

shouts of the men and women. The next moment light rockets were making their fiery courses through the darkness, showing clearly another vessel which was drifting quickly towards the one already wrecked. Several in the crowd shouted wildly,

"Launch the life-boat, and take them ashore on the off side."

But the captain of the brigade stood motionless and without uttering a word. His clenched hands were resting on his belt, his lips were firm and compressed, and his keen eyes were fixed on the approaching vessel. His men stood behind him awaiting his orders, but not a word was spoken. Presently the officer who had just demanded the keys of the rescued captain stepped quickly up to him, a few words passed between them, then the command was given to the brigade,

"Stand by, my men. Lay hold o' the hawser."

The excitement of the people ran high as they saw the bold coastguard leap into the life-buoy, and heard him say, "Haul aboard!"

Away he went over the boiling surf, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness. As soon as he boarded the wreck from which the crew had been taken, he lit up several torches, so that he might see his way about, and those on shore could watch his movements. He had scarcely finished this work when the other vessel plunged into the wreck with a fearful crash. The next sea brought the two right alongside each other, and the work of destruction went on quickly, as they creaked and groaned and crashed together in angry combat.

The surf was running so high that it was impossible to reach the new wreck in the life-boat, and the only hope of deliverance was in the men being able to get on

board the vessel to which the life-saving hawser was attached. But she stood so high above them, being light in ballast, while they were laden down to their water-mark, that it was all out of question for them to climb up her side.

And now came in the wisdom and the heroism of the coastguard; for, though the vessel was fast breaking up under him, he seized a rope, and throwing it down to the men, called to them to lay hold of it one at a time. He succeeded in pulling the first man on board, then they two pulled up the next, and so on, till they all stood together on the deck of the first wreck, and as before the youngest man was first sent ashore in the life-buoy. Man after man was safely landed, until the captain's turn came. He would have stayed till last, but the coastguard would not leave the fast-sinking wreck till he had seen every man on shore.

The captain being landed, the buoy was quickly sent back for the gallant man who still remained. But it was not allowed, when it returned, to touch the wall of the pier, for, as soon as it came within reach, its occupant was lifted bodily out, and hoisted on to the shoulders of a crowd of men, whose lusty cheers could be heard high above the roaring of the storm and the crashing of timbers. While others looked after the comfort of the rescued men, the crowd carried the officer shoulder high up to the town, and through its streets, making them ring with cheers, for, had it not been for his noble deed, the whole crew of the second wreck must certainly have found a watery grave. Soon after this officer was handsomely rewarded by the Royal Humane Society, and decorated with their medal of honour.

A sad fact was brought to light after the rescue of the first crew.