

“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”

Father Time.

Yes! Time will tell—
For time doth all things prove.
How suns and stars do in their orbits move;
How tides and seasons come—
And how they go—
The Summer' heat,
The Winter's frost and snow.
How men are born—and live—and die.
All matter—
“Life is short—How Time doth fly!”
Time shapes those mountains
In a mighty mould,
And hid beneath the Earth,
Coal, Iron and Jewels—and Gold.
Time bade the trees
Their mighty heads uprear,
And marked upon their stems
Each circling year.
The gifts of Time
Into your laps are thrown,
The riches of the earth
Are all your own.
See Now, the Seasons Come,
And Bring Their Gifts to You.
But Time will wait for no man
So Adieu!
Now come Fair Muse, we will together go.
What History must write—
'Tis Time alone can show.
(Exit together as Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter enter dancing.)

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