

his trouser pocket, "here is a penny for you, go and buy candy. No one can answer that question."

At another time, after a dream on the snow, I ran into my mother and told her I had seen God. She was shocked, and even inclined to be angry. She threatened to whip me for telling her such a lie, but could not in reason do so, for my questions were too much for her.

"How do you know I did not see God?" I asked.

"Because no one can see Him," she answered.

"Did any one ever see Him?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"How do you know?"

"We are told so in the Bible."

"Who put it in the Bible?"

"Good men."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, Jack, you are too young to understand. Go away and don't tell lies; go and play!"

But I wanted sorely to understand this great matter. Whether I really believed that I had seen God, it would be hard to say. Either I deluded myself, as many imaginative and emotional children do, or half in innocence, half in childish slyness, laid a scheme to surprise my mother. For the mystery of my being continually teased me.

The question whence I had come was not to be set aside; and I cross-examined my mother about it frequently without getting much information. The only reply I got was that God had made me, which I understood as well then as I do now.

This question of mine, "How do you know?" became a byword in the family. Father thought it very amusing, and used it very much as an actor uses a bit