

ness, we could see nothing whatever; fences were covered and the road completely lost to sight. I knew my companion was uneasy, for he stood up to drive, though he said there was no danger, as he could trust to poney's keeping the road; and, once we were out of the *Suede*, we had the broad St. Foy before us. So we ploughed on for a long time, in this way, often through snow-banks formed by the drifts—Tom getting out now and then to steady the sleigh and prevent an upset—till at last, getting into a bank larger than any we had yet come to, we missed the road, poney sank, and in his efforts to free himself broke the shaft. Here was a plight to be in; a full half-mile in any direction from a house, a terrible storm sweeping over us threatening to bury us up in the rapidly-accumulating snow, and nothing but the one pale gleam of the white landscape visible in the darkness. Tom tried the ground again and again, all round the sleigh, but could find no sound bottom—Bob's plunges had carried us so far from the road. He loosened the harness, and the poor little animal sank quietly down—no hope of getting him out without help. We were both bitterly cold, the wind kept lifting up the buffaloes and carrying drifts into the sunken sleigh, and I shivered and bent double under the blasts. How long we were in this state—waiting in hope of a sleigh passing—I do not know; but at last I cried out, 'I cannot stand this much longer, Tom, I am nearly perished as it is; what is to be done?' 'The only thing I see,' was the reply, 'is for you to cover yourself well up in the sleigh, and wait here while I try to find a house, though in what direction to go I do not know, in this storm.' 'Oh, that won't do,' I exclaimed, 'you never would find me again. I should be drifted over, and lost in the snow—you must not leave me alone in this terrible darkness. Oh, why did I not stay with my mother? I shall never see her again!' and I burst into tears. My companion did his best to rouse my sinking courage; and when I complained of a dead, sleepy torpor creep-

ing over me, made me jump up and down in the sleigh to drive it off. But his efforts were of little use; the most bitter anguish had taken possession of my mind. I saw no way of escape, and believed I should die there; and the feeling that I was not ready wrung my soul with terror. I had lived to the world a gay, light-hearted girl—thinking it was time enough to attend to my soul's concerns when I grew older; and now here I was, about to be called to render up an account of slighted opportunities and neglected helps and means. Oh! the suffering of that bitter hour—I shall never forget it. As the drowning man sees in a few moments the phantasmagoria of a whole life pass before him, so I remembered with sorrow and remorse my sins, and above all, the sting of slighting the offered mercy of my Saviour—and now it was too late, too late! I could not go as a stranger into Heaven, unwashed by the precious blood of Jesus, not clothed in the robe of His righteousness; and from the depth of my heart I cried out to the Lord to save me, and He did. Almost exhausted with mental and bodily suffering, I remembered how selfish it was of me to keep my companion, and thus prevent him saving his own life, and was just urging him to leave me, when he suddenly sprang upon the seat and hallooed at the top of his voice, 'stage! stage!' I fell back, and heard no more. When I came to myself, I found I was in a large, comfortable, covered stage, with three gentleman-passengers, and the object of their kind care. One supported me, another had propped my feet upon his lap and was busy chafing them, while the odor of brandy which filled the air, and my burning mouth and throat, told what the third had been about. I heard the words, 'That will do, Mr. B——, she has had enough now, she is coming to—how do you feel, young lady?' A long-drawn sigh and steady stare was for a few moments my only reply—then I murmured, 'better, thank you; where am I? how did I come here?' and a voice answered, 'In the Montreal stage, now near Quebec. You