waters. The sails of pilot boat No. 2 were flapping idly, and she did not have steerage way on. The boat, to use a pilot's expression, was "manned out," and was returning to Boston. Four of us were down in the comfortable cabin having a quiet game of cards; suddenly the voice of the man at the wheel was heard, "Do you want to see a steamer?" We surely did; for any sign of life on such a night would seem welcome. We all went on deck and saw directly astern a bright white light. The steamer was then about six miles away. As a sailing vessel under way carries no light that can be seen from a point directly astern, the lookout on the steamer could not see us. She gradually came near enough for us to see her green and red side lights. On and on came those terrible side lights, glaring like two wild eyes. Although the boat keeper thought there was no danger, I began to feel rather nervous. If she struck us we should all go to the bottom. Nearer and nearer, until she seemed to be almost upon us. Then, as with a sudden impulse, she swerved to the left and passed within a stone's throw. The throb of the engines could be heard distinctly, and the great black hull, with its many glistening lights, seemed like some huge monster. A warning cry from the bridge told us of our narrow escape.


IV. ANECDOTE.

Our instructor says that there is one subject that has been thoroughly exhausted by the daily themes, and that is the West End Street Railway. But there is one anecdote connected with it that I wager he has not heard. A pretty young woman got into a car on Boylston Street, with a letter in her hand. After settling herself down comfortably in a seat, she opened it and began reading it. The various expressions of surprise, delight, and pleasure that successively passed over her face, were a matter of great interest to the men sitting opposite. As the conductor finally reached her and stood in front of her, holding out his hand, she looked up absent-mindedly, and said, "Yes, it's a boy!"

M. C. M.—S., '99.

One Blossom.

Between the rows of pink sweet peas
My lady walked;
Her hand, stretched out some bud to seize,
Itself a flower seemed enstalked
Between the rows of pink sweet peas.

Between the rows of pink sweet peas
My lady glanced;
Her cheek was bright from morning's breeze,
Her soft brown eyes with mischief danced,
Between the rows of pink sweet peas.

Between the rows of pink sweet peas
What was my part?
While o'er the blossoms hovered bees
To that sweet maid I lost my heart
Between the rows of pink sweet peas.