

impatience o' youth. Mary and me have had our own to do with Robin. Indeed, there are times when we dinna ken what will be the next move."

Adair looked much interested. She knew very little about Robin Fletcher, although she had spoken with him several times in his father's house. He had always struck her, however, as being a young man of very strong character, and one with whom it would perhaps be somewhat difficult to get on; but one thing she had always admired in him—his perfect devotion to the woman who had stood so sweetly in the place of a mother to him, and also the marked and untiring respect he showed to John Fletcher himself. She had come to the correct conclusion that in the nature which displayed these two fine characteristics there could not be much amiss.

"There's something in the lad, Miss Adair, that I canna fathom," he said, thoughtfully; "a terrible determination. What he has in his mind we dinna ken, but we can partly guess, and it is as certain as I am sitting here now that he'll no bide long in Halliwell."

"You think he has great gifts, then?" asked Adair, more and more interested. "I have often looked at his face in church, and thought that it indicated something beyond the common; but I have never heard anything to justify it. Father says he is only a middling workman."

"That's quite true," said John; "but there are minds that take a long time to mature. Robin himself hardly knows what he would be after yet; the only thing he does ken is that there's something stronger than himself struggling within him. Mary and me have many an anxious thocht about him, Miss

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