

In this, as in the poems as a whole, there is unmistakable evidence of keen observation and subtle, definite sight.

The symbol is described in graphic and charming words. The lesson at first is not seen unless it is by mere allusion. By degrees it comes into view, and at length stands out clear and distinct in these words:—

"Let us eat and drink
For to-morrow we die."

Here is made known the moral purpose of the sermon.

The dragon-fly is interpreted to the boy. The man gets its lesson. In the depth under the glory of the heavens are the multitudes of the sensual and gross. Truth, light and life cannot pierce the dense darkness to gain their ears and capture their hearts.

"It's a dream, it's a whim,
A whisper of reeds, they said,—
And anon the waters would sob."

The burning desire to get down into the depths where are the gross and profane is known to every heart on fire with heaven's love. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.

Keen appreciation is discovered in the selection of this creature from multitudes of the buzzing insects. It takes talent to select the text as well as to preach the sermon.

Follow the author into the region of earth's flora. Here he chooses a low form of vegetable life, "The Indian pipe," "The Ghost flower," is to its fellows what the Dragon fly is to insect life—wield, ghostly, suggestive. The poetic conceit in the Dragon fly is life emerging from the depths of total depravity. Here it is backsliding, lapsing, loving darkness rather than light.

THE GHOST FLOWER.

"In old the sun kissed me to ruby red,
I held my chalice up to heaven's full view,
And skyey balm exhaled about my bed.
Alas! I loved the darkness, not the light."

As the eye glances over this brief sonnet, the armies of earth's colourless, odorless wretches pass in ghostly procession before the mind. A look at this sickly, white flower in the damp air, under dense foliage, through which not a ray of sun can pierce, is a sermon that proclaims the gospel of light—I am the light of the world—

The author makes a selection

from the tribes of feathered wings. The robin becomes "My Robin." Let those who have heard his cheery song coming through the open window at early dawn, read this sonnet. There is robin—

"With black cap on his handsome head,
And slatish cloak and vest of red;
He calls me from my easeful bed;
Dear, up, dear, up, dear!
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer!"

The drowsy sleeper is asked to
"—share his joy, that day is here
To shimmer the sea, the fog is clear,
And yellow the corn of the hasting year."

This sonnet has in it the aroma of youth; but probably it is not younger than the most serious of pieces in the little volume. It is, in this case a tribute to the artist's genius which has not grown old. Dr. Rand still hears with the ear of a boy the robin's song, and responds with a heart and words to make the boy glad.

For the rhythmic, musical melody, it would be difficult to find anything sweeter than—

"To shimmer the sea, the fog to clear,
And yellow the corn of the hasting year."

Not music alone is here, but it is descriptive beauty as well. The touch and colour are exquisite. His lyric ear is as sensitive as his insight is piercing and keen.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be in respect to the measure of Dr. Rand's poetic talent, there certainly can be no disagreement in regard to its versatility. "Nora Lee," "My Robin," "Under the Beeches," "May's Fairy Tale," and other pieces, prove his genius for the jingle and music of narrative—narrative in the tip-toe language and spirit of youth. "May's Fairy Tale" can be read by merry, superstitious girls with greatest glee. May, giving the legend, accounting for the print of the horse-shoe on the horse chestnut tree, is finely executed:

"My story's told, now for our play!"
"And is the story true, O May?"
With the air of one who knows the truth,
The sweet eyed May, tall for her youth,
The overhanging branch down drew,
And showed the prints of Palfrey's shoe,
And laughing, said: "Now you all see
Why it is called Horse Chestnut tree."

The author's ability to turn from the serious labours of the poet to the mere entertainment of his readers—even the youthful part of them—is evident in the light-tripping, musical rhymes noticed

above. But this is mere by play-side-show.

His descent and ascent are easy and graceful. In "Love's Immanence," he is the poet in the realm where the natural and the spiritual worlds melt into each other.

"The wind in dark and shine a voice aye holds,
The noon tide forest listens to my prayer.

Urim fire throbs intense on barren wolds,
The crystal globed dewdrops love declare!"

In this and other pieces Dr. Rand exhibits an insight that pierces the occult in matter, mind and spirit. His constructive genius is deft and skilful in making use of all he discovers. His building goes on under the scrutinizing gaze of his artistic eyes.

In the first and last stanzas of "Fairy Glen," the excellencies of life, colour and form are present.

"Hid in the virgin wilderness,
The fretted Conway's Fairy Glen
This summer day reveals its charms
For painters' brush and poets' pen.

"God's arbor, this enchanted glen!
The air is sentient with His name;
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
The trees are bursting into flame!"

All except the third stanza, sustain the rhythmic flow and fine color of painting characterizing this volume of poems. But in this there is a noticeable falling off:

"The place is peopled with shy winds,
Whose fitful plumes waft dewy balm
From all the wild-wood, and let fall
An incommunicable balm."

Among its fellows this stanza limps sadly. But the poet is yet to be born who will never nod.

In "The Veiled Presence," for instance, his poetic fancy, so alert and creative in the region of the subjective, as seen in a large number of his poems, is here seen to be equally at home in the outlying regions of the objective. Here it is quite Miltonic. It soars into the sublime with ease and grace:

"Great God! I saw Thy mighty globe
from gloom
Roll with its sleeping millions to the dawn.

The vision of his awesome presence
veiled,
Burns in the flying spheres, still all unknown."

For life in its manifold expressions Dr. Rand has a keen eye and

(Continued on page 7.)