

The Schoolboy in the War

By NELLIE SPENCE

“**D**ON'T be too hard on that boy! He's Wallace's brother, you know. You ought to show a little mercy for Wallie's sake.”

The scene was a class-room in a well-known Canadian school; the time about four in the afternoon some seven years ago. I was in charge of a motley assembly of delinquents who had been gathered in from all the forms to do a half-hour's penance for various sins of the day. A small boy occupying a back seat had been into some mischief, and I had just brought him up to the front and was in the act of delivering a little homily for his benefit when one of my colleagues entered the room and whispered the above admonition. The small boy overheard the whisper and smiled a roguish and knowing smile, as much as to say, "I guess I'm all right now!"

That little mischief-loving lad of seven years ago was destined to lay down his life in the last and most epic phase of the great World War.

In his History of the Battle of the Somme, John Buchan pays a high tribute to the School-