

said Mr. Muggins; "he has'n't a vurd to say for hisself."

"And vy is his Parish so vell spoke of," continued Mr. Jewson.

"It is'n't what he says, its what he does, as makes him poplar," rejoined Mr. Audible; "my ancient friend is just and good and honest; he does as he'd be done by, and therefore people likes him; he don't lick boys for pleasure, nor persecute the wretched for amusement, he does his duty with kindness, and he is content with the gratitude and good wishes of the poor as his reward."

"Boys is howdacious, and can't be too much flogged; the poor is ungrateful and requires sewerity," returned Mr. Muggins; and he continued, "depend upon it that Parish boys and Vurkhouse pensioners is natural enemies to Beadles."

"Oily Crum don't think so, and we know that he is the idol of his Parish, beloved by the poor and respected by the rich, and," continued Mr. Audible, "he has been honored and feasted by his brethren of the order."

"That's true," returned Mr. Jewson, who was really a kind-hearted man, "but I did'n't think that any gent'l'em here would have made a observation so wery hurting to the feelings of a true arted Beadle; owsomever Crum desarved the onor and I'm glad he got it."

"Gentlemen, let us sing God save the King and say good night."

This being performed in full chorus by the party, they severally retired to their respective homes.

From the halls of pleasure to the house of mourning there is but a step. From the festive board to the dying bed how quick the transition! with what rapidity in the drama of life are the scenes shifted!—the notes of the death watch fall upon the ear even before the song of revelry has died upon the sense!

Look upwards good Beadle, for the light of the watcher gleams sadly from yon window, and warns thee that in that chamber there are other occupants than the care-worn stranger whose flushed cheek on that morning beguiled thee into hope that her life might yet be prolonged—that the sadness of her sorrowed heart might yet be succeeded by the sunshine of returning joy. Gaze on good Beadle, for that second light which now appears, then vanishes, and with so much rapidity seems to tell the darkness of succeeding chambers, that sorrow hath visited thine abode, admonishes their living occupants by the swiftness of its motion, that silence and urgency are enjoined upon the messenger. Knock gently

good Beadle, lest the echo of that iron tongue which gains for thee admission to thy home should vibrate upon the sense of the dying, like the knell of the funeral, which shall wail its dismal welcome over her grave.

Walk lightly good Beadle, for the living in that chamber, where death seeks for admission, hold their breath and speak in mute signs, lest they should disturb the repose of the dying. Speak not good Beadle, lest that opening eye should recognize thy presence; or those pale trembling lips close upon their heaven-directed supplications. Listen good Beadle, for it is of thee she speaks, it is for thine she prays, that heaven in its mercy may requite thee for thy goodness to her.

Approach good Rector! for all your care she has requited you in the earnest mention of the services of you her spiritual father. Look, but move not, for the saddened eye has suddenly brightened, and through the crystal tear which grief has spared to memory, how delighted is the azure which sparkles in its depths. Listen! for she speaks of the absent. Look! for she smiles in her prayer, and in her hope she has become impassioned that her own soul would speedily ascend to the spirits of the departed, and live again in the sweet intercourse of an everlasting love.

"Yes! fond ones, ye beckon me hence. Oh! Hereward, my beloved. Oh! Ada, pledge of our joy, wait for me."

She awoke from her temporary trance. Stoop good Beadle, for she desires to speak with you.

"Kind friend, bury my treasure with me."

"What treasure, Mary?"

She spoke not, but placed her hand in her bosom.

Again she tried to speak, but even in the sepulchral stillness of that chamber her voice could not be heard, the effort was vain, her lips moved, but mortal sense would never hear her speak more.

But angels, ye ministering spirits, who were invisibly present in that sad chamber, ye can bear your testimony, and tell in a brighter sphere what those moving lips uttered, what that brightening eye saw, what caused that heaven born smile to radiate the dying couch and settle on the corpse of Mary Hayworth. Poor thing! she who had not smiled for weeks, smiled in her coffin.

Rude hands did not lay out that corpse; Parish crones did not disturb the dead; the Beadle's wife alone fulfilled the last sad functions of the living for the dead. But what is that which hung suspended by an hempen string around the dead one's neck, and glistened near her heart? It is her locket, the last and only thing of value which