

Betsy and Percy and Mrs. Livermore for dinner (already invited) and then go down and talk to the children. Friday night — social evening. They had a lot of new records for the victrola, given by Mrs. Livermore, and I had to sit politely and listen to them. And, my dear — you'll think this funny — the last thing they played was "John Anderson, my joe John," and suddenly I found myself crying! I had to snatch up the nearest orphan and hug her hard, with my head buried in her shoulder, to keep them all from seeing.

John Anderson, my joe John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And monie a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my joe.

I wonder, when we are old and bent and tottery, can you and I look back, with no regrets, on monie a canty day we've had wi' ane anither? It's nice to look forward to, is n't it — a life of work and play and little daily adventures side by side with somebody you love? I'm not afraid of the future any more. I don't mind growing old with you, Sandy. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in."

The reason I've grown to love these orphans is because they need me so, and that's the reason — at least one of the reasons — I've grown to love you.