

And we below, each in the appointed sphere,
Working and waiting towards the selfsame goal,
When Faith, victorious, everywhere shall spread
Her wings above the nations, ransomed all
From evil, brought to that most glorious end
Wherein all good that sweetens human life—
Science and Art and Poesy—all strains
That voice the music of the human soul,
Shall blend in one majestic, full-voiced chord
Of faith and hope and love, for man and God.

THE END.