

and two others had arranged for the evening. A half hour later their boat was pushed off from the boat-club pier.

The pleasure opened most favorably. The wind was blowing briskly, the sky was clear, except for some fleecy patches in the west. In the distance the steamers could be seen moving swiftly along, while dotted over the lake were sail-boats, all bent on a similar errand—enjoyment. To the left lay the city, with its tall church spires, while to their ears came faintly the sound of distant traffic. Shifting their gaze, their eyes centered on the college buildings, situated in the extreme suburbs. High in the centre of them all rose the main building, like a sentinel on guard. In the opposite direction could be seen the faint outline of trees bordering the lake. Occasionally a freight steamer would pass near them, rocking the boat in the waves made by its passage.

The sun soon went down and the moon rose, but its appearance was hazy, while the stars also shone with a dimmed lustre. The girls had their guitars along, and they sang the old college songs, their young voices blending in a harmony that was peculiarly pleasing. Thus the evening was whiled away pleasantly in singing and joking, when they were recalled to themselves by the idle flapping of the sail. The wind had gone down, the sky was overcast and the moon partially obscured by the thick black clouds coming up from the west. Harold knew there was little to be feared from the clouds—it was the lack of wind that troubled him.

To make the time pass more pleasantly until a breeze should spring up, each agreed to tell a story. They entered with zest into the plan, and the next hour was so pleasantly spent that Harold was glad of the calm, and, moreover, as he had Evelyn Kingsley at his side, he could even forgive the moon for hiding.

They were talking and laughing merrily when Miss Moore, one of the young ladies, pointing towards a light in the distance, exclaimed: "See, there is a steamer at anchor!" The others looked in the direction indicated, and seeing a faint light in the distance they commenced to make speculations as to what they would do if a ship suddenly loomed up before them in the darkness.

"Mr. Trevelyn," said Miss Moore, "if that steamer over there should come toward us, what could we do?"

"Oh, we'd get out of the way easily enough!" he responded. "Besides, anchored ships are not dangerous."