

I went up the stairs and found myself in the only sleeping room in the house. It would be impossible to imagine a more miserable place—there was not a single piece of furniture; some piles of rags here and there and on one of these poor Polly was lying.

When she saw me she tried to raise herself up, but the effort only led to a violent paroxysm of coughing. Her hollow cheeks, and red cheek bones showed clearly that she was one of those victims sacrificed by parents to the demon of drink.

"My poor child," I said to her, "I am distressed to see you so sick." Yes Miss, I am very sick—I cannot get up, only for that I would come to the school," she replied.

"I am very much afraid Polly that you will not be able to leave this room, for a long time to come."

"I shall never go back again, Miss, but I am going to heaven. The doctor said this morning, when Mrs. N. brought him, that it would be useless to take me to the hospital as I am dying."

"And are you afraid to die my dear child?" I said.

"Oh! no Miss, I am so *happy* to go, for people do not drink in heaven, do they?"

Wishing to assure myself of the foundation of her confidence, I said to her: "Why do you think you are going to heaven, Polly? Is it because you have always been a good girl?"

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