One of the most remarkable cases of the captain of a king's ship remaining on board to the last was that of Commander Riou. His ship, the Guardian, while in mid ocean, ran into an iceberg during a fog. Shipwreck appeared imminent. The pumps were worked without ceasing. Everything likely to lighten the ship was thrown overboard —guns, stores, and bombs. After forty-eight hours of incessant working, without the hope of rescue, a cry arose for the "boats." Riou's servant asked him which boat he would go in, that he might take his place beside him. His answer was "that he would *stay with the ship, save her if he could, and, if needs be, sink with her.*"

Before the boats left, with part of the crew, Riou wrote a letter to the Admiralty, informing them of the accident, praising the conduct of the officers and men, and taking leave of them, "as there seems no probability of my remaining many hours in this world." The boats left, and Riou remained with about half of the crew. Most of the boats were lost, but the ship survived. After eight weeks of heroic fortitude and skilful seamanship the Guardian was kept afloat until she came into the track of the Dutch whalers, and was towed by them back into Table Bay. Captain Riou was afterward killed while gallantly fighting his ship at the battle of Copenhagen.

Take another case—that of the captain of an ordinary merchant-ship, inured to a sense of truthfulness and duty. We refer to the late Captain Knowles, whom Mr. Gladstone considers to be a "greater hero" than Napoleon, because his life was altogether untainted by selfishness. The greatest circumstance of his life was as follows: The ship Northfleet, of which he was captain, bound from London to Hobart Town, with a number of emigrants on board, was anchored off Dungeness. It was eleven o'clock at night, and very dark. The ship's lights were burning as a warning for passing ships. In a moment the Spanish ship Murillo ran into her, and cleft a great hole in her bottom. She at once began to sink. The Spaniard backed out from amidships and steamed away, leaving over three hundred people to perish, without the slightest offer of assistance.

Captain Knowles ordered the pumps to be set to work, and sent up signals of distress. There was great confusion among the passengers, and signs of distress among the women, when they saw the ship was sinking. The boats were let down, and the captain ordered that the women and children should at once be got into them. There was a rush of men toward the boats, and Knowles, with a revolver in hand, said he would shoot the first man who stood in the way. A man pushed forward. He was shot in the leg and disabled. The women and children now embarked. Two boats put away full of people. The ship was rapidly settling down, the waves were quivering about her, and then she sank. The heroic captain went down with his ship. His wife, newly married, was saved, together with eighty-five other persons.

> "He went by steady choice into the deep,
> Leaving his joyful Whole of love yet new,
> Because it was the thing he had to do;
> Thou trainest such, my country! shout and weep!
> Train such forever, crown my faithful son."

When The London went down in the Bay of Biscay, about fourteen years ago, with two hundred and twenty persons, a great sensation was produced throughout the country. The ship was too heavily laden. The sea washed across her decks even in the mildest breeze. There was no load-line then. Mr. Plimsoll had not begun his warfare against the greedy shipowners. But the behavior of the crew and passengers was splendid, with the exception of the Dutch portion of the crew, twenty-one in number, who refused to work. Gustavus V. Brooke, the famous tragedian, was one of the most valorous men on board. He exerted his utmost strength to keep the ship afloat. He worked at the pumps night and day. He went about the decks with bare feet, without a hat, and attired only in a red Crimean shirt and trousers. He went from one pump to another, working like death, and when last seen, about four hours before the steamer went down, he was leaning with great composure upon one of the half-doors of the compan-

ion. One of the rescued passengers who saw him, afterward said, "He worked wonderfully; and, in fact, more bravely than any man on board that ship."

