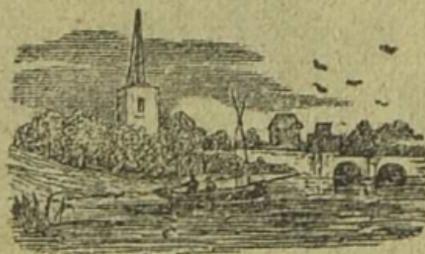


THE
CABIN BOY'S
COMPANION



LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
56, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND
65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

502.

37131039 910 229

3



SHIPWRECKED SAILORS. PAGE 7.

THE
CABIN BOY'S
COMPANION.



LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

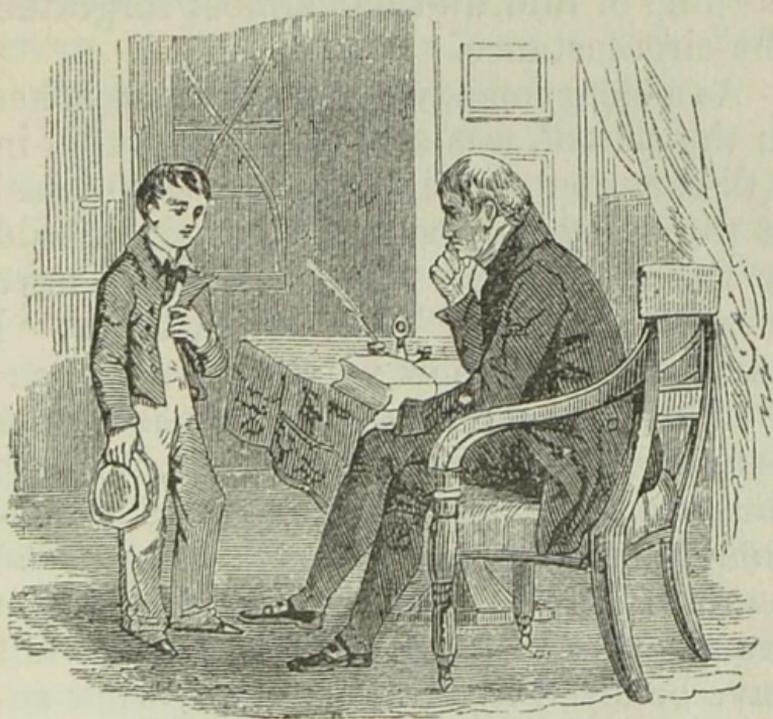
Instituted 1799.

SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW

AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;

AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE
CABIN BOY'S COMPANION.



THE BRISTOL LAD.

THE Rev. T. B., a venerable clergyman of Bristol, lately mentioned from the pulpit, that a boy, some time since, behaved so ill in the St. James's Sunday school, that

neither kindness nor severity appeared to have any effect upon him: after having been before the committee repeatedly, they were very reluctantly obliged to expel him. For several years they heard nothing of him, and had almost forgotten the circumstance.

As a clergyman, who was then a teacher in the school, was sitting in his study, in a distant country village, a sailor knocked at the door, and, being admitted, he said to the clergyman, "I suppose you have forgotten me."—"Yes," answered he, "I have, if I ever knew you." "Do you remember, sir, a wicked boy named James Saunders?"—"Oh yes," said he, "I have cause to remember him; he gave me uncommon trouble and anxiety: what do you know of him?" "I am the lad!"—"You are grown so, and so altered, I could not have believed it. Well, James, what account can you give me of yourself?" "A very sorry one, sir. When I was expelled the school, I left the city, and wandered I scarcely knew or cared where. At length, I found myself at the sea side: weary of living by lying and stealing, and weary of

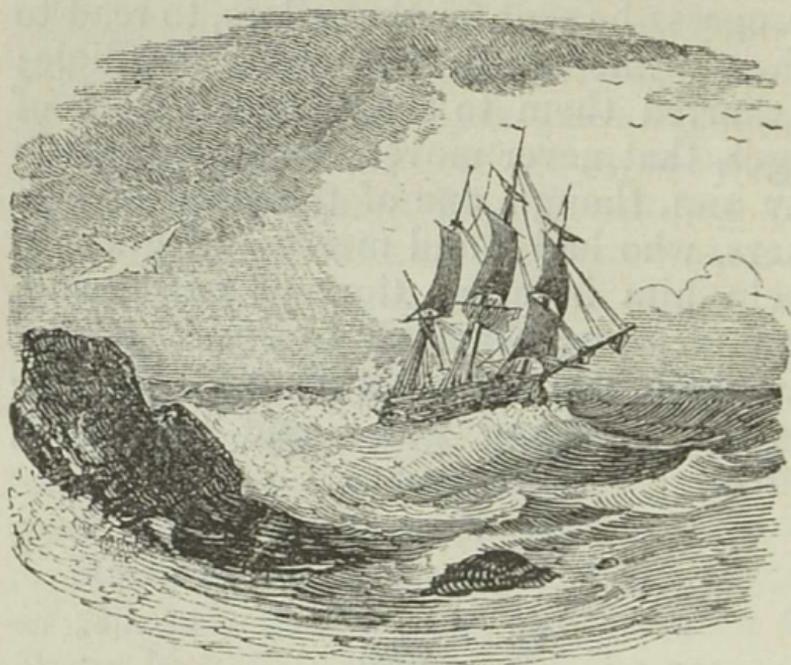
myself, I got on ship board, and, after sailing in various parts of the world, I was shipwrecked in a hurricane in the Bay of Honduras: after swimming till my strength failed me, I gave myself up for lost. In the middle of the night, I came to my senses, and found myself on a rock half covered with water. I looked around, and called out for my shipmates, and found that two of them were circumstanced like myself, every moment expecting a watery grave. For the first time since I left the school, you, sir, darted into my mind; I thought of your kindness, of my base ingratitude, and some of the sacred truths you took so much pains to fix in my memory, particularly that passage in Numb. xxiii. 9; "From the top of the rocks I see him." In my extremity, I looked to the Saviour of whom I had heard so much, but whom I had so long slighted and despised; I knelt down up to my waist in water, and cried mightily, that God would be the 'rock of my strength, and my portion for ever.' I found your words true, 'that praying breath was never spent in vain.' On the

day breaking, some pieces of wreck were discovered, on which we ultimately succeeded in reaching the shore; then many of the precious truths you had taught me from the Bible came fresh to my memory, though I had almost forgotten during my career of iniquity even that there was such a book. I thought, sir, you would be glad to find that all your care and anxiety on my behalf was not lost; I therefore walked from my ship all this way, to thank you in the best manner I can for your former kindness to me."

Knowing the cunning and adroitness of the lad, Mr. P. was half inclined to discredit him. He inquired the name of his then captain, to whom he wrote, and ascertained that, since this young man had sailed with him, his conduct had been so correct and exemplary, that, whenever he knew James Saunders was on the deck, he made himself perfectly easy, knowing that the duties of the ship would be faithfully attended to. Many months after, Mr. P. received a letter from the captain, saying, that poor James Saunders, in a distant part of the world,

was seized with a fever; that during its progress he sent for the sailors, to read to them, while he was able, out of the Bible; exhorted them to cleave to the Rock of ages, that never moves; to take example by him, though one of the vilest of sinners, who had found mercy and grace to help him in every time of need; and, commending them all to Jesus, he fell asleep in him without a struggle, a monument of saving grace and redeeming love.





THE SWEDISH SAILOR BOY.

IN 1816, a vessel from Stockholm was driven upon the coast of Scotland in a tremendous gale, and became a total wreck, situated so that no human aid could possibly be given to preserve the crew. In a short time after the vessel struck, she went to pieces. The spectators on shore saw with grief the awful situation of those on board, but could

render them no help. All on board perished, except one person, who, driven by the waves upon a piece of the wreck, entangled among the ropes fastened to the mast, half naked and half drowned, reached the shore, and was disengaged from his heart-rending situation by those who were on the beach.

