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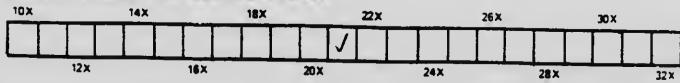
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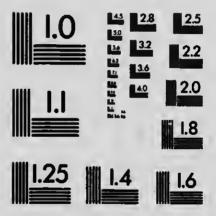
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"The Paton of Peace"

EDWARD MEEK, K.C.

TORONTO,

Ca. C. Jennings by Loronto -Library and critical ability supere as chief Editor of the Mail & Supere Westpaper and otherwise allow me to pleasent to you a Rober of my server Tattle) Frly 4th 1920

# "The Pawn of Peace"

TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Mount high above all common thought,
Above all thrones and temples, Kings and Gods, ascend,
Nor let revenge, or hate, or fear, nor love, attend
Thy flight.—When that high throne is reached—the judgment seat—

Sit there unswerved. Let "might" be naught, And bid those radiant stars of "peace" and "right" Undimmed to meet.

Clemenceau called aloud, Above the din of war,

Who are these that bound like racers,
Over crater, ridge and trench,
Deadly chargers, tireless chasers.
Battling for the Belge and French?

Lloyd George responded proud To nations near and far,

Thundering deep reverberations,
Crash of shells and cannon, rolled
Over seas, to western nations,
Britain's deadly struggle told.

Then these crossed the storm swept ocean,
Braved the submarine and flood,
Fired by patriot devotion,
Men of British cult and blood.

Maple emblems proudly wearing,
Speak the home from whence they came,
Ruddy visaged, martial bearing,
Lithe and trained for war's stern game.

Watch them creep where shells are bursting, Searching dug-outs, caves and holes, Eager, ardent, nobly thirsting For a name on Glory's Rolls.

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# The close of

## THE WAR

They lay in the darkness till daylight was breaking,
And whispered in stillness as bursting bombs fell,
With muscles all tense and courage all aching,
To spring on the foe with their blood piercing yell.

Dawning comes, the word is given,
Up and over quick they spring,
The air, the hills, the earth is riven,
Bomb, grenade, and rifles, ring.

Mile on mile, hut ever backward,
Day and night, the sullen foe,
Through the wreck and devastation,
Beaten, routed, hunted, go.

Leaving dead and dying troopers,
Strewn along their blood-stained trail,
While pursuing, Allied squadrons,
Speed them on with iron hail.

Till a signal, through the mist, is
Flashed above each trench and hill,
Radiant words!—the "signed Armistice"!'
Strikes the ranks with lightning thrill.

Frenzied joy and frantic cheering,
From the million soldier throats,
Gloomy smoke of battle clearing,
With triumphant martial notes.

Dewy morn, with sun gems, covers
All the million burial mounds,
Glory saddened, mourning hovers,
Touching light the hallowed grounds.

Peace has come, but oh! the anguish,
Cheerless, hopeless, weeping homes,
Deadened, dark, despairing, languish
For the one who never comes.

last deurge Hy Omistice

#### O CANADA.

Thou land of inland seas,
Of giant peaks, and prairies wide,
Kissed by the hriny lips of the Atlantic breeze
At each returning morn,
And bathed at sunset by the Pacific tide.

#### AND THOU AUSTRALIA

Seated in grandeur neath the southern cross,
Meeting the ocean's foam on every coast,
Counting thy golden wealth as naught but dross,
Thy valiant sons of British blood,
Thy noblest hoast.

O glorious France!

Thy music, song, and fluent tongue, Forever bright, forever young,
Thy signal-flag ethereal hung
Out to the cheering nations flung,
1s "liberty" unfurled.

Thy valiant race shall more and more Into the realms of progress soar, And from long treasured peerless store Shall scintillate thy brilliant lore To an admiring world.

May Rome, proud Rome—escaped the tomb— Released from bandaged, mummied gloom, Regain her racial bounds, and bloom With youthful health and might.

Then risen among the nations, free
The wider, hrighter prospect, see,
Rejuvenated Italy,
A champion of the right.

A champion of the right.

Dear Belgium, trodden by the heel,
All bruised and crushed hy German steel,
For thee we fought, for thee we bel.
For those who live, thy hells shall peal,
And softly toll, for mourned dead.

Restored by thine, and allied arms,
Allured by thy enchanting charms,
Healed of thy wounds, relieved from harms,
Dried are thy tears, no dread alarms,
Shall rack or vex thy guiltless head.

