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Of Beauty.



HE convoluted wave, God's first sea-shell,
Upgathers now the deep's great harmonies
From the far blue an Alp-like cloud doth well,
Baring its azure peaks to the heavenlies,
My spirit's outward bound, hath liberty!
Earnest as rising flame its young love burns
To catch the awesome gladness flowing free
O'er earth and sky as Beauty's face upturns.

O naught is great without the effluence
In curving billows culminating sweep
In mountain height, the strength of grace is seen
Essence divine, of God-like countenance,—
Reposeful in the heart of things as sleep!
Robed in the purple, sceptred, throned a queen.

Theodore Harding Rand, '60.