

Poetry.

Heaven or Hell.

The Reaper comes—prepare! prepare
He comes, he comes, his field to mow;
And soon must thou receive thy share
Of an eternal bliss or woe.

Art thou in readiness to meet

Thy God, upon his judgment throne?
Will Jesus lead thee to His feet,
Or wilt thou stand afar, alone?

And when thy name is breathed around,
Will joy or sorrow fill thine heart?
Wilt thou with pleasure greet the sound,
Or wilt thy guilty conscience smart?

Will Jesus fold thee to His breast,
And plead thy cause before His host?
Or wilt thou, with thy sins oppress'd,
Exclaim in agony—"I'm lost!"

Or will he, with His gentle voice,
In sweetest accents charm thine ears;
And bid thee evermore rejoice,
And wipe away thy grateful tears?

Or wilt thy God, with fearful wrath,
Into thine ears this sentence tell—
"Depart thou from my presence forth
To endless, everlasting hell?"

"I would not live Always."

"I would not live always," the Patriarch cried;
He sought for repose in the tomb;
From the sorrows of earth he would fain himself
hide,
It was death that he sought, as in anguish he
sighed—
His was language of sadness and gloom.

"I would not live always," the Lover averred,
When the choice of his soul was laid low,
The object to which his affections were chain-
ed;
His heart, lone and dreary, in sorrow remain-
ed—
His were words of disconsolate woe.

"I would not live always," the Mother exclaimed,
When death had removed her fair child;
When his dear had her bright expectations de-
ceived;
Like Rachel, of all, in her children bereaved—
Her's was language of distracted and wild.

"I would not live always," if this be called life,
Said the Atheist, and gloomily frowned;
True peace was a feeling his heart never knew;
And as age crept along, the more sullen he
grew—
His was language of folly and fraud.

"I would not live always," the Christian can
say,
"For glory allures me on high;
Though bright be this world, it can never com-
pare
With the country I pant for so sinless—so fair!"
His is language of triumph and joy.

Miscellaneous.

The Horrors of War.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Com-
mercial, writing from the scene of the Rich Mountain
battle, describes the appearance of the dead and
wounded on the field, as follows:

THE DEAD.
The dead presented a ghastly spectacle. I never
conceived anything half so hideous. No
power of expression is adequate to describe it.
It is said that the features of those who die by
other causes, are usually relieved by a faint
smile; that suffering is rarely imprinted on the
countenance of a corpse—but that the counten-
ances of those who are shot have impressed upon
them the traces of pain.

Those which I saw—about fifty—exhibited
nothing but the revolting characters of exquisite
agony. There was not the faintest glimmer of a
lingering smile, not the slightest possible tint of
softness or mildness, not a lineament of beauty
remaining, to relieve the harsh, horrid distorted,
"gonized" faces of the dead of Rich Mountain.
The bright sun, glancing through the parting
leaves, lent no kindly ray to soften the ugly
outline; melancholy had no sad, "quiet shadow,"
to mingle with the horrid, forbidding aspect of
the dead faces on which I gazed with perfect horror.
Had there been even traces of angry passions,
vindictiveness, revenge, death could not have
stared so horribly as it did, out of those ghastly
lineaments; we could have felt there was still
something human left in those human faces but
mere outlines.

The faces of our own dead were as fearfully
forbidding as those of their dead enemies. It was
impossible to drive from my mind reflections
upon the terrible intensity of grief which those
who see the forbidding countenances of the dead
evidently are in the field of battle must experience.
Imagine it must exceed all other grief for the
dead—because every feature is so distorted and
unnatural, so entirely devoid of the tone of ex-
pression which friends have loved in the living
features. Some were lying prone on the field
as they had fallen, with limbs sprawling, great
thick blotches of congealed blood near their
bodies, their garments saturated with the ensanguin-
ated flow, and their gaping faces and stony
eyes staring full at the broad, brazen sky. One
who had been shot down in the woods above the
breastworks lay stark upon his face, one arm
thrown with a convulsive struggle around the
limb of a fallen tree. Clotted blood, which had
flowed out of his side, was near him in thick
lumps.

But the most hideous scene was that of twenty-
nine dead rebels packed horribly together in a
trench—most of them with fearful orifices per-
forating their heads, through which the brains
oozed in sickening clots; others with Minie
holes full in their breasts: some with shattered
limbs and others with lacerated and mangled
flesh, with here and there a splintered bone ex-
hibiting itself. O horrible, most horrible! Our
own precious dead, but few in number, had been
more tenderly gathered, and kind comrades had
decently composed their stiffening forms. I
lifted the cover which had concealed their inani-
mate features, but saw nothing to remove from
my mind that indelible impression of unmiti-
gated ugliness of dead faces of men who had been
shot in battle.

