

and hard work at that—to dig a satisfactory best out of those two ladies,” I exclaimed, a little maliciously, I am afraid. “And what is the good of troubling so much to look for a best in people? Why not just take them as we find them?”

“Take them at their best, though,” she answered gaily. “Don’t you know the verse I am so fond of:—

“‘When your brother man you measure,
Take him at his best;
Something in him you can treasure,
Overlook the rest.’

“See the best in people, make the best of them. Sometimes it is up-hill work, but one just goes on trying. Come out into the garden,” she went on after a pause; “it is so still out there, and the air is so clear. I always feel as if the garden helped to blow away any noxious vapours that hang about the lounge.”

“You yourself help to blow them away,” I thought, as I walked with her through the open window, at the far end of the room, into the garden upon which the moonlight had laid its magic touch. “You have the same effect as this clean, pure air that has blown across the heather and the pines.”

She did not speak herself until we had passed along the garden path between beds where the white lilies stood tall and ghostly in the moonlight, and had reached the low wall which bounded that end of the garden. Then she put out her hands with a comprehensive gesture.

“‘For the Love of God is broader.
Than the measure of man’s mind,’”

she quoted softly. “Those words often come back to me when I look over that great expanse.”

That great expanse! The words fitted. Beyond the wall the ground broke away gradually in a foreground of sloping woodland and meadow, silvered and mysterious in the flooding moonbeams. And beyond meadow and woodland there spread out a vast plain, soft and misty, stretching out like a sea of silver to the rim of the far horizon.

“Doesn’t it seem impossible, out here in this world of light and of great spaces, to think mean, unkind thoughts of anybody?” my companion said dreamily. “Out here under that great arch of sky, looking over that wide reach of land, doesn’t one realize that in each of us there is an