

squeeze ; "and I said I would always love her, always, always. And she was so glad that she cried. It's funny, but sometimes when people are very, very glad they cry. I don't know why, but they do. So you see," she pursued triumphantly, "I must keep my promise, mustn't I? It's very wrong to make promises and break them."

It was his own teaching rising against him in the crucial moment.

"Pearl," he returned, trying to get something out of his throat, "you love mama very dearly?"

"Dear mama!" said Pearl, and there was more in the two simple words than in a million vows. "Dear mama!"

"Well, darling," said her father, with an indifferent effort to keep a steady voice, "when you grow older you'll know that love is patient and can wait."

Pearl opened her eyes wonderingly. Her notion of love was that it should be present and instant, that nothing good can come of delay. Nevertheless, she listened attentively.

"Sometimes," added her father slowly and gravely, "it waits a long, long time."

"Oh yes, I know," responded Pearl, recalling a recent Scripture lesson, "Jacob waited seven years for love of Rachel. But I think he was a silly fool to wait so long. I don't want to wait seven years."

"You won't have to wait so long to see mama," he returned, ignoring the slur on the patriarch. "As soon as she is a little better you shall go to her."

It tore his heart to deny Pearl ; but for very love's sake he must. He remembered the subtle tenacity of a child's impressions. Was she through all the long future to carry appalling memories of the mother she loved? Not if he could help it. So she was sent off