

each way on one side and the great Atlantic on the other; the bottom of the ship torn out and filled eighteen feet high with rock. Many passengers had been washed off into the ocean and lost, and the rest all in distress. The next thing was to get ladders and lash them together, and wade them out until they touched the nearest piece of rock, which had the appearance of stepping stones toward the big rocks at the back of them. That being accomplished, I was the first one selected to go down that ladder to the rocks. A most terrible, dangerous experience, but I was placed on the ladder, and was ordered to lay flat on the ladder, face down and feet first, and so descend and take "my chance." I did so, trusting in God's grace only for guidance, and when I reached the bottom I stood on the first piece of rock, and right before me there was another small rock under the water. I could see about seven feet away. I cannot swim, it was too far to step, but Jesus was there, and spoke to my soul, by His eternal