A SONG OF THREE WORDS.

OSSIAN, LANDLADY BY CATHARS.

Three bluebell words I name to thee,
Three words of potent charm,
From eating sin thy foes to free,
Thy life to shield from harm.
We are class bluebell words may know,
A bold blue-frocked lass shall show,
And, shod with pea-s, shall safely go
Through war and wild storm.

First, are thy forward foot theft move,
And wind thine arm of might,
Lift up thine heart to Him above
In the all my ways be right.
Then will He, who on high dwells
Let thy soul rest as a flower
That stands secure in sunny hour,
And seeks the genial light.

That gist thy loins to manly toil,
And in the toil have joy;
Great hardship with a willing smile,
And joy in the same employ.
Joy glory lain the mark to name,
Joy in the battle and wolfish furore,
In God-like Labour's fruitful name—
Old Chaos to destroy.

Then mid thy workshop's dusty din,
Where Time steam hath vway,
Oroon to thyself a song within,
Or pour the lusty lay.
Lass as a bird that cheerly sings,
Lass as the rivulet, her feets in verdure,
But with full-breasted joyance flings
Its song into the day.

For lofty things let others strive
With roll of rolling drum;
Keep thou thy heart, a honeyed hive,
Like bee with busy hum.
Chase not the blise with wishful eyes
That over thee hover and circle,
But in the present joy be wise,
Nor fear the future come.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

—Good Words.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

A Tale of City Life.

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL MISSING.

The archdeacon and Sir Pantlin Jones had taken up their quarters at a hotel in the City, in order that they might be near the centre of their field of investigation. As far as the archdeacon knew, his son's associates among London streets was confined to the immediate neighbourhood of his cousey in the City, and it was therefore that there was the most probability of gaining intelligence.

The disappearance of the curate of St. Saxwalls had been taken up in earnest now. His friends had offered a reward of a hundred pounds for such information as might lead to the discovery of his fate. The press was beginning to take an interest in the matter.

"The Mysterious Disappearance of a Clergyman" was a leading heading of the bills of evening and morning papers. The vendors of the evening papers chanted the same refrain, and hinted at startling disclosures to be revealed by the purchase of their journals.

Sir Pantlin was quite worn out by the search, and sighed in vain for the tranquil shades of Pumpfriassin. All day long there were interviews—with lawyers, with the police, with surveyors of intelligence, in the metropolis. The Pantlin matter upon the Home Secretary; after luncheon he went to see the Chief Commissioner of Police; his time was then invaded by Mr. Brass the detective. Bodies, too, must be visited—dead bodies, bloated bodies by the river-side public-houses; livid, swollen features, faces blurred and distorted, must be peered into and examined. But the end of it all was the same. There was no trace of John Lemuel.

The chief stress of all this business fell upon Sir Pantlin. The archdeacon was overcome with grief and apprehension; he had no nerve to face the constant torture of investigation.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and Sir Pantlin had just come in dressed for dinner; he wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a frilled shirt front, in which was a sparkling diamond stud, and a pearl shirt-pin was enclosed in many folds of white lawn, the ends of which were tied under his chin in small bow. His waistcoat was of some soft yellow stuff; his trousers were shaped tight to the calf; and a pair of shoes tied with strings completed his attire.

Does the archdeacon know that dinner—the table d'hôte, I mean—is ready, sharpy, to the waiter.

"I'll see, Sir," said the man, disappearing.

Sir Pantlin turned to the pier-glass, and began arranging a particular piece of black court-plaster which he had just affixed on the new-moon spot.

"I wish the boy would come back," he muttered to himself. "He's killing his father, and no end. As for having disappeared, that's all nonsense. I know what young ones are like. I'll disappoint my-self once, and come back without a penny in my pocket or a rag to my back; but then I want a parson, with an archdeacon for a father. Here he comes. Well, my old friend," he continued, turning round to the doorway, "how do you find yourself by this time?"

The archdeacon looked pale, thin, and worn; he seated himself at the dinner-table in a feeble, unintended way, tasted a spoonful of soup, and fell into a brown study.

"Cheer up, old friend," cried Sir Pantlin, "Take a glass of sherry with me, and don't look so dependent. I'll bet that John is taking his sherry somewhere else, and is laughing at us old fools for the fuss we have made."

The archdeacon shook his head. "I've no hope of that, Pantlin; I know John too well—his careful, prudent nature!

"You don't know what people's natures are when there's a girl in the case."

"Mr. Jones wants to see Sir Pantlin," said a waiter, coming into the room.

"Show him up directly," cried Sir Pantlin, his mouth full of turbot and lobster sauce. "I'll not keep Brass waiting on any account. Now, my good fellow," he cried, as the detective entered the room; "sit down and take a glass of sherry, and let us hear what you have to say."

"Well, Sir Pantlin," said Mr. Brass, "they are very queer cases, I know, but it ain't always. In a case of this sort, when you don't come to the bottom of it quick, you don't come to it at all."

"Then you've no news for us, Brass."

"I don't say that, Sir; there are circumstances as has happened that may mean nothing, or may mean a good deal."

"Well, what?" cried Sir Pantlin, impatiently.

