

Dedication of the
Palace of Peace

By Rev. Cora L. Richmond



A Vision


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CORA L. V. RICHMOND
1915

To
WILHELMINA
The Beautiful
Queen of the Netherlands
Within whose heart abides
The True
"Peace that passeth understanding"


This Poem is Inscribed

By
The Author

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City College, N. Y.



FOREWORD



HE Temple or "Palace of Peace," built almost as a cloister in the beautiful Capital of the Netherlands, The Hague, was to have been "dedicated" to its intended uses as the permanent home for the International Court of Peace by Arbitration this year, 1915.

The dedication was to have taken place under the auspices of the "Carnegie Foundation," and participated in by the representatives of the powers that formed the members of the first and second peace conferences held at The Hague.

The first of these was in 1899, twenty-four nations participating through their representatives; the second conference, represented by forty-two nations, was held in 1907.

It was the pleasure and honor of the writer to be chosen by six societies, national and international, who favor peace by arbitration instead of war, to represent them at the Lay Congress instituted by W. T. Stead, aided by local and national peace societies, and holding its sessions in 1907, simultaneously with the conference of the powers, in the

beautiful city, The Hague, in that fair land redeemed from the waste of waters.

St. Georges Hall, where the conference of the powers was held, was not far from our own beautiful place of meeting.

The writer was chosen to deliver the first regular address—after that of the Chairman—before the Lay Conference; but, more than this: it was her privilege to have been the first woman and the first representative of lay delegations to be received by and present an address—authorized by the societies she represented—to Count Nelidoff, the president of the Peace Congress of the Powers. Through him the address reached the Peace Congress.

Recently the Curator of the "Peace Palace," or his secretary, said to a representative of the press: "Of the twenty-four nations represented in the first Peace Congress, the governments thus officially participating have lost (kings, presidents, or "heads" of governments) six by assassination, eleven have died natural deaths, and the others are fighting each other here in Europe!"

All the "pledges," "promises" and "treaties" or "agreements" of "The Hague Tribunal" are set aside under the relentless heel of war; and the dear little land, the wonderful, beautiful Netherlands, is waiting with bated breath the outcome of this terrible conflict.

By one of those strange coincidences that mark the events of human life, W. T. Stead and the Baroness Bertha von Suttner, both so active in that memorable Peace Con-

ference, both lovers of and workers for the peace of the world, were called to the higher life before the breaking out of this dreadful war; but we are sure that from their places in that inner and higher realm they turn sad and pitying eyes toward the earth, helping still in all good works, under Infinite Guidance.

The Author presents this Vision that seemed to come in answer to an earnest prayer for peace and for the guidance of the neutral powers in this greatest world crisis.

CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Chicago, Ill., March, 1915.

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THE VISION



The utter spaces were aflame with light
Of the Angelic Presences; the hosts,
Intent on missions of vast import, gave
An added brightness as they ever passed
Unto the regions of their ministry.

So many suns of systems; each a part
Of the illimitable universe;
Each filling its own place; each with its worlds
Peopled with souls in shadow or in light!

These Shining Messengers must ever bear
To such ensphering states anear the worlds
As can receive them wondrous messages.

Ah, to portray that vast surpassing scene;
Light unto Light, Love unto Love divine!
Souls limitless in beauty, in the glow
Of their divine, transcendent loveliness,
Ensphered in atmospheres of their own light;
Soft-tinted like the fairest earthly morn—

(Ah, but the fairest earthly morn is dark
Compared with one resplendence from that scene)
Or blazing forth as heralds of great might
Declaring messages of truths *to be!*

Angels and Archangels; such know the will
Of Love and Wisdom Infinite, and give
To messengers their perfect word and work
Assigned, to aid the struggling souls of those
Immured in Time and sense of shadowed worlds.



THE MESSENGER

The circling hosts parted, as one drew near,
Bearing such 'plaint as shadowed for a time
(Nay, but a passing shade as of a summer cloud),
The perfect brightness of that perfect throng,
Such as made pitying angels turn aside
With tender eyes and looks compassionate.

