

# The Pancake Preacher

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## I.

### *THE BREAK-AWAY*

It was a beautiful afternoon in a September of the departing sixties. The sunlight lay like pale blue gauze on the waters of Lake Huron, so that it resembled a deep of molten silver. The sun and the lazy white-winged gulls had it all to themselves, for the breezes had gone afar, and the waters lay in their most perfect calm, seemingly enjoying their own tranquillity.

It was "the dead calm" that held fast in its pale, still grasp the schooner that lay half a mile out from "Old Port." The crew of the vessel had gone ashore; only the captain and first mate (a very young first mate he was) remained on board. As the sun began to slope toward the west the captain became uneasy, not because he was anxious to set sail, but because of a suspicion that his men were drinking, and might not be able to return. While the first mate sat poring over a book in the forecabin, the captain paced the deck, muttering curses and casting anxious glances toward