

Our drive to and from the railway station at Ewarton to Browns-Town was really over fifty miles—nearly two days were spent with our hospitable hostess, Mrs. Johnstone, (the Rev. Dr. Johnstone was away in distant Africa on a special mission to the inhabitants of that hot and unhealthy country), when we set out upon our return to Kingston by way of Moneague. Mr. Adam Brown had had an invitation to be present at the opening of the new hotel. Our trip to it was charming. Some idea of the picturesque scenery may be gathered from

lashed to their saddles, laden with produce, men and women trudging along contentedly, many of them with loads on their heads, varying in weight from a bottle to a large heavy bunch of bananas, their arms swinging by their sides.

At noon we stopped; the horses were taken out and fed, while we sat down in the shade of some trees and made a hearty lunch. Our charming trip, the scenery around us, and the many, many civilities extended to us, furnished ample food for thought and themes for discussion. After a nooning we again resumed our journey,



Cemetery, Half Way Tree.

the illustrations in this article, being made from my photographs taken while on the trip. Our way led over hills and mountains, skirting bold mountain bluffs to look down on peaceful and fertile valleys below. In places, the road had been cut out of solid rock, under whose shadow delicate maiden-hair ferns find the very habitat so necessary for their existence. Here and there a hamlet, surrounded by profuse vegetation, schools, churches and plantations, and the thousand and one things met with in a prosperous British Colony.

We passed mules with side panniers

and upon passing a mountain hamlet, found the schoolmaster, assisted by some scholars, putting up an inscription, welcoming Sir Henry Arthur Blake, the Governor of Jamaica, who was to pass there that afternoon. His Excellency accompanied by Lady Blake had laid the corner stone of a church beyond Browns-Town, and were then *en route* to Moneague to the new hotel that had been formally opened that day.

The schoolmaster, in the gate posts, found a starting point for his uprights; secured to them above was a cross-piece, and from the latter they suspended the