Our own dead occupy separate graves on the
battle field they so gallantly won. The bodies of
our brave but misguided foemen were care-
fully laid in a common grave, and are now resting
quietly where but yesterday they fought so
well.

THE WOUNDED.

Our own and the rebel wounded lay strewn to-
gether in blankets on the floors of Hart's house.
Every available space was covered with their
convulsive and quivering bodies. Down under the
porch there was another line of wounded.
There was no difference in the treatment of the
sufferers. The severely wounded of the enemy
were attended to before the slightly wounded of
our own army. Most of them suffered in silence
a few slept soundly, and some groined with in-
tense agony.

One poor fellow, an Indian, shot through
the side of his head, who could even yet stand
on his feet with assistance, suffered excruciating
agony. If he survives it will be almost miracu-
lous. Now and then a wounded rebel would stare
sullenly at our people, but the majority appeared
greatly surprised at the kindness with which they
were treated. Indeed everything possible was
done to mitigate their sufferings. I shall not at-
tempt to depict the ghastly picture of horrid
wounds and shuddering forms of poor victims, to
whom it would have been merciful if they could
have died, but who lay on the cold, cold ground,
quivering with agony, with no chance to survive,
and yet could not eke out a last suffering gasp.

THE BULL RUN HOSPITAL SCENES.
A church and a small building, near Bull Run,
were used as hospitals. The latter was at the
corner of the woods, and within one hundred
and fifty rods of the enemy's batteries. The
church was further off, on one of the roads lead-
ing to Centerville. W. A. Choffut, a civilian,
who assisted in the hospital, pictures its aspects
in a letter published in the Republican, this
morning: "It was a scene too frightful and
sickening to witness, much more describe.
There were in it, scattered thickly on the floor
and in the galleries, sixty or seventy wounded
in every possible way—arms and legs shot off,
some dead, and scores gasping for water and aid.
The pulpit was appropriated for a surgeon's
room, and the communion table became an ampu-
tation table. The road and woods, on either
side and all around, are strewn with mangled
and mutilated heroes, and the balls from rifle can-
non go over us like winged devils. There sits a
colonel, with his arm bound up, asking to be put
on his horse and led back to his regiment; here
lies a captain with a grape shot through his head
and blood and brains oozing out as we touch
him tenderly, to see if he is dead; and yonder
comes in a pale chaplain, cut by a canister,
while, sword in hand, he led his brave little
parish, in the name of Almighty God, to the fight.
Oh God! what a hideous sight!

Dying grace given to a child.

Elizabeth Brokaw, a little girl aged twelve
years, was taken with diphtheria on the 27th of
January, and died on the 5th of February.

She seemed to anticipate that her sickness
would be unto death, and watched the progress
of her disease with a calmness of judgment su-
perior to her years. She was among the first to
announce that the end would be death.

Turning to her grandfather, whom she loved
only as a child can love, she remarked: "I must
soon leave you, Grandpa. If it was God's will I
would like to stay here while you live; but, if
not, I think I am willing to die. I think I am
going to Jesus. He has said, 'of such is the
kingdom of heaven.' Then she bade him and
others present a last farewell, speaking a kind
word to each according to their age. She then
dispatched a messenger for her father, mother,
brothers and sisters, to hasten to her that she
might embrace them before she died. They
came, and to each she gave a parting kiss, say-
ing: "I am going to die. I cannot come back
to you, but I wish you to prepare to come to me."
This scene cannot be written. In its own
convulsions with emotion. Yet Elizabeth,
although manifesting impassioned love, seeking
those dearest to her with both hands, and im-
pressing upon them a profusion of dying kisses,
was calm and fearless. Already God had wiped
away all tears from her eyes.

To her physician and pastor she spoke of her-
self as a great sinner, and of Christ as her only
hope. Trusting Him, she was willing to enter
the "valley of the shadow of death." During
her last hours, she talked freely to an aunt as
follows: "Do not leave me while I live. I love
you dearly, but I must soon go away from you,
but I hope I am going to Jesus. It will be far
better to be with Jesus than to be here. Preci-
ous Jesus! The blooming youth must be cut
down," &c. At other times she repeated her
favorite hymns, whispering when she could no
longer speak aloud.

"Jesus my all to heaven has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon," &c.
And, "Am I a soldier of the cross," &c.