Moule

glot

## AMERICA.

All hail to Thee!
Thou glorious refuge of the world's oppressed.
Strong in thy Mother's pride, as in thine own,
Where more stern patriot freemen dwell
Than all those lands can boast,
In Princely livery dressed.

It could not be,
The artfulness; the dark intriguing band,
Could not conceal the frightfulness, the guilt.
From sea to sea
Thy indignation swelled, and armed
Thy strong avenging hand.
Thy guns and shells were forged,
Thy airships built.

Thou eldest, greatest, grandest, British daughter!

'Twas thine to fight with those who braved the wrong,
'Twas thine to rescue from indurate slaughter,

The helpless victims of the ruthless strong.

"League of Nations"

What a peace mark

On the world's long scroll of strife.

'Tis the legend on the new Ark

Bearing Freedom's rescued life.

Floating on the war waste ocean,
Moving toward that higher shore,
With a hopeful, calm devotion,
Offering all, an open door.

Hail thy leader, who conceived it,
Write his name, with generous mind,
With thy Washington and Lincoln,
Let the three be intertwined
On thy glorious starry banner,
Statesmen, honored by mankind.

#### GREAT MOTHERLAND.

#### All Honor Thee.

Thy giant strength and stable mind

Confirmed the wavering and inspired the weak.

Thy dreadnaughts, all the oceans lined.

Their thundering voices shook the alien hills

And echoed on from peak to farther peak.

Thou land of many mingled races,

Nurtured by wild encircling seas,

Or bred among thine oaken trees,

On moors, in fens or mountain places.

midst

There—stalwart Gael and fiery Celt,
In lawless freedom long had dwelt,
Till Roman Legions drilled and led,
By Caesar's captains, overspread.
And with persistent, patient hand
Established order in the land.

Then,—Saxons, Jutes, and Danes contended,
Until their children's offspring blended,
But Latin-French, by Normans led,
O'erthrew the ruder Saxon head,
On Hastings' fateful field.

When,—warring Earls hy stern command
Were tamed, and made to till the land.
Though harshly firm, the conqueror's rule
Maintained its mastering training school,
Till racial hatreds healed.

Relieved from internecine strife,
With Peace, advanced the Nation's life,
Till vaunting kings of Norman line
Assumed to rule by "right Divine."
But Freemen meeting, mailed and armed
Compelled their despot Lord, alarmed,
To sign the "Charter," which is still,
A triumph of the Nation's will.

In later times, the Stewart Line,
On scaffold and in exile learned,
The vital truth it long had spurned,
That 'tis the nation—not the king—
That rules by "right Divine."

With law and order thus attained,

The People's power has since remained,
And stronger grown—till now—

The Nation's Sovereignty commands,—
The King obeys,—in every state and clime
Where Britain's flag of freedom floats,

In majesty sublime.

#### " Parliament of Man."

World combine; so grandly stated,
By thy peerless, poet, seer,
Looming through the mists, belated,
As a "League" may soon appear.

#### GERMANY.

Was it thy Hohenzollern breed,—
Obsessed by their ancestral greed
For soldier giants trained to fight
To give them military might,—
That clouded and obscured the light
Of Liberty and Justice, quite
Recast thy mind in brutal mould
And made thee cruel, callous'd, cold.

Then at the bar of justice, they
To answer for their crime, must stand
Indicted, on some trial day,
The "League"—commissioned, must command.

And as the nation shared their crime,
The penalty, It, must pay in time.
The mandate issued, sternly rules,
To punish despots and their tools.

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But when thy soul, relieved from madness,
Humbled, cleansed, subdued, with sadness
Seeks to restore what they destroyed,
And with remorseful shame relenting
Of crimes and fiendishness repenting,
Keeps thy soldiers thus employed.

Then,—freed from frenzied, foul ambition,
Clothed with sane and true contrition,
Speaking words of prone submission
Ye may hope—demented brother—
There's a hand may be extended,
There's a heart may yet forgive,
On condition that another
Solemn promise ye shall give
That in future leagued together,
Peaceful, honest, ye shall live.

#### THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Above all common thought
All thrones and temples,
Kings and gods, ye sit.

No love or hate or fear Revenge or self, shall climb, Or mount, or flit,

To that bigh judgment seat
Where earnest men, in
Solemn conference meet.

Unswayed by passion
And unswerved by might,
Thy only guides, calm "Justice"
"Truth" and "Right."

Such spectacle through all evolving past,

Till now, was never seen,

Nor in the course of time,

Though dreamed or guessed, has never been.

EDWARD MEEK.

Torchio, May 1, 1919.

