

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1897.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Thou long a poet at the lyric shrine
Mad'st not a prayer to any muse or power,
Letting the seasons go as but an hour,
Until the afternoon of life did shine.
Thy silent lips now move to verse divine,
And Minas adds a jewel to her dower
With every song of thine that like a flower
Unfolds with hue and fragrance pure and fine.
Fundy and Blomidon, and the dark Isle
Recumbent seem like servants at thy feet ;
And elemental forces but the birth
Of messengers at thy late singing-while,
To bear thy music to our hearts that greet
Thee as a singer just found on the earth.

J. F. HERBIN.

Wolfville, N. S.

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