Mr. Plimsoll has told the story of how he came to espouse the cause of those friendless men, the merchant seamen. Once in stormy weather he had made a voyage from the Thames to Redcar, and had reached his destination in safety, thanks to being on board a passenger steamer submitted to government inspection. But on the way they had passed three stranded wrecks, and had seen the masts of a sunken ship; and it turned out that the crews of three of those vessels had perished to a man. His wife was waiting for him, suffering from the terrible anxiety of the long watching and suspense, and then he bethought himself of the wives of those drowned men who might watch in vain for the husbands who would never come back to them. From that period he determined to devote himself, his time, and his money, to the exertions he has ever since been making to prevent those preventable shipwrecks which are caused by the cupidity of shipowners. Let who will step in to help him now, when seamen share in those safeguards for life which the law has provided for other classes of the community, Mr. Plimsoll must always have the credit of having not merely initiated the movement, but made it.

Perhaps there is a more common bond of unity between the sailor captain and his crew than there is between the land captain and his soldiers. The former are "in the same boat." They are more closely linked together. They know each other better. They are more devoted to each other. They are wonderfully ready to save each other's lives when the opportunity offers. As we write these lines, two striking cases come under our notice:

While her Majesty's ship The Invincible was steaming along, in February, 1880, on her voyage from Alexandria to Aboukir Bay, the cry of "man overboard" rang through the ship. The life-buoys were let go. The engines were reversed, and the boats were let down in less time than can be described. Meanwhile, the man overboard was observed to seize hold of the lead-line, which was out, and, in conse-

quence, he was dragged under the water. He lost his hold, and floated astern, a mere lifeless mass.

The Hon. E. W. Freemantle, captain of the ship, who was on the bridge, saw that a moment's delay would be fatal to the drowning man. He sprang overboard just as he was—cap, coat, boots, and all. He was not a moment too soon; for, after straining every nerve, when he reached the spot where the man had gone down, he found him already some distance under water. He dived and brought him up almost dead. Heavily laden as the captain was, he felt much exhausted, and had some difficulty in keeping the man's head above water. Then Sub-Lieutenant Moore, and Cuningham, the blacksmith's mate, jumped overboard to the assistance of both, and the boats arriving, the four men were hauled in, and all were taken safely on board. The rescued man was instantly removed to the sick-bay, where he was soon restored to consciousness; and the gallant rescuer, with a little rest, was soon all right again.

Not less brave and self devoted was the conduct of Captain Sharp and John McIntosh, of the Annabella Clark, in rescuing the burning crew of the French bark Melanie, in November, 1878. The two ships were lying near each other in the river Adour, off Bayonne. The Melanie was laden with petroleum. Some of the petroleum took fire, the heat exploded the casks, and the ship was soon in a blaze. The burning petroleum ran through the scuppers into the sea, and the Melanie was soon surrounded by a broad belt of fire. Some of the crew jumped overboard, though others remained, fearing to face the double danger of fire and water.

The crew of the Annabella Clark heard the explosion, and saw the fire leaping high into the air. Notwithstanding the danger, two of the men determined to save the burning Frenchmen. Captain Moore jumped into a boat, and John McIntosh, the ship's carpenter, followed him. They went stroke for stroke through the sea of fire toward the Melanie. Their clothes were burned; their hands and arms were burned. But they reached the ship, and considered themselves rewarded by saving the French crew and bringing

them back in safety to the Annabella Clark. It was a most heroic act, exhibiting self-devotion and self-sacrifice in the highest form. It was not done for money; it was not done for glory; it was merely done for duty—doing for others as they would be done by themselves. But it seems hard that one of these men should have ruined himself for life by his noble act. John McIntosh, the ship's carpenter, was so terribly burned in his hands and arms that he was altogether unfitted for further work at his trade. He was carried home an invalid to Ardrossan, where he lives; and an invalid he remains to this day. It is true the captain and the ship's carpenter received the bronze medal of the first class from Her Majesty, a gold medal from the French Government, and the medal from Lloyds for saving life at sea. But a permanently disabled man cannot live upon medals. Is there no one to offer the means of subsistence to such a hero!

