

## A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Oh God of Peace, Thou Who hast made  
The earth in beauty, wonderful and calm,  
With towering mountains, pointing to the sky,  
Serene and beautiful, protecting all  
The valleys nestling 'neath their sheltering care,  
Where little rills rush joyfully to join  
Their waters in the calm majestic river ;  
With shady woods, where helpless things may hide  
In happiness, from every foe secure ;  
With rolling prairies, bright with wondrous flowers,  
The granary of ages yet unborn,  
The heavens, filled with starry lights,  
Mysterious and full of peace,  
A rest for man's tired eyes,  
A hope and inspiration for his soul.

Why hast Thou then, in all Thy works,  
Taught man the tranquil joys of peace,  
And yet, with that same teaching, him inspired  
With love so fierce, of country and of home  
That, rise a breath of danger, threatening them,  
And he becomes a madman, wild with rage,  
Blood-thirsty, fearing naught in life or death,  
Throwing himself upon the threatening foe  
With utter disregard of Death's dread shape,  
As other times would hold him helpless and o'erawed.

And still, oh God, he feels in heart and soul,  
And every fibre of his throbbing being,  
A surety that Thou approvest what he does,  
And that Thy Son, the Prince of Peace, looks down  
And contemplates his death with loving eye,  
So that he fights in fairness for his home.