

"Never mind my dress; let us hurry on before the storm comes. I wish that *habitant* would come along now; bad as is his old horse, it would carry us faster than our feet."

"Don't be alarmed," said Frank; "there's nothing to be scared of in a snow storm; in fact, I wouldn't wish for better fun."

We were now arrived at the house, and, having tackled our horses and settled with the *bonnefemme*, took our leave in great haste.

The wind had risen considerably and the snow was commencing to whirl around like wildfire. Mr. Bickell took the lead, and we followed in single file.

"How very suddenly this storm has come on," said Emma; "I was so busily engaged watching the sap that I never thought of looking up at the sky. It seems such a pity that our day's enjoyment should be so unexpectedly brought to a close. Who ever saw such a storm in the month of April?"

We had driven for about half-an-hour when I looked around to see how our friends in the rear were fighting the elements. I shouted to Mr. Bickell to halt, that our rear guard was not visible. We then turned back, and I, taking the lead, went in search of our friends. The wind seemed to be blowing from the four quarters of the globe, and snow flakes of enormous dimensions were angrily flying hither and thither.

"What's that in the hedge," said Emma.

At the same time, Mr. Bickell cried out, "Oh! there are some of them entrapped in the hedge."

It was impossible to distinguish their features, but the voice of Arthur was audible. Mr. Bickell and I went to extricate them, and found Clara up to her armpits in snow, and Arthur, who was nearly as bad, endeavoring to get her out. The horse had run into the hedge and upset in the drift. After a great deal of trouble, we succeeded in

rescuing the poor unfortunates, and then dug the horse out.

"How on earth did you manage to get into such a fix?"

"Oh, you may depend it was not done on purpose," said Arthur. "It's pretty hard to see where one is going when the snow is so blinding."

"Well, it's a good thing we came back to look for you," said young Bickell.

"Yes, indeed. We might have been frozen to death."

"Where are Willie and Frank?" I asked.

"Oh, goodness knows. Probably in the same predicament in which you found us," said Arthur.

"No, they're not. I fancy I hear bells—listen!"

"I do, I'm sure," said Clara. "They cannot be far off."

The sound of bells became more distinct, and in about five minutes we saw two dark objects which, on nearer approach, proved to be the sleighs of Willie and Frank.

"Well, old fellows, how have you fared?"

"Oh, pretty well. Only got snowed up twice and lost one of the buffalo robes."

"I hope you've got the sugar bags," said Arthur.

"Oh, yes, Katy held on to those like grim death."

Arthur related his misfortunes, which caused a great deal of laughter.

Mr. Bickell then suggested that the wisest thing we could do would be to make for the nearest dwelling, and wait there until the storm moderated. To attempt to go into town was folly, and might very likely result in something more serious than an upset.

We were all very happy to act upon Mr. Bickell's suggestion, as we quite endorsed all he said, and did not feel at all inclined for a repetition of what we had experienced thus far. So we started for the first dwelling, and had not gone far when we pulled up at a