says I, 'Why, nater made it, Pinky;'—we used to call him Pink, and Pinky.

"'Well, what made nater, Keene?' he still kept askin'.

"'Why—why—nater made itself!' I said.

"'Oh, no!' he cried; and with a solemn look as ever I seed on any face—and his voice somehow seemed strange, and deep, like a voice of warnin'—I don't know why, but I never heared anything like it; says he, 'God made everything; God is down here in the dark!'

"I declare it was as nigh as if a man had struck me as could be. Says I, 'Pinky, where'd you get that from?'

"Says he, 'The good man told me.'

"'What good man?' I asked, and an ugly feeling came over me.

"'What preached at mammy's funeral,' said he.

"'And where'd you see him?' I sort o' growled, like.