be these external dangers. I was out in New Mexico and there was a man who told me he had been out in the desert and had a little cabin there, and said he had a little child in the fa front room. He was in the back goom. He heard a sound in the front of something banging. And then he heard something slapping twice as hard. And then he heard the little child laugh. And then again he heard a little slap, and then he heard a bigger slap and then he heard the child laugh. That went on two or three times and he wondered what it was. So he came to the door and looked in and he said there was a screen door and the little child was in front of the scrreen door and outside the screen door was a great big rattle snake. The child would look at the pretty rattle snake, and he would lift his hand and hit the screen door. The door would fly byte open a ways, and just then the rattle snake would take a great/and it would hit the screen and it would go shut with a bang. And the child would laugh with glee. The child was putting his hand on the hole of the asp. He wasn't a bit afraid. There was no fear in the midst of danger. But that's not what this is talking about. The man didn't sit and say, Isn't this wonderful. What a f wonderful fulfillment of this that the child would put his hand on the hole of the asp. No, the man said, he stepped back quickly and grabbed his gun and rushed around quickly to the side and shot the snake, afraid of his life that the snake would go through the screen door and would strike the child, or that the child would strike the screen door hard enough to make it go wide open and then the snake would get right at the Welld child.