

if with a large strap. The water was in the boat up to our knees and we had nothing to bale it out with. One poor woman was crouched at my feet the whole time with her face in her hands.

No person spoke. Just then one of the boats that had been over to the lighthouse with some of the passengers came across us. Mr. Muir and Miss Arthur's two brother's were with them searching for their loved ones. They took Mrs. Muir and Miss Arthur into their boat and that gave us a little more room. In a very little while we lost sight of them again.

Then one of the dear sailor boys took off his shirt and fixed it up on the end of an oar and hold it up in the boat. Oh, to see us women huddled up in that boat, the water up to our knees, and then remember it was a bitter cold March morning, and we were drifting off the coast of Scotland. It was a terrible experience. Some of the delicately reared ladies in our boat were covered only with a skirt or night-dress, or perhaps a blanket. It was the saddest sight or experience I ever had, and I hope, please God, I will never have such another. There was no word, no cry; only shivering and quaking and waiting for death.

After about five hours of this tossing about and expecting death every moment to overtake us, one of the sailors saw smoke in the distance. Oh, we did pray and hope that they would see us. At last the officer said: "Cheer up, they have sighted us, and are coming for us." Then we all began to cry for joy.

It proved to be a coal boat, the Viking, which was looking for us. It was far more dangerous to be taken into her than it was to get off from the Labrador, as the sea was so rough and running so high, and the waves were washing right over her deck. They could only grasp us one by one, as the boat was brought up along side for a moment. But at last, with