

**THE LOST
CHILD, PP. 12-41**

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The lost child, pp. 12-41 by Henry Kingsley

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HENRY KINGSLEY

**THE LOST
CHILD, PP. 12-41**



"Looking eagerly across the water."

FRONT.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY
HENRY KINGSLEY.



"And there he stood, naked and free, on the forbidden ground."

ILLUSTRATED BY L. FRÖLICH.



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in his mouth ; I can see the long grey plains, broken with the outlines of the solitary volcanoes Widderin and Monmot. Ah, General Halbert ! I will go back there next year, for I am tired of England, and I will leave my bones there ; I am getting old, and I want peace, as I had it in Australia. As for the story you speak of, it is simply this :—

Four or five miles up the river from Garoopna stood a solitary hut, sheltered by a lofty bare knoll, round which the great river chafed among the boulders. Across the stream was the forest sloping down in pleasant glades from the mountain ; and behind the hut rose the plain four or five hundred feet overhead, seeming to be held aloft by the blue-stone columns which rose from the river-side.

In this cottage resided a shepherd, his wife, and one little boy, their son, about eight years old,—a strange, wild little bush child, able to speak articulately, but utterly without knowledge or experience of human creatures, save of his father and mother; unable to read a line; without religion of any sort or kind; as entire a little savage, in fact, as you could find in the worst den in your city, morally speaking, and yet beautiful to look on; as active as a roe, and, with regard to natural objects, as fearless as a lion.

As yet unfit to begin labour; all the long summer he would wander about the river bank, up and down the beautiful rock-walled paradise where he was confined, sometimes looking eagerly across the water at the waving forest boughs, and fancying he could

see other children far up the vistas beckoning to him to cross and play in that merry land of shifting lights and shadows.

It grew quite into a passion with the poor little man to get across and play there; and one day when his mother was shifting the hurdles, and he was handing her the strips of green hide which bound them together, he said to her,—

“Mother, what country is that across the river?”

“The forest, child.”

“There’s plenty of quantongs over there, eh, mother, and raspberries? Why mayn’t I get across and play there?”

“The river is too deep, child, and the Bunyip lives in the water under the stones.”



"Mother, what country is that across the river?"

