

contagion. John and George go to sea, to the fisheries, in Uncle Ben's vessel. They succeed beyond expectation. In two years they are able to secure a vessel for themselves. With their two younger brothers and two or three other hands they go off to Labrador. Before leaving home they are both engaged to be married in the autumn to two of Mr. Brown's daughters. Followed by the earnest hopes and prayers of mothers and brothers, sisters and sweethearts, off they go with favoring winds but aching hearts. In two months they secure a splendid catch, and with richly laden vessel they turn for home. The storm bursts upon them in more than usual fury, and they are never heard of more. It is an oft-told tale, with many variations. This being so, we should have more sea-songs among us, as well as figures about us. You know Kingsley's "Three Fishers." It is a successful attempt to evoke the sad music that underlies and overlies the fisherman's life :

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
 Out into the west, when the sun went down ;  
 Each thought of the woman that loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out from the town :  
 For men must work and women must weep,  
 Though storm be sudden and waters deep  
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three women stood up in the lighthouse tower,  
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
 As the storm-wreck came rolling up rugged and brown :  
 For men must work and women must weep,  
 Though storms be sudden and waters deep  
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lay stretched on the shining sands  
 In the morning sun, as the tide went down,  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands  
 For the men that can never come back to the town :  
 For men must work and women must weep  
 And the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep :  
 Then farewell to the bar and its moanings."

The sea exacts costly tribute from us for the wealth we gather from its depths. It takes the flower of our youth, multiplies our widows and orphans, and sends mourning, lamentation and woe into many a once happy home.