

"The 103rd were, like the 41st, a 'boy-regiment,' and on this account were not permitted during the previous year to serve in the field, but kept on garrison duty. They were part of Scott's Brigade, that made the famous march of more than 20 miles (part of the distance having been doubled on account of countermanding orders) from St. Catharines, then known as 'The Twelve,' on the afternoon of the 25th, and readily engaged the enemy at 9 o'clock.

"It was at such an 'evening service'—held, not in the church, though in its very yard, and to which they were summoned, not by the vesper bell, but by the booming of cannon and the murderous rattle of musketry—that the lads of the 103rd received their 'baptism' of fire."

We take the liberty of appending the following lines suggested by the late anniversary services in the burial ground at Lundy's Lane, July 25th, 1891. They truly and very touchingly relate to all those brave defenders who fell at that battle:

AMONG THE DEAD AT LUNDY'S LANE.

Here lie our heroes, o'er their breasts we reverently tread;
 'Tis sacred ground, where calmly rests the ever-living dead.
 Here lie our heroes; side by side upon this green hill's brow
 They bravely stood, and nobly died, and sleep together now.

Here loyal British freemen fought for freedom, home, and right;
 And here invading foes were taught how British freemen fight.
 A thousand times have Britain's sons made British valor plain,
 But ne'er was fiercer battle won, than that at Lundy's Lane.

'Tis brave to scale the bristling height, or cross the fire-swept field;
 But braver, hand to hand to fight outnumbered, and not yield.
 And on these heights our fathers fought far, far into the night;
 Of duty, home, and God they thought, but never thought of flight.

For eight long hours they bore the shock and carnage of the fray,
 Till, valiant sons of noble stock, they won the fateful day.
 And when at midnight, sore distressed, their beaten foemen fled,
 The wearied soldiers sunk to rest and slept among the dead.

These are our heroes sleeping here; their glory too is ours;
 And so we'll come from year to year to deck their graves with flowers.
 And, standing by their tombs, we'll tell the story o'er and o'er:
 How brave they were, how true, how well they fought in days of yore.

And patriot hearts will swell with pride to hear those stories told;
 And young Canadians side by side will stand, like those of old,
 United ever, heart and hand to guard what they revere:
 Their honor, freedom, native land, and all true men hold dear.

—James L. Hughes in Toronto Empire, July 25, 1891.