

ate ravenously. They gave him new life. A half-hour's rest, and he was on his way.

But what is this in the trail? His pole struck something hard, and, stooping down, he found it to be a can of fruit. At one side was a log from some cabin. Surprise acted as an anesthetic upon Vincent's brain. He could not think the worst. He wondered vaguely what it meant. Then he found ore-sacks, a shovel, a pan, and, thrown on the low boughs of a hemlock a child's pink apron.

Hardly breathing, except in heavy gasps, not daring to think on what was before him, he rushed on over the now smooth ground toward the cabin site. He found it, but, alas! little beside. An avalanche had swept over it and left it a ruin. The end of the cabin, built against the mountain, was not entirely destroyed, but thrown sidewise, and rested on part of its own wreck. A section of the broken roof lay in front.

He found the lower bunk not destroyed and seemingly undisturbed. Mamie's doll and Alice's hood lay on it, and two little gowns tucked in at the head, had now slipped down close to the logs; but nowhere was any sign of the family.

Vincent went outside and called and was answered only by an echo. He followed down the smooth track of the slide, calling and hallooing at every step.

Hesitating once, and straining his ears to catch some answer to his cries, he heard a faint voice from the direction of the tunnel dump.

He listened. "Here," it said. He called again. "I am here, Dick," answered the voice, as if expecting help.

He hurried on in the direction of the sound. In a moment he was at the place, digging the snow away with his bare hands.

"Is that you, Dick?"

"Yes, Alice."

"O Dick! I was sure God would not let me die here all alone. I've been praying to Him," and Alice's pale, pinched face smiled gratefully. "I thought your steps were Will's, and then, dear Dick, I heard your voice. How good God is!"

Tears wet the man's weather-stained, blistered cheeks now. He could not speak. Loosening her from the wreck of the cabin, he clasped her in his arms. The movement gave her acute pain and she fainted. One of her limbs was broken, and her body was crushed and lacerated.

He hastened with his burden to the part of the cabin that was still standing and laid Alice on her own bed. Her hands were very cold, and he covered her with blankets to ward off the chill of death. As he did this her eyelids slowly lifted, just as the door into a dying chamber is softly opened sometimes, that you may take the last long look that must suffice to eternity.

"It has taken them all," she said, after a long silence, while great tears ran fast down her wan cheeks. "Dick, I thought it was the Judgment, and that the earth was being destroyed; and it was only my poor little world, after all!"

"Can you tell me about it, dear?" he asked.

Another long pause followed, her eyes closed, while occasionally she compressed her lips as if to overcome pain.

By-and-by she said: "It came when we were all so happy, Dick. I was cooking batter cakes for dinner, to please the children, and I was expecting Will, and knew how hungry he'd be. Mamie was watching for him that moment at the door, with her little pink apron over her head; and Charley"—a shudder passed over her—"Charley was opening one of those cans of maple syrup that you gave us, Dick. He put a little brown finger down in the first crack he made, and lifted it to me, with such a bright look in his lovely dark eyes—shall I ever forget it?" Her face contracted in agony.

"He never put that finger to his lips. That moment the crash came, and the light of my boy's face and all the world seemed to go out together. I didn't hear a cry. Everything seemed to be breaking, as if the mountains were falling upon us, and then I was half buried, as you found me."

"When I knew I couldn't rise, I called and called for Mamie and Charley, but no answer; and then I heard your voice. God sent you, Dick!"

She lifted her hand and passed it lovingly over his sunburned face.

"We were getting on so well," she continued. "I had saved three hundred dollars of my own, Dick, that Will took with him to put in the bank."

Richard Vincent shuddered.

"It was very precious; and now—the earth seemed so valueless!"

The young man knelt by the bed and buried his face in the blankets, while his whole form shook with sobs. Never before had it seemed possible that he could be helpless in the presence of suffering. Mamie or Charley could have done as much as he for dying Alice.

To move her was an impossibility, and to go for help was to leave the delicate sister to meet death alone.

She held fast to one of his hands, her slender fingers clinging round one of his larger ones. Her expressive blue eyes were fixed on the logs above her head.

There were no more tears now. "Dick," she exclaimed, joyfully, "they are coming nearer—my little ones. Oh, the world's storms cannot separate us!"

As she spoke, another slide went thundering down the cañon. The small fingers clung a little tighter, but the womanly lips smiled.

"I can never be afraid again, dear," she whispered. "I have heard the sound of destruction, and the storms of life have spent themselves upon my poor heart. What have I to fear now?"

The eyes closed again, and two big tears found their way slowly down the cheeks—not sad tears, but drops of unshed sorrow that must be left to the world.

"Dick, I feel so strange—such peace! They are coming, dear!"

Then the angel of the resurrection gathered together, from the summit to the bottom of the terrible cañon, the broken family ties and held them tenderly in his hands.

