

a rapid stream called the Wop, which they were obliged to ford (or cross on foot), as there was neither bridge nor boat. The poor woman found that it would be impossible to carry the goods, of which her whole fortune consisted, over this dangerous river. For some time she ran up and down on the banks, eagerly looking for a new passage, which might be less difficult, but in vain; she then said to her husband, "We must, indeed, abandon all; let us now only try to save our children." Saying this, she took the two youngest from the waggon, and placed them in her husband's arms. The poor father, trembling with anxiety, began to ford the rapid stream; while his wife, falling on her knees at the edge of the water, now gazed earnestly on him, and then raised her eyes to Heaven: but as soon as she saw him safely landed, she clasped her hands in thankfulness, exclaiming, "They are saved! they are saved!" The father, leaving his precious burden on the bank, hastened back, seized on two more of his children, and again plunging into the waves, followed by his wife, who carried the fifth on one arm, and with the other hand clung to her husband, reached the shore in safety.

The children who had first been carried over, thinking themselves deserted by their parents, made the air resound with their cries, but they were soon consoled by the arrival of the rest of the family; and the affectionate father and mother forgot the loss of their property, in the joy they felt at seeing their dear children around them in safety.