

## YOUNG DEMOCRACY

HARK! Young Democracy from sleep  
Our careless sentries raps :  
A backwash from the Future's deep  
Our Evil's foreland laps.

Unknown, these Titans of our Night  
Their New Creation make :  
Unseen, they toil and love and fight  
That glamoured Man may wake.

Knights-errant of the human race,  
The Quixotes of to-day,  
For man as man they claim a place,  
Prepare the tedious way.

They seek no dim-eyed mob's applause,  
Deem base the titled name,  
And spurn, for glory of their Cause,  
The tawdry nymphs of Fame.

No masks of ignorance or sin  
Hide from them you or me :  
We're Man—no colour shames our skin,  
No race or caste have we.

The prognathous Neanderthal,  
To them, conceals the Bruce ;  
They see Dan Æsop in the thrall ;  
From swagmen Christ deduce.

Tho' butt for lecher's ribaldry  
And scarred by woman's scorn,  
In baby-burdened girl they see  
God-motherhood, forlorn.

With them, to racial siredom glides  
The savage we deprave ;  
That eunuch brilliant Narses hides :  
A Spartacus, that slave.

They Jesus find in manger waif;  
In horse-boys Shakespearehood:  
And earthquake-Luthers nestling safe  
In German miner's brood.

The God that pulses everywhere  
They know fills Satan's veins;  
No felon but they see Him there  
Behind His mirror's stains.

'Tis theirs Earth's charnel rooms to clear,  
And ruthless sweep away  
The Lares and Penates dear  
To man in his decay.

Their restless energy supplies  
Munitions that will wreck  
The keeps whence feudal enemies  
Our free banditti check.

Their unrelenting wars they wage,  
These Furies of the Right,  
Where myriad Falsehood's Legions rage,  
Artilleried by Might;

Where Fashion's stupid iron clamps  
Young Innovation's head,  
And Law the stalwart Present cramps  
In Past's Procrustes-bed;

Where Pride of learning, substance, blood,  
Or prowess in the strife,  
Exacts from teeming lowlihood  
The lion's share of life;

Where Gluttony would to the brutes  
Degrade his loose-lipped gangs;  
Where Tyranny his venom shoots  
From one or million fangs;

Where Cruelty, in Wisdom's mask,  
Piths fame from writhing beasts;  
Where blest is racial Murder's task  
By Christ's apostate priests.

In Punic or in Persian fray  
With Love's and Conscience' foes,  
Unadvertising Romans they,  
And Spartans free from pose.

Abused as mad or traitors by  
The trolls they would eject;  
Cold-shouldered by wan Apathy;  
Of motives mean suspect;

Outcast from social gaities;  
Denied life's liliated grace;  
They mount their hidden Calvaries  
To save the human race.

The bowers of Art a few may know;  
A few wait highly placed:  
Most bear the hods of common woe,  
And some you call disgraced.

But whether in the mob or school,  
In church or poverty,  
They teach and live the Golden Rule  
Of Young Democracy:

*"That culture, joy and goodness  
Be th' equal right of all:  
That greed no more shall those oppress  
Who by the wayside fall:*

*"That each shall share what all men sow:  
That colour, caste's a lie:  
That man is God, however low—  
Is man, however high."*