

PEACE.

" Sweet Dove of Peace return !

The voice of Love rings through the trembling air,
And bids you come, but your soft tender eyes
Are turned towards a scene more brightly fair,
The hush of happy homes broods gently there,
A smiling land of sun before you lies.

" Sweet Dove of Peace, return !"

The War-fiend gives commanding word " Begin !"
An iron fire-god lifts his powerful voice
And thunders to the votaries of sin
In tones that echo through the ghastly din :
" The reign of Love is o'er, let us rejoice !"

" Sweet Dove of Peace, return !"

From starving towns is raised a dying wail ;
Force seeks to bend the proudest city's head,
The fire-god leaves behind a crimson trail
Where sisters, mothers, wives and children frail
Are weeping, left to mourn their soldier dead.

" Sweet Dove of Peace, return !"

A sick'ning crash,—a scream of burshing shell
And God's own house has fallen in the dust.
The War-fiend chuckled as its glories fell
For what recks he of Blessed Heaven—or Hell ?
A heathen foe would satisfy his lust !

" Sweet Dove of Peace, return !"

Still on the ruins bruised Love can stand ;
She presses to her breast a lonely child
And gently holds a starving woman's hand :
" For their dear sakes will you not understand
And let Creation's hopes go undefiled ?

Sweet Dove of Peace, return !"

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