

By this time the camp was alarmed, and frantic exertions were being made to prevent a threatened destruction. The darkness was intense, for the encroaching water had put out the camp-fire. The howling winds and the hissing waves were all that could be heard. But the men knew their duty, and were doing it bravely. A good deal of effort was required to launch the skiffs, by this time heavy with water and sand; but the waves were pressed into the service, and the boats were pushed away from the shore before any very serious damage was done. The Missionary and his assistant were drenched to the skin. Some of the freight had been water-soaked, but nothing of a more serious nature had occurred. Now that they were afloat once more, the object was to reach the nearest inlet where shelter could be enjoyed. The nature of the night made this a difficult task. A mile of high-running waves must be crossed. A sharp look out for rocks must be kept up. If the oars ceased for a moment the boats were drifted toward an inhospitable shore. At best the waves would be intrusive. Providentially, after an hour's fight with the storm, the harbor was gained and life was safe once more. Quickly the cargoes were put on shore, the boats were hauled up on the sand, a fire was kindled, and the work of drying the dripping