

thunder. The terror-stricken cattle, when they saw the horse swimming, followed him, and by the time we reached the middle of the stream all were afloat and following us in a dismal procession. For half a mile or so there was no difficulty; but then came the rapids and the pass of fire.

I knew the rapids well and on ordinary occasions could run them in the skiff without any difficulty, but now I had to trust to Providence for guidance, for I could neither see my way through the smoke nor dare to look out when traversing that fiery furnace. So, as we drew near, I let go the gallant horse's rein, wrapped myself up in a quilt, and lay down in the stern of the skiff, with a paddle dragging behind to keep its bow down stream. In another moment we were in the rush of the boiling current and beyond human aid.

I suppose we could not have been more than three minutes passing the rapids, but it seemed to me an age. I never realized before so completely the idea of utter helplessness as during that brief space of time. Nothing I could do would have any influence on our safety. I was but a waif adrift in the stream, and the bark was guided by another Power than mine. When from the motion of the skiff I knew that the rapids were behind us, I poured out my heart in gratitude to God for deliverance. When I ventured to look up, not only the rapids but the fire also was behind us, and a few strokes of the paddle carried us into the Miramichi River. Neither Mary nor myself had suffered the slightest hurt, and, what was more remarkable, all the live stock had escaped. The horse was behind the skiff, swimming gallantly, and looking up at me with his great honest eyes. The cattle had passed us in the rapids, and were swimming