

**Miscellaneous.**

## VII.

## THE VISION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

To THE Czar of all the Russia's  
Came a vision bright and fair,  
The joy of unburdened millions,  
Floating gladly on the air.

The laughter and songs of children,  
Of maidens, so gay and bright,  
Of mothers who never would tremble,  
Where warfare and carnage blight.

Instead of the tramp of armies,  
Was patter of little feet;  
The blare of bugles and trumpets,  
Had melted in music sweet.

The harvests had ceased to ripen,  
On fields that were drenched with blood;  
The seas no more were ensanguined  
With an awful crimson flood.

The peaceful pavements no longer  
Re-echoed the martial tread;  
And over the ransomed nations  
The banner of love was spread.

The streams tripped lightly seaward,  
Unfreighted with human gore;  
The valleys and hills were brightened,  
And shuddered with strife no more.

There were homes where peace and plenty  
Around happy hearths did smile;  
And the touch of baby fingers,  
Could sorrow and care beguile.

The cannon had ceased its bristling,  
Its mission of death was o'er;  
And the world so weary of carnage,  
Learned the art of war was no more.

And Earth, once so sorrow laden,  
Grew daily more fair and bright;  
Till peace our globe had enfolded,  
And millions walked in its light.

• 'Twas a bright and beautiful vision,  
Of nations disarmed and free;  
As to heaven arose the chorus  
Of the world's first jubilee.

How long shall the vision tarry?  
How long shall the hours delay,  
Till war shrinks our saddened Earth,  
As the darkness shrinks from day?

Till barracks shall change to churches,  
The prison become a school;  
And over the hearts and homes of men,  
The peace of our God shall rule?

And Earth, like a barque, storm riven,  
The sport of tempest and tide;  
Shall find rest and a haven,  
The heart of the Crucified.

F. E. W. HARPER.