

Some Poems of Dr. T. H. Rand.

The "trees of God," the prophet said,
Great trees, with sap, and laurelled head;
Ay, trees of God! all strength, and beauty,
Wove by invisible Hand and thread,—
With anchors flexed as lissome withe;
With boles like mighty monolith;
These arms of brawn, outstretched in power
To brave the storms that wou'd test their pith!
Lords of the scene in blasts and calms,
The breath of life within their palms,
Their rhythmic sway in choral murmur,
While seas and suns chant their rolling psalms.

A bird on sudden, as I write,
Through open door in eager flight
Seeks refuge from a falcon's talons,
Upon my breast, in its fearful plight.
Slight bird and dark in olive green,
With yellow throat, thy living sheen
Doth come and go with thy heart's throbbing,—
Safe, safe art thou from his talons keen!
I am as God to thee, poor thing;
Now take thee to thy heaven and sing
A virelay for thy deliverance,
Sweet virgo of the olive wing!

Break into flower, O garden fair!
Long hast thou known the Gardener's care;
The rain and dew from heaven have fallen,
And sunbeams warm on thy bosom bare.
The grains of seed all viewless fell
Within the mellow soil to dwell,—
Silent the fall as that of pebbles
Cast in oblivion's sunless well.

List, music ether-fine up-goes
From swelling seed and life's keen throes!
O Earth, thy riven breast shall blossom
In Heaven's own beauty, e'en as the rose!

THE WHITETHROAT.

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleave our Northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
I listen, I hear:
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."
O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir,
And echoes thy part! . . .
Now willow reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
The Whitethroat to crown. . . .
O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear:
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

—From *Song-Waves, and Other Poems*.

HEPATICAS.

A shining troop of cherubs just alit
From the low-bending skies,—child faces sweet,
Upturned and open to our human greet,—
Fresh from the gladsome fount of life emit!
Heralds of spring, forewinging, as ye flit,
The garland seasons with their sheaves of wheat,
And to all listening ears Christ's words repeat:
"Man shall not live by bread alone, 'tis writ!"

Evangelists fair of the new-made year
This news from God, forgot, blow everywhere,
And fill the hollow sky, the haunting air;
Till from His loving mouth, as sphere to sphere,
Man knows the beautiful, the good, the true,
Divinest manna dipt in heavenly dew!

IN THE MAYFLOWER COPSE.

With gladsome note the robin debonair
Heralds bright May. Pale sky and earth-stained snow
Warm at the touch of south winds as they blow
Their wafts of life through winter's lingering air.
Hid, like some laughing child, shy Mayflower fair,
Beneath the leafy shield, with face aglow,
Thy pearly self to coy spring's first tableau,
Come to the day and yield thy fragrance rare!

Ah me! While thrushes pipe and plummy winds
Fan northward all their balmy fervors sweet,
And groves are misty with the reddening bud,
A gentle spirit from the past unbinds
The peace of Lethe, and with quickening beat
Stirs to divine unrest my fevered blood.

THE GHOST FLOWER.

[The *montropa uniflora* is a true flower, not a fungus. It grows in the deep shadows, the entire flower and stalk being colorless and wax-like. It has white, wax-like bracts in place of green leaves. The cup, nodes, and stalk and flower together often form an interrogation point (which fact, it will be observed, determines the cast of the sonnet). The flower is widely known as the Ghost-flower, but is often called the Indian Pipe].

Like Israel's seer I come from out the earth
Confronting with the question air and sky,
Why dost thou bring me nought? White ghost am I
Of that which was God's beauty at its birth.
In eld* the sun kissed me to ruby red,
I held my chalice up to heaven's full view,
The wistful stars dropt down their golden dew,
And skyey balms exhaled about my bed.
Alas, I loved the darkness, not the light!
The deadly shadows, not the bending blue,
Spoke to my tranced heart, made false seem true,
And drowned my spirit in the deeps of night.
O Painter of the flowers, O God most sweet,
Dost say my spirit for the light is meet?

—From *Minas Basin, and Other Poems*.

* ["In age" the nodding flower becomes upright on the stem.—EDITOR].