

plosion, and the mast and sails went overboard. The hull flared up spasmodically for a minute or two, and then, as it heeled over and the sea poured in, the flames went out, and intensified darkness once more shrouded the face of the deep.

So perished miserably the last of those who neither revered God nor regarded the lives of His creatures.

The following morning Mr. Jiggers and I were astir at break of day. McNab and Jacky were doing well, and, despite a little stiffness in the injured limbs, there was promise of speedy recovery. We hoisted sail and continued on our course. Next day we were off the mouth of the Norman river. There we overtook the little steamer *Dugong*, which saved us the long and tedious tacking voyage up the tortuous Norman by taking us in tow. It was such a delightful experience to see and speak once more with honest men, and to think we were with friends. All the tragedy of the past seemed like the imaginings of some troubled dream.

The first thing I did on landing was to have McNab and Jacky put under the care of the best surgeon in the township. He