

OUR HERITAGE.

Not all the fire of Burns, the mind of Scott,
The stern and holy human zeal of Knox,
Nor that wise lore which human life unlocks
Of magic Shakespeare, Bacon's subtlest thought,
Nor Milton's lofty line sublimely wrought,
Not gentle Wordsworth 'mid his fields and flocks,
Nor mystic Coleridge of the wizard locks,
Hath power to raise us to our loftiest lot:

But that rare quality, that national dream,
That lies behind this genius at its core,
Which gave it vision, utterance; evermore,
It will be with us, as those stars that gleam,
Eternal, hid behind the lights of day,
A people's best, that may not pass away.