



The Family Circle.

AT THE GATE.

"For behold, the kingdom of God is within you."
 Thy kingdom here!
 Lord, can be it?
 Searching and seeking everywhere
 For many a year,
 "Thy kingdom come" has been my prayer:
 Was that dear kingdom all the while so near?
 Blinded and dull
 With selfish sin
 Have I been sitting at the gates
 Called beautiful,
 Where Thy fair angel stands and waits
 With hands upon the lock to let me in?
 Was I the wall
 Which barred the way,
 Darkening the glory of Thy grace,
 Hiding the ray
 Which, shining out as from Thy very face,
 Had shown to other men the perfect day?
 Was I the bar
 Which shut me out
 From the full joyance which they taste
 Whose spirits are
 Within Thy paradise embraced—
 Thy blessed paradise, which seems so far?
 Let me not sit
 Another hour,
 Idly waiting what is mine to win,
 Blinded in wit,
 Lord Jesus, rend these walls of self and sin,
 Beat down the gate, that I may enter in.
 —English Pulpit.

THE STUPID COUPLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE ATLANTIC.

"The stupid couple," at least that was what the other passengers called them during the first few days of the voyage after the ship had sailed from Queenstown. Not that they were so very stupid either, but people readily get nicknames on board a vessel, and a nickname once acquired is apt to stick.

John Pierrepont and his wife had come on board the "Shasta" at Queenstown by the last tender a few minutes before the propeller commenced to revolve slowly, and they had not yet found their stateroom when the signal, "Full speed ahead," passed from the bridge to the engine-room, and the throbbing of the great engines told all old travellers that their voyage was commenced in earnest, and that, till the ship entered New York harbor, the engines would not rest a moment from their work of driving the great ship on. The saloon of the "Shasta" was quite full of cabin passengers, and she had many steerage and second cabin passengers as well. She was the largest and newest ship of the line and was commanded by the company's commodore, Capt. Hood, a general favorite, and known among old travellers to and from America as the luckiest skipper that had ever sailed the Atlantic. Perhaps it was because there were so many of those seasoned travellers, wise in the ways of steamers, on board, that John Pierrepont and his wife seemed to be particularly inexperienced in travel and therefore deserving of being called stupid. They must certainly never have taken a long voyage before; they showed no disposition to struggle for what some thought the best seats at table, and they accepted without a grumble the stateroom assigned to them, which was one of the smallest in the ship. In fact, they were too easily satisfied. The Pierreponts were reserved because they knew no one on board; but this seemed to give them no concern, they being perfectly satisfied with their own society. Many of the American families and other passengers had known each other at home or had met before, either in other ships or travelling about in Europe, and were like a large party of old friends.

This journey in autumn to America was what the Pierreponts called their wedding trip, but it was a long deferred one, for they had been married nearly six years, and had left three little children at home in careful hands. Before they were married they had really settled to go to Ameri-

ca for their wedding trip; but just then Mr. Pierrepont had inherited a property, and each year afterwards something had happened to prevent their plan from being carried out.

The weather was splendid out in the Atlantic. The ocean had its long, low roll, sometimes showing a ripple where the wind touched it tenderly, and sometimes crisped by a light breeze, which generally died away at sunset, and each day the voyagers saw a red sun sinking into the water right ahead. At length, one afternoon, the voyage was half over—mid-Atlantic had been reached. Pierrepont and his wife were far aft on the poop, close to the rail, he reading and she knitting, as their custom was. She is a fair, gracious woman, with gray eyes and squirrel-colored hair, perhaps about twenty-five years of age. He is a long-limbed, well-knit fellow of thirty, deep-chested and lean, black-haired, with a crisp beard and tawny skin. He is dressed in one of his old white-flannel cricketing suits, with a hat of the same stuff. People were pretty much what they liked on deck, and this was John Pierrepont's fancy; while some of the other gentlemen, with tall hats, glorious scarfs, diamond pins, and everything else to match, endeavored by their dress to fascinate the ladies who were sitting or walking about the deck in all the brilliant colors of a flower-garden.

