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quite comfortably settled, he slowly pushed off.

It was a delicious sail across. Mr. Truckle was a master hand at the tiller, and he gave the boat a firm, even course, and held her to it. She acted like a coquettish belle. She dipped and courtesied and spread her skirts, and tossed her nose into the foam, and sent it curling and away out of sight. She swerved in a naughty rebellious little way, and answered quite saucily when he pulled her up. She made bee lines for rocks when she thought he wasn't looking, in a frolicsome happy-go-lucky style; and when he deliberately changed her course, she sulked and would not keep up her pace.

It was lovely that race in the morning air. I felt an uplifting of the spirit, a joyous, happy, comfortable feeling. It was being in touch with nature. Within an inch of me those ever-restless waters raced, but I was master of them now. They were my playthings. They added just another taste to the joy of living. I seemed to feel the life of that boat throb through my veins and chain me and subdue me, and I was sorry when our holiday ended, and Amy and Eileen and I stood disconsolate with all our belongings about us on the beach at Oak Bay.

THE END.