

THE AVATAR OF PEACE.

“The brazen throat of War had ceased to roar,”
And the armed times had vanished to the past.
The wolves of War had vanished, looking back
Over their shoulders with fierce hungry eyes,
War with his high-waved hand had bade farewell
And in departing had saluted Peace.
And the thin heaven, like a deep, cold sea
Had closed above him where had sunk his steps.
Then mighty Peace succeeded to his place,
A mighty monarch, thronged with ministrants,
And clothed with beauty high as with a robe,
Cinctured with power, clothed with splendid state,
And wearing proudly a bright-jewelled crown.

Peace made her reign eternal and uptook
A sceptre sapient which must dure for aye.
She entered by vast doors, whose lintel high
Seemed even among the stars of radiant light.
Among the heights, the hills, the mountains gray,
Among the lofty slopes, 'mong valleys green,
Among the sea-like plains and lands far-spread,
She took her seat, and made those lands her own.
A mighty, thrilling presence, that of peace—
A vast pervading presence, full of power,