

erous screams, madly eager to outdo everybody else.

'Take 'em opposite, where the lady was took!' urged the crowd.

'Yes, yes! Bring them to my house,' said a peremptory voice, and, with his grizzled locks flying, and his face alight with excitement, Dr. Clavering, looking twenty years younger, led the way.

It was some hours before the fire was fairly got under, hours during which Eddy slept peacefully in Dody's nursery.

'Wake up, little boy! It's breakfast time!' Somebody shook Eddy's shoulder, and he opened his startled eyes. 'The little girl opposite' was peering down at him.

'Oh, it's you!' Eddy yawned, then he added, 'I 'spose we're personally 'quainted, now? Oh, and where's the White Prince?' Through the half-open door waddled the cockatoo, twice his usual size, so ruffled with pleasure was he to answer for himself.

What a morning that was for Dody, wild with important delight; and what days followed for the childish pair now personally acquainted. Miss Scrove and Eddy, burnt out, remained as the doctor's guests for many weeks. Indeed, the poor lady could not help herself, being severely ill from shock. After she grew well, the doctor still insisted on her remaining until a new house, instead of the blackened ruin opposite, could be got. Thus the winter sped by, and people began to hint that the doctor wanted to keep his guests for good.

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The dull, grey weather has departed. The smiling spring comes in leaps and bounds. Eddy, ruddy and strong, goes every day to the preparatory school in the next street; and Dody trots off to Kindergarten round the corner; while the White Prince scolds over their departure, and welcomes, with mad joy, their return. Lastly, Aunt Sophy has quite given up looking for a new house, seeing there has been a quiet wedding, and the little lady fills, more fittingly, even Mrs. Pink allows, Dody's old place as head of the doctor's table.—M. B. Manwell.

The Rope in the Blizzard.

(Edward A. Rand in 'Christian Observer'.)

They stood together in the door of the Vaughan barn, and all around them was the wide winter prairie, white as if carpeted with the whitest of fleeces of wool.

'It looks pretty wintry,' observed Harry, a boy from the east, visiting at his grandfather's prairie farm.

John, the hired man, nodded his head.

Then in silence the two watched from the barn door the stainless surface of this winter land. 'You have a lot of snow here,' remarked the boy.

John, the silent, nodded his head again.

Suddenly a voice about one hundred feet away called them pleasantly.

'Prayers! grandmother wants us,' said Harry. 'She is at the door.'

John, the silent, did not even nod his head. He looked like a post.

'Don't you go in?' asked Harry.

'N-no!' was the post's gruff answer.

'I think I will go.' Harry moved away as he was speaking. 'Grandmother says that prayer is like the rope behind the door, for there's no telling how much you may need it.'

'Guess I can be my own rope,' called out John.

When Harry passed into the house, he glanced at the rope behind the door. His grandmother had told him its possible use, that there had been snow-storms so blind-

ing that the path of one hundred feet between the house and the barn was wiped out in the confusing cloud of snow, and a rope stretching out from the house was a good guide.

'I told your grandfather,' said the old lady, 'that I should feel safer about him this winter if he would keep a rope behind the door. He smiled and said he would do it to please me. He is a very kind man, your grandfather is, to do it to please his wife. I may be foolish, but I look upon that rope as on prayer; there's no telling how much you may need it.'

Harry now entered the living-room. He remembered the prayers offered that morning with peculiar interest.

His grandfather was not very well. His voice was low and feeble, and he touchingly prayed that the Saviour might be a hiding-place in the time of every storm.

After prayers Harry went out again to the barn. Only the cattle were there.

'John,' he called, going the length of the building.

The wind moaning about the barn gave the only answer.

Then Harry came back to the barn and looked along the line of the road leading to the nearest market town. He saw a black dot on the white snow.

'That's John,' he said, 'going off with the team.'

When he returned to the house, he reported John's probable journey to market.

'Yes,' said Grandfather Vaughan, feebly, coughing at intervals. 'John thought—he had better g-g-go, but I told him he had better not. It may snow.'

'I know you did,' said Grandmother Vaughan. 'I heard you say it. John is purty wilful. He likes his own way.'

Harry thought of John's words that he 'guessed he could be his own rope.'

