

## A Thought

(Suggested by the Opening Address of Lord Headley at  
the new Headquarters of the Society of Philology,  
Science and Art, London).

Oh, that our eyes could see the path  
From this dark night, - the trail that leads today,  
When War, and its dread tumult and dismay,  
Shall fall as surely as the Gates of Gath.  
With all the might the Teutan War-lord hath,  
And all the crime that centres in his sway;  
Then will its memory be swept away,  
And peace remain, a glorious aftermat.  
No more shall Treitochke's hellish fable rend  
The heart of nations, with its thousand thongs,  
Nor Nietzsche's kulture curse this bloodstained sod,  
No more shall hymns of hate with murder blend;  
For lore alone to perfect peace belongs,  
And love is but another name for God.

A.J. Freeland A.S.P.  
Kibworth, Leicestershire

Market Harborough Advertiser. 6<sup>th</sup> April 1915