As soon as they rescued him, they observed a small parcel tied round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money, others thought it was the ship's papers, and others said it was his watch, etc. The handkerchief was unloosed, and to their surprise and astonishment it was his Bible!—a Bible given to the lad's father by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written, that the Lord might make the present gift the means of saving his son's soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account how the Bible came into the old man's hands, and an expression of that gratitude to the British and Foreign Bible Society which inspires the heart of every Christian was written by the old man. The request was, that his

son should make it "the man of his counsel," and that he could not allow his son to depart from home without giving him the best pledge of his love, his Bible! although that gift deprived the other parts of the family of the treasure. The Bible bore evident marks of having been often read with tears.



POOR JACK.

SOME time ago, at a Bible meeting, a person very decently dressed in black came forward on the platform, and, after a very powerful appeal to the audience in favour of Bible Societies, he said that 'a little boy in a sea-port town, some years since, had a most passionate and reprobate father, who was a sailor. One evening, the lad was sent to the pier to call his father; and, finding him in a state of intoxication, some conversation ensued. The father, enraged at a remark from the boy, raised his foot, and kicked him from the edge of the pier on which he was standing into the sea. In a storm of passion, the father reeled to a public house. The night was approaching fast, the poor child was struggling with the waves, and nearly sinking, when a sloop of war's boat, going off to the ship, espied him, and providentially rescued him from a watery grave. The ship was under sailing orders, and weighed that night.

Every attention was paid by the seamen to the lad, and the next day, on hearing his simple but affecting tale, they called him "Poor Jack." The ship was going upon a foreign station. Jack messed in the starboard bay, and soon became a very active, useful boy. His natural good temper and smartness in duty procured him many friends, and in a few years Jack was a favourite with all on board.

Happily, in this ship God had not left himself without a witness. One or two men were not ashamed to read their Bibles, and publicly avowed their attachment to a crucified Saviour. Poor Jack was kindly noticed by them, and mercifully awakened by Divine grace. Several men had died, and fresh draughts had often been received on board. Jack's history was now almost forgotten. An action was fought, and several men killed and wounded; the latter, after being properly arranged in the sick bay, were often humanely visited by Jack.

An old sailor, in particular, who was badly wounded, and not expected to live, received much Christian care from him.

Every day increased his pain and his danger, until finding the current of life fast ebbing away, he became deeply concerned for his precious and immortal soul, and was often found bathed in tears on account of his sins. On those occasions, Jack failed not to read the sacred Scriptures, and point out such portions as were most applicable to a sinner convinced of his guilt and danger, and anxious to flee from the wrath to come. The poor old sailor at length perceived a ray of hope, and took refuge in Christ Jesus. A cloud of horror, nevertheless, so overwhelmed him, that he could not firmly lay hold of the hope set before him, though he dared not altogether reject it. A few days before he died, Jack was standing by his hammock, when a sudden gush of tears and a deathlike howl burst from the old man, and he faintly uttered, "Oh, I cannot be pardoned! No—no! I am, young man, I am—a murderer! Oh my child—my child—my boy—my dear boy!—There, see how he struggles with the waves!—Hark! he cries for help!—yes, I heard him say, 'Father, save me!'—"

Oh save him!—Do, good people, save him—throw a rope over—launch the boat out—Will nobody save him!—Ah! he sinks, and his father is his murderer! Yes, reproach me, Mary—shriek again, again—and cry, Give me my child! Where's my boy! Poor Mary, thou art cold! I can't get drunk now, and forget thy sorrows. I am wounded—I am dying! Vengeance has overtaken me—Oh the terrors, the terrors of a guilty conscience!”

Overwhelmed with pity, love, joy, and wonder, poor Jack, in an agony of tears, fell on the neck of the old sailor, crying, “My father, my father, my father! behold your son, your boy! I did not perish. The ship's boat saved me. Oh, there is mercy for you, my father, my father!”

“What!” cried the trembling and astonished old man, “are you my boy, my own child, the lad I dashed from the pier?”

“Yes, my father, believe me, I am—I am. Ever since you have been wounded, I have felt attracted toward you. I counted myself most happy to read and

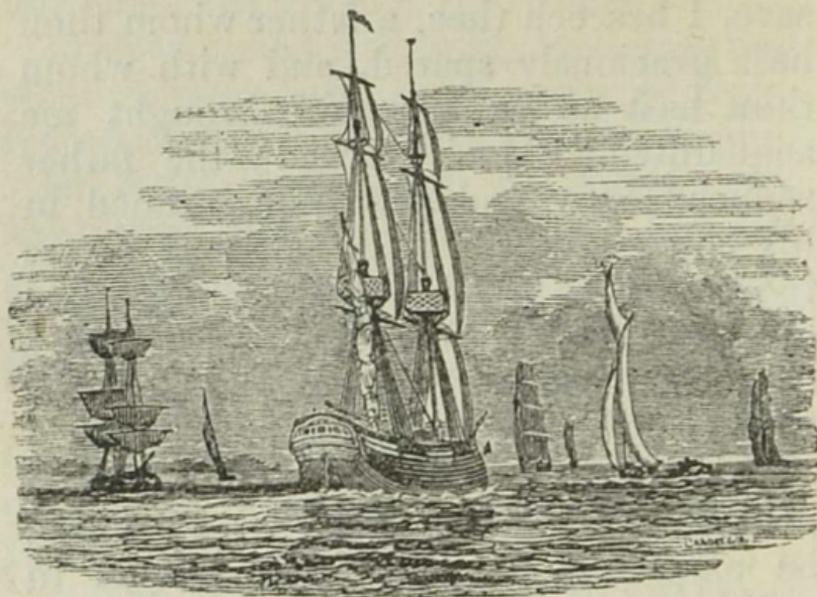
pray with you. I often wondered at my feelings. It is explained. I have been attending *my father*—I have been comforting my father!”

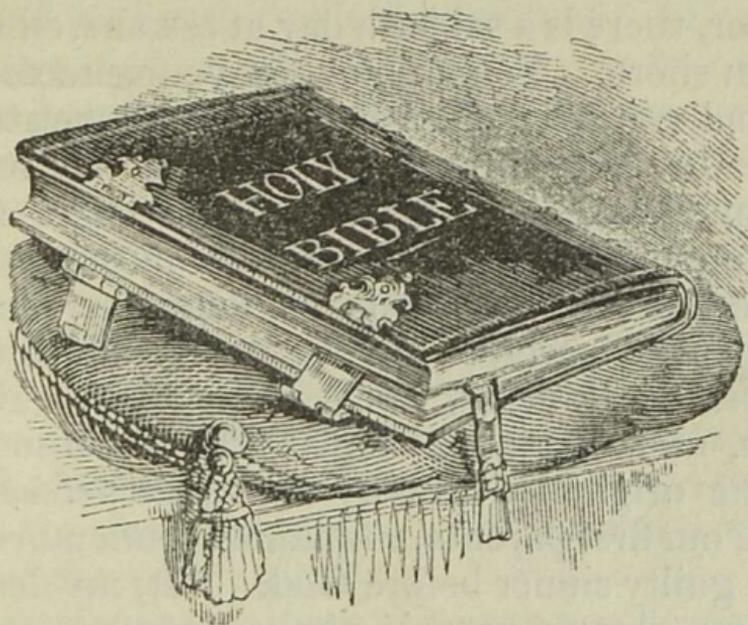
“My child! yes, thou art my child! I see the features of my dear Mary.”

