

exposure a passenger died, of fright it was supposed, and after that, one or another from various causes lay down never to rise up. The little boy, after many pitiful wailings for his lost mother, for suitable nourishment, for home and comfort, breathed his last in his father's arms on Christmas Day, three weeks before relief came.

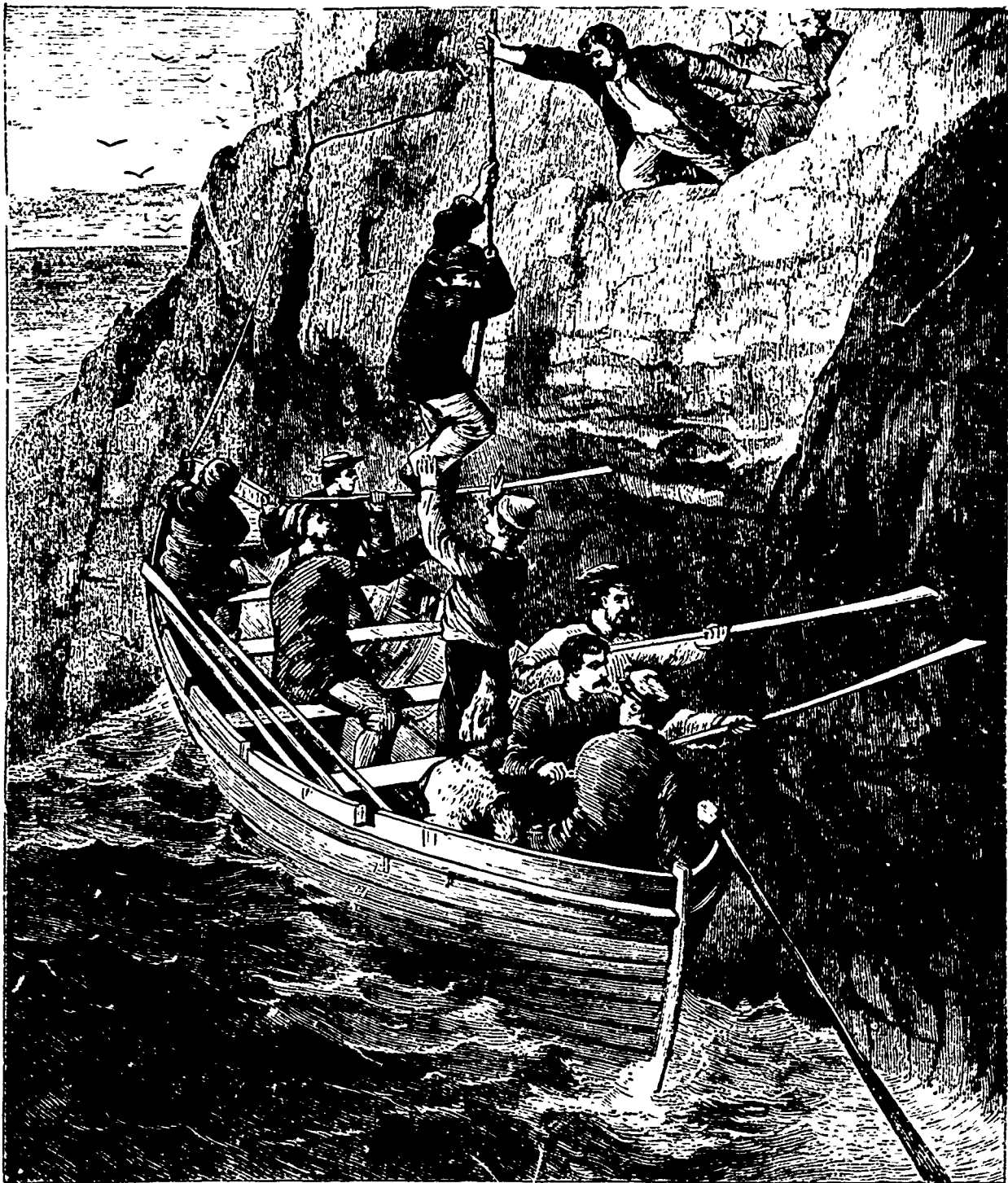
The castaways had not neglected any means for attracting the attention of passing ships: a tower of turf was built on the highest part of the island, on which an oar was set upright, and when a ship was sighted, a blanket was hoisted as a signal. Four times the poor creatures saw ships approach and then leave them, without seeing or noticing their signals of distress.

On the 21st of January, however, an American whaler, the *Young Phoenix*, took pity on them, and the captain, noticing something unusual on the apparently desert island, sent boats to inquire into the cause.

Five men and Mrs. Wordsworth were at once brought back to the vessel, and next day the whole of the survivors were taken on board, carefully attended to, fed, clothed, and, what seems to have been amongst their most gratefully acknowledged benefits, treated to warm water baths.

One poor sufferer records that few could sleep that night, "for thinking of our good fortune." The same writer mentions having erected crosses over the graves of those of the party who died on the islet.

And now the long imprisonment was over, the whole of the survivors of the ill-fated *Strathmore* were put in a way to join their families and friends, who must long have given up hope of ever seeing them alive, and who must have heard with astonishment the tale of sufferings and endurance from the lips of those who had been brought out of the very shadow of death.



THE SHIPWRECKED CREW LEAVING THE ISLAND.