

## A PROPHECY!

Peace Victories will yet arise  
From Anglo-Saxon sacrifice;  
Besides we're nearing to the time  
When Jews will flock to Palestine.

## A HINT IN HYPERBOLE.

The world is mixed with sorrow so it seems,  
Because of sin's alluring schemes;  
But Jesus' precept is the antidote:  
"From other's eyes remove the mote,  
And from our own sick eyes take out the beams  
And Joy we'll find where sorrow seems."

## WHEN LOVE IS KING!

A clipping:—**A Lone Canadian Lyrist's  
Love Song.** Many poems on the war have  
come to us, but few of them have the brevity  
and sweetness of this little verse, from G. A.  
A., a reader in Cairo, Canada:—

"When Love is king, the swords will go,  
Because the world will know no foe—  
No one to raise the tyrants' hands,  
Nor lay on others cruel demands;  
But all will live as God designed  
And sweet eternal pleasure find."

—The Christian Herald.

New York, May 5, 1915.