A mutual flood of tears prevented either speaking for some minutes. At length, the youth exclaimed, “Merciful God, how wondrous are thy ways!—Oh save, save, I beseech thee, a father whom thou hast graciously spared, and with whom thou hast so unexpectedly brought me acquainted.” Jack paused; the father rejoiced; joy and gratitude beamed in his countenance. But the scene grows too painful to be prolonged. Suffice it to say, poor Jack’s father lived several days after this, and died rejoicing in God, the Saviour of his soul. A year or two passed over, and the war ended. The ship was paid off, and Jack being cast on shore, he employed his time and talents in urging sinners to flee for refuge to Christ Jesus.”

The speaker paused. The audience was deeply affected; every eye was fixed

on him, anxiously waiting for the sequel, when, bowing to the assembly, he, with much modesty and humility exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, in the relator of this anecdote you now see—**POOR JACK.**"





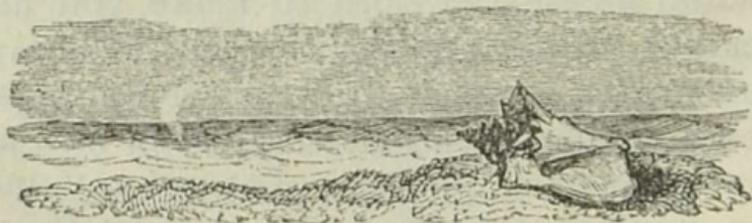
HOW TO STEER IN EARLY LIFE.

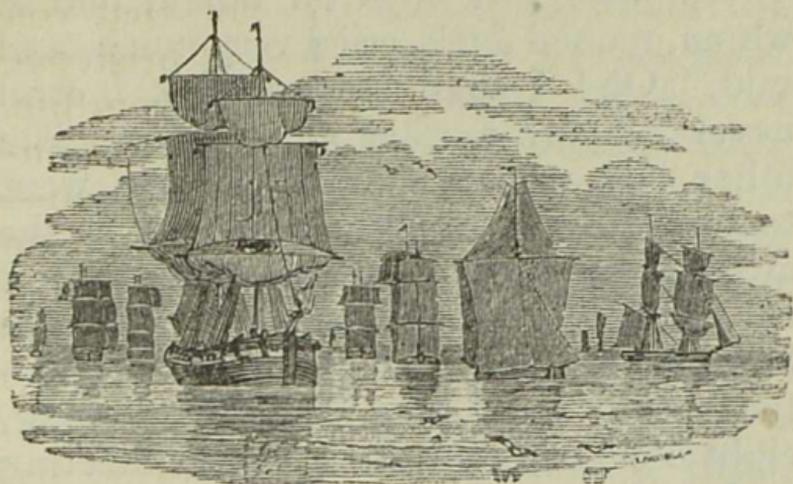
MY lads, you have many a leisure half hour; let that time be profitably employed. You probably have some books with you; read them, and, above all, your Bible. Do not deem it a mere school book, for in it you will find the most correct chart ever published; I mean that of the human heart: it is there you may learn, by the Divine guidance, the true path to honour, the best directions for such good conduct

as I have above recommended. Remember, there is a sabbath day at sea as well as on shore. You are not too young to die, and you have often heard that all men by nature are sinners. The dawn of your understanding opens, and you begin to know good from evil: this requires your serious consideration; for remember that man is accountable for every idle and wicked thought, word, and action. He is, as it were, sinking awfully down into the original depravity and wretchedness of our first parents, and stands condemned, a guilty sinner before God. But, my dear boy, gloomy as this picture may appear, it remains a glorious truth, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Here is the seaman's best Friend, a "hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." He alone can preserve you in every danger, since he rides upon the whirlwind, and governs every storm. Remember, that a real Christian sailor is one who has fled to Christ for refuge, and laid hold on him as the only hope exhibited in the gospel, whereby we, as sinners by nature as well as by prac-

tice against a holy God, may be reconciled to him through the death of his Son. I say, such a sailor has nothing to fear in the hour of danger; and while the swearer, the wicked of every stamp and station, are wringing their hands in fear, expecting every moment to be hurried into the presence of an offended God, and plunged into the gulf of eternal misery, the man who has Christ for his Friend will calmly resign his all into the hands of his Friend, who has said to such men, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," Psa. 1. 15. I do not mention these things to terrify you, but to lead your mind to the channel which conducts to true, real, and everlasting happiness; to that path of duty which is the only way for you to become, by the Divine blessing, a good man. I am glad you have chosen the sea; if it should please the Lord to make you his servant, what opportunities you will have to exercise yourself in his cause amongst the benighted heathen nations, as well as among your shipmates. Let not any one see you act unbecomingly; but let them

be compelled to acknowledge, by witnessing your steady good conduct, that you are indeed a follower of Jesus Christ, one who makes the Bible the rule of your life. Do not regard the sneers or scoffs of ungodly sailors; some may laugh at you—so let them; it will be your gain both in the world, and when you come to die. Be constant in your prayers to God through Jesus Christ, to be your Guide and Protector, to guard you in the time of temptation, and receive you under his almighty direction. Do not forget to write home to your father and mother, particularly the latter; she will long to hear from you. And now, may the Lord, even Jesus Christ, our Saviour, take you by the hand as you leave that of your parent, and be your father, mother, and your soul's everlasting portion.





DON'T CRY, JACK.

ONE of the first ships in which the prayer meetings were held on the river Thames, was bound from Shields to London with a cargo of coals. On her passage, she was overtaken by a dreadful gale of wind, in which another vessel, the *Betsey*, was lost, with all hands, except the master and carpenter.

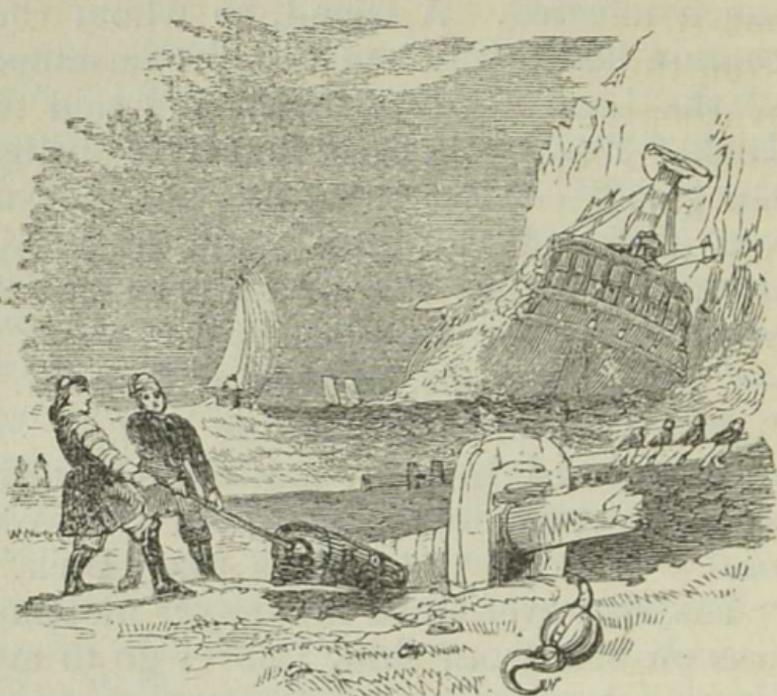
The gale continued with unabated fury for a considerable time. The ship became unmanageable; all hopes of saving her were given up, and the crew expected

every moment to meet a watery grave. There were two boys on board, one of whom, named Jack, cried very much, and said, "Oh! I shall be drowned, I shall never see my mother any more!" The other boy, whose name was Dick, went to him, and, seemingly unmoved at the awful situation they were in, said, "Don't cry, Jack; I am not afraid; don't you know they always pray for our ship in the river. It is now Tuesday evening, eight o'clock; there is a prayer meeting on board some ship, and I know they will not forget us." The remark of this lad was heard by the captain as he was standing by, almost in despair; it roused him up to fresh exertions, and he was enabled to cast his ship and crew on the mercy of that God who holds the winds in his fist, and the waves in the hollow of his hand.

