

said, and I asked him to pray God he might meet them in Heaven. He shook his head. At evening he lifted his head, looked at us as we sat near him, and said, 'Ruined by rum! Forgive me!' and before we could answer a word he was gone. So I laid him by the others; that was my third grave dug by strong drink.

"We got the little lodging and eating-house on Bird-Cage Walk, as I told you. And after a few years there I found Whaling had set up in this gin-palace, and I just got the lease of this house; it was owned by a cousin of my good old gentleman, and I put all I had into setting up here. I have been quite successful. I came here to keep just as many out of Whaling's clutches as ever I can, and I do get a many who would else go in there. There is room for more graves, two or three, in my little lot, all the real estate I own in the world. I suppose mother will go there next, and though she has never used liquor, and has lived to an old age, you will say as I say, that her life has been cursed by rum, and her age might have been strong and happy if it had not been for the sad work of liquor in her family. That is my story, madam. There are hundreds more just as dark or darker, all because of strong drink. I've seen homes enough broken up. I've seen well-to-do folk go in a two-years' time down to paupers' graves, all from strong drink. The Government licenses its sale, and taxes its production; the Church leases houses for its sale; the church-people, yes, some real Christians, take it—in moderation; Church officers and leading people make their living out of it; but there never was fire, flood, disease, earthquake, storm, or wild beast so dangerous to the community."

This was Miss Chip's story.

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Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,  
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this : I know He holds my hand,  
So whether led in green or desert land,  
I trust although I do not understand.

Beside still waters ! No, not always so :  
Ofttimes the tempests round me fiercely blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

And when the storm beats loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo ! it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day ;  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

--Selected.