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OPENING

TORONTO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

City's Semi-Centennial Day MARCH 61H, 1884 ET THERE BE LIGHT! The world divine was spoken
In the dim dawn of earth's awakening hour,
When chaos, trembling, felt the links were broken
That bound the formless void hencath its power;

When God's own Spirit brooded o'er the deep, And moved above the waste of formless things, Till life and soul emerged, as with a leap, And reason flashed with light upon its wings.

Yet even now, with ages long completed,
How tardy still the glimmering dawn of day;
How long the strife e'er, bigot foes defeated,
Wisdom is owned and ignorance gives way.

The righteousness that should exalt and blees
The nations, lingers still with fitful gleam;
The Golden Age, with all its grand redress
And brotherhood for man, is yet a dream.

What of the coming ages' promised prize?
What, watchman, of the dawn? What of the night?
Say, does the morning break; the day-star rise?
Is there some prelude of the longed-for light?

To-day we answer from our New World home, As here we dedicate this modest shrine To letters: praying that from thence may come From Wisdom's ample page a light divine:

Giving free converse with the good and wise; Free access to the thought-illumined page, Whence still to latest times, in living guise Shall sneak for all, historian, poet, sage

Nor grudge Romance's quaint beguiling mask;
Let Truth the masquerade of Fiction wear,
To ease the toil-worn labourer at his task,
And with the charm of fancy banish care.

Make Knowledge ample as the air we breathe, Its influence free as is the light of heaven; As He whose rain and sunshine all beneath Unstinted share; so let soul-light be given.

Spread wide the historic page to ardent youth; With liberal hand to manhood give the right To drink deep draughts from the pure wells of truth. Hasten the coming time: Let there be Light!

JNIVERSITY COLLEGE, February 27, 188,

