

mango, and calabash trees, out of which they make their cups and water jugs: plantains throw their cool shade over the doors; oranges and limes perfume the air, and droop their boughs under the weight of their golden burdens. There are yams and sweet potatoes in the gardens; cows and donkeys in the paddocks. The bright colours and graceful drapery, worn by the women of India, make the whole surroundings very picturesque. We were kindly received at the "Manse", by the Rev. W. L. Macrae, who had invited us to spend a few days with him and his dear little John, a bright intelligent boy. The "Manse" is large and airy, with shades to keep out the sun. The first noticeable feature about the place, is its neatly trimmed hedge of croton and catcus. Around the "Manse" are fine old trees. A large orange tree, loaded with luscious fruit, was very near our bed-room window; and next to it, an old lime tree, the stem and branches of which were hung with orchids; they had probably been collected in the woods. Princetown is considered the prettiest little village, or town, in Trinidad. It was originally known as the Mission, but from the time of the visit of the two sons of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in January, 1889, the name, in compliment to them, has been changed to that it now bears. In the pretty church yard, are two thriving young pois trees, planted by the princes, and enclosed, in 1887, within iron railings, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. As we gazed upon these trees, full of life, we thought of the hand that planted one of them, now still in death, over whom the nation is now mourning. Several friends called to see us, and kindly asked us to 5-o'clock tea. We had an opportunity of walking in their pretty grounds and lawns,