

again, came the soft moist blackness that shut us in from all the world but ourselves.

With the peep of dawn, the mist lifted and before our eyes, not two hundred feet away, bathed in a glowing, pulsating, rosy splendour were the towering bluffs of the Cumberland shore. Their summits, crowned with evergreens, darkly black against the ruddy sky, made a fit frame for the picture beneath them. The blue water, changing ever with the shifting light, sissed the foot of the scarred and channelled rock-banks, and in the hush of early morning, all nature seemed to hold its breath while the glory lingered.

But all too soon the old adage, "Red sky in the morning, sailors take warning," was verified. The sun was hidden behind swift greying clouds, the water took on the sullen, ugly tinge so nearly the color of smoke, and soon a drizzle began to fall, swiftly followed by a heavy downpour of rain. The cozy cabin and the fire were most grateful then, and we began to wonder if our trip was doomed to foul weather, when we noticed our little boat was beginning to dance at her anchor. Our funny old captain said wisely, "Ah! ha! now, that will be a bit of a breeze, I'm thinking. I shouldn't wonder if you girls will git a taste of what the Bay can do in the line of a sea even yet." As we were courageous in our ignorance, we rejoiced.

Sure enough, when we went on deck we found the rain had ceased, the wind was whistling in the lines as tho' it meant business, and 'way out on the bay we could see the white caps already tossing madly. We hove anchor quickly and put into Spencer's Island for a few minutes, then started on our trip across.

As we made out around the point, the captain told us we should likely see the Dory Rips, as the tide was running so fast he could not possibly avoid going thro' the edge of them, but we had more than he promised us, for between wind and tide, the "Nile" was soon wallowing in the heaped-up, tossing, choppy seas of the Rips, and here our troubles began.

Snap! flap! flap! and a dull thud as the boat dove into a towering wave, and we saw the flying jib waving in the breeze, free from the mast altogether. "No time fer that now, just tie it up," roared the captain. Tied up it was, but our troubles did not end. Boom! boom! something more serious was wrong now. The throat-halyards of the mainjib had parted company, and if we were going