

pected to see the man engulfed. They saw the waves ever and anon seize the frail shell to which he clung and hurry it shoreward, and at such moments they fancied they could descry the white, agonized face of the unfortunate seafarer. But even as they looked a receding wave or some powerful current seized and carried the boat outwards again, almost beyond their range of vision. Those who had no glasses strained their eyes, but with very little result, perceiving only the moving speck and the surface of the sea. For many moments not a word was spoken; the hush in so far as human feelings were concerned was intense, while the life-boat danced upon the waves or was buried in the trough of the sea, and the spectators waited in an almost intolerable suspense.

CHAPTER III

A SOLEMN SCENE

AMONG the latest to arrive upon the beach was the parish priest, Father McNeirny. He had been absent on a sick-call