

glass. Through this window in the top of the ark, we look down and see God's wonders in the deep.

Here are great beetling cliffs overhanging deep gorges. A gigantic well of limpid water is enclosed on all sides by rock. There are irregularly-shaped pools, fantastically carved basins—rocks that take shape with the movements of the boat, or the vagaries of one's imagination. Here is a great bear with outstretched paws. There is a crouching lion, another stroke of the oar and the same rock may be "very like a whale." Clinging to the sides of these cliffs are sea-anemones blindly waving their tentacles for food; black sea-rods strike their roots into the rock; living sponges point up their fingers; sea fans resplendent in the sunlight, like huge butterflies, lift up their purple gold-rimmed wings. In some places the jagged rocks are cushioned with mossy growth that looks soft as velvet pile, fitting divans for the mermaids as they sit "combing their hair with combs of pearl." Many fathoms down, but plainly seen through the clear water, are bits of delicately-formed coral, that look as if the little workers had let them drop when busy at their toil. Here also are strangely convoluted stones lying upon their white beds below. We see upon the bottom what appear to be pink and white grains of sand; when brought up with a dredge and placed beneath a microscope many of these grains are found to be perfectly-formed shells, delicately traced, so beautifully tinted, that they become to us little gates of pearl through which our hearts go out to the Maker of all, before whom we bow and involuntarily exclaim, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God." The lime deposit in these waters, as secreted by the zoophytes, clings even to the dry seaweed upon the shore. The berries upon these weeds are sometimes so encrusted as to look like strings of pearls. Substances thrown into the water after a time gather about them a coral formation. As you move over the harbors in front of the towns and look down into the clear water you are surprised to see great numbers of bottles lying at the bottom. These are empty beer bottles, the natives call them *marines*. They are the pioneers of civilization, bearing silent testimony to the fact that Bermuda has been colonized by Englishmen. The zoophytes put a white shroud of coral round about these black demons and bury them out of sight.