There was one passenger who attracted more attention than any other, and this was not a young lady nor a gentleman with a diamond pin; he was simply a little boy of eight. But then he was Capt. Hood's son, and every one wished to be friendly with him and to amuse him. He had made friends of all the passengers and was quite at home on board, and now was running to and fro on the poop among the groups of ladies and gentlemen, rolling a great colored ball of hollow India rubber.

Capt. Hood's home was on the Hudson a few miles from New York city. His elder children were girls and little Jack was his only son. It had been an old promise that as soon as Jack was eight years of age his father was to take him on a voyage to England and back, indeed, from the time that Jack was four years old he had talked about this great treat he was to have; and in the meantime his interest in nautical matters grew large by watching the craft of all kinds passing up and down the Hudson right in front of the windows of their house. When the time came, and Capt. Hood saw that he could take Jack over, his mother was very unwilling to let him go. She feared some harm might happen to him, and raised all the difficulties and objections she possibly could; but Jack and his father carried the day. The first eastern run of the "Shasta" was a chance not to be missed, and the weather was very fine and settled. Mrs. Hood with her daughters came down to the wharf at New York to see the steamer off. Her last words to her husband were, "Remember, if you don't bring Jack safe home, you needn't come without him." The captain remembered these words later. He replied, "All right, little woman; we'll be back with you for breakfast some fine morning in less than five weeks."

During the voyage to Liverpool all went well. The chief stewardess took Jack under her special care and he slept in her cabin. While the ship was in the Mersey, Jack and his friend the stewardess went to stay at a farm in Lancashire, and only came down a day or two before the steamer sailed on her present voyage. The boy was now quite accustomed to life on board a steamer, and went where he liked all over the ship; the bridge and the steerage were the only forbidden places. He had become quite friendly with many of the sailors and he had not the least objection to a confidential chat with some of the grimy and half-naked stokers, most of them Irishmen, who came up on deck when they could, from the depths of the stoke-hole, to get a breath of fresh air. The solemn old Scotch engineer was his particular favorite.

On this very day, when the voyage was supposed to be half over, and before the passengers came on deck to enjoy the evening sun, the conversation at dinner had turned upon the subject of persons falling overboard from a ship going fast and the chances of saving them. Various persons at the table told their experiences of such

matters, and after a little it seemed that the passengers who were joining in the discussion had formed themselves into two parties, one of which, comprising chiefly the landmen and younger travellers on board, seemed to hold the opinion that it was a simple enough matter to pick a person up who had fallen over in daylight and in fine weather. "If he can swim," they said, "he can keep himself up till a boat is lowered and rows to him. If he can't swim, some one who can jumps overboard and holds him up till both are rescued. Or a life-buoy is thrown to him and that keeps him up." But they had to admit that they had never seen it done.

The other party at table, headed by some captains of ships who were passengers by the "Shasta" and some of the older travellers, were of a different opinion. They said that help almost always came too late, and that no matter how quickly a boat is lowered the person who has fallen over is left so far astern that he sinks before he can be found; that, from a boat, it is very difficult to see such a small object as a man's head among the hollows of the waves, and this even in fine weather and with good light. If a man is a very good swimmer and has presence of mind, he has some chance, for he can keep himself up a long time; and if a boat is sent after him he can call to it or signal it when he happens to rise on a wave at the same time that the boat rises.

Shortly after this the passengers came on deck. They did not know that this day the thing they had been talking about was to be enacted before their eyes.

