

Two weeks later Ben was sitting on the back doorstep of his home. He had just escaped from a crowd of admiring friends who plied him with ceaseless questions about his adventure. The Captain had proved true to his word, and now, instead of being a weakling the boy was looked upon as a hero,—only one, the boy thought, had not. . . .

A schoolbag was shoved quietly into his lap. It was his own. He turned and saw Nellie Kenny standing beside him, smiling.

"Ben," she said softly, "I was talking to Captain Murray today, and he told me the whole thing. I know now that I was mistaken when I called you scared.—I'll take it back."

Ben smiled in delight. This was the only thing required to fill his cup of happiness.

"I don't know but you might have been right at the time, Nell,—but, anyway, I'm glad you take it back. But what's the books for?"

"Oh, nothing, only you said you wouldn't touch them till I took back what I said."

"All right.—Thanks, Nell. We're square now I think.—Sit down here," he added, moving over a little "I want to tell you what a wonderful thing the sea is, and what a wonderful man Captain Murray is,—and, if you like,—what a wonderful girl you are. J. H. F. '25.

SPRING

When the boisterous laughing March wind flies
Driving pale Winter out with hail and groan,
And to its centre shakes the Frost-king's throne,
To the deep wood the sugar maker hies.
Then April weeping in her changeful skies,
Her sighing forests hear her wailful moan,
Her rushing rivers hear her sobbing lone
And pitiful; and none may dry her eyes.
But fragrant May brings tree and meadow green,
And springing flowers from morning's magic touch
And gambolling flocks in hilly pastures seen
The grumbling bees, and frail may flies with such
Wild mad dancing, and love murmurings made
By happy birds in each white orchard shade.

J. R. H. F.