

above the manger was a hay-loft, where, through a hole, the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves.

On the sixth day the boy sickened, and six days after desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried, "Oh! my father is in the snow! Oh! father! father!" and then expired.

In the meanwhile, the goat's milk diminished daily, and, the fowls soon after dying, the women could no longer distinguish night from day; but according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat would kid; this she accordingly did soon, and the young one dying, they had all the milk for their own subsistence; so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called this goat, it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two quarts of milk; on which account they still bear the poor creature a great affection.

This was the account which these poor people gave to the magistrate of their preservation.