

There was recently published in one of the popular magazines a poem by Laura Spencer Porter, interpreting a painting by C. Arnold Slade, entitled "Peace." In the glories of the dying day a woman sits in a chair by a dining-table, and a little child upon her knees is saying her evening prayer. The face of the woman is worn and her eyes are closed. She sees a vision, for behind her is the shadowy form of a soldier in blue and he is pressing a kiss upon her brow. Underneath are the words of interpretation:

When the day is ending he shall come some day,
Even as of old, yea, in the same old way.
Naught shall be changed. The sunlight still shall fall
With lengthening shadows on the floor and wall.
The little tasks all finished, once again
I'll wait for him, but shall not wait in vain.

For he shall come and place upon my brow
The old sweet kiss, and he shall say, "O thou,
Thou who hast waited, I am come at last.
The hideous dream of war is past, is past.
O my beloved, let thy grieving cease—
For once more men are brothers—there is peace."

It is for that day we hope and fight and pray, the day when the vision of the old Hebrew prophet shall be realized, "when men shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," the day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."