

cluster in his heart. He would call to mind the old days when the *Powers* flourished, controlling the destinies of the college. He would see those *Powers* assembled again in solemn conclave—the Mogul, the Mustapha, the Grimvalde, the Potens Secundus, Altus Tri Vortimer, and a few Permeate Youth. He would see that what seemed to others assumption of power was but the increment of a principle which would bring into captivity anything in the gift of man to bestow. The intercommunion of soul with soul would not be forgotten. In the largeness of his gifts and influence there would be ready and hearty recognition of other agencies or forces that found their way to his soul. Yes, this esprit de corps is a mighty power. It worked wondrously in the boys of 1860. I am free to state that no member of his class carries about with him so much of the savor and mystery of the old college days as Dr. Rand. He will put a value upon these words. What may seem trifles to others are not so to him in whom the vital forces have full play. I know how sympathetic and responsive his nature is.

In Dr. Rand's case coming events cast their shadows before. The child was father to the man. When a college boy he had a large acquaintance with literature. The finest passages of the best poets were ever at his command. His appreciation of these passages was intense. In the apocalypse of the thought he would fairly chirp in his new-found joy. Tennyson was perhaps his favorite author. I can hear him even now reciting with his peculiar pathos and enthusiasm :

"The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ;
The deep moans round with many voices.
* * * * * Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die."

Maybe there was something of prophecy in these last lines. But the *In Memoriam* was the source of his delight. Only a few years ago I heard him quote the first line of it in prayer. Prominent among the choice quotations were .

"Our little systems have their day," &c.
"I hold it truth with him who sings
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things ;"
"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer," &c.
"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill," &c.

Though these passages are somewhat worn now, they were fresh then. With the instinct of a bee for honey Dr. Rand would light upon the most admirable passages. He was conversant with Longfellow, Byron, Emerson, Shelley. His wide acquaintance with literature enabled him to wield a facile pen. From it there