

He saw that the fateful drowsiness was already stealing upon her. Oh, what could he do? He must keep her awake until they could make one more effort to find safety. Still he chafed her hands; he struck the little cold face, the darling face he loved, to keep consciousness alive. He knew at last that she loved him: he had been so poor, and he had a fear of her, she was so beautiful, but he held her now: after all, what did it matter that they would die? Doubtless it was better so; he would never bring pain to her; she would never cry because of him.

Their lips pressed together had no warmth, but their eyes spoke undying love, one to the other.

"Does it matter so much, my Robert, that we shall die? It is good to be dead. For never again can space separate us. Soon we will hasten away on this great wind, and it will not be cold for us, although our bodies are frozen here in the snow. Look up. Do you not see the stars shining away above the storm? We will be there soon—with the great God."

The drowsiness was stealing upon his own senses. "Yes, little wife, that will be best; are you cold, darling? There; there; we will go to sleep soon."

But a dark object came bounding to their feet.

"It is Hero," said Cecile, sleepily—"good dog—I guess you barked and Martha let you out;" but the dog caught her dress and would draw her away. Seeing which, a great hope came to the soul of the man. "Cecile," he cried, shaking her, "has the dog not come for you?"

"Yes, I suppose so; good dog: send him away," pettishly, as the dog pulled fiercely at her dress. "Let me stay here; it is warm, and out there the storm is; make him go away."

"But," he said, speaking bravely and clearly, "think of the little

house which shall be ours in the dear old town, Cecile. The warm fire lighting up the room, and you and I together there—think of the garden when summer shall come again, the soft sunlight, the long shadows and the tall lilies. I planted them for you, Cecile, long ago—and you walking between them, coming to meet me in the evening. Let us make haste. That is better than to be dead, is it not?"

She smiled faintly, and made one brave effort to escape the drowsiness. He lifted her in his arms and followed the dog out into the storm. But it seemed that the wind had in some measure abated. He could see more clearly. Still, with his light burden, he made slow progress. But at length, God be thanked, there was a light. They came nearer and nearer, he speaking cheerily to Cecile, striving to keep her awake; but she answered him only with a slow murmur, asking to sleep. The dog led them toward the light. There was an open door, and a woman standing with a light behind her, and toward her the dog bounded, barking gladly. The man came out of the storm with his dear burden, and stood before the waiting Martha, whose eyes were wild with mad fear and anxiety. Seeing Cecile at last, she could only gasp "Is she—is she alive?" but she seized the girl without waiting for a reply and bore her within, Robert following her. She laid Cecile upon her own bed, fearing to take her at once into the heat, and went for cold water. Presently she came to Robert, who was waiting without, anxiously, yet hopefully, and said, "She will be all right; but now ye just go in thar," pointing to the spare room—"and I'll fetch ye enough cold water to thaw ye out. Ye can tell me all about things in the mornin'."