

Too Soon.

Too soon, O Lord ! when Thou alone canst know
To the full measure all earth's weight of woe,
When murder walks unscathed o'er land and sea,
Oh ! can it be too soon to beg of Thee
To give us Peace ?

Too soon, when homeless, hungry children plead,
When pain-worn mothers weep the sons that bleed,
When manhood crushes manhood ruthlessly,
Oh ! can it be too soon to beg of Thee
To give us Peace ?

Too soon, and not the loveliness of Spring,
With all its perfumed promises, can bring
Back to our lives the calm that used to be ;
Oh ! can it be too soon to beg of Thee
To give us Peace ?

Must we then wait until there are no more
To slay on land or strew on alien shore ?
Though war-clouds darken, must we patiently
Await the end ? O Lord, we beg of Thee
To give us Peace.

—*Luey Gertrude Clarkin.*

