

Their Hearts' Desire

as they approached. Then a sudden burst of uncurbed, gurgling mirth from an unexpected but unmistakable source fell upon the air, and as it faded away in expressions of cooing felicity, *her* voice in crooning admonition.

"Must be Auntie Barbara's good boy," it said, and then she smiled upon them from the doorway. In her arms, triumphant, a tear-stained, red-cheeked, wide-eyed, night-gowned cherub, one chubby arm about her neck, while from beneath the blanket that enfolded him, five pink toes squirmed in ecstasy.

His fond mother bore down upon them with consternation, transferring him instantly to the arms of the attending Margaret, who administered his evening meal without delay.

"Please let him stay," pleaded Barbara. "He cried to come with me, and I couldn't leave him crying," and she turned for Robert's justification.