

I overheard a soldier say,—

It is a *bloomin' shoinie*

For boys to handle heavy guns,  
And thus to waste their *toime*.

We don't believe in warfare now,

I heard our preacher say,  
The time of peace was coming in  
A not far distant day.

I love to think of that bright time,  
When war we shall not fear,  
And men will into ploughshares beat  
Their every sword and spear.

Pray what has war done for us boys,

But changed the face of maps,  
And given us more history

Than we shall learn, perhaps?

I pity future students and  
The scholars of our schools,  
Who'll have to learn of Kitchener's,  
Sampson's and Dewey's duels.

Yes! War has brought us Caesar's Works,  
With sentences so great

It takes about a week for me  
One period to translate.

Again to arms we must ascribe  
This Greek which we abhor,  
While wishing Xenophon had died  
An age or two before.

I've often read of warfare which

Took place in ages past,  
When men were simply savage and  
The want of knowledge vast.

But we should now know better far;  
War should be out of date,

And if perchance a question rise,  
Pray, why not arbitrate?

My troubles now I've told you of,

From which I've groaned of late,  
And hope you will do something to  
Relieve this awful state."

Then let us not go backward to  
A rude barbarian age.

To add to studies now too great,  
By many a book and page.

PATRIOT.

#### DONALD CAMPBELL.—FICTION.

##### CHAPTER III.

When the trial came on, the Attorney for the Crown stated the charges against Donald Campbell, the prisoner at the bar, to be,—receiving smuggled goods, attacking officers of the law in the discharge of their duty, and violently resisting arrest. The witnesses against him were, of course, the two men whose acquaintance he made one fine evening as he was bringing the cows from the pasture about two months before.

The customs official, with his white vest re starched after its recent soaking in salt water, being sworn, testified that the prisoner had violently attacked him, and, taking him

unawares and at a disadvantage, had thrown him with great force through the back door of the bar in which the smuggled liquors were concealed; that when he had recovered himself he found the prisoner rolling on the ground in a deadly struggle with the constable, and but for his (the official's) timely assistance, he could not say what the consequence to the constable might have been, etc., etc. "But," said the witness, and it is certainly to his credit that he wished to tell the story, "there is an incident in the subsequent history of the prisoner—" "We can hear nothing, my lord, from the witness which has no bearing on the charge against the prisoner," said the prosecuting attorney, addressing the judge, and our friend of the customs stepped down.

Constable McDonald was then called. As a witness for the prosecution he had not been allowed to see nor to communicate with the prisoner since he had been lodged in jail. He now cast an eager look at Donald as if he would like to go over and take him in his arms, but instead he was sworn and had to testify against him, corroborating the evidence of the former witness. When the judge asked him if that was all, he looked up to the bench, and in a husky voice replied, "Yes, my lord, that is all the *evidence*, but if Donald Campbell wasn't a brave lad with a kind heart there would be no evidence against him here this day."

The lawyer for the defence was a wise man. He did not address the jury on the legal aspects of the case at all. He contented himself with telling the story of Donald's life, and he told it well. The loss of his parents, the lack of training, the untoward circumstances surrounding the boy as he grew were pointed out very touchingly. But notwithstanding this, the lad had not a vicious character. Just the reverse. And then the incident at Quigley's Cove was narrated in a masterly piece of word painting. The jury was deeply affected. And here the astute lawyer rested his case.

The judge explained some legal technicalities to the twelve good men and true composing the jury, and the jury retired. After being locked up about two hours, the foreman sent word that they had agreed on a verdict.

The judge took his seat on the bench. The prisoner was again placed in the dock. The jurymen filed in and took their seats. The foreman rose. The court room became breathlessly still. Then the judge turning to the foreman, inquired, "Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" The foreman replied, "We find—"

But why should we give you *their* verdict. Let us rather ask you, reader, what, in your opinion, should the verdict have been?

#### A PLEA FOR OBLIVION.

Up and away like the dew of the morning,

Groaning and sighing to school let me run,

Fling thoughts of pleasure away as I hurry.

Only remembering—Exams have begun.

Paper in hand let me rush up these school steps,

Into the school and shut out the bright sun,

Then let me creep up stairs slowly and dolefully,

Only remembering those lessons undone.

Yet let me cheerfully study the questions,

Hoping a few are from lessons I've done,

Scribble down answers and pass in my papers,

Thinking the meanwhile—"Exams are great fun!"

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