

us into the large, smooth, shining harbor, studded with small green islands. In spite of the heat and the pains, and the foreign, tropical look, and the black faces, and the white dresses, how English it was to us after our many years of America, and how much at home we felt. I had no idea, however, how incomprehensible we should find the speech of the negroes. As you go along the streets you would not take it to be English, but you might very well imagine yourself to be in a Spanish-speaking town. When you are directly addressed the difficulty increases. Their curious choice of words, and still more curious pronunciation, the stringing of the words together with but little construction of sentences, combined with an apparently amiable desire to say everything you might be supposed to wish, and at the same time explain nothing, makes it hard work to understand them. Kingston is a pretty place, not large, like a small country town, but it must be trying in the summer; already in January it was really hot. The thermometer does not run up anything like so high as it does in Southern California, but, as you know, the thermometer alone is an untrustworthy practical guide, whatever it may be theoretically. The Kingston heat is a damp heat, and that makes all the difference. We found lodgings two or three miles out of the town, and of course on higher ground, but we were glad when we were able to make the next move, fifteen miles away, to a place in the Blue Mountains called Mavis Bank, which is about 2,000 feet above sea level. I think it was the most wonderful journey I ever made, for within that short distance we found a complete change of climate, and the journey itself is divided into three distinct stages.

The first takes you by electric car to a place called Papine (about two hours and a half), near the entrance to the beautiful Hope gardens, which we had already visited. Then comes five miles by buggy on a good road up hill all the way to Gordon Town, rather bigger than Papine, but still a very small place. The excellence of the road was a delightful astonishment to us after California and Mexico. There was not a chuck-hole anywhere and there was a stone parapet around the more dangerous curves. The little, thin, hardworked horses, put their necks into the collars and trotted the five miles at a good pace, never but once slackening off, and that for only a short moment. The road is steep

enough, too, and it is very beautiful, and the sound of water comes up from far below. At Gordon Town, we had to leave the driving road, and take to the bridle path for Mavis Bank, five miles further on. Horses had been sent down for us, with mules to carry the luggage. Gordon Town lies close at the foot of the steep part of the hills, and the path at once starts sharply up through the dense cool shade of thick vegetation.

We came into fresh mountain air and mossy English woodland dells. With eyes shut we might have imagined primroses and anemones and blue-bells, while with eyes open we saw palms and orange trees and bananas. The precipice goes down very, very deep, and the path which winds round jutting headlands and deep, dark recesses is good and well kept. It is no place for a bad path. I thought to myself that if the mountain sides, instead of being crowded as they are with trees, and bushes, flowers and ferns and creeping vines, were of bare rock they would look terribly cruel. The bank, which rises on the right hand of the path is covered with many kinds of ferns, the gold and silver ferns in abundance, but chiefly, and above all, with maiden hair. You can never have seen such masses of maiden hair and I don't think that any description can shew them to you. Each separate leaf, when you pluck it out from the jungle of its own lovely green growth is light and delicate, but the layers upon layers of that growth are so dense that the general effect is rich and would be almost heavy were it not for the fairy green of the coloring. There are flowers, too, tall stemmed begonias with large groups of pale pink blossoms, pale yellow wild fuchsias, bushes of growing hibiscus, great white "Angel trumpets," and several creepers with mauve and lilac flowers. Creepers here are not slender, light things that need support, but strong, rampant growths which take possession of bushes and trees and cover them, hide them and sometimes choke them and bend them. There is water everywhere, at least so it seems to us who are used to living in a dry land. We find it very wonderful to watch the bright, rapid streams, rushing down their rocky beds. These steep mountains are by no means lonely, there are thatched native huts everywhere, hidden away among the greenery and perched in apparently inaccessible places. Mavis Bank is a village. It has a church and a Wesleyan chapel, a post office and a school, and two or three small, very local stores. There