

## LOUVAIN

The smoking altars, ruined arch  
Of ancient church and Gothic fane  
Have felt the death stings of your shells,  
And speak in pity thro' Louvain.  
Wheel back your guns, your howitzers melt,  
Forget your "World-Power's" cursed plan  
And sign in peace and not in blood  
Dread Sinai's pact 'twixt God and Man.

*For His Eminence Cardinal Mercier.*