Armistice Day, 1920

It is told that a number of celebrated artists were once asked to paint a picture representing Peace. Each produced what he conceived best expressed the idea, but all gave way before the painter whose picture portrayed a great torrent of water dashing over boulders and leaping down the mountain side, while in a forked branch of a tree overhanging the torrent a bird was sitting securely in its well-built nest.

The story of the unveiling of the Cenotaph in Whitehall, and the burial of the unknown soldier in Westminster Abbey on the second anniversary of Armistice Day recalled to mind that picture.

Amongst the innumerable company in the heart of Old London, waiting for the coming of the remains of the unknown hero, who represented thousands of others who gave life itself that the day of Peace might dawn, surely there were few who did not realise the uniqueness of the event. As the gun-carriage, with its significant burden, came abreast of the King, and he saluted, the hearts of all who beheld the scene, must have been deeply stirred.

The uncovering of the Cenotaph, and the laying upon it by the King of the laurel wreath, followed by the two minutes silence, expressed eloquently the value the British Empire placed upon human sacrifice.

It may never be known to whom came the thought of laying in the burial place of Kings and the greatest of our Empire's great, the body of an unknown soldier, but the Empire's whole-hearted homage in response, through its representatives, bears unquestionable testimony that at heart the British Commonwealth is righteous and its allegiance to God unshaken.

An Empire that demonstrated in such a beautiful and impressive manner its recognition of the spirit of sacrifice and its attitude towards the Unseen and the Eternal verities, even while facing perplexities of Unrest, change, and threatened upheaval, surely has, as its Home, the Abode of Peace.

-M.R.C.

Have You Read Page 2 of Cover?

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