

"Mother told you?" Rudd said incredulously.

"Yes, Master Inquisitive, she did," said Jane.

"But she *is* at home," said Rudd.

"Don't you worry about things you can't understand," said Jane, and returned to her work.

But Rudd had to have this out. The whole fabric of morality was tottering.

Mrs. Sergison had little courage in facing the anomalies of life. The sum of her teaching was that Rudd should be good and kind and unselfish. With his questions as to the darker side of the world she fenced, or put him off with the remark that there were certain things we were not intended to understand. Her belief that a Providence had placed us here and watched every movement, was unshakable. Nothing in the daily papers could rub even a grain of bloom from that conviction. Rudd, therefore, had grown into the habit of laying certain difficulties before Sarah rather than his mother. Sarah at any rate made some attempt at solution.

Even when an upper floor too heavily weighted one Sunday evening by a congregation singing "The Old Hundredth," had given way, and scores of the singers were killed or injured, Mrs. Sergison had no hesitations. To Rudd, who had heard Mr. Sergison reading about it at breakfast, it had been bewildering and outrageous.

"Why did God let it happen?" he asked and asked.

"It is not for us to understand His ways," said Mrs. Sergison. "Now have some marmalade."