

a minute after the runners of our sleighs struck a firm, hard-beaten road—we were on the town trail. Though the blizzard still raged as furiously as before, our danger was over, for the drifting snow did not lodge on the hard-beaten trail, the horses were sure of their footing, and the force of the storm was on their side, instead of in front of them.

We did not stop again till we were at the house door at the farm, and were very thankful to be safely home.

The blizzard kept on all through the night, and the old log house groaned and creaked, as if its heavy timbers would be torn asunder. Towards morning the storm abated, the gusts of wind came at longer and longer intervals, and finally died away altogether. When we got up at sunrise the sky was as bright and clear, the air as calm and still, as on the preceding morning; but the Storm-King had played strange pranks with the snow. Everywhere, round the house, in the yard, and in the fields, where it had been exposed to the full force of the wind, the ground was swept bare, and the snow piled high in drifts in every spot sheltered from the storm. The front door and windows were covered nearly to the top, and it took us all the morning to shovel away a passage to the stable door, so as to be able to feed the horses and cattle.