

of thoughtfulness a passing shadow which recalled the burdened past. After all, we cannot *quite* forget. Presently the sweet shrill tones of a child's voice came sounding in through the open door, and a chubby rosy-cheeked wee mai'an, with her hands filled with buttercups, came toddling in, followed by a substantial, well-dressed, comely figure marvellously like that of Nancy Thorburn. And so it was; for since the new reign had begun at the Girnelt, there were many comings and goings between it and Leerie Law.

"Guid day t'ye, Mary. Am I late? It's no easy gaun tea-drinkin' wi' sae mony beasts to look efter. I spent a guid hoor efter I was dressed huntin' a clockin' hen. They're perfect pests," she said laughing. "What a pet that bairn o' yours is! She was ower Balwhinnie Brae puin' buttercups an' lookin' for me."

"Ay, ye see Tibbie never saw them growin' by the roadsides afore;" answered Mary, with a smile and a tear; and while she ushered her visitor into the bedroom to take off her bonnet, Tibbie ran off to find her uncle and bring him in to tea. The women folk stayed so long chatting, after the manner of their kind, that when they again entered the kitchen the miller was in his seat at the table, with the bairn perched on her high chair beside him. It was an amusing and yet a touching thing to see the