseen before
More wonderful by far than pearly dew
Or rarest diamond.

I was intrigued, for there before my eyes,
Lay structures marvelous and passing strong,
All built of tubes and braces, midget size,
Wherein the magic chlorophyll employs
The alchemy of special solar rays
In photosynthesis.

Upon the upper surface one could see
Long graceful, curving veins suppressed in green,
While on the under side they rose to be
So parallel they looked like railway tracks,
Laid side by side until at length they merged
Together in a point.

From there down to the clasping stem I found
The midrib armed with many spiny hairs,
And on each side, a quite uncommon kind
Of check-valves, called stomata, little mouths,
Whose function is to balance the amount
Of transpiration's flow.

A drop of dew, the mirror of a star;
A blade of grass, an intricate machine.
That manufactures much of mammals fare.
Who reck naught of the beauty they devour,
Yet, in their turn, produce rich proteids
For us who need them most.
THE LADY'S SLIPPER

We strolled along a sleeping brook,
Down where we met the woodland dark,
And, passing through a sylvan arch,
We saw the birch's shining bark.

And just beyond that shady nook
There stood an Arbor-vitae tall,
'Twas studded thick on every side
With giant Cat-tails like a wall.

We ventured farther on our quest,
For we sought Cypripedias
Which are the shoes that Venus wears
When she goes for Asclepias.

But they seemed to escape our sight
And hid in some sequestered spot;
Yet perseverance was repaid
When we espied a gorgeous lot.

And there they glowed, a galaxy
Of stately ladies for a ball,
With hats of white and pink and green
And bands of sunlight over all.

They call this Cypripedium
Reginae of a royal sort,
Because they think it good enough
To grace a queen in any court.

We plucked a dozen beauties there
And bore them homeward with some pride,
For that same evening we would go
And place them at a patient's side.
A ROVING BOTANIST

One day in the heart of the Summer
I stood on the broad ocean shore,
And saw the green waters all frothy
On the crest of a jostling bore.
It crowded up into the narrows
With many a tumble and twist,
Like the fabulous flood of Niagara
One sees from the Maid of the Mist.

The rocks all around me were girdled
With garlands of blossoms entwined,
Resembling the glassy blown flowers
In Harvard's museum enshrined,
A marvel they are without boasting.
For the work of the blowers so rare
Created a wondrous collection
That cannot be equaled elsewhere.

I saw the fine fingers that fashioned
A rose in its beauty of form,
Its color surprisingly life-like
So close to the natural norm.
I thought of the heaven's Creator
And said to my wondering wife,
Too bad they are wholly unable
To give to their miracles life.

Then out to the great Arboretum
With a wealth of exotic trees,
And down to the fine Boston Gardens
Where swan-boats were sailing at ease.
But tired we were of flat country,
So hied for a change to the hills
Where a face at the top of a mountain
Looks down on the wild daffodils.

Then across to the Habitat highlands,
And up to our old Montreal.
Nestled close to a volcanic crater
With a jagged-face vertical wall.
High up the precipitous mountain
Half hid in a natural coin,
Smiled a hyacinth sweet as an orchid
That bade me ascend to purloin.

one of my happy holidays — W.B.C. OVER
But danger was greater than courage,
Yet bold I the precipice scanned,
And soon the botanical treasure
Was almost in reach of my hand;
I leaned to the left and obtained it,
My foothold then crumbled away,
I reeled in dismay at the prospect
Of ending my life on that day.

In falling I grasped a small sapling
Whose root was held tight in the rock:
My sweat cooled so fast I was chilly
But soon I revived from the shock.
Once more on the ground I thanked heaven,
Then fastened my prize in the press,
And packed for a sail up St. Lawrence
Through isles by the thousand I guess.

We skirted the banks of the river,
Observing each flower aflame,
Then landed and drove to Lake Scugog
And later to Simcoe by name.
Saw much of the granitic roundheads,
And yearned for the mountains again,
So we headed for Banff and its beauty
Where we could meet danger like men.

Before us stood proud Sulphur Mountain,
With snow on its summit and peak;
Undaunted we climbed the smooth foothills
Where flowers were pink as her cheek.
Then up through the brush and the tangle
Where snow was eleven feet deep,
We at last re-emerged into sunlight
And looked at our perilous creep.

