

Notches on The Stick

Unfailing delight in all beautiful being,—a joy, the expression of which is seldom interrupted, marks these pages. [At Minas Basin, and other poems, by Theodore H. Rand, D. C. L. Toronto, Wm. Briggs, 1897.] The author opens his eyes on Nature, sees her with the smile on her face, catches the untranslatable radiance, and straightway wariness and sorrow are as if they were not. "In Fairy Glen" he sees—

The rocks and trees, empearled in haze.
A soft and far enchantment hold.

The place is peopled with shy winds
Whose fift-plumes waft dewy balm
From all the wildwood, and let fall
An incommunicable calm.

Taro's left rock, green with spray-wet moss,
Deep in the sweet wood's golden glooms,
The amber waters pulsing go,
With foam like creamy lily blooms.

Shutles of shadow and of light
In gleam and gloom the watery wood
As rolls the endless stream away
Beneath the wind-swayed leafy roof.

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.

The proverbial dryness of college life has not taken the poetic ichor from his blood. Get him out in the woods or down on the margin of the ocean, at once he sees and rejoices. He is full of warmth and of a restrained exuberance. High hopes and ideals are before him; he thinks of poetry as of richest treasure: So in "The Glad Golden Year."

"Man views the outshining
From the heavenly heights,
Feels the sweet picture's lure."

and is made the master and the enjoyer of all eyes and spirit can command:

"Who holds the sure key
To this largest of treasure
Is a king among men,
Though a workman in blue,—
O! a strain yet to be
Who with God taketh pleasure
In the young earth again,
And feeleth it new.
Slow speeds the glad year
Told by poet and seer,
Yet I catch the far hum—
It will come, it will come!"

His spring gushes up natively, but there is the tincture of scholarship in its flow. It is clear; no taint or turbidity silt of the waters. Dr. Rand conforms to the better models and never condescends to catchiness, or any other literary trickery. Dignity and purity of style are never sacrificed to caustic ornamentation; and there is a persuasive harmony and sweetness of verification that cannot fail to satisfy the ear. Take the following sonnets as example, though others might with equal propriety have been selected:

A RED SUNRISE.

The naked Bay its silver notes is telling
Sweeter than flute or harp or singing bird,
Beatings of rosy rhythm in winsome word:
O! lifting song are softly shoreward welling:
Aeneas and the ruddy waters swelling,
In laughter peals around the fair earth heard,
Thrill with the homebound keels so long un-
sailed—

The kiss of day the weary wings compelling,
Beware the elfin bugles sounding clear,
As glows more's pallid ash to crimson flame
And makes a bloody dazzle of the waves;
Ere burn the embers in the west all clear,
The deep shall thunder its awful chant of flame
O'er noble hearts gone down to wandering graves.

The opal fires are gone, and but a stain
O! day yet lingers at the sudden night
With swift cloud bloss the crouching hills from
slight.

And the far sea moans deep in oninous pains.
Ah me, it is the swart-winged hurricane;
The furious tide in elemental fight
Is lashing shores and hoar with giant might—
The bleeding shores the tale shall tell the main!

Brave sailor, reeling in thy storm drunk bark,
Blinded by sheeted rain blown tempest wild,
And vexed with roaring darkness round about!
The heaven-sent vision of wife and child
Calm seated at love's hearth, with face a-bark,
Makes thee divine amid the awful rout.

He is sensitive to the external charms of nature and paints in captivating colors, but he looks to the heart of things, and his writing has esoteric value. He has subtlety of thought, and yet precision as well as delicacy of expression. Take the following, entitled "Tetrapla":

LOVE.

The blooming flowers, the galaxies of space,
Lie pictures in a cheery drop of even;
And globed in one round word, on lips of grace,
Shine out the best of earth and all of heaven.

SACRIFICE.

Green-halood cup of the gods, cool from the deeps,
Fountain of life, whence comes thy wave that
blossoms?

"The burdened cloud attempts the mountain steep
To perish 'mid the rugged wildernesses."

LIBERTY.

Thou rugged Gales of man's free behests,
Belied and belimed 'neath God's red thunder-
flute;

World-chimes upon the many-cloven crests,
And ordered kingdoms in thy tortle vales.

BEAUTY.

