

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed the lady, half laughing, but with a sudden moisture in her brown eyes.

Captain Grey looked around the beautiful room.

"I'm inclined to believe that letter was properly directed and has reached its rightful destination," he said, thoughtfully. "Think of it, Mary—all these cosy, pretty rooms, and no one to occupy them but you and me, while there are so many such little homesick souls in the world! You have spoken of it before; but I was too selfishly contented to care about it. If I'm not 'the greatest heathen,' I have certainly been far enough from the sort of Christianity this book requires."

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Grey, with shining eyes, waiting for the conclusion of the matter.

"Shall I go to-morrow and bring this little midget home with me—for a visit, say—and see what will come of it?"

It did not occur to little Rue that the stranger she met in the hall the next day, and who had a long interview with the matron, could be of any possible interest to her small self, until she was summoned down stairs to see him.

"Would you like to go home with this gentle-