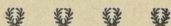


to get home that night, new ones had to be put in. The captain unceremoniously thrust the tiller into my hand, and sent his man up the mast to look after the trouble there (the captain's climbing days were about over, as he measured something over a yard around the waist) while he went for'ad. There and then I took my first lesson in steering any sailing craft larger than a cat-boat, and I don't care to repeat it under the same circumstances. Every time a wave came along, and they did so with horrible frequency, I had visions of the man pitching headlong from the mast-head to the sea because I had let the boat jibe, and I'd close my eyes until we came up out of the smother. It's a wonder something worse than a wetting didn't happen to us, but after ten minutes or so of terror on my part, the sail was set again, and we were walking briskly along in mid-channel.

The sun was setting slowly and without a hint of rosy glow, nothing but a scintillating radiance, dimmed a trifle by a mist like a bridal veil, slivered the waters, which heaved and tossed, now showing white lacy plumes on the wave crests, now sinking into cool green shadows in the troughs. A path of light led seemingly straight to the sun, a path that waxed the fancy's wondering feet to dance along its bosom. Gradually the sun sank lower, the light became more golden and the waters seemed to take on a hint of blueness in the shadow; in the distance loomed the dark mass of the shore, ever nearing, ever brightening. The blackness of the woodland and the lighter splashes of the tilled fields, dotted here and there with snuggling white farm houses, became visible; then the grey old wharf stood out, and our own cottage on the crest of the hill.

Swiftly as a homing bird the little yacht glided on, slipping gently into her nest just eighteen hours before she had left so slowly and so stealthily.

—M. C. B., '17.



The intent and not the deed
Is in thy power; and therefore, who dares greatly
Does greatly.

—Brown.