

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.



AN EASTER LILY FIELD, BERMUDA.



LIVING about seven hundred and thirty miles south-east of Halifax, N.S., is a group of islands whose climate, soil, and picturesque scenery render them especially interesting to us, and yet they are strangely unfamiliar even to most well-informed readers.

Speaking our own language, and having the same origin, and recently associated with us in religious fellowship as forming a branch of the Methodist Church of Canada, the people are bound to us by many ties of sympathy and interest.

Within half a week's travel from our own shores it is hardly possible to find so complete a change in government, climate, scenery, and vegetation as Bermuda offers. The

voyage may or may not be pleasant, but is sure to be short. The Gulf Stream, which one is obliged to cross, has on many natures a subduing effect, and the sight of land is not generally unwelcome. The delight is intensified by the beauties which are spread out on every hand. The wonderful transparency of the water, the numerous islands, making new pictures at every turn, the shifting lights on the hills, the flowers, which almost hide the houses that peep out here and there from their bowers, make up a scene as rare as it is beautiful. And so, making our way slowly through the labyrinth of islands, a sudden turn brings us into the pretty harbour of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

The arrival of the steamer has been heralded by the customary signal—a flag from the Government