

with Mark Acton, and there is every chance the building will blow down on them."

"You don't say so!" cried Mr. Seymour, jumping up and beginning to wrap up, whilst his wife took little Mary in her arms and removed her snowy things. It had taken Mr. Emerson nearly half an hour to come the distance which he could usually traverse in ten minutes, and he was very much exhausted.

"Take some hot coffee before starting," said Mr. Seymour; "it will save you time in the end, by putting fresh strength into you"—advice which the master thought it well to follow.

It was very fortunate that two strong, burly farmers had sheltered themselves from the violence of the storm at the Parsonage; their weary horses were put into the sleighs again, and in a quarter of an hour the whole party of men were on their way to the school. But they found it very much harder work than Mr. Emerson had done; the storm raged more furiously than ever, sweeping the snow in the faces of themselves and their horses with blinding force. Trees were falling round them on all sides, rushing and