

This statement greatly alarmed the old man. Fixing his eyes upon me, for some time, he said :

“How does it come then that you are here ?”

“Oh, people don't always get what they deserve, but for that I would not now be here. You see I am not like you. What ought I to do ?”

With evident pity for me he said : “I am quite confounded. I do not know what you ought to do. I see nothing for you than to do the best you can for the future. Then you will not be punished so much, for you know that the bible says that some are beaten with many stripes, and some with less.”

“Yes, but where do the ones and the others go who get these stripes ?” I asked. “Oh to hell of course,” said the old man with great solemnity.

“And when they have received the stripes do they get out of hell ?”

“No, no, they remain there forever.”

“But I do not want to go to hell at all. I want to go to heaven. Can you tell me how I can get there ?”

“No sir I cannot, but it isn't true is it that you have been so wicked ?”

Remaining silent for a moment and looking him straight in the face, I said, very seriously :

“It is true ; and I can tell you that you are just as wicked, and I can prove it.”

With a look of mingled surprise and anger he replied sharply : “I am sure you cannot.”

“You are so, and I will prove it to you, for it is God who says it. Listen : “*Whosoever shall keep the*