

THE HARVEST TREASURE

The harvest stands
In golden rows;
In her bright dress
The tall vine grows.

Over the field
Among the sheaves,
Butterflies dance
On golden leaves.

And more wealth
Than worlds can hold
Gleam in a fragment
Of this gold.

—THE SCARRED BARD—

The ARTSMen have always maintained that the SCIENCE-men are always and so constantly absorbed in the minute and the derivatives thereof that they lack communication with the grand and ennobling world that spins macroscopically about them. Here is a little gem that slipped almost unnoticed from the realm of the notebook and slide-rule. Weigh it in the balance and see if the technophiles are really missing much.

It seems that a few of the budding engineers forsook their books and instruments long enough to submit to some acculturation when *Hamlet* was in town, and when the presentation was later undergoing the usual critical dissection, of course it was one of these practical gentlemen who stated with that measure of reserve characteristic of men meddling in modern mechanics, "I thought Ophelia was aerodynamically perfect."

A SEA STORY

The placid bay lay under the lazy haze of a July afternoon the rippleless water of the bay had a deep hue of blue which seemed to be a reflection of the cloudless sky above. A few people lay on the sunny expanse of soft, white sand sunning themselves as one would see a dog do on a warm day in winter. People came here on these weekends to get away from the humdrum of crazy city life and to live on this rugged secluded coast at least a few hours, undisturbed by the noise of the city,—racing cars, howling sirens, the staccato beat of typewriters, and the unrelenting wave of human voices.

Out on the bay a small white skiff was being rowed along gently, the drip coming off the paddles glistened like diamonds as each drop fell into the water before the next stroke. Anyone on shore knew, if they were watching, who was in the boat, for even if you had come here for your first time you had inevitably met Bert Cassidy who owned all the summer cottages along here in addition to the only white boat on this part of the coast; the local fishermen keeping to local tradition kept theirs a deep yellow with the ribbing a vivid green. Bert was unusual but not odd, he loved Macaroni and his record-player. He loved the sea and the coast bordering it. He was a handsome well-built man of about thirty, unmarried and suntanned. This big, kindly creature had a real personality and a well polished Brooklyn accent. He owned a late model Ford and his skiff, besides his cottages. Bert kept the lighthouse on Seal Head, a rocky precipice at the south end of the bay where it enters the fast flowing, mysterious Gulf of St. Lawrence. As I said before, even if you were here for the first time you had met Bert; he was just that sort of guy. A few girls from the well-to-do city families came out here on weekends and many of them had become "struck" on Bert.

The boat gradually headed for the open expanse of sea ahead and Bert was now going to see to the lighthouse. As the boat pushed rather than sliced through the waters a few Gulls shrieked overhead and gradually disappeared over the lighthouse. Bert slowed as he neared the rocks and, so as not to get his boat smashed in the heavy swell, tied it up in a little cove about ten minutes walk from the lighthouse. He climbed up the rocks and walked slowly down to the grey, stone building with its oaken door, his open shirt billowing in the breeze that was just starting.

An hour later Bert came out of the door. A wind was now blowing, and he shivered slightly in its cool and refreshing motion. He got into his boat and raised a sail; this was just the wind for a nice ride. The wind caught the sail and tugged at it, and slowly but with gradual acceleration the craft moved away from the cove. Governor's Island with its old ruined church lay a mile off-shore and this was where the fast moving skiff was headed. The waves were now rising a little, and a few white peaks showed like the teeth of an angry dog. The journey over to the Island was a very fast one, and soon Bert was tying up the boat to the head-post of the wharf at Governor's Island. Nobody lived on the island now, but the ruins of its St. Stephen's Church were here, as well as the basements of a few of the houses that once made up the village; a few wild sheep, also, testified that at one time people lived here. The cross on the little chapel was twisted at a crazy angle, a result of last year's hurricane—why it hadn't fallen was what amazed Bert. He strode along the little overgrown path to the place where once had stood the house of Michael Cassidy, his grandfather, who had lived here many years ago. All that was left of it now was a few bricks of the old fireplace and the gaping hole in

which had been the basement of the house. A few wild flowers blowing in the wind were what Anna Cassidy had left to posterity. Bert contemplated for several minutes here until a splash of rain brought him to his senses; the sea was getting rougher now, and the sky was a sodden grey, and the sea had that look which makes it the sea, master of men.

Bert scrambled to the wharf and pulled in the boat, chafing at its collar. Rain now began coming in sheets, and the wind tore furiously at the little sail. In the distance the harbour mouth lay, a white foam rising around it like the teeth of some giant sea creature. Bert looked at the harbour mouth, a worried frown on his face, Peter's Arm was not the best place to enter in a gale like this; but he cast off, and the skiff shivered like a lady at a ball when a breeze hits her back. Waves beat over her side, and Bert, his teeth clenched as water poured over him, sat stolid at the tiller no sign of worry or joy showing on his countenance. He was nearing the entrance of the harbour when a wave hit the boat broadsides and drove the boom of the sail against Bert's head. He ducked to avoid it, but it hit with a sickening thud, and he lay motionless at the bottom of the boat as it moved faster and faster towards the rocks of Hangman's Reef, a quarter of a mile from the harbour entrance.

The storm tore on that night, and next morning the sun dawning with a fiery brilliance out of the eastern sky shot rays of light over the now stilled harbour. People stirred as usual about ten to see what damage had been done. Felt lay strewn over the ground like leaves in the autumn, and on the beach sea-weed and kelp lay in bunches; a few of the dories that had blown adrift during the storm were wallowing like elephants in the Lagoon-like water near the beach. All that day no one saw Bert or his boat, and by Sunday evening a group of men from the city gathered in Ken Logan's cabin to try to figure out where he was. Bert had never missed going to St. Theresa's for Church on Sundays, and this morning no one had seen him; he hadn't even come over to the beach in the afternoon, which was unusual. Ken Logan and a few fellows from town decided to go to the lighthouse to see what was the matter. When they got there he was not to be found, nor was his skiff in sight; Ken Logan became worried. He and his fellows began to search the houses around the bay which were unoccupied, but he was not to be found. Some fisherman told them they had seen Bert's skiff go out to Governor's Island on Saturday, so they went there, but again, no luck. On returning, one of the men thought he sighted something down the coast aways. The two boats went to where the man had thought he sighted some object but all they found was a mystery of the sea:—a paddle, a few white planks, and a piece of torn sail.