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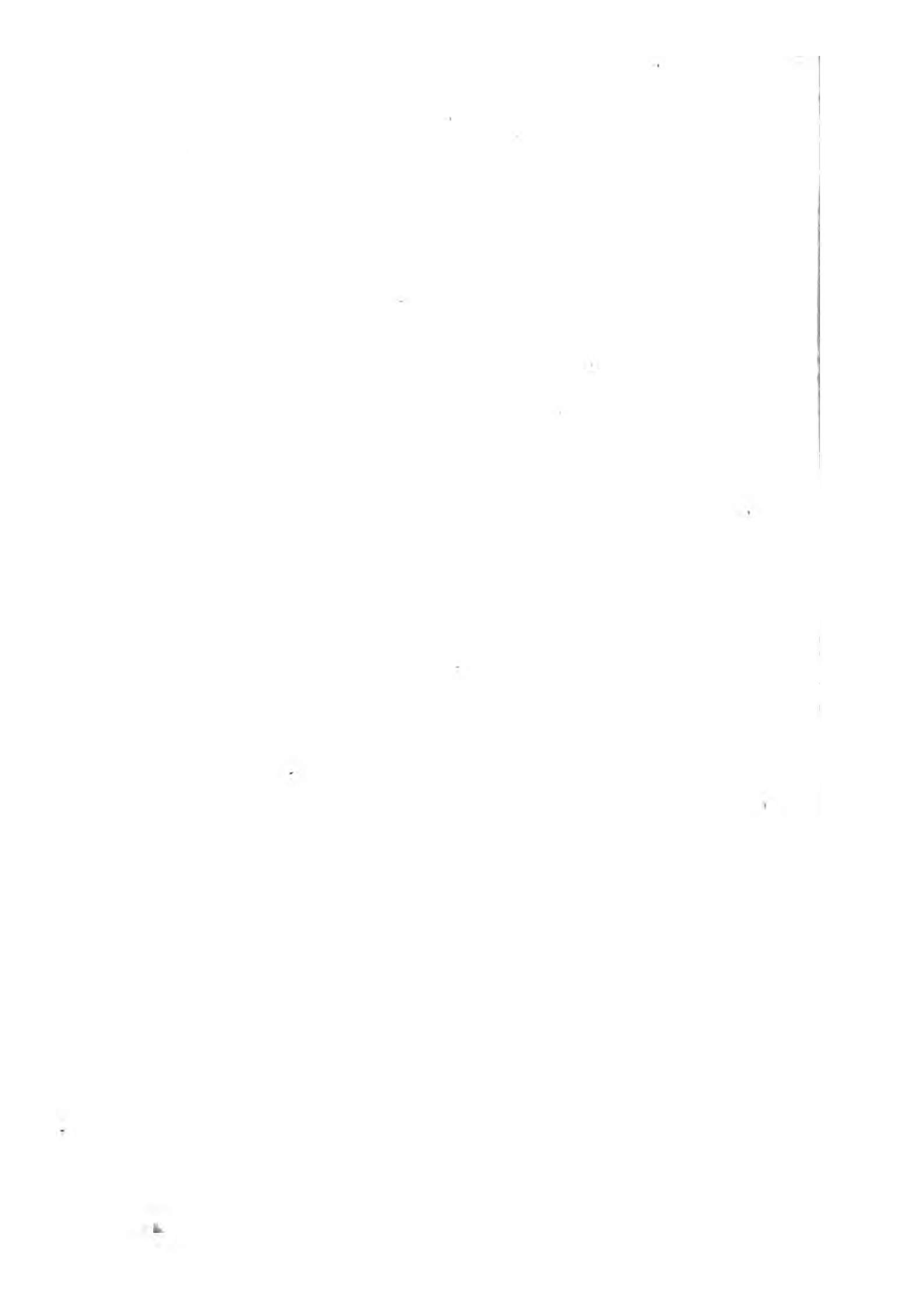


HARRY  
THE SAILOR BOY

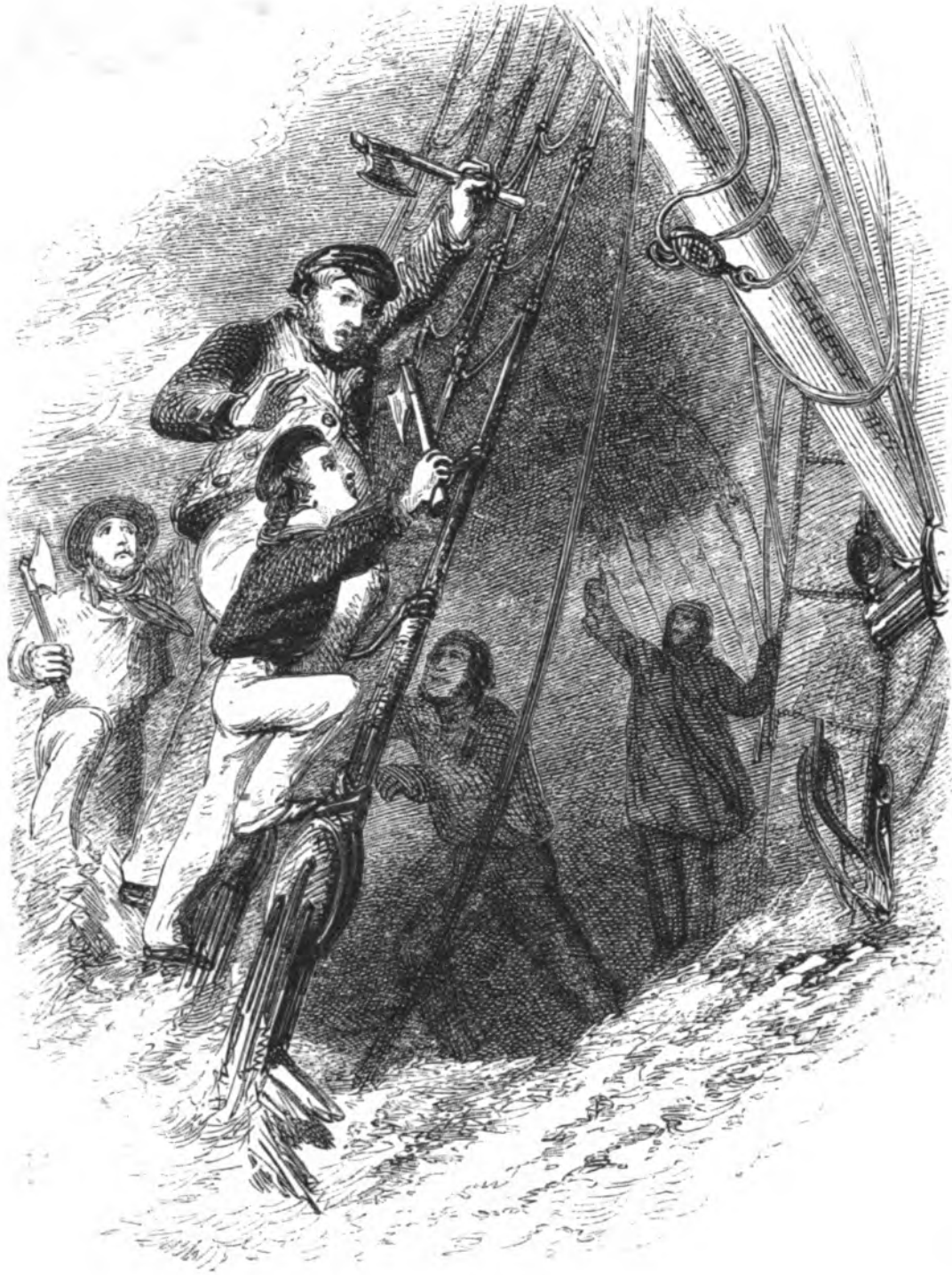
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**THE STORM.**

# HARRY THE SAILOR BOY

AND

## HIS UNCLE GILBERT.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

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# HARRY THE SAILOR BOY.

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## CHAPTER I.

UNCLE GILBERT'S VISIT TO HAZEL-HURST; AND SOME  
ACCOUNT OF HARRY'S PARENTS.

ONE pleasant evening in summer, the boys of a small village were playing at cricket on the green, when a stranger drew near, and, after looking on for a minute or two, seated himself on the bench beneath a large yew tree, which grew on one part of the green near to the turnpike road, and was said to be more than five hundred years old.

The stranger was a man about forty years old perhaps, and was dressed in a fashion not very commonly seen in that part of the country. He had on a blue jacket and waistcoat, with bright yellow buttons, on every one of which was the figure of an anchor. His trowsers were of blue cloth

also, and very long and loose. On his head he wore a shining black hat, with a rather broad brim and a very shallow crown. His waistcoat was unbuttoned and thrown open, because of the heat of the weather no doubt, and it was seen that under that was worn a blue striped shirt. Last of all that I shall notice in the stranger's apparel, he had a black silk handkerchief tied very loosely round his neck, and the ends of it were fastened to the front of his shirt by a gold brooch, with the shape of an anchor, just like the figure on his buttons.

The stranger's complexion was very dark, as though he had been much exposed to the weather; but his look was cheerful, and his eyes were bright and smiling.

I must not forget to add that he carried in one hand a stout walking stick, and in the other a small bundle tied up in a blue checked handkerchief.

The boys were too busy cricketing to take much notice of the traveller at first; but, when their game was ended, some of them gathered round and began a conversation with him.

“ You don’t belong about here, do you ? ” said one of the bigger boys. It was rather a rude question, perhaps ; but he did not mean it rudely ; and, seeing this, the stranger answered pleasantly, “ No, my lad, I don’t belong about here, as you say ; but I hope I may rest here a little while for all that. I have had a long walk to-day, and I am tired.”

Oh, he could sit there as long as he liked, said the same boy that had spoken before ; and another asked him how far he had walked.

“ All the way from —— ” (and he named a certain town) ; “ and that is nearly twenty-five miles, I believe.”

“ It says twenty-five miles on the hand-post at the corner,” said another of the boys, pointing to one end of the green.

“ Have you much further to go ? ” asked the second boy who had spoken.

“ No, my lad, I don’t think I have,” replied the stranger ; “ and since I have answered your questions, perhaps you will not mind, one of you, answering mine. Will you tell me how far it is to Hazel-hurst ? ”

“Two miles round the road,” said the boy, readily; “but there’s a shorter cut across the fields.”

“Thank you,” rejoined the stranger. “Well, I am going to Hazel-hurst, and if you will show me this short cut across the fields, I’ll thank you again.”

“That’s where I live,” said one of the boys, who stood a little behind the rest; “and I am going home now. If you like to come with me, I can show you the way.”

Of course the stranger was glad of the offer, and accepted it at once. So, when he had rested another minute, he said he was ready to go, and he and his young guide started off together.

For a little while they went on silently, and the stranger seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts, though, in truth, he was closely watching his young companion, who was a sturdy little fellow, with brown curly hair and a ruddy face, but not very well clad.

The silence did not continue long. “What is your name, boy?” asked the stranger.

“ Harry,” said the boy.

“ Is that all? You have another name, I dare say; Harry what is it?”

“ Harry Clark,” said the boy.

“ I guessed as much,” said the stranger. “ Come, we must shake hands and be friends, Harry. You are my nephew.”

“ Oh, if you please,” said Harry, eagerly, as he yielded up his hand; “ are you uncle Gilbert that mother talks about, who went to sea ever so long ago?”

“ Yes, Harry, I am your uncle Gilbert; and it was long ago that I went to sea. I was not much older than you are, I suppose: how old are you, Harry?”

“ I was twelve last birthday.”

“ Ay, ay,” said uncle Gilbert. “ Well, I wasn’t much over twelve when I went to sea, and I have been a sailor ever since. I haven’t seen my sister—that’s your mother—for a good many years—never since she was married; and that brings me here now. Do you think she will care to see me, Harry?”

“ Won’t she?” said the boy, gaily. Though he put these words in the form of

a question, he meant that he was sure she would be very glad indeed.

“How long have you lived at Hazelhurst?” asked uncle Gilbert, presently.

“Pretty near four years,” said Harry: “ever since father was blown up at the powder mills.”

“Ah, poor fellow! I did not know anything about my poor sister’s trouble till the other day, when I came home from a long voyage, and went to look her up at the old place; and then I heard about it, and was told where she had moved to. So, having a few weeks to spare before going to sea again, I made a stretch inland; and here I am, Harry.”

After this Harry Clark and his uncle Gilbert went on talking pleasantly together till the boy cried out, “That’s Hazelhurst, uncle”—and pointed to a little cluster of white-washed cottages, partly hidden by a clump of trees which grew round them.

“Then you had better run on and tell your mother whom you have found,” said uncle Gilbert; “and I’ll follow after you more slowly.”

Harry did as his uncle directed him ; and while he is running himself out of breath, and thinking how surprised and joyful his mother will be when he calls out to her, "Mother, there's uncle Gilbert come to see us," I shall add a few words.

Making gunpowder is a very dangerous employment ; but the knowledge of this does not prevent men from working at it. Harry's father was one of the workmen in a powder mill, and was so accustomed to it that he rarely thought of the constant daily risk to which he was exposed. And though sometimes his wife trembled a little when he left her in the morning, and was thankful when he returned at night, she also had become so used to his going and returning in safety, that she almost forgot the danger of his occupation.

And so, for many years, Robert Clark had gone on working at the powder mill ; and as he earned good wages, and was a sober man, and had a frugal industrious wife, his home was a pleasant, comfortable home, and his children were well cared for.

But one sad day, about noon, as Mrs.



Clark was giving the children their dinner, a sudden loud noise filled the air, and shook the windows and doors of the cottage. The noise was so much like thunder that Robert, the eldest boy, called out, "Oh, what a loud clap of thunder, mother!"

But Mrs. Clark's fears told her that it was not thunder which she heard; and she stood pale and trembling, scarcely able to support herself, and quite unable to speak a word to her children. There were others also in the small town in which they lived, who rightly guessed that the noise was caused by an explosion at the powder mill, which was about a mile distant from the town; and very soon, the street was in confusion, with people running to and fro, and saying to one another that the powder mill had blown up. A great many persons also left the town hastily, and ran towards the mill, meeting others on the road who were running as fast toward the town—some to fetch a surgeon, and others to spread the news of the terrible disaster.

For a terrible disaster it was. By some means or other—though how was never

known—a spark had fallen on a large quantity of gunpowder in one of the buildings belonging to the mill; and in one moment the building was shattered, its walls thrown down, while the roof and machinery were scattered far and wide.

This was not the worst, however. Four men had been at work in that building; and when the explosion was over, and the smoke had dispersed, and the workmen from other parts of the factory ventured near, to search for their fellow-workmen, four lifeless bodies were found. One of these poor men was Robert Clark.

I shall not attempt to describe the scenes which followed, nor the loud lamentations, or more silent grief of the poor widow Clark and her children, when they found themselves thus suddenly bereaved. They had much kindness shown to them, however: and when Mrs. Clark determined to leave her old home, and to take her family to the village where her husband was born, she had a sum of money given to her by the owner of the powder mill, which enabled her to open a small shop in Hazel-hurst, for

the sale of grocery and haberdashery, and other cheap wares. Here she had lived four years, and had been able to provide in a frugal way for her six children.

Having said all that is needful about the widow Clark's former history, I shall go on with the story I have to tell.

You may be sure that Harry's mother was very glad to see her brother, from whom she had been so long parted. And she so warmly and earnestly entreated him to stay at Hazel-hurst until he must go again to sea, that he could not refuse her invitation. Perhaps he would have scrupled to accept her kindness when he saw that she was poor and struggling, if it had not been in his power to assist her a little. But Gilbert had saved some money, and he very generously determined that his sister should be liberally repaid for her hospitality.

So uncle Gilbert remained at Hazel-hurst more than two months, and his good-natured kindness soon made him a favourite with his nephews and nieces, who were sorry to think that his visit was not to last longer.

## CHAPTER II.

A CONVERSATION, WHICH LED TO A GREAT CHANGE  
IN HARRY'S PROSPECTS.

“AND what are you going to do with all your children, sister?” Gilbert asked one evening when the little shop was closed, and he and his sister were seated together at their supper.

“I am sure I don't know, Gilbert,” replied Mrs. Clark, rather mournfully.

“It is a large family for a mother to have the entire charge of,” continued the sailor brother; “and though they are growing older every day, it will be long before all of them will be off your hands and able to provide for themselves.”

The poor widow sighed; and not altogether without cause. She was a kind and indulgent mother; but she had not found out the best way of managing children; or if she knew it, she did not practise it. She

let them have their way too much when they were quite young ; and as they grew older, they seemed to claim to do as they pleased, as though it were their right. There is a text in the Bible which tells us that "a child left to itself bringeth its mother to shame." Now, Mrs. Clark did not deserve so heavy a charge as that of leaving her children to themselves ; but her want of proper firmness towards them was already producing bad effects, particularly in the eldest boy and girl. Robert, who was sixteen years old, preferred being at home to going to work, and though his mother had obtained, more than once, a good place for him at farm houses, he had not kept them long. He did not get up in the morning so early as he ought to have done ; and when he was up, he did not do the work that was expected of him. It was much the same with Mary, the eldest daughter, who was more than fourteen. She had gone to service, but had come home again because everything in her situation was not as she expected to find it. So these two children were burdening their poor mother, and

increasing her poverty, instead of being a help to her, as they might have been : and this was not so much because they really set themselves to be disobedient and useless, as that they were self-indulgent, and had never been taught properly the necessity of self-denial, and the pleasure as well as the duty of active industry.

Uncle Gilbert had seen all this ; and had seen, too, that the younger children were likely to become like their brother and sister—sadly helpless and burdensome to their poor mother. It was kindly meant, therefore, when he tried to rouse his widowed sister to think a little about the future, both for herself and her children.

“God has been very good to us up to this time,” said Mrs. Clark, who had right thoughts and feelings towards God, and was really a christian woman, and who also was very anxious that her children should grow up in the fear and love of God, although, as I have said, she had not the best way of managing them.

“Yes, Mary, God has been very good to you. That is quite true,” said her brother.

“And you know, Gilbert,” she added, “that he tells us in the Bible not to be careful and troubled about this world, and to take no thought for the morrow.”

“That is quite true, also,” said the sailor brother, who, as well as his sister, loved and studied the Bible. “But, Mary, that doesn’t mean that we are to let everything go to sixes and sevens, or ‘happy-go-lucky,’ as our mother used to say. I rather think we are taught, by that blessed direction of the Lord Jesus, not to torment ourselves by being over anxious, and by forgetting that God cares for us; but I am sure we have no business to neglect doing what we know is our duty to ourselves and others, because there’s a providence above all. I’ll give you an example in my own line of life, Mary,” continued the pious sailor: “sometimes out at sea, we have what we call squalls and hurricanes, you know; and ’tis a mercy that they don’t come without warning, for if they did, many is the big ship that would go to the bottom at once. But we can tell by the signs in the sky and air, and by the falling of the mercury in the weather-glass,

what we have to expect, and pretty nearly when to expect it; and that gives us time to furl and reef, and make all taut and snug. Well, but suppose a captain were to say, 'The Bible tells us not to be careful, and to take no thought for the morrow,' and so wouldn't make any preparation for the storm, eh, Mary?"

"Of course he would be very foolish, Gilbert."

"He isn't the captain I should choose to sail under, anyhow," continued Gilbert; "and so I say that when people see what is before them in the world, and don't prepare for it, in a proper, religious sort of way, there's nobody to blame but themselves."

"Well but, Gilbert, do you think—do you really think that is my fault?" asked his sister.

"I wasn't thinking of you exactly, sister," said Gilbert; "and, in one way, I am glad to see it is not a fault you are guilty of, for you do think about the future for your boys and girls, a good deal; and I know you would be glad to see them all right-down Christians—disciples of the Lord Jesus."



“ Ah ! ” sighed the poor widow ; “ if I could only live to see this, Gilbert, I would not care for anything else about them.”

“ Yes, I think you would, Mary,” said her brother : “ I fancy you would, at any rate, like to see them not only striving but thriving in the world — providing things honest in the sight of all men, as the Bible says. You wouldn’t like to see them afraid to look work in the face.”

No, Mrs. Clark admitted she should not, certainly ; and she also did desire that her children should both strive and thrive for themselves, for it was all they had to look to—in the world, at least. “ And I hope Gilbert,” she added, “ that they know the value of truth and honesty.”

“ I don’t doubt it, Mary : I quite believe it ; and I am, so far, pleased with my nephews and nieces. But you must not mind my saying that honesty and truth are not all that is wanted. I read something in a book the other day, which I thought capital good sense. The book said, sister, that ‘ Honesty has no business to be helpless and draggle-tailed ; she must be active and brisk, and

make use of her wits ; or, though she keeps clear of the prison, 'tis no very great wonder if she falls on the parish.' ”

The poor widow sighed again ; she could not but feel how closely this might some day or other apply to her children. “ Poor Robert and Mary ! ” she said : “ I am afraid they have not much energy or helpfulness ; and I am afraid I have not stirred them up enough ; but I don't like to see them unhappy, any of them. ”

“ Well now, ” replied Gilbert, cheerfully, “ I don't think that boys and girls—I am not speaking of your Robert and Mary in particular—are any the less happy for feeling and knowing that they are useful in the world, and are helpful to others as well as themselves. And as to work ; why that's what people come into the world for. Our blessed Saviour, you know, Mary, said ‘ I must work the work of Him who sent me, while it is yet day : the night cometh in which no man can work. ’ And you remember what the apostle said about any that would not work ?—that they ought not to eat. And since duty and real happiness generally keep

pretty close together, I rather fancy that being well and fully employed won't make anybody unhappy, whether young or old."

Mrs. Clark agreed with this; and could only sigh again at the thought of how sad it would be if her children should, as they grew older, be wanting in energy, and perseverance, and industry.

"Come, Mary, cheer up," said Gilbert encouragingly. "I did not mean to find fault, which I have no right to do; and as I have no children of my own, and was never married, I am no great judge of these matters. Besides, I am sure your children are well disposed, and there is no reason to despair about either of them. Suppose you were to set the case plainly before them, and put it to Robert and Mary that it is time they were doing something to ease your burdens a little, don't you think they would see things in a right light?"

"I wish you would give them a good talking to before you go, Gilbert," said the widow.

Her brother readily promised to do this.

“And there is something else I have to say to you, Mary,” he continued; “there is my nephew Harry, a fine young fellow, full of fun, and as good tempered a boy as I ever met with: what should you think of making a sailor of him?”

“A sailor!” exclaimed Mrs. Clark, sorrowfully; “oh, Gilbert, how can you ask me to let Harry be a sailor?”

“Why, to tell you the whole truth, Mary, it is because Harry himself has been begging of me to take him with me on my next voyage.”

For a moment or two, the poor widow was almost disposed to reproach her brother for having, as she thought, filled Harry’s mind with sailor stories; but Gilbert solemnly assured her that he had not used any influence or persuasion with his nephew; and that he also had strongly represented to him the disagreeable and dangerous and uninviting aspect of a sailor’s life, though without effect.

“But, after all, Mary,” continued he; “I don’t see why Harry should not be a sailor.”

“ Oh, Gilbert, think of the dangers of a sailor’s life.”

“ Ah, Mary, there’s a hymn which you have often joined in singing, I believe, and that tells us,

‘ Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.’

There are dangers on land as well as on sea, sister.”

“ There are indeed, Gilbert,” cried the poor woman, with tears in her eyes. She thought of her husband’s sudden death ; and the hazard to his life in which he had constantly worked so many years.

“ But I won’t deny that there are dangers at sea perhaps greater than on land,” continued the sailor ; “ I ought to know something of them, for I have been exposed to them nearly thirty years. And yet, Mary,” he added cheerfully ; “ here I am you see, safe and sound ; God has mercifully preserved me : and I am sure of two things ; the first is that God’s good providence is

over the sea as well as the land, and that not a hair of our heads can fall without our heavenly Father's permission; and the second is that the way to heaven itself is as sure in the midst of tempest and danger as in the quietest chamber of death."

"I know that, Gilbert; I know that nothing can separate from the love of Christ those who trust in him, and are his real disciples; but are not sailors in general very wicked? and would not a poor boy be led away by bad examples to lose all fear of God?"