The Messenger, to whom had been assigned
The sacred task, drew near and still more near;
And e'en the shadow of the dread eclipse
Was lifted to a half-reflected glow
By the transcendent brightness of the scene.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

THE SUPPLICATION

“Earth sues for Peace; her people, rent and torn,
Have sought in vain to build in that blest name
A Sacred Shrine, a place inviolate;
A Temple unto which they all might come
And hear no sound of desolating war,
And feel the brooding Presence of the Dove.

’Neath every sky, on every continent,
Among the jewel islands of the seas,
Fringed with the spray of opalescent waves,
And domed with azure, set in emerald
Of vernal forests, girded strong and well
By mountains that reach to the bending sky,
The Children of the Earth have built:
Nations, long perished, in their pride and power
Have builded wondrous temples to their gods,
And sometimes—after wars—unto Sweet Peace.
Egypt, most ancient in her worldly power,
Reared all her peopled cities, wondrous walls,
Temples and palaces and pyramids,
As if Time never could her works destroy;
Greece, home of every perfect form of art,
And all high themes of deep philosophy,
Built temples beautiful—and Peace was there.
Such beauty as made all the ages glow;

Wars, earthquakes, the volcanoes' breath,
Have desolated these fair works of man,
The works of human genius and toil;
Rome—the Imperial—builded o'er and o'er
By earthly kings, temples to war and peace
(And last unto the "Prince of Peace" who came
To give a voice and life unto the world);
And in Jerusalem—"The City of our God"—
The Temple builded twice, in His Great Name;
Now are her people scattered o'er the earth;
Then when the Christ of Truth and Love appeared,
New temples were upbuilded in *His* name—
New *strivings* and new *warfare* also came—
Making the nations desolate—e'en as before;
The beauty one had wrought others destroyed.

How shall they build? Since ever war on war
Has rent and ravaged every structure fair,
And torn from Science and true Art the forms
Created by the master minds; and those
Who toiled with hands and brain to serve
Their kind have ruthlessly been slain,
To serve the ambition and pride of kings;
While they—the people—ever sought for peace,
And only fought their firesides to defend;
How *shall* they build?

Albeit, even now
In that fair, fertile land, rescued, redeemed

From the encroaching waters of the sea—
Peaceful and beautiful, sheltered, apart,
Amid the forest trees whose branches wave
Responsive to the breath of Æolus,
The little Shrine to Blessed Peace is reared;
The nations of the worn, war-weary earth
Look longingly and yearn toward that shrine;
Alas, Alas! Angels of Peace, behold!
Again the war-dogs of the Kings of Pride
Are all unleashed! Behold the horrors wrought!
Aforetime war was oft declared to be
"Result of non-enlightenment"—*Now, Now!*
The "*most enlightened*" nations of the earth
Are massed in deadly conflict—seas and lands
Resounding with the dreadful sounds of war!
No "Pagan," "Heathen" or "Barbaric" hordes,
But those taught in the Love the Master gave!
How *shall* they build the Temple unto Peace."

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ANGEL OF NATURE SPEAKS

And then the sound of mighty thunders woke,
Echoing far beneath, around, above;
Clouds parting clouds as though the awful space
That veils Omnipotence were rent in twain;
And out of the vast Silences—that late
Were all resplendent with supernal calm—
A Voice of Mighty Import smote the air:
“These are my tempests, these my thunderbolts,
And these my earthquakes and my volcanoes,
My tornadoes, my cyclones, hurricanes;
(My ‘safety valves’ in Life’s great Primal Powers).
Aye; and my seas, whose tides *must* ebb and flow,
And my icebergs that sweep from frozen zones
(My hyperborean ‘men-of-war’—my ships);
My fogs and mists, impenetrable veils;
My blinding snows, my stinging, cutting hail!
These are my rivers that *must* overflow,
Making their way resistless to the seas;
Ye cannot stay them in their mighty course!
Keep back; keep back; there are the vernal hills
And pleasant slopes that lead to uplands fair,
Wooded—or grass-grown, for the hands to till.
Nay, do not crowd the gorges; the ravines
(E’en though the gold thou seeketh hideth there);
The waters from my snow-capped mountains made