In a short time, the wind veered a point or two in their favour; they got the ship under management, and in forty-eight hours she was safely moored in the Thames. At the request of the captain, the Bethel flag was hoisted, and they had a meeting for prayer and thanksgiving for this great

deliverance, at which all present were very much affected. A friend, to whom the captain had mentioned the circumstance of the boys, went to them, and said to Dick, "Was it you, Dick, that cried during the gale?"—"No, sir, it was not me; it was Jack. I was not afraid of being drowned. Don't you always pray for our ship?"—"Yes; and did not you pray?"—"Yes, I did, sir, as well as I could." "And what did you say, my lad?"—"I said, O Lord, save my master; O Lord, save the ship; let Daniel's God now save us." "I hope you always pray, Dick." "Yes, sir; ever since the prayer meeting was on board our ship, I never go to my hammock or leave it in a morning without prayer.





MY MOTHER'S LETTER.

A VESSEL was lately wrecked on the rocks of Scilly: the crew were saved. An interesting lad recently arrived at Penzance belonging to her, and hearing of a minister who was kind to sailors, he waited on him, soliciting relief as a poor shipwrecked sailor boy. The following conversation occurred:—

Boy. We were bound to Newfoundland, but struck on the rocks about 200 yards from the shore: we thought of jumping overboard, but the people on the land called to us to stay by the vessel till the tide ebbed, and the vessel would be almost on dry ground.

Min. Did you save any thing from the wreck?

Boy. Nothing but the few things I have on.

Min. Could you not save your clothes when the vessel grounded?

Boy. No, sir; the sea broke over us in such a manner, we expected every moment would be our last. I tried to save a letter.

Min. What, a letter! You must have valued it very much indeed, to make it your chief concern in such dangerous circumstances?

Boy. Yes, sir, I did. The captain cried out to the mate to jump down below and save his watch; but I was only anxious for my letter.

Min. Surely there must have been something extraordinary in this letter; who wrote it?

Boy. My mother, sir.

Min. And you loved your mother?

Boy. Yes, sir; it was my mother's letter, and I would sooner have saved it than all the vessel had on board.

Min. Your mother is a pious woman, I hope, and loves the Lord Jesus Christ?

Boy. Yes, sir.

Min. Indeed! and she trained you up to hear the gospel?

Boy. Yes, sir, I always attended before I went to sea.

Min. Then, my dear lad, you are the child of many prayers, and God has heard your pious mother's prayers, and saved you from the fatal consequences of shipwreck. Was there any thing remarkable in your mother's letter?

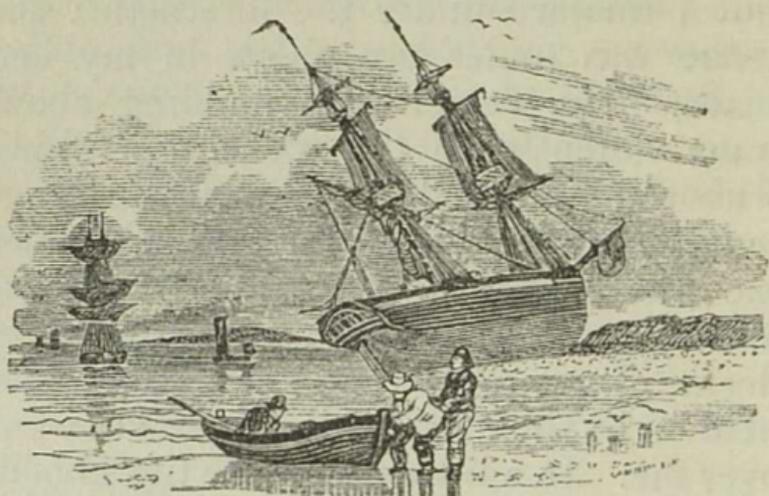
Boy. Yes, sir, it contained *good advice*; and she said she was getting old now, and perhaps might never see me again, so I thought it was the last letter I should ever have from my poor mother. This made me more anxious about it.

Min. The Lord bless you, and hear all your mother's fervent prayers for your soul's salvation. Did you save the letter?

Boy. After we struck, sir, I jumped down forward under the forecastle; the letter was under my pillow in my bed place. The vessel was tumbling about most violently on the rocks, and filling with water. I made a snatch at the letter, and got but part of it; for the deck under me was suddenly forced up, and I was almost crushed to death against the upper deck. I got out as soon as I could, and held on by the mast, while the waves went over me. In a little while, the tide ebbed, the vessel broke up, and we got on shore. I received the letter at Newport, in Wales, before we sailed.

The minister was much impressed with this simple tale, and, after many solemn and suitable admonitions, kneeled and prayed with the lad. He then presented him with several religious tracts, and some necessaries were procured for him.

What an encouragement does this circumstance afford to pious mothers, to go on praying for and writing to their sons, who are embarked on the boisterous ocean!



THE HARPOON BOY.

IN the morning of one of the brightest days of summer, a little boy, about the age of thirteen, clad in patched and thread-bare garments, called at our door. "I have nothing to give you," said the servant. "You may not," replied the boy; "but I hear that your master gives away little good books, and perhaps he will give me one." I was called to the door, and was instantly taken with his appearance. The following dialogue then passed between us:—

Minister. You ask for a little book; but perhaps you are hungry, and would rather have some breakfast.

Boy. No, sir, I thank you, I have had a good breakfast given me by a kind lady. I should be glad if you would give me a book.

Min. But you are poor, my boy: would you not be better pleased with some money?

Boy. No, sir; money is but vanity. I should like a book better.

Min. Why is it that you so much desire a good book? Of what use will it be to you?

Boy. Good books teach me about God, and the way to heaven.

Min. And which is the way to heaven?

Boy. It is by praying to God to make me good, and by trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for sinners.

Min. Why do you think God will hear you when you pray? Do you deserve to go to heaven?

Boy. No, none of us deserve to go to heaven; we are all too sinful for that. But I hope God will hear my prayers,

and forgive me, because he has said he will.

Min. Do you, then, know any thing of the Bible?

Boy. O yes, sir, I am very fond of it; but when my father and I were discharged from the ship, in our hurry we left our Bible behind us, and I have been sorry for it ever since.

Min. Discharged from the ship! Where, then, do you come from?

Boy. I came, sir, from St. John's, Newfoundland. My mother died when I was a baby. My father is employed in the whale fishery; and since I have been big enough, he has taken me with him. We were on board a whaler, which brought us to England. The captain discharged the crew at M——, and we are now on the road to the fishery at C——, in hopes of procuring employment till the spring, when we expect to get a ship to take us back.

Min. But employment is scarce, and you and your father, being strangers here, must experience many hardships.

Boy. God sends us friends, sir, every

day. The captains of ships at the ports are all very kind to my father, and help him.

Min. You say you are very fond of your Bible: is there any particular part of it which you recollect, and which gives you comfort in your dangers and wanderings?

Boy. I am very fond of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel; but I most frequently think of these words, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," Psa. xxvii. 10.

Min. Pray who taught you to read, and instructed you in the meaning of what you read?

Boy. I learned to read in a Sunday school, which was opened by a missionary at St. John's.

This conversation excited in me an affectionate concern for the little fellow, who stood before me leaning on a staff, which was the companion and support of his steps. That I might gain more information respecting his humble history, and satisfy myself of his sincerity, I proposed to him to come and weed in my

garden, promising to recompense him with a little book. He consented, but said, "I must first run after my father, and tell him what I am going to do, and that I will come after him to C——." In a short time, he returned with a pocket-knife in his hand, and expressed his willingness to be employed. I took him into my garden, and for once was glad that it contained some weeds. He worked with as much diligence as I could expect from a sailor boy, who had been accustomed to very different occupations. During the two hours that he spent in cutting up the bad productions of the soil, I often stood beside him, and made further inquiries into his little history. Our dialogue ran in the following strain:—

Min. How long were you in the Sunday school at St John's?