We now saw the peak looming higher,
Aglow with red lichens suppressed,
And that was the prize I was after
A gem for my specimen chest.
I struck it smart blows with the hammer
And tucked it away in my sack,
Then viewed the horizon and valleys
And soon we were on our way back.

To the right the underbrush crackled;
We thought it a goat or a bear,
Then braced for an uneven battle
But found it was only a scare.
For out from the thicket a boulder
Released by the hot July sun,
Came hurtling harmlessly by us,
Our dangerous day's work was done.

Then over the trails to the chalet,
And up through the woods to Louise
Where we gathered the tiniest Dogwood
And listed the names of the trees.
We descended again to the highway
And motored two days to the West,
Through mountains too many to mention
And scenery much better than best.

Ere long we had passed through the city
And down to the curved beach's arc.
Then around the circuitous driveways
That lead to the famed Stanley Park.
Here indeed is a heaven of flowers,
Rhododendrons and roses amassed,
Surprising, amazing and glorious
And leaving all others surpassed.

We looked and we laughed and we shouted
At color and beauty so grand,
We stared and we smelled and we wondered
So sated we hardly could stand.
We slowly withdrew to a section
Exotic and quite beyond price,
Where bamboos exult in the sunshine
Of a botanist's real paradise.

But at length we had to turn homeward.
And took this fair dream in our heart:
But first we would visit Victoria
And see the great gardens Butchart.
We viewed the Pacific like Balboa
Then boarded the train for the East
And sped o'er the mountains and prairies
Still full of that wonderful feast.

At last we arrived in our county
And stopped at a dark Cedar swamp,
Where we saw a strange golden blossom
Attached to a slime-sunken stump.
In spite of the imminent danger
I clambered about for an hour,
Then turning slipped headlong in mire
But escaped with my life and the flower.
When Solar glory gilds the morn
And shines where I'm asleep,
I'm soon aroused to consciousness
From silent slumber deep.

'Tis then I sense the pleasant tone
Of Ipomoea's plea,
"Behold, it is the break of day,
I come to set you free!"

Yes, free to meet your other friends
Throughout your garden wide,
See here, how brilliant Cosmos says,
"Hello"! so starry-eyed.

Now look around the arbour there
And gaze across the lawn,
You'll see the rambling roses blow
On that trim trellis yon.

Roses like blonds and brunettes shy
Speak sentiments of love,
And smile approval graciously
Like angels from above.

And by the wind-mill tall and strait,
The Giant Touch-me-not
Warns all intruders to beware,
He'll shoot them on the spot.

Beside the Golden Cedar Tree
A Hyacinth appears
To wish the morning's top to you
And meet the Sun with cheers.

While on the shed there sings a wren
With never ending song,
And scarlet crowned Bignonia
Blows trumpets all day long.

Close by a pool in garments green
Hid by a Golden-rod,
There stands a crimson Cardinal
With perianth of blood.

And creeping on the garden rocks
Petaled with pastel hues,
The lowly Trailing Arbutus
Says, "Pick whate'er you choose."

Within the pool the lilies grow
From many a foreign shore,
And by their beauteous faces tell
Their story o'er and o'er.

Then there's the stately Syringa
With loads of Lilac bloom,
Which says, "Look at me, strong and tall
To dare the winds that zoom.

At right are Marigolds aflame,
In modesty unique,
With varied, velvet flowers crowned
In terms of beauty speak.

The Phlox so gorgeous on your left
Gleams in its pristine glow,
And thereby calls attention to
Its multi-colored show.

And there are spreading Peonies
Whose spheric buds and blooms
Ope gorgeous splendor lavishly
Where-e'er the day-star comes.

There on your left Delphinium
Stands like a sentinel,
To watch for every enemy
That might disturb our spell.

And then there is tall Buddleia
With royal color decked,
Arrayed with many purple spears
To keep intruders checked.

And now we reach the Dahlias
Both large and little ones,
The double and the single kinds
Presenting many suns.

And yonder in the eight-foot strip
Are Poppies blooming fair,
Of many kinds from many lands
And Orientals rare.

While gracefully Forsythia
Adorned with bell-like charms,
Spreads wide its golden canopy
And curves its slender arms.

W.G.C.
EULOGY

QUEEN M.A.B.

She is the queen of fairies,
Forever doing tricks;
She washes all the dishes
And wallops all the ticks.

