



## IN TIME OF WAR.

*There are white faces in each sunny street,  
And signs of trouble meet us every where;  
The nation's pulse hath an unsteady beat,  
For scents of battle foul the summer air.*

*A thrill goes through the city's busy life,  
And then—as when a strong man stints his breath—  
A stillness comes; and each one in his place  
Waits for the news of triumph, loss, and death.*

*The "Extras" fall like rain upon a drought,  
And startled people crowd around the board  
Whereon the nation's sum of loss or gain  
In rude and hurried characters is scored.*

*Perhaps it is a glorious triumph gleam—  
An earnest of our Future's recompense;  
Perhaps it is a story of defeat,  
Which smiteth like a fatal pestilence.*

*But whether Failure darkens all the land,  
Or whether Victory sets its blood ablaze,  
An awful cry, a mighty throb of pain,  
Shall scare the sweetness from these summer days.*

*God! how this land grows rich in loyal blood!  
Poured out upon it to its utmost length,  
The incense of a people's sacrifice—  
The wrested offering of a people's strength!*

*It is the costliest land beneath the sun!  
'Tis priceless; purchaseless! And not a rood  
But hath its title written clear and signed  
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.*

*And not a flower that gems its mellowing soil  
But thriveth well beneath the holy dew  
Of tears, that ease a nation's straining heart,  
When the Lord of battles smites it through and through.*

*MORGAN'S RAID—ENTRY OF MORGAN'S FREEBOOTERS INTO WASHINGTON, OHIO.*