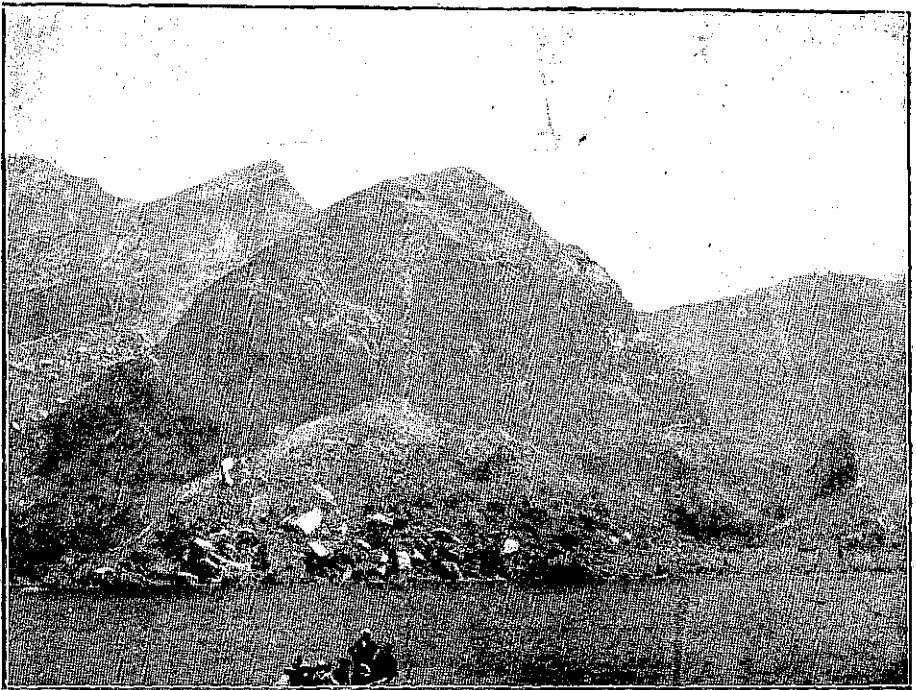


cliff in a more protected spot. About midnight the wind changed again, and drove the fumes away from the landing-place, so we all got ashore once more. Just then, glancing to seaward, I caught sight of the red light of a vessel. I rubbed my eyes to make sure it was no illusion, but no, there it was still, and now the green light also, showing that she was making straight for the island. In great excitement we got some empty tar barrels and fired them to attract attention. As the barrels blazed up

now, the green had disappeared; the vessel had changed her course and was sailing away from us.

At this the poor children broke down completely, and even I felt that we were utterly abandoned. We were in danger of death from two great elements, fire on the one hand, and water on the other. We knew not, from moment to moment, when the quivering island would blow up altogether, and the sea rushing in, claim the spot as its own where once White Island stood.



W. Beattie, photo,

The Landing, White Island.

Auckland.

what a picture the flames threw out! The great towering cliffs rising grim and black behind us, the little group of eager watchers in the foreground, the cloud of living ashes roaring into the sky, and away on the dark waters, two little twinkling lights that meant so much to us.

"They see us!" the children cried; "they are coming nearer." But, no, there was only one light

For some days the wind remained in our favour, but the sea was too rough to attempt to launch a boat. The island became hotter and hotter, and as days went on we could hardly bear to touch even the boulders on the beach. The little gray rats, which are peculiar to the place, came out from the cliffs in thousands, and lay dead everywhere, killed by the heat.

One of the craters had built up a