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As some grey captain of a merchantship,
Whose prosperous voyage o'er the watery strife
Has large concern for all, knows that his wife
Waits his home-coming up the horizon's dip
With holier heart than crowds that throng the slip,
So HE well knew, thou—flower-elect of life!
Chosen from out a clamor of voices rife—
Waitedst his voyage o'er with prayerful lip.

Fair Bride, forget him not through circling years!
But with a Christ-like love, deep as unfeigned,
Surpassing that of commerce or of state,
With holy hands thy dower devote with tears
Of gratitude, and loyal heart unstained;
Thy sacred vow perform with soul elate.

THEODORE H. RAND.

^{*}Memorial poem in honor of the late Hon. William McMaster, read on Founder's Day, December 23rd, 1896. (145)