



## *A Shipwreck in Winter.*



WONDER if any of you, who live far away from the sea-coast, can realize what a tragic disaster a shipwreck is in winter.

Several years ago, a passenger steamer was on her way from Bermuda to St. John. When off the extreme south coast of Nova Scotia the steamer ran into a terrific storm which had been raging for several days. Early the next morning word came that she was stranded on one of the treacherous reefs which lie off the coast. Everyone expected that the ship with all on board would be lost. It seemed impossible in the blinding storm to send aid, but in spite of the wind and snow several tugs were sent out to try to approach the ship if chance offered. It seemed as if at any minute she would be dashed to pieces.

When the tugs located the steamer she was partially submerged and encased

in ice until the ropes appeared to be the size of the funnels.

The tugs lay off all day, and towards evening the storm and sea abated, and they were able to get near enough to send boats to rescue the people on the wreck. Can you imagine the plight of the passengers and crew? The former were huddled together in the pilot house, some of them very thinly clad, as most of their clothing was soaked. The crew, mostly negroes from Bermuda, were even more badly situated. For twelve long hours they had to sit drenched with water, in some cases partly covered with it. During that time they could only make small amounts of coffee over a pan containing a few coals.

Each and every one was taken from the steamer safely by the crews of the tugs, who were later rewarded for their brave and untiring efforts. Some of the negroes had their limbs badly frozen, and on landing had to be taken