

land at St. Croix, please remember the previous sea sickness. Our party were all more or less sick, some of them considerably more. The captain whose duty it was to keep the ship steady failed sadly. She would play at pitch and toss, so there were empty places at table and sighs in the state rooms, and no one in Ontario will ever know how badly some young people felt and how much they went through, before they drank cocoa-nut water on St. Croix, or how much more they will have to go through before they drink it there again.

St. Croix is a small island about forty miles long by nine broad. It is one of the coolest and healthiest of the West Indies, and would make an excellent winter resort. The passage from St. Croix to St. Kitts was rough, the tradewinds being contrary and unusually strong. This greatly disconcerted some of our passengers, who had been told that they would find the Caribbean Sea "as still as a Canadian mill-pond." If by a Canadian mill pond their informant meant Lake Superior, there might be some truth in his statement; but he should have been more explicit, for I heard him plainly charged with lying. This happened when, at bed-time, we broke our rudder chains and were tumbling about, while the hand wheel was got into gear to steer the ship until the broken chains could be mended.

We reached St. Kitts at 8 a. m. Dec. 1. This is a British Island thirty miles around, with a big mountain 4000 feet high in the centre. From the sea up to the mountain is beautifully cultivated and forms a picture of almost unsurpassed beauty. Leaving St. Kitts we passed under the lee of Nevis, where Lord Nelson found and married his wife in days of old, when slavery and grandeur flourished side by side in these isles of beauty. At 2 p. m. we reached Antigua, one of the lowest and least picturesque of these islands. We anchored in the outer harbour, three miles from St. John's, the capital, the inner harbour being too shallow for our steamer. The tints of the water around us were extremely varied and peculiar, from the clearness of the water, the whiteness of the bottom and the tropical aspect of the sky. Some gazed in silent admiration, others relieved their feelings by a copious volume of unusual adjectives, while our artists were silent over their sketch books. All agreed that nothing like this could be seen north of the Antilles.

Three and a-half hours before wind and sea brought us to Montserrat at 6 p. m. This is the land of lime-juice. The lime orchards with their even rows of dark green trees add greatly to the natural beauty of the slopes of Montserrat. The population

is about 10,000 of whom it is said only 150 are white. It has no telegraphic communication with the outer world, and being healthy, is a splendid place to hide away in when brain and body need rest, and telephone bells and telegraph messengers have become a weariness.

We awoke from a delightful night's rest close to Dominica, the most rugged and picturesque of the West Indies. The soil is rich, the people are few, the pressure of life small, the place sleepy, but is unchangingly grand. Dominica is a British island, lying between the French islands Gaudaloupe and Martinique, as the French island Martinique lies between Dominica and St. Lucia. It is said that when Britain took all these islands it was intended to cede Dominica and keep Martinique, thus setting the three French islands in a groupe, but through some mistake, probably through carelessness in geography or in making out the papers, Martinique was ceded and Dominica kept, producing the aforesaid anomalous arrangement.

We reached Martinique about 11 a. m. and went on shore, for two hours. This a large, lovely and fertile island. It is not flourishing under the Republic, as Indian immigration has been stopped and the labour supply has become unsatisfactory. The capital is an old French town with narrow streets, down the gutters of which copious streams of water constantly flow. Some of the houses bear the date of 1741. There is a theatre, and the French Government pleases the people by sending out a troupe of actors each year to amuse them. On this island Josephine the wife of Napoleon was born and in the second town, her native place, a statue in her honour has been erected. Of St. Lucia, Barbados, Grenada I will write in my next.

JOHN MORTON.

LETTER FROM MR. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, Dec. 2nd, 1889.

DEAR MR. SCOTT,

On the 5th we expect Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Mr. Coffin, Mrs. Archibald and Miss Graham. We anxiously await their arrival and we trust and believe that the new helpers will be a great acquisition. The circumstances attending Mr. Coffin's appointment are very striking.

We are delighted to note the growing interest in this mission at home, and we do not think the church's expectations will be disappointed. We are weekly made to feel God's great kindness in owning our feeble, imperfect instrumentality.

After Miss Copeland left, Mr. J. W. Corsbie, who had been at Galt, got an appointment as Borough Bailiff and this obliged me