

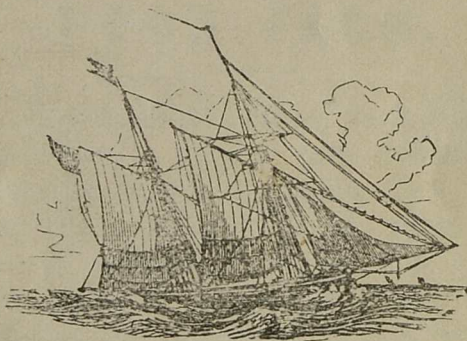
*Sally Emlin  
from dear aunt Grace*

1869

# POOR JACK.

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A TRUE ACCOUNT.

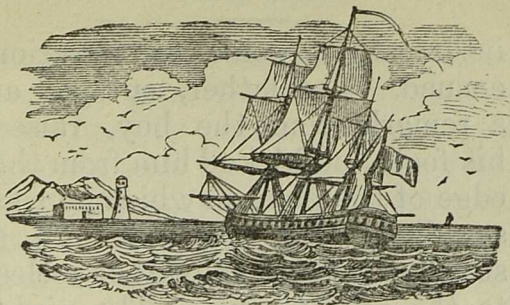


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MDCCCLXI.





## POOR JACK.

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SOME months since, 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 remarked, 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 the 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 saved 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 next day, on hearing his simple but affecting tale, they gave him the name of "Poor Jack."

The ship was going on a foreign station. Jack messed in the star-board 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 owned 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 drafts 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 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. On 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 these 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 was encouraged to take refuge in Him who died for the chief of sinners. 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 death-like howl, burst from the old man, and he faintly uttered, "O, I cannot be pardoned! No, no! I am, young man, I am a murderer! O, 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!' —O, save him! Do, good people, save him! Throw a rope over; launch the boat out! Will no one save him? Ah! he sinks, and his father is his murderer! Yes, reproach me Mary! Shriek again, again, as wild as before, and cry, 'Give me my child! where is my boy?' Poor Mary, thou art cold in death! I can't get drunk now, and forget thy

sorrows. I am wounded ! I am dying ! Vengeance has overtaken me ! Oh 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. O, 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 the most unaccountable attraction towards you ; day by day my bowels have yearned over you. I loved you more than any



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man I ever saw. I counted myself most happy to read and pray with you. I often wondered at my feeling ; the mystery is now 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 ! O 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. Heaven smiled on the dying man ; and a still, small voice communicated

to his soul a peace which passeth all understanding. 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, employed his time and talents in urging sinners to flee for refuge to Jesus Christ.

The speaker paused—the audience was deeply affected, every eye was fixed upon him, anxiously waiting the sequel, when, bowing most gracefully to the assembly, he, with much modesty and humility, exclaimed, “Ladies and Gentlemen, in the relater of this anecdote you now see Poor Jack.”

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## H Y M N .

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GREAT GOD of wonders, all thy ways  
Are worthy of thyself—divine:

But the bright glories of thy grace  
Beyond thine other wonders shine.

Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And in the honour none shall share.

Is there a pardoning God like thee?  
Or is there grace so rich and free?

Pardon from an offended God!

Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!  
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood;  
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.  
Where is the pardoning God like thee?  
Or where the grace so rich and free?