Boy. Three months, sir.

Min. Only three months! Did you learn to read in that time?

Boy. Yes, sir, with the help of my father.

Min. Why did you leave school?

Boy. Because it was broken up, and

the missionary removed to another place, to teach other children.

Min. Do you ever think of the kind persons who taught you?

Boy. Yes, very often. They were very kind to me, and took great pains to make me understand. I pray that God may bless and reward them.

Min. Do you think they showed you more kindness than if they had made you rich?

Boy. Oh yes; they did more for me than that. I can never love them too much for all their goodness to me.

Min. Are you not exposed to many dangers in the whale fishery?

Boy. It is a dangerous business, sir. My employment is to give the harpoons to the harpooners when they strike the fish, and to let out the line. Sometimes, the angry fish will with his tail either strike the men into the air, or dash the boat to pieces, and endanger the lives of all in it. But God has taken care of my father and me, so that we never met with any accident.

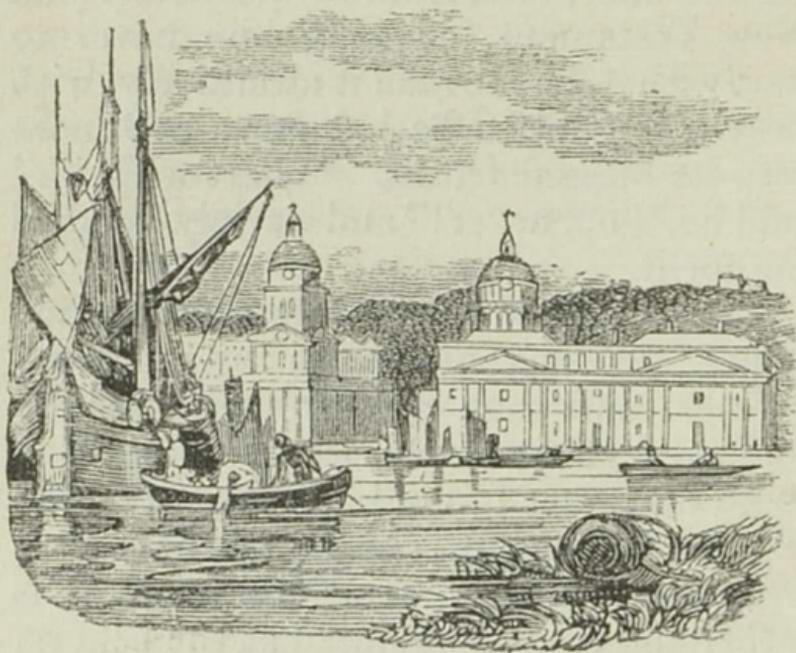
Thus did this poor child discern the

hand of God in those circumstances which too many foolishly speak of as matter of chance. Should these pages ever come under the eye of a seafaring man, let him attentively view this fact. Here was a feeble little boy, who could face death in some of his most fearful and dreary forms, and peacefully trust in an unseen and heavenly Guardian! When my little friend had spent two hours at his work in my garden, he was supplied with some plain food. As I entered the kitchen where he sat to his humble repast, I observed that he had not eaten the whole of what had been placed before him, although it was not more than enough for one of his years and situation. "Can you not eat any more?" I asked. He answered, "I thank you, sir; but, if you please, I will take the rest to my father." This was a moving instance of self-denial and affection!—surely it was a fair and lovely specimen of the fruits of that Christian culture which had been bestowed upon his youthful mind in the Sunday school at St. John's! "My father," said he, "is a good father to me." In expressing thankfulness for

his refreshment, he said, "I know that God has to-day sent you to be my friend, as he daily sends me one friend or another." He was about to withdraw, as if satisfied with what he had received as a recompence for his labour, and too humble to renew his petition for a book. I gave him several small books, suitable for his age and station, and, as he made for the door, took from my pocket a small New Testament, advising him never to part with it, but to read it attentively, with prayer to God to be led more and more into its blessed truths. "Part with it!" said he, "no, never!" and warmly thanked me for it.

Proceeding a short distance from my house, he was overtaken by a heavy shower, and took shelter under a lofty and aged village elm; where, happening to go that way, I found him intently reading the Testament. About ten days after this, I met him retracing his road. His father and he, disappointed at the fishery, had till then procured employment in the hayfields; and they had just received information of a ship about to sail from one

of the neighbouring ports for their native land. I conversed with him a few minutes, and they were all which circumstances then allowed me to spare. I gave him my blessing, and bade him God speed.



GEORGE CLARKE.

SERIOUS impressions were wrought on the mind of George Clarke while attending the prayer meetings on board ship in the river Thames, in 1818. On one occasion he was much affected, and was observed on his knees, with his face to the deck, in tears. When the meeting closed, he was spoken to, and as soon as his emotions would permit, he said he was a great sinner, a very wicked boy, and he hoped God would have mercy on him. From this time, there was an evident change in his conduct. The duty of a cabin boy is to be at all calls, and now he cheerfully performed his duty; his assiduity soon gained the affection of the captain and crew, by whom he was greatly beloved. He was often found by himself, in different parts of the ship, on his knees. The tracts that were given away after the prayer meetings, he considered as a treasure, and carefully preserved them to read as he had leisure. When the ship was in Shields harbour, he would often say he

should be glad to get to London again. Being asked the reason, as his father and mother lived at Shields, he said, "I love my father and mother; but I wish to be in London, I got so much good in the prayer meetings there."

While lying in the river, delivering their cargo, a vessel lay on the quarter of his ship, whose captain was a reprobate man: some dispute had taken place on board her, when the captain's oaths reaching the ears of this lad, he was so struck, that he cried out, "Oh, what a wicked man! what a wicked man! God will never bless such a wicked man! I should be afraid to sail in the ship with him." He never heard such language on board his own ship, as the captain and crew were serious men.

In 1819, he went on a foreign voyage: in a heavy gale of wind, they appeared to be in great danger. The crew were much alarmed, but this lad's mind was so stayed on the Lord, that he kept saying, "Never mind; look to God, and he will save us." The storm abated, and every heart was filled with gratitude; but the seamen could

not help remarking the stedfast reliance of the cabin boy on the God of all grace. The ship arrived safe in the port of London, and he was delighted to think the Bethel flag was to be hoisted on board her. As she was going into the Surrey Canal to discharge her cargo, one of the lads belonging to the ship fell overboard near the Canal buoy, and was drowned. This made a deep impression on his mind; he was much affected, and cried out, "Poor Richard, poor Richard, he is gone, and will never rise again! Oh that we may all serve the Lord better and better, that we may be fully prepared to die!" He was deeply concerned for the salvation of other boys, and was often observed conversing with them about spiritual and eternal things.

They left London Dec. 1, and arrived safe in Shields, after a fine passage of a few days. While their ship lay in harbour there, the captain and crew stayed generally on shore, leaving one man and this little cabin boy on board. The ship's stern lay opposite the dwelling house of the lad's father and mother, so that they

could see each other distinctly by day. On Dec. 17, he hailed his little brother, and asked him to come and dine with him the next day, which he did, when George showed him the tracts he had received on the river Thames, and strongly recommended him to read some of them, hoping the Lord would bless them very much to him. The two little boys were by themselves in the cabin when George thanked God in a very serious manner for the food he had given them, and entreated that he would bless it to their refreshment and strength, and to his own glory. He had occasion to go on deck, and go on board the next ship to get into the boat near the quarter. The mate of that ship, coming to the windlass, saw a piece of biscuit lying there, and called out, "Who's wasting the bread?" George, who was in the boat, cried out, "It is mine. I do not mean to waste it; I shall be on deck presently." No more was seen or heard of this dear lad; but it is supposed he fell from the boat, and was drowned, aged 12 years.