She never can be idle,
Although there's naught to do;
She's always helping someone,
To chase away the blue.

She's jolly, fat and forty,
She's short and corpulent,
And when she sits upon my knees,
My lower limbs are bent.

When she throws plates, she misses,
And chases me for miles;
But when she's good she kisses
The part of me that smiles.

I tell you what, young fellows,
Be careful whom you wed,
For if you don't, you'll rue it,
And wish that you were dead.

Be sure and wed a fairy,
And be a fairy too,
Then you'll be always happy,
I hope you will, don't you?
HIS FAVORITE WIFE

She came to me from up above,
I clasp her in my trembling arms;
For she's a wagon load of love,
And has so many gracious charms.

She surely is a busy elf,
Forever rushing 'round the house,
To chase the dust from off a shelf,
Or scream for rescue from a mouse.

Her face is pink and round and fair,
Her forehead smooth as marble form;
Her lips are full of kisses rare,
But sometimes mutter like a storm.

When she runs at me through the air,
I dodge or crumple to the ground;
She sits upon my tummy there,
And wraps me with her arms around.

Her laughter is the best of youth,
Her smile is like a rare sunrise;
She claims to love the simple truth,
But still she often tells me lies.

And yet I love her like a fool,
Because she makes such pies and cakes,
And fills my dinner pail so full
Of peanuts, pickles and corn flakes.

Written at my neighbor's request.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Fair Princess of the royal line,
There is within this soul of mine
A flame of faultless loyalty,
That makes me wish to sing thy praise
Like courtier of the former days,
And swear my fealty.

I'd gladly be thy cavalier
To brave all dangers far and near,
And prove my mettle for thy sake,
Because I feel thou dost possess
The hall-marks of a true princess,
And have what it will take.

Thou art so gentle, strong and free
That everyone is proud of thee,
And should be if I rightly sense
The beauty of thy inner life
That will enhance thee as a wife,
And banish all pretense.

Let not mere blandishments profane
The regal nature thou didst gain
From forbears such as thou hast had,
But seek to emulate their best
And trust in God to do the rest,
Like good Sir Galahad.

Sweet daughter of the sweetest queen
We mortals of this earth have seen,
And of His Majesty the King,
We on the royal wedding day
Would from all lands beneath thy sway
Our gifts and glory bring.

Move on to greater majesty,
Yet, with refined humility
Employ the powers of thy youth,
Shine ever as a source of light
To guide thy people in the fight
For righteousness and truth.

Then Britons all the world around
Will serve thee with a love profound,
And if a testing day should come
And they were needed to protect
The throne, and keep invaders checked,
Next morning they'd be home.
DON'T CRY BOYS

'Tis great to win a game,
And greater still the fame
Of victors of the year;
And mighty plaudits go
To those who deal a blow
At enemies we fear.

'Tis great to hear a song
From thousands in a throng
That blocks a thoroughfare;
But then to come back home
Defeated and alone
Seems more than we can bear.

The greatest triumph then
Is quality in men
That smiles, and sets the will
For future combat keen,
And practice on the green
Like grinding of a mill.

Although the glory's great,
Recall the athlete's fate
When injured in the game,
Too many of these men
Have suffered much since then
For momentary fame.

Are fleeting honors worth
An early grave in earth,
Before one has achieved
His place amid the sun,
Or higher honors won
Or even fully lived?

*Written when the morning sun shone on the valley.***
A HIGH HOPE

Art thou a Jew? Then gird thyself,
For thou art marked for Arab cruelty;
Yea, e'en that son of Abraham
Would thrust a dripping dagger in thy heart,
And cast thy helpless children out
To wolves and vulture-nomads who would take
Thy famous lands and cities fair,
Thy loved ones and thy sacred heritage.

Despair not yet my Hebrew friend,
Fear not, this hour in yonder shifting sky
Aglow, a new redemption gleams;
 Thy crucifixion's cry has reached the stars,
And echoed back a promise, that
Will weld earth's Jewry into one great host
Which, neath that as a heavenly sign,
Ere long shall occupy its rightful place.

For dawn must follow dark, thy day
Shall rise resplendent, and for aye secure;
And thou and thine shall have thy home,
Where, in the hoary past thy ancient kings
Forged from a heathen circumstance,
A holy theocratic state, a height
Ne'er reached by any other race,
And unsurpassed in world-wide history.

