

LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES.

---

Too soon gone home,—his rainbow palette spread,  
His brush a-poise! The unborn birds meshed deep  
Within the pigments shall forever sleep—  
Past incarnation, with the master sped.  
Gone home too soon, whose gifts of heart and head,  
Whose necromantic brush with loving sweep  
Wrought on the arid feathered skins to keep  
A tryst with resurrection from the dead.

Rich in those gifts beyond the reach of training,  
As fine in manhood as he was in art,—  
Selfless in service, careless of the cost,  
Waiving the gain and through the loss attaining  
What time will grant him was the better part . . .  
Each bird he painted sings us what we lost.

WARNER TAYLOR.

*University of Wisconsin,  
Madison, Wisc.*