

Select Poetry.

Love, Honor and Obedience.

Love! on earth that's worthy love!
The beautiful, the good!
Love's God in heaven for His works,

Miscellaneous

THE ORPHANS.

OF THE FIRST LOVE AND THE LAST.

It is the old story I am about to tell,
The story which, thank Heaven, people
Never tire of listening to, any more

I am not young now, neither is the day
On which I am solemnly writing this
Little record of a long past period

sky, a few stepping far up the blue
green distance, and a tall figure,
to grey, with a gun on his arm and one

The little picture was never finished,
for at the instant I became conscious of
the advancing figure. I dropped my

He was a long way off when I first
saw him, and yet it seemed the next
instant that he was standing beside me,

When this little fracas was quieted,
he put down his gun on the bank, made
his retrievers lie beside it, and sat down

"Have you had good sport?" I asked
by way of saying something—any-
thing.

"No," he answered; "But I don't
complain; I did not expect any. I
came out here because I thought I

"News is a precious commodity indeed,
in these wilds; but please remember
my breach blood, in expecting an

"Hester, I have got an appointment
that I have been trying for, and I shall
leave for India next month—that's my

"My heart, that had been so wildly
beating, seemed to stand suddenly still,
and drop down—down. The water and

"It's good news, I suppose."
"Good news! Well, yes, I hope
so."

He stopped a minute here. His
voice was a very deep one, for he was a
large, full-chested man; but when he

"I thought it good news this morn-
ing, for without it I could not think of a
wife. That troubled me little enough

"But I shall not get an answer to it
so. Well, then, Hester, will you marry
me? Will you go with me to India?"

"I did not answer—I could not. Ah,
those who have had deliberately to kill
their own happiness, to raise up them-

"Will you be my wife, and go with
me to India?"
"I cannot."

And no wonder that he made a sud-
den movement of surprise, for I myself
wondered to hear the hoarse passion of

"You cannot! What a fool I have
been, then. I thought—I hoped—Hes-
ter, is it possible that you have not

Known what he had been thinking
of. I had been thinking of the life and joy

"Look at me, Hester. I don't think
I understand you, my dear," he said
patiently and gently. "You say you

He put his arm over my shoulder as
I leaned forward, with my face buried
in my lap, and whispered—

"I think you do love me, Hester."
"Of, I do, Mark, I do!" I cried

"I cannot go to India."
"Why not?"
He looked half amazed, half amu-

"I cannot leave Milly."
To my own thinking I had pronounc-
ed our doom now; but Mark Suther-

"Ah! if that could only be; but
Milly would die in India. We came
home because the climate was killing

"And you will not leave her?"
"I promised mamma before she died
that I never would; that if I married

"I answered, faltering under
something in the look of his face that
was new to me. Up to this time I had

He was silent two or three minutes,
looking away into the distance. He
had taken his hand from my shoul-

"Well, Hester," said he presently,
gravely, not unkindly—but ah, as it
seemed to me, very coldly—"you have

simply to choose between your sister
and myself. You are best able to judge
of your sister's claims upon you. Of

I looked desperately up at the smiling
blue heavens, at the calm stream flow-
ing on its calm path to the sea, at all

"I cannot and will not do it," I said
in my heart, yet knowing the while that
I must and could.

"Would you like a little time to
consider the matter? I need not leave
the Hollies until to-morrow or perhaps

"No," I answered—with or without
my own will I never knew. "I know
what I must do. I cannot leave Mil-

"And Milly cannot go. That de-
cides it then. Well, I have nothing to
say; I am the last man in the world to

He rose deliberately, but did not go.
for I sat still.
"Are you going home?" he asked

"Hester, don't look so
sad; you are feeling for me—don't do
that. I should like to think of you

His hand, as he held it out, shook
ever so slightly, but he held mine in a
firm pressure for an instant. Then he

Milly and I were orphans. Our
mother and father had both died in India,
and we were both sent home to the

There were not many to visit at
Hillstead; the rector, the doctor, and
the family at the Hollies comprised

My heart echoed the words, but I
drew Milly to me and kissed her, and
tried to be patient and to forget.

I could not forget; my nature was
tenacious of what had once taken hold
upon it, and the course of our lives was

Then I knelt down and thanked God
that my madness had passed, and pray-
ed that as he had given me strength to

I did not see Mark Sutherland again;
but the next time Milly went up to
the Hollies she told me, on her return

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hanging on the garden gate, watching
for me, come flying out into the lawn
to meet me, all her golden hair stream-

"Hester, guess; who in the world
do you think came back to the Hollies
last night?—not even my thoughts sug-

"No, no," said Milly as I named over
one or two, "no; who but that Cousin
Mark, who went away to India years

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said, as she untied her hat and threw it
down.—
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The next morning to "re-
upon Mark Sutherland for an

and then he looked up a little bit
on his arm and kissed it tend-

looked so sober. I crept away
on with dizzy anguish, a

I had I had I had I had I had I had

So I cried out in my anguish
was long before better thought

firmly and take comfort. But
by I rose up from where I

watch for Milly. She came at
scently in the quiet evening

opened. I had never yet
think of her as a child. I

one minute now that the ch-
woman. I looked at the beat-

at the reflection of my own in
opposite. I never could have

my best days with a sigh from
of that faded woman, with

Milly came in the next morn-
off her hat, and, coming up,

took my face between her
hands, looking into it long

minutes or two, then kissed
down with her arm around

"Hester, my dear, I have some-
you," she began with a strain

in her voice, though she
too. "A wonderful thing—

"You would ever guess it? It
your heart is beating?"

"Really do." Then sinking
to my shoulder, she added

whisper, "Hester, he told
you whether you would be

row?"
"He means Mr. Sutherland,"

"Of course. Hester,
to say yes?" asked Milly

"My 'Yes' will go with
dear."
"God bless you, Hester,

dear sister!" long-
ingly, and for a long

both silent. "Now, inde-
tion Mr. Sutherland's re-

regret in any way to it
toward the middle of next

dearly sprang up from my
window, and glancing a

idly and smile, ran
and I heard her fly up