

No poet this of winged immortal pen;  
No hero of an hundred victories;  
Nor iron moulder of unwieldy states,  
Grave counsellor of parliaments, gold-tongued,  
Standing in shadow of a centuried fame,  
Drinking the splendid plaudits of a world.

But simple, unrecorded in his days,  
Unostentatious, like the average man  
Of average duty, walked the common earth,  
And when fate flung her challenge in his face,  
Took all his spirit in his blinded eyes,  
And showed in action why God made the world.

He passes as all pass, both small and great,  
Oblivion-clouded, to the common goal;—  
And all unmindful, moves the dull world round,  
With baser dreams of this material day,  
And all that makes man petty, the slow pace  
Of small accomplishment that mocks the soul.

But he hath taught us by this splendid deed,  
That under all the brutish mask of life  
And dulled intention of ignoble ends,  
Man's soul is not all sordid; that behind  
This tragedy of ills and hates that seem,  
There lurks a godlike impulse in the world,  
And men are greater than they idly dream.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.