

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker.

CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, AUG. 7, 1952

Plea Of Guilty In Murder

In ordinary criminal proceedings a plea of guilty makes it unnecessary to go ahead with a trial. No further evidence is necessary to convict the accused than his own full confession of every element of the crime expressed in the plea of guilty.

It has commonly been said that in case of murder, however, the trial must go on after a plea of guilty, precisely as though it were the opposite. There is some precedent for this view in the English cases and not without reason. Legal history records numerous confessions to murder, sometimes involving "accomplices", in which the supposed victim has later turned up safe and sound. The police, perhaps more especially American police, are familiar with the frequency of murder confessions by persons who obviously could not have committed the crime.

Not long ago the question came before a court at Prince Rupert, B. C. One Cunningham pleaded guilty to the robbery slaying of a 70-year-old farmer. The learned judge, terming it "very extraordinary", at first refused to accept the plea. But after three hours of evidence and ascertaining that the accused understood his action, the judge recorded a verdict of guilty on the basis of the plea and imposed sentence of death.

It seems obvious, in so serious a matter as a capital offence, that it is desirable for a jury to rule on the question of guilt or innocence. To relieve future judges of the embarrassment, to put it mildly, of having to rule the confessing one guilty, it should be required by statute that the trial be proceeded with.

Coronation Worries

Among the minor worries of the British authorities in connection with the forthcoming Coronation is the accommodation of foreign guests. Invitations are sent on behalf of the Queen by the Earl Marshal and the Lord Chamberlain. At the last Coronation over 40 countries were invited, but the world has changed since then and the list needs very careful revision. Until official plans are made known, the principal hotels must hold back enough accommodation for each country's delegation. In one luxury hotel over 60 suites are being kept in reserve, while others are making no bookings at all.

Precedents must be carefully checked by the Coronation Commission in considering claims for recognition. One of interest is the claim of the Lord Great Chamberlain, who on the last occasion made a claim of 40 ells, or 45 inch lengths, of crimson velvet and to the prior right of 73 seats within the Abbey to view the procession. He was granted the ells of cloth but not the seats. The Barons of the Cinque Ports, of whom Mr. Churchill is the senior, will present their claim to carry the canopy over the Queen and if precedent is followed they will succeed. The scholars of Westminster School are also interested, for they will present their claim to be present in the Abbey to acclaim the Queen when she presents herself to the people.

According to a London correspondent in the Ottawa Journal, the Commission will probably follow precedent in the matter of Coronation banquets. These were abandoned at the last Coronation, and with food regulations as they are today any claim for their restitution will not be welcomed on this occasion.

Trans-Canada Highway

The first proposal for a Trans-Canada Highway, notes Alberta's "Within Our Borders", was made in 1916, when a reconnaissance survey was made to determine the best route across the nation. Following the First Great War, an engineering report was made to the Federal Government on the possibility of construction of the Trans-Canada Highway as a post war project.

In that year the Canada Highways Act was passed, allowing the Federal Government to make a total contribution of \$20,000,000 to provincial governments for road construction. The best routes for the highway were defined between 1936 and 1941 but the outbreak of the Second Great War postponed any immediate development of the plans.

In 1948, a Dominion-Provincial conference on Trans-Canada Highways was held

in Ottawa. Through this meeting, agreements were made for the actual construction of the highway. In the following year, a second conference considered the technical aspects of the highway and eight of the present 10 provinces, including Alberta, signed an agreement with the Federal Government.

The agreement states that the actual cost of construction will be shared on a 50-50 basis between the Federal and Provincial governments, while the full cost of office work—calling for tenders, etc.—and maintenance work will be undertaken solely by the provinces. In sections where the Trans-Canada Highway passes through National Parks, the cost of construction will be borne solely by the Federal Government.

During the conferences, specifications were set for the size of the highway, bridges and shoulders. The minimum width for the pavement is 22 feet while the maximum is 24 feet. Shoulders must be between five and 10 feet wide, while the minimum sizes for bridges has been divided into three categories. Bridges 30 feet or less must allow for the full width of the highway and shoulders; bridges between 30 and 100 feet must allow at least 27 feet between curbs; and bridges over 100 feet in length must be at least 24 feet wide.