A little after this Harry noticed in the north-west a dark cloud. When he first saw it, it had the form of a semi-circle. The cloud grew. It stretched into the sky overhead. The sun's light was quenched in the big spreading cloud.

'What is that cloud for?' asked Harry.

'That means snow,' said his grandmother. 'I have been watching it from the window. I wish John were at home.'

'Do you think much snow is coming, grandmother?'

'I can't say, but that cloud looks as if it had a good many bags of white feathers to empty on the earth.'

The mercury was falling, too. Finally, grandfather said, 'Prissy, I-I-f-e-e-l cold.'

'I don't wonder you do, Jotham,' replied grandmother. 'There's a change in the weather. I'll start up the fire. My!' she said, here glancing out of the window, 'if snow isn't here already!'

The air was crowded with little white ships all seeking harbor down on the earth. The wind, too, was quite noisy. The storm went on. The mercury kept falling. The snow thickened, and though so white, darkened all the rooms. The forenoon went somberly.

'I wish John were here!' murmured the old lady.

'Perhaps he may have come back to the barn. It is some hours since he started. I'll go out to the barn,' said Harry.

'Run the rope out,' said grandmother. 'Here, I'll show ye!' She took down the rope from its nail. 'Now I'll tie one end to the door-knob. Take the other end in your hand, Harry.'

'Oh, I know where the barn is, though I can't see it.'

'Tain't the barn you'll be helped by this to find, but the house when you come back.

Tell me, where is the barn, would you say?'

'It is there,' and he pointed with his finger.

'No,' said the old lady, 'it is there. Go in that direction. Take the rope with you. When you get to the barn, you holler.'

Off into the big cloud of snow went Harry.

Soon grandmother heard a voice, 'All right!' Then she went into the house.

Harry found that his grandmother was right about the location of the barn; he reached it by following the path she pointed out. He went through the building calling to John, 'Are you here? John, you here! John-n-n-n!'

No answer came to his eager questioning. 'I think I will go back,' concluded Harry.

Not an inch of the house could be seen, but the rope safely guided him.

Hark! What did he hear?

'Help-p-p-p!' was it? It sounded like that.

Brave old grandmother, she had come to the door to look after somebody else; for she was re-tying the rope to the door-knob, and more surely.

'Goin' agin?' she asked.

'Hark! Don't you hear somebody, grandmother?'

'Help-p-p-p!'

'My, Harry! There's somebody in trouble. Oh, do look out. It is as much as I can do to stand here. The wind is spiteful.'

'You watch me from the window,' suggested Harry, in a very important tone of advice, for he felt that he was the man of the house now, and everything depended on him. 'The window is a safe place for you.'

Grandmother said nothing, but smiled, and off strode Harry into the snow-cloud. What a tumult of wind and snow and how cold it was, for the cold seemed a part of the commotion. He turned after he had gone a few feet and looked at the farm house window.

'There is grandfather; and grandmother too, I suppose is watching me. Can't seem to make her out. Good for them that they have got somebody to stand by them.'

As he moved out in the direction of the cries for help, he uttered in tones as stentorian and impressive as possible, 'Coming! coming!' He quickly lost sight of the farm house, and could see nothing but snow—snow—snow!

Soon he became aware that he was once more seeing an object that was not snow. It was darkish, it was—was—was—a horse—a sleigh—a man—John!

'Ho! that you, John?'

'Yes; jest about beat out. If I ain't glad to see ye. You know—wher-er the barn is?'

'No, but I know where the house is. See!' Harry held up the rope.

'Good! Now I'm about friz through. The hoss is gin out. I dunno whether to leave and git help. I wish there was two of ye,' said John.

'Don't you folks want some help?' said a pleasant voice.

A rather large, irregular object here hove in sight, and it turned to be—who?

'Why, grandmother!' exclaimed Harry.

Yes; grandmother in grandfather's hat!

That was help enough, for grandmother was a woman of considerable strength. The horse and John reached the respective quarters of shelter, and so did Harry and his grandmother. All day the storm raged about the house on the prairie.

Toward evening grandfather said, 'We've much to be grateful for, and we want to thank God for his mercies. I don't know as you want to stop—to stop—with us!'