

OUR HERITAGE ;
SUBLIMITY :

Two Poems.

By W. Wilfred Campbell.

ISSUED TO
HIS FRIENDS
FOR THE
NEW YEAR,
1902.

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.

SUBLIMITY.

That rarer essence, that which lies behind
Our truest beauty, light of beauty's core,
Where all truth rises, font of wisdom's lore,
Back of all dreams of human heart and mind,
At life's great well heads where earth's gropings, blind,
Fumble for deity round their caverned floor,
As some great water feeling for his door,
Azure of ocean, where sea-caverns wind.

So in our nature's far recessional deeps
It dwells, this greatness, at the heart of things,
Where wisdom broods with ancient folded wings,
And all those hid impulses of earth's youth.
All know this presence sometime 'mid life's ways,
Only the few who follow love and truth
Feel earth's sublimity all their human days.