

SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

BY

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Oft did thy spell enthrall me, spite the cost!  
Thou brought'st a charmed and fadeless holiday—  
Stories and songs of Indian Epic lay—  
When'er thy eager step the threshold crost,  
Imagination all its plumes uptost  
To follow where thy spirit led the way!—  
(The sense that thou saw'st God when thou didst pray  
I never through the dimming years have lost.)

Fair Minas' shores thy step did gladden, too!  
Thou charm'dst great Glooscap from the unlettered past,  
And told'st his story to the listener nigh'st;  
Ay, lover of song, of learned lore and vast,  
Thou lov'dst the Indian with a love so true,  
In his sweet tongue thou gavest him the Christ.