

"Oh! no! no! I have been very wicked; I was in the habit of saying very bad words, and doing all sorts of bad things before that——"

Here a violent fit of coughing, almost with convulsions, interrupted her words.

I made her take a little light nourishment I had brought and she soon recovered her breath.

"Why have you ceased to say bad words?" I asked.

"One Sunday you had told us that Jesus had so loved us that although He was rich and a great King He had come down to the earth to be poor like us, and I thought that meant that He loved good people and well dressed like you, and at the moment I thought that, you turned towards me and looking directly at me said: "Jesus loves you."

"Yes my dear Polly, Jesus loves you very much, quite as much as though you were rich and noble."

"When I left the school," the girl continued "I said: Thank you Jesus for loving me so, and I promised Him I would do everything He wished me to do, for before that no one ever cared for me, except yourself, Miss."

"Why have you not told me this sooner?" I asked.

"I did not like to do it, but I was so happy that when father was drunk and took to beating me, I would say in a low voice: Jesus loves me, and then I did not mind the blows."