

a schooner had been wrecked on a lee shore before the *Rough-an'-Tumble* put one foot in her grave at Thumb-an'-Finger. These men were used to dealing with the various perils of the winds, the rocks, the seas, the fogs of that coast. And they were, therefore, self-possessed and competent. A group of landmen would have been unnerved—helpless and foolish with fear. These six Newfoundlanders were not incredibly heroic; they were merely in a commonplace predicament, peril familiarly imminent, known to them since childhood; and they were, therefore, in complete command of their faculties, nerved and cool and eager for action.

The cove of Thumb-an'-Finger was horribly noisy. And it was fast darkening. A shrieking wind blowing in long gusts, a breaking sea hissing past, the sharp patter and drumming of the rain, the creak and rattle of the rigging and the swish and thunder of the breakers in a semicircle of high cliffs beyond, redoubling, as in a shallow cavern: it was a frightful confusion. And what lay in store for the *Rough-an'-Tumble* was still visible in the dusk. The cliffs were a solid black; there was a high, rolling sky-line, a black line against the leaden clouds of the storm, now catching the last of the light; and from The Thumb to The Finger, in the half-moon of the trap, the sea was breaking furiously. Great black seas, at this, the maximum of the gale, went ponderously past the schooner,