The ways adown each rocky precipice.
Keep back, I say! Some time the vales shall rise
And spread their verdure to the gaze of man;
Ye cannot have them until their own time,
Nor can your skill withstand the torrent's flow.
Wait, watch and work; the valleys shall arise.
Keep back: or *work with me*: there are my birds;
My sea-fowl and my eagles strong and swift,
Conforming to my laws in all their flight,
My Petrels—smallest birds—see how they ride
Upon the storm-tossed waters unafraid!
Watch and work with me; Nature's Laws are mine;
Conforming to their purpose, man can be
The Ruler of the Earth; mine is not power
To destroy—but to Create and Recreate
All life; man's selfish greed for gain,
His wish for *all possession*, blinds his eyes
Of higher vision, and to *conquer me*
He works *against* me: watch and work, I say,
Work with me through these Primal Laws of mine.
Then shall man own and govern all the earth."

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Fifteen

ANGEL OF JUSTICE SPEAKS

"How can the people of earth sue for peace?
Since they have slain my babes, oft-times before
Their bodies could have birth; where are they now?
Where are my young men, scions one and all
Of goodly races; reared to till the soil
And wield the implements that make for peace;
To plant, and reap the harvests they have sown;
To build fair homes for Love's sweet dwelling-place;
What have ye done with them? In awful wars,
'Mid smoke and roar of dreadful carnage, waged
Because of lust for power of Rulers, slain
Were they, while wives and mothers mourn,
And babes no more can feel their loving arms
Nor hear the voices full of love and cheer;

Or 'mid the furnace-flame of fiery forge,
Whose hissing serpents sting their lives away,
And shrivel their young blood, and blind their eyes,
While near in all the smoke, foul air and grime
The hovels hold the babes and toiling wives;
Or 'mid the 'death-damp' of the dismal mines;
Where every day may added horror bring,
To toil without a gleam of blessed sun
(Too weary to perceive the night of stars
When the long hours of toil are o'er at last),

There without air to meet the body's needs—
Or sudden wake unto another world
Through careless hand, called 'accident' or 'God,'
Another slaughter caused by foul neglect.

Where are my children sent before the years
Would warrant any toil like that which grinds
The life from out their hearts; to work in shop
And mill, at burden-bearing, there to bend
The form, and lose the bloom from fair young face,
Deaden the lustrous eyes, weave pallor where
The freshness of the childhood glow should be,
Sowing the seeds of dissolution grim.
Where are my children, given earth to love?

Where are my maidens, roses and lilies fair,
Sent forth, perchance because of poverty,
To whirring roar and grinding wheels of trade,
For paltry wage given to 'honest toil,'
Condemned to dreary hours of drudgery—
To meet *Temptation* in his gilded haunts—
Where are they, my blest maidens beautiful?
The Earth, and all the treasures that it holds,
Were given for Earth's children to enjoy;
But Greed, and Avarice, and love of Power,
Have fostered all injustice, caused wars
Of aggression and conquest; bound the slaves;
Fettered the minds with chains of ignorance,

And so shrouded the earth in selfishness
That ages must now pass before the Right,
Born of true Justice, can prevail; the strength
(And often, too, the strength of intellect)
Given for good has been employed
In fashioning the deadly implements
For brutal struggle for supremacy;
And now they sue for 'Peace'? Go thou and say:
Peace cometh *after* Righteousness; after
True *Liberty* and *Love* prevail on Earth!

