

the prospect of the morrow, and other affairs which are sure to turn up, form a lively conversational hour. After dinner the assembly of smokers usually muster on the half-deck, where all sorts of yarns and topics engross the attention till bed-time.

Sunday alone seems to break the monotony and routine of every-day life at sea, when, after divisions and prayers, the remainder of the day is usually spent in reading or sleeping.

In this manner, and notwithstanding the continued sameness, days and months slip by, until we reach port and again anchor; and only when we look back over the work accomplished can we realise the length of time passed at sea.

On the 14th March, just a month after leaving Teneriffe, we reached the island of Sombrero; here we hove-to, and remained sounding and trawling in shallow water for a couple of days, with satisfactory results.

On the morning of the 16th the island of St. Thomas (one of the Virgin group) was in sight; and later in the day we anchored in the outer harbour.