

gatherer. At last I got up to my sister's door, with whom my dear mother lives. My sister was at the back door, and I was just able to say: "Can you tell me where Mrs. White lives?" She knew me at once and flung her arms around me and cried out: "Oh, my poor shipwrecked sister!" She drew me in doors out of the rain, and I was home at last. My shoes were torn all to pieces; my clothes were all spoiled and I was wet through, and I had not so much saved from all my baggage as a pocket handkerchief to wipe my eyes with; but I was home with loved ones, and I knew it.

My dear mother was in at my brother's house, next door, and after a little while my sister sent in to say that Annie was come. So in came my dear mother trembling, for she was eighty years old on the twentieth of February. She flung her arms around me and cried: "Oh, my dear child! I do thank God that he has spared me to see you once more in this world!" After a few minutes she said: "How wet and ragged and dirty looking you are; you are not looking like you did when you came to see me before. The boys must go down to the station and get your trunk; you must not stop like this." These remarks nearly unnerved me.

I said: "Never mind mother." My sister then whispered in my ear: "We have not told mother anything of the wreck." I was so glad to know that. Then mother called for my brother to go and get my trunk. I then had to tell her, and I said: "Mother, my trunk is at the bottom of the sea, and it is only by your prayers and others and God's mercy that I am here. The ship that I was on is gone to the bottom of the sea, but there were no lives lost."

She looked at me for one short minute, then cast her eyes up and gave way to tears. Then we all had a good cry and were better after it. They hustled around and got me some dry clothes of one kind and another and made me lay down on the sofa. The news soon spread, and crowds began coming to see the shipwrecked woman.