

be under no immediate apprehension for her brother's safety, retired to seek the repose she needed. I recalled to mind the circumstance of the two men passing me on the road, and governed by an undefined fear for the safety of my benefactor, I opened an upper window, and listened eagerly for any sound that might be wafted on the night air. Words would but feebly express the intense anxiety I felt; perchance if you have watched as I did then, you may form some conception of it. As I hearkened, first came the sharp report of a pistol, evidently fired at no great distance—then a cry, and all was hushed as before. No time was to be lost in hastening to the spot from which the sounds proceeded.

"The old man lay by the way-side. A ball had entered his left breast, and life was ebbing fast. Ten minutes more and I had been too late. He knew my voice, and having in an earnest tone implored me never to desert his children, murmured a prayer to his God, and expired. Bitter agony was mine as I held in my arms the lifeless form of him who had been my best earthly friend. My burning tears flowed fast, but gave me no relief from the bitter anguish of my spirit. To be deprived of a friend by death in anywise is painful; but when it steals into our presence without a warning of its approach, and suddenly performs its fearful work, the heart receives a deep and dreadful wound that neither time nor skill can wholly cure. Assistance was procured as speedily as possible, and the forms of law, prescribed for such cases, executed.

"I will pass over the detail of the sad events of the few succeeding days. The grave had already closed over Edward, and seemed awaiting Eleanor. She, however, solicitously watched, at length arose from the couch of sickness, to which the distressing occurrences I have narrated had consigned her. But, alas! the health of the peerless one was not restored; but rather in that slight and fragile form had been sown the germ of an incurable disease. Consumption had laid its palsying hand upon the fairest and best of God's earthly creatures, and seemed in haste to lead his victim within the grasp of his ruthless master, Death. But why do I lengthen out the tale? 'Tis but to wring a heart well-nigh broken with its weight of sorrow and despair. She died, and when I turned away from the last resting place of so much loveliness and purity, all else on earth seemed hateful and loathsome. I fled from the abodes of men. Thus far I have dwelt in solitude; I have learned to bear with some degree of composure the recollection of so many ills."

"And what became of the surviving brother?"

I asked.

"Richard Willson," answered the old man, "possessed a constitutional temperament very different from mine. Excitement and action were necessary to his very existence. In the camp—and amid the din of battle, he sought to crush the power of memory; retirement would have maddened him. He fell ——"

"One question more," I continued; "What of Morrison?"

"I know not," he returned; "perchance justice has overtaken the offender in some distant land. May it be that the God of Mercy has forgiven his atrocious, high-handed crimes!"

"This picture then, is ——"

"Eleanor's; it was her dying gift."

A SLEEPING CHILD.

Thou sleepest!—but when wilt thou wake, fair child?
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?
When the lark's wing mounts, with the breeze of morn?
When the first rich breath of the rose is born?
Lovely thou sleepest—yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft sealed eyes!
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see;
When will the hour of thy rising be?
Not when the fawn wakes—not when the lark
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark!
Grief, with vain passionate tears, hath wet
The hair-shading gleams o'er thy pale brow yet;
Love, with sad kisses unfelt, hath prest
Thy meek drooped eyelids and quiet breast;
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child, but thee!
Thou art gone from us, bright one!—that thou should'st die,
And life be left to the butterfly!
Thou art gone, as a dew-drop is blown from the bough,—
Oh! for the world where thy home is now!
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hopes here,
How should even joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee!

WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

To meet and part, as we have met and parted,
One moment cherished and the next forgot,
To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,
I know, full well, is hapless woman's lot;
Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,
Avert this brief but melancholy doom—
Content that, close beside the thorn of feeling,
Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,
Yet often with a smile I've heard it told:—
Oh! there are records of the heart which never
Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled!
Mine eye to thine may scarce again aspire,
Still in thy memory, dearest, let me dwell,
And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire
Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell.