

before the ship left Liverpool. Such passengers are rarely treated with favor by either master or mate.

This wretched young waif had got on board in the dock unseen, and had cleverly concealed himself until the ship was at sea; indeed, until the storm had brought him from his hiding-place. All were too busy and anxious about their own safety to notice the lad. He stood with white face on the deck, terrified at the gale and watching the grand but solemn scene, when the ship struck upon the rocks and the billows truly spent their foaming fury upon her, until at last one crash spoke out her utter ruin.

"Every one for himself!" again shouted the captain. Seizing life-belts, oars, barrels, spars, one after another the crew were obliged to leap from the deck and cast themselves overboard; many with but faint hope of reaching the shore.

At last there remained upon the wreck but the captain and the stowaway. The former had just finished putting on his life-belt, and was about to jump into the sea as the others had done, when he espied near by the white face of the terror-stricken boy, that "little sinner of a stowaway," but a human being to be saved if possible.

If anyone had a right to his own life-belt it was the captain; and if anyone deserved to go without, it would be the young rascal beside him. Without pausing to consider whether deserving

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