The grace of strength the shaggy hills attest.
And cresting billows in their power serene;
Beauty was suckled at no weakling's breast,
She sits the maned lion like a queen.

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"Nature," "I Am," "Deathless," "The Dragon Fly," "Elissa," "Dian and Fundy," "Arethusa," are all on evidence,—and such a sonnet as

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

No finished castle is the house of God.
The mind of Christ, the supreme Architect,
Man's pure apprehensions doth correct
From age to age, and turns afresh the sod.
The vast historic temple now is trod
"Neath loftier roof and heavenlier aspect;
New light, new need, revealed, each ripe defect
Goes down beneath man's feet divider shed.
Alas, humanity no more can grasp
Of thought of the divine Architect,
Than bolts of ocean crinkled shell on beach;
Yet His unfolding plan in vital clasp
Possess, O human soul, amid the stir
Of speeding worlds Love's flying-goal to reach!

Dr. Rand thus writes of his reverend and accomplished kinsman—a person who deserved to have been illustrious before his death:

SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

O! did thy spell enthrall me, spite the cost!
Thou brought'st a charmed and radiance holiday—
Stories and Songs and Indian epic lay—
When'er thy eager step the threshold crost.
Imagination all its plumes upst
To follow where thy spirit led the way!
(The sense that thou saw'st God when thou didst
pray
I never through the dimming years have lost.)
Fair Minas' shores thy step did gladden, too!
Thou charmed'st great Gloucester from the unlettered
past,
And told'st his story to the listener night;
Ay, lover of songs, of learned lore and vast,
Thou lov'd'st the Indian with a love so true,
In his sweet tongue thou gavest him the Christ.

The Patriarchal man knew well to pray.
To hear him utter the words of Moses,
The man of God—"Lord, Thou hast been our
dwelling-place,"—with closed, uplifted
eyes and hands, was to get a new concep-
tion of that majestic psalm. He would
have deemed these words not unworthy his
utterance:

THE CHRIST.

The noody Truth
In its sevenfold beam
Is the Christ, sandal shod;
Yes, the Truth in warm gleam
Of color and shine
Both of age and of youth,
As on life's p'plains and roads
His son's prism unfolds
The white thought of God,
In human passion divine.

The coming of Spring is happily de-
scribed:

Now are the brides of the leafy wood,
O'er dusky brooks the golden sunbars fall,
Birds fan the moonbeams in the balmy dark—
Look me! the banners of the holy rood
Shake in the battle's roar; sweet duty's call
Wings all my spirit like a soaring lark.

Roberts, Carman, Herbin, and other
native poets, have dwelt upon Acadia
scenery with loving enthusiasm, and have
painted the varied landscape to the life.
The like patriotic note, and the like fidelity
of delineation show our author a worthy
fellow singer. His sonnets,—which are in
several instances of special excellence,—
abound in genre pictures of the "Tidal
Vales of Acadia." We see the "Willow at
Grand Pre," and hear the "fifful rustle of
its sea-green leaves," telling "of the home-
ward tide."

Free-blown air.

Upturns thy gleaming leafage like a share,—
A silvery foam thy bloom, as it heaves,
The summer tempest comes up, and we
see the clouds—

White-veined with sudden fire and red with glare,
Now falls the twisted rails, like subsonic hair,
Dusking the wooded hills and mountain trail.

Then, when all is passing, the rending
cloud-veil

Breaks on the holiest blue,
All quick and palpitant as angels see,
And God's smile falls upon the breathing hills.

If you are an absentee from the natal
scene, you behold at once
About the buried feet of Blomidon,
Red-breasted sparrow with crown of gray and green,
The glades of Minas swirl.

You embark, and again

The tidal breeze blows its divinest gale!
The blue air winks with life like beaded wine.
What pleasant pictures are these!

The Bowin; Dyke.

Sea-widowed lands more fair than Tantramar!
Winter's green providence in July's sun!
Flashed on thy breast from dawn to evening star,
Soon herds of sweet-breathed kine of sere Canard,
Whose eager hoofs the hastening morn outrun,
Sea of lush clover aftermath has won,
And golden-girdled bees anear and far,
Lo, as the harvest moon comes up the sky,
Her shield of argent mellowed to the rim,
The phantom of the buried tide doth flow;
And without noise of wave or sea-bird's cry
Fills all thy ancient channels to the brim,
Thy levels of a thousand years ago.

