

last long without terrible results somewhere."

The words were scarcely finished when a flash like lightning cleaved the night, and illuminated the room where we sat, and on its heels came the boom and roar of the signal gun. We sat still until a second and third gleam flashed through the house, and the roar of the gun was repeated again and again.

"Three guns—a wreck on the south side!" said one of the company.

Then came the reply of three guns from the guard-ship that lay in the mouth of the river. Hastily I buttoned my overcoat round me, and made my way as quickly as possible through the darkness to the south side of the harbour. Already the long stone pier was crowded with anxious throngs, many of whom were wives and mothers who were expecting husbands and sons to be nearing home, and who feared that it might be these who had been cast ashore by the merciless storm. A hum of excitement was running through the crowds, and every person seemed to be asking some one else some such questions as, "Where is the wreck?" "Do you know who it is?" "Is the life-boat out yet?"

I pressed on down the pier till I came to a group of men who were leaning over the wall and peering into the darkness as though they saw something not far away.

"There she is; see her star-board light!"

Looking in the direction in which they pointed, I could see a faint green light moving toward the pier by desperate reels and plunges. A strange mutter of excitement could be heard all through the crowd when this was discovered, but this noise was instantly checked by the sudden whir and hiss of a light rocket, as it flashed

into the air from the mortar of the Life Brigade, and for a moment cast a brilliant light for some distance around. Then there burst forth a mingled cry and groan as the light revealed a vessel with her canvas spread, just making a bound on to the terrible rocks by which she was surrounded.

No sooner had the light of the rocket died away than we heard a dull, heavy thud, quickly followed by a fearful crashing, mingled with the voices of the men who were now calling wildly for help. Presently there was a short lull in the roar of the breakers, and we could distinctly hear a voice from the ship calling,

"A rope! a rope! For God's sake, send us a rope!"

"Aye, aye," responded the captain of the Life Brigade.

By this time a number of large torches had been lighted along the side of the pier, and by their light we could see that the ship was very near, and had struck between two rocks which held her fore part fast, while her stern was being dashed to pieces by the waves. I pressed along near to the brigade so as to watch closely all their movements in trying to save the men. They had a van or car, which was run along the pier on a railway made for the purpose. It was so constructed that it could be opened toward any direction, and in it they had all their apparatus for saving life, which, to me, looked like one great tangle of ropes, pulleys, and buoys. In the centre of the car stood a small mortar, set on a universal swivel; and near it stood a sort of rack, which looked like a field harrow, set on its edge, with the teeth pointing outward. On these teeth a great quantity of small rope was wound, something after the style in which our sisters arrange their yarn on the backs of the chairs when they are "balling" it. This rope was attached to the