

brushwood, and saw flames coming towards the cottage in a far extended line.

Wilson ran into the house, and told his wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money they had, whilst he managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. This was done in a very short time, for every moment was precious. They then mounted, Wilson holding his child with one arm. As they rode off, he looked behind him, and saw that the frightful blaze had already laid hold of the house, and was close upon them. He blew his horn in hopes of bringing after him his dogs and live stock, but the dogs, usually tractable, could not be kept from pursuing the deer, which sprung before them in numbers. The cattle, too, though they followed for a time, at last rushed through the woods as if mad.

Wilson was intent if possible on getting to a large lake, some miles distant, which must at least check the flames. With this idea they urged on their jaded horses at full speed, and made the best way they could over the fallen trees and brushwood.

By this time they could feel the heat; and the glare of the atmosphere outshone the daylight. They feared, too, every instant, lest their horses should drop with fatigue. Wilson and his wife felt a slight faintness, and their grief and perplexity were increased by the flushed face and terror of their child.

At length they reached the lake, quite exhausted with the heat and smoke. They coasted the lake for some time, and then dismounted from their horses, which they never saw again, and plunged down deep among the rushes by the water's edge, and lay