"We've kept up a pretty good watch on those premises, but we haven't found out very much. Young chap has secured a bit unsettled like, and hasn't gone to his work, and he's been thickening about carpenting in the old Smithfields warehouse. He's been putting together a big case, as might—I won't say it is meant for that—but it might hold such a thing as—a body."

Sir Pantlin shuddered; the archdeacon turned still paler, and gat up and left the room.

"Another thing has come out, Sir, what looks queer. There's been other people looking after the young chap. He's in a regular mess, might they wants to him and clap him in prison for debt; but he's too artful for 'em. Anyhow, Sir Pantlin, my opinion is that the secret of this here business lies in Elbbefleet."

"Then what do you mean to do?"

"That's for you to say, Sir Pantlin. If you direct me to go and take out warrants against the whole party of 'em, and gave 'em no time to make every thing square, I don't say but that you'd find out a good deal; but then there's the risk."

"I'm prepared to bear all the office of the crown takes about risk. Go and do your duty to your country, Sir, and leave the rest to Providence."

"Well, Sir Pantlin," cried Brass, aggrieved; "I do pure mean me to be prepared for the whole business."—What if I take 'em all into custody, and it turns out a mistake after all? I prefer a kettle of fish there'd be, and the young chap a sucking hungry. Why, there'd be costs and damages; and Mr. Jones and me might see our little bit of furniture sold up, and go and sit down in the workhouse to end our days. No, no, gawner—duty's duty, and your country's your country; but some you get into an 'ole, and your country will never pull you out. No, Sir Pantlin, not unless I am a written indemnity from you. I don't budge."

"Well, I'll see the archdeacon," cried Sir Pantlin. "It's his business more than mine."

After he had seen the archdeacon, Sir Pantlin said that he was prepared to give the required guarantee.

"And the young lady and the old lady—am I to make a clean sweep of it?"

"Well, no, poor things!" said Sir Pantlin. "I can't think there's any guilt about the girls, poor; you must leave the ladies alone."

"All right, Sir Pantlin. We'll keep a lookout on the place to-night, and by breakfast-to-morrow you may expect to hear news."

CHAPTER XVII.

"NO WHITE, AND SUCH A TRAITOR!"

As soon as Markwood had gone Edward Hulse went to find his sister. It was clearly evident that instant flight was the only possible way of safety. And that required no small preparation! Could he trust Lucy to help him!

She was standing—it was at set dark—her face pressed against the window, as if watching for some one. When the door opened she turned eagerly round. Edward carried a candle in his hand, and he started as he saw how wan and drawn her face had become.

"Is there any news?" she cried.

"Of him? No," said Edward shortly. "There is news of another kind. Come and sit here; I want to talk to you."

Lucy instantly obeyed, and took a seat beside her brother, her head turned away from him, still listening.

"Lucy," said Edward, "if we went away, father and I, to America all of a sudden, do you think I could trust you to take care of mother, and bring her over to us when we write for you to come?"

"Why should you go away suddenly?" said Lucy, turning upon him quickly.

"Because father has got into difficulties, and I have got into trouble through him."

"I can't leave John," said Lucy, quite fiercely. "You wouldn't ask me to do that, as long as there's a chance."

"Though, and chance," said Edward, gloomily.

"What do you mean? What have you heard? Oh, you know something: is he dead, Edward?"

"I know nothing of that, but I found something to-day—a letter; he must have dropped it when he was here that morning. It is addressed to you."

She seized it eagerly. Yes, the handwriting was his, and the letter was addressed to her. She tore it open and read it by the flickering light of the candle:

"FINSBURY, Sunday.

"DEAR MISS HULSE,—You can hardly imagine how harrowing it is to my feelings to write to you in a clandestine way. I assure you, if you knew how I suffer, you would pity me. But there are circumstances, conditions higher than those of mere earthly affection to make us my choice between you and the duties I owe to my father, my guardian and all my friends. Were I a man of independent means, I would fling them all to the winds, and sacrifice myself to make happy a girl who is all that a man could desire as a wife. But I am penniless. My father distinctly refuses his consent to my engagement. My godfather, Sir Pantlin Jones, Baronet, threatens to withdraw his countenance and patronage from me; and with that goes all chance of my succeeding to the living of Pumpfriasin. I should be acting against the dictates of my conscience if I neglected their commands. Lucy—once more I must call you by that beloved name—Lucy, we must not be married again.

"No doubt you will see long come in contact with some one better suited to your position, and more calculated to make you happy, than I. To-morrow—and task—I will look out all your letters and return them; please send mine back also. The trinkets I gave you, which, though small, are valuable, I hope you will retain in memory of one who loved not wisely, but too well.

"Ever your sincere friend,

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"Well," said Edward, looking keenly at his sister, when she had finished, and sat staring fixedly before her, "what do you think of him now? Is he worth grieving for?"

"How do you know what was in the letter? Did you read it?" she cried, flashing out upon him suddenly.

"I did," said Edward.

"How dare you, Sir! how dare you! It was not true, Edward; it was not meant to play. Do you see what he says, 'We must never meet again?' He came to me after that. Oh, if he meant it, he repeated. I heard his step, I heard his knock. He came to see me last of all."

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