

done, then he lay senseless at the bottom of the cellar.

After a few minutes William struggled painfully to his feet. His whole body ached. His clothes were torn and covered with sand. Home was his only thought. He would start for home immediately.

His walk back home was not pleasant. Every step brought pain, agony, and anger. Every minute brought a new idea for revenge on John Stratt. Such was the situation until he reached his sorely missed little house.

Before retiring to bed, William spent a long time bathing and bandaging his wounds. His mother was awake waiting for his return. For a long time she listened to his muttering and wandering about. Finally she heard the creaking of the stairs, and the angry sound of his voice.

"The last funeral I'll ever go to. The last funeral..."

"Willum, what's the matter with you?"

"Go to sleep, Mar, and don't be asking questions."

"Good-night, Willum."

"Good-night, Mar."

WILLARD McCARRON, '58.

THE PRODIGAL

Beside the road, with head in hands,
He sits and views his father's lands,
Whose fruits once built this youthful boy
Into a son of pride and joy.
He's wondering if mercy still
Prevails within that ancient will
That wished the soiled and restless lad
To stay and aid his withered dad,
Instead of setting out to find
A wage for work in gold or kind,
In that dread world or' flown with sin
Where youth has little chance to win.
Yet up to that parental door
He dragged his bones with heart full sore,
And there beheld in tattered dress
A prayerful saint in thankfulness.

-- EUGENE MOONEY '56.