
CHILD OF DESTINY

well. It was a clear, fresh night in summer. We had been married three months. Dave was a good man, and I loved him tenderly, loved him with a love that was strong and all-consuming. That night I waited long for him in the little log shanty down by the hill. The evening meal was ready—and he did not come. My heart had strange misgivings, but I trusted in God. The clock struck seven—eight. Another half hour ebbed away slowly. I grew desperate. Presently there was a rap at the door. The door flew open, and there stood your father.

“‘I come to bring you no good news, Mrs. Hawkins,’ said he. ‘Hurry! Dave is dying.’”

“‘Dave dying—great God!’ I cried. ‘What has happened?’”

“‘The poor fellow was on his way home this evening when a hungry wolf attacked him. He was defenceless, but he fought and struggled with his hands until he choked the animal to death. The wolf, however, inflicted dangerous wounds in the death struggle, and Dave has lost so much blood that he cannot live much longer.’”

“‘Where is he?’ I cried despairingly.

“‘Down in the forest, near the bend in the river. The night watchman came across him accidentally a half hour ago.’”

“‘Why did they not bring him home?’ I asked.