

nest and the man-bird chirping an occasional sleepy assurance of guardianship beside her, Jack glances over his glasses and smiles at them and then he turns to me. So he did last night, and seeing me bending to my task of braiding pink ribbons over and under the rim of a great basket beside me, he bit his lip and flung at me:

“What’s all that about, Blessibus? It looks awfully fetching.”

And I answered merrily:

“You’re cheating, Jack. You promised not to look till it’s done. But it’s the bassinet, if you must know. Pink is for girls, Jack.”

And we are very happy, even when it is dark night and raining outside, for we know that beyond the rain and above the clouds,

“God’s in His heaven,
All’s right with the world.”

THE END