

son "and here we are stuck motionless by this abominable fog." And he stamped his foot heavily, by way of emphasizing his annoyance. "Never mind, father," Miss St. Clair replied, "there will soon be a breeze and we shall go gliding as merrily as ever."

Never is a sailing ship in a more helpless condition than when in a fog, and those who are invested with the great responsibility of navigating a vessel well know the anxiety which it brings with it.

"What an abominable nuisance!" growled Mr. St. Clair who had left his daughter and was now standing by Captain Boyd, "I had fully made up my mind to step ashore one day this week and—But, whatever's that?" as a hail came from the fore-castle head, "Horn right ahead, sir!"

"Aye, aye. Keep that bell going!" shouted the captain in reply, and the large ship's bell on the fore-castle was struck with renewed vigor. The passengers grew very excited, wanted to know the meaning of the horn and worried the captain and officers again with the most ridiculous questions.

"The horn is getting nearer, sir!" replied the chief officer.

"Yes" said the captain, "I think it must be a steamer which is approaching for there's no wind to move a sailing ship along. We can do nothing but attend to our fog signals and leave the rest to God."

Is there any danger to be feared from that other vessel? inquired Mr. St. Clair of the captain.

"None whatever, unless she strikes us," replied the captain with a smile.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of the strange horn until at last we could distinctly hear the throbbing sound made by the engines of a steamer. The captain turned to me

"Put a blank charge in that six-pounder ne'ard, and fire it off as soon as ever you can, the fellow is coming straight for us." Soon, I had loaded the gun and was standing by

to pull the fuse. The strange vessel was approaching rapidly.

"Fire!" shouted the captain, and bang, went the gun, its report answered by a loud, long blast from the stranger's horn.

"Load again, mister, and fire as soon as you can" shouted the captain. I did so, and scarcely had the report died away before a large shadowy mass seemed to spring up from the water before us, followed by a loud crashing, tearing sound and a shock which threw me violently to the deck. I picked myself up as quickly as I could and rushing on to the fore-castle, hailed the vessel which had wrought such destruction. "Will you stand by us, for mercy's sake do not leave us." Then joined by several others we cried out lustily for help. But from out of that great shadowy mass there came no response as it retreated into the fog and was lost to view.

The impact was tremendous and the water was rushing in fast. The carpenter sounded the well. "Making water fast", sir, was his report.

"Clear away the boats. Look alive, men!" rang the orders in the calm, foggy air, and the men, thoroughly alive to their danger, sprang with the greatest alacrity to carry them out. I saw that the St. Clair's were comfortably seated in one of the quarter boats and was delighted when the captain told me off to take charge of that particular boat. "There are plenty of stores and water in the boat," he said; "see it lowered into the water and then jump in and steer east-nor-east, that course should take you through the Straits."

I stood in the ship's rail to see the boat lowered, but unfortunately whilst this was being done, the hook of the lower block on the foremost 'fall' carried away, and with a wild shriek, all in the boat were thrown into the water. Without a moment's hesitation, I sprang from the rail into the water to render all the assistance I could. In that mass of struggling human beings were two for whom I had a very tender regard