

"IN TRIBUTE"

Mighty Roerich--Herald of the new,  
Great Roerich--revealer of the True,  
Who paints with words the history of men,  
Who writes with paint what others do with pen,  
Whose pictures tell a story all their own  
Whose paintings sound a picture colored tone.  
Who sees in life what others fail to find,  
Who lives in soul where most men live in mind.

And unlike most, he seeks the true and real,  
While unity and beauty have stood for his Ideal;  
He searched the depths--and found the inner soul,  
He strived and toiled--and gained the highest goal.  
He climbed the heights--and found the greatest light  
The light within, that men can't see with sight.  
In depths he searched--and there he found the height,  
In depths he searched--and there he found the light.  
In heights he sought--and there he found the deep  
He braved them all--no pathway was too steep.

Oh Roerich--the bravest and the best,  
Brave Roerich--who stood the greatest test  
You bring the light where darkness has prevailed  
You find success--where many others failed,  
Great thanks to you--Herald of the new.

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The end of M<sup>rs</sup> Fosdick article. She  
asked for the reprints when published.