

Mr. Emerson had closed the door and stood leaning against his desk, whilst the rest of the children looked on inquiringly. He thought for some minutes, but do what he would he could not think of anything which was not connected with snow accidents. He remembered having heard the winter before of a poor dog having been frozen as it was trying to get to a place of shelter, and being found in the morning stiff and stark, with one little paw raised in a last effort. He remembered having heard of a whole school lost in the snow on their way home the winter before, which had been unusually severe. He had himself been paying some New Year's calls on the very day when the storm was at its worst, and did not forget what the difficulties had been, even in a town, in forcing his way through the high drifts in that storm.

Such were the only tales which would come to him, and as he by no means wished to alarm his scholars, he kept them to himself; but story-telling was impossible. He was just about to say so when the school-house door was opened, and a man entered in full winter dress, with his cap