

and thirty loads, and if a breeze rose, she would, unless we lightened her of property, inevitably sink. Through the darkness I shouted out to the frightened men, that if any more canoes collapsed, the crews should at once empty out the grain and beads, but on no account abandon their boats, as they would float and sustain them until I could return to save them. I had scarcely finished speaking before the alarming cries were raised again: "Master, the canoe is sinking! Quick, come here. Oh, master, we cannot swim!" Again I hurried up to the cries, and distinguished two men paddling vigorously, while five were baling. I was thinking how I could possibly assist them, when other cries broke out: "The boat! Bring the boat here! Oh, hurry—the boat, the boat!" Then another broke out, "And we are sinking—the water is up to our knees. Come to us, master, or we die! Bring the boat, my master!"

It was evident that a panic was raging amongst the timid souls, that the people were rapidly becoming utterly unnerved. In reply to their frenzied cries, and as the only way to save us all, I shouted out sternly: "You who would save yourselves, follow me to the islets as fast as you can; and you who are crying out, cling to your canoes until we return." We rowed hard. The moon rose also, and cheered us in half an hour with a sight of land, for which we steered. Her brightness had also the effect of rousing up the spirits of the Wangwana; but still the piteous cries were heard far behind: "Master, oh, master! bring your boat—the boat!"

"Hark to them, my boys—hark," I sang out to my crew, and they responded to my appeal by causing the *Lady Alice* to fly through the water, though the waves almost curled over her sides. "Pull my men; shoot her through the water; life and death hang on your efforts. Pull like heroes." She hissed through the waves, as ten men, bending with the wildest, most desperate effort, spurred her with their oars. "Hurrah, my boys, here is our island! pull and defy the black water—your brothers are drowning!"

We reached land—shot the goods out, lightened her of the wrecked men, and flew back again, skimming over the dark surface. Away we flew to the rescue, blowing the bugle to announce our approach. We passed three or four canoes, racing