

She stared at me fiercely, like a tiger about to spring from its lair. I gently put my hand on her shoulder, and she screamed out,—

"I's going to hell! I's wicked! I's going to hell! I's wicked!"

"But why do you wish to go to hell?"

"I don't want to go, but I's forced to go."

"But who is it that forces you to go to hell?"

"The devil," she said. "I have served him all my life."

"But did you never hear of God, and His Son Jesus Christ who came down from heaven to save us from going to hell?"

"No."

"Did you never hear of God?"

"No, I can't read; I's wicked."

"But do you not know what love is? Had you a child?"

"Yes, I had eight."

"But don't they love you?"

"No, they robbed me."

"Did not your husband love you?"

"No, he turned me to doors."

"And did you never love anyone?"

"No, I's wicked, I hate all—everybody."

Finding all was of no avail, I asked her if she would like a few nice things to eat.

"I can't have it. No one will gee it to I."

"Oh yes, I will give it to you, this very night I will send it to you." Her amazement was equal to her horror before.