

WAR WITH THE BOERS.

YOU feeling-hearted Christians of every degree
We claim your kind attention, likewise your
sympathy,
For those brave men, who fighting fell, on a far and
distant shore,
Their friends and dear relations, they will never see
them more.

They joined the 58th Regiment—it was a splendid corps,
They landed safe, as we're told, on distant Africa's shore,
In four engagements they fought hard (and at great loss
each day),
And many mother's shedding tears for them that's far
away.

On the 27th of February, that dark and gloomy day
Orders were given by General Colley, to get ready in
battle array;
They quickly attacked the enemy, who were strongly
fortified,
And many a mother's son that day, lay dead on the hill-
side.

When the sad news did reach us, with grief we were sur-
prised,
That only seven of the 58th, alas, were left alive;
Our noble sons, that fatal morn, all in the battle fell.

No tongue can well describe to you the dreadful slaughter
there;
If your heart was as hard as iron, for them you'd shed a
tear,
To see those heroes falling and bleeding in their gore,
Far from their friends and native land, on Africa's
burning shore.

You feeling-hearted Christians who read these dismal
lines,
Your prayers they are requested unto the Lord on high,
For the souls of those men who fell on the battle plain,
Far from their friends and country who they will never
see again.

We sincerely wish this horrid work was nearly at an end,
For there's many wives and mothers dear now left with-
out a friend,
And Orphans will have cause to mourn, and they will
deplete,
For their fathers and their brothers dear went to fight
the Boers,

