

flying rollers catching her broadside on, Carroll and his mate shouted frantically to him to let the raft drive. He waved his hand in reply, and went on; his crew knew that they had a man at the steer oar who was as good as their own captain, and then, as if to encourage them, the moon burst through a bank of dull cloud and lit up the seething, foamy waste.

But swiftly as the boat was urged along over the shallow water on the reef, she could not overtake the raft, which was driving before the roaring breakers at a furious speed, spinning round and round like a top, striking a pinnacle of coral rock every now and then, and careening over into the boiling surge around.

And then Manuel Castro, who was pulling stroke, uttered a warning cry as a huge, mountainous wave came speeding silently and viciously along, and Lugard had only time to slew round head on, when it broke with a sullen roar, and ail but swamped the boat; then it overtook the raft, and buried it deep down.

With two of the crew baling out, and the other three pulling, Lugard put his boat's head for the raft, on which he could now see but eight or ten of the twenty men which had left the barque—the rest had been swept away and drowned.

As he came alongside, Schouten, who, with a man lying across his knees, was seated on the after end of the raft, raised his hand with a gesture of despair.

"Ten goot men haf gone."

"Jump in, every one!" cried Lugard.

The Dutchmen quickly clambered into the whaleboat. Schouten remained till the last. Then raising the prone figure which was lying so quietly across his knees, he said: