



### THE DREAM

**I** DREAMED at dawn that the world had spring,  
And the wild woods broke into blossoming.  
The primrose peeped in the hedge half seen,  
And the crocus burst from its sheath of green,  
The Lent-lilies sprang from the soft wet mould,  
And the cowslips burned in their coats of gold—  
And there came through the mist of the golden hours  
A song that I knew for the Song of the Flowers.

'O Soul that hast suffered and grieved full sore,  
Be glad, for lo! thou shalt grieve no more.  
In Death's soft sleep thou shalt dream, and we  
Make lovely the earth that covereth thee.  
No god of sorrow, as mortals fear,  
Is Death, who hath nor smile nor tear.  
A peace more deep than of Prayer he gives,  
And more than the peace of him that lives ;  
A hush like the hush of the hills at noon,  
Of a tideless mere 'neath a frozen moon.  
No world-rumour fraught with any despair  
Shall pierce thy grave, to disturb thee there.  
Thou shalt not know, in that chamber lone,  
The shuddering sense of the sick man's moan—

No clamour of sword nor hammer of steel,  
 Nor hustle of tempest and thunder-peal,  
 Nor bay of hound nor blast of horn—  
 But the Calm that was thine ere thou wast born.'

I woke 'neath the morn with its grey chill face,  
 And knew I must live and endure for a space.

HUGO C. LAUBACH.

### THE FULFILMENT

In Memoriam H. C. L.—'Obit, Dec. 14, 1895.'

**W**E knew him, as a Stranger come from far  
 Who moved among us, full of friendly glee;  
 Yet held not all his thoughts—mountain and  
 star  
 And distant Voices called him ceaselessly.

So was he with us for a little while—  
 Eager of spirit, yet a traveller guest,  
 Flushed with the ardours of day-dream and toil:  
 Then Nature summoned him to Come and rest!

W. N.