wasted - Are there no new countries - on all the earth
that unconverted of the Thorns of cathedral
spires - untormented by the consciousness of a History.
- Must this little corner of Europe, this earthly thing
with the blood of old battles and grey with the dust
of old priesthoods, this narrow plain worn down by human
& feet of the world's pilgrims
& guarded for the feet of unborn generations.
& both America wide enough for the charities of our humanity
Asia not rich enough for its pride? Or, in the old land
our quiet meadowlands and whitening hills of hope
itself - is there not room enough for the expansion of growth
and the indulgence of magnificence, without the
forming of all glory in ruin; and profaning
all prayer with obliteration.

We must answer these questions again & again - & we
answer them in vain. The peculiar character of the evil which
is being wrought by this age is its utter irresponsibleness.
Its schools of art - its museums of antiquities and collections,

Facsimile of a Page of the MS. of "The Opening of the Crystal Palace" (§§ 16–17)