

THE OWL.

Nay , for I hold a man should take
 A joy in war, when this must be ;
 Not for the war's sake, but for sake
 Of doing therein manlily,
 And making good, with heart and might,
 The trust assigned him in the fight.

And well I ween that well it is
 To feel a soldier's proper joy
 In meeting blows, and quitting these
 In coinage of a like alloy,
 Putting a will into the blow
 Wherewith we pay our Prince's foe.

But war for war's sake is a thing
 For mere barbarians : and if *they*
 Grow tired, at times, of warfaring,
 Much more the soul whose case of clay
 Weighs for the foeman. Peace is best !
 I stand, I fight, that I may rest.

FRANK WATERS.