The whole highway from Atlantic to Pacific is expected to be completed by 1956 and will cross 4,856 miles of Canadian terrain.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Now it's an uranium rush in Saskatchewan as the Federal Government throws open concessions for public staking.

"Sydney is destined to become the largest producer of steel of any city in the world," is the confident prediction of one of that city's businessmen. It is to be hoped that it will come true for there are few things Islanders would welcome more than a great steel city at our door.

Canada reached a five year peak for the number of immigrants admitted the first six months of this year. They bring money and increased markets as well as a greater demand for every kind of goods and services.

Alfred Sutro, English dramatist, was born this date 1863. After a successful business career he turned to writing plays. During the First World War he served with Army Intelligence and was awarded the O. B. E. In addition to some thirty plays, he wrote his autobiography "Celebrities and Simple Souls" and translated some books of Maeterlinck.

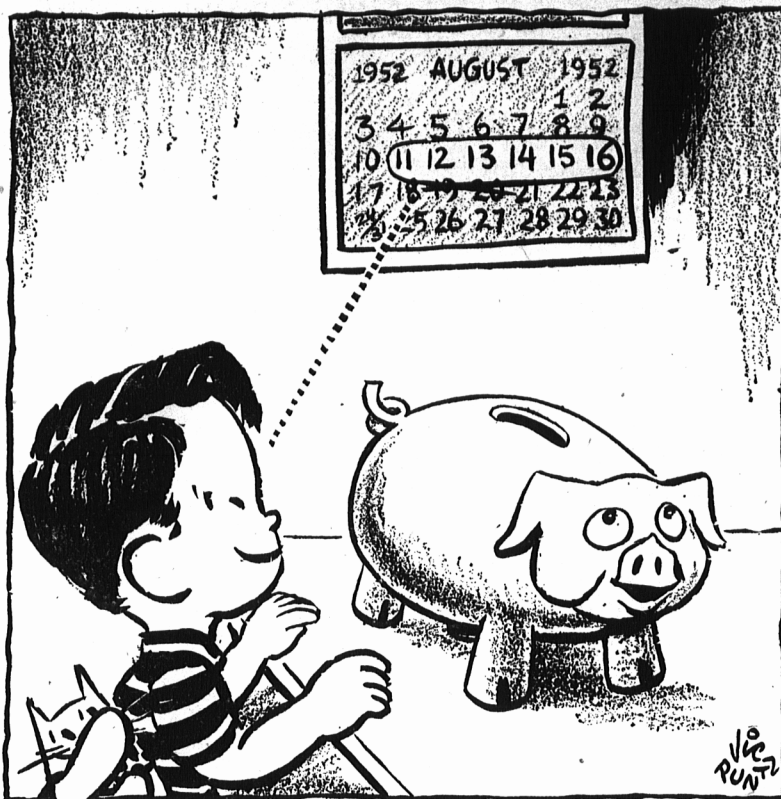
Scarlet on uniform and accoutrements may, in future, indicate the U. S. Navy air service in addition to full dress for Her Majesty's soldiery. A group of United States Navy researchers have reported that bright scarlet seems better for painting sea rescue equipment than the life-raft yellow now used. Khaki drab became a favourite with soldiers for having the opposite quality of poor visibility.

The centennial edition of the St. Thomas Times-Journal, all 136 pages of it, is published as the city of St. Thomas and Elgin county celebrate their joint hundredth birthday. Situated north of Lake Erie, about midway between Buffalo and Detroit the town, and the county, have an interesting history which the Times-Journal has industriously brought to the light of newspaper and printers' ink. To managing editor, Mr. Thomas Keith and to his associates we extend congratulations.

The derisive cry, "Red Meat", is a frequent Opposition retort in the British Parliament. It stems from the Conservative Party's failure to implement one of its promises in last fall's general election, that if returned to office there would be a more plentiful supply of this commodity. Having endured a bout of heckling on this point in the House of Commons on July 8, Mr. Churchill stolidly waited for silence. When he got it he retorted unrepentantly: "We (the Conservatives) all look forward to the moment when we shall be able to ram red meat down your (Laborites) throats."

The Commonwealth Gift Centre, set up in 1942 to distribute with the help of local authorities, schools and many national organizations, the large quantity of food which was being sent in bulk by generous donors all over the world, will close on 31st October, 1952, it has been announced. After that date the British Ministry of Food will no longer be able to receive bulk gifts for general distribution or pay the charges which it has hitherto borne, viz., cost of sea freight and inland carriage to the point of distribution. This does not, of course, affect individual parcels sent to particular recipients.

Wishing And Waiting



PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

FRUITFUL DISCUSSION THEME

Sir,—Your sage—but also vivacious—correspondent W. I. G., made a homer for our rural-urban study group in his recent picture of "The Working Man," which was read as a text theme for a hot session. I was instructed to thank Mr. Green for the general picture, but specifically for the following democratic paragraph: "We have a doctor in our family and we are proud of him and we have also a lumberman who has been in the woods for fifteen years, peeling pulpwood and fighting black flies, and in spite of my better judgment I think the doctor the better man. It is not so. What would become of our society if we did not have men of brawn and brain to do the world's hard and dirty work? Is this where our greatest sin lies: the sin of the corporations? Take any big, rich and powerful company like Kitima, how long would they last without the mucker and ground hog?"

In this brief letter I cannot hope to bring more than a point or two in the resulting "talk" on, around and over the above message. It was indicated, for example, that "the farmer feeds every Canadian and every industry—and it seems hard to necessary to stress the fact that today's farmer is keenly aware of his dependence upon his urban customers; without whom we would all swiftly move back to the primitive level of peasant or subsistence farming."

Another told an interesting story of the late Sir Henry Thornton ordering to have his train stopped at a specific mile-post in the Northern Ontario bush. The train officials were unaware of the purpose, but the order was duly carried out. As the train ground to a stop a group of five men were observed standing on the right-of-way; a section foreman and his helpers were led in to the president's car. Sir Henry stood up and congratulated the five on a beautiful piece of good work—which need not be gone into here—but the point is, that the internationally known rail executive shook each man's hand heartily, and directed these great words to section foreman Jake Kakanovich: "Our lives depend upon you! Good work!"

And these lines from the Brandon Sun (The Piccolo, by Vaun Arnold) colored our discussion: "Over the crashing brass, the booming drum, The blaring trumpet and the organ song. One little piccolo could not be heard. Then he who held it, dwarfed by beat and thrum Of the gigantic orchestra, a throng Obnoxious to him, minute, absurd, Sat awed in the vast symphony of tone. He stilled his little voice and, with the thought, 'No one will miss me!' bowed in silent woe. Precisely at that moment, from His throne, The Master fixed His gaze on one distraught. And said, 'I do not hear the piccolo.'" I am, Sir, etc GREEN LIGHT, Toronto, Aug. 5.

The Age-Old Story

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord with gladness. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him.

Old Charlottetown

THE COLONIAL BUILDING The corner stone of the Colonial Building (now known as the Provincial Building) was laid in 1843 and when it was first opened in 1847 it provided accommodation only for the Legislative Assembly and Council meetings and administrative offices, but also for the Supreme Court as well. Here the Tenant League trials were held in 1866, and the Dowd murder case was tried in 1869 resulting in the last public execution in the Province. The original proposal for the construction of the building, however, was on a much more modest scale. It is contained in the Speech from the Throne delivered on Jan. 24, 1837, by Lieutenant Governor Sir John Harvey, and it referred simply to the need of erecting "some solid and well-constructed edifice for the deposit and safe custody of all public records."

The Legislature of the day promptly seized on the suggestion. A special committee, headed by Mr. Pope, was appointed to inquire into the matter, and they brought in the following recommendation: "The House of Assembly being fully impressed with the urgent necessity there exists of having a national building erected in Charlottetown, suitable for the keeping of the public records of the Colony (as particularly recommended by Your Excellency), and for the accommodation of the Houses of Legislature, and also for public offices—beg respectfully request that Your Excellency will be pleased to cause a plan and estimate of the probable expense of such a building to be prepared and laid before the House."

