

A LAST WORD.*

Here is a book of poems eight months old and in its second edition. And here then is a thing hitherto unheard-of among Canadians, who are neither over-rapturous patrons of the muses nor an opulent prey for graceless publishers. *At Minas Basin* has not dinned its way; but, rather, open-heartedly it has claimed its kingdom, and open-heartedly, inevitably, withal more quickly than its best appreciator foretold, it has been welcomed by its own.

With the acquisition of nineteen new poems, *At Minas Basin* attains full stature and begins its campaign. The exultant note of the sonnet "Victor is He!" and the triumphant assurance of the lyric "In Memoriam" are the burdens of its eager song. Healthy, virile, with appropriate accoutrements, and God-seeing, the book addresses itself to its mission: the revelation of Divine things to the hearts in which its "body of beauty" has aroused æsthetic satisfaction. A message of help! In the presentation and the burden alike are beauty and strength, and in the latter also there is salvation. What a song for men's souls rings in the "is" and "must be" of the single stanza:

" He's our rhythm and light,
Eternal, above!
The Day of all night!
He is Love, Love, Love!"

As the writer said in the pages of this magazine some time ago—nor must rehearse at length—it is evident that "all the volume is instinct with spiritual enthusiasm, with the open genius of a fearless and stable faith." It is sweetness *and* light. The poet's grasped and reiterated good is

" . . . the blessing in 'bless,'
The love in love."

With musical Saxon, with delicious lilt, with dominating nobleness of theme and motive, with liberal dower of eloquence and imagination, this poet—of whom, Canada, hesitate not to be proud!—builds up his victorious empire. His book

* *At Minas Basin and Other Poems*, by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., Second edition, cloth, 12mo. 206 pp. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings; Montreal: C. W. Cones; Halifax: S. F. Huestis, 1898.