

The eve of battle.

Soft fell the penance gray twilight
The campfires gleamed afar,
While o'er the mountains' rugged
Loos'd down the vesper star,
Up from the south unharmed, by death
The silent night wind blew.
And echoed far with a wailing breath,
The welcome shall take:

No more the pined heart and dream
Of friends and home is dead,
Until on soft with thought I seemed
Shed last sweet words to hear,
And first and dearest of them all
My dear and mother's spake,
"My only son, if you should fall
My fond old heart would break."

But go; thy country needs thy arm.
And surely God I trust,
Is good; the form all sin and war,
Shall lead thee with the just,
And Oh! forget not him who dies;
That we by faith might live,
Look up to him; in him confide
And he thy strength will give.

Thou on my hand has laid the
And with faith up lifted eyes,
All to me low, these words he
"O love's best sacrifice
O! God of truth and mercy guide,
Accept my precious soul;
I cast mine to be my staff and guide;
If not thy will be done."

As thus I dreamed, a distant horn
Came from the distant air;
It was the banner's swell of doom
So many a life drawn fair!

Over.

Then rushing down at thought of
"God and the right" I cried
And this that night of death and
Slept him by my side.

Wallace Edward Entwistle

1st Oh! for my ~~best~~ mother's blest hand
To soothe my burning temples torn with pain;
To sooth with the touch of love, the pierce heart throbs
That dart like fiery serpents thro' my brain!

2nd Oh! for a look of her soft beaming eyes
[Gazing on the splend of the star beamed skies
Of her faith and love in robes angelic dress]
Seems gently striving for her soul's ease!

3rd Oh! for the presence of my sister's form!
Her hair of hope, her sweetly shining smile
Her words tender tone, her clasping hand!
And finding peace thro' every tortured nerve!

4th Oh! whated is he who holds the priceless love
Of a sister's wife or mother ever good and true
Thy tis a balm for sorrows deepest heart wounds
But sweet is he who brights with smiles serene!

5th O! the trusting gift its white physician flows!
Thou too shall be a darts and fearful war!
The measure of the soul that drinks
The gall of hate!

Since composed by
Wallace P. Andrews, while
suffering a relapse of his
wound

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