He was soon missed, and diligent

search was made for him, but the body could not be found. The news soon reached the captain and crew, who ran instantly to the ship, where a most affecting scene took place. The whole ship's company was in a flood of tears at a loss that each felt and all unfeignedly lamented. The captain's wife and children joined in the general sorrow for a cabin boy that they all loved.

The captain and carpenter declared they would as soon have lost a child of their own. He is greatly missed and lamented in the ship, as he was a pattern of humility, and an example of diligence and activity for the Redeemer's glory, to all on board.



THE MISSIONARY BOX.

A TRADING vessel, laden with corn, from Cardigan, in Wales, was taken in the channel by an American privateer. When the captain went into the cabin to survey his prize, he espied a little box, with a hole in the top, similar to that which tradesmen have in their counters, through which they drop their money; at the sight of which he seemed a little surprised, and said to the Welsh captain, "Captain, what is this?" pointing to the box with his stick.—"Oh," said the honest Cambrian, "'tis all over now." "What?" asked the American captain. "Why, the truth is," replied the Welsh captain, "that I and my poor fellows have been accustomed, every Monday, to drop a penny each into that box, for the purpose of sending out missionaries to preach the gospel to the heathen: it is all over now." "Ah," said the American, "that is very good:" and after pausing a few minutes,

he said, "Captain, I'll not hurt a hair of your head, nor touch your vessel." The pious Welchman was accordingly allowed to pursue his voyage unmolested.

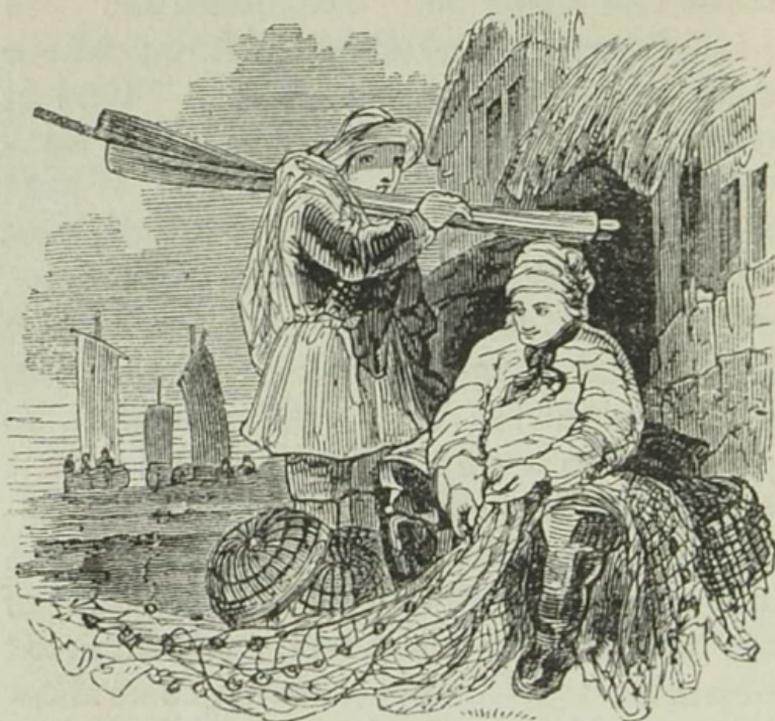


PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

A SAILOR, after long absence from his native country, returned home, flushed with money. As he had never been in London before, he resolved to treat himself with the sight of whatever was celebrated as great, gay, or curious. Among other places, he paid a visit to St.—. This happened at the time of service. When carelessly passing, he chanced to hear the words, “Pray without ceasing,” uttered by the officiating minister; but he passed on without any impression from the words. Having gratified his curiosity, he returned to his marine pursuits; and continued at sea seven years without the occurrence of any thing remarkable in his history.

One fine evening, when the air was soft, the breeze gentle, the heavens serene, and the ocean smiled, he walked the deck with his feelings soothed by the pleasing aspect of nature, when, all on a sudden, darted into his mind the words, “Pray without ceasing.” “Pray without ceasing!—what

words can these be!" exclaimed he. "I think I have heard them before; where could it be?" After a pause, "Oh! it was at St. —, in London: the minister read them from the Bible! What! and do the Scriptures say, 'Pray without ceasing?' Oh what a wretch must I be, to have lived so long without praying at all!" God, who at first deposited this Scripture in his ear, now caused it to spring up in a way, at a time, and with a power peculiarly his own. The poor fellow now found the lightning of conviction flash in his conscience, the thunders of the law shaking his heart, and the great deep of destruction threatening to swallow him up. Now he begins for the first time to pray; but praying was not all. "Oh!" said he, "that I had a Bible, or some good book!" He rummages his chest, where at one corner he espies a Bible, which his anxious mother had, twenty years before, placed in the chest, but which till now had never been opened. He snatches it up, puts it to his breast, then reads, weeps, prays, believes, and, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, becomes a new man. Oh thou blessed Bible!



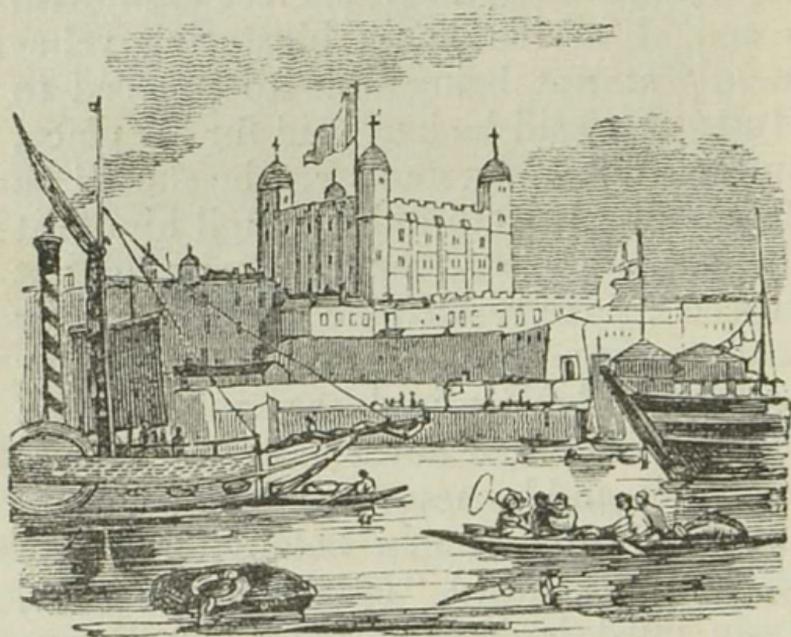
THE SEAMAN AND HIS BIBLE.

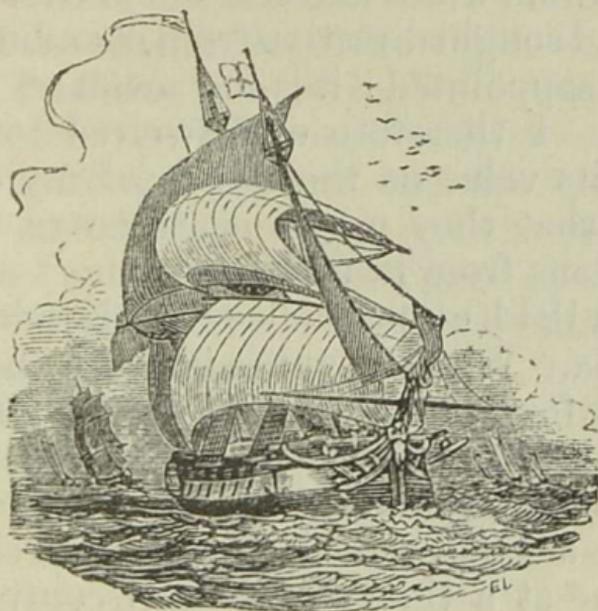
A SHIP in distress was observed by some Barking fishermen, who immediately went to assist and relieve the crew, whom they took on board their smack. On her going down, (for she sunk,) one of her crew jumped on board, and rushed into the cabin at the risk of his life, to fetch something he had forgotten; but great was their surprise when they found this precious treasure was—a Bible!