"I'll tell you as near as I can what I believe to be the truth, Mary," replied her brother. "I don't mean to stand up for sailors' religion generally; and there are some captains and crews so reprobate that I should tremble in my soul to find myself in their company; and I would never think of putting a poor lad among them. But if you come to the service in general, I must say that there is a good sprinkling, both among officers and men, who do fear the Lord, and love his way and his word. It is so in our bark; the captain is a con-

sistent Christian, and some of the crew are praying sailors, Mary; as I hope I am. There is no drunkenness allowed, and swearing and taking the Lord's name is frowned upon; there are Bibles and religious books on board, and there is every encouragement for reading them. There is no more work done on Sundays than is quite necessary; and whenever the weather is not very bad, there is public worship on board, the captain himself leading it. I have told you all this before, but I just remind you of it, to show you why I think your Harry would not be in more danger from bad company on board the *Industry*, than in going to work on a farm, or in a factory. Perhaps not so much, Mary; for go where he may, I am afraid there will be plenty to lead him astray, and perhaps very few to give him a helping hand to do what is right, or to think of heaven and the way to get there."

"I am afraid this is too true, Gilbert; but poor Harry—think how young he is."

"He is as old as I was when I first went to sea, Mary. However, don't let me persuade you. All I have to say is that if you

trust Harry with me, I'll watch over him as carefully as though he were my own son."

I need not repeat any more of this conversation, nor any of other conversations which followed. To do uncle Gilbert justice, it is right to say that he did not encourage Harry to go to sea against his mother's wishes; indeed, he tried to dissuade him from it by again showing him many of the hardships belonging to a sailor's life. Harry, however, was not to be moved by these, for he not only had become very much attached to his uncle, but he had an adventurous spirit. After a little while, therefore, he obtained his mother's consent to go on one voyage; and then Gilbert wrote to his captain to ask his consent before taking his nephew with him.

When all this was quite settled, it was nearly time for them to go on board their vessel, which, after being laid up for repairs, was in one of the London docks, and ready to take in her cargo for the next voyage.



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*[Faint, illegible text from the reverse side of the page, possibly bleed-through or a second page. Some words like "Robert" and "their" are partially visible.]*

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 them plainly that if they  
 above want, and to keep above  
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## CHAPTER III.

### HARRY LEAVES HOME AND ACCOMPANIES HIS UNCLE TO LONDON.

IT was a sorrowful parting between Harry and his widowed mother and his sisters and brothers; and you will not wonder that when it came to the last day and hour of home, Harry almost repented that he had obtained his wish. His uncle cheered him up, however, and cheered the widowed mother as well, by repeating his promise to take care of Harry, and watch over his conduct, and encourage him in a right and proper course.

I ought to say, also, that before uncle Gilbert took his departure from Hazel-hurst, he kindly and affectionately spoke apart, as he had promised he would, both to Robert and Mary, showing them how much their mother's happiness and prosperity would

depend on their industry and perseverance. He repeated to them what he had before said about Honesty having no business to be helpless and draggle-tailed, and told them plainly that if they desired to get above want, and to keep above contempt in the world, they must have earnestness and energy and determination to overcome difficulties, as well as simple honesty. He added that many idle, sluggardly men and women are so far honest, perhaps, as that they would not steal or cheat; but that this is only one kind of honesty; and that such sort of people have no right to expect that blessing of the Lord which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

Uncle Gilbert was glad to see that his rough but well-meant and kind plain-dealing seemed to produce a good effect on his nephew and niece; and he left Hazelhurst with the hope that they would remember his advice, and act upon it.

It was arranged that Harry and his uncle should walk a few miles on the road till they came to a town from which the London coaches started; and that then

they should travel by coach the rest of the way. They had, therefore, to set off very early in the morning, before it was daylight. Harry was not sorry for this when the time came; for he would not have liked the neighbours to have seen him going away with tears running down his cheeks, which they did very plentifully at parting; and no disgrace to him either.

It was not quite light when they came to the village green, where uncle Gilbert had first fallen in with his nephew; but there was light enough for Harry to distinguish the school in which he had been taught; and the very spot where the wickets had been pitched for cricket, year after year, till the grass was trodden down quite bare. They halted, too, under the old yew tree, and sat down for a few minutes on the bench where uncle Gilbert had rested himself that summer's evening of which I have spoken.

Until now, both Harry and his uncle had been very silent. Uncle Gilbert was the first to speak.

“Now Harry, my lad, it is not too late.

You know your way back to Hazel-hurst ; and I shall not blame you, nor love you any the less, if you choose to give up your adventure, and run off home again."

"I don't want not to go with you, uncle," whispered Harry, and pressing closer to his uncle's side ; and it was certain that he meant it, though he could scarcely keep from sobbing.

"That's bravely said, and heartily," said his uncle, patting him on the knee ; "and don't be ashamed of piping your eye a bit, Harry. You'll make none the worse sailor for shedding a few tears on leaving home. But now, Harry, I have just been thinking that there is nobody here to see us but God ; and that if we were to kneel down under this fine old tree, and ask him again to bless and keep them we have left behind at Hazel-hurst, and to give us his blessing too, it would not be amiss. We shall not find a better time nor place for it to-day."

Harry was very willing to do this ; so they knelt down, and uncle Gilbert prayed softly, but very fervently, for his widowed sister at Hazel-hurst, and her children, and

also for the boy by his side, who was going to be a sailor-boy—that God would preserve him from danger, and bring him home safe again in due time, and especially that he might never be led astray, or tempted to forget his mother’s God; but that he might be led by God’s good Spirit to give himself, with all his heart and soul, to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Harry’s tears ran down his cheeks while his uncle was praying; but he rose from his knees with a lightened spirit; and when the sun made its appearance, and the birds began their morning songs, the tears were gone, and Harry was gay and cheerful.

They were not overburdened with luggage. It was all tied up in one bundle, which uncle Gilbert carried. There was nothing of Harry’s except a change of linen and a pocket Bible and hymn book, for his uncle had engaged to “rig him out,” as he said, at his own expense, on reaching London, where he himself had left his own sea-chest.

After walking a couple of hours, the two travellers reached the town, and found that they had an hour to spare; this they



**HARRY AND HIS UNCLE PRAYING.**





employed in obtaining refreshment, for which their early walk had prepared them.

I shall say nothing about the remainder of the journey to London, which our travellers reached late in the day, except that there was a kind-hearted, cheerful, chatty, and rather stout gentleman seated beside them on the coach, who, when he found that Harry was going to sea for the first time, not only gave him some good advice, but spoke very encouragingly to him, and said that if, before he went on board his ship, he would call at a certain book depository in London, the direction of which he gave to Harry's uncle, he should receive a little packet of books as a gift. The gentleman also gave Harry his card, that he might know whom to ask for.

If Harry had not been very tired when he arrived in London, he would most likely have been amused and interested with what he saw that evening. And, fatigued as he was, he roused himself to admire the brilliant gas-lights which lighted up the streets and shops, and to wonder how many more streets they should have to go through

before the coach stopped, as well as at the number of carriages of all sorts which sometimes almost blocked up the roads, and the hundreds of people who were moving about. At length, however, all this came to an end, and Harry was glad to find himself at his uncle's lodging, which was a single room over a small shop, in a narrow street, not far from the Tower of London.

“Now Harry, my boy, have you had sleep enough?” were the first words that reached his ear on the following morning.

In a moment, he opened his eyes, started up, and stared round him. At first Harry did not remember where he was, and, fancying himself at home, he expected to see his old bed-fellow, Robert, and the little room at Hazel-hurst, with its quarry paved casement window; and to hear the rustling of air in the trees which surrounded his mother's cottage. But instead of these old sights and associations, he saw his uncle Gilbert already dressed, a table spread for breakfast, a strange room, on the walls of which were hung a variety of cheap coloured

pictures of ships and sailors; and through the partly opened window, from the street below, came up a confused noise of heavily laden waggon and carts, London cries, and many other voices, with footsteps of passengers on the pavements of the narrow street. All this reminded Harry that he was no longer in the country; and then rushed into his mind all the events of the previous day, and the remembrance that from this time he was to be a sailor.

But Harry was not weak and cowardly: besides, he was refreshed with his night's rest; and he answered his uncle cheerfully.

"Been dreaming all night about Hazelhurst?" said uncle Gilbert, smiling.

"No, uncle, I don't think I have been dreaming at all; and I have had sleep enough," said he, springing out of the little sofa bed he had occupied.

"That's right," rejoined his uncle; "for we have a good day's work before us."

Harry did not take long to hurry on his clothes.

"Now the first thing we have to do," said uncle Gilbert, when he saw that Harry

was ready for breakfast, "is to ask for God's blessing and protection through the day;" and saying this, he opened his chest and took out his Bible, and after reading a chapter, he and his nephew knelt down side by side in prayer.

After this, while they were at breakfast, Harry's uncle spoke about their plans for the day.

"First of all, we will step down to the docks, and take a look at our ship; the Industry, you know, Harry. A good name for a bark, isn't it?"

Harry said he thought it was.

"Because," continued his uncle; "name and nature are alike. She is a lively, active craft, and so must all be who step her deck. Well, when we have been on board, we may as well go and report ourselves to the skipper, or master, or captain; that is to say, if he is not on board, which I don't much expect he will be. Then we will go and rig you out, sailor fashion, Harry, and look up a bit of a sea-chest for you. After that, we shall have time to see a few sights perhaps, and to call for

the little parcel of books the gentleman promised you. That will be enough work for one day ; and to-morrow, if all's well, we'll show the Industry what sort of stuff we are made of—eh, Harry ? ”

If Harry had been struck with the appearance of London on the previous night, he was quite as much astonished and bewildered now that he saw it by daylight. The house in which he had lodged with his uncle being near the river, a great deal that he saw seemed to have some connexion with ships and shipping, and sailors. There were shops full of ships' stores, and others where sailors' clothing was sold. There were waggons constantly passing heavily laden with great hogsheads and casks and cases, which looked as though they had just been taken out of some ship's hold. There were a great many public houses, whichever way Harry turned his eyes ; and the landlords were many of them standing at the doors. Harry observed, too, that these men seemed to invite his uncle to enter ; also that his uncle took no notice of them, but walked steadily on.

Presently a gaudily dressed man walked up to uncle Gilbert, and spoke to him in a low tone ; and then Harry saw that his uncle's face was a little flushed, and that he put on a very stern look, while he gave the man such a short and sharp answer as made him turn away abashed. Shortly after this they met groups of sailors, who, though it was so early in the day, seemed to have been drinking strong drink freely, and were very dirty and shabby. Some of these were standing or lounging at the doors of public houses ; and the language which came from their lips was so shocking that Harry felt terrified. His uncle saw this, and said, " We will soon get away from here, Harry ; " and almost as he spoke, they came to a wider, quieter street, where there were not so many offensive sights and sounds, and where they could speak to each other without being overheard.

" I am glad to see you are shocked, Harry, at what you have witnessed," said uncle Gilbert ; " and now I wish you to listen to me, and if you will remember what I say, you will I hope be kept in

future days from many of the evils of a sailor's life ; that is to say, if you remain a sailor after this first voyage."

Harry's uncle then told him it is not when sailors are afloat (by this he meant when they are out at sea) that they are in the greatest danger of falling into guilty excesses, such as drunkenness and rioting ; lusts which the apostle says "war against the soul." For then they are under strict discipline, and have plenty of employment, and, besides, temptations are not thrown in their way, and traps laid for them.

"There is an old proverb," continued uncle Gilbert, "which says that 'sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses.' This means that they generally have to work hard for their wages, which they too often spend very foolishly. Perhaps some of those poor fellows we saw just now, reeling in the street, or lounging in the public houses, have lately returned from a voyage of several months, or a year, or two years ; and have been paid off. Sometimes, after a long voyage, they receive as much as twenty or thirty pounds, because



when they are at sea they have no opportunity of spending the money they have earned.

“Well, the people who live along shore know this, and they know too that the poor Jack tars, as sailors are sometimes called, have no homes to go to when they land; and there are those who are wicked enough to lie in wait for them as soon as they come on shore, and entice them to public houses, and other places, where they are cast at once into bad company, who never leave them till all their money is spent in folly and sin. Some sailors are at first so simple and unwary that they do not know till it is too late the misery thus inflicted upon themselves; and they think that these people—who are called *crimps*—are their very good friends. But there are others who give themselves up willingly to be deceived, and make no effort to escape from their tempters.

