

says: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Verily, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

We left Edward Cunningham walking toward the enemy's lines, as he supposed; but it was not so in reality. The picket line, unknown to him, was formed in the shape of a half circle; or, both wings were extended outwards as near as possible to the enemy's lines. In the hurry of his excitement, Cunningham, instead of walking forward in a straight line from the place he started, diverged gradually to the right, which brought him into the picket line of his own army. He was brought to a stand by the cry of—

"Who comes there?"

"A friend," quickly answered Cunningham, thinking all was right.

"Come forward, then, and give the password," continued the sentinel.

"Is this not the Confederate line?" eagerly asked the deserter, fearing now that he had made a fatal mistake.

"This is the United States army line," replied the sentinel; "and you are my prisoner," added he, as he recognized the uniform of the deserter.

Immediately the deserter was led away between a guard of two soldiers, and delivered up to the Provost-Marshal, who placed him in a tent under a strong guard.

Sad, indeed, were the reflections of poor Cunningham that night. Here he was, a prisoner, for one of the gravest crimes that a soldier can be guilty of—deserting his post in front of the enemy. The penalty for this offence, he knew, was death; but he hoped that, on account of his past good conduct, he might yet escape with a milder punishment.

Hope is said to be the strongest feeling in the human breast. Every criminal has hopes of reprieve; every