

reading to him the stirring tales of King Arthur and his knights of the round table, and of that last glorious battle in which so many fair knights met their death. As she closed the book the boy lay silent for a moment; then asked the question that had been weighing on his childish heart: 'Mother, what is it like to die?' Mother, does it hurt?'

Quick tears sprang to her eyes, and she fled into the kitchen, supposedly to tend to something on the stove. She knew it was a question with deep significance. She knew it must be answered. She leaned for an instant against the kitchen door, and breathed a hurried prayer that the Lord would not let her break down in front of the boy, that He would tell her what to say. And the Lord did tell her. Immediately she knew how to explain it to him.

'Kenneth,' she said, as she returned to his room, "you remember how, when you were a little boy, you would play so hard all day, that when night came, you were too tired even to undress, and would tumble into your mother's bed and fall asleep? In the morning, much to your surprise, you would wake up and find yourself in your own room in your own bed. You were there because someone had loved you and taken care of you. Your daddy had come with big strong arms and carried you to your own room. Kenneth, death is like that. We just wake up one morning to find ourselves in the other room, our own room where we belong because the Lord Jesus had loved us.' The lad's shining, trusting face looking up into hers told her that there would be no more fear, only love and trust in his little heart as he went to meet the Father in heaven. He never questioned again. And several weeks later he fell asleep just as she had said. That is what death is like."