

THE WARRING NATIONS PRAY

Each prays God's wrath upon its hated foe,
God the omniscient and of mercy just
Shall be incarnate now in thirst and lust
Of blood and conquest and a people's woe,
In right of wisdom shall take sides, and so,
Lend strength of arm to crumble into dust
One nation's pride that other may up-thrust
Its own, and say : " To thee O God ! we owe
This signal downfall of a mighty host.
The blood of many thousands stains our hands,
We've devastated homes, let loose the flames,
And sunk great fleets of ships upon the coasts.
Gaunt famine stalks throughout the waste of lands.
We thank thee God ! " And all the world acclaim.

" WHITE OAKS "

I love the rugged old white oak
Deep rooted and firm of the soil,
Its umbrageous leaves the great cloak
That hides all the signs of its toil,
The battles and sieges and strife
The elements ceaselessly wage
To rob it of beauty and life,
It yet stands for strength of old age.

Its leaves are the grace of its soul
Fresh and green as in days of youth,
And though it draws near to the goal
It still speaks of beauty and truth,
For its knotted and gnarled old trunk
Is sound yet and true at the heart,
And its arms so twisted and shrunk
Still spread out in blessings apart.