UNDER THE BIRCHES.

The sib, its speech breaks from these leafy lips,
Moved by soft airs from the shadowy spaces
blown;
"We rear these giant boles amid eclipses.
We work in die, the work abides alone"

The day has met the night beneath the sky,
And the hot earth put off its robe of flame;
Sweet peace and rest come with the night-birds
cry.

Sweet rest and peace the herald stars proclaim.
The very heaven to taste the wails of sleep,
The founts of superannuated repose!—
The sib's runs still murmurs on the breeze,
The purple night falls thick about the trees,
And blessed stars, like lilies white and rose,
Burst into bloom on heaven's far azure deep.

"The Rose," "The Night-Fisher," "A
Deep Sea Shell," "The Camelus Cloud,"
"The Sea Fog," "The Underworld,"
"The Sea Uadine," "The Cirrus Cloud,"
"Hepaticas," "In the Mayflower Cope,"
"An Inland Spruce," "In Autumn's Dreary
Air," "International Arbitration," and
"Renswal," are among the finest of the
sonnets.

Dr. Rand is on the staff of McMaster
University, at Toronto, but he is a native
of Kings County, N. S., and shows in his
literary ventures his Acadian partiality.
He has won high praise from the foremost
critic in America. "Like Ope," writes
Mr. Stedman, "the author mixes his
colors 'with brains,' and is a man of
thought as well as feeling, and of both im-
agination and the lyric ear. I fancy him
a congener of Emerson and of Arnold, too.
If he can retain his peculiar insight and
keep fine his art, their shades need not be
a sham of their relationship. . . I am
sorry his collection did not come out in
time to enrich the Canadian section of my
Victorian Anthology."

Some of Dr. Rand's best qualities—his
insight, his grace and delicacy—appear in
his lyrics. He has a free, original hand
and his measures are artistic. A high pre-
mium he places on the beautiful:

"Had I two leaves of bread—ay, ay!
One would I sell and violets buy
To feed my soul."—"Or let me die!"
Beauty, dew-sweet, of heavenly birth,
Thy flower is writ of grief, not mirth,
Thy rainbow's footed on the earth
Rainbows and hyacinths I O see,
Your voices call across the years:
"The bread of Beauty's wet with tears!"

And again, "In The Cool of the Day:"

To him that hears the calling in the calm,
And, asked, feeds his soul at Wisdom's lip,
Birch, grove, and brook—God's voice in Silver
psalm
And like a secret honeycomb adrip.

The whirl of sudden wings his ear awakes—
A lark rose free in his grey sing robe.
"O miracle of life," in speech he broke,
A bird is greater than the solid globe!"

"My Robin," comes like a work of good
cheer:

At the very dawn of day,
My robin from the hill flies down,
And from the fence across the way
With black cap on his handsome head,
And a sash coat and vest of red.
He calls me from my careless bed:
Dear up, dear up, dear!
Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer!

Constant as the coming morn,
He leaves his green fir copse to see
If I will greet his breezy horn,
And share his joy that day is here
To shimmer the sea the fog to clear,
And yellow the corn of the hasting year:
Dear up, dear up, dear!
Cheer-up cheer-up cheer!

Ah robin, so debonaire,
So glad of the darkness gone away,
So heedful of this heart of care,
Seems to me to be my roundelay,
Born of a spirit so tender, so gay—
Let me join you in due for aye!
Dear up, dear up, dear!
Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer!

Other lyrics, such as "The Hepatica,"
"The White Rose," "The War Hercules,"
"In City Streets," "Bay of Fundy," "At
The Look-Off," and "Sea Music," we had
marked for quotation, but must forbear.

Dr. Rand spends his recreative days on
Partridge Island, which he celebrates in
his book, and about favorite places upon
the basin of Minas. He cultivates not only
a virtuous, but an earnest muse. He is in
no danger of falling into the rout of poetic
satires. As he, himself says:

While other tritemes vainly withstood the gulls,
The lyric prow of Orpheus essayed past
In gladsome scorn's disdain the Siren's Isle;
And proud Calypso o'er each black mast
Whispered her thrilling taunt in ears of pain;
"I taught my Thracian boy a heavenlier strain!"