The visions of thy prophets too,
Reveal a range beyond our normal ken,
For those with telescopic eyes,
Great souls, mahatmas, God-inspired seers;
And then thy sage philosophers
Are still beyond our dreamer's keenest thought,
With their deep insight and their reach
Of moral grandeur, regnant and sublime.

Thy poets sang about thy God,
They hymned his wondrous glory and his grace,
And all the covenants he made;
And how his nature he revealed by steps
Progressive, so to suit the stage
Of our unfolding and expanding mind,
And all within one sacred tome,
One holy book, the "Book of Books" divine.
Western Libraries acknowledges missing content from the original manuscript.

Pages 490-539 are missing from the scanned images of the manuscript.
EIGHTY YEARS

1.
When I had lived on borrowed time
A dizzy decade more than most,
Who fade at three score years and ten,
And seldom have a chance to boast
Of what they've thought or said or done
To gain a place within the sun.

2.
My pretty, scheming, better-half,
Unknown to anyone in town,
Planned how she'd fix a glad surprise
For her dear husband, as a crown
For many years of hectic life,
Endeavouring to please his wife.

3.
So when the anniversary
Of my grand, natal day arrived,
I saw the gorgeous plan unfold
As it had been so well contrived;
And then I knew that I would be
The centre of a talking bee.

4.
The first to come that happy morn
To join the fun for father's sake,
Were Pete and Sis and Robin Kay
From fair Toronto by the Lake;
They brought a score of daffodils
To garnish all the window sills.

5.
And placed a large Azalea
Fullblown upon my trembling lap,
And in my hand a well-filled sock
Which made my wondering eyelids flap;
I looked around and grinning said,
"Will someone quickly hold my head".

6.
But ere I could get off my chair
There came a telegram from Gord,
Together with a rose bouquet
To glorify our festive board;
I gasped,"That's from our second son,
And Doris, Barry, Marilyn."
7.
And then 'twas time for lunch you see,
So Mom and I and Sis and Pete
And hungry Robin Colgrove Kay
Looked round for something good to eat;
And then we had an hour's rest
Before we donned our Sunday best.

8.
When suddenly the doorbell rang
To usher in a troubadour,
Who sang the "Happy Birthday" song
Like Harry Lauder, as of yore;
His name is Wallace, famous Scot,
But with no kilties we could spot.

9.
By three o'clock some folks had come,
With gifts of several different kinds,
Of food and fruit and flowers rare,
And books from literary minds;
All afternoon and in night as well
They came to ring our front doorbell.

10.
The second group was ministers
From modest domiciles around,
Each with his wife upon his arm,
No better neighbors could be found
Whose years entitled them to be
True knights of this fine chivalry.

11.
And after them the doctors came
To shake my hand and wish me well,
And comment on my youthful form
And envy me a wife so swell;
They talked and ate and drank some tea
And then departed praising me.

12.
It was a great surprise, 'tis true,
And one that ne'er can be forgot,
Because its happy fellowship
From truly Christian love was wrought;
They made nice speeches, full of cheer
And wished I'd reach my hundredth year.

So thank you chilens for the way
You helped observe my big birthday;
When you are eighty I'll be there
To put you in your old armchair.
T COLGROVE
CHRISTIE ST, LONDON ONT.

GRATULATIONS TO LONDON NEWEST AND SMARTEST OCTOGENARIAN.
COPPER CLIFFERS.
TIDBITS

WHY, O WHY?

Why do the kids go naked now
So far above the knees,
That Old Man Winter gets a chance
To make them cough and sneeze?

Why do the pretty girls go by
So sparingly attired,
That nearly all men blink their eyes
And some are ill-inspired?

Why do the men wear gaudy socks
That fail to hide their skins,
And wrinkle down their bandy legs
And show their shaggy shins?

Why do they puff a pungent cloud
In anybody's face,
And fling the empty carton down
No matter where the place?

Why do they show their naked chests
Like some old grizzly bear,
And even let their sagging pants
Hang round them without care?

Why do the women wear their skirts
So high above the ground,
And why those horrid pantaloons
When dresses may be found?

Why square their shoulders like a box,
A scarecrow in a shroud,
And daub the features of their face
And look so cheap and proud?

Why chew that gum for ever more
And munch like yonder cow,
As though their jaws were motorized
And they can't stop, nohow?