

"Will ee sure?"

"Yes; so you see somebody loves you. Now I want to tell you that some one else loves you, and sent me to tell you about His love."

"Who is that?"

"It is the great God, the King of the world. He lives up there above the sky. This great King made all things. He made you. This great King has one Son, whom He loves very much, because He deserves to be loved, yes this great King loved you so very much that He sent His Son all the way down from heaven to die for those who, like you, have been committing sins all their lives. And He has sent me with this letter to read to you, that you may not go to hell but to heaven. I then read to her some of John iii., and sought to instruct her mind, and tried to make her understand who the great King of the sky was, and how He would not turn away from her.

"But will He hear a poor old thing like me?"

"Yes," I said "He will."

"But what shall I say to 'un?"

"Just tell Him what you are afraid of. Tell Him what you have told me, that you are wicked."

She at once looked straight up to the ceiling as if she saw some one there and said, with all the vehemence of despair, "O Lord, the King of the sky, have mercy on a wicked old woman like I—I have been a wicked old woman all my life." She kept saying this till she cried bitterly.

I then taught her that beautiful passage—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." This she repeated after me till she had it in

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