

THE WAR.

Oh, had we died untried, unproved,
And missed this hour of stress,
Praise be to God for His last gift,
The joy of steadfastness.

Wher'er our people be tonight,
Our husbands or our sons,
Tossed on the thunderbolted deep
Or bivouacked by guns,

Treading the mire of foreign lands
Or guarding our native coasts —
Be Thou our shield and comforter,
We pray Thee, Lord of Hosts.

"THE BAR".

A bar to heaven, a door to hell —
Whoever named it named it well:
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.

A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to grief, and sin and shame,
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.

A bar to honored useful life,
A door to brawling senseless strife,
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.