

Their little leisure, that the New Land be
 So set for Order in its early years
 That Time's long talk shall bless the pioneers.

Or, clearly vision some September plain
 Where one sole Reaper shrills in harvest grain
 Before the whirring grouse takes morning flight
 Till the long gloaming deepens into night
 That lets the Stalwart, freed from labour's dues,
 Plod shackward, blessing God that sleep renews
 His power to lift the morrow's heavy gage,
 And day by day the lonely battle wage,
 Until at last, with all his wheat well saved,
 A haggard victor from the strife he braved,
 He eyes the stacks that prove his manhood sound
 For her who shall emparadise his ground,
 And sternly knows, within his secret heart,
 That never Warrior acted higher part.

It seems to me a blasphemy immense
 To imagine God the foe of common-sense,
 And not a Power of sanity complete,
 Who surely holds an arduous useful feat
 Of resolute labour something over par,
 Compared with deeds of War, which ever are,
 At best, but just a fate-defying stand
 Made, since the World began, in every land,
 For hate, or hope, or pay, or love, or lust,
 But mostly just because the soldier must
 Obey the officer, who must obey
 In turn the ordered orderer of the day,
 Himself a sort of slave to slaves whose trade
 Is just to get Stupidity obeyed;—
 The cruel dense stupidity of Pride
 Callous to wholesale murder on each side,
 And loathe to arbitrate, lest Judges wise
 Settle some trivial point by compromise.