

THE DERBYSHIRE'S MINER'S CHRISTMAS OF
FIFTY YEARS AGO.—*Continued.*

Poor Dad! there's nought of him you say:
A miner's life from dark to dark:
Black diamonds hewed all day:
Endangered wild-fire's spark!
On him all trades relied:—
On him depended so,—
But presents, none at Christmas-tide:
Poor Dad, of Fifty Years Ago!

VIMY RIDGE

On British front the Colonel stood:
Explained most critical position,
And said he wanted twenty men
Accept the situation.

There'd scarce be chance of their return—
'Twas almost certain death;
He loved his men—his heart's concern,
They listened all with 'bated breath.

It was a whole division,
The Colonel now addressed—
A set of men most manly,
The bravest and the best.

He knew he'd asked momentous thing,
So turned his head to hide the tears,—
Full twenty loyal to their king,
He'd neither doubts nor fears.

This twenty were to make advance
In front of others—a pace,
But when he turned his head to glance,
No difference met his face.

What! will not twenty braves
Advance for yonder post—
The winner, Comrades' lives he saves,
And thins the fiendish host.

Proudly stepped the Sergeant forth,
Salute respectful met the Colonel's face;
"Not twenty, sir, have shown their worth—
They've ALL advanced a pace!"