

allowed me the fullest access to the excellent pair of chronometers we carried, he never allowed me to compare my positions with his. He just looked at them and nodded, or muttered something, according to his mood, but his work I never saw. And I confess that I had a very strong feeling of nervousness about that great reef whereon I had been wrecked in my boyhood. So it was only natural that as we neared its neighbourhood, by my reckoning, I kept an extra vigilant outlook. And one night when the smart craft was flying along, with a quartering wind, under all canvas, at the rate of eleven knots an hour, I was called at midnight by the second mate as usual. But coming on deck my nostrils at once detected the strong 'reef-smell,' and although I had just risen from a sleep like that of the dead, I started aloft. Not a moment too soon. I had no sooner reached the foretopsail yard than I saw stretched out ahead that awful fringing wreath of snowy breakers, marking the presence of a coral reef. For a moment I could hardly find my voice. Then moistening my lips, I shouted 'Lee forebrace, below there ; keep her as high as she'll lie!' Up she swung into the wind, staggering like a stricken thing under the now tremendous pressure of canvas ; and