

of having absorbed as much moisture as they could hold ; but the station was now in view, and as I should be in good time, I could get them dried.

Alas ! again, for the vanity of human hopes. At the end of that field there was no friendly gap in the hedge. There was, moreover, a considerable pond of water, into which I must have soused had I attempted to force my way through. There was nothing for it but to try the hedge higher up.

On, on, on I went—what a good hedge it was !—till, growing impatient, I made a gap as best I could, and came without much damage into a ploughed field on the other side. I need not describe that field. But at last I got to the station, over my ankles in clay, a great deal warmer than I should have thought it possible to get on that rimy morning, and I was, to crown all, behind time !

"Where is the train ?" I asked.

"Now, due, sir," said the policeman, looking, I fancied, as if he knew how I had been served out.

Happily the train was behind, and I should not lose my journey. A minute later and I should have been guilty of trespassing and suffered all my misadventures for nothing. I could have walked the road in less time and with less fatigue. Nobody then would have had the right to call me in question. No visions of possible penalties, no consciousness that I was doing a wrong thing, would have worried me. In the Queen's highway I should have been free ; on forbidden ground I was in bondage. "You won't catch me trespassing any more," I thought to myself.

The right way is the only safe and pleasant way. It is narrow and not without its difficulties, but it is the King's highway, and we can walk in it without fear. "Who can harm us if we be followers of that which is good ?" A clear conscience is a wonderful helper in a tiresome journey.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"How far this little candle throws its beams !
So shines a good deed in this naughty world."

IN the great snowstorm of January, 188—, many serious accidents, and doubtless also many wonderful escapes occurred. One of these came under the notice of the writer, and as the circumstances happened to a personal friend, they may be related just as simply as they were told, with the certainty that they are true.

The friend in question was at the time residing about two miles from the town of B—, and had that afternoon walked in to attend a meeting in connection with the Sunday-school to which he belonged, and in which he took a deep interest. He did not start for home till after dark, and by that time the snow was falling thickly, and a strong wind was blowing, which caused it to drift rapidly, and added much to the intensity of the cold.

"I wouldn't attempt to go home to-night, W—,"

said a friend to him ; "it really is not safe." Another said, half in jest, "I've a good mind to lay hold of you and not let you go." But he was determined (knowing the alarm which his family would feel if he did not come) to attempt the journey. He found, however, before he had gone far, that he had undertaken a harder task than he had imagined, or indeed could have been imagined. The wind was dead against him and drove the snow into his face and eyes, so that he could scarcely see, or even breathe. He managed, however, to make some headway by tacking and going sideways, as long as his track was along the high road ; but he soon had to turn into a narrower road, which led to the village in which he resided.

At first it seemed a little relief not to have to face the terrible drive of that bitter north wind, and to have it only at the side. But this relief was delusive. He found it more difficult to struggle against the side wind than against a head wind, and he soon began to feel exhausted. However, he thought he could not be far from home now, and plucking up his courage at the thought he pressed on.

But soon another terror came upon him. He knew by the lapse of time that he ought to be at his house ; but it was nowhere to be seen, and stopping to look around he found himself in a trackless waste of snow. No road, no friendly hedge rose ; no trees even in sight to tell him where he was. The terrible dread rushed upon him that he had lost his way, and that instead of being on the road for home he had been this last half-hour, perhaps more, wandering he knew not whither.

Still he would not give in. Lifting up his heart to God with an earnest cry for help, he tried to make out where he was, and at last dimly descried, as he thought, the trees of a plantation not far from his home. He strove to reach these, sometimes falling over obstacles hidden by the snow, sometimes stumbling into deep drifts from which he could extricate himself only with great difficulty ; the snow beating against him, and the bitter wind chilling him to the bone.

At last he reached them, but, alas ! they were not the trees he thought. But their shelter was pleasant, and for a moment he leant against the trunk of one of the largest, and gratefully enjoyed the feeling of relief from the incessant and chilling strife of the wind. A few seconds more and the relief which he so enjoyed would have ended in insensibility and death. In time to save him, the consciousness of this rushed into his mind, and summoning all his resolution he tore himself away from the treacherous shelter, and began again the struggle against snow, wind, and cold, his strength almost exhausted, his power of resistance gradually growing weaker. But he felt he must keep on. His wife, his children ! Even now they must be in an agony of suspense, but how much worse the reality if he should perish ! God helping him, therefore, he resolved to strive to the very last.

"Man's extremity," says the old proverb, "is God's opportunity." At least it was so in his case. When