

Poem—

To 'Wildwood'

(From WILDLIFE REVIEW)

To one unsung on printed
page,
Who draws no angry critic's
hand;
Yet who, with wisdom of a
sage
Must nature's mysteries
understand.

Who with discerning eye may
find
True purpose in life's most
minute,
And measures, with enquiring
mind,
Cadence of creatures once
thought mute.

Whose patience deep has oft
revealed
A romance in the fertile earth,
And micro-things to eye long
scaled,
Where lesser men could find
but dearth.

To you, Wildwood, all fauna's
friend—
And flora must as champion
laud—
May you the trials of age
transcend
And ever walk and talk with
God!

—Richard Charles Summers

(Vancouver Daily Province,
Feb. 1, 1929)