

flames were fast travelling, and near to the cottage was a haystack. In a short period, if the fire were not cut off, the stack would be on fire, and no human aid would then be able to save the cottage from destruction. Hurrying to the cottage—*anxious to save the lives and property of the inmates*—my man knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by an infirm old woman, who looked out calmly and not at all discomposed.

My impatient man, annoyed at her coolness under such circumstances, exclaimed, "Now, missis, do you know there's a great fire outside! You had better be moving, or your house will be burned down."

The old lady coolly answered, "Well, I know there is a fire: I can do nothing myself; I will leave it to the Lord. I leave everything in His hands; He can take care of both me and mine."

My man went on, "Aye, but your stack there will go" (pointing to it;) "nought can save that if the fire reaches it."

The reply came in the same tone of reliance as before, "Well, I will leave it in the Lord's hands."

In answer to other questions, she said that her grandson was upstairs in bed, but she would make no effort to remove her furniture or attempt to save any of her property.

We expostulated with the old woman, but she was firm as adamant in her trust in the Lord, and although I could not help admiring her inflexible faith, I cautioned her that she was taking a foolish course, and my man clinched my remarks with stronger words, but it was all in vain.

Finding we could do no good there, we approached the blazing bushes.—The heat was terrific, dense volumes of suffocating smoke rolled along, but the fire kept lapping up fresh fuel, the flames leaped and roared high in the air, and we saw in miniature the semblance of one of those terrible prairie and forest fires of America of which we had read. We saw four men attempting to beat out the fire. Soon

we, also, were at work. By dint of persevering labour, we six thrashed out the tongues of flame and stopped their advance; but no one else appeared on the moor. I had a narrow escape. The ground is intersected with hollows. I was working away in one of these places, and thought the flames had burned out, when suddenly they leaped over from the back, and set fire to the bushes round the hollow. In an instant I was surrounded with flames, and in the midst of a fiery furnace. Death seemed inevitable, either from fire or smoke. Happily, I managed to escape from what seemed a fiery tomb, but in plunging about in the dark I got knee-deep into water.

We left the moor, now a smouldering mass, called at the cottage of the old lady, and when she opened the door not the least surprise was depicted on her countenance. In answer to a question from my man, she answered as quietly as she had done when the fire was raging, that she knew the Lord would protect her, and that He would send someone to save her property from destruction. She evidently looked upon us as deliverers of her little homestead.

We were in a shocking plight, black as sweeps, our clothes damaged, and carrying with us the odour of the smoke. We had walked five miles each way, had laboured at the fire, had had an experience which I shall never forget, but I was in good spirits, joyous and happy. My languor and depression had passed away; I was a new man. Had not that old woman taught us a lesson of faith which has helped me in many a hard trial since, and enabled me to battle with difficulties that I have thought insurmountable, but which have passed away as calmly as a summer's day, because I have had faith—recollecting that terrible night.

My man has not forgotten the incident or the lesson he received. Whenever he has any difficulty that is beyond human help, he says, "Well, we must leave it in the hands of the Lord, as the old woman at Adel did."