

The dominant desire becomes a wish,  
 The wish a will, and ere we are aware  
 The will hath ended in an act—a mad  
 Impulsive act—and such a one perhaps  
 Our better self condemns in after time.

*(The Professor takes his seat again.)*

No, no, I will not rail against them more.  
 Tho' they are bad, there's goodness in them still.  
 And I suppose each one must have  
 Some pleasure to enjoy;  
 For such is life and such is youth,  
 And I can't complain to tell the truth  
 For I was once a boy.

*(Curtain)*



## A ROUGH RIDE.

HOWARD CAMERON stood on the shore of the lake and watched the white-caps as they broke on the rocky point which sheltered the little cove. All night long and all the previous day the wind had blown. And as yet it showed no signs of abating, but seemed stronger than ever and flung the waves on the rocks with a roar that was terrifying. Drawn up in the cove was a boat which Cameron had seemed on the point of pushing into the water. He was prepared for rough weather, but the unusual violence of the storm made him pause and study the prospect with a doubtful look. He glanced towards Loon Island, two miles out, then at the spray driving across the point, and hesitated. There had been no boat out for two days and it did not seem