“Sailors are much to be pitied,” continued uncle Gilbert; “because, when they land at strange ports, they really do not know what to do with themselves, or where

to go for decent lodgings; and their manners and way of life at sea make them unsuspecting of strangers. It is a good thing, therefore, that here in London, and in other large ports, there are kind and benevolent people who have set up Sailors' Homes, as they are called, where sailors who have been paid off, and perhaps are out of employ for a while, can lodge and board and be properly cared for, body and soul, at a trifling expense."

"You don't go to the Sailors' Homes, do you, uncle?" said Harry.

"Yes, in some ports I have done so; and I have reason to be thankful for them. But when I am in London, I always go to the lodging where we slept last night. The people at that house have known me a great many years; and they have always a room for me."

This conversation brought Harry and his uncle to the docks.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HARRY ON BOARD THE INDUSTRY.

IN a few minutes they were on board the Industry. It was a large vessel, and uncle Gilbert told Harry it was called a bark, because it had three masts, though with sails and rigging different from a three-masted regular ship. And now it is time to tell the reader what Harry knew before, that Gilbert Allen was something more than a common sailor. He had been some time before raised, on account of his good conduct and skill, to be what is called second mate, which is a position of trust and authority.

Harry was rather bewildered when he reached the deck, for there seemed to him to be a great deal of bustle and confusion. The deck itself was encumbered with ship's stores, and cables and rigging of different

sorts ; while below, several carpenters were hard at work fitting up the *Industry* for the voyage. There were several people also, who were all busy in various ways, with the same object. The cargo was not yet on board. All seemed to know uncle Gilbert, as an officer of the vessel, and behaved to him in a friendly and respectful manner, which showed that there was a good understanding between the second-mate and them.

Harry's uncle took him below deck, and showed him the different parts of the vessel, such as the cabins, and the berths or sleeping places of the sailors ; and then he went with him into the hold, which was still lower down, and was where the cargo would be packed. It was very dark and dismal ; indeed, Harry thought that even between decks was not very inviting, but he held his tongue, and wisely determined that, as he was about to become a sailor, of his own free will, and by his own desire, he would not meet troubles beforehand.

Gilbert Allen had so much to say to the workmen, that for a few minutes Harry was left to himself, and had wandered to another

part of the deck, and was occupied in watching one of the men, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a rough voice, which made him start, sounded over his head, saying,

“What is your business here, my lad?” and on looking up, the little fellow saw a tall and rather stout person in a smarter dress than that of any sailors he had yet met, standing at his elbow, and looking down upon him. Harry was so confused, that he did not immediately reply; and he turned rather red in the face, no doubt, especially when the question was repeated more sharply.

“If you please, sir, I came with my uncle,” said the boy, as soon as he recovered his speech.

“Your uncle! and who is your uncle?” but just then Harry’s uncle himself came up and touched his cap, and afterwards shook hands with the stranger, calling him captain; and this made Harry more awe-struck than before.

The captain and Gilbert Allen then walked a little distance off, and after talk-

ing for a few minutes, Harry was beckoned to them, and the captain smiled pleasantly on him, and said that he understood now what his business was, and that Harry was not to mind his rough ways, and need not be afraid of him if he only did his duty. This encouraged the poor boy; and very soon he and his uncle left the vessel and the docks for that day.

I need not follow Gilbert Allen and his nephew through the remainder of this day, except to tell that before many hours had passed, Harry had exchanged his country attire for a suit of sailor's clothes, which made such an alteration in his appearance that he laughed and said he thought his mother would scarcely know him at first sight, if he were to look in upon her at Hazel-hurst. His uncle also performed his promise in buying him a sea chest, and a suit of Sunday clothes, and everything else required by a sailor boy on first going to service.

After this was all done, and the chest and its contents were taken to uncle Gilbert's lodgings, Harry and his uncle went to see a

few sights, and called on their way at the book shop (which was near St. Paul's cathedral) where they saw their fellow passenger of the previous day, who not only put into Harry's hands the packet of little books and tracts he had promised him, but gave him some more good advice as well. By this time it was evening ; and, excited as well as tired with the events of the day, the young sailor, as we may now consider Harry Clark to be, was glad to reach his uncle's lodgings, and turn in to rest.

Two or three weeks passed away, and the Industry was still in the docks ; but a great change had taken place on board. The carpenters were almost all gone ; only one or two remained to complete some fittings. The cargo had begun to be delivered, and was being brought in waggon loads every day, until it seemed wonderful how it could all be stowed away. This cargo consisted of great bales and boxes and cases, machines and agricultural implements, and I know not what besides. Some of it was already in the hold, some encumbered the

between decks, and some was piled up high on the deck itself. The stowers were all hard at work, too, under the direction of Harry's uncle, who had laid aside his holiday garments, and put on his rough every-day seaman's dress. Sometimes the captain and first mate were on board; but the second mate was there always; and though our young sailor was unable to take any active part in the work then going on, he accompanied his uncle daily from their lodgings to the vessel, lest, as Gilbert Allen said, the boy should happen to get into any mischief or trouble on shore.

At last the lading of the cargo was completed, and the *Industry* was ready to sail down the river. By this time the sailors were on board, and had taken possession of their berths. And now is as good a time as any to say that the bark was bound for Australia, and that, though not an emigrant ship, several passengers were going out by her to that distant part of the world. Some of these had already embarked, and a few more were to go on board at



Gravesend, where the captain and first mate were to join their crew.

A few hours sufficed to take the *Industry* to Gravesend, and Harry was not sorry to take leave of the docks, and to sniff the fresh breezes of the river. Neither was he sorry that his days of comparative idleness were over. And work enough, indeed, there seemed to be for all on board, as any one who has seen a ship a few days before leaving port can well understand.

There were a few things, however, in which the *Industry* presented a favourable contrast to what might have been observed in many other ships. For instance, it was rarely that an improper expression was heard to escape the lips of even the most careless and thoughtless sailor; and if one were uttered in haste, some shipmate was sure to reprove the offender, and to remind him that it was against the rules of the *Industry* to use such language. Another pleasant thing was the way in which the Lord's day was observed. There are many sailors who look upon Sunday as being what they call a *lucky* day for commencing a voyage. Now, it

happened that all preparations for sailing from Gravesend were completed on board the *Industry* on Saturday: the captain and first mate, as well as all the crew, being at their several posts. But instead of weighing anchor, and taking a pilot on board, and setting all sails for a favourable wind on Sunday morning, as many others would have done, Captain Mason would not permit the Sabbath to be thus broken. Instead, therefore, of the bustle and confusion of leaving port, the crew were all dressed in their Sunday clothes; a particular kind of flag—called a Bethel Flag—was raised to the mast-head, as an invitation to other ships' crews to go on board; and public religious services were held on deck, in which the captain himself took part. A good number of sailors from other vessels then in port joined in these services; and when they were over, Harry had time for reading one or other of the books which the gentleman in the city had given him.

Thus that first Sunday on board passed away quietly and happily, and on the fol-

lowing morning our sailor boy was ready to enter upon his new duties.

It was a happy thing for Harry that his uncle was at hand to give him a kindly word and a pleasant smile ; but it must not be supposed that, because Gilbert Allen was in some authority on board the *Industry*, the boy was allowed to neglect his duty ; or, indeed, that any indulgences were shown to him on that account. His uncle had warned him beforehand that he would have to rough through all the hardships of a sailor life, like any other boy ; and it was soon so plain that the second mate did not mean to humour his nephew, that there was no room for jealousy. This was wise and kind ; for there were two or three other lads on board who, when they knew that Harry was related to Mr. Allen, were quite prepared to expect he would be put above them in some way, and to dislike him accordingly.

## CHAPTER V.

THE INDUSTRY ON HER VOYAGE; FIRST LESSONS IN  
SEAMANSHIP; FIRST SUNDAY ON BOARD.

At last the Industry was fairly out at sea. She had anchored off Gravesend to take in the remainder of the passengers, and then she had been piloted down the river, passing between the pleasant green hills of Kent on one side and the flat marshy land of Essex on the other. Harry saw Herne bay, with its long wooden pier; and then the white cliffs of Kent with the curious old Reculver church, with its two towers, which seemed built on the very edge of the cliff, and ready to fall on to the beach below. Then Margate became visible from ship-board; then Ramsgate; and then the town of Deal, which was approached very near because of the Goodwin sands. Our young sailor was told that the channel between that part

of the coast and the famous Goodwin sands is called the Downs; and that sometimes, when the wind is contrary, vessels have to be anchored there for several days, and even for a week or two, until a change of wind enables them to proceed on their voyage. He heard much too about the danger of these sands, and how many fine vessels had been wrecked and lost upon them. But no such peril came to the Industry; and, as the wind was favourable, Harry soon lost sight of Deal and Dover too; and in another day, as I said, the Industry was fairly out at sea.

Even then, there was, as Harry found, a great deal to do in the arrangement of the cargo; and in completing the preparations of the bark for the long voyage, which was expected to last more than three months. And meanwhile, the young sailor became very unwell with sea-sickness. This was caused by the constant motion of the vessel, and is what almost all inexperienced people have to pass through at the beginning of a voyage; and, indeed, old sailors do not always escape from the disagreeable feeling.

Harry was very ill ; and now, for the first time, his spirits quite forsook him, and he shed many tears as he lay helpless in his little narrow berth, or sleeping place—bitterly repenting, for the time, that he had ever thought of being a sailor. But, as he had a kind uncle on board, who paid him all necessary attention, and, as his more seasoned shipmates only good naturedly joked him on his trouble, he passed through this first trial of sea life better than might have been expected ; and in two or three days he was able to get on deck again.

If it were any consolation to Harry that others were in the same trouble as he had been, he might have found it in seeing the pale countenances of almost all the passengers, and in hearing their doleful complaints. There was one poor woman, especially, who, from the time she was taken ill, had kept on entreating the sailors to stop the ship, and let her go on shore again : and there was a foolish young man, a passenger also, who quarrelled with every body about him, and said that the captain was rocking the vessel, and making it so

unsteady on purpose to spite him. Of course he got laughed at for his folly ; but besides this, he obtained so much ill-will, by his unruly behaviour and his incivility, that it lasted him all through the voyage.

As to Harry, he no sooner got better than his spirits returned ; and his sailor's life may be said to have commenced.

“So Harry, you have found your sea legs, have you ?” said uncle Gilbert to him one day, when the wind was what sailors call fresh, and the sails were set, and the *Industry* was cutting through the water at a fine rate, not, however, without rolling and pitching and plunging in such a way that a landsman would have found it difficult to stand steadily.

Harry said cheerfully, he thought he had.

“Then, my lad, let us see how quickly you can get to the mast-head ;” and uncle Gilbert pointed to the ratlines, or rope ladder, of the main-mast.

Now Harry had practised this running up the ratlines very frequently when the *Industry* was in dock, and had become

pretty expert at it; but that was when there was no motion in the vessel, and the masts were as steady as firmly rooted trees. It was quite different now that these same masts were swaying to and fro. Harry did not need twice bidding, however: in a few moments he had sprung on to the ratlines; and was half way up them before he had thought of the difference between a ship at rest and a ship in motion. But then a timid feeling all at once seized upon the sailor boy, and he would gladly have descended as fast as he had mounted to that height. But this was not to be. As he was hesitating, and clinging fast to the ladder, he heard his uncle shouting to him from the crosstrees high overhead, and encouraging him to ascend. Uncle Gilbert had run up the ratlines on the opposite side of the deck, and had thus, unseen by Harry, first reached what probably would have seemed to my young readers an insecure resting place, where he carelessly stood at the very edge, holding on only by a single laniard, or small rope.

“Take courage, Harry, and look up,”



said his uncle, kindly. "You should never look down, boy, when you are going up aloft, for that's the way to be made dizzy and afraid."

"Ah," thought Harry, "it is very well to say take courage and look up; but—" However, he did not let his fears get so much the mastery of him as to make him heedless of his uncle's counsel; and after a minute or two he had taken courage and had reached the top of the main-mast.

"I shall let you crawl through the lubber's hole this time," said his uncle, from the crosstrees above him, lending him a hand as he spoke; "but you must remember it is the lubber's hole: and now," he added, when Harry had fairly got his footing on the crosstrees, and was clinging very fast to a rope, with both hands—"and now I want you to look out and give me the benefit of your young eyes."

