

To the Memory of  
Theodore Harding Rand.

A child, the world seemed beautiful to me—  
But dimly so—half holden eyes I strained  
On forms and colors: How their glories gained,  
When I might view them, Preceptor, with thee !  
Daily there fell some veil from mystery ;  
And less the dulness of my vision pained ;  
And less my heart unto my mind complained ;  
Master to pupil—sacred ministry !—

Sacred forever since that Hebrew band  
Walked with their Rabbi dear through Palestine.  
Whilst He who led them with such gentle hand  
Apparent made earth's meanings dimly seen ;  
Then sacred grew the hills 'round Galilee,  
And heaven seemed mirrored in that azure sea.