

MS. 51
J. 1. 1
E. 1. 1
P. 1. 1

"BEN"

"Judge, here's a boy that must be sent
To jail to get hard punishment
He asked my husband if he might
Sleep in our coalshed, judge, at night
My husband let him come, weak man—
Refuse a boy he never can
The boy slept there a week. To day
The coalshed roof he tore away.
He had no reason. It is sad
That any boy could be so bad.
Send him to jail; he should not be
At large destroying property.

The boy's sad face was firmly set;
No justice did he hope to get,
No kindly sympathy to find;
Life had been hard and men unkind
He waited doggedly to hear
An unjust sentence, most severe,
But kindled at the judge's tone—
The kindest he had ever known
"Now tell your story, son," said he,
"Don't be afraid, my boy, of me."

Then fearlessly the new-boy told
His story. "Judge, I'm ten years old
My mudder died a week ago,
And I am lonely, judge—You know
She had been sick three months, and say,
I worked so hard to try to pay
For medicines and doctor, too;



National Library
of Canada

Bibliothèque nationale
du Canada