

of her nose was cold, and it was so warm to lie covered with blankets. If she summoned courage to throw them back it would be dreadfully cold, so she lay still with her eyes half-closed.

Suddenly a sound, which came faintly to her ears, caused her to sit bolt upright in bed. It was a soft pattering against the window-pane. Could it be snow? She could not tell for a minute, but by dint of rubbing her eyes vigorously and winking and blinking for a few moments she discovered that tiny white flakes were falling upon the window; there was already quite a little bank of snow on the sill, and when Minnie saw it her heart sank. She rose slowly, and sighed two or three times as she dressed, not thinking now of the cold, but of the winter which was before her and the struggle which it would bring.

For Minnie's father was a Canadian lumberman, and every year, as soon as the winter set in, he left his home in the town and hastened to his log-hut in the woods, there to remain cutting down trees and splitting the wood ready for the market until the snow was gone and the spring came again. In former years Minnie had been left under the care of an