

The charged could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andie, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the grey of the twilight stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which at that period covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighborhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all hear you."

The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger,—the help of Him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go sir," said the officer, as he concluded, "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill always get on ill at review."

Lights and Shadows.

I.

BRIGHT as the wings of a seraph,
Calm as an angel's eye,
The burnished Bow of a Covenant God
Gleams out on the western sky;
But hushward the sullen ocean
Heaves widely its weary waves,
To thunder the tale of their wild unrest
Through a thousand low-browed caves.

II.

And pure as a sinless spirit,
Calm as a sleeping child,
The fern-girt, waveless, crystal pool
Sleeps far in the forest wild;
It mirrors of the stars of midnight
And the tinted clouds of day.
But, beneath the shadow of cloud and star,
The foulest of reptiles play.

III.

Welcome as dawn to the sailor
Tossed on the surging wave,
By a rock bound coast, on a starless night,
When the scowling tempests rave,
Breaks the bright glowing of Friendship,
Down through the darkness of life,
And we joy—but Malice her trumpet blows,
And Friendship dies in the strife.

IV.

And, fair as the blowing rosebud,
Bright as the flush of morn,
The rosy cheek and the light beaming eye,
The common of life adorn,
And gladden the land with beauty,
And fill the spirit with light,
And the world looks bright, but the flower droops
And dies in the silent night.

V.

Then, many a wild and dismal thought
Whirls through the weary brain,
When the waves of doubt break over the soul,
Like surf o'er the storm-lashed main;
And each light that cheered us onwards,
Goes out in the gloomy sky.
Till Beauty and Truth are but phantom forms,
That dazzle, deceive and die.

VI.

But Peace—thou murmuring spirit!
Rest till the clouds depart,
And glory returns to the earth and skies,
And joy to the wounded heart;
For the lights are not dead, though hidden.
On this dark and stormy day,
But, beyond the darkness they hold their course,
And sail down their shining way.

VII.

Peace—there is rest for the weary.
Hope for the mourner still;
There is gladness for every sorrow,
And joy for every ill;
The night that gathers around us,
Shall brighten to cloudless day,
When the shadows shall fade in the sunshine,
And the clouds be rolled away.

VIII.

Courage—the bright flowers of summer
Sleep 'neath the drifting snow,
But shall wake again in their bridal dress,
When the balmy breezes blow;
And, while Truth and Beauty languish,
In this cold and dreary gloom,
They shall spring afresh, and in fairer forms,
From the cold and dreary tomb.

IX.

Oh, joy! for yon coming morrow
Dawns o'er a waveless sea,
Where the heavens are bright as the Rainbow light
And the ransomed soul is free;
The True, the Good and the Beautiful
Shall meet in that Home of light
And the dreams of life and the hopes of Faith
Shall usher in glorious sight.

S. M. G.

WEST BRANCH EAST RIVER,
13th February, 1864.