

bag and make himself as comfortable as possible in the snow, snuggled close to his dogs, for the sake of the warmth of their bodies. Six hundred miles north in the dead of winter, six hundred miles back again; it takes a man of unchangeable devotion to undertake it."

The hardships of the fishing folk are often hard for stay-at-home folk to comprehend. "But," says Norman Duncan, "they seem not to know that

been wrecked more times than he could 'just mind' at the moment; yet he was the only old man I ever met who seemed honestly to wish that he might live his life over again."

But all these hardships are forgotten when the fishermen have had a good season. "The fleet goes home in the early fall. The schooners are loaded—some so low with the catch that the water washes into the scuppers. 'You could wash your hands



WINTER DRESS AND SKIS.

fishing is a dangerous employment: for instance, a mild-eyed, crooked old fellow—he was a cheerful Methodist, too, and subject to 'glory-fits'—who had fished from one harbor for sixty years, computed for me that he had put out to sea in his punt at least twenty thousand times, that he had been frozen to the seat of his punt many times, that he had been swept to sea in the ice-pack six times, that he had weathered six hundred gales, great and small, and that he had

from her deck,' is the skipper's proudest boast. The feat of seamanship, I do not doubt, is not elsewhere equalled. It is an inspiring sight to see the doughty little craft beating into the wind on a gray day. The harvesting of a field of grain is good to look upon; but I think that there can be no more stirring sight in all the world, no sight more quickly to melt a man's heart, more deeply to move him to love men and bless God, than the sight of the Labrador fleet