

## Perilous Adventure

IT was to be a liesurely and restful outing, for we had many things to talk about—his ten years of knocking around the world and my own ten years of domestic growth, to say nothing of the reminiscences of the days when we thumbed the same arithmetic and drummed the same reader. By one P. M. of the morrow we could reach the quahaug beds—the guns could be taken along on the off chance of a stray shot, and if the evening proved fine we could stay it out till the moon rose over the bay.

That night such impatience for the dawn obsessed me that I could not sleep. The foreboding darkness and the whistling of the wind only heightened it. I tried reading, but it would not serve me. Then I remembered hearing my dear mother say that in such circumstances a prayer for the souls in Purgatory might bring rest to them and me. With this last resort I fell asleep and knew nothing more until I was awakened by my father and sister calling, "Jack! Jack! what's the trouble? Why are you screaming so? Save you from what?" I had been dreaming, naturally enough, about the things that so possessed my mind—boats, sand-bars, quahaugs and the ebbing of tides, but they fell away at the moment of awakening.

It was now daybreak so I quickly dressed and ran outside to see if the long expected storm had passed during the night, but was greatly disappointed to find no change. The sky still retained its heavy gray appearance with every indication that it might rain at any minute. There was nothing to do but wait and trust to Providence that the weather would clear before noon. I picked up a newspaper, drew a chair close to the window and tried to interest myself by reading some of the happenings of the busy world.

Then the elements of my dream defiled through my mind with rather more coherence than upon my first awakening, and while I was trying to piece out its import, the sun broke suddenly through the lead of the

sky and dispelled the phantoms before it. I lost no time in getting the rig to rights, drove around to pick up my companion, reached the shore after six miles drive and found the tide had fallen and was already beginning to return.

Now the best fishing ground was close by the side of the channel, just beyond a little island, which was on a great sand-bar about a half mile from the shore. Between the shore and the bar are the flats which cover over first when the tide rises. In this state of affairs we deemed it unsafe to wade across the flats to the sand-bar as the tide might rise sufficiently to make it impossible for us to again reach shore. This could easily happen without our noticing it, as it would necessarily rise four feet before being noticable at the fishing ground. We decided not to attempt it without a boat, and walking along the shore and around a low point which projected a little way into the water, we came upon what we sought. On examination we found the oars were missing, so we substituted for these two pieces of boards that were lying near. Anything would serve the purpose for such a short distance.

The fishing was good, and the time passed so pleasantly that the persistent recurrence of my dream seemed to me rather curious than impressive. We remained on the fishing grounds until 4 o'clock P. M., when we deemed it prudent to return to the shore as the tide had risen to such an extent that we could fish no longer. As soon as we reached the open between the sand-bar and the shore we realized that the gale was on again, and with renewed violence. A sweeping sea was running, and as our motive equipment was very inadequate, we had great fear that we should not be able to maintain the equilibrium of our boat in the turbulent waters.

Soon our fears materialized, for scarcely had we rowed any distance when a tremendous breaker struck the bow of the boat which almost overturned her, and my friend in a strenuous effort to save himself from falling into the water, broke his oar in two pieces, the longer part of it being swept away by the breaker. He



then took his gun and with what assistance I could give him with the remaining oar, we were making a little progress when a second sea struck us, and in an attempt to hold the boat in position, I let the oar slip through my hands into the water. This reduced us to an almost helpless condition, and for a few minutes we did not know what to do. I suggested that we try and make our way back to the little island, and stay there till the next day, but my friend insisted on trying to fight the seas and get back home. Being a good boatman he rather enjoyed it, and felt confident that he could land us safely. To me it seemed useless to attempt it with both oars gone and only the two guns left to take their place. While we were debating what was best to be done suddenly a third breaker struck us broadside which nearly upset the boat and threw me headlong into the sea. At this I thought all was over with me, but struggled nevertheless and fortunately came up within four or five feet of the boat. Quickly reaching out the barrel of the gun, which you may be sure I lost no time in grasping, he pulled me out of the water. The wetting was some antidote to the nerve shock, but I had swallowed a lot of water and was feeling rather sick. However there was no time to consider trifles. What was to be done? We were further out to sea than ever and had lost all chances of regaining the little island. There remained but to drift with the storm and trust to Providence. We thought if we could keep the boat from upsetting, and ride before the seas, even if we drifted out into the Northumberland Straits, we would stand a chance of being picked up. As it was yet an hour or so before sunset there was a probability too that the wind would calm with the going down of the sun.

