

for by means of these legends we have been able to determine much concerning Indian life, thought, manners and customs.

Growing, for the most part, out of his surroundings and the incidents of his life, Dr. Rand's poetry, religious in nature and inspired, is of too high a quality to be overlooked. "The Dying Indian's Dream," although irregular in metre, suits the wildness of the wilderness, and the wigwam in which the scene of the poem is laid. It frequently has five or six words at the end of as many consecutive lines all riming. This poem merits much commendation. It was inspired by the death of an Indian, John Paul, who died with a vision in his mind and a prayer on his lips. Filled with religious fervor, this poem depicts the ideal death, while, at the same time it breathes thanksgiving for the glorious triumph of the Gospel.

He had a great passion for Latin versification, translating one hundred of our old familiar hymns into Latin verse, among which are: "Abide With Me," "A Mighty Fortress is our God," From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Rock of Ages." Mr. Gladstone admitted that Dr. Rand could write better verse than he. As previously stated, all of the New Testament and several books of the Old were translated by him into Micmac. Besides this he was the author of forty-four books and monographs, also of thirty-eight manuscripts, which deal mostly with the Micmacs. In this language he compiled a Dictionary of over forty thousand words, a very important philological work.

Enough has already been said to prove the greatness of the man and of his work. That he was a genius there is no doubt; that he was a friend of humanity is most evident; that he was a venerable man of God there can be no question. He died on October 4th, 1890, and his name and deeds live after him.

C. D. P. '15

