



"WE HAVE CERTAINLY HAD A ROUGH TIME OF IT."

in reading several books that Mr. Turner had lent him, and was able to make some return for the kindly offices that had been done to him in his own time of trouble, by the young fellows who shared his cabin.

On the Wednesday morning the steamer was off the banks of Newfoundland. The wind had dropped almost entirely, but the cross sea was still running very high. Sybil, who had been fretting and fuming under the enforced confinement of the last few days, had struggled on deck. There, to reward her for her courage, she encountered Tom Playfair, who had just gone off duty after a long and anxious time in the engine-room.

They saluted one another heartily, for in truth they had been very good friends whenever they had met during the voyage.

"What an awful time you must have had of it in that hot engine-room. I've been thinking a lot about you," exclaimed Sybil, holding out one hand, while with the other she firmly grasped a rail beside her.

"Very good of you, I am sure, miss. We have certainly had a rough time of it," responded the engineer.

Evidently deeming his tone too grave, she retorted banteringly, "Well, and what have you been thinking about since Sunday—Mr. Turner's sermon?"

"I've been thinking about the machinery," replied

Tom in a grave, matter-of-fact voice.

"But there is no danger now the storm is over?" cried the girl quickly. She knew Tom's face well; and though its occasional grimness had offended her sensibility, its expressions had always exercised a subtle influence over her.

"I hope so; but the drop in the wind has been so sudden, and the glass looks queer. If the machinery—"

A horrible grating noise, that seemed to vibrate through every bolt in the ship, arrested his utterance. There followed a succession of terrible thuds, and then all was still. The engines had stopped.

"There is something wrong," gasped the engineer. "Don't move till I come back. I am not likely to forget you."

Next moment Sybil was alone. She glanced round the almost deserted decks, and then—even as she looked—the people began to surge up from below