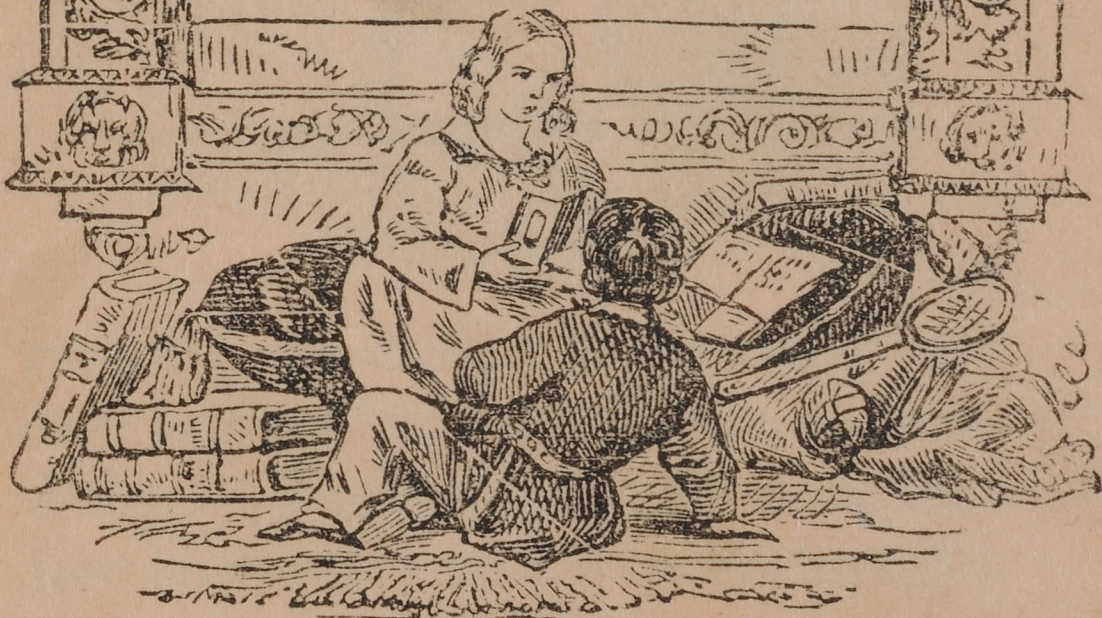


THE
HONEST
CABIN BOY.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;
56, Paternoster-row ; 164, Piccadilly,
LONDON.



THE HONEST CABIN BOY.



SOME years ago, a fisherman died, and left a widow, and a son named John. The widow had now lost her support : and it was thought that the boy should go to sea.

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A little bundle of clothes was made up, and John was soon on his way to the sea-beach at Yarmouth. "Do you want a cabin-boy?" asked John. "No, I have boys enough," said one captain. "You are too small," said another. He found that nobody would take him. As he could not bear the thought of going back to his mother, he lay down on the shore, and wept himself to sleep.

After some hours the poor boy awoke. There was not far off the captain of a ship that traded to St. Petersburg. John went up to him, and asked if a boy was wanted on board his vessel. "Yes, I do want one; but I never take boy or man without a character." John thought for a moment, and

looked about very sadly. He knew not what to do, when putting his hand into his jacket-pocket, he pulled out his small Bible. "I suppose this will not do?" said he, as he held it out to the captain. The captain opened it, and saw written on the first leaf, "John R——, given as a reward for diligence and good conduct at his sabbath school." "Yes, my boy," said the captain, "*this will do*; I would rather have this character than any other."

With his little bundle under his arm, John was soon on the ship. For some time the sky was bright, and the wind was fair. But when the vessel got a little further a storm came on. They tried hard to save the ship, but

the captain began to think that the whole of the crew would be lost. In the midst of their distress, John was seen to come on deck with his school Bible in his hand. He then knelt down and read the 60th and 61st Psalms, while the captain and men stood around listening to him.

God had mercy on those in the ship, for soon the storm ceased, and in due time they got safely to St. Petersburg.

One day while in the Russian port, John went on shore: it was the birthday of one of the royal family. The city was very gay, and rich gentlemen and ladies were seen in sledges, or fancy cars, racing over the ice and snow. John was filled with wonder at

the fine sight before him. While looking at it, he saw a bracelet fall from the arm of a lady. He rushed forward to pick it up, and called after the owner, but she was quickly out of sight.

John ran to the ship to ask what he ought to do, when the captain said, "Why, Jack, your fortune is made: these are all diamonds on the bracelet; I will sell them for you when we get home." "But they belong to the lady," said he. The captain replied, "Oh, you picked it up, and you cannot find the lady—it belongs to you." "If we should have a storm at sea, captain, as we go back, what would become of us?" "Ah, John," said the captain, who perhaps was only

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trying to see if he had got an honest cabin-boy, "you are right. I will go on shore, and try to find the owner." After some trouble she was found, and as a reward she gave the boy a large sum of money. By the captain's advice it was laid out in hides and furs, which when the ship came to England were sold for nearly double the price they cost.

