

to worry, and soon had the kettle refilled and boiling, and a fresh pot of steaming coffee brewed. Calling all hands except the helmsman, the skipper said grace in his simple way, and as in the vision of his memory "then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat."

How deliverance was to come no one could possibly guess. Already the scudding ship had passed far to the south of the track of steamers. All day and yet another night went by—the worst night of all in many ways. For the steep seas of the Banks curled over more than once on to the schooner's taffrail; and the strained hull, working more and more under the stress and drag of the seas, had allowed the ever-increasing quantity of water in the hold to gain dangerously on the pumps. It had become obvious to all that if help was to come, it must be soon.

When the evening of that third night settled down it was only Jeannie's optimism that saved the ship. Beset with their never-ending tasks, the worn-out crew had not even noticed that the skipper's wife had assumed the rôle of cook. Nor had the exuberance of good things that were con-