

early
 ye of
 with
 aight
 bling
 vious,
 ne—
 t my
 ould

CHAPTER XLII

'WILL YOU COME TO US, MY CHILD?'

Take joy home,
 And make a place in thy great heart for her,
 And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
 Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
 When thou art working in the furrows, ay,
 Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
 It is a comely fashion to be glad—
 Joy is the grace we say to God.

JEAN INGELow.

'MOTHER, I have brought Joan!' Craig's clear voice quite resounded through the large, lofty room. Then a faint flush rose to Lady Merriton's cheek as she came forward with stately step to meet them.

'It is very good of you to come to me, my dear,' she said, as she kissed the girl kindly.

'I think the goodness is on your side, Lady Merriton'—in a low voice; 'you know I am always ready to come to you.' But Joan spoke with such evident nervousness and embarrassment, and the small white face looked so young and appealing, that Lady Merriton's good motherly heart responded at once.

'She looks tired, Craig; you had better bring her some tea.' But Joan negatived this very decidedly.

'I do not need any; Lord Merriton was so kind,