As soon as John landed, he set off for his mother's cottage. But when he got to it, he found it shut up, and the grass was growing about the door. "Oh," thought he, "my poor mother has died of want!" He looked about him in the greatest grief, when he heard some one call to him. "John, is that you?" It

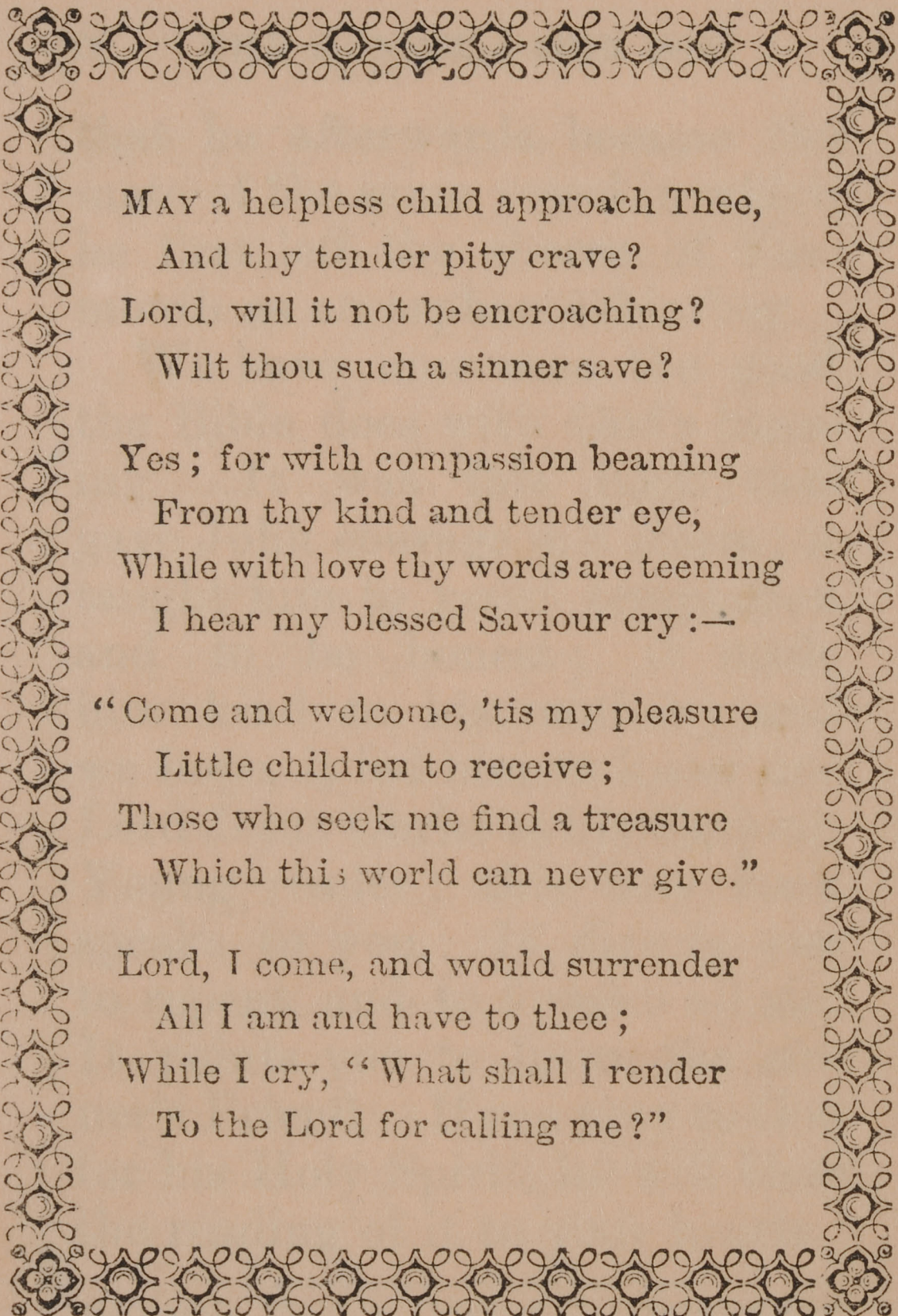
was a woman of the village who spoke to him. She then told him that his poor mother had gone into the workhouse.

John was soon at the workhouse gate, ringing the bell. "What do you want?" said the porter. "I want my mother," said John. The porter said she must not go out without an order; but John went in, fell on his mother's neck, then putting her arm under his arm, he marched out with her on the way to the old cottage. There he saw her placed in comfort, and leaving her some money to keep her while he was gone on another voyage, he went again to his ship. It is said that John was a pious son to his mother from that day, and

that he afterwards became the mate of the same vessel in which he first left the shores of Yarmouth as an orphan cabin-boy.

We have now seen the good the Bible does with God's blessing. It was this book that gave John courage in a storm; it taught him to resist temptation and to be honest; it made him kind to his mother; and we hope, it led him to know our Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Young reader: this holy book speaks to you. It directs you to repent, and to forsake all sin. It points you to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. If you pray to God for his Holy Spirit, he will bless the reading of it to your hearts.

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MAY a helpless child approach Thee,
And thy tender pity crave?
Lord, will it not be encroaching?
Wilt thou such a sinner save?

Yes; for with compassion beaming
From thy kind and tender eye,
While with love thy words are teeming
I hear my blessed Saviour cry:—

“Come and welcome, 'tis my pleasure
Little children to receive;
Those who seek me find a treasure
Which this world can never give.”

Lord, I come, and would surrender
All I am and have to thee;
While I cry, “What shall I render
To the Lord for calling me?”