

SILAS TERTIUS RAND

STAND thou a hero ! brave, strong, sweet-souled Rand,
Firm on thy high pedestal through all time.
Thy God who cheered thee on, and held thy hand,
Preserves from dread oblivion thy memory sublime.

What, though no sculptured block adorned the spot
Where they had laid thy worn-out shroud away,
Until a daughter's toil memorial brought ;
Within a thousand strengthened hearts thy visage beams to-day.

Mild was thy manly spirit ! as a child
Amongst his playmates thou couldst laugh and sing ;
Yet through the greatest hardships on the wild,
Thou didst the cheering Gospel to the Micmac wigwam bring.

Peace, when the gloaming settled, sweet release
From thy long day of labour, for as He
Pleased not himself, thyself thou didst not please :
Thou too wert meek and lowly, yet a prince of high degree.

Now, to thy memory, learned **Sakumow*,
Prince in the realm of mind, few were thy peers !
Soon fades this wreath we bring, as low we bow,
But in the richer lives of men thy life lives through the years.
Wolfville, 20th May, '99.

*" Sakumow," Micmac for Prince or Sage.

