

heath, his attention was drawn towards a clump of furze bushes, by the faint cries of a child. Thinking that it might belong to some neighbour, had wandered from its home, and been overtaken by the storm, he hastened to the spot.

A little head suddenly appeared above the wet heather-bells, then as quickly disappeared, and all was again quiet. The frightened little one, on seeing a stranger approaching, nestled more closely into the cold bosom, on which she had slept, during the terrible tempest of the past night.

“Is it a child, or a fairy?” muttered the good man, as the apparition vanished into the earth.

“Here Towser!” whistling to his sheep dog, who followed close at his heels. “Find this stray lamb for thy master?”

The sagacious animal pounced upon the terrified child.

“Mamma! mamma!” screamed the frightened little one, as Rushmere tried to