A case of a similar kind occurred in America; but, unfortunately, the man died in his hour of victory, and did not need to appeal to the public for help. A steam vessel, running on Lake Erie, took fire. There were more than a hundred persons on board. The man at the wheel, John Maynard, stuck to his post. His object was to run the ship ashore to save the lives of the passengers. The fire spread along the vessel until it reached him. His clothes shrievelled into pieces. He was frightfully burned, but he never left his charge. He stuck to the wheel. The ship was at last run ashore. The hundred persons were saved, but the helmsman died. He sacrificed himself while heroically saving the lives of others.

As great a victory as Waterloo may be gained by men on board a sinking or a burning ship. Who does not remember the grand behavior of the sailors and soldiers on board the Birkenhead?* Not less valiant was the conduct of the 54th Foot, on board the Sarah Sands, in the Mid Atlantic. The cry of "Fire" was sounded through the ship, and the men at once went to their posts. Every effort was made to reach the flames, but without avail. The most

* "Self-Help," p. 405.

that could be done to save the vessel was to clear out the magazine in the afterhold. But while the men were at work two barrels of gunpowder exploded, blowing away the port-quarter of the ship, and spreading the flames from the main rigging to the stern. The bulkhead, fortunately, withstood the shock, and enabled the crew to play the water with such effect on the burning mass as to prevent it spreading beyond midships. Rafts were prepared, and boats were launched with the utmost order. The women and children were placed there, while the soldiers mustered on deck with as much regularity as if on parade. They were told off for special duties, principally for drowning the flames, which still threatened to consume the ship.

With indomitable pluck they fought the fire for two days, and beat it at last. But, by this time, the ship was half a wreck. The wind rose, and the waves swelled, as if to engulf the brave crew and soldiers in the deep. But they stood to their posts. They passed hawsers under the ship's bottom to keep her together. They stopped up the yawning hole in the port-quarter with sails and blankets. The desperate fight for life continued without intermission, when at last the sea moderated a little, and permitted the vessel to be trimmed to the wind. After eight days' sail, under the unceasing directions of Captain Castle, the wreck reached the Mauritius without the loss of a single life.

When the tourist visits Norwich Cathedral, and asks what are the mouldering flags suspended in the chancel, the verger, with conscious pride, tells him that they are the colors of the 54th, the Sarah Sands men. Not a word is said about the military achievements of the corps, though they have been great. It is their valor at sea which is their chief honor. Let it remain so.

On another occasion, when a troop-ship was on fire, and two hundred and eighty men were doomed to perish, an unmarried officer, to whom the lot had given a right to a place in the boats, relinquished it in favor of another officer who had a wife and a family. The offer was accepted, and the single officer joined those who were in a few moments to be blown into eternity. Here was an instance of true

heroism—a readiness to die for a brother officer who was more responsible, and had more need of living for others than himself.

It is not the rough and stormy sea that is most perilous to the ship. It is the dangerous rock-bound shore. When a ship is well found, safely laden, and fully manned, she is as safe on the open sea as in a dry dock. It is only when she leaves the shore on departing, and reaches it on returning, that she runs the risk of shipwreck. Hence lighthouses are erected all round our coasts to speed the mariner on his homeward voyage. None can know the benefit of those lights save those who have neared their country's coast in a season of starless nights and wintry gales; who have had experience of the navigator's struggle between hope deferred and the fear of unknown danger and sudden wreck. The first sight of the lights which guard the coast —identified by their steady lustre, their color, or their periodical occultation—while they mark the promontory or reef to be avoided, cheer the mariner's heart by pointing with confidence to the course which the ship is to pursue toward her destined port.

