

I then went into the dining-room to sit down, and lo, there was our table steward. He grasped my hands, while tears ran down our faces. He then ran out and brought back the bed-room steward; then there were more tears. Then the doctor came; all these from the dear old Labrador. I said: "Oh, thank God I am among friends."

After a while I went up on deck and who should I meet first but the very two sailor boys that were in our little life-boat with us women on the deep, deep sea all alone, expecting death every minute for five hours. They dropped what they were carrying and pulled off their caps and each took one of my hands and then we stood there and could not speak for a few minutes. We could do nothing but cry, and there were hundreds looking at us, wondering who we were and what was the matter. But they found out very soon who we were.

Every time during the whole way home that I met either of those sailors on deck it was like meeting with a long lost friend.

The captain came to me and said: "Mrs. Smith, you see you will be all right, everybody knows you." In the course of a couple of days I was known all over the ship as the shipwrecked lady and everybody was trying to cheer me up. But I was so sick and frightened.

When we got to Moville I expected to meet Miss Arthur, to return home by our boat, but she did not come. I found out since that there was not room when she applied for her ticket. I then gave up and went to bed, so sick that I could not get up until they got me up on deck on Sunday afternoon. They went and got a number of the children that were on board from the homes being taken out to Canada, and had them stand around me and go through their exercises and sing to me. After they had sung several pieces they started to sing, "Pull for the Shore, Sailor." Of course they did not know it at that time, but that undone all the other good, as it broke me right up and they had to carry me below.