

### THE COVENANTER'S PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

Not in a temple made with hands we worship thee, oh God !  
 But in this drear and lonely place, of heather and of sod.  
 Not beneath groined and fretted roof, where meek devotion's eye  
 Is lured from heaven, by crimson gauds and panes of curious dye :  
 But where the tempest whistles through our loose uncovered locks,  
 Where all above is lowering sky, and all around us rocks.  
 Not in the proud humility of surplice, alb or stole ;  
 But in the garments of our craft, we offer up our soul.  
 Yes ! in the garments of our craft, with hands embrowned by toil,  
 We call on thee to cleanse our hearts from earthly taint or soil.  
 We know that thou art mighty, and we feel that thou art kind ;  
 That thou canst hear our suppliant prayer above the rushing wind ;  
 That thou canst see our upturned eyes in this sequestered dell,  
 And that thy shield is over all, who serve and love thee well.  
 Lord ! look thou down upon us now, as thus we bend the knee.  
 Lord ! make us strong in this thy cause to bless and worship thee.  
 Lord ! pour upon our thirsty souls the sweet dew of thy grace.  
 Lord ! let thy people see thee in the spirit face to face.  
 Lord ! let thy people hear thee, now the haughty spoiler comes ;  
 Now the saints' blood stains the ingle side, the fire consumes our homes ;  
 Oh, nerve our hearts to daring deeds, that we may flesh the sword  
 On all who scorn thy holy name, who scoff thy holy word.  
 Behold, oh God ! the thousands of the fierce Amalekite,  
 Have sought in these our fastnesses to goad us to the fight.  
 Aye ! even here we may not draw a free religious breath,  
 But like a wilderness of wolves they hunt us to the death.  
 Lord, God, Jehovah ! full of faith, and earnest trust in thee,

We go to cleave our conquering way through yonder human sea.

We go, but not with roll of drum, or shattering trumpet blare ;  
 Nor silken banner, gold-inwrought, that mocks the troubled air ;  
 But solemnly and steadfastly, as serious men should move,  
 Thy Word our only breast-plate, our only shield thy Love.



### THE DREAM.

Methought morn on the distant hills  
 Its mellow light was flinging,  
 And warbling o'er the mountain rills  
 The sky-lark's notes were ringing.  
 I gazed upon my native vale—  
 My eyes with pleasure beaming ;  
 Each well-known rock, each mount and dale  
 In dawn's first flush was gleaming.  
 Amid those scenes of boyish glee,  
 My mind was backward wandering  
 To days when life was young and free—  
 Uncurbed by care's meandering.  
 The village school, the youthful games,  
 Each jealous of excelling,  
 Ere gold or fame—ah ! phantom names,  
 Had won me from my dwelling.  
 A mother's words came to my mind,  
 An aged father's blessing ;—  
 A little brother's greetings kind—  
 A sister's fond caressing.  
 I sought the cottage of my youth,  
 In yonder copse retiring,  
 Where my loved parents taught me truth,  
 And checked my vain aspiring.  
 Ah, me—a ruin marked the spot !—  
 The green grass o'er it growing,  
 For death had fallen to their lot—  
 In time's unwearied flowing.  
 I turned away absorbed in grief,  
 To seek the lowly dwelling  
 Of those to whom death brought relief—  
 From cares incessant swelling.  
 No costly monument was there,  
 To mark where they were lying ;  
 But gowans grew in clusters fair—  
 And soft winds o'er them sighing.  
 Rear marble to the hero's name,  
 With wreaths his grave bestrewing ;  
 A nobler tribute fell to them—  
 From true love's founts budewing.