

"Indeed it is, Miss Adair," answered John, as he lifted his face to the exquisite sky, where the blending of colour was such as no painter need essay to reproduce. "It's a bonnie world. Do ye ken what I was thinking at the door just afore I saw ye come in?"

"No; tell me, John," said Adair, interestedly. She and John Fletcher were very close friends, and had many long talks together on subjects which interested them both.

"Well, I was just thinking what I daresay many another has thocht before me—that everything the Creator has made, and everything He touches, is good; and that it is only marred by the selfishness and the sin of the human beings that have wandered so far from the way in which He set them."

"'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,' eh, John?" quoted Adair, with a slight smile. "It is certain that there is a lot of needless pain and misery in the world that human beings could avert if they would only try."

"If there were mair like you, Miss Adair, it would be a bonnier and a happier world," said John. "But now, will you come in? Mary will not thank me for haudin' ye speaking oot here. She's not in her bed; but I just wonder whether she shouldna be. Whatever it be that ails her, she's no the woman she was."

He held open the cottage door for her, and she stepped into the wide, pleasant, low-ceiled kitchen where she had spent many a happy hour. When Mrs. Fletcher saw her she rose quickly from the depths of the big grandfather chair where she found rest passing sweet after the long hours of the day, for whose toil she was not now able.

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