The building of a lighthouse is one of the heaviest dangers of the deep. The first lighthouses built along the south coast of England were of wood. Such were the lighthouse on the Smalls, and the first two lighthouses on the Eddystone. The Smalls is a little rock in the Bristol Channel, and was for a long time the cause of shipwrecks to vessels bound for the Avon or the Severn. The first attack on it was very bold. A gang of Cornish miners assembled at Solva on the mainland, about twenty miles from the rock. They set off for it in a cutter. Their first object being to drive sockets into the stone, in which it was proposed that iron pillars should be soldered. The men landed from their cutter and got a long iron rod worked into the rock, when the weather suddenly became stormy. The cutter had to sheer off, lest she should become wrecked. The men on the rock clung to the half-fastened rod, and a desperate struggle ensued between human fortitude and the lashing sea. They clung there all through the night into

the morning, and all through the day into the night again, until the third day, when the storm abated and they were saved. They went to work again; rings and holding bars were let into the rock, to which the men could lash themselves when the sea rose. At last the wooden-legged barracoon was erected on the Smalls. It stood there with its light as a warning to seamen for nearly a hundred years, until at length a strong granite tower was erected, which may be said, humanly speaking, to be done forever.

Not less courage was displayed by Winstanley, Rudyerd, and Smeaton, in building the Eddystone Lighthouse, far out at sea in front of Plymouth Sound. The two first were destroyed. One was swept away by the tremendous storm of the 26th of November, 1703; the other was destroyed by fire; for both were of wood. Then came Smeaton, who resolved that the lighthouse should be erected of stone and granite, though the Brethren of the Trinity upheld that "nothing but wood could possibly stand on the Eddystone." But Smeaton had his way, and a lighthouse of stone was eventually determined upon.

Smeaton went down to Plymouth, and went out to sea to observe the site of his proposed building. The waters were lashing with great violence over the crest of rocks, and he could not land. Three days later he succeeded in landing on the Eddystone. He could only find the iron sockets fixed by the two former builders. He made three more trials to reach the rock, but was driven back by the sea. His sixth attempt was successful, and he was able to effect a landing at low water. He then took all the accurate dimensions of the proposed lighthouse. It is not necessary to follow the engineer in the difficulties which he encountered, as these have already been told.* On one occasion Smeaton and his workmen nearly suffered shipwreck. While returning to Plymouth the wind rose higher and higher, until it blew a storm. The Neptune was steered for Fowey, and the ship had nearly got among the breakers. She was weared off, the waves breaking quite over her.

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* See "Lives of the Engineers," vol. ii.

In the morning the land was out of sight, and the ship was drifting down the Bay of Biscay. After being blown about at sea for four days, they at last made the Land's End, and eventually came to an anchor in Plymouth Sound.

Smeaton superintended the construction of the entire building. If there was any post of danger from which the men shrank back, he immediately stood forward and took the front place—the "post of honor" as he called it. When he dislocated his thumb by falling among the rocks, he immediately determined to reduce the dislocation by himself, and giving it a violent pull, he snapped it into its place again, after which he proceeded to fix the centre stone of the building. The work proceeded steadily until its completion. Smeaton intended his work to be enduring and perpetual. He stated that "in contemplating the use and benefit of such a structure as this, my ideas of what its duration and continued existence ought to be were not confined within the boundary of one Age or two, but extended themselves to look toward a possible perpetuity." Alas for human wishes! Though the Eddystone lighthouse has withstood the storms of a hundred and twenty years, it is about to be dismantled, and a new lighthouse is in course of erection. Though it has stood as firm as a rock—yes, firmer than a rock, because it is the rock on which it is built that is being undermined by the lashings of the sea—it must necessarily give place to a new lighthouse; and all that will remain will be the mere remnant of Smeaton's building. Yet Smeaton did a great work. All the subsequent ocean lighthouses have been but modifications of that of Smeaton.

