

ALEXIS.

BY JOHN READE.

THANK God for all that brings men's hearts together !
Thank God for signs that tell of world-wide peace,
When all mankind shall own a common Father,
And wars for ever cease !

Through travail sore, through sweat and strife and anguish,
We look from year to year for better days,
And, though with feverish pain we often languish,
Hope still our toil repays.

God sees the future ; we see but the hour
That passes ; we see but the lowly seed ;
He sees the tree, the rich fruit and the flower
Ripe for His children's need.

So, as at first, beneath His forming fingers
Man rose in beauty from the flowery field,
Still His designs, though some may cry, " He lingers,"
Are, in their time, revealed.

He touches lips on which the smile of kindness
Long hovered, waking many a gentle deed—
They utter " War," and nations in their blindness
Rush forth to slay and bleed !

But lo ! the fury past, they love each other
(Knowing each other) better than before,
And weep, as one, over each brave lost brother,
And meet as foes no more.

This now fair earth did once to wondering angel
Seem but a seething chaos, dark and wild ;
So oft war's tumult dire is the evangel
Of peace serene and mild.

So from the stern defiance and brave meeting
Of stranger hosts by that far Euxine sea,
Came thy late presence here, and that warm greeting,
With which we welcomed thee.