

ing a good nervous system I resolved to be brave."

Indeed she needed all the bravery she could muster. Drenched in ten minutes by the surf, the boat constantly filling with water, the perils were not over when Inishmain came in sight. "We waited a long time in vain to effect a landing; but at length, during the ebbing of a wave two of the men endeavoured to hold the curragh, while the other directed me to get on to his back. To this I most willingly consented, for, tired and wearied, I longed to reach my destination. Suddenly as we were about to step out a huge wave struck us. The boatman missed his footing, slipped and stumbled, and we were both plunged to the neck in the merciless torrent. After a little time the men came to the rescue, and I was dragged on to the rocks wet and shivering.

"How forlorn and almost forsaken did I feel at that moment; but fortitude and strength were regained in measure by the thought that the safety of a valuable life depended probably on my timely aid that night. . . . I often think that the gratitude of the poor patient afforded a measure of compensation for such an outlay of nervous energy as was expended while attending this first maternity case in the Aran Isles on that gloomy November night."

On another evening there was a loud knock at the door, and "there suddenly appeared one of the silent-footed natives of Inishmain, who, in quick and troubled tones, brought an urgent summons to his island, to dress a burn. A night spent at sea in a fog ended by the boat being perforated on a jagged rock, and its occupants were precipitated into the water, and gained a perilous footing on a boulder, only to

find that they were back again at Inishere, and when the nurse, chilled and benumbed, at length ventured on the homeward journey, she had to walk for a long mile over torturing stones, barred every now and then by high walls, ere the frightened gaze of her landlady greeted her at the cottage door. Next day the sea passage was accomplished under more favourable conditions, and the child, who had a large area of skin destruction, attended to. After suitable treatment and counteracting shock she made an uneventful recovery.

On another stormy evening, when the ocean was crashing and thundering round the island,

an Islander appeared with a summons to his wife. "Very little preparation," says the writer, "was needed, for my bag contained everything that the occasion required. I started clinging to my guide. We were pushed backwards and forwards every other moment in our attempts to make progress. Any previous storm in my experience was peaceful in comparison with this. The situation was truly appalling. I had to look on the fury of the sea, the roar of which seemed to-night to threaten, by some convulsive up-

heaval, to overwhelm us in our isolation."

Rye is the only grain crop of the island, and to separate the grain from the straw each sheaf is taken and beaten violently against an upturned stone, the flags beneath receiving the seed as it falls. This in a heap is next winnowed from the chaff. No threshing machine or flail of any kind is used—only nature's implements, the hands. It is hard work while it lasts, but there is still no inclination to change to more modern methods. We commend the book to our readers.



AN INISHMAIN MAN TAKING HOME CORN.

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