

### Family Circle.

#### The Two Fleets.

The sun was bright and the sea was bland,  
And the tide danced in as merrily,  
When a sailor pushed his boat from the sand;  
And the waves kept time with his homely glee,  
For the sailor hummed: "Two fleets there be;  
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,  
And one lies under the somber sea."

The sea was bland, and the sun was bright,  
And a favoring wind blew fresh and free,  
And the less'ning sail disappeared from sight;  
But the odd refrain still remained with me  
Which the sailor sang—"Two fleets there be:  
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,  
And one lies under the somber sea."

The tide danced out with the freight it bore;  
Ah, the tide came back soon smilingly,  
But the sailor's boat never touched the shore;  
And I sing to myself, for I cannot flee  
From the hunting strain: "Two fleets there be:  
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,  
And one lies under the somber sea."

So one by one from the shining world  
The fleet sails down to the dismal lee—  
To the fleet where every sail is furled:  
And my heart keeps time to the mystic key,  
While I drift and sing: "Two fleets there be:  
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,  
And one lies under the somber sea."

So a little while and he who sings  
Shall hum no more his songs to thee;  
So they who watch his sun-lit wings  
Shall hear, perchance, when they can not see  
The lips which sing: "Two fleets there be:  
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,  
And one lies under the somber sea."

—EUGENE BOLLES, in *Harper's Magazine*.

#### An Effectual Punishment.

If practical jokers could suffer a little of the pain they are so fond of giving, it might cure them of their bad habit. Says a gentleman, speaking of the retributive justice which cured him:

I got one punishment when a boy I never forgot. When about ten years old, I fancied I had a grudge against a lad of my own age, but much smaller. Catching him alone one morning, I dragged him to the big watering-trough, and gave him a thorough dousing in the icy water. While he was spluttering and trying to escape, my father came upon the scene. A moment's silence—then—

"Go into the house, Dan," was all that father said.

I obeyed with a quaking heart. The morning passed, and yet I was not called to account. Afternoon and evening dragged by, bed-time came, and still not a word was said.

It wasn't exactly a pleasant day to me. I had ample time to think it over and realize the meanness of my act. I retired with an uneasy mind; it wasn't like father to pass such a thing unnoticed.

Could he have forgotten it? Could it be possible that for some unknown reasons he was, to use a boy's phrase, "winking at it?" I was puzzled!

The next morning the mystery was solved. As I entered the breakfast-room father met me, and taking my hand silently, led me out to the trough, where I underwent exactly such treatment as I'd given Jim.

The following day another "hair of the dog" was administered. On the third morning I tried to starve it out, and by going without breakfast get rid of the ducking.

All in vain! Though, when the bell rang I kept in my room, I soon heard father calling in a tone I dared not disobey:—

"Dan! Dan!"

For one week I was put through that watering-trough every morning!

Father did not weaken the lesson by "words, idle words." And I guess he was right, for I did some thinking during those days.

That experience stuck by me and altered my course many a time in later life.—*Christian Review*.

"I Can and I will."

The difference between "I can't" and "I can and will" is just the difference between victory and defeat in all the great conflicts of life. Boys, adopt for your motto. "If I can, I will," and victory will be yours in all life's battles. "I can and I will" nerves the arms of the world's heroes to-day, in whatever department of labor they are engaged. "I can and I will" has fought and won all the great battles of life and of the world.

I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not

performed. I said to him:

"Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and will do it, if you will give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir!" he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly; you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like these boys who are determined to do their work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too.

The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto ever be, "If I can, I will."—*Golden Days*.

"Any in Heaven, Too."

Little Mary was sitting with her uncle one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture book. For an hour all was still; then Mary heard her uncle say:

"There, I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about Uncle George?" asked Mary.

"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up."

"Up in Heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in Heaven.

"O no, Mary; my treasures are all on earth—some in banks, and some in other places," answered Uncle George.

"But ain't you got any in Heaven, too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully.

"But run away to your mother, now, I am going out."

Uncle George went out and was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasure laid up in Heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and money behind him.

He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in Heaven. He did so.

Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also, with a clear understanding of what meant, began to lay up for herself treasures in Heaven—that it was her childish question started Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life.—*Zion's Herald*.

#### True Gentlemen.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmon handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his play-mates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charlie Gray. "He is old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat, or hawks vegetables through the streets, instead of sitting in a counting-house." Which was right?—*Ex.*

#### A True Dog Story.

The animal in this case is owned by a party residing within a few rods of this office, and the facts come directly from the family. The dog is a white terrier, of a most affectionate disposition, and when she meets with any stranger to whom she takes a fancy, she will go to him, sit up on her hind legs, and reach out her fore paws for recognition. A day or two since a boy called at the side door to beg for something to eat. The dog trotted to the door with the servant, who told the beggar that she had noth-