

with the person of his friend Charles Rivers who also indulged in that species of composition. It was nothing new for Edward Bland to write a song, supply it with music, and all, and then play and sing it himself.

Guitar in hand, Edward arrived at the residence of Mr. Foster, and was soon beneath the window of Ellen's room. There he waited hid in the shrubbery near the house until he saw a light in her window and observed Ellen approaching it to lower the blind. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as she appeared at that moment with the light of her lamp reflected on her face, and her raven tresses unloosed and flowing down over her shoulders. Edward Bland gazed rapturously at her until the descending blind hid her from his view. Her small and delicate hand disappeared last of all from beneath it, and then she was lost to his gaze. Then with a heart full of strange emotions, he touched the chords of his guitar and accompanying its tones with his voice, with great pathos and feeling sang the following song:—

I have come from afar
Over mountain and sea,
To touch my guitar,
Dearest maiden, to thee.

From the Orient clime
Of the opening day,
With the swiftness of time,
I have hasted away.

The stars of the night
Have a tenderer glow,
As their rays gather bright
On thy forehead of snow;

And the balmy night air
Whispers lovingly now
As it parts the dark hair
From thy beautiful brow.

Oh! that I were a star
That I ever might shine
From the heavens afar
On that forehead of thine—

Or the wind of the grove
That I over might kiss
The cheek of my love—
'Twould be better than bliss.

Then rest thee till morn;
May thy dreams be as sweet
As the thoughts that are born
In the angels' retreat.

As like unto heaven
In their worthier birth
As e'er can be given
To the visions of earth.

He ceased and then began the strain again,

standing all the while and gazing towards the window; but before he had reached the end of the second stanza he felt a pair of soft arms thrown round his neck and a sweet voice as the lips which uttered it came close to his cheek exclaiming "Edward! my Edward!"

We need scarcely explain that the arms, the voice, and the lips all belonged to Ellen Foster.

"O Edward!" she exclaimed all her womanly tenderness gathering in her tone as she spoke "are you well—safe? How I have watched and awaited for you! But I never expected to see you make your appearance in this manner. The year you have been absent seems almost like an age!"

"My dear Ellen, my own Ellen—for you will soon be mine now beyond recall—I have flown on the wings of hope; and love, to meet you. I have reproached myself a hundred times that we were not united before I left that I might have taken you with me on my travels; but how well you look my love. I feel so happy?"

"Happy! Then we are both happy, but I"—

She did not finish the sentence for at that instant the sharp report of a gun, followed quickly by the lesser one of a pistol and then another and another, rang clearly through the evening air.

Ellen shrieked and almost fainted.

"Good God! what is that?" exclaimed Edward Bland, "can it be murder?"

"Yes, it is murder," said Ellen wildly; "that is the same sound as the gun made which was fired at Charles Rivers' four weeks ago—the same sound, but perhaps with a deadlier aim."

Edward Bland wanted to hear no more, but hastily bidding Ellen good night, and pressing her to his bosom, he rushed over to the road in the direction from which the sound had come.

He had not gone far before he heard voices, and people shouting in the direction of one of the neighbouring houses; and as he neared the spot he saw that a crowd had already collected. A man was being carried into the house on a stretcher of rough boards. In the deepest suspense, Edward Bland rushed to his side to get a glimpse of his face, and in the instant Ellen's suggestion and his own worst fears were realized. It was Charles Rivers who lay there bleeding and all pale and deathlike.

Edward Bland was horrified and shocked. He instantly sent off for his brother, the doctor, and in the meantime applied himself to examine the nature of Rivers's wound. He found that a bullet had passed through his left arm, and that his excessive weakness arose from loss of blood. He had not been touched in any other part. He immediately applied a tourniquet and staunch-ed the flow of blood.

The messenger who had been sent for Dr. Bland, returned, to say that he had gone away two hours before to see a patient a long distance off.

Edward was too sagacious a man to trust to his own skill when professional assistance was