

JAMESON'S MARCH.

Recit.

Old England mourns the heroes brave,—
Her sons who sleep in a soldier's grave.
Still beats the Nation's heart with pride,
To think how bravely some have died.

The summer sun was shining upon the Transvaal
plains,
As Jameson's little band marched on towards
Johannesburg.
No warning cry was there to tell of the enemy so
near;
They marched along, six hundred strong, with
hearts unknown to fear.
Nor dreamt the Boers were there.

Face to face with death, and fearless, they the
fateful Boers defied,—
Carved a story full of glory by the gallant stand
they made,—
Won for Jameson greater glory, more than he
had e'er attained,—
Bravely kept the Old Flag's honor,—kept it glor-
ious and unstained.

The gallant band were fighting all through that
fearful night,
Hemmed in by foes on every hand, till they were
forced to yield.
The last shot fired, with strength o'ertas'd, the
dying all around,—
They yielded, where each noble boy had bravely
stood his ground—
The gallant soldier boys.

And may He who always loves all brave deeds
here below,
To the Mothers of those heroes His grace and
comfort show.
For they died like British heroes, never yielding
till the last;
The glorious Flag of a thousand years, its honour
they held fast.

London, Ont.

J. C. LOCKHART.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards tells the following story of Vivier, the famous horn-player, who was an incorrigible practical joker. On one occasion, in an omnibus, he alarmed his fellow passengers by pretending to be mad. He indulged in the wildest gesticulations, and then, as if in despair, drew a pistol from his pocket. The conductor was called upon to interfere, and Vivier was on the point of being disarmed, when suddenly he broke the pistol in two, handed half to the conductor, and began to eat the other half. It was made of chocolate.

One business man met another in the street. The second man seemed downcast, and had a look as if he were somewhat ashamed of himself. "What is the matter?" asked the first man. "Well, to put it briefly," said the other, "I have been speculating in stocks." "Indeed? Were you a 'bull' or a 'bear'?" "Neither—I was an ass."

A boy walked into a merchant's office the other day in search of a situation. After being put through a catechism by the merchant, he was asked, "Well, my lad, and what is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," he replied; "same as you have on your door, 'Push.'" He was engaged.

Man overboard—"Help! Help!"
Stranger—"Why don't yez swim?"
"I don't know how."
"Be gorry, y've got an llligant chance to learn."

A man went to a solicitor, laid before him a case in dispute, and then asked him if he would undertake to win the suit. "Certainly," replied the solicitor, "I will readily undertake the case. We are sure to win." "So you really think it is a good case?" "Undoubtedly, my dear sir. I am prepared to guarantee you will secure a verdict in your favor." "Very good, sir; I'm much obliged to you, but I don't think I'll go in for law this time; for, you see, the case I have laid before you is my opponent's."

J. H. FARRELL,

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