

What do they see? There crouches at thy heel
A sullen thing with vengeance in her face,
Writhing and wroth, but fettered to her place
By bonds of German steel.

As one should tell us in the dim thick night—
"Behold the dawn," and we looked forth to see
The whole wide East grown golden silently
With joy of coming light,

And saw instead a line of cloudy flame
And lightning flashes leaping swift there-through,
And heard the muffled thunder-pulse and knew
The storm, not morning, came.

So is it when each wiry nerve to-day
Of eager Europe thrills with that sweet word,
Sweet yet so false, soon as its sound is heard
Its promise dies away.

Thy God of Battles, whom we do not know,
Thank for the Rhinelands and the Golden Fleece,
But not for such poor truce the Christ of Peace—
His Peace He gives not so.

So must it ever be in the nation's soul and
ours. No peace is worth the name that does
not come to stay. We shall never know true
peace on any path that merely patches up
the past and temporizes and leaves the soul's
great central problem still untouched. "Peace
I leave with you, My peace I give unto you;