

## On Leaving Canada

Farewell to thee, dear Canada, farewell;  
As from my view thy wooded seacoast fades,  
And old Acadia's headlands disappear  
In the grey gloom of evenings gathering shades.

Farewell to thee, dear Canada, farewell:  
Land where my feet were won't to tread of late:  
Not mine by birth, but by adoption mine:  
Radiant with golden hope, majestic, great.

Farewell to thee, yet not without regret  
Leave I the country that to me was home;  
For there are friends—the faithful and the tried  
Friends, from whose presence I am loth to roam

God bless thy shores, forever may they be  
The fair abode of freedom, truth and peace,  
Nor ever foeman's devastating hand  
Mar thy fair provinces till time shall cease.

*Pte J Abbott.*

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## A Ward Episode.

Even as it approached I had a premonition that all was not well with it, and my heart went out as it ever does to the sick or afflicted. There was an unhealthy pallor on its surface, and my caressing fingers told me of a high temperature. I tapped it gently with a spoon—it coughed helplessly. I lifted away a portion of the outer covering, bringing to view its palpitating interior, of sickly hue and its obvious distress.

Sad, sad end to a career at one time so full of promise! My fancy took me back to a quaint old farmyard—to a fond feathery mother clucking to the world the attainment of her life-ambition—to it lying there in a soot nest, full of the warm anticipation of a short, useful existence. I pictured its enthusiasm gradually cooling under a freezing neglect—the insidious change from healthy hopefulness to mortified bitterness. What more cruel fate than destiny unachieved, or achieved, alas! too late!

I looked once again: it had stiffened and shrivelled and felt cold to my touch. I beckoned to an Orderly—he bore it reverently away—I shed a tear—and turned to my bread and butter with a sigh.

KRITICOS.