We found it a most difficult task to keep the boat from capsizing. It would ride up on those tremendous seas and then suddenly drop, bow first, throwing us about violently. Often it was more than half filled with water and kept one of us bailing steadily.

It was now nearly sunset and there was no change in the wind. We had drifted a long distance, almost

from sight of land, and the thought of our being tossed about on those turbulent waters the whole night long was enough to make us give up in despair. My friend, who was of an exceptionally jolly disposition, talked and told stories through it all, though I knew that fear was knocking at his heart as it was at mine.

The sun had now gone down and it was growing dark, with the gale still raging. Before it grew too dark we opened a few quahaugs and ate them, for that was the only food we had; and as the violent lurching of the boat was throwing our cargo overboard we filled our pockets with quahaugs against the hunger of the morning if we should be fortunate enough to survive the tempest. About nine o'clock the moon rose and shone as bright as day, though the wind abated not. We could now make some attempt to trim against the sea, but oh ! how we longed for dawn !

After many long hours of anxious waiting daylight appeared, but there was nothing to be seen but water on all sides. We had certainly drifted into the gulf ; but the gulf is very large, and where were we ? We were very hungry after laboring hard during the night, so we ate a few more quahaugs, and with these we had to be very economical, as they were our only food supply and we had not saved many.

At about eleven o'clock we sighted smoke away in the distance, almost due north, as we judged from the sun. We could hardly control ourselves, when a little later a steamer hove in sight, coming swiftly in our direction. Would she pass within hail ? As the huge hull drew more and more from the water and the larboard strake came more clearly to view we realized with a fresh sinking of heart that her course would carry her about three points to leeward. We waved our hands and shouted (dared not stand up with the tossing of the boat), and pulled off our coats and threw them in the air. There was no answering sign. Suddenly we thought of the guns. The first cartridge brought the biggest game that had ever fallen to one discharge. The huge steamer swung heavily round, narrowed down to her beam, the bone in her jaws making rainbows in the rising sun.



When they got broadside of us they quickly let down thhir life lines and immediately we were landed safely on board our rescuer, which we learned to be the "Empress of Britain" enroute to Quebec from Liverpool, England. We immediately informed the captain that we wished to notify our people at home as to our whereabouts. He at once took us to the wireless operator's apartment where we stated our message and had it transmitted. Oh, how happy we were to be safe once more and to know that our friends on receiving our message could dismiss all apprehension which they must have been entertaining for us. Words will not sufficiently express our happiness and gratitude at finding ourselves saved from the perils of the deep. We were received with all possible cordiality. The captain had a lunch prepared for us which was undoubtedly most heartily appreciated; he then gave us a stateroom and insisted that we should have a good rest. In fact every person on board extended hands in sympathy and were eager to hear of our adventure. After we had related it as briefly as possible we retired and soon were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. We knew nothing more until we were awakened next morning at six o'clock by the sharp shrill sound of the steamer's whistle as she was about a mile aud a half from Quebec. We quickly dressed, took breakfast and went on deck just as the steamer was docking. After bidding our new-found acquaintances and benefactors a sincere farewell, we took ferry to Levis and reached there just in time to catch the Maritime Express, which landed us back to our homes and friends the following evening at five o'clock.

G. C. GREEN, '17.



Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to the tongue, or hand, or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired.