

the North Atlantic most dangerous to the great ocean steamers. How much more dangerous to the little fishing boat, and to the frail dory!

The two great ocean currents, the warm and the cold, produce fogs by their meeting. These fogs arise suddenly, sometimes with scarcely a moment's warning. Then, for days and weeks, there are violent gales of wind, which cause the high seas for which this part of the ocean is equally famed and dreaded.

One of the vessels of the fleet discovers a large shoal of fish. The other boats anchor close by, although it is not safe for many vessels to be near one another. If a sudden gale arises, each boat plays out more of its hawser, hoping, praying, that the anchor may hold. If not, the result is certain destruction to them, and to the vessels to leeward; as the wind would hurl the drifting vessel against the others near by, and all would sink together.

Perhaps the icy wind blows several of the smacks over on their sides, and the men, clinging in the tattered rigging, ride out the gale. Each wave that breaks over the icy deck carries away a man. With frozen hands, some of the crew feebly cling to the ropes; the next swell of the sea plunges them into the depths of the ocean. A brother, a father, or a son drowns before the faces of his kindred, separated from them by only a few yards. But alas, those yards are made up of white, mountainous billows, and green, yawning gulfs! And there is no hand to save.

One way in which the cod are taken is by the long line, or trawl. The trawl consists of a line from six to