

## Poetry.

Original.

## A Visit to the Battle Field.

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WOUNDED AND ORPHANS  
OF THOSE KILLED IN THE EAST.

BY ALFRED W. STEPHEN.

I see in fury, can it be human?  
A blood-stained plain;  
Oh yes, also! 'tis true, but pause, reflect:  
Upon the slain.  
I hear o'er one or whom time's iron hand,  
Could scarce have traced;  
A single groan in a brighter land!—  
He died in honor!

"And I feel that this is my dying hour;  
Not I smile at death, nor die its power;  
For I know my country repudiates me;  
The fallen soldier's wife and her infant son."

Calm as the summer wind fans on the deep,  
The Christian warrior closed his eyes in sleep.

The night has set and both its rays of light,

The lightning's glare, and the whole sight that night  
Would melt a heart.

Though calm as an abounding storm.

The morning comes—

And blushed as it viewed the aspiring hosts—  
For woe! fame!

Fame which the earth can give or take away,  
Left not that gazer with a honored tag;

And is the shadow of honor ever found?

When her name goes, and the shade around?

Glow in the friend bereft, of that he loves,

From off in burning scroll, ease my name.

Ah! by morning's light, I searched and found

Among the dead—

A man of years, from whom the vital spark

had snatched him,

Cyan in death, laid low,

"Thank you," he said, while tears choke down his cheeks,

"I fear to die!"

Oh! no, I seen the thought, but now see,

A sombre gliding near the oil oak tree,

Beneath whose shade, my brother's hours flew past,

For my young heart, though troubled was, did cheer,

And then I was the brain I now discern,

Forsooth! I have to meet her in the sky."

London, England.

## Lost But Found.

"We were as sheep going astray, but are now returned  
unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."—*J. Peter*

I was a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I would not be controlled,  
I was a wayward child;  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my father's voice,  
I loved other men.

The shepherd sought his sheep,  
The father sought his child;  
They followed master fold and hill,  
The desert waste and wild.

They found me right to death,

Friends in an hour, and gone;

They brought me to the hands of love;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing soul they fed,

They washed my lifeless brow,

They brought me to my home again;

They saved the wandering soul.

They spoke in tender love,

They caused my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,

My healing