

Versailles. The especial value of Grenada, which made the English fight so hard to win it, is the deep land-locked harbor, the finest in all the Antilles. If Barbadoes had such an harbor, it would be an island without a rival in the world. St. George's, the capital, stands on the neck of a peninsula, a mile in length, which forms one side of the harbor. After sunrise, on the 1st January, 1892, we were anchored in the harbor, and the island of Grenada lay before us, shining in the haze of a hot summer morning, and as we wished our fellow-passengers "A Happy New Year," we thought of our Canadian friends, repeating the same good wishes, in a cooler atmosphere. From the deck of the steamer, this lovely island reminded me of views I had seen of Norway; the houses and stores, built of stone and brick, stretching along the shore, painted in the same tints, with the same red tiled roofs, the trees growing down the hill sides to the water's edge, with the neat cottages and churches nestled amidst them. On three sides, wooded hills rose high, till they passed into mountains. On the fourth was the old Castle, with its slopes and batteries, the Scotch church, the Anglican church, Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic. Everywhere luxuriant tropical trees, overhanging the violet coloured water. Two of Her Majesty's ships of war, the "Canada" and "Buzzard," were anchored in the harbor, not far from us, the only objects in sight that reminded me of my old home. After breakfast on board, we dressed in the thinnest clothing possible, for our first step on one of the West India islands. After the harbor master had come to visit us, and we were reported "all well," and our Royal Mail taken on shore, then we see the crowd of boats, painted in bright shades of every hue, round the