

"Oh, no. I'm perfectly certain I saw a rocket or Roman candle or something of that kind," replied his mother. "Yes, see! There it goes again!"

And sure enough, a thin, sharp streak of flame rising from somewhere amid the tossing surges, split the darkness like a flash of lightning and then vanished.

"That's the danger signal, mother, and no mistake," cried Sam. "The ship's coming right toward us. She'll strike on the Point before long. I must go to the cliff and see if I can make her out."

"Be careful, then, Sam dear," said his mother, "and don't do anything without letting me know."

Sam buttoned up his coat, pulled his cap down hard upon his head and sallied forth into the storm, which well-nigh took his breath away. But he struggled manfully against it until he reached a sheltered nook in the cliffs, whence it was possible to look out seaward.

For some time he could see nothing save the danger signals that continued to be sent up. Then, as the darkness began to lighten before the approach of day, he was able to faintly discern a large vessel lying helplessly upon one of the cruel ledges which jut out from the Point, while the great billows were making a clean breach over her. At first nothing could be seen of the unfortunate crew, but as the light grew stronger he made out one and then another clinging fast to the rigging, and looking more like flies than human beings. Sam knew well enough that they could not stay there long, for the vessel must soon go to pieces. He quickly determined what to do. Hastening back to his mother he