

now for two days, and it has all the vigour of youth yet. We Canadians know what snow-storms are. I have been lost in a snow-storm, and so I ought to know something about them. And yet, I have no hesitation in saying that this is a fiercer storm than any I remember. It is every way, in intensity and in duration of intensity, the very worst. I went to sleep on Sunday night with half-pleasant intentions of a drive of twenty-five miles on Monday. For when I drove home to my little cottage from afternoon service at the neighbouring village of Markham, an hour's distance, the beaten snow in the roadway was as smooth as a pavement. And I thought to myself that even if I had to drive so far to a public meeting on the next evening, yet with such roads the discussion of the great question of Narrow *vs.* Broad-gauge Railways might safely be postponed until the spring thaw. But I awoke before daybreak, and—how or why I know not—there came into my mind a sort of half-recollection that there had been in the air of the evening before that dim feeling of something else being there which so often turns out to be snow. And when I awoke again, at daybreak, it did turn out to be snow. And wind, too—wind and snow. And now it is growing late on Tuesday, and they are still here. And the wind howls down the chimney. And the snow has been busy blocking up the windows, so that I can see only through patches of the panes. And every now and then a blast that seems fiercer than any before it carries a drift full against the darkened windows, and for the moment I can hardly see the paper. From where I sit I see the road, and there have been four living beings on it, and no more, since Sunday. Yesterday a poor cow, that had strayed from some barn-yard, followed by her calf, floundered through the snow until she came to the pine that grows by the gate, and there she took shelter and stood between her calf and the wind, until hunger drove her onward. And this morning two boys struggled, with shouting, through the drifts.

And so I say, "Aha! it's a good thing to be on the inside." Here, in my carpeted, curtained and cushioned study; here, in the room that is known as "*my room*," the fire is puffing and crackling, the water on the little shining stove is singing a low song and steaming gently away the wood-box is full-piled, and there need be no stint of fuel; my writing-table, which I had to move because of the snow-choked windows, is brought a little nearer to the fire, and all that keeps in my mind the outer bleakness is the hearing of the wind in the cavernous chimney, and the seeing of the snow piled close against the panes. It is strange that these two links with the outer wretchedness are just what binds me more closely to my comfort. They do not make the comfort greater, and yet,

with
the s
is.
situ
jectu
Un
phase
ordina
outsid
my m
part o
not in
self in
For th
This r
though
and B
had the
the sar
School
lie at th
began i
of Papa
at, but
It is
ten. I
not feel
tifiable i
out of th
of the be
world wi
much to
Time spe
is time v
waited un
humour
indulgence
difference
sterner m
sciousness
the exte