

VITAI LAMPADA.

(Henry Newbolt.)

There's a breathless hush in the
Close to-night—

Ten to make and the match to
win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding
light,

An hour to play and the last man
in,

And it's not for the sake of a rib-
boned coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's
fame,

But his Captain's hand on his shoul-
der smote,

"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden
red—

Red with the wreck of a square
that broke;

The Gatling's jammed and the
Colonel dead

And the regiment blind with dust
and smoke.

The river of deah has brimmed his
banks,

And England's far, and Honor a
name,

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies
the ranks,

"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

This is the word that year by year
While in her place the School is
set,

Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in
flame,

And falling, fling to the host be-
hind—

"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

Don't say it now—wait—if you are
right the thought will gather mo-
mentum.

KITCHENER.

Peal forth your message, oh sad bells
of England,

Mourn from the hamlet and mourn
from the coast;

Ne'er will his feet tread again on the
mainland—

Ne'er will his voice ring com-
mands from his post.

And all his dirge is the surge and
the seabirds,

That wheel o'er the place where
he now lies at rest.

Peal forth your message, oh bells of
Westminster,

Send your sad note to the torment-
ed skies;

Mourn, though the war clouds still
hang dark and sinister,

Mourn to the west where the soft
daylight dies,

But all his dirge is the surge and
the seabirds,

That weel o'er the place where he
now lies at rest.

Pour out your laments, oh people of
England,

Pour forth your prayers for his
soul now at rest,

For he is dead, now, who so loved
his home land,

That he gave his life which, to
some men, is best,

But all his dirge is the surge and the
seabirds,

That weel o'er the place where he
now lies at rest.

—Ada Castleton.

Niagara Falls, Ont.

An old farmer who had been hen-
pecked all his life was about to die.
His wife felt it her duty to offer him
such consolation as she might, and
said: "John, you are about to go,
but I will follow you."

"I suppose so, Maria," said the
old man weakly, "but as far as I am
concerned, you needn't be in any
blamed hurry about it."