

like a hen with a brood of ducklings, vainly calling and enticing them away from the water.

She could hear the waves now. Shwee-e-e hoosh-sh-sh, shwee-e-e hoosh-sh-sh! It was as though the sea were always mad and foaming at the mouth, and when she was very tired she felt almost as if she must do the same.

It must not be supposed that Mårya was unhappy with her husband; on the contrary, they deeply loved one another.

The eldest boy, Lars, was by this time due to go on his first winter fishing expedition with his father, who had just acquired his own fishing-boat, and had thus become a head man.

"You're taking them all with you! Now it's Lars, and next it will be Olaf."

What could Kriståvee say to this? Mårya was the best of wives, and toiled from morning till night, only sometimes with a look of fear in her eyes. Her arms were round his neck now. It would all come right, for she was the best of wives.

Good-bye, Kriståvee! Good-bye, Lars! The "Seal" heeled over and the red pennon flattened at the masthead.

Mårya looked at it and her face brightened. She had made it out of material that was to have been a petticoat for herself, and she had embroidered Kriståvee's initials on it with blue thread.

Wonderful and moving descriptions are given of the cod fishing, and terrible is the suffering entailed by this industry on the brave men engaged on it.

A capsized boat is such an ordinary thing on the Lofoten sea. They were swept along, now high on the crest of a wave, now deep in the trough. It was such an ordinary thing to be drowned on a night such as this, and they knew it, but they held on tight, because every second was a second more to live, and they cried wild agonising cries for help, and the cry was the same from them all: "Lord God! Help! Help!"

What a tragic incident was that of Kriståvee trying in vain to keep Kaneles afloat.

God forgive him if he had to leave go of the lad!

He saw in fancy his father, the half-blind old man, living in his little farm up on the mountain, and he kept hold of the boy; they would have to be washed away together.

How deep was the self-reproach of the simple fisherman that he was compelled to abandon his burden, and when Kriståvee was finally rescued and his exhausted body was restored by warmth and food, he had to answer the question, "But what's become of Kaneles?"

Everyone looked up, but no one spoke. At last Kriståvee answered, "Kaneles, yes," he said. "He—he didn't come back with us, no."

"Kaneles Gomon! That merry fellow! Could he be lying in the West Fjord now?"

Honest Kriståvee began to feel Kaneles haunting him.

"You let go of me, Kriståvee. At the last moment you saved yourself and let go of me."

This is a book well worth reading, and we heartily commend it to any reader who would be completely taken out of herself and immersed in the stress of lives toiling for bare sustenance amid such fearful privation.

It is a fine story, finely told, and illustrated with good engravings.

H. H.

THE MONTHS.

DECEMBER.

'Tis your grave task to sound this year's "Last Post"

O'er records marred or wise,

And to recall

The grand "Reveille," once an angel host

Flung to the Eastern skies

To wake us all.

—C. B. M.

COMING EVENTS.

December 1st.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. General Meeting. Clinical Theatre. 3 p.m. Social gathering in the Great Hall.

December 7th.—Annual Reunion and Dinner. Nursing Staff, Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. Trades House, Glassford Street, Glasgow. Reception. 6.45 p.m.; Dinner 7.45 p.m.

December 11th.—Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund. Sale of Work. Royal British Nurses' Association Club. 194, Queen's Gate. 2 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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On page iii of the cover of this issue will be found some illustrations of a few specialities to be found in the Ladies' Outfitting Department, and it should be noted that the firm also specialises in Nurses' Uniform Dresses.

Everybody wants something new for Christmas. Get it at Cozens.

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