

dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is often thus with the early called, with those who are set to stay on earth but a short time, and have little in them of the earthly.

Now that it was fair weather they went to the boathouse again, and when there Kiah Kibble and Faith took counsel that Kiah should try to find out where father got liquor. "If we can only keep the stuff from him," sighed Faith.

But one day she came down to the boathouse alone, running swiftly in her excitement, panting, her cheeks aflame.

"Kiah, I can't stand it! I won't stand it! You must help me! Father came back very—bad last night. We heard him coming and went upstairs, and he went to his room and then Letty locked him in. This morning I found that he had been hunting among our little things to find something to carry off to pay for drink, but he did not seem to have taken anything. When he was asleep I went into his room and found that he had taken away his clothes—the new ones, very good yet, for he had been so careful of them—and his good overcoat—Hugh's present. Mr. Kibble, do you understand? His clothes are all gone now, but a very shabby, mended, frayed old suit. He has not a decent thing left—and—and soon people will be coming to the beach, and he is not fit to be seen. I can't stand it! I won't! I want those clothes back!"

Kiah had laid down his chisel, shaken himself free of sawdust and shavings, and was pulling on his coat.

"Miss Faith, I'll go to the town, and I won't come back without those clothes. I'll sift this out as sure as my name is Kiah Kibble!"

Darkness had gathered about the house on the beach and father was in the heavy sleep that succeeded his outbreaks, when the sisters heard

a step on the shingle. Faith looked out of the window and asked:

"Is that you, Mr. Kibble?"

"Yes; and I've brought the things. It will do no hurt to let them hang here over these bushes and air to-night. I got them out of a baddish place! No need to come down, Miss Faith, I am not coming in. All safe?"

"Yes," said Faith; "and, oh, thank you so much! Where did you get them? Of course not at the druggist's. At Hill's?"

"No. I went there first and opened the matter, and Hill bluffed me and played sulky; but I said to him, 'See here, Hill, you may be mad because we kept you out of a customer, but you'd be a deal madder to know some fellow was selling liquor here right and left without paying any license and you paying a high one. Do you wink at that game?' 'No, I don't,' says he. 'Show me the man!' 'Help me to find him,' says I; 'for he's here in town, selling on the sly, and he has a suit of clothes and an overcoat that I'm after.' So Hill and the sheriff and I went to work, and by seven we ran our fox into his den; and I got out the clothes and the den is shut and the liquor confiscated, and the negro in gaol for selling without a license. So good-night, Miss Faith. I'd like to shut up one of those shops every day."

After a very wild outbreak came always the period of rebound; the pendulum swung back toward abstinence in proportion as it had oscillated toward intemperance. As in the pendulum the acceleration of motion is proportional to the sine of the displacement, so in the father's mental oscillation, just in proportion to the depth of his drunkenness was the loftiness of his temperance views when he returned to himself. His high state of virtue on the present occasion was increased by having a good suit of clothes and a well-laundered shirt to get into. It never