

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.—'Obiit, Dec. 14, 1895.'

WE 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.