

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners ;" says she, with a groan.

"Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan? says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"Well, den, says I; if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.

"Den she kotch sight o' de cross and she forgot herself; and her face light up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar 'hour till she went up. She died a singin',

"'In my han' no price I bring,
Simply to dy cross I cling.'

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de humiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl.' Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty general. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de