This proposal met with a cool reception from the taxpayers. The following petition "from divers inhabitants of Princeton Royalty and places adjacent" was presented by Mr. Clarke on March 28 following: "Your petitioners observe with satisfaction that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in his speech at the opening of the present session, recommended the erection of a solid edifice for the safe keeping of the public records of the Colony, and also the concurrence of the House of Assembly in the proposition; yet they view with no inconsiderable degree of surprise the address of the House to His Excellency on the 23rd February, praying that he would cause plans and estimates to be procured for a building on a more extensive scale than appears to have been originally contemplated; and with reference to the limited resources of the Colony they humbly submit to the House the propriety of erecting a building of no greater extent than that recommended in His Excellency's speech, with the addition of an office for the Treasurer."

There was considerable debate on the subject, pro and con, and it was not until the year 1842 that an act was passed appointing commissioners to superintend the erection of the proposed building. Before proceeding with the excavation it was necessary to remove the old Round Market House that stood on the site, to a position where the present Market Building now stands.

The Poet's Corner

DAWN A thrush is tapping a stone With a snail-shell in its beak. A small bird hangs from a cherry Until the stem shall break. No waking song has begun, And yet birds chatter and hurry And throng in the elm's gloom Because an owl goes home. —Gordon Bottomley.

End Of An Era

(Winnipeg Free Press) Looking beyond the present issues of the party candidates and the party platform, one can discern the larger pattern of national affairs in the United States. An era in national politics is drawing to a close. Even if the momentum of its years in office should give the Democrats another victory, it now is apparent that the impetus of the New Deal and the Fair Deal is spent. The Republicans, on the one hand, have no intention of challenging many of the essential reforms of the past 20 years. Many Democrats, on the other hand, agree with the Republicans and independent critics who argue that the Federal Government has assumed far too much authority and spent far too much money in its quest of the ever vanishing frontiers of social security.

Responsible moderate opinion which in the end settles the fate of all national parties seems to be inclining strongly now to the view that the time for consolidation has arrived. The Democrats will forfeit their instinct for reality if they ignore this public mood and decide at their Chicago convention to present the nation with a dramatic but misleading choice between adventurous reform and callous reaction.

They humbly submit to the House the propriety of erecting a building of no greater extent than that recommended in His Excellency's speech, with the addition of an office for the Treasurer. There was considerable debate on the subject, pro and con, and it was not until the year 1842 that an act was passed appointing commissioners to superintend the erection of the proposed building. Before proceeding with the excavation it was necessary to remove the old Round Market House that stood on the site, to a position where the present Market Building now stands.

The Passing Scene

By Observer DREAMS AND VISIONS A writer in a certain periodical says that the main trouble with old people is that they have a tendency to live in the past. He goes on to say that they seem unable to reconcile themselves to the new world that is emerging. I thought as I read the criticism that if living in the past be a sin, it is surely a very venial one. A wise ancient looked upon it as the natural right of the aged just as looking hopefully to the future is the prerogative of youth. "Your old men shall dream dreams," he said, "your young men shall see visions." And I believe that human experience generally will agree with him. Dreams of the past for the old; visions of the future for the young. That seems to constitute something akin to the ideal.

Those who have left their ambitions, aspirations, hopes, successes, failures, and illusions, behind them have a right to dream. It is about the pleasure they can really call their own, and with which none, except perhaps the ultra modern psychologists, will interfere. What do old people dream about, anyway? I think when they do, they were young and bold and adventurous. Of the hopes they were cherishing, the plans they were going to do, the headlines they were going to make. Memory is not always a comfortable companion, but it is sure. There are many things which all of us who have reached middle age would like to forget. But, in the main, an alert, robust memory is one of the richest treasures of the spirit of man. The poet's "dear dawn of memory" has been responsible for a lot of happiness.

It is true that the dreams of the aged do not always bring joy. Sometimes they bring a sense of loneliness and disappointment. Life is like that. A classic example is found in the Bible when the aged, classic examples of almost everything that can happen to men and women. The man is an exile in a strange land. The people's habits and customs are quite different from his own. Their religion is not at all the same. No wonder he feels very much alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; They that carried us away captive required of us a song. And we sang alone as he dreams of the past glories of his native land, now only a nostalgic memory. The dream makes him weep. He, or more likely someone in his behalf, expresses his feelings in one of the finest pieces of poetic prose ever penned: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the