PASTOR FELIX.

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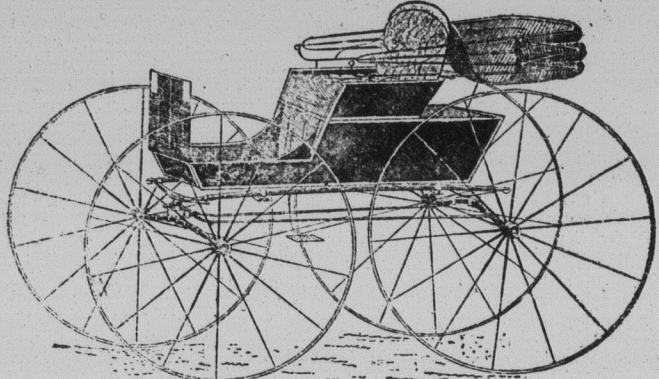
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"LIKE A BEAST."

He said he Resembled One Because he
Drank Cold Water.

The following story of the late Doctor
Kidd of Aberdeen and his beards is told in
the "Humor of the Scot." The kirk officer,
it would appear, was a victim to the nation-
al vice. He had often been censured, as
often forgiven, and yet again would fall in-
to his old ways.

One day the worthy doctor was con-
fronted by Jeems, so intoxicated that all
his customary caution and sleek humility
had flown. In a reckless mood he
challenged the burly old doctor to come
and drink with him. Recognizing the
futility of trying to reason with a man in
such a state, Doctor Kidd replied:

"Oh ay Jeems, I'll come wi' ye, an' I'll
drink like a beast to please ye."

"Hooray!" said the bearded. "Come
along!"

So they entered the inn, this strangely
assorted couple, the mark of observation
to many a curious eye. Jeems started to
order a "muckin'," but the reverend doctor
hilled a glass with cold water and quaffed
that.

"Hoots!" expostulated the bacchanalian
bearded. "Ye said ye wad drink like a
beast, doctor."

"Ay, Jeems, an' so I have," was the
dignified reply; "for ye know a beast is
wiser than a man, an' drinks only what's
gude for it—an' that's cold water."

TEST OF HUMAN NATURE.

People who can get Along Under Excep-
tional Circumstances.

When Nansen and his men were frozen
into the ice in the Fram in September,
1893, they had only to wait, apparently in
the same spot, until the slowly drifting ice
should carry them somewhere—Poleward,
hey hoped, but possibly not in that direc-
tion. Seeing nothing but the dead ice
about them, feeling no onward movement,
they must simply look in one another's
faces and wait, possibly for as many years
or months as remained of their lives.

As a matter of fact, the whole company
remained there, frozen in, until the 14th of

March, 1895, when Nansen and one of the
men left in sledges in an adventurous at-
tempt to reach the Pole, leaving the patient
captain and crew to wait longer still.

It is remarked that men of the Latin
races seldom attempt to find the pole. As
a race, they have not the patience to wait
and wait, as an Arctic explorer must often
do. Their nature makes it necessary for
them to go somewhere and do something
all the time.

Americans appear to possess the phys-
ical patience necessary for these terrible
expeditions, but it has been noticed that
the polar expeditions of our countrymen
have left behind them a distressing number
of jealousies and hatreds on the part of
those who have had part in them. In view
of this fact, a remark of one of the mem-
bers of the Nansen expedition is worthy of
notice. He had said that he thought Nor-
wegians were the fittest of all men to go
on Arctic expeditions.

"Why is that so?" he was asked.
"Because," he replied, "two Norwegians
are capable of living, face to face, on a
cake of ice for three years without hating
each other; and I do not believe there is
another nation of whom as much could be
said."

It is true, it may be well for the rest
of the world to leave the hard task of Ar-
ctic exploration entirely to the sailors and
men of science of Norway.

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in one minute; lame back at one applica-
tion; headache in a few minutes; and all
pains just as rapidly.

Quick Capital.

A traveller was in a rural store up in
York State, says the New York Times,
when a small boy came in.
"Say, mister," he said to the shopkeeper,
while the traveller listened, "ma says you're
to please give me a egg's worth of must-
ard. The hen is on."