

Where like snow the gammet's feathers  
On 'Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer,  
And the autumn tempests blow;  
Where through gray and rolling vapour,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn.

There we'll drop our line, and gather  
Old ocean's treasures in,  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain;  
We'll reap the teeming waters,  
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber,  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwellings  
Shall frighten want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wind stiff and slowly,  
From off the frozen reels;  
Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is His hand!  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot;  
And we cannot meet Him better  
Than in working out our lot.

The following is a graphic sketch of the incidents of fishing life on the British coast by Alfred T. Story:

Few can have heard the popular ballad "Caller Herrin'" without being struck by the line, "We ca' them the lives o' men," which crystallizes into a phrase the pathos and tragedy of a nation's chief industry. The song, of course, is Scotch, and in no country in the world, perhaps, is so large a proportion of the people engaged in the herring fishery as

in Scotland, where it has been estimated that twice as many fish are caught as in England. North of the Tweed the herring fishery is conducted in a different manner from what it is in England. For one thing, the boats are smaller, and on that account the more dangerous. If a storm comes on, everything depends on their ability to get into a place of safety, their frail open craft being ill-fitted to weather a severe gale. Should they be too far from shore, or the tempest too sudden in its descent, the tale of boats that returns is not the same as that which went out, and there is mourning under many a lowly roof-tree.

In Scotland the herring fishery begins at the island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, in the month of May, and goes on as the year advances, till in July it is being prosecuted off the coast of Caithness. This continues till well on into the summer, when it suddenly ceases.

For weeks before the commencement all along the East Coast there is such a repairing of boats, such preparations of gear generally, that the whole shore-side, from Wick to Crail, is like a disturbed ant-house. What hopes are raised, what speculation is rife! If the fishing prove productive!—so many things turn on that "if."

Murdock and Jock, maybe, will be able to buy a boat of their own, for these herring outfits are frequently family concerns; Donald and Janet will be able to marry; the wee callants, so active in their bare feet, will have their new winter shoon, their new Sunday breeks—if! Few can imagine what a good fishing season means to these water-side folks. It means comfort and plenty where otherwise want and wretchedness would prevail. For a bad season tells of storms, lost nets and