





## Often a long-forgotten sacred song learned in childhood is recalled years later and used of

God to bring a lost soul to Christ. Little is much when God is in it! The mighty power of the simple truth contained in Anna B. Warner's "Jesus loves me," is shown in the following true story—the personally related experience of "a woman that was a sinner."

**She told it to the preacher** following a gospel meeting during which he had noted the rapt attention of the woman unknown to him, and heard her irrefragable "Amen!"

"Why should I not praise Him, when He has done so much for me?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, sir! you don't know the depths from which Christ has brought me. Let me tell you my story.

## "I had a good home; I had a good

husband and children; but the curse of

alcohol came on me and I became its slave. I broke my husband's

heart and our little home became a place of shame. I sold our furniture to buy the cursed stuff.

*"Jesus loves me, this I know..."*

In the early morning, when the men were on the street, on their way to work, I would be out begging from them for the same purpose. "But one morning when the burning thirst was consuming me I felt I would go crazy. I had come to the end of everything. Oh, how great is the mercy of our God! I don't know why, but the words of a children's hymn I had learned years ago when I was a little girl in Sunday school came into my mind:

*"Jesus loves me, this I know*

*For the Bible tells me so;*

*Little ones to Him belong,*

*They are weak, but He is strong.*

"Sir, I hung myself on my knees and

bowed my head on a poor rickety chair left

from our once happy home, and prayed: "Oh,

Jesus, if there is a Jesus, take away from me

this awful thirst and curse. I can do

nothing to help myself. Help me to

know Thy love and be one of Thy

little ones;

"I got up from my knees a

tree woman. The thirst for al-

cohol was gone forever. I came