Again dawned the morning light upon the patient. It was his last day of life, though he might know it not. The fits of his last ay of life, though he might know it not. The fits of life, though he might know it not. The fits of delirium continued with unabated violence, broken, as before, by interludes of quiet—if it could be called quiet, when the whole frame was shaken as with a fierce ague. His mind wandered distressingly; yet in those wanderings might be traced a recollection of his present state, of the life he had led.

"They kept me here, you see," he ex-

had led.

"They kept me here, you see," he exclaimed to Arthur, "and I want to be out.
I want te— Father, is that you?"

It was Mr. Danesbury. Though very near the grave himself, he had insisted on being brought to Lionel's bedside. William was

brought to Lionel's bedside. William was also present.

"That's good," continued Lionel; "I wanted to see you. I'm so hot, you know. They have been coming round, such a lot of them, millions and millions. Where's Robert?" With one hand he swept the cloths from his head, and Dr. Pratt, who had come in with Mr. Danesbury, though protesting against his old friend's visit, replaced them.

"Who says I am dying?" he shouted. "It is no business of theirs. See how they creep up—oreep, creep, creep? That one in green only came in this morning. Ah, is that you?" he cried, again momentarily recognizing his father, and holding out his hand, which was vibrating like a pendulum. "You don't think I'm going to die, do you?"

Mr. Danashury was taken by surprise, the

hand, which was vibrating like a pendulum. "You don't think I'm going to die, do you?"

Mr. Danesbury was taken by surprise, the quest on was put so rationally. He did not know what to answer.

"Oh, no, no!" reiterated Lionel, with a shriek of anguish that none present would ever forget; "not yet, in mercy! a little respite! a short period for reformation and redemption! Take away the drink; take it away, I say! I have led an evil life," he added, his mind a strange mixture of consciousness and insanity, "but! won't touch another drop, it's burning here." He pointed to his chest, and then lay still, recommencing after a short pause.

"They came round me in the night and told me! hold me! at least till I have got through this miltiplicity of work. Do you see all the duties that have accumulated! I have done nothing, you know, nothing but drink; but I can get through them. Not if you let these devils come upon me; I thought that little one was gone!"

"He has been raving all night about this accumulation of work and duties," whispered Katharine.

"It can not be that I am dying! I must have the time! want first. Yes, I told you God would give it me. Katharine, my poor wife, you say you have been missrable, but we shall be happy now. You need not be afraid of me any longer; I'll keep my. promises, and leave it off. Hark! hark! don't make a noise" (though the room was perfectly still), "there's that little one again. He has got another, and another—and another! They come creeping on! the room is ful!"

With wild shouts and wild imprecations,

regret and affection, but women like they fell into gossip, though the tears were couring down many of their cheeks.

"It's a good man gone home," said one.
"We shall never see another like him."
"Yes, we shall. He has left one behind that will tread in his steps. Mr. Arthur will be his father over again. Only to think of it! but fifteen days, this very day, since poor young Mr. Lionel was laid in the ground. It must have been sudden like; for Miss Isabel—Lady Temple, that is to say—was only sent for three days before the death"

"The poor old gentleman wanted to go to Mr. Lionel's funeral, but his sons and Mr. Pratt told him he was not equal to it, and at last he listened to them, and consented to stay at home. But when they got in again from the grave, there he was on the floor. It was not a fit, Mr. Pratt said, he thought he was taken for dead. After that he railied for two or three days, and actually walked out into the garden and sat there, and then he was taken worse, and they tole-graphed for Lady Temple."

"He was quite sensible up to the last minute, I heard, and had his speech and somebody asked old Pratt what he had died of, he said of a broken heart."

"Well, he has had enough to break it. He makes the fourth taken to the churchyard all within the year. What do you think? added the woman, dropping her voice, 'tho is going to be laid by the side of the first Mrs. Danesbury, not the second."

"How do you know?"

"How do you know?"

"I do know. My husband heard old Green, the sexton, say so last night, in at the Cook and Bottle. There was a vacant space left by the side of the first Mrs. Danesbury, which has never been filled up, and he is to lie there."

Yes, John Danesbury was gone. Gone from a worl of care to his recompense above. He could, in truth, say with old Jacob, that few and evil had the days of his later life been; but he had learned in time to look on the worls of the minister, 'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Y

don't make a noise" (though the room was perfectly still), "there's that little one again. He has got another, and another—and another! They come creeping on I the room is full!"

