

rose, the current slackened, and wave after wave broke over us. After incredible toil we had at last only a short way to go. I cheered up the good fellows as best I could, reminding them of the smoking hot tea that awaited them after a few more tough pulls, and picturing all the good things in store for them. We really were all pretty well done up now, but we still took a good grip of the oars, soaking wet as we were from the sea constantly breaking over us, for of course none of us had thought of such things as oilskins in yesterday's beautiful weather. But we soon saw that with all our pulling and toiling the boat was making no headway whatever. Apart from the wind and the sea we had the current dead against us here; all our exertions were of no avail. We pulled till our finger-tips felt as if they were bursting; but the most we could manage was to keep the boat where it was; if we slackened an instant it drifted back. I tried to encourage my comrades: "*Now* we made a little way! It was just strength that was needed!" But all to no purpose. The wind whistled round our ears, and the spray dashed over us. It was maddening to be so near the ship that it seemed as if we could almost reach out to her, and yet feel that it was impossible to get on any farther. We had to go in under the land again, where we had the current with us, and here we did succeed in making a little progress. We rowed hard till we were about abreast of the ship; then we once more tried to sheer across to