"Yes, uncle," said Harry, trying to steady himself as the vessel swayed to and fro, making his footing very precarious; for, of course, the higher he was above deck, so much was the motion more perceptible.

“ Well, then, hold on with one hand ; that’s enough for any sailor, and then tell me if you can see anything in the horizon out yonder ; ” and his uncle pointed in one particular direction.

Harry obeyed his uncle, and carefully looked, not only in that direction, but all round him. Nothing, however, was visible to his eyes, only one wide unbroken expanse of blue sea ; for the Industry had quite lost sight of land some days before.

“ I can’t see anything, uncle, ” said Harry.

“ But you reckon you have good useful eyes too, I suppose, Harry. ”

“ Yes, uncle, I think I have. ”

“ And yet, ” said uncle Gilbert, laughing good-humouredly, “ though my eyes are so much older than yours, and have done so much more work, it seems to me that I can plainly see the top sails of a vessel, just under that grey cloud. What do you say, Harry ? ”

Harry looked again, but was obliged to say that he could see nothing but sky and water. The truth is that it requires long practice to make out any small object at

sea; and Harry found that he had to get sea eyes as well as sea legs.

“We will go a little higher up then, Harry,” said his uncle, motioning his nephew to the main-top-mast ratlines, and pointing to the smaller crosstrees, still high above their heads. Just then the bark gave a sudden lurch; and though Harry held firmly on, he turned pale with excitement.

“Oh, uncle, must I climb up there?” said the little sailor boy, almost piteously.

“I think we had better,” said Gilbert Allen, quietly; “so here goes.” The next moment, Harry was standing alone, and his uncle was on the crosstrees above him.

“Now, Harry,” said he encouragingly.

There was no help for it; so up Harry went, very cautiously, however.

“Don’t look down,” cried out uncle Gilbert’s warning voice.

The young sailor kept his eyes up; and he soon stood beside his uncle again.

“I shall not take you any further this time,” said uncle Gilbert, looking up at the tapering flag-staff, to the bottom of which

Harry was clinging, as it dipped first one way and then another, and did not remain upright a single minute together, while the wind blew so strongly that Harry could scarcely stand against it. In a few minutes, however, he regained his courage—all the sooner that he saw how firmly his uncle stood on that narrow footing; and all the sooner still perhaps, that his uncle kept him in conversation about the pleasant days they had passed together at Hazel-hurst.

“And now see if you can make out the distant sail,” said he, when Harry’s colour had returned to his cheeks.

The distant sail was plainer now; and Harry thought he could—indeed, he was sure he could see it.

“Ay, ay,” said his uncle, cheerily: “I thought we should manage it. And now I may as well tell you that I did not bring you here to see that vessel, whatever it is; but to accustom you to this sort of work. There will be plenty of it for you to do; and the sooner you get used to it the better. There are dark, stormy nights when all hands will have to be ordered aloft to reef

topsails; and it is better for you to have your first lessons in broad daylight. Don't you think so, Harry?"

Harry said yes; but he was glad, nevertheless, that his first lessons were ended for that time, and very glad he was to reach the deck again. That day's practice, however, had given him both nimbleness and courage; and very soon he was able, not only to mount the ratlines, but to run about the rigging with almost the agility of a cat, and certainly without fear.

I shall not particularly describe any more of the lessons Harry received from his uncle and from others as well—how he was taught to walk steadily along the yards, and to lie down upon them while reefing the sails, and then, instead of descending by the ratlines, to slide down by a single rope or stay, or to pass by the same means from one mast to another. All this, and a great deal more, Harry did learn in time; and he found that there was much more wanted for making a first-rate sailor than he had ever imagined in his quiet home at Hazel-hurst.

Meanwhile our young sailor was in capital

health and spirits. He ate his salt beef and salt pork and sea biscuit with a hearty relish; and he slept as soundly and as comfortably in his narrow berth, as he had ever done in his mother's cottage. He had become accustomed, too, to his ship-mates; and though some of them were rough and disposed to be tyrannical and overbearing, there were others who treated him kindly, and shielded him from injustice.

It was not much that Captain Mason or the first mate had to do with Harry, who found, however, that what the captain had said to him was true, namely, that he need not be afraid of him, all the while he did his duty.

It was a great relief to the young sailor, who had been used to quiet Sundays at home, and to regular attendance on public worship with his mother, that there was such orderly regard paid to the Lord's day on board the *Industry*. Several of these days at the commencement of the voyage were fine, and the wind was fair, so that though of course the sails were set, and the vessel proceeded on its way, there was leisure

time for all of the crew. On these days, all hands were called on deck at a certain hour, and Captain Mason read prayers, and the lessons for the day out of the Bible, and then a sermon; and still later, all the sailors who were not necessarily engaged in their duties, might have been seen in different parts of the vessel, quietly reading. Many of them were reading the Bible. There was one stout weather beaten man, especially, who had taken a great fancy to Harry, who was never tired of reading this best of books; and sometimes he called the boy to his side and talked to him very kindly and affectionately about the importance of seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness, in the days of his youth. This sailor's name was Tom Jarvis.

“There's nothing like religion,” said Tom, “for making a sailor happy as well as useful. You know the hymn, Harry, don't you?—

“'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young.’”

Harry said he knew it very well. He had learned it years ago, at home.

“ Well, it is quite true, Harry. I have tried the service of sin and the devil, and the service of God, both ; and I ought to know which is best. And there is another reason,” continued Tom, “ why a sailor boy shouldn’t neglect and put off ‘ thoughts of heaven and things Divine,’ as another hymn says ; for who is to tell what a day or an hour may bring forth ? It is a poor look-out to wait till storms, and maybe shipwrecks, come ; and then to be crying to the Almighty for mercy. Don’t you think so, Harry ? ”

Harry fully assented to this ; he could not think otherwise indeed, if he thought about it at all. And soon an incident occurred which very forcibly impressed this truth on his mind. What this incident was, I shall tell in the following chapter.



## CHAPTER VI.

### HARRY'S VOYAGE NEARLY BROUGHT TO AN UN- TIMELY END BY AN ACCIDENT.

THE Industry had been out at sea about a month, and then, instead of fine weather and fair winds, there were several days of what sailors call foul weather. The wind rose very high and strong, and was quite contrary to the ship's course; a great deal of rain fell also, and the sailors were drenched with it day and night; so were the decks and the between decks. The hatches and port holes had to be closed to, because the sea was so rough, and the bark was so tossed about. Harry had before heard of waves appearing like mountains; and now he understood what it meant, for often the vessel was in what is called the trough of the sea—between two great waves, which seemed as though they would overwhelm it

the next instant ; and then it would be lifted up to the very top of an enormous billow. At these times, our sailor boy thought of the words in the 107th psalm : “ They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths : their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit’s end.” \*

It would be incorrect to say that Harry was not alarmed at such a state of things ; and though he was assured that there really was not so much danger as he might imagine, he very ardently longed for the storm to cease.

Of course, all the time it lasted there was more than enough for all on board to do. Captain Mason and the first mate, as well as Harry’s uncle, scarcely left the deck, night or day ; and the sailors, when they

\* Psalm cvii, 23—27.

went below in turns, were obliged to lie down in their wet clothes, and frequently were roused from their weary slumbers by the harsh, loud call down the hatchway of, "All hands ahoy! Tumble up, men!" Frequently, too, all hands were ordered aloft to attend to the sails and rigging; and now Harry saw the wisdom and kindness of his uncle in giving him his first lessons in seamanship by broad daylight, and in fair weather; for though the captain was kindly considerate, and would not allow the little sailor boy to be sent into the rigging at this time, Harry knew that ere long he would have to take his share in this dangerous work, as well as in every other.

What joy it was to Harry when he was told that the storm was abating, and that all danger from it was past. All indeed were glad; none more so than the captain and the two mates, who could now take some needful rest. As to the passengers, who had been obliged to keep below all the while the gale lasted, and who, some of them, at last, despaired of ever seeing land again, it may be guessed how pleased they

were when they were permitted once more to go on deck.

It was two or three days after the violence of the storm had ceased, and the wind was once more fair for the voyage, that some work had to be done high up in the rigging, and Harry was sent up the ratlines to help. There was a sailor on one of the yards ;\* and in endeavouring to reach him on this insecure footing, Harry slipped. It may be that he had become a little careless, and was desirous of showing how nimble and fearless he could be. But whether this were so or not, the sailor boy lost his foothold, and after grasping at a rope and missing it, he fell from that giddy height. If he had fallen upon the deck, he would probably have been killed, or very much injured. But he was saved from this danger by one which was almost as great ; for he fell into the sea.

In a moment there was a great cry of, "A boy overboard !" and all was at once in confusion. The first thing done was to

\* The yards of a ship are long poles or pieces of timber, to which the sails are fastened.

throw a hen-coop, which was on deck, into the sea, in hopes that the poor little fellow might perhaps reach it, and keep himself afloat by it, till other help could reach him ; and the next thing was to put the ship about, so as to stop its progress ; but before this could be accomplished, poor Harry and the hen-coop too, were left a long way behind. Indeed, it was doubted by those on the deck whether the little sailor boy had not sunk beneath the waves, for nothing could be seen of him for several minutes.

He had not sunk however. To be sure, in first falling into the sea, he had disappeared, and the waves had closed over him ; but in a few moments he was again on the surface, and was bravely endeavouring to keep himself afloat. This was not quite new work to him, because there was a river near Hazel-hurst in which he had often bathed ; and before he left home, his uncle had taught him to swim also. So, for a time he was able to keep his head above water. In his confusion, however, he did not see the help that had been thrown to him, and he was almost giving up in



HARRY RESCUED BY TOM JARVIS.



despair, especially as he felt his clothes hanging heavier and heavier upon him and dragging him downwards, when he heard an encouraging shout from some one who seemed to be very near to him; and in another moment, he felt his arm grasped by a friendly hand, while the cheering voice of Tom Jarvis told him not to be afraid, and not by any means to cling to him, and then all would be well.

Harry had courage and self-command enough to obey his friend's directions; and a few strokes of Tom's powerful arm brought them both within reach of the hen-coop, which kept them afloat till other help came.

Now it happened that, when Harry fell into the sea, his uncle was below deck, and by the time he reached it after the first alarm, Tom Jarvis had sprung into the water, and was already near the spot where it was supposed Harry might be. The best thing that could be done, therefore, was to cause a boat to be let down, into which Allen lowered himself, with



three or four of the crew ; and then they rowed with all their strength to the floating coop. And what joy it was to Gilbert Allen, when, before they reached it, they saw what good service it had done, and heard Tom Jarvis' voice cheerfully shouting, "All right !" and "Boat ahoy !"

"Pull away with a will, men," cried Mr. Allen, setting the sailors a good example himself ; and in two or three minutes more, Harry and his preserver were both rescued, and the boat was being rowed toward the ship, where not only the crew, but the captain and the passengers, were anxiously on the watch. A loud shout of gladness was raised when it was seen that the little sailor boy was safe ; and his shipmates crowded round him, and heartily shook hands with him, when he reached the deck. Neither did they forget Tom Jarvis, who had so generously risked his own life to save that of a fellow creature.

"What a good thing it is you taught me to swim before we came away from Hazel-hurst, uncle," said Harry when, that

same day, he had an opportunity of speaking to his uncle Gilbert.

“And a good thing that you had presence of mind to put that teaching into practice,” replied his uncle; “we ought to thank God heartily for this, Harry.”

“Yes, uncle.”

“And that he not only enabled you to keep afloat till help came; but that he also put it into your friend Tom Jarvis’ heart to risk his own life for you. Don’t you think so?”

Harry said he thought so; and he said it with tears in his eyes; tears of gratitude, let us hope they were, not only towards Tom Jarvis, but towards God, the great Preserver.

“Harry,” said his uncle, thoughtfully; “I have sometimes lately blamed myself that I persuaded your mother to let you be a sailor; and if anything should happen to you, like what has been so near happening to-day, I don’t know that I should ever forgive myself. But you are a sailor now, and you must do your duty, danger or no

danger. There is one thing, however, which would make my heart very glad, Harry; do you know what it is?"

I believe Harry guessed what his uncle was thinking of, though he said, "What is it, uncle?"

"The full belief that you are a true Christian—a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember telling your mother, Harry, that the way to heaven from sea is as safe and sure as it is from land; and so it is; but then, whenever death meets us, we must be in that way beforehand, or we shall never get there. Now I must ask you a question, my lad; suppose your body had been drowned and lost this morning before help came to you, where do you think your soul would have been now?"