Jack Hood was rolling his great ball and rushing about after it screaming with delight, when suddenly, after a strong throw, it fell on the rail, and then, with a bound, into the sea. The child stood still with amazement for a second, and then, running to where his ball had disappeared, he climbed on the rail to see what had become of it; and before any hand could reach him he had fallen over into the waves. The terrified passengers saw him rise to the surface and stretch out his arms, while the seething foam from the ship's propeller turned him round and round in the water and the ship rushed on leaving him behind. The Pierreponts were not very near the place where little Jack fell over; they were at the other side of the deck; but Mrs. Pierrepont, when she saw him climbing, laid her hand quickly on her husband's shoulder. He looked up instantly, and following her eyes to the spot, saw the boy just as he fell. In one moment he was on his feet, kicked off his canvas shoes, threw his hat on the deck, and turning his face towards the bridge, where he knew some of the ship's officers were always stationed, he called out in a voice which rang like a trumpet call over the ship, "Man overboard!" Then, with a quick run and leap, he had cleared the rail, and the broken, twisting water of the ship's track had closed over him. He was on the surface again in a moment, and taking a glance back at the ship to know his position, stretched out into a long, steady stroke in the direction where he knew the child was.

Great confusion and excitement fell upon the passengers, but not upon the officers of the ship. Capt. Hood was standing on the bridge talking to the second officer when he heard the cry of "Man overboard!" He looked aft and saw a man disappearing over the stern; then he saw in the steamer's wake two heads, one dark and the other small and fair, and farther away, floating high, the colored ball. A sailor who was cleaning some brasswork near the stern ran forward, calling out to the captain, "Your son has fallen overboard, sir, and a passenger has jumped after him." The captain's hand was on the engine-room telegraph, and down into the depths of the ship went the signals. The engines were going full speed and working well, when the telegraph bell rang, and the index, which pointed to "Full speed ahead," moved across the dial to "Stand by." There was a general cry of "What's wrong?" Again the bell rang, and the index pointed to "Stop." The engines came to a stand, the revolutions of the propeller stopped, a strange quiet fell on the engine-room, and the tremor all over the ship ceased. They all watched the telegraph. The bell rang again, and the index moved to "Astern—slow," and again in a minute or two to "Half."

The engineer now had time to speak. "What's wrong on deck? One of you run up and bring down word quick."

Mickey, a fireman with bare feet and bare shoulders, was standing at the foot of the almost perpendicular iron ladder, and at the engineer's word he ran up as nimbly as a monkey. But he did not return, and in a few minutes another man went up, who returned immediately, all breathless, and told the others that he had seen Mickey in the boat which had been sent off to the rescue. All who could then went up on deck to see the result. The head engineer would not quit his post. The reversing of the engines had now brought the steamer to a stand. The next signal came down, "Slow," and the good steamer moved slowly backward on her track.

When the first alarm was given, and while the captain, who never lost his presence of mind for a moment, was communicating with the engine-room, he made a sign to the second officer, who called out, "Man overboard! Stand by to lower away the gig." The sailors who were on deck ran to obey this order. A boat's crew of four hands and a coxswain were at once ready. The boat was safely lowered and the men were at their oars. Before she cast off the coxswain cried, "I want a man for the boat's bow." Mickey, the fireman, waited for no orders, but laying hold of the ropes swung himself over and slid down into the bow of the boat, which at once rowed quickly away. Before it set off Mrs. Pierrepont ran over to the side and threw down into the boat's stern the Scotch plaid on which her husband had been lying.

Mrs. Pierrepont was quite calm, but the other passengers seemed afraid to approach her; they did not know just what to say—whether to congratulate her on her husband's daring or to condole with her upon his danger. Some of the ladies were in hysterics; all were watching with the greatest concern the course of the boat and trying to make out the child and the swimmer among the waves far astern, for the steamer had run more than a quarter of a mile before the boat was ready to leave her.

(To be Continued.)

TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful, and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from his church and Sunday-school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth, and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty, and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part: there all the honor lies.

—Selected.

A GOOD MAN.

That man's character and reputation are one, of whom it may be said, he not only does good, but he is good.

When Dr. Edward H. Robbins, of Boston, died, a stranger, seeing how many mourned for him, asked:

"Did Dr. Robbins found a benevolent institution?"

"No," replied the citizen. "He was a benevolent institution."