

Or he went, through the night, into the very heart of the storm.

The *Oriana* had made many a prosperous voyage in her day. A black sky and a rough sea had been a fine setting for her, as a dark background often enhances the beauty of works of art. But now an unworthy craft with her range lights out, urged on by the pitiless storm, bore down upon her with such speed and force that escape was impossible, and the *Oriana* received her fatal stab midships.

While the *Corælia*, on her return trip, was ploughing her way through the storm, her officers spied one of our lights. Coming nearer, several lights could be seen, and they swayed to and fro like lanterns carried by drunkards. Then over the black waters we sent the cry of a ship in distress.

The *Oriana* was a steam barge with accommodation for several passengers. She was carrying a load of lumber, so the crew apprehended little danger from her collision with the guilty craft. But the storm grew in its fury, and the water poured into the hold of the ship so rapidly that when the *Cordelia* arrived all hope of saving her was gone. She swayed and groaned in her death agony. Then came a crash and a wild scream from the passengers, as the water-logged boat parted. Cries for help, prayers and oaths mingled with the shouts of the officers.

Not long before the crash came, the ship had cast anchor. At this time Lena and I were in the bow of the boat, clinging to the bulwarks. An officer called for someone to take a message aft, and Lena said,