

hardly discernible, and when the boat did get up him Grey saw that he was alone.

"Did you see her?" asked the mate, as Dawson was hauled in.

"No. She must have sunk at once. I caught sight of the cape she was wearing—it was floating away of the current. There are some fearful eddies—I was twice all but sucked down."

Until daylight the boat continued the search, and Grey was about to abandon it, when he caught sight of something lying on the beach of a tiny little island only a few yards in extent. He turned the boat's head towards it.

"'Tis her," said Dawson, in a low voice.

They stepped out on to the firm, hard, white sand, and bending over her, saw that she had been dead for many hours. Very gently and reverently the officer and Manuel Castro carried her to the boat, and laid her down, and the Portuguese covered her pale, childish features with his silk handkerchief.

Then slowly and wearily the men pulled back to the brig, and Helen wept long and unrestrainedly in the silence of her cabin, as she knelt in prayer beside the woman whose unhappy story had been told to her by Dr. Haldane, who, knowing that Helen had recognised the man lying dead in the 'tween decks, felt that it would be impossible to any longer conceal the truth.

Early in the morning a search party visited the larger of the two islands, and succeeded in finding the bodies of four poor Dutch seamen, and late in the afternoon they were buried in the sandy soil of a low thicket scrub, the haunt of myriads of terns and gulls, with the boom of the ever-restless breakers on the reef for their per-