OBEY ORDERS.

DURING a severe frost, a gentleman went to take a place in one of the coach offices in the city, where he met with a fine noble honest sailor, about six feet high, with a cudgel in his hand, blustering vehemently at not being able to proceed to Hull. He said he had paid for his place, and did not understand why he should be detained. In vain did they tell him that the roads were so bad, they could not proceed. He replied, he did not care for roads, or any thing else; he would go, for his captain had desired he should join his ship; and he had never disobeyed orders in his life, and he never would. At length, one of the gentlemen belonging to the office came forward, "My friend," said he, "you must look to a higher power than your captain. When God Almighty thinks proper to make a change in the weather, you shall go." "Ah! ah! if you talk to me about God Almighty, I will hear you;

that's another thing. God Almighty is my captain's Master, and my Master, and all our Masters! Well, well, then, I will stay till God Almighty pleases."





READ THE BIBLE.

THE following letter, from a seafaring man, forcibly points out the value of the Bible to those “that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.”

“I have been brought up to the sea, and, in the course of forty years, have experienced many wonderful deliverances; but, in every difficulty, I always found in

my Bible that which enabled me to trust in Him whom winds and seas obey. In every storm, I sought direction from it, and never was disappointed: it is the seaman's true guide. I therefore endeavoured to impress its value on the minds of my children, that they might continue to seek directions from it, as I had done.

“ In 1814, my son sailed from London to Canada. When he got as far as the banks of Newfoundland, the ship sprung a leak. The wind being contrary, they bore up to enable them to work the pumps the better. Being a small vessel, they could relieve but one at a time, which they continued to do for six days and nights. In this period, they broke up and hove overboard a great part of the cargo; yet, the water gained to four feet. At eight in the evening of the sixth day, it being my son's turn to be relieved, he, with his passengers, went down to wrestle with God in prayer; which, with reading of the sacred Scriptures, was their usual evening's employ. Before the time expired that he was to return to the pump, they were

condoling with each other, and had given over all hopes that they would be able to keep the ship through the night. As they were standing one on each side the table, on which the Bible was laid, he opened the precious book, and the first passage that met his eye was, Acts xxvii. 22: 'Now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship.' They encouraged each other with these words, and returned to the pump; and though before, he says, their arms were ready to fall from their sockets, yet their fears now fled, their strength was renewed, and they believed the Lord would deliver them.

“In the course of the night, the wind fell, and the weather became fine; when day appeared, the man at the helm called out, ‘A sail!’ and, to their great joy, the vessel was steering direct for them. They laid to, took to their boats, and had just time to save themselves and clothes; for, a few hours after they got on board the other ship, they saw their own vessel go down.

This is an instance of the value of the Bible. Though I am no advocate for cutting, as some have done, to find a promise to our case; yet, had they not possessed the Bible, and made it the 'man of their counsel,' they could not have had that encouragement which they experienced. In this case, it not only strengthened their faith, but imparted, as it appeared, bodily strength also. I rejoice, therefore, at the efforts for distributing the word of God among seamen. I wish it God speed! may the Lord make it effectual to the turning of many from their vain courses. For a seaman may as well go on a voyage without a chart, as without a Bible; but, taking it for his guide, he need not fear; for, in the greatest extremity, he will find in it a course laid down, that will, in the end, direct him in safety to the haven of eternal rest. It is my sincere desire and prayer that every brother sailor may avail himself of this most valuable direction, and abide by its truths. Had I a voice to reach them all, I would say, 'Tempt not

the faithless ocean without this precious guide :’ and to the owners I would say, ‘ Rather attempt to send your ship to sea without a rudder, than her crew without a Bible.’ ”



TAKE CARE OF YOUR TRACTS.

WHEN visiting a ship lying in the river, the captain related to me the following circumstance :—

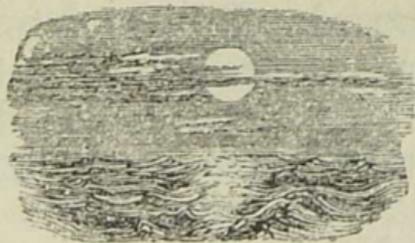
His mate was in the habit of attending a place of worship, when in port, but was made uncomfortable by his wife, who disapproved of his going there. On his return one Sunday, his wife, as usual, expressed her dislike, and declared she should never be happy, until she had become a Roman Catholic. The captain, who was present, observed, "What! turn Papist! Is it possible?" and taking up some tracts which lay on the table, he said, "Let us see what we can find in these little books on the subject." He did this without knowing that they contained anything which immediately opposed the doctrines of popery. To his surprise, he found among them ANDREW DUNN, and he read it through. When he had concluded, the wife said, she would, for the future, willingly attend the place of worship where her husband went, and not

attempt to interrupt him, or make him uncomfortable, as she had been in the habit of doing.

The mate assured me, that his mind was now completely relieved by his wife's change of conduct, and that he attributed it to the captain reading the tract.

The tracts had been given to a seaman belonging to the vessel, and he, to preserve them, had sewed them together in an old cover of a pocketbook, and had only lent them to the mate on the Sunday morning, a few hours before the captain found them on the table.

I am induced to mention this anecdote, and these particulars, as they prove, that tracts given to seamen are not always destroyed or thrown carelessly aside.



THE SWEARER'S PRAYER.

THE W——, a vessel upwards of 400 tons, was freighted from L——, for a trading voyage up the Mediterranean sea. I was intimately acquainted with the captain's nephew, an accomplished young man, but, alas! a willing victim at the shrine of pleasure. He had shipped himself for the voyage as steward. When leaving L——, I put into his hands a small bundle of tracts, and in proof of his esteem for me, he promised to read them at his leisure, and likewise to distribute some among the ship's company. Not one, from the captain to the cabin boy, had the least sense of religion, nor do I believe they had a Bible or Testament on board. On the return of the vessel, about twelve months afterwards, as soon as my young friend could step on shore, he came to me. On my saluting him with, "Well, what cheer, my lad?" he answered, with the tears trembling in

his eyes, "Through the mercy of God, I am well, and the whole ship's crew." Surprised at hearing this from those lips, which formerly were seldom opened except to pollute them with profane conversation, I said, "William, what has produced this change in your look, your address, your language? How is it that you acknowledge it is of the Lord's mercies you are not consumed?"—"Sir," said he, "you recollect, on my taking leave of you, you placed in my hand a small parcel of tracts, and I promised to read them. On leaving this port, we had a favourable wind through the channel, but we had to contend with light contrary winds till we entered the Gut of Gibraltar. During this part of our voyage, I had little or no opportunity to read the tracts; I did on the first sabbath turn them over, and put a few in my pocket, and occasionally taking one out, gave it a glance, and then handed it to one of the boys or men. Having much time upon my hands, I now and then looked at a tract to pass away time. One evening, about an hour

