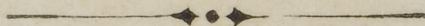


BOB,  
THE CABIN-BOY.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
200 MULBERRY-STREET, NEW YORK.



## BOB, THE CABIN-BOY.

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BOB'S father was dead. He died when Bob was so young that the child did not know as he had ever seen him. Don't you pity little Bob? Would not you feel very sorry if your father should be taken away and you never see him again?

But Bob had a mother. Yes, that

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was she on her last sick bed ; all the long years since his father had died she had worked hard to get enough to live on with her little boy through heat and cold, and wet and dry, till at last she was worked out, and she lay down to die.

She had been a good mother to Bob ; she had read the Bible to him, and told him all about God, and the good place up in the skies where his papa had gone, and where she was going, and where he too would go if

he were good. And Bob loved his mother very dearly, and he loved the Bible and he loved God. A very good boy was little Bob; but O it was a sad, sad day to him when his mother died.

He sat by her side all the time she was sick, and read to her from the Bible, and talked with her till he felt as if his little heart was ready to break. "Mother, O mother, take me with you, will you not? What will become of your little Bob when

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you are gone? I shall have no place to live in. I would so much rather die and go to the good place with you."

"Yes, my child," the mother would say, "it grieves me to the heart to leave you here, and I cannot tell where you will go; but the good Lord will take care of you, and it will not be long ere you will come to be with me. Be a very good boy. Always be ready to do a kind act to all that come in your way, and you

will find friends. Come and kiss me, my boy;" and then the poor child would lay his head on the bedside and sob himself to sleep.

The poor woman had a few friends, but they were as poor as herself, and had little mouths in their own houses to feed. But one that lived near by said that he would take poor Bob and care for him till he could find some one else to take him, and so the poor woman died with a smile on her face.

Spring came. The leaves were on the trees, and the grass was green on the hill-sides and in the graveyard; but it had not grown much on the new made grave, when a place was found for Bob as cabin-boy on board of a ship. It was not such a place as his mother would have wished for her boy, but it was the best that could be done then, and the poor man felt as if he could keep him no longer. And so he went, and though his little heart was



ready to burst with grief, he would say to himself, "I must do good and I will get friends, and it is only a little while till I go to be with my mother."

Sailors are a hard set of men. They were so on the ship where Bob was. They would swear, and drink, and fight, and at first they made fun of poor Bob; but he was so active, and so ready to learn, and so willing to do any little thing for them, that he soon got their good-

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will, though on the whole he led a hard life of it.

The captain was a proud, cold, hard man, and the sailors did not like him. After a while he was taken sick, and they would none of them mind him. They took the care of the ship into their own hands, and if the poor sick man crept out on deck they took no notice of a word he said. Then he would swear and rave away at them, and this made him so much worse that

at last he was too sick to come out at all, and none of them went in to see him, so then he lay very ill and quite alone.

Little Bob saw all this, but he hardly knew what to do. The captain had always been cross to him, and now he feared he would be worse than ever. But he felt very sorry for him, and his mother's words came to his mind, "Be kind to all," and he said to himself, "I can but try it anyhow "

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So he went very softly to the captain's door and tapped with his little fingers. "Who's there?" asked the captain in a very gruff voice. "It's little Bob, sir. Can I do anything for you?"

"Go to your work you little rascal," was the angry reply, "and don't come here to plague me."

Little Bob stole away more softly than he came, but there was no anger in his heart toward the bad man. There was pity there, and he

made up his mind that he would go again the next day. So the brave little fellow went and tapped again at the door, "Who's there?" was the reply. "Can't I do something for you to-day, sir?" asked the little boy.

"No, no; go away," said the hard-hearted man. But Bob took notice that his voice was not so harsh as it was the day before, and he called him no harsh names, and he said to himself, "He will let me in by and by if I keep on."

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He was so sure of this that he could not wait till the next day, but he went again toward night. All the day the captain had thought over the kind act of little Bob, the only one of them all that had come near him; and his hard heart had begun to melt, and he made up his mind that if he came again he would let him come in.

So he was glad to hear that little tap at his door. "Come in," said he, and Bob came in softly on

tiptoe, and said very gently, "Please, sir, can I make your bed for you, and get you a cup of tea? I'll do it very nicely and very quickly, sir."

"Well, Bob, you may do it if you like." His little heart beat almost wild with joy. The bed was soon made, and away he ran and soon came back with a little tray on which was a plate of toast, and a cup of tea, and some crackers, and it was so nice that the captain seemed to like it very much.

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Now Bob always carried his little Bible that his mother had given him in his pocket, and as he stood there by the bedside the captain saw it.

“What book is that?” said he.

“It is a book my mother gave me, sir,” said Bob, “the nicest book you ever saw.”

“Can you read it, Bob?”

“O yes, sir; my mother taught me, and I should like to read it to you if you please, sir.”

“Well, yes, I don't care if you



do. The truth is I'm tired of lying here alone with nothing to do. Take away this tray now, I have done, and then you may read."

Bob took away the tray, and then sat down on a box by the bedside and took out his Bible. He found one of the places where it tells about Jesus, how he went about doing good, how kind he was to the poor, and the sick, and the lame, and the blind, and how he healed them and forgave their sins. He read on a

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long time, and the poor man drank in every word, and when the boy stopped he asked him to come again the next day.

After this he was with the captain almost all the time. He took the best care of him that he could; he brought him food and clean clothes, and kept the room in order, and, in short, made a very good little nurse. Still he was more of a teacher than a nurse, and for long hours they would sit and talk of

Jesus and the Bible, and how to be good. Little Bob told him about his mother, and all that she had taught him, and all that he had learned at the Sunday-school. It was a good thing that Bob had learned so much; it was a good thing that he did not forget what he had learned, for he was now able to tell almost all that the captain wanted to know.

At last some of the crew began to wonder what made Bob visit the cross captain so much, and one came

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and put his ear to the door from day to day and heard some of the things that were said. Then he went and told the others, and then they asked Bob about him, and he told them that a great change had come over the captain, and that he was now very kind and good. So one by one they got leave through Bob to come and see him, and they begged his pardon and he begged theirs, and they were all friends again.

But the captain did not get well. He seemed to grow worse and worse each day, and he told Bob that he did not think he should live long.

“O then,” said Bob, “you’ll see my mother, won’t you? and will you tell her that her Bob is trying to be a good boy and meet her in heaven?”

“Ah, Bob,” was the reply, while the tears rolled down the poor man’s face, “if I am ever so happy as to get to heaven I shall try to see your mother, to thank her for myself for

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the good that you have done me through her teaching. Pray for me, Bob, that I may get there.”

Bob's little Bible now was the great comfort of the captain, and he read it for himself when he was able. One night he asked Bob to leave it with him that he might read it when he was awake in the night, and Bob did so. Early the next day he went as he always did and tapped at the door. There was no reply, and he tapped again. Still no reply, and

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then he walked in. There was the captain on his knees, with the Bible lying open on a chair before him. Bob spoke, but there was no reply. He came close up, but the captain did not stir. He put his hands on him, and then he knew that the captain was dead. He died on his knees praying over the Bible. We trust that through what he learned of Bob he sought and found the Saviour and went to heaven.

Happy Bob! How well he was

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paid for doing good! Go, little reader, and do good also. Do good at all times to all you meet, and the Lord will bless you.

THE END.

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