

the thoughts of the terrors and trials of a sea-voyage had been overcome by the longing to see once again before they died the faces long loved and long missed. It is piteous to see some of the aged women totter from the steamer to the pier. Here a poor scrow-stricken mother, deadly pale and sobbing bitterly, looks wistfully upon the white face and almost closed eyes of the baby in her husband's arms. This is the poor child that was so nearly lost overboard, as it was thrown into the boat wrapped up in a blanket. (The mother's fears were not realised: the baby speedily recovered.)

It now became the glad office of the people of Ramsgate to bestir themselves on behalf of those thus suddenly thrown upon their charity. The agent of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society at once took charge of the sailors. Accommodation was found for the emigrants in houses near the pier, and a plentiful meal was at once supplied; many of the residents busied themselves most heartily; and clothes, dresses, coats, boots, hats, bonnets, stays, and other garments were liberally given. Subscriptions were at once raised to pay all expenses, and to put into the hands of the poor creatures some little ready money. In the meantime one of the shipping agents telegraphed to the owners of the wrecked emigrant ship, and was empowered by them to render all required aid. He therefore found the emigrants all needed board and lodging, and next morning forwarded them to London; a crowd of Ramsgate people bade them good-bye at the station, and received grateful acknowledgments of the kindness and sympathy which had been shown.

The emigrants were cared for in London by the owners of the "Fusilier," who soon obtained another ship in which they forwarded the passengers, and they had a prosperous voyage to Melbourne.

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