

and for several hours watched the destruction of the city. Every few minutes a loud explosion would occur. I afterwards learned that these were caused by the blowing up of buildings—by order of General Sheridan, who was in the city at the time—so as to form a barrier against the fire and prevent its spreading to the southward.

It was interesting to watch the tramps and thieves carrying away on their backs large bales of silk and satin goods which they had taken from the burning stores in the wholesale district. Most of them followed the railway track southward, not knowing that at the place where the track reached the land a company of fire insurance agents were waiting with open arms to relieve them of their burdens.

The day wore away, but the city was still burning, and, as the sun was sinking in the west, a song came into my mind which I had been singing a few days before in Mr. Moody's large Sunday-school on the North Side, and I sang it through as I sat there, with the waves beating about me. The first verse was as follows :

"Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,  
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;  
Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?  
Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er."

I finally determined to get back to land, but was not aware of the fact that the riding of my boat upon the waves had almost sawn asunder the line with which it was attached to the timber. As I jumped into the boat the line broke, and I was swept out into the lake, the waves sweeping over my little bark.