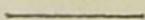
before sunset, the men were some sitting on the forehatch, others lolling over the windlass, now and then whispering a curse, instead of a prayer; just then, I put my hand in my jacket pocket, and feeling a paper, took it out, and it proved to be a tract, *THE SWEARER'S PRAYER*. I read it aloud, in the hearing of the whole crew, and I suppose much of my feelings was mixed with my tone of voice. When I had read it, a curious kind of silence ensued: not one of us felt inclined to raise his eyes from what they were fixed upon, fearing to meet the look of another, and knowing that, to a man, we were all shockingly guilty of swearing. At length we looked at each other in a side-long kind of way, and one man said, 'Mr. William, I never heard or thought of this before; this kind of reading has made me feel very strange. I don't think I shall like to swear again; shall you, Jack?' turning short to a seaman alongside of him, who looked him full in the face, and burst into tears. The shedding of tears ran like a contagion through the whole of us. After weeping in silence, with our

faces hid with our hands, one man said, 'Jack, suppose we hand up a prayer to God for forgiveness. Mr. William, you have had more learning than we, you can make a prayer.' Alas! I had never prayed; I could only sigh; I really thought my heart would burst. Oh how dreadful did sin appear! One of the men then broke the silence of grief: with his arms across his breast, and the tears of penitential sorrow rolling down his face, he cried out, 'O God, who made our souls, have mercy, and pardon the miserable crew on this deck.' Not a heart but what responded, 'Lord, hear this prayer, and forgive.' But not to enter too long into detail, a change took place in the whole ship's company. One circumstance I must not forget to mention. The captain, a drunken, swearing character, thought his men bewitched. On the following morning, he came on deck, and, as usual, was giving his orders, mixed with fearful oaths, when one of the men, in a most respectful manner, begged he would not swear at them; they should obey his orders with more comfort to themselves without it.

Indeed, the captain remarked to a person on his return, that he was himself obliged to refrain from swearing, as it began to appear so singular on board.



MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.



'Twas when the seas with awful roar
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er each on board prevail'd ;

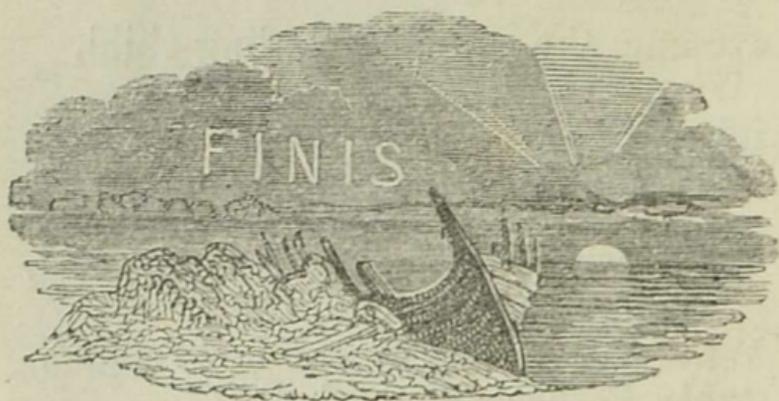
Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who stedfast view'd the storm ;
And cheerful with composure smil'd
At danger's threat'ning form.

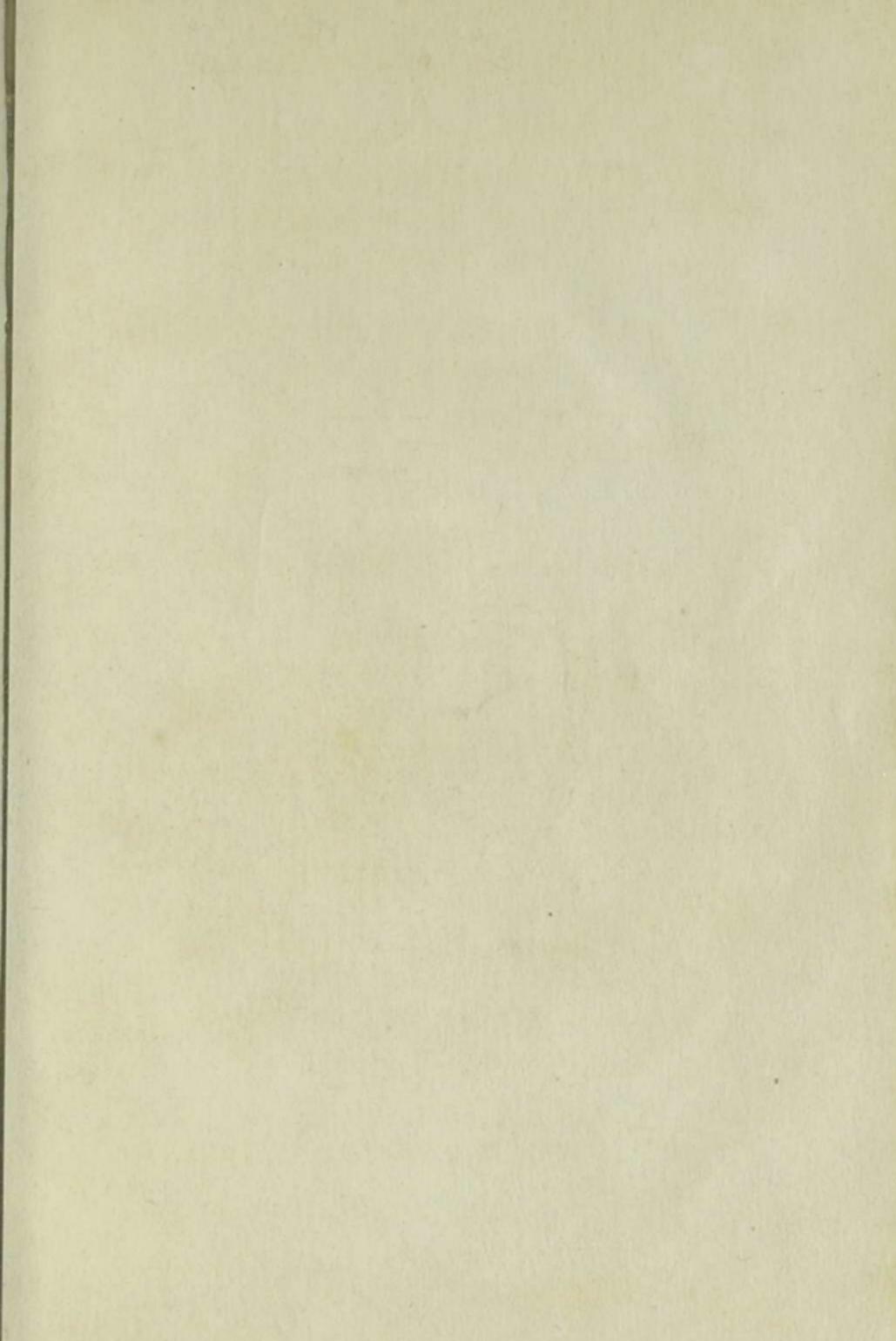
“ Why sporting thus ? ” a seaman cried,
“ While terrors overwhelm ? ”
“ Why yield to fear ? ” the boy replied,
“ My Father's at the helm ? ”

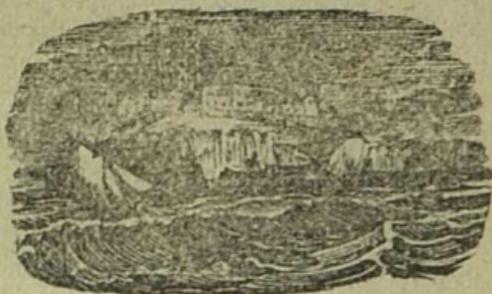
Christian, from him be daily taught
To check thy groundless fear,
Think on the wonders he has wrought,
Jehovah's ever near.

Safe in his hand and happy stay,
Though swelling surges rise ;
He'll turn thy darkness into day,
And clear thy gloomy skies.

Still upwards look, howe'er distress'd,
Till Jesus bring thee home
To the fair port of endless rest,
Where tempests never come.







AGAINST LYING.

No real advantage can proceed
From doing what is wrong ;
For if at first it should succeed,
'Twill not continue long.

When Ananias thought to hide
The money he had got,
He and his wife Sapphira died
For their deceitful plot.

Then let us all avoid, and fear
To say what is not true ;
As God can always see and hear,
And he can punish too.