

in front. All were now bound to the same goal of safety, a little grassy island which lies in the centre of the Miramichi River, with nothing of larger growth upon it than an alder bush. Here we landed, and looked back on the wasted land we had left behind.

Had I the pen of a Homer I could not adequately describe the terrors of that scene. All that my mind had ever imagined or my eye witnessed of destruction by fire fell far short of this dreadful reality, and every moment added to its horrors. The wind, which had been very light, now grew to a violent hurricane and the fire rushed on almost with the speed of a race horse; huge burning brands borne on the wings of the storm fell on every side of us and threatened us with destruction. The river was lashed into fury by the gale and rose in huge waves, and through the black pall of smoke which hung over all, the sheets of flame seemed to pierce the very sky.

As I sat and gazed on this awful scene my courage, which had sustained me while struggling for life, now seemed to fail me, and I burst into tears. I had saved myself and little Mary, but where were the rest? Where was that fond mother and her two brave sons? Where, above all, was Grace, my love, my life? I looked toward the blazing forest for an answer, but I saw written there nothing but death. And when little Mary laid her head on my shoulder and weeping said: "Joe, dear Joe, where is ma?" I could only reply by tears.

The long weary night passed, but the morning sun brought no cheer. Our little group of cattle were still with us, and hiding among them was a huge moose, who had fled from his forest haunts and sought refuge with his enemy, man. Poor wretch, who would have the heart to do harm to him? Was he