

**THE HARVEST OF THE
SEA: A TALE OF BOTH
SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC**

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The Harvest of the Sea: A Tale of Both Sides of the Atlantic by Wilfred T. Grenfell

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WILFRED T. GRENFELL

**THE HARVEST OF THE
SEA: A TALE OF BOTH
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SOME LEAPERS OF THE HARVEST

F. Revell

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

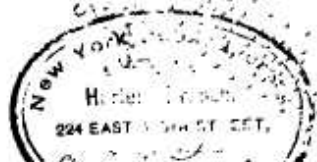
A TALE OF BOTH SIDES
OF THE ATLANTIC

By
Wilfred T. Grenfell,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED



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INTRODUCTION

EVERY one takes an interest in the sea rovers of old. No boy but is thrilled by the stories of Drake and Hawkins, of Franklin, Frobisher and John Paul Jones. Stories of heroic courage and indomitable energy still inspire us with a longing to lead nobler lives ourselves, and though in all ages the hardest battles have had to be fought in other spheres than the physical, yet in this twentieth century, when from childhood to the grave so many breathe an atmosphere of enervation, thank God we still love and admire anything that suggests to us the same great qualities that nerved those heroes of old!

They are other motives that in these days actuate the Toilers of the Deep to fight again in small vessels the same fight with the mighty elements, far off upon the seas, while we in the gales of winter enjoy the warmth and shelter of our homes on the land. Yet can we think that the motive, which is to provide for wives and children the blessings of the land, is less noble, because it involves the humble calling of the

fisherman, than if it meant the shedding of blood, perhaps for reasons no loftier than greed for gold or desire for the praise of men?

For over twenty years I have lived among the deep-sea fishermen on both sides of the Atlantic, and I can safely challenge any man to say that they are unworthy representatives of an ancestry we love to boast of. The same courage, even unto death, I have seen exhibited again and again, and that where no other spur to action existed than the imperious conscience of a brave sailor. No reward was looked for, no mead of praise obtained. Yet I have seen men go to save a human life, where heroes might have feared to follow; for more than once it meant passing, alone and unobserved, into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

My story aims to give some idea of the lives we live, and how these marvellous things were done for us. It is an attempt to describe a social revolution, and the going forth to us, in our homes at sea, of the old, old story, with the same power as in ages past. I have thought it wise to have two of my fishermen friends tell the story of this transformation.

WILFRED GRENFELL.

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THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE HARVEST
of THE SEA

I

I am APPRENTICED to The FISHERIES

EXACTLY where I first saw the light I do not know. I suppose it must have been in a more or less comfortable home. My father, I believe, was a master carpenter, and as such should have earned wages enough to keep the family in moderate comfort at least. But drink and bad company proved his and our ruin, as it has many another's, and long before I knew my right hand from my left, he had disappeared and left us to live or die as Fate determined.

Faint recollections of a dingy garret of which we rented one corner rise in my memory at times; and then I recall the neighbours' taking away our mother, and things being even worse than before, because she never came back. Poor mother! all she left behind her was Tom and Jessie and me. Tom was six years older than I,