

seemed marvellous that the snow could have fallen in such quantities ; but it was not so much the quantity as the way in which it drifted which caused the difficulty and risk.

The wind was very high, and beat on Mr. Emerson's back with icy chilliness. As he got near to the snake fence leading from the school-house to the road, he began to wonder whether Widow Lawrence's would not be nearer than Mr. Seymour's ; but then he remembered he could get no help there, which was what he wanted, so he stuck to his first idea. It seemed to him that already he had been some hours struggling through the drift without making much way, when the snow began to fall ; then he noticed a well which he knew was close to Mr. Seymour's ; this cheered his heart. Weary and almost exhausted, he struggled on, and in a few minutes reached the Parsonage door in safety.

"Mr. Seymour," he exclaimed, as he entered the small parlour with his snowy burden, "we must go off to the school-house at once, if you can come. I have left four of the children there