

you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in a paper, tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up.

"It might have been more prudent to stay till morning but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll. I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down, dark as pitch, while I was in the wildest bit of a road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, although when the storm that had been brewing broke out and pelted the rain in torrents, I was almost five miles, or maybe six, from home. I rode on as fast as I could. "But all of a sudden I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again I was answered.

"Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men, showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away.

"But once more I heard that cry; and said I, 'If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die.' I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me; and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom.

"It had slept there for over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"And one said, 'Nothing, now, I hope: what's that in your arms?'

"A poor lost child," says I. I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint; and I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of *my own child*, my little Dolly!

"It was my darling and none other, that I had picked up upon that drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet 'daddy' and doll, while her mother was at work; and Dolly, they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees, before them all.

"It is not much of a story; but I think of it often in the night, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

"It is much of a story. It is a story in which the great moral of the world's redemption lies wrapped up. It is a story which translates for us the deepest meaning of the Cross. In exposing his life to danger this man restored the life that was dearest to him. "He that loseth his life shall find it."—*The Mission Journal*.

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