

but he looked at me a kind of a sneer and said come off now you think you can fool me. I'm afraid you'll go to the nut factory if you dont take care, so I never said anything about this to anyone else. But it's real just the same, just real to me as you are now and I can't help it. Do you think it's true?

I answered him to the effect that it was absolutely true, that God gave him this vision of his mother to make him happy and guide him through life and that it was this influence that had guided and protected him this far, and to always wait and listen when he was tempted to do wrong, for this voice and he would be sure to never go far astray. His eyes and face became radiant.

The child seemed assured of something real something which had been always a part of his real life, but which he was not absolutely sure of and the conviction which gave him inexpressible joy, as may be inferred from his questions and remarks.

"Do you really believe in things which you can't see or touch?" "Do you think my mother can pray for me and love me where she is?" "An when I see her the words she speaks is that which keeps me from swiping?" "Would it seem an awful dark sin if I was to call that God?"

I answered all his profound questions to the best of my ability, assuring him that it wouldn't be an "awful dark sin to call that God." On the contrary it was one of the many ways God had of