The foundation-stone of the new Eddystone Lighthouse was laid on the 19th of August, 1879. Mr. Douglas succeeds to the honors and bravery of Smeaton. He is equally skilled, he is equally brave. He has encountered many dangers in the deep waters while laying the foundations of lighthouses. At the Bishop's Rock he was almost drowned by the mass of sea that tumbled in upon him. Like Smeaton, he never shrinks from danger. The men look upon him as their standing example. A few days before the foundation-stone of the new lighthouse at Eddystone was laid, the men continued at work even while the sea was lashing over them. When the tide rose they seemed to be washed off the face of the rock in a mass by the boiling surf. They scrambled off, wet to the skin, one over another, until all were safe on board.

The late James Walker, C.E., introduced the elder Mr. Douglas, who also was a great lighthouse builder, to the Duke of Wellington. "Here is a man," said Mr. Walker, "who has fought as many battles as your Grace, but he has never lost a single life." "I wish I could say the same," said the duke. Indeed, bloody battles have been won, and campaigns conducted to a successful issue, with less of exposure, to physical danger on the part of the commander-in-chief, than is constantly encountered from day to day by the builders of lighthouses. The chief engineer always leads the way. He is the first to spring upon the rock, and the last to leave it. By his own example he inspires with courage the humble workmen engaged in carrying out his plans, and who, like him, become accustomed to the special terrors of the scene.

One of the boldest undertakings of recent times was the erection of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, about forty years ago. The Skerryvore Reef stands far out to sea, opposite the island of Tyree, on the west coast of Scotland. Many wrecks had occurred there, and the comminuted fragments of the ships were all that reached the shore. It was determined by the Northern Commission of Lights to erect a lighthouse on Skerryvore. Mr. Alan Stevenson received directions to commence a preliminary survey, which he was only able to complete in 1835. The work was begun three years later. It consisted in preparations for the temporary barrack. Little more than the pyramidal pedestals for this building could be finished before the workmen left the rock, and the whole was swept away next morning. During the next year the work began again. The foundation-pit of 42 feet was excavated, and in 1840 the barrack was reconstructed, and here the engineer and his party were contented to take up their quarters.

"Here," says the gallant chief, "during the first month,

we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water. On one occasion we were fourteen days without communication with the shore and the steamer, and during the greater part of the time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which was at times so loud as to make it impossible to hear any one speak. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed on my mind on being awakened one night by a heavy sea that struck the barrack, and made my cot swing inward from the wall, and which was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and the tremor, sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea."

The storm abated, and the engineers, who were almost without food, had their stores replenished, and worked on as before. Then the heavy stones were landed and fixed in their proper places. After six years' labor the lighthouse was completed, and on the 1st of February, 1844, the light was first exhibited to mariners on the western coast.

Lighthouses, however, are only a part of what is needed to help the mariner when approaching the coast in heavy storms. The sea swells and rages along the rocky coast, drowning the noise of all the parks of artillery that ever boomed forth the destruction of human beings. The lighthouse may point to the haven, but can the haven be entered? Let any one look at the Wreck Chart, published annually, and it will be found that the greatest number of wrecks occur along the east coast, along the track of the coal ships from Newcastle to London. The marks of wrecks are thickest along the north-east coast of England, especially in the neighborhood of Tynemouth. It is not, therefore, surprising that the first life-boat should have been invented by a native of that neighborhood. The first person who conceived the design of an insubmergible and self-

righting boat was Henry Greathead, of South Shields. Henry Lukin, of London, also fitted up an unimmergible boat for saving life at sea. The coast near Bamborough—off which the Fern Islands lie—being often the scene of shipwrecks, the Rev. Dr. Shairp, then at the castle, sent a coble to Mr. Lukin to be made unimmergible. This was done, and the coble saved several lives in the first year of its use; yet the life-boat did not yet come into general use; the only one yet made was the coble at Bamborough.

