

"I must," said Marian. "But I shall be back soon with father—just think, Flossie, father! He calls you his brave little girl; be brave now; and oh, darling, you may call for help, but keep very still. Now see me run." And off Marian flew like a bird. Home was the nearest house. Could she reach there and bring help in time? She dared not think, but flew on till she reached their own door, where, oh, joy! she met papa just coming out. He had come home to lunch and finding that his little girls had not arrived was starting to meet them. Marian dropped at his feet, gasping out: "Oh, papa, papa, Flossie is sinking in the big drift. She is nearly gone." Mr. Ray carried her into the house, seized the big wooden shovel which stood always ready for use in the hall, and in less than two minutes had reached the drift. He had not come too soon. Flossie's arms were now up in the air and she was holding her head back to keep her mouth clear. Just as Mr. Ray touched the drift the snow fell from behind and Flossie was buried completely. But in one minute she was out and safe in warm, strong arms, and next thing she was in the snug little dining-room at home, with her arms around mother's neck.

"It was my fault," she sobbed. "I was naughty to run away from Marian, but my copy-