

IN MEMORY
OF
HOWARD MURRAY*

A few days since I gazed on Robson's height
Towering amid his fellows glorified;
The hoary head was lifted, not in pride,
But eagerly, serenely, toward the light.
From shadowed depths I gazed, for yet the night
Had scarce departed, but a radiant tide
Of sunlight bathed the mountain sanctified,
As peace resplendent crowning silent might.

All in a moment recognition came,
Remembered smile, commanding presence mild,
Flashes of thought that like a lambent flame
Kindled from out a spirit undefiled:
Silent, I felt his strength, and heard his laugh,
And knew now that I read an epitaph.

* By one of his former students.