

because she had already begun to "root into 'he sea like an old sow" (the term is not mine, but her mate's), and had lifted three mighty masses of water on to her poop which threatened to bury her. Ships are built to bow the sea, not to sail stern first, and until they are designed like the Braekstad Draker, or on the model of a whaleboat, they cannot make stern way without danger. Wherefore, in spite of the appalling prospect ahead of them with such a crew, the skipper and officers of the *Megalon* realised that there was hope of her weathering it, a matter about which they had been very doubtful before.

To the uninitiated, however, matters would have presented a hopeless aspect. There was more wind, if possible a deeper darkness, and a more deafening roar. And still, by reason of certain fragments which reached the wallowing decks, it was evident that the destruction aloft was not yet complete. Then suddenly there came a shift of wind. It smote the *Megalon* on her starboard side, and heeled her over until her deck was at such a slope that all hands must needs hold on and crawl by any projecting means to windward, since to stay to leeward was to drown.

The danger was only shifted, for now she lay across the sea, which became more broken and