Harry did not answer his uncle at once: at length he replied, "I don't know, uncle; I mean, I am afraid—" and when he had got so far, he stopped short, and he looked sorrowful.

"Well, Harry," exclaimed the pious second mate, "I don't ask you to tell me

all your thoughts about this matter ; but I want you to go and tell the Lord Jesus Christ all about it. He'll hear you, Harry ; he isn't so far off ; he will hear you if you tell him in a whisper from the mast-head, or from your berth below deck. Tell him the truth, whatever you do ; and if you think you are not a right down hearty lover of him, tell him so."

"I wish I was one," said Harry, in a low and rather troubled voice.

"Do you ? that's hearty then ; well, just you tell the Lord Jesus Christ *that* ; and put him in mind — not that the blessed Saviour wants reminding of it ; but you may as well do it : so put him in mind that he has promised the Holy Spirit to them that ask it. And don't let the devil, or your own thoughts, or what anybody else may say or think, persuade you that boys don't need religion, or cannot be Christians. You know who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'—eh, Harry ?"

Just when this conversation was going on, another lad, who was a cabin boy,

came and told Harry that the captain wanted him, and that he was to go up to him on the quarter-deck. Harry accordingly followed the messenger, and touched his cap when he reached the place where the captain was standing; and then he was told to follow into the captain's own cabin.

Harry was rather frightened at this; for he had never before been in that place of dignity, and he was fearful that Captain Mason meant to scold him heartily for having put the vessel into such confusion and alarm by being so careless as to fall into the sea. But Harry soon found himself mistaken. Instead of scolding him, the good captain invited him to sit down, and then talked to him in a kind, fatherly way about his late deliverance; and, after pleasantly advising him to be a little more careful in future when he went aloft, he knelt down and asked Harry to kneel down too, while he returned thanks to God for having preserved the little sailor boy from sudden death.

This was almost the first time Captain

Mason had spoken directly to Harry since he came on ship-board ; but from that day, our young sailor knew that he, as well as all the rest of the crew, had a friend in his captain.

I am happy to say, too, that Harry's accident, and his preservation from danger, had a good effect upon his mind and heart ; and the impressions thus produced were not like the morning cloud and the early dew, which soon pass away. He became very thoughtful, read the Bible more diligently than he had ever before done, and paid more attention to the Sunday services held on board. Nor did he, it is to be hoped, forget to pray secretly for himself, as his uncle had encouraged him to do, for the help of God's Holy Spirit, so that he might indeed be "a child of God, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

It was well for Harry that there were—as his uncle had said—many praying sailors on board the *Industry*, who were glad to see their young shipmate so thoughtful, and who were always ready to help him on by a kind word or look, instead of laugh-

ing at him, as some would have done, for thinking about God, and eternity, and religion. It is much to be wished that every sailor boy had a pious captain to sail under, and pious shipmates to sail with. And we may be quite sure that neither men nor boys make any the worse sailors for being religious.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A SHIP ON FIRE.

IF I were to write down a full account of this voyage of the *Industry*, with all that Harry Clark witnessed, and the progress he made from day to day, I do not know when I should finish; so I must only say that after being a few weeks at sea, Harry found a great alteration in the weather, which was becoming very hot indeed; and for some days, the bark lay on the water quite becalmed: there was not a breath of air stirring.

There is always plenty to do on ship-board. If Harry had wanted to be a sailor because he fancied it an idle, easy kind of life, he would long before this have found out his mistake. Life at sea is a very hard working life, even in fine weather; and so, though the *Industry* was compelled to do



nothing, because there was not wind enough to fill her sails, the crew were kept actively employed. There was new rigging to be rove, and standing rigging to be overhauled and replaced and repaired; and chafing gear to be put on; and spun yarn to be prepared. There was tarring and greasing and oiling and varnishing and painting and scraping and scrubbing going forward all day long. All this, and much more besides, is necessary work; and though Captain Mason was a kind and considerate commander, he was strict also, and too good a seaman to allow anything to be neglected in fair weather for the security of his ship if storms should come. So no sailor was ever seen idle on deck; and Harry, you may be sure, had his share of work to do. He was not so busy, however, that he did not notice the dolphins as they swam round and round the ship, and the flying fish, rising above the smooth water, and skimming in the air for a hundred yards or more with their wing-like fins; and other sights which were quite new to him, though most of his shipmates had seen them before.

All anxiously desired a change of weather and a good brisk wind to carry the *Industry* onward to her destination. That change at length came; and very soon the sails were all set to catch the favouring breeze.

“What a funny coloured cloud that is, Tom,” said our sailor boy one day to his friendly shipmate, Tom Jarvis, whom he was assisting at some work in the upper rigging of the vessel. They were then on the main-top-mast crosstrees.

“Where away?” said Tom, looking up.

Harry pointed to a little speck just above the horizon. It was so small that none but a sailor perhaps would have noticed it. Harry, however, had so improved his habit of observation that he had by this time a sailor’s sight for small objects at a distance.

Tom Jarvis shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked steadily in the direction towards which Harry still pointed.

“That’s no cloud,” said Tom, drawing in a long breath. “I wish Mr. Allen was up here, Harry.”

“Shall I go and tell him so, Tom?”

“Ay, ay, do, Harry, and look alive; and ask him to bring up his glass.”

In a minute or two Tom and Harry and Harry's uncle all stood together on the crosstrees. Uncle Gilbert was looking through a telescope at the strange appearance which Harry had thought was a cloud.

“Is it what I am afraid to say, sir?” said Tom, looking anxiously at the second mate, as he let the telescope fall into the hollow of his arm.

“It is A SHIP ON FIRE, Tom,” replied Mr. Allen.

And now all was bustle and activity on the *Industry*. The course of the vessel was altered; all other work was suspended, while fresh sails were set; and when this was done, and the *Industry* was cutting swiftly through the water towards the spot, her rigging was crowded with sailors, and all the passengers rushed to the deck in anxious excitement.

Every minute took them nearer to the burning ship. There was soon no doubt in any mind that the second mate was correct,

for a dark cloud of smoke tinged with red, like the hue of sunset, hung over the sea, and seemed to rest upon it, and sometimes bright forks of fire were seen darting upwards through the smoke. Then a deep, booming sound came rolling across the sea, and after that another, and then another. They were firing guns of distress.

Oh, how long it seemed to the crew of the *Industry* before they could get near enough to the burning ship to save its unhappy crew — if indeed they could be saved at all — while Captain Mason was ordering fresh canvass to be set from time to time, until the masts seemed to bend with the force of the wind, and the bark was strained with the efforts made to quicken her speed! The *Industry* had never sailed so quickly before in all the voyage, Harry thought; and more than one of the sailors looked grave as they silently yielded obedience to the captain's authority.

“Do you think she will bear any more sail, sir?” asked the second mate, respectfully, of the captain, when the last order was given.

“ We must try, Mr. Allen,” said Captain Mason ; “ and yet perhaps—no, I am afraid she will not bear more ; and yet it is fearful to think of our fellow creatures perishing for want of help ;” and then he walked the deck in agitation when he had countermanded the order.

Indeed, the *Industry* was carrying too much canvass already, for safety. If the wind had increased ever so little, there would have been great danger to the rigging, and perhaps to the vessel itself. But then there was the burning ship.

Nearer and nearer they approached it every moment ; and now could be distinguished the outline of the ship itself, as occasionally the cloud of smoke was lifted above it. Nearer and nearer, till it was seen that the flames, which were now bursting forth, proceeded from the fore part of the ship—that the deck was on fire, and that the quarter-deck at the hind part of the ship was crowded with the crew, who, having done all they could to extinguish the fire, without success, were driven by the dreadful heat to that part of the burning vessel

which the fire had not yet reached. It was seen also that they were endeavouring to lower a boat on to the sea.

All this could be seen by those who had telescopes and had steadiness enough to use them, as the *Industry* ploughed through the waves ; and then Captain Mason ordered a gun to be fired, that the sailors in distress and peril might know of assistance being near. Then, too, rose a hearty cheer from the deck and rigging of the *Industry*. And then—yes, listen!—a faint distant cheering, like an echo of theirs, was heard by the crew of the *Industry* coming across the water from the burning ship.

On and on, and then an order from Captain Mason for the boats to be lowered and manned ; and in a few minutes more the long boat of the *Industry*, and the barge, and the little cockboat were all on the water, with strong-armed sailors in them, pulling with might and main to the rescue of the burning ship's crew.

Then came the order to clew up sails and reef and furl, and for the *Industry* to stand off and on while the boats and boats' crews

were performing their duty; for the good bark was as near to the burning vessel as it was safe to be; and then, the long boat and the barge and the little cockboat were lost to sight in the thick smoke that now hung upon the water. But those who were on board the *Industry* heard cheering shouts, and soon, one after another of the boats were seen again, returning with part of the rescued crew—as many as they would hold. Then back again, to rescue more, until all were saved, and nothing remained but the burning ship itself. The last who left it was the captain.

It was only just in time that deliverance had arrived; for even before the last boat load was taken off, the flames had reached the quarter-deck; and in five minutes after the captain of the lost ship had reached the *Industry*, every part of that vessel was on fire, and was burning fiercely down to the water's edge. Then, all at once was a violent commotion in the sea, which reached to the *Industry* in the form of a great rolling wave, which shook it from stem to stern. And when the smoke had gradually

cleared away, nothing more could be seen of the burning ship. The water had rushed in to the heavily laden hold, and it had gone down like a stone.

Oh, how thankful the poor sailors were for their deliverance! And how glad were the crew of the *Industry* that they had been the means of saving so many of their fellow creatures from a dreadful death!

The first thing Captain Mason did, when the confusion was a little over, was to call all hands together, to give hearty thanks to God for the lives which had been saved; and then he and his officers set about making arrangements for such an increase of people on board.

It was never known how the *Sea-horse* (for that was the name of the burned ship, which was an American vessel) caught fire; but it was supposed that the fire began in the spirit-room, where the steward had been with a candle, not long before it was discovered.

It was the next day—when the *Industry* was once more speeding on her course—



that Harry Clark was once more sent for to the quarter deck. And when he got there, he found Captain Mason, and the strange captain, with Mr. Hall, the first mate, and his uncle Gilbert, the second mate, in conversation, with grave and serious countenances. Near to them also stood Tom Jarvis, cap in hand.

“Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?” said Captain Mason, sternly; and yet Harry fancied there was a pleasant twinkle in his eye; and when he looked towards his uncle Gilbert, he fancied there was a smile of encouragement on his countenance.

“If you please, sir,” Harry began.

“Pooh, pooh! what has that to do with it? Suppose I don’t please; what then? Do you know what you have done?” Captain Mason said this quite sharply; and Harry’s heart beat rather quickly. He did not know that he had done anything wrong; but he was not sure. He might have offended his captain unintentionally. However, he plucked up spirit, and answered,

“No, sir.”

“Oh, you don't,” said Captain Mason. “Then I'll tell you. You have saved this gentleman's life, my lad ;” and he pointed to the strange captain ; “and the lives of all on board the Sea-horse, as well. That's what you have done. Now what have you to say for yourself ?”

Poor Harry was sadly bewildered ; he was soon put out of his trouble, however, by the strange captain shaking him heartily by the hand and thanking him for the good service he had done ; and then by his own captain smiling pleasantly upon him, and telling him that it was his first noticing the strange cloud in the horizon which had called attention to it ; and that if he had not done this, the Industry would have kept on her course and have sailed away from the burning ship.

“And this shows the advantage of a sailor keeping his eyes open, and making use of them,” continued Captain Mason ; “and if you go on as you have begun, Harry, you will make a good sailor.”

“But if you please, sir, it was Tom Jarvis,” Harry began.

“Ay, ay, I have told all about it,” said Tom; “but it was you that first saw the smoke, Harry; and naturally thought it was a cloud. If you had not seen it, most likely I shouldn’t. I don’t think I should.”

“You must divide the merit between you,” said Captain Mason; “I am only glad to have such sharp eyes and quick wits on board the Industry.”

