

out in a small boat expecting to meet us, and invited us to go ashore with him, which we very gladly did.—As we drew near the beach a yoke of oxen drawing a sled was driven into the water, a heavy swell placed the boat on the sled, and then, sled, boat and passengers were drawn by the oxen over the rough stones to solid land. On landing we noticed that there were no carriages nor any wheeled vehicle in use. A flat sled in shape like the toboggan used in Canada, and made of wood about two inches thick, is the only vehicle used by the people; these are drawn by one or more oxen over the streets paved with round stones, and worn very smooth by constant use. The dark complexion, dull heavy look, coarse home-spun clothing and moccasins of the people give them very much the appearance of the habitants of Quebec. After landing Mr. Smart conducted us to his home, a fine commodious house in the centre of the town, where we were welcomed by his good wife and treated with the utmost kindness. Behind the dwelling house of Mr. Smart there is a small square, shut in by other buildings and having verandahs looking out upon it. In this square was his garden, and it was quite refreshing to see the roses, callas and other flowers in full bloom, at the same time it was interesting to see for the first time bananas ripening in clusters on the trees in the open air and the old grape vines bearing the fruit for which the island is justly famous. Protestant missionaries of late have experienced a little persecution in the place. The Catholic Bishop caused the arrest of Mr. Wright for preaching in a private house, and also of a Colporteur for selling Bibles on the island.—These gentlemen are awaiting their trial, but as one is a British subject and the other an American citizen they will no doubt secure some measure of justice which otherwise they might want. While some of our party were purchasing a few small articles which they required I took my good Camera which I was enabled, through the kindness of Mr. Jas. Baylis, of Montreal, to provide myself with while in London, and went off to a point from which I secured a photo of the fort on a rock. If it turns out well some of our friends will be able to see what the place looks like by and bye.

May 9th. This was Sunday: we were indisposed to allow it to pass without some religious service. Still we were on a Portuguese steamer. Most of the passengers could speak no English. It was somewhat difficult to know what