
A Little Child shall lead Them

a foot of snow. Falling on his knees — it was years since Jake had assumed such an attitude—on the soft hay up near the rafters, he lifted his hands to heaven, and prayed as he had never prayed before. As he prayed a strange peace crept slowly over his stormy heart, indeed, the great wave of peace seemed to fill the cobweb-draped hay-loft, and Jake, remembering that the next day was Christmas Day, whispered in awed, breathless tones:

“It’s the little baby Christ coming to tell me Janey’ll get better.”

He rose from his knees and went into the house, wearing an expression of countenance such as Jane had never before seen him wear.

That evening a neighbour who had been into the post-office called and brought them the expected letter from India. The letter was written in Lavinia Millar’s clear, beautiful hand, and contained the joyful intelligence that Janey had fully recovered.

