

As she passed round the corner of the house with a dish of corn in her hands the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble weeds went flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity; then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and carried along mile after mile until some fence or other obstacle was reached where they could pile up in great drifts and wait until a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling all the way back. But Lindy did not notice the tumble weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hands and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire with forked flames darting high into the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief this bright, changing spectacle from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight towards them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water she laid a large bag in each, and then getting some matches hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back-fire in such a wind.

She fully realised the danger, but it was a possible escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the circle around house and barn; still, if she hurried too much she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things. The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached

the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half-terrible, half-beautiful scene. The tongues of flame leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together. For one brief glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with their fierce hot tongues; then, suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass. The fire on each side meeting no obstacle swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing spell-bound after it as it darted and flashed in terrible zig-zag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort she sank, faint, dizzy, and trembling upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by-and-by colour began to return to the white face, and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

But when, a half-hour later, her father found her fast asleep with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face, he looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hard, brown hand—"a brave girl! God bless her!"

From St. Nicholas.

THE EYE OF FAITH.

THE other day I took my seat in a railway carriage by the side of an old man, who, as I presently observed, was blind. Upon his asking me some questions, I fell into conversation with him, and was saddened by the story of his life, and how he became blind. His sun went down while it was yet the hey-day of boyhood with him. In the midst of his frolics when a lad, he burst into the kitchen, overturned a vessel of boiling water, and was so badly scalded that his life was despaired of. He was restored to life, but not light.