

XXI.

In the North they are far forward, in the South they have
begun,
The English of three continents who take their rule from
none,

But follow on the gleam
Of an ancient, splendid dream,
That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its theme, --
With freedom for its morning star, and knowledge for its sun.

XXII.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows bright,
Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon might;
The Republic, fair, alone;
The Commonwealth new-grown;
The proud, reserved Dominion with a story of her own;
And One that shall emerge at length from travail, war, and
blight.

XXIII.

O doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence, and tears,
The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years,
Must pass and leave behind
The saner soul and mind,
And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,
When over lust and carnage the great white peace appears.