

But Rudd was not momentarily interested in marmalade: he was remembering the text about the sparrows, one of his mother's favourites. Not one could fall to the ground without His knowledge, and here were all these religious people singing His praises, mangled . . .

"But," he began with wide eyes . . .

"My little boy mustn't question God's ways," said Mrs. Sergison. "Now say Grace and run upstairs."

Rudd looked to his father, but he was deep in the Stock Exchange quotations. Very thoughtfully he left the room.

Upstairs he told Sarah about it.

"How is it?" he asked.

Sarah was orthodox too, but her mind was more practical and more investigative. She liked reasons.

"The floor was weak," she said. "They ought never to have been up there at all. It wasn't safe."

"But they were allowed to go up, and they were singing 'O Thou from whom all blessings flow,'" said Rudd.

"Well," said Sarah, "I suppose one of those blessings is common sense, and they had forgotten to use it. The floor was rotten. Even Christians have got to be sensible. It was a lesson to the rest of them."

But to-day's problem was far more serious than that. To-day's problem involved the truthfulness of the fountain-head of truth, his mother. It was

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