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We then took boat for Oban, as there is no railway at Tobermory. All the town was out to see us off, and when we got to Oban all that town was out to meet the poor shipwrecked ones. The Dominion Line had made all arrangements possible for our comfort at Oban. There was a good hot meal awaiting us, and afterwards lunch baskets were placed on a special train which was engaged to take us home. The people here, as at Tobermory, did all they could to cheer us up. I then thought how we all can cheer each other up as we go through life if we choose to do so. We started from Oban for Liverpool, and our crowd was dropped off as we went along. Every now and then, at convenient places, the Dominion Line people had something prepared for us—hot tea or coffee, or a lunch—until we reached Liverpool, about two o'clock in the morning of March 4th. Here was an officer to meet us and take us to hotels.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, I went up to the Dominion Line office and they gave me a pass for my home in Stroud, in Gloucestershire. Just then, Captain James Fraser, a God given friend, came in. "Oh, Mrs. Smith!" said he, "what can we do for you?" I could only say: "Please see me off home by the first train that starts." He then took me up to the station and made me have something to eat, then had a lunch put up for me, and put me on a fast train as a shipwrecked woman wanting to reach home. I never went so fast in my life. I got to Stroud about four o'clock; it was raining hard and I had no umbrella or rain-coat, for they were on MacKenzie Rock. In a few minutes I was in as bad a way as when rescued from the life-boat.

There was no one to meet me, as I had sent a telegram telling them to meet me on Sunday morning, little thinking that I should meet with Captain Fraser, and that he would put me on a fast mail train, but I was glad there was no one who knew me, for I was nearly exhausted and I did look such a guy with my dress all torn and all my things more like a rag