The captain and crew of the lost Seahorse did not remain long on board the Industry. In about a week, the bark reached the Cape of Good Hope and anchored off Cape Town, and there they were landed. Before the Industry weighed anchor and set sail again, however, the American captain came on board, and presented Tom Jarvis and Harry with a silver watch a-piece, in remembrance of the good service they had been the means of rendering to the crew of the burned ship. After this, nothing particular occurred to our sailor boy before the Industry arrived at Sydney.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HARRY AT SYDNEY.—THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE BEGUN.

AND now came the work of unloading. I shall pass this over, however, only requesting my readers to understand that Harry was not allowed to be idle ; nor, indeed, did he wish to be. He would have liked, no doubt, to land as soon as the *Industry* cast anchor in Sydney harbour ; but this could not be, and he wisely contented himself with his uncle's promise that before the bark put to sea again on her homeward voyage, he would take Harry on shore, and indulge him with a short excursion into the country.

This promise was faithfully kept, as all Gilbert Allen's promises were. It was one day, soon after Christmas, that Harry and his uncle landed on one of the wharfs, ready for their holiday. Our young readers must

not imagine, however, that because it was Christmas time, it was cold, winterly weather; for they must bear in mind that Australia is on the opposite side of the globe to that on which we live, and that when it is mid-winter in England, it is midsummer there. This seemed strange to Harry until his uncle explained it to him, and even then he could not help feeling it rather curious, that while he was clad in his lightest and coolest dress, and was for all that panting under a burning sun, his mother and brothers and sisters at Hazel-hurst were most likely pinched with cold, and glad to draw round a good fire in their cottage.

“This is not the only matter in which Australia seems to be a land of contraries,” said uncle Gilbert, when Harry made the above remark. “If you were to remain here long, you would see many things equally strange to you. Indeed, some persons call Australia a land of contraries. For instance, in England the north wind is cold; here it is hot. Swans in Australia, are black, and eagles are white; cherries grow with the stones outside; and what seem to

be delicious pears, ready to melt in the mouth, are solid wood; bees have no stings, and flowers, for the most part, no smell; birds don't sing; animals have pockets in which they stow away their young; some quadrupeds have ducks' bills and lay eggs; birds carry brooms in their mouth in place of tongues; owls screech in the day time, and cuckoos sing at night.\* But we shall not see many of these strange contradictions, in the little time we have to spend here, I dare say. And you will find that in many things Australia is much like England, after all."

And so indeed it proved, for when they got into the town, it was easy for Harry to fancy himself very near home, instead of twelve thousand miles away, everything was so like what might have been seen in any large English town.

"I told you it would be so," said his uncle, when presently they passed by a number of men who had no doubt been drinking hard, and were now quarrelling;

\* See an account of the Gold Colonies of Australia; by G. B. Earp.

and among them were several sailors. "You see, Harry, that sin is the same here that it is at home. You hear the same wicked oaths, and see the same effects following the same causes. Wherever you go, the curse of sin is to be seen, in almost the same forms; and remember, Harry, that there is the same remedy for it. The religion of the Bible, and the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, is as necessary here as it is in England, to teach men how, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, they should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. You see, too, that there are the same temptations assailing our weak and sinful nature, and that there is the same need for us always to be on the watch, to ask God to help us by his Holy Spirit, and to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

It was thus that Harry's uncle was always ready to say a word in season to his nephew.

Our young sailor enjoyed his day on shore very much; and as the *Industry* remained a month or two in port, he had

other opportunities of seeing both town and country. On Sundays, too, he went sometimes with his uncle, and at other times with Tom Jarvis, and two or three others of his shipmates, to one of the churches or chapels in Sydney, where additional reason was given him to observe that, far off as he was from his home at Hazel-hurst, the same heavenly Father and blessed Saviour were worshipped, and the help and teachings of the same Holy Spirit were implored. And Harry could not but feel how near he was brought in spirit to his mother and his Christian friends in England, when he was thus joining in the public worship of God. Indeed, Harry had often been pleased and comforted with this thought during the voyage.

“Now, Harry,” said his uncle to him, one day; “you will not be sorry to know that we shall soon be heaving anchor and steering homewards.”

Harry said that he was not at all sorry; for though he did not repent of taking to a sailor’s life, it is not to be denied that he had had many tender feelings about home



in all the months he had been away ; and it was with fresh alacrity that he took his share of the work now going forward on board.

Somebody has said that a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair. Harry did not know anything about ladies' watches, though he had a watch of his own ; but he had found out long before this that there is always something in the way of repairs to be done on board ship, whether it is in harbour or out at sea. But now there was something else to be done ; there was the cargo to be got on board and stowed away in the hold. This consisted principally of great bales of wool, packed and pressed very closely ; and two weeks more were taken up in completing the lading. Then a quantity of ship's stores were to be got on board, and after that, passengers' luggage ; for several persons who had been some time in Australia were about returning to England in the *Industry*. Then, when all the loading was over, and the passengers had taken possession of their cabins, the bark, one fine afternoon, left Sydney

harbour with a favourable breeze, and stood out to sea.

As Harry was very anxious to reach England, and we have come nearly to the end of our book, I shall not attempt to describe the homeward voyage. My readers will be so kind as to take for granted, that Harry improved every day in seamanship, so that he was in no danger now of being called a land-lubber, although he had yet much to learn, and many years' experience to get by heart, before he could be called a thorough sailor.

## CHAPTER IX.

SHIP WATCHES.—A STORM.—DANGER: DEATH: AND  
A FUNERAL AT SEA.

THERE was one of the duties of a sailor which Harry had not been expected regularly to perform on the outward bound voyage, but in which he was now called to take his share, and of which it is necessary to tell.

The crew of the *Industry*, all excepting the steward and the cook, were divided into two sets, called watches. One of these was under the direction of the first mate; and the other under that of Harry's uncle. These watches divided the night between them in such a way that while one party was below, the other was on deck keeping watch, and attending to the working of the ship. These watches were changed every four hours, so that in the

middle of the night, after a hard day's work and four hours' rest, the sailors who first went below were obliged to be on duty again for another four hours. These night watches are pleasant enough when the nights are warm, and the stars are shining brightly overhead, and the ship is sailing steadily on with a nice quiet breeze. But sailors do not consider it so pleasant to be awakened out of a sound sleep to hasten upon deck, in wet clothes perhaps, when it is cold and dark and stormy, and it may be sails to be reefed or furled, with rain and hail beating pitilessly all the while. At such times as this it is no wonder if sailors think that a landsman's life is preferable to a sailor's, and sometimes break out into the words of an old song:—

“Ye gentlefolks of England, who live at home in ease,  
How little do ye think upon the hardships of the seas.”

It is still more unpleasant when real storms arise, as they sometimes do, in the night, and those who have just gone below to get what rest they can, are hastily summoned to deck, by the hoarse cry of “All

hands ahoy!" shouted down the hatchway.

Harry, however, was very ready to be put on one of the watches; it made him think a little more of himself as a sailor. He was the more pleased to do this because he was in the same watch with his uncle and Tom Jarvis; and though sometimes, when the cry of "Starboard watch ahoy!" roused him from heavy slumber, he would have been glad to turn round and take another nap, and thought how undisturbed he should be in his little bed in his mother's cottage at Hazel-hurst, he never loitered, and was rarely the last to make his appearance on deck. Indeed, after a week or two, he seemed to be aware in his sleep when his four hours had expired, and was quite ready for the call.

The Industry had been two months or more on the homeward voyage, and nothing particular had taken place. Indeed, the voyage had been very favourable and rapid; and the crew were pleasing themselves—none more than our sailor boy—with

the thought that in two or three weeks time they should see the white cliffs of England; when there was a great change in the weather. The wind became very strong and contrary, and those of the sailors who had been longest at sea, and had had more experience than the rest, predicted that a storm was coming on. Indeed, Captain Mason and his mates thought so too; and they prepared for it accordingly.

It was only what was expected therefore when, in the middle of a dreary night, all hands below were hastily summoned to the deck. For many hours, the bark had been tossed about very fearfully, with great waves frequently breaking over the deck; and when Harry had gone below, he was alarmed, not so much by the rolling and pitching, which made it almost impossible for him to stand, as by the beating of the heavy sea against the sides of the vessel, and by the deep grating sounds which seemed to rise from the hold, which told how much the timbers of the *Industry* were strained. Besides this, water was rushing into the between decks although

the hatchways and port holes were closed. But for all this, Harry was not prepared for the scene presented to him when he stumbled on to the deck. It was not so dark but that he could dimly discern what havoc had been made in only a few minutes by the furious, raging storm, which had now commenced in earnest. A heavy squall of wind had borne down upon the bark, and had snapped asunder one of the top-masts ; which, still hanging on by the rigging, was beating about wildly, and threatening destruction to all who ventured aloft ; the rudder had for that time become unmanageable ; and enormous waves were every moment breaking over the deck, and sweeping away all before them. A great part of the bulwarks was gone, so was the galley or cooking house ; so were the stanchions ; the boats had been torn from their supports, and washed away ; and the sailors as they staggered to and fro, holding on as they best could by the rigging, were every instant in danger of being washed overboard also.

It was well for the Industry and her crew

that Captain Mason was not only a brave man but a skilful seaman. His voice was heard above the storm, cheering the men on to their duty, and giving directions how they were to act. These men to the helm to assist the helmsman—those to the pumps, for the *Industry* had sprung a leak, and the water was fast entering the hold : and then he cast an anxious eye to the entangled broken top-mast and yards and rigging aloft.

“It must be done, Mr. Hall,” he said to the first mate, who was near him ; and in another moment the order was given for the hamper, or broken mast and tangled rigging, to be cut away.

Gilbert Allen had waited only for this. It was a work of very great danger ; but he knew it must be done ; and he had already a hatchet in his hand ; so had Tom Jarvis ; and so had more than one other. No sooner, therefore, was the order given than a dozen dark figures were on the rat-lines. First of these was the second mate ; and next to him—pressing closely by his side was—no, surely it could not be ; yes—Harry, the little sailor boy.



“Harry, Harry; go down. This is no work for boys. God bless you, Harry; and may your life be precious in his sight in this hour of danger; and Harry, shake hands with me”—he held out his hand as he spoke—“and if you never see me again, remember my last words—meet me in heaven, Harry.”

In another instant, Gilbert Allen was high up in the rigging; and as Harry still clung to the shrouds, wishing in his heart to follow his uncle and share his danger, and yet not daring to disobey him, one sailor after another glided swiftly by him; and then he was left alone.

Then, as the bark shook from stem to stern, and swayed to and fro until first one broadside and then the other lay on the great rolling billows, Harry heard the sharp sound of axes among the entangled cordage above his head; then a crash, as though the vessel were being rent asunder; then a cheering shout; then axes again, then another crash, another shout. Then another cry, unlike any other he had ever heard, smote on his ear; and at the same time, as the vessel

righted, Harry knew that something had swiftly and heavily fallen from above, close before him. He heard it strike against the rigging in its fall; and he heard it as it reached the deck. There was another cry and a deep groan; and Harry knew that the something which had fallen from the rigging above him was a man.

Many hours passed away, and the storm was over. There was a bright blue sky overhead, and though the waves yet rolled heavily, the wind had sunk to a gentle breeze.

Already, the busy and active crew had begun to repair the damages the *Industry* had received. The leak, which was caused by the straining of the ship's timbers had been discovered and stopped; the rudder had been refastened and strengthened; fresh spars were being hauled up aloft, to replace those which had been cut away; lines were being spliced; and the broken bulwarks had been hastily strengthened. Captain Mason was encouraging the crew; the mates were giving a willing hand to the work going

forward; and one or two of the passengers were pacing the quarter-deck, looking with wonder and dread on the mischief which had been wrought by the storm; the cook, too, was cleverly contriving for himself a temporary kitchen in room of the cook-house, which had been swept away.

While all this was going on on deck, in his berth below, crushed and dying, lay Tom Jarvis, and by his side, waiting on him and watching over him, with tears in his eyes, and heaviness on his heart, was Harry the sailor boy.

Of all the crew Tom was the only one who had been hurt in the dangers of the storm. It was he whose feet had slipped, and whose hands had failed him, and whom Harry had seen falling to the deck.

In the hours that had passed away, Tom Jarvis had suffered great agony; but now, all pain had ceased for ever. He knew that; he knew that he was dying.

“Cannot I do anything else for you, Tom?” sobbed our sailor boy.

“No, thank you, Harry: I am all right.”

“How do you feel now, Tom?”

