

My Lost Love.
"He ran and shouted 'Lost! Lost!'"
When I awoke from heavy lidded sleep,
And I saw from the sternest look of the day,
And when I watch the dying sun's last
ray,
And while my soul in fancy's dreams I
sleep—
Forever ringing through my work or play,
Those words like a perpetual moan,
Make my life a constant undertone.

What have I lost,
That such a murmur ever haunts me?
What sad enchantment haunts my life so crost,
And taught me such a minor melody?
I will look back into the past and see
If I can find why I am haunted here.

This do I find:
That I have lost a love—a love that seemed
With such a passion to my own resigned,
That I had deemed
That love for ever mine; but love hath wings,
And soon departs, as do all happy things.

And yet I had not sought
This love; it came unasked, a shivering bird,
Half frightened lest in seeking me it erred;
But I received that love with sorrow fraught,
And my wife's heart opened to my love's
And find for it a warm and friendly home.

It was a frail and weakly thing,
That little love—and I did strive
Most anxiously to keep the thing alive;
And so it lived all through the early Spring,
I did not know that when its wings were
strong,
My bird would fly and leave me.
O Love! my love! whom I have loved so
long,
How couldst thou so grieve me!

STAINLESS.

By the Author of "Sweet Dorothy Capel,"
"Lettice," &c.

TOLD BY DEBORAH CAREY.

We are all in "our bouvier"; mamma,
Norah, Letty, Olive, and I. Letty is nursing
her baby by the fire; I am in the win-
dow-seat; Olive is lying on the sofa. Poor
child, she is always on the sofa! Mamma
and Norah are reading for I should think
the fiftieth time a story in our book.
Will I know the letter word for word;
and as I look out at the houses in the
vicinity, wonder what manner of place is the
vicinity whence it has come. Mamma
reads softly, and glances at me from
my favourite lounge and go to her.
"You will not visit Will?" she exclaims.
"He asks for Norah or me; and you
cannot spare Norah."
"O Norah's voice is decisive—"it
would be folly for me to think of going.
How would you and Olive get on in France
without me? You would be starved or
poisoned."
"It must be Deborah,"

We are about to leave Dunshire. Olive's
health has for some time been indifferent.
Doctor Arion says she has outgrown her
strength, and he has recommended a stay in
a warmer climate. We have arranged to
journey to the South of France, have written
to Will to come and join us, and his
answer is a request that one of us will
come and keep house for him. I am eager
to be permitted to go to him. Will is my
darling brother. What happiness it will
be to remain with him continually. I am
afraid that mamma will decide that Norah
shall be the housekeeper; Norah is too
valuable. She is in reality mistress of home,
and as Letty totes her baby and
remarks in her gentle, thoughtful way—
"If Deborah's health in England, you will
be at less expense."

"True!" and mamma folds her hands
patiently. I believe she is unwilling to
leave two of her flock behind her. Of course
Letty has her little baby, but I am sure
she will be able to take care of impulsive
headstrong Deb? I put my arms round the
dear shoulders.
"Say 'Yes,'" I implore. "It has been
the dream of my life to keep house for Will."
"Deb, Deb, you keep house!" and they
all laugh.
"On one point my mind is made up,
mamma interrupts, ere I can defend myself.
"If Deborah goes, Ray goes also."
Ray is our old nurse, and I am sure
she will be able to take care of impulsive
headstrong Deb? I put my arms round the
dear shoulders.

