

and opened the door where the accident happened to me. I fell down the ladders into the depth of the cellar like lightning, and my head struck to the ground in a most dreadful manner, and I was almost killed. How thankful to God to spare my life many times, was I.

Dear friends, the following account of the burning of the Steamer Saguenay, Capt. Stalker, which you will wonder to read. My mother consented, and having sold many things which she could not take with her. She then determined to take me to Upper Canada, where our friends resided, hoping the change might prove beneficial to my sight; accordingly, we went on board the steamer on the 8th of May, 1861, bound for Toronto, C. W. When about to sail, the inspector came on board, and found fault with the state of the vessel; this detained us in the harbour at Quebec, so that it was the twelfth before we set sail for Toronto. We left at three o'clock p. m., and proceeded with half steam up the bright river. My mother felt sorrowful as the old city receded from our view. We left many kind christians in it, who were kind to give me many clothes, and we also loved them dearly. I used to go to Captain S——'s house for prayer every Sunday. At four o'clock on Saturday morning, we were at Three-rivers, and at seven p. m. reached Montreal, and at eight o'clock was safe in the Canal Wharf, intending to go on our way next Monday. There were twenty passengers on board, and a great cargo of tobacco, rice, oil, &c., being valuable from 4,000 to 5,000 dollars. We had no fear of danger when in the wharf, but were all fast asleep when the fire holes of the boiler broke out. I believe from carelessness on the part of the fireman. It was first observed by a watchman on the wharf; had they apprised us at once, we might have saved much clothing. We had a quantity of clothing in our state rooms. But they tried to put out the fire quietly, while we slept soundly; but when it reached the oil, for there was a great quantity on board, they cried out "wake up the passengers." Mercifully, my mother first heard the noise. It was God's goodness that caused it to be so, for it was a long time ere she could get me to wake up, being fast asleep and my eyes sore, they were opened. But my mother succeeded in dragging me out of bed at one o'clock a. m., and a lamp been burning, after opening my eyes a little, she spelled to me on her fingers that the steamer was on fire. She then put my crutches in my hands, and that I did not wear my clothes and boot. I lost no time until I reached the steamer side, where the fire had least power. She ran after me, lest I should jump into the water, which I certainly should have done, had not a man caught me by order of the Captain, I, been half asleep, and greatly maddened. When she saw me safely on the wharf, she tried to

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