“Uncommon happy, Harry. Never so happy before, I do believe.”

“We shall soon be in port, Tom ; and then—”

“To-day ; I shall be in port to-day, Harry.”

The tears ran faster and faster down Harry's cheeks. He knew what Tom Jarvis meant.

“Harry”—he spoke very huskily now ; and his breathing was very hard and quick ; “Harry, the Lord Jesus Christ is waiting for me ; he won't let me go—because he loves me and I love him ; Harry—‘we love him—because he first loved us.’ Harry. Harry !”

“Yes, Tom.”

“I want to—ask you—a question.” Tom Jarvis could speak only a word or two at a time now, with long pauses between. “If the bark—had gone—to—to the bottom—when—she sprang a leak—in the storm—Harry—should you—have been—safe, Harry—safe—safe ?”

It was more and more difficult for Tom to speak as he went on ; and when he had

finished, he turned his eyes very earnestly on our sailor boy, as though he waited anxiously for his answer.

The answer came at last, for Harry bent over his dying shipmate and whispered something in his ear. What that something was need not be put down; but whatever it was, it made Tom smile very happily; and then he took Harry's hand and gently pressed it, as he said, very slowly:—"That's right, Harry: keep to that; and you will be—all safe—in sunshine—and storm. The Lord says—'I love—they—that love—me; and they—that seek—me—early—shall find—me.' I am—going—to him—now. Good—bye—Harry—God bless—and—keep—"

Harry did not hear any more; and when he looked again on the face of his friend, there was a very great change. Tom Jarvis was dead.

There was a funeral at sea the next day. Captain Mason read the service over the dead body of the christian sailor; and when he came to the solemn words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, to

be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead,"—and the body of their shipmate was gently let down over the ship's side, the sailors turned away weeping.

## CHAPTER X.

### RETURN HOME.

ANOTHER summer's evening ; and the school boys were again at play on the village green.

There came, walking briskly along the road, with a bundle slung over his shoulder, a sailor boy, neat and trim. His face and hands were brown, for he had borne the peltings of many a heavy shower, and many a fierce wind, and many a scorching sunshine ; but there was the tinge of health on his cheeks.

He seemed in a great hurry, as though he had some purpose before him, and no time to lose. And yet, as he approached the old yew tree, he halted for a minute or two, and rested there.

“The last time I sat down here,” the sailor boy said to himself, “uncle Gilbert

prayed for me very heartily, and I hope and believe God heard his prayer. Here I am, safe again, very near home; and—and—”

The boy had not time to say much more to himself; for on first coming on the green he had been observed, and, in a minute, the village school boys had left off their game, stood for a moment eyeing the young traveller, and then ran towards him just as he reached the yew tree.

“’Tis Harry Clark come home again,” they shouted as they ran; and then he was surrounded by his old acquaintances, shaking hands with them, and listening to their wondering exclamations of, “How you are grown, Harry!”

But Harry did not remain long on the village green. He was very soon bounding along the foot-path to Hazel-hurst, with the whitewashed cottages and clumps of trees in full sight.

There was the chimney of his mother’s cottage. Harry knew it well; and he could see the smoke coming out at the top. Harry was glad to see even that.

His mother did not know he was coming



home that day. He had written to her as soon as he arrived in port, to say that he would be at Hazel-hurst as soon as he could get away from the ship ; but he could not say how long a time that might be first.

Nearer home, and yet nearer, though every step seemed almost a mile. At last, Harry fairly broke into a run ; and never stopped till he was in his mother's arms.

And now, having brought our sailor boy safely home from his first voyage, I may bring my book to a close, and leave it with Harry and his mother to settle whether he shall take another.

And yet, I may as well tell that Harry did obtain his mother's consent to his going again to sea with his uncle Gilbert. Indeed, it was much better that he should do so, for there was no employment likely to be found for him at Hazel-hurst ; and Mrs. Clark was very far from wishing him to remain idle at home. Seeing, therefore, that the dangers he had passed through, and the common hardships of a sailor's life, had not daunted Harry, nor sickened

him of the sea; and perceiving also, which she did, with thankfulness to God, that her boy had returned to her with very serious thoughts about religion, and many cheering proofs of youthful piety, the widowed mother wisely determined not to put any obstacles in the way of his future advancement in the line of life he had chosen. In due time, therefore, and after a good long holiday at Hazel-hurst, Harry rejoined his uncle Gilbert. . . . But the particulars of the next voyage must be withheld for the present.

I must not forget to add that though Harry's wages on this his first voyage had been small, he brought home all he had earned to his mother.

Harry was glad to find that his brother Robert and his sister Mary had been some little while at service; and it was hoped that the advice and remonstrances of their uncle Gilbert had made an impression on their minds, and stirred them up to industry and perseverance and earnest effort.



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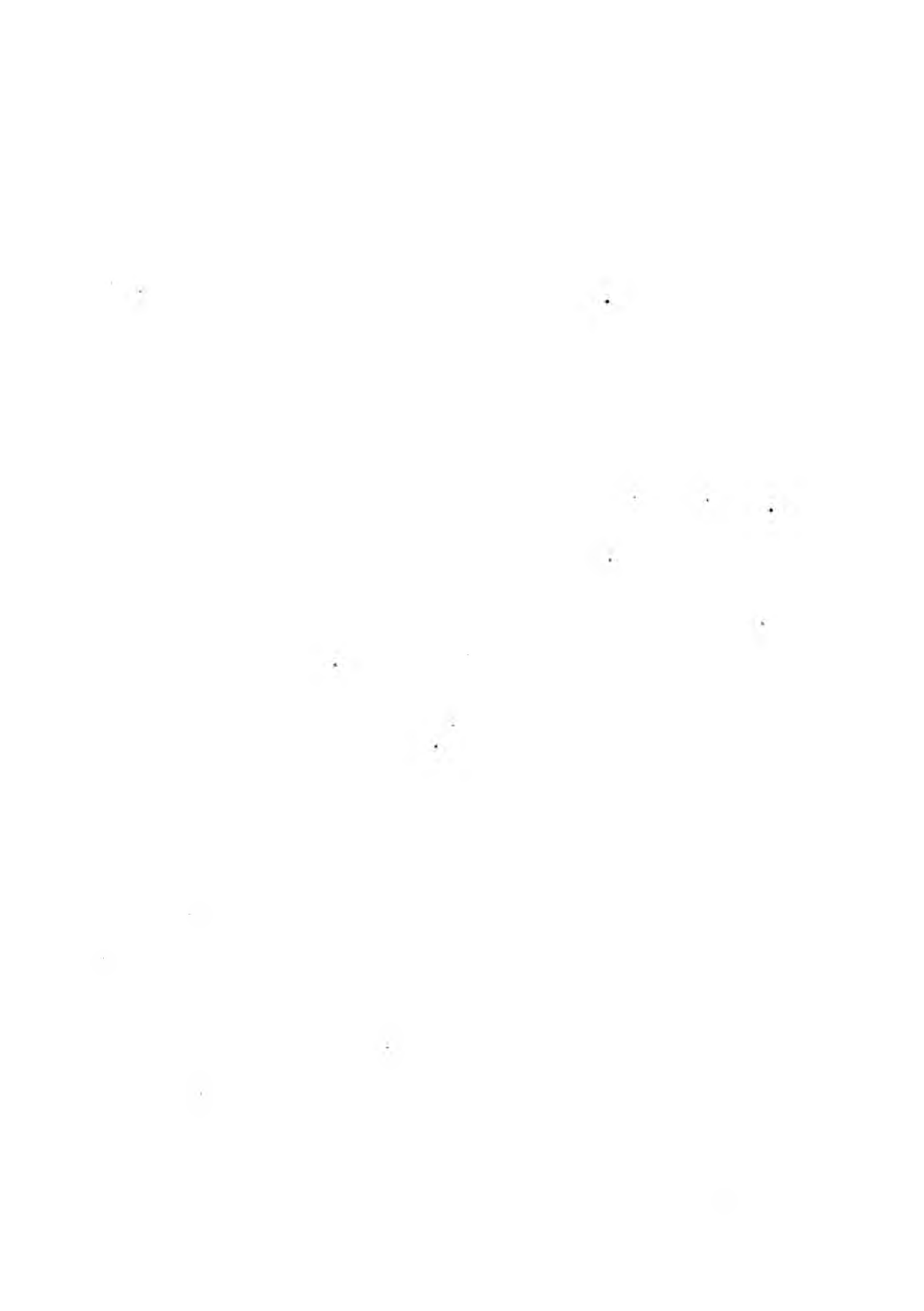
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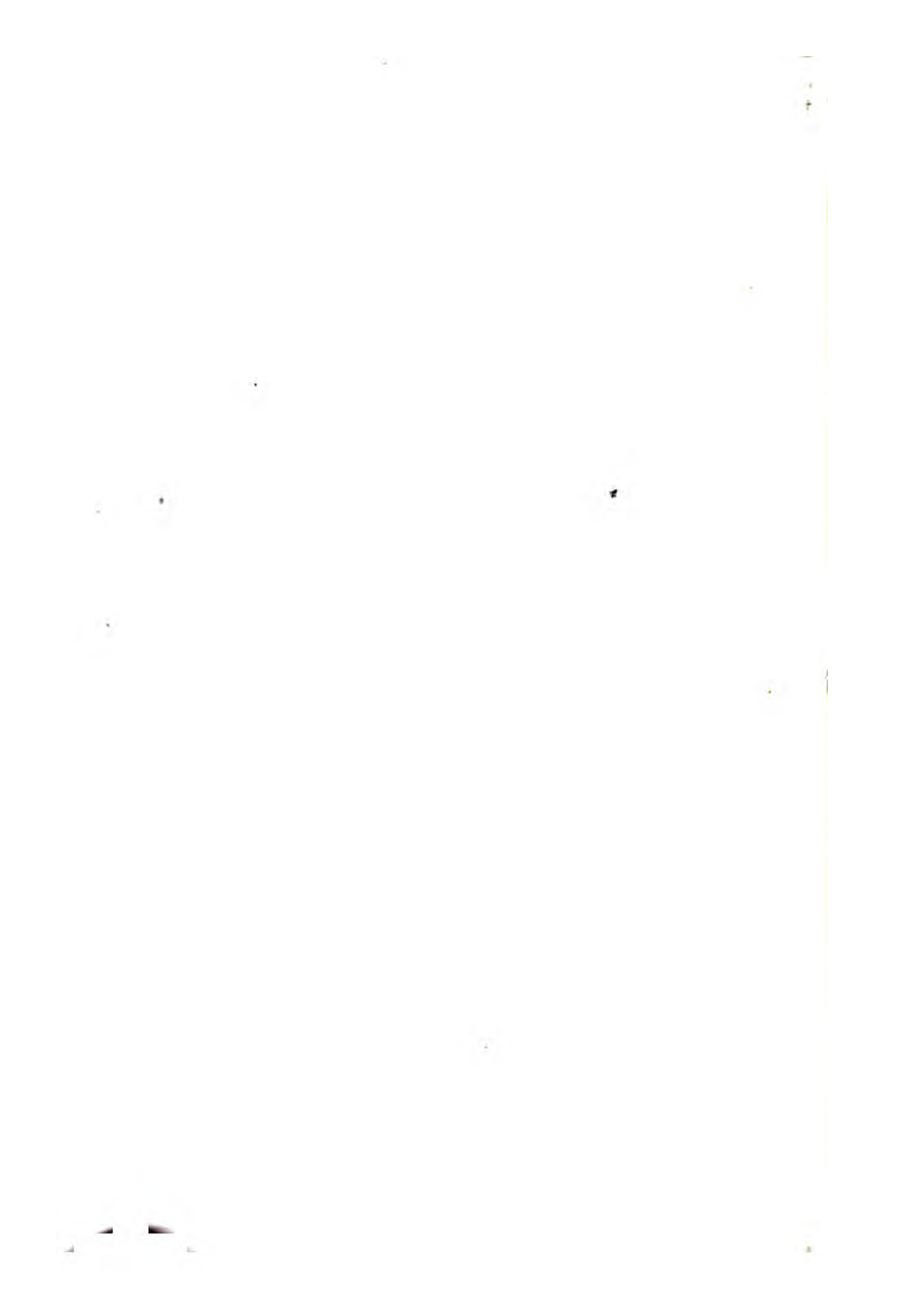
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