"Say 'Yes,'" I implore. "It has been
the dream of my life to keep house for Will."
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"I suppose it must be as you wish," she
says. "It will be unkind to refuse Will.
And, Norah—appealingly—you think I
am wise to leave behind me."
"Yes, Deb is nineteen—old enough to be
trusted out of sight surely! Now"—
going over to her daughter—"I will write
to Will to come and fetch her, and say good-
bye to her mother. Letty, if you could, say
quiet—'Stay,' will you go into the study,
I see Robin coming."
Robin is Letty's husband, and in more
than a conventional sense, our brother.
As Norah reports, he is a very welcome
and very hearty. He sits down in the
easy-chair opposite to his wife, and warms
his hands by the blaze of the fire, for this
early spring day is cold and sharp. Olive
leaves the sofa, and settles herself on a
hobby-horse at her husband's feet, and
kisses his knee. He rubs her white cheek
with his strong fingers, while she tells him
the news. He smiles at me. It is impossible
to disguise my elation. My eyes will sparkle.
"Yes, you will visit Will?" he says.
"It is a pretty story—none prettier to
be found, to my fancy."
"Tell me about it," I beg. "No, I don't
want you to describe the scenery—Will has
told me what that is—but what neighbours
I shall have—who is who."
He raises a warning hand.
"Deb, if you are anticipating gaiety, fun,
frolic, don't go. I have heard you complain
of Dunton. Napine is a thousand times
more dull, more quiet—just a small village,
with doctor and parson, and only few
gentry."
"But," I expostulate, "there are the
Napines and Ellerslies. I am quite anxious
to see Judith Napine. She must be very
lovely. Will was positively struck with
her; and he is so unsobersivant. I don't
believe he knows I am—"
"Pretty," Robin supplies, as I pause.
"I do not contradict him. I am not bad-
tempered. I do not think that I am an
ugly Carey—I am tall, dark, own bronze
eyes, and have a pleasant countenance.
However, I return to our former topic of conversation."
"Robin, are you acquainted with Miss
Napine?"
His merry quizzical expression changes to
gravity. He straightens one of Olive's curls
meditatively.
"I have not seen her since she was a
slight child of ten years. A wee marvel
she was, with great violet eyes, thickly
fringed with curling black lashes. She was
not exactly beautiful; but there was an
unchildish pathetic mournfulness about her
that was more touching than the most
sunshiny loveliness. It was as though she
was conscious she had been created in sorrow."
"What do you mean?" Letty says.
"I am staring at the red-hot coals, remem-
bering a sentence in a letter of Will's—"I
wish it were possible you and Judith Napine
could meet. You would do her an infinite
amount of good."—I am about to speak
when her salvation."

"Have you not heard? Mrs. Carey, you
are not ignorant."
"No, Robin. Will told me the story,
Gratifying the girl's curiosity. It is a sad
story; but sadness and they cannot always
be parted."
"The Napines and the Ellerslies," Robin
begins, "are the two principal families of
Napine. Unhappily for years, and recently,
there has been great bitterness between
them. Generations ago they quarrelled—
what about it would be hard to discover.
The cause of the quarrel was forgotten long
since, although the enmity of the present
Squire Ellerslie has, however, a personal
disavour. Sir Percival Napine and he
both sought one maiden for a wife, and Sir
Percival won her. This of course intensified

their dislike to each other. They refused to
visit—even to sit in one another's company.
It was deemed a good thing for the peace of
the place when Sir Percival and Miss Napine,
and went abroad with his wife and infant
son. Squire Ellerslie married two years
later, and in due course a daughter was
born to him, whom they called Cicely. She
grew up a good maiden, tender-hearted and
impressible as her mother—who died when
she was five years of age—had been. Her
father doted on her. She passed from child-
hood to maidenhood without knowing a grief
or trouble. When she was between seven-
teen and eighteen, Sir Percival Napine's son
came home, and they met. The grounds of
Napine touch Ellerslie. The young people
were aware that their intimacy would not
be recognised, yet they persisted in it, and
learned to love each other devotedly. Not
until too late did they fully realize the
roughness of the road they were to travel.
Martin Napine was bold. He went to Squire
Ellerslie, told him he was attached to Cicely,
and asked for permission to wed her for his
pains. He was kicked out of Ellerslie's.
"The Squire was beside himself. That
his daughter should care for a Napine was
not to be credited. He summoned the
trembling girl, and with wild words and
fiery gestures forbade her to hold further
intercourse with Martin Napine. Never
before had she been spoken to so harshly; now,
though amazed, she was undaunted. Dovelike
as she was by nature, she showed mar-
vellous courage. She refused to obey her
father. Martin was good, was noble, she
told the Squire. No one could find just
fault with him. She would not give him up,
it would have been better had she been less
daring; but she did not understand what
the Squire in ungenerous fury could do.
He went mad in his awful rage, and as she
stood in her fearless beauty, struck her with
a cruel blow to the ground. That night
Cicely Ellerslie left her father's roof for
ever, and Martin Napine went to London.
There they were married, and for a
while entirely lost sight of. Sir Percival
was as angry as Squire Ellerslie. He had
chosen a bride for his son, and to have his
plan thwarted in this manner was not to be
endured. He disowned him, and further
that he should not inherit one penny of his
wealth. Lady Napine grieved deeply, and
sought earnestly to appease her husband.
He would not listen to her, henceforth he
never had no son. The years
elapsing, and then the outside world, had
only occasionally caught glimpses of this
domestic drama, was inexpressibly shocked.
Martin Napine had come unexpectedly to
Napine and killed his father. When and
women gazed at each other in curious
amazement. Little by little the truth was
learned and pieced together. It appeared
that Martin Napine had come home, but for
what reason none knew positively—it was
generally believed to entreaty of his
father's help for his wife's sake. Peremptory
refused, in all likelihood he, goaded by want
and distress, had struck his father with the
butt-end of his whip, and so killed him! A
large sum of money which Sir Percival had
the previous day, drawn from the bank was
missing. For one doubted but that Martin
had taken it. To the accusation of murder
that of theft was added. Sir Percival was
struck with the news, and until he was
he had been killed. Martin Napine had
disappeared when the servant opened the
door of his master's study and found him
murdered. The police, suspecting who was
guilty, were at the house, and Martin
Napine's home was discovered after some
time. He was there no longer. His land-
lady stated that he had been absent all
the Wednesday night, and had returned on
the Thursday, looking singularly depressed
and returned only in time to see his
wife die.