In the year 1789 the Adventure of Newcastle was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne. While the vessel lay stranded on the Herd Sand, at the entrance to the river, in the midst of tremendous breakers, her crew dropped off one by one from her rigging only 300 yards from the shore. This took place in the presence of thousands of spectators, not one of whom could venture to go to their assistance. No boat or coble of the ordinary construction could live among such breakers. Under the strong feeling excited by the disaster, a committee was appointed, and a prize was offered for the best models of a life-boat "calculated to brave the dangers of the sea, particularly of broken-water." Two plans were selected by the committee, one by William Wouldhave, and the other by Henry Greathead. The Shields committee awarded Greathead the premium because of the form of keel of his model, but they took the hint from Wouldhave's model of making the boat more buoyant by *means of cork*. Now this is really the master invention of the life-boat, and Wouldhave was certainly entitled to a share in the prize. Wouldhave was first a painter, and afterward clerk of St. Hilda's Church. A monument is erected to him in the burying-ground, headed by a model of his life-boat; it is also hung on the pendant of the lamp in the chancel; and the model itself is preserved in the South Shields Free Library. On the monument it is claimed that he was the "inventor of that invaluable blessing to mankind, the life-boat."

The life-boat constructed by Greathead, including the cork adaptation of Wouldhave, was the means of saving nearly two hundred lives at the entrance to the Tyne.

Another was ordered by the Duke of Northumberland, and endowed with an annuity for its preservation. The duke also ordered another life-boat for Oporto; and Mr. Dempster ordered one for St. Andrews, where it was the means of saving many lives. Before the end of 1803 Mr. Greathead had built no fewer than thirty-one life-boats—five for Scotland, eight for foreign countries, and eighteen for England. The oldest of Greathead's life-boats now in use was built in 1802. It is in the possession of the boatmen of Redcar—a place surrounded by dangerous rocks. Many a life it has saved, not only by the buoyancy of the boat, but by the braveness of the crew.*

The Life-boat Society has now become a Royal and National Institution. Combined with the mortar apparatus of Captain Manby, it saves the live of hundreds of shipwrecked mariners year by year. The Institution has now a noble life-saving fleet of over 300 boats, manned by 25,000 brave men. During its existence it has saved more than 27,000 lives from the perils of shipwreck. Think of the happiness conferred on the wives and children of the rescued.

It would be impossible to give a detail of the valiant services rendered by the boatmen. Among the life-boats of the National Institution is the Van Kook, presented by the late E. W. Cooke, R.A. It is so called because of his German descent. It was stationed at Deal in 1865. It has already saved 161 lives, and assisted to rescue seven vessels

* On seeing this fine old boat, the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe composed some verses, which conclude as follows:

> "The voices of the rescued,
> Their numbers may be read;
> The tears of speechless feeling
> Our wives and children shed;
> The memories of mercy
> In man's extremest need—
> All, for the dear old life-boat
> Uniting seem to plead."

For those who would read about the gallantry of the life-boat crews, and the number of lives they have saved yearly, see the *Life-boat Journal*, and "The History of the Life-boat and its Work."

from destruction. While the aged artist was lying on his death-bed, the men of his life-boat were doing their bravest work.

At one o'clock on Sunday, the 28th of December, 1879, a gun from the South Sands Lightship, on the Goodwins, about seven miles from Deal, gave warning that a ship was engulfed among the breakers. It was blowing a whole gale from the south-west, and vessels, even in the comparative shelter of the Downs, were riding at both anchors. It was a wind, as some said, "to blow your teeth down your throat." As the congregations were streaming out of churches their umbrellas were blown inside out, and they ran home as fast as they could. But the seamen were on the beach. The bell rang to man the life-boat, and the boatmen gallantly answered to the summons. Fourteen men, with Robert Wilds, the coxswain, were the crew. With a mighty rush they launched the life-boat down the steep beach into the boiling surf. A prolonged cheer sent them on their perilous errand.