This triumph had its origin on the death
bed. Some weeks before, while reciting the
catchment to her pastor, she was advised to turn
the answer to the question, "What is effectual
calling?" into a prayer, thus: O Lord send thy
Spirit to convince me of my sin and misery, to
enlighten my mind in the knowledge of Christ,
to renew my will, and to persuade me and to enable
me to embrace Jesus Christ as he is offered to me
in the Gospel. She took the advice, and spoke
of it to a dear friend while in health; and from
her death-bed scene, we doubt not, that her heart

prayed it in her closet, and her Father, who
seeth in secret, rewarded her openly.

Little children, who read this, will you not
take her prayer for yours?

Christian parents,—the religion of Jesus is the
religion for children, whether they live or die.
When we see or hear of such deaths, we must
"thank God for the religion of Jesus Christ."

Giving away a Child.

On board the lake steamer, bound for the far
West, were an Irish family—husband, wife and
three children. They were evidently in very
destitute circumstances; but the exceeding
beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was
the admiration of their fellow-passengers. A
lady, who had no children of her own, was de-
sirous of adopting one of the little travelers, and
made application to the father, through a friend,
who gives the following touching, and, as we
suppose, truthful account of the negotiation:

I proceeded he says, immediately upon my de-
licate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck,
I thus opened the affair:

"You are very poor."

His answer was very characteristic.

"Poor, sir!" said he, "aye, if there's a poorer
man than me trouble in the world, God pity
both of us, for we'd be about equal."

"Then how do you manage to support your
children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't sup-
port any way; they get supported some way or
other. It'll be time enough for me to complain
when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one
of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir?" he cried: "a relief to part
from my child? Would it be a relief to have
the hands chopped from the body, or the heart
torn out of my breast? A relief indeed! God
be good to us, what do you mean?"

"You don't understand me," I replied. "If
now, it were in one's power to provide comfort-
ably for one of your children, would you stand in
the way of it?"

"No, sir," said he: "the heavens knows that
I would willingly get the sunshine away from
myself, that they might get all the warm of it;
but tell us what you are driving at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy
to have one of his children; and, if he would con-
sent to it, it should be educated, and finally set-
tled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He
scratched his head, and looked the very picture
of bewilderment. The struggle between a fa-
ther's love and a child's interest was evident
and touching. At length he said:

"O, mother, wouldn't it be a great thing for
the baby? But must go and talk to Mary—
that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be
right to be givin' away her children afore her
face, and she know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring
me an answer back as soon as possible."

In an half an hour he returned, leading two of
his children. His eyes were red and swollen,
and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he.
"But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says,
as it's for the child's good, mayn't she have
above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know sir," and he ran
his eye dubiously over both.

"Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an'
won't need her mother so much; but then—O,
tear an' sighs, it's myself that can't tell which
I'd rather part with; so take the first one that
comes, wid a blessing. There, sir," and he
handed over little Norah; turning back, he
watched her up in his arms, and gave her one
long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his
tears:

"May God be good to him that's good to
you, and them that offers you hurt or harm,
may their souls never see St. Peter."

Then, taking his other child by the hand,
he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought
the matter settled. It must be confessed, to
my great indignation, however, in about an
hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window.

As soon as he caught my eye he began making
signs for me to come out. I did so, and found
that he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ask your pardon for
troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child
or two, but we're thinkin' that may be it'd make
no differ—ye see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary,
an' she says she can't part with Norah, because
the creature has a look of me; but here's little
Biddy, she's purtier far, an' av you please, sir,
will you swap?"

"Certainly; whenever you like," said I.

So he snatched up little Norah, as though it
was no recovered treasure, and darted away
with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained
with us all night; but let the moment we enter-
ed the cabin in the morning, there was Pat
making his mysterious signs again at the win-
dow, and this time he had the youngest, a baby,
in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Do the honey fly, sir, an' it's myself that's
talking to Mary, ye see, sir, I've been talkin' to
Mary, because she has a look of me, an' he
soul, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the
model of her mother; but here's little Pauden,
sir. There's a lump of a Christian, for you, two
years old, and not a day more; he'll never be
any trouble to any one for as he takes after his
mother he'll have the brightest eye, an' if he
takes after his father he'll have a fine broad pair
of shoulders to push his way through the world,
will you swap again, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it is all the
same to me, and so little Pauden was left with
me."

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into
his big, laughing eyes, "so the affair is settled
at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely
passed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without
sign or ceremony, and snatched up the baby, and
said:

"It's no use; I've been talking to Mary, an'
she says she can't part with Mary, an' she's the
youngest an' best of the batch. You wouldn't
part him from you. Ye see, sir, Norah has
been my soul, little Pauden has the mother's eye,
an' no, sir, we can bear bad fortune, starvation,
and misery, but we can't bear to part with our
children, unless it be to the will of Heaven to
take them from us."

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