

Where emblem of the Christ each way an arm
 Spreads, as in benediction, over all,
 Assurance that no swift-winged, dread alarm
 Can back to earthly carnage ever call :
 Your ruin is, for them, blest monument ;
 For us, the pledge of an united love,
 In a true peace, which never shall be rent—
 The eagle pinioned 'neath the outspread dove.

Nought say you ; yet your silence is loud speech—
 So loud that o'er the din of rapids' roar,
 In soul, is heard the lesson that you teach ;
 Trusting time cometh, when vile war no more
 Shall make the need of fortress high and strong,
 When hand of brother in a brother's gore
 No more shall be imbrued. God grant the long,
 Sweet peace—the blissful evermore !