

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM WOOD. OCTOBER 21ST, 1895.

I.

One glory is there of the rising sun,
Pure, strong, and joyous as a youth who springs—
With heart elate a noble race to run,
Hope to his sandals binding fiery wings.

One glory is there, when the sun alone,
Companionless of clouds, goes up on high,
With royal pace to take his peerless throne,
The unflawed sapphire of the noontide sky.

And yet another glory, oh, and yet
A tenderer glory than of morn or noon,
Attends the still hour when the sun doth set,
And mounts in heaven the white, memorial moon ;

The moon, that, like remembrance after death,
Grows clear, his presence having passed away,
And with increasing radiance answereth
His unseen smile, assurance of new day.

So, smiling as a maiden in a trance,
She through the heavenly halls doth glide all night,
The witness of his living countenance,
The token of the immortal life of light.

Oh, not with darkened mind, but overflowed
With memory's lucent calm, and peace that streams
O'er all the roughness of the earthly road,
We muse on death, that is not what it seems !

We are not cheated with the masking show ;
 We put the sad disguise of shadows by ;
 There are who live so deep, we inly know
 Sharing the only Life, they cannot die !

II.

And such was he, our kind familiar friend,
 Of reverend presence and of gracious mien,
 For whose dear sake to-day we fain would blend
 The Scottish heather with our emblem green.

In him encroaching Time had never part ;
 Not fourscore winters, with their silvery snows,
 Could chill romance, warm-rooted in his heart ;
 His age rejoiced, and blossomed as the rose !

And his the fairy-gift of jeweled speech ;
 For still with those his daily converse ran,
 The bay-crowned company, whose songs can teach
 The secret of eternal youth to man.

And still he fought our Alma Mater's fight
 Against the lance of every evil tongue,
 And wore her favor, and was known her knight,
 And deemed her ever faultless, fair and young.

Oh, whatso'er of lasting bronze we rear
 This day, with pious and most fit intent,
 That in this place his semblance shall appear,
 These walls themselves are his best monument !

Thoughts are the high originals of things ;
 The shaping spirit hath imperial scope ;
 There's not a brick to which our ivy clings
 But first was fashioned by his dreaming hope.

For this we thank him ; but we thank him most
 For all he was, and for his dauntless cheer,
 As, looking seaward from our earthly coast,
 He faced the unknown deep without a fear.

The talisman of his remembrance ours,
 We tread with braver step the ways he trod,
 And see, in desert age, a field of flowers,
 In death, a voyage piloted of God !

HELEN GRAY CONE.