

dustrious laundresses, every man and boy appears on Sunday in a dazzlingly white suit, most beautifully starched and ironed. Can you picture to yourself how bright and gay the effect is in the hot brilliant sunshine, especially as many of them have blankets of gorgeous color? All of them have high pointed hats, some of which are adorned with the initials of the owner neatly painted on the side of the crown. As there is never any diversity of shape these hats fit one over another, and it is in this way that the travelling "hat man" carries his goods, all in one high stack upon his own head. There is one use to which the wide brims are often put, of which, I am sure, you would never think. Many a time I have seen a man come into the cathedral or one of the other churches, put his hat on the ground in front of him, and kneel on the brim to save his knees from the dusty floor.

The women were no hats at all, but every woman has her "rebogo," without which she never stirs a step outside her house. It is a long narrow shawl, with netted fringe ends, and is usually worn with one end thrown back over the shoulder. The "rebogo" worn by the poor women is made of blue cotton material, and even the tiniest little girl just able to walk has her tiny blue shawl to match. Of course, more expensive materials are used for richer people, and a Mexican young lady has a thousand and one ways of arranging her pretty silken "rebogo." Very often she folds it into a band, and wears it transversely like a sash. She rarely needs it as a protection from the weather, and it is only a sign or symbol that she is dressed to go out. To go into church, she unfolds it to its full size and puts it over her head.

The next place we went to was Jalapa, near Vera Cruz, (you must pronounce the 'J' like an 'H,' Halapa) and after a short stay there we went back to America, to San Antonio in Texas. It was a great change from the bright deep coloring of Mexico, the large trees with glossy green leaves, the masses of flowers, the strange and pretty fruits, the two mighty snow mountains in the distance, and nearer at hand steep, fantastically shaped purple hills—to the flat, far-stretching Texan plains, covered with pale greyish-green bushes, no mountains to look at, but sometimes far off where the land meets the sky, a long space of misty blue which, just for a moment, could make you think it was the sea. But it wasn't really, and the next time we

saw the sea was at New York in the first days of this year, and we had come all that long weary railway journey back into winter to take the steamer for Kingston. We happened to strike a spell of extraordinarily cold weather, aggravated by a bitter wind, so cold that even New York was astonished at it. The streets were slippery with ice, and the horses seemed afraid to move. We felt as if we should be cut in two before we could get safe on board, but at last we found ourselves in the saloon of the S. S. Athos, thankfully crouching over the hot steam pipes. Oh, how dirty and miserable everything looked outside; but when water freezes under your fingers it cannot be much use for cleaning purposes, can it? The boat sailed at noon, and during the rest of that day no one went out on to the slippery, icy deck, but by the next evening the edge of the cold was gone, and we all began to lay aside our heavy wraps. The next step was that they left off warming the ship, and took away the blankets from the berths, and next that all the gentlemen appeared in white clothes and the ladies in thin dresses. We stopped for a quarter of an hour at Fortune Island, a low sandy place with just a few houses and cocoanut palms, to take on about twenty extra men to handle cargo at the different ports to which the Athos was bound. This is always done, and the men are landed again on the return voyage. Usually the same gang come time after time, and the captain spoke highly of them as good workers, "not a lazy bone in their bodies." They are all black men, some more, some less, and many of them are tall and fine looking. The Athos stopped near the shore, and they came off to her in a little boat through the pale green, shimmering, sunshiny water, which reminded me of the sea at Lamorna Cove, in a dead calm, but resemblance stopped. Sand and cocoanuts are not like granite and furze bushes. On the fifth morning we came in sight of Jamaica, and all the rest of the day we gradually came nearer to the land, till we were steaming along parallel with and quite close to it, and could see plainly the trees and bushes growing thickly on the steep green hills which stand up straight out of the water. Just at dusk we anchored outside Kingston Harbor, and early in the starlight next morning, under the Southern Cross on one hand, and the Great Bear low down on the other, the cheerful, noisy bustle began, and soon the pilot came on board and took