And who is this that *builds* for Peace at last,
With *overflow* of affluence and ease;
The *after-thought* of pampered greed and gain
Wrought from those burning forges, where men drink
The fiery Dragon's breath; day after day
Toiling forever on and on, while wives
And babes must ever near them dwell
'Mid deadly vapors and smoke-stifling air;
Aye, and where hundreds perish, crowded out,
While others, seeking for their 'daily bread,'
Throng to fill vacant places; where oft-times
(They *must* earn something for the babes to eat)
The weapons of dread war are forged, and all
The vast equipment of man's industry
Is turned to aid in conquest by the sword;

Who builds, I say, within the cloistered wood

Of the fair rescued land, a Temple fair
Dedicated to Peace? *Justice is Peace.*

Aye, let the Kings and Rulers of the Earth
Disarm, and send their battleships to lands
Less favored—where disease and famine dwell—
To give them succor; and let the wars
Against 'the least of these my little ones,'
Waged by the Greed for gold and love of Power,
Let these cease: *then* they may build for Peace."

Then, as the Messenger, sad-hearted, turned,
Stunned by the magnitude of human wrongs
Against humanity, to seek again
The darkened Earth, the weary, war-worn world,
From out the white and golden Silences,
From hosts on hosts of sweet-voiced Choristers
Arose an Anthem so surpassing sweet
That all the spaces seemed listening:
An anthem of blest comfort and of hope
Such as the Angels in their blessedness
Only could sing:

*"O Messenger of Earth,
Be not dismayed; Evangel of sweet Peace;
For lo, One cometh to give strength of Soul
Thy purpose to fulfill; uplift thy heart
And vision; do not fear nor grieve o'er much,
Because of the Earth-shadows—Look! Behold!"*

More radiant far than all the shining host
Assembled, a splendor drew near, more near,
And touched the brow, the lips, the hands, the heart
Of the Evangel, and with voice inwove
With all the sweetness of unspoken love—
Such love as sometimes Angels bend to see
When earth lives are attuned, and the sweet breath
Of summer twilight is upon the air—.



THE ANGEL OF LOVE

Said: "Be not thou downcast, be not dismayed,
The great Eternal Voices have been heard
And they are true; but far and far above,
Beyond, within, *Another Blessed Power*
Encompasses, pervades, controls all souls.
No place in Time and Sense enshadowed,
No world seeming obscured from its blest-light
But is included in its hallowed power.

The darkened earth, in whose behalf you come,
Is lighted with rays from this Presence pure,
By souls that dwell there, and who love their kind,
Who seek the Peace that is the meed of all,
(Such time as the allurements of the dust
And all of selfish seeking is o'ercome),
Deep, deep within all Souls, and far within

The very Essence of the life of things,
Supernal Love doth guard and govern all.
Bid them arise and come forth to the light;
To Fellowship that is Fraternal, True.
Then they shall fashion the Temple of Peace
Of Souls; the Living Temple of our God
Of Love and Wisdom, naught else will endure"

As, sometimes, in the pause of symphonies,
One sweetest singer hath all hearts enthralled
And then the silence following was thrilled
With all the raptured soul of harmony,
So when the Angel ceased, the glorious
Angelic throng, pervaded, thrilled, silent,
Turned all their radiance to light the way
Of the Evangel, who, restored and blest,—
Baptised with the message and promise given,
Sped once again toward the longing earth.

Lo, all the spaces were aglow, aware;
And spheres on spheres of souls, beyond
Those veiled atmospheres of worlds, could know
The Message and the Messenger Divine:

*"My answer cometh from the Lord of Love;
Build ye, build ye my Temple of Sweet Peace,
Within the hearts of all who dwell on earth.
Of Love—whose Altar is Humanity."*

L'ENVOI

And canst thou fly afar o'er all the Earth,
Sweet Menat, Messenger of Love Divine,
Nor trail thy snowy wings in battle smoke,
Nor lose thy message in the thundrous roar
Of carnage, pausing not—by night or day
Until thou bearest to the uttermost,
The outermost and innermost—of all
The nations of the earth the message given?
Then thou will come and rest within the hearts
Of those who love Peace born of Righteousness.

“Blessed are the Peace Makers, for they shall be called the
Children of God.”