With wild shouts and wild imprecations, he strove to raise himself to escape, it would seem, the fiends he thought he saw. And, though firmly prevented from moving, none rebook his frame. The parcyred of violence over, exhaustion supervened, and with it partial recollection.

"William, is that you? Come here; closer I have had such a horrid dream. I thought! was getting toward the prime of life, and that all they earn given to me had been wasted; that I had been constantly in the late of the late of the will, and that no person whatever is proved. The provided when the late of the will, and that no person whatever is prime of life, and that all these pars had not been mine to waste. Who spoke then? I twas none of you. Who says at 's true! It is not true. I tell you it was adream. Be off be off! how dare you asy it's true! It is not true. I tell you it was adream. Be off be off! how dare you drive me mad? And if it were true, I am to have the will an advert the way! How dare you asy it? Oh, mercy, mercy! I aim to druk now. Father, is that you! I have sown not to undea another drop. Keep those devils from me, I how any let them come here, with a history of the provided another drop. Keep those devils from me, I how any let the moment have the calling out—that Robert had a three will be an out of the provided and the weeked. One of my children has gone to have the day of the had not be an outer the provided and the weeked. One of my children has gone to have the provided and the weeked. One of my children has gone to have the provided and the provided an

just before I was leaving it, I prayed you to digive me a nromise; I now pray you again.
"Dearest William, for your own sake, I pray you."
I can not promise; I do not feel sure of myself, Isabel. I believell said then that I would try—and if I had not tried, and in no myself, Isabel. I believell said then that I would try—and if I had not tried, and in no myself, Isabel. I believell said then that I would try—and if I had not tried, and in no myself, Isabel. I believell said then that I would try—and if I had not tried, and in no myself, Isabel. I have been where our brothers are. I will say the same now. I will further try, we carnestly try, to put a barrier between my inclination and this sin."

Lord and Lady Temple returned to London, and things went on as usual at Eastborengh, Arthur, now Mr. Danesbury, quietly subsiding into his father's place as it he head of all things. The firm would remain as it always had done—"John Danesbury & Sons;" he would not alter that.

On a bright moonlight night, about a month subsequent to the burial of Mr, Danesbury, Arthur, who had been closely confined in the works all day, thought he should be the better for a walk. Putting on his great coat, he strolled toward the town.

It was Saturday night. Into the publichouses streamed the people, in at the swinging doors of the gin-shop, more brilliant than ever; men and boys (they could be called little better) rueshing there to drink; while unhapwy wives and mothers followed them, rleading in harsh or in piteous tones for some of their wages, ere the provision is shops should be closed. Mr. Danesbury stopped one man. He was one of their wages, ere the provision is hops should be closed. Mr. Danesbury stopped one man. He was one of their wages, ere the provision labops should be closed. Mr. Danesbury stopped one man he was not steep in and look at it, if I might make so beld. There's the wife all in a muddle, with a great tub afore the fire, a washing of the children, and the children a-squalling, and the place all in a steam. Af

CONDON ADVERTISER, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.

That of the party that a prove and broken on the party of the party

"Is that you, Harding? What brings you here?"

"I wanted to find you, sir, and was going the nearest way to Mrs. Philip Danesbury's; for I have been to your house, and they the state of t

"Is shad you, Harding? What brings yes to "I wanted to find you, if, and was spine to "I wanted to find you, if, and was spine to "I wanted to find you, if, and was spine to "I wanted to find you, if you had not you had not you will be the same will be a state of the your what is the asked Mr. Danesbury, "They wanted to make you had not you had you had not be testoke not you had you had you had blue ribbon." "I shoulk it is gibt should not you had had blue ribbon." "I shoulk it was you are you lenious to them. Brown and wanted you had you had you had blue ribbon." "I shoulk you had you had you had blue ribbon." "I shoulk prings you are you lenious to them. Brown and you want you had you had you had you had blue ribbon." "I shoulk prings you had you had you had blue ribbon." "I shoulk prings you had you had you had blue ribbon." "I shoulk you had They took Mr. Dansebury from the promit they also took the unique with the profit was the condition of the profit of the profit

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