

# Northern Messenger

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## The Queen and the Fishermen.

The 'Toilers of the Deep' publishes this portrait of Queen Victoria in connection with the announcement that Her Majesty had approved of the title 'Royal National' being assumed by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. This honor is deeply appreciated by the society. The organ of the society says: 'It is our great privilege to be able this month to make an announcement that will

thus conferred on the Society, and no effort will be spared by them to make and keep the Mission, even to the minutest details of its operations, right worthy of its name.'

### DR. GRENFELL.

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, whose sketch of Prince Pomik we copy in this number, was sent out by this mission. He is captain of the missionary ship 'Sir Donald,' presented by Sir Donald Smith to the Deep Sea Mission.

that she very much desired that particular garment. She was hurt and felt that she had suffered a great grievance, as she sat alone in the cosy sitting room of the pretty home she and her husband had been so happy in for the two years of their married life.

We live by comparison in a great degree. What some one else has we are quite apt to think we ought to have, too. Mrs. Maxwell's next door neighbor and most intimate friend, Mrs. Hartwell, had exactly the counterpart of the sealskin jacket she had so much wanted, given her by her husband for her Christmas present.

'My husband is so indulgent to me, dear old fellow!' she had said to Mrs. Maxwell, two hours before, when she had run in to get a recipe.

Mrs. Maxwell rolled out the crust for a lemon pie, all the while 'chewing the cud of resentment.' 'Did her husband love her as well as Mrs. Hartwell's husband his wife?' She began to accuse 'the best husband in the whole world' of being neglectful of her. But even 'chewing the cud of her resentment' did not make her unmindful of her duties toward the getting up of a dinner for that husband when he should come home. It was the first lemon pie she had ever made, and it was going to be a surprise for Walter. Walter was very fond of lemon pie, and the pie was a great success. When her husband came home they sat down at the table together. He was in fine spirits, everything about the dinner was just right, and the lemon pie had great commendation from him.

'And now, I may kiss the cook,' he said, as they finished dinner, and he put his arm around his wife, and led her into the sitting room.

If he had had a little more intuition about that time, he would have noticed that his wife seemed to have 'something on her mind.' She did not wait long before she said:

'O Walter! you ought to see the elegant sealskin Mr. Hartwell gave his wife for her Christmas. She showed it to me to-day, and says her husband is always so indulgent



HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

be received with profound thankfulness by every friend and helper of the Mission, no less than by the fishermen, alike in home and colonial waters, for whom it exists and works so indefatigably.

'On December 7, Sir Arthur Bigge wrote from Windsor Castle:—"You will be glad to know that the Queen has to-day approved of the title 'Royal National' being assumed by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen." And a few days later the formal official notification of the Royal favor was duly received from the Home Secretary.

'We are sure that no words of ours are needed to set forth the immense value of such a mark of Royal approval; and our brave fishermen themselves will assuredly not be the last to gratefully recognize this unmistakable evidence of the close personal interest Her Gracious Majesty must feel in their welfare. The news will come to them, we are sure, as a valuable Christmas card from the Queen herself and from many a toiling smack will go up the prayer, "God bless her!"

'For the Council and all officially connected with the Mission, we need only say how deeply they feel and appreciate the honor

A writer in a Boston paper, 'The Congregationalist,' says of him:—

'At Oxford he was prominent in athletics and I think the great thing he had to give up for the Gospel's sake was the thought of being captain of the 'Varsity team!' But that training well fitted him to become captain of the missionary steamer 'Sir Donald' and to endure hardness on sea and land in his future work. In Soudan he studied medicine under Sir Andrew Clarke and this experience in a London Hospital was God's way of specially fitting him for service among sailors. And then a word fitly spoken in a public meeting in London by Dwight L. Moody decided the young surgeon to become 'a fisher of men.' Such he has been usefully and happily ever since.'

## Within the Rim of Your Shilling.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

Mrs. Maxwell was disappointed. Her face showed it. She thought her husband would give her a sealskin garment for her holiday gift. She had surely hinted often enough during the few weeks preceding Christmas



DR. W. T. GRENFELL.