

XXXVII.

While war is arbiter—but must it be
Forever arbiter? Will not the day
Of lasting peace dawn ever? Will not ye,
Ye Christian nations, raise your voice, and stay
The march of war throughout the universe;
And rid you of its agony and curse?

XXXVIII.

It lies not in your pow'r to order those,
The nations still uncivilized, to cease
From war, and, if they make themselves your foes,
Ye must resist; yet can ye order peace
Among yourselves. And, sure, ye Christian lands
Would wash the blood of war from off your hands!

XXXIX

Slow, slow, the march of Christianity,
Yet sure—more sure because its march is slow;
And settled now in peace and amity
Are issues which, but fifty years ago,
Had been the cause of bloodshed and of strife,
And cost each country many a noble life.