

there, as the best means of escaping the flames, much refreshed also by the coolness of the water. On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. The heavens were of a fiery redness, dimmed only by occasional clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping onwards. As for poor Wilson and his wife and daughter, their bodies were cool enough, but their heads were burning hot, being out of the water; and the crying of the child added above every thing to their distress.

Thus the day passed on, and they became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside them; and, although faint and weary, Wilson managed to shoot a porcupine, and they all tasted its flesh. Night at last came, and it is difficult to understand how they got through such a night. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over them, and the cinders and ashes fell thick about them.

Towards morning, though the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, but the air was still filled with it, and the smell was more oppressive than ever. They were cold enough now, and indeed shivered as if in an ague fit, from having lain so long in the water, and were very glad to go and warm themselves at a burning log.

Hunger once more oppressed them, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were standing in the water, one of which Wilson shot, and they roasted some of its flesh, which strengthened them much. Though the burning still continued in several places, it was sufficiently subsided for them to seek a place of safety. But the walk was painful and difficult, on account of the hot ground and rocks.