

THE OWL.

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PEACE IS BEST.



WHEN shall I lay these arms aside ?
For I am weary of the war ;
And, though I make it point of pride
To hold the field I battle for,
Much toil it is and weariness
To stand against the battle-press.

From morn to night, from night to morn,
A storm of blows, in thunderous hail,
Rained by the hosts of evil born,
Rings a full hell-chime on my mail ;
That scantily, whiles, I clear a space
Wherein to breathe the calm of grace.

Yet deem not, Prince and Brother fair,
That—though I feel a weariness,
And, sometimes, in the stormy air
Of battle, and its hurtling stress,
Yearn for the rest a victory yields
After the toil of foughten fields—

I therefore shrink and give away ;
For well I know my Captain stands
With all His legions to the fray,
And all the Manhood of His hands,
Backed by the Godhead thereunto,
Shining their wounds in glory through.