

and looking at the fragrant lilies, the purple *Dracaena*; and what is this, which hangs over into the road? some thirteen feet in height, long, bare, curving sticks, carrying each at its end a flat blaze of scarlet leaves. It is the *Poinsettea*, paltry specimens of which adorn our conservatories. In company with Mr. Macrae, and his Catechist, Mr. Soudeen, we visited a number of Mission schools, Jordan Hill, Lingua, and Inverness, and were highly delighted with the progress made by the Indian children. We took our lunch in pic-nic style, of roast chicken, good bread, oranges and bananas, with a delicious cup of coffee (the mixture was prepared by a firm in Truro, Nova Scotia), the boiling water was kindly brought to us by Mehindebeg, a Christian now, formerly a Mahommedan of high caste. Another day we visited Miss Archibald's school, which is near the Mission church and "Manse", in Princetown. We found her school with an attendance of over 150 pupils, taught by herself and three or four assistants. We were much interested in hearing them read and recite in English and Hindi, and singing sacred hymns in both languages; the boys and girls read very distinctly in English. They answer very readily questions in grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and we wondered at the progress made in view of the difficulty in securing their regular attendance. Each scholar leaving the school, received from Miss Archibald a prize, which kind friends in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton had contributed. Could I describe the joyful faces of the little girls, as they each received a doll (some of them never having had a doll before), and the boy's bright eyes were beaming with delight, as they got their books, and cases, containing pens and pencils. Could the Mission Bands of Canada