There were, in fact, three vessels on the Goodwin Sands. The crew of one of them took to their boats, and got into Margate, leaving their ship to be driven to pieces. Another schooner, supposed to be a Dane, disappeared, and was lost with all hands. The ship which was left was the Leda, a German, carrying a cargo of petroleum from New York to Bremen. The crew of the life-boat, on arriving at the Goodwins, saw the large ship enveloped by the breakers. She was stuck fast in the worst part of the Sands—the South Spit—where the waves, even in the mildest day, are continually tumbling. No matter! The ship must be reached. On approaching, it was found that the main and mizzen masts had been cut away, and that the men were clinging to the weather bulwarks, while sheets of solid water made a clean breach over them.

The Van Kook fetched a little to the windward of the devoted ship, and, dropping anchor, veered down upon her. If the cable parted, and the life-boat struck the ship with full force, not a man could have been saved. But the life-boat crew said, "We're bound to save them;" and with all

the coolness of the race, "daring all that men can do," they concentrated their energies upon getting their boat close enough to the wreck to throw their line. Though hustled and beaten by the tremendous seas that were breaking into and over them, so that the boat was full up to the thwarts, the coxswain sang out, as he saw another wave approaching, "Look out, men," and they grasped the thwarts, and held on with both hands, breathless, for dear life. One sea hurled the boat against the ship, and stove in her fore air-box, so that the safety of all made it necessary to sheer off.

Again they returned. The throw-line was at last got on board the bark, and the crew were got, by ones or twos, into the life-boat. The last man was saved, and the gallant coxswain called out, "Up foresail and cut the cable." This was done, and away went the life-boat for home, with its goodly freight of thirty-four souls. One of the rescued crew had twice before been saved by the Van Kook, and encouraged his companions with a recital of his previous deliverances. And so at last, sodden through and through, the life-boat landed the staggering and grateful Germans on the Deal Beach, where, despite the storm, crowds met them with wondering and grateful hearts. Edward W. Cooke lived long enough to hear the "Well done!" Seven days after he died. But his good deed lives after him, and will serve as an example for others.

There are hundreds of similar deeds of bravery done yearly by the crews of the life-boats surrounding our shores. When a ship, or even a fishing-coble, is seen laboring at sea, nothing will stop them. They launch their boat, and are driven back and again back by the pitiless storm. They try again, and at last, pulling their bravest, they get out to sea. Sometimes their boat is driven against the rocks; but she rights herself, and goes forward on her merciful mission. Not long ago the Redcar life-boat went four miles out to sea to rescue the crew of a fishing-coble. And they succeeded.

At Fraserburgh, in the same year, the life-boat went out in a tremendous gale to rescue the crew of the schooner Augusta, which was wrecked on some rocks to the leeward

of the harbor. After the crew were saved the wreck went to pieces. The difficulty was not yet over. It was found that the utmost power of the oarsmen was insufficient to force the boat, against the gale, toward the mouth of the harbor. The anchor was let go, but did not bite. The life-boat struck against the rocks, and the heavy seas rushed over her. The coxswain ordered the cable to be cut, trusting that the heavy sea would force so buoyant and light a boat far enough up upon the rocks to enable those on board to escape. The life-boat, though reduced to the conditions of a wreck, carried the whole seventeen persons to hard, firm rock; and from this the whole of the crews were saved.

One more touching instance of self devotion. One stormy Sunday evening in March, as the people were coming out of church at Great Yarmouth, a signal gun was heard from a vessel on the Groby Sand. The ship had struck on the sand, and the waves were booming over her. The seamen were at once upon the beach, and prepared to launch a yawl. While they were waiting for a lull to run the boat through the surf, a young beachman ran up and jerked one of the yawl's crew from his post. "No, no, Jack, not this time," he said; "you've been out three times already, because I've got married. Fair's fair—so now I'll take my spell again." The boat was launched, and was just clearing the surf, when a breaker lifted her up, and flung her completely over. Three of the crew were drowned, and one of them was the newly-married man who had refused to let his brother take his place. Without a moment's delay another yawl was got ready for launching; she was pushed out to sea, but it was too late. The ship on the Sand had gone to pieces, and all hands were lost.