

## HIGGINS—A MAN'S CHRISTIAN

he was then intent upon the sermon for the evening; but beyond—even trudging through these tempered places—he has forgotten what occurred. The lumber-jacks found him at last, lying in the snow near the cook-house; and they carried him to the bunk-house, and put him to bed, and consulted concerning him. "The Pilot's an almighty sick man," said one. Another prescribed: "Got any whiskey in camp?" There was no whiskey—there was no doctor within reach—there was no medicine of any sort. And the Pilot, whom they had taken from the snow, was a very sick man. They wondered what could be done for him. It seemed that nobody knew. There was nothing to be done—nothing but keep him covered up and warm.