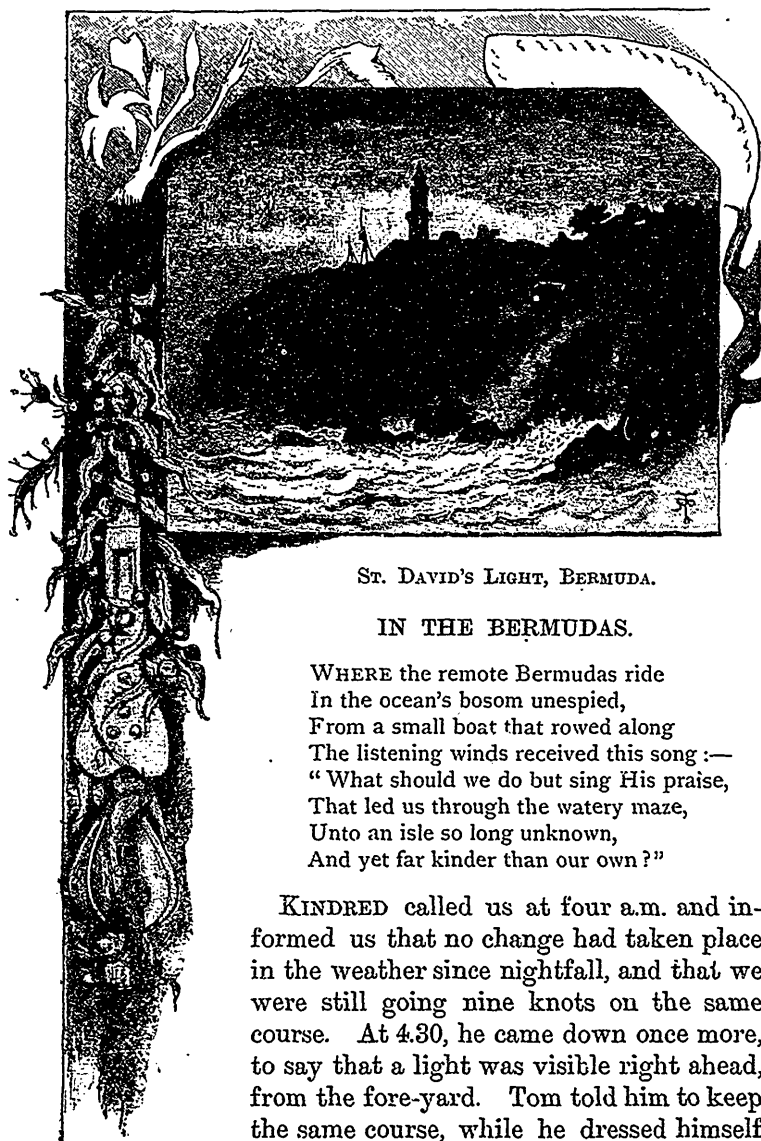


IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

X.



ST. DAVID'S LIGHT, BERMUDA.

IN THE BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song :—
"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?"

KINDRED called us at four a.m. and informed us that no change had taken place in the weather since nightfall, and that we were still going nine knots on the same course. At 4.30, he came down once more, to say that a light was visible right ahead, from the fore-yard. Tom told him to keep the same course, while he dressed himself