

of St. Thomas the Apostle; but as he did not imagine that the worthy Beadle referred either to an astronomical deduction, or an ecclesiastical observance, the good Rector looked as much puzzled as his better informed Clerk appeared pleased.

The Rector endeavoured to cover his ignorance with a smile; the Clerk betrayed his knowledge by a cheer; and the Beadle evinced his gratitude by as hearty "Thankee—thankee!" They all drank their glass of refreshment, and each appeared impressed with the wholesome qualities of the beverage—the Rector alone remaining ignorant of the particular reason for drinking it.

A minute or two of perplexity and silence having elapsed, Mr. Audible, whose grammar was none of the purest, rose and said:

"For two and twenty year it has been the constant practice for me and my friend to observe this most delightful day—a day, your Reverence, which would be more publicly noticed, if it were our happiness to live in a more gratefuller country.

"On this very day an event occurred, which has become indetified I may say, with the history of the city, an event which has proved a blessing to the parish, and did it produce a proper return, ought to make every parishioner follow my example by illuminating their winders, as I intend to do this very night. This day, your Reverence, is the Jubilee of Mr. Crummy's life. This day fifty-year ago, the year of grace 1743, that great and good man, the Beadle of our Parish, and the Master of this Workhouse, was born into a world, which were not good enough for him. Bless his honest heart! and may he live to see a many—many years, to be the poor man's treasure, the rich man's pattern, and my best and dearest friend."

The truth is, that Mr. Audible was overpowered by his feelings, and he was therefore incapable of fulfilling his intention of following the example of the great men of his time under similar circumstances, by giving a particular account of the private worth and public services of the Parish Beadle. The dignity of his own exalted office broke down before the assaults of friendship, and Mr. Audible, the Parish Clerk, wept tears of joy and thankfulness, before he could finish the expression of his good wishes, for his kind friend's welfare, or clasp with affection the honest hand which was extended to him in gratitude.

The good Rector was much moved by what he saw and heard. Nothing, indeed, of interest to his Parish was regarded by him with indifference. He had outlived those parochial servants, whom he found in office, upon his accepting the cure, and he had himself chosen and appointed their

successors; it was therefore not without emotion that he witnessed the warm affections, and sincere kindness, which he observed amongst them, and not without gratitude at having been directed to make a most wise and judicious selection of Parish Functionaries.

"And where do you intend celebrating the anniversary, Mr. Audible?"

"At the Ship and Compass, in Peter's Court, your Reverence," replied the Clerk.

"At what time?" Mr. Austin inquired.

"At half-past eight, supper's to be on the table, where we expects eight Parish Beadles, and six Parish Clerks to meet, to celebrate Mr. Crummy's advent to England."

With his hearty good wishes, and sincere blessing, Mr. Austin took his departure from his humble friends.

In the quiet seclusion of Peter's Court, in the Parish of Allhallows, was situated an old, respectable, and well-ordered public house, where the wayfarer, or the weary could refresh themselves without hindrance, but where the drunkard or the brawler could neither find entertainment nor shelter. The sign hung temptingly over the door, in the foreground, and in bold relief was painted a compass; in the distance was the representation of a ship sailing cheerily over the rippling waves; her prow was pointed towards a very snug looking little cottage on the shore, in front of which stood a very merry looking, gaily attired maiden, whose raven ringlets were as uniform and untumbled, whose cheeks were as red and shining, and whose eyes were as black and beautiful as were ever transferred upon canvas, by the skill of a house painter. She was represented upon tiptoe, a fit posture for expectation, intently looking towards a curly-headed, ruddy-faced laughing sailor, who was on the look out from the fore top of the homeward bound vessel:

"THE SHIP AND COMPASS,

*By John Honeywell,"*

was not the only lettering which graced the sign. Our host boasted that he was not only a lover of good porter, but also that he was an admirer of good poetry, and he illustrated his opinions by his practice, for below his own name on the sign, was the following couplet:

"This sign hangs well,  
And hinders none;  
Refresh and pay,  
And travel on."

That honest John Honeywell was a general favorite of all whose good opinion was worth having, need scarcely be stated. The Rector amongst others esteemed him most highly, for