"Yes, poor Cicely Napine had gone to her
last rest, leaving behind her a little babe
to fight the battle that had been too hard
for her. When she expired, Martin Napine
was as broken-hearted. Turned from his
wife's chamber he went out, the landlady
thought to grapple with his agony in soli-
tude. When the officers of justice arrived
she was momentarily expecting him. Her
expectation was vain. She was never to
see him again. High and low, far and near,
he was sought for; but he was not found.
A reward was offered for his apprehension,
descriptions of him were posted everywhere;
but, as the weeks rolled on, and no clue to
his hiding-place was obtained, other crimes
engrossed the attention of the public; and
he was forgotten."
"And the baby?" I say.
"Judith," Lady Napine sent for her
child, but it speedily became clear that all
the love she had had for her baby was
laid on his child. Nobody ever
heard her speak of him, but Judith was
strange and reserved to her. When the
little girl was a twelvemonth old Squire
Ellerslie asked Lady Napine if she would
allow him to see his granddaughter, and my
lady sent the child to him at once. She is
strikingly like her mother. The servant
said that the Squire took the child in his arms and
wept over her so passionately that she
feared the baby would be frightened. At
last however his tears ceased. He gave the
little girl to the servant and dismissed her.
The following morning he called on Lady
Napine. What passed between them can
only be conjectured, but certainly the feud
was buried, and the two agreed for their
grandchild's sake to be friends. Judith has
lived with her grandmother all her life; but
not a day has gone by without part of it
being spent with her grandfather. The
Squire and my lady share her between them."
"Does the girl know about her father?
Have they ever had tidings of him?"
"They have never heard of him, I imagine.
Whether Judith Napine is cognisant of her
father's sin I am unable to say; that Lady
Napine and Squire Ellerslie recollect it is
very evident, as their love for the hapless
girl is so compassionate."
"Perhaps Martin Napine is dead. They
must always be in reach that he will be
unearthed and brought to trial."
"By-the-by, it is said that Lady Napine
does not think him guilty."
"But he is guilty?"
"Of course," says Lady Napine is his mother,
and therefore she may think of him as one
more sinned against than sinning. Olive,
are you asleep?"
"No, I have been listening to you.
Poor Judith Napine! I wonder if she will
expiate her father's wrong-doing."
"Ah, may Heaven in its mercy be
factor with her!"
"We are all silent. I wipe my eyes in
the dim light; Letty sobs a little, bending
over her baby; and Olive clasps her bony
fingers round mine."
"You will be very good to her," she
whispers. "I have a fancy you will be
able to help her. Be a sister to her."
"I do not deny it; but Olive is urgent."
"Let her fill Margaret's place," she
says. "Margaret was my twin sister; she
was my darling; it is two years since she
died, but I feel sore and hurt still when I
remember her. Give me your hand."
"But she may not care for me."
"She will. Promise."
"I think it very foolish; yet who can resist
Olive? I promise."

I am at Napine. When I awake the first
morning a sweet spring odour of grass and
green leaves greets me. All about me
—beauty not of the stiff severe order to
which I have been used; but beauty which
causes the child to clap its hands, the young
maiden to exult, the maiden to sing. I
feel farewell to my dear ones, have got over
the miserable depression which at first
afflicted me, and am demitted at the Vicar-
age with Will. I have not found matters
as anticipated. Will has two good servants
and a well-ordered household. I shall have
nothing to do but rule over them nominally,
and look after my brother's parishioners. I
think this as I survey the breakfast-table
and admire the domestic delicacies spread
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