There was never a grander funeral than the one at the Snowstorm that day, and never a jewel held in a fairer casket than that which Dick cut in solid whiteness for Alice!

It was down near the storehouse, in the shelter of protecting rocks, and, as he laid the beloved sister in the spotless grave, he placed the little pink apron on her bosom—thus to rest until the trails were open in the spring.

Looking down at the pure, upturned face, the loneliness and horror of the day seemed suddenly to vanish, and some words from an old book came back to Dick's memory:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

LAURA B. MARSH.

Day is Dying in the West.

Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Day is dying in the west;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets our evening lamps alight
Thro' all the sky.

Chorus.—Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
O Lord most High!

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.—*Ch.*

While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend.—*Ch.*

When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise
And shadows end.—*Ch.*

Antwerp Cathedral.

Here as I enter with uncovered head,
And gaze in awe upon the stately pile
That loving hands and cunning skill erewhile
Slow builded as the ages quickly sped,
I see a mighty throng, whose silent tread
No longer echoes through the vaulted aisle,
As from the twilight of the past they file,
By the sweet influence of the mild Christ led.

Here is the savage strength of warriors bold:
Here priests and prelates proud from victories won;
Here march with pomp the hosts of chivalry:
And then that nameless multitude I see,
Who, full of care, here prayed at set of sun,
With loving faith, more rich than proffered gold.

The Minister's Cow.

It was necessary to get a cow for our baby. Then began a hunt. My first discovery was that most farmers in our section virtually kept but one cow. Oh, certainly, there would be a herd of cattle—a dozen or fifteen, perhaps. But it would be like this: Mr. Ecks would sell me a cow. I went into his yard at milking time, walked past several that would give two or three quarts at a milking, two or three that would give six at their utmost when fresh, stopped at one which had the true milker's marks, and could be depended on to be a four-gallon cow, and asked her price. The answer was, "I shouldn't want to sell that one." At Mr. Wye's, when I made my pick of the only cow it would really pay to keep, the answer was, "That's the only thing on the place that I won't sell." I soon found that, on numerous farms, the one cow had to keep up the reputation of the herd. There would be two or three who were a tolerable second to her. The others were such as would have demoralized the best ledger that ever was invented, if their food had been entered on the "Dr." side and the milk expected to balance the account.

Autumn was fast coming on, and developed this further fact, that great numbers of cows were already half starved. There had been a drouth, but the full number had been kept in the dry pastures, nothing fed to them, and what didn't grow they had to do without. I went to see one man who had "a fresh Jersey" to sell for forty dollars. She was standing, thin as a rail, and very melancholy, in a wretched, scrubby lot. Near her was a pretty heifer, a little more forlorn. The owner said, "That's a three-year-old. She came in a while ago, but pasture's been rather short, and she hasn't done very well. I cut off a piece of her tail the other day to freshen her up a bit!" Poor, little cow! Trying to give milk without food, and when she failed under the strain, afforded the stimulus of an amputation as a substitute for something to eat.

Another man told me, not long after, "My whole herd ain't giving so as one cow ought to." I asked him if he had tried feeding bran or anything when the pasture began to fail. He answered, "No; perhaps it would have been worth while." In fact, here were hundreds of cattle starting in to what proved a hard, cold winter, half starved to begin with. Such a herd would eat every scrap of a great barn full of hay, give no milk worth speaking of the season through, and come out lean and wretched in the spring. It is a question if a cow ever fully recovers from one spell of starvation.

Next "the farrer cow" put in an appearance. She was for sale on every hand. Twenty-five dollars would buy her. She would give from a gallon to six quarts a day, and her great recommendation was the splendid frame of bones to lay meat on, for sale in the spring. Certainly, if ever meat was needed, it was there. Out-door exercise agreed with her, and after snow was on the ground, you would see her standing on the solitary hillside, under a leafless tree, where a placard was tacked up advertising "Pure, Raw Bone," while she mused upon the mysteries of civilization.

Then came recommendations of certain cows which "don't seem to have much bag, but when you begin to milk them the milk comes." I am ready to testify that it doesn't come. A good cow, like a good business man, will have some visible assets. If she has much milk, she will have a place to keep it in. She should have a good, generous udder, which is shapely after milking, its four sections keeping separate individuality and maintaining the "square" formation. If it all falls together, like an old glove, she may have any amount of indorsements, but she won't have milk. At length, I heard of "a staving good cow," that belonged to a doctor, who however asked "an awful price" for her—fifty dollars. I went to see her; a great, stately Shorthorn, mottled red and white, with just a dash of native blood from the "old Beck stock." She had the short horns of her race; head and limbs small for her size and finely formed; large, soft, kind eyes; deep chest and body, with milk veins as large as her halter rope; and a bag with seven teats, five of which give milk. It seemed as if Nature had tried to double the ordinary milking capacity, and almost succeeded. She—that is the cow, not Nature—had meat on her ribs; her hide was loose, her coat like velvet. She had never