

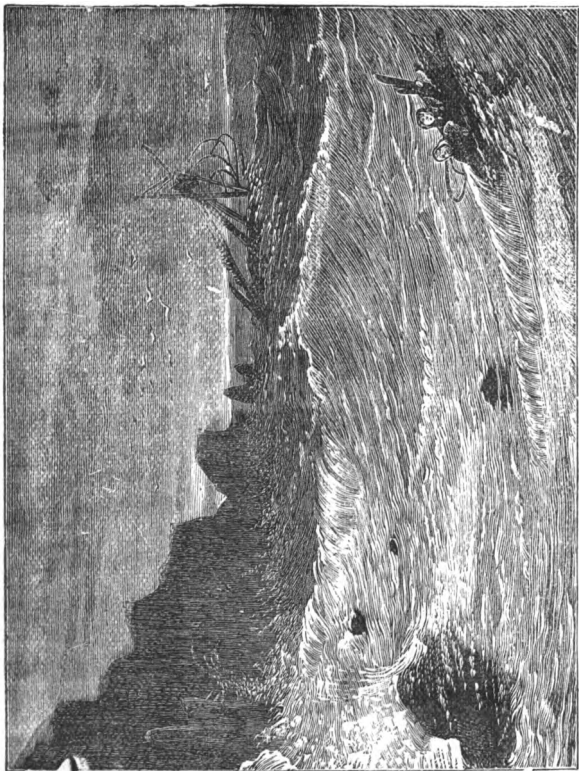
THE STORY
OF A
CAPTAIN'S WIFE.



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G. MORRISH, 20. PATERNOSTER SQUARE.



A Gale of Wind.



THE STORY
OF A
CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

—○—
Written for Young People.
—○—



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THE STORY
OF A
CAPTAIN'S WIFE.



HAVE you ever walked on the sea shore when a gale of wind has been blowing, and when the great waves have come tumbling in at your feet like mountains of white foam? Do you know how strong they are—so strong that they are often able to carry along with them great pieces of rock, that are called boulders? If any of you, my little readers, have seen this, you

can fancy what a fearful thing it is to be in a ship, out at sea, in a storm. Perhaps some of you have a relative who is a sailor, and in that case you can ask him to tell you about a storm at sea. Meanwhile I will relate to you something that was told to me.

Once there was a ship coming home to England after a long voyage. The captain and the sailors were very glad to think that at last they should see their own country again. The captain had his wife on board, and you may be sure that she, too, was rejoiced at the thought, for she had two children whom she had not seen since she left England.

But I am sorry to say that this captain and his wife did not love Jesus. I hope that some of you do; for remember, *He* loved *you* so much as to die on the cross for you.

One night, when they had nearly reached the port for which they were bound, a terrible storm arose. The wind blew, and the waves beat against the ship, so that at last the captain was obliged to give up trying to guide her, and, sad to say, she soon struck upon a rock, in sight of land, just as it grew light in the morning.

With very great difficulty, the captain and his wife managed to escape from the ship, which was beaten to pieces by the violence of

the waves, and climbed on a rock, to which they clung with all their might. Fancy their dreadful position, expecting every moment to be washed away, and so cold and benumbed that they knew they could not remain there long.

When the people who had gathered on the shore observed their distressing position, the life-boat was sent out.

Do you know what a life-boat is? It is a boat made in a certain way, so that it shall be able to resist the violence of the waves, and float upon them like a cork. It is made on purpose to rescue people in shipwreck. Well, some brave men got into the boat, and began rowing

manfully out towards the rock where the captain and his wife were clinging.

It was terribly hard work, and the poor fellows were almost obliged to give up in despair. But at last they got near enough to make their voices heard, and they managed to give the captain to understand that when they cried "Jump," he must endeavour to take a leap into the boat.

They dared not take the boat close to the rock, because she would have been dashed against it, but they wished to wait till some large wave carried her near enough for them to spring from the rock to the boat. The captain was

to come first, and his wife the next time.

Imagine how eagerly they all awaited the moment ; for mind, unless the captain had courage enough for that one effort, he could be saved in no other way. Soon a huge wave came rolling along, and carried the boat to within a few feet of the rock ; “ Jump,” cried the sailors. The captain did so, and in a moment he was landed in the life-boat, his only place of safety amid that angry sea that was raging around. But his poor wife was still on the rock. Oh ! will *she* take the saving leap ?

Again they waited for the wave, and again they cried “ Jump ”—but no, the

poor woman hung back in fear, and the returning wave carried the boat far away from the rock. Once more they cried "Jump for your life," and again she feared to trust herself. The men were now worn out and faint with the terrible exertion of battling with the waves, but for the sake of the captain, they agreed to make one last effort for her salvation.

"*Jump now!*" they cried. Oh, what a moment!

She came to the edge of the rock, hung back for a moment in an agony of fear and indecision, and then she jumped.

But oh, dear reader, the boat had been carried back again—It was *too late!*

That one fatal pause was her ruin. The last words her poor husband heard, as her body was swallowed up in the boiling waves, were, "*Too late—lost, lost!*"

Think of his anguish of mind, as he went in safety to the shore, leaving his wife drowned in the depths of the sea! And where was her soul? Oh! I fear her words were but too true, she was *lost*—not only body, but soul.

And what did the captain learn from this, do you think? First, that the life-boat was the only place of safety in the midst of that storm, and secondly, and best of all, that there is only one place of safety for a poor sinner who is *lost*, and dead in

trespasses and sins. For the first time in his life he learnt, he was in this condition, and once and for all he learnt too, that Jesus died to save lost sinners, and that there is "*none other name* under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

His poor wife had been afraid to leave her place of fancied security for the boat, where she could have been safe till she reached the land.

Oh, are you afraid to trust Jesus? He is much safer than a lifeboat. He says of God's children, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall *never* perish." You know you are not safe—at

any moment the waters of sin and death may swallow you up. Oh, fly to Jesus *now*, there is no time to put it off. *Your one moment* of delay may be your *ruin*, for soon Jesus will have risen up and shut to the door, and then it will be useless to cry without for it to be opened.

God gives you *only to-day*, “to-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts.” To-morrow is not yours. The poor woman could not choose her own time for jumping. Oh, “choose ye *this day* whom ye will serve.” Jesus loves you, and longs to save you, and He says, “Him that cometh to *me*, I will *in·no wise* cast out.”

MY child, are you bound for that beautiful place,
Made ready by Jesus' hand,
For sinners redeem'd through His wonderful grace—
Are you found in that happy band ?

He left His own glorious home in the sky,
Life everlasting to give ;
It was love that brought Him to earth to die,
So that you and I might live.

Triumphant He rose, and has power to save,
Because of His death on the tree ;
For " many " His life a ransom He gave,
And therefore for you and for me.

Though ruin'd and lost, yet Jesus has died ;
(Oh, story how wondrously true !)
Will you trust in the blood of the Crucified One,
And learn, there is nothing to do ?

Then, " Saved through the blood of the Lamb," you
will cry,
Love stronger than death and the grave !
If you knew you were perishing, would you not fly
To One who is waiting to save !

Oh ! fly then to Jesus, and *do not delay*,
The night closes in dark and cold,
The bright Morning Star will soon herald the day
Of glory and gladness untold.

And homes are preparing in that happy land,
For children now saved through His grace,
Where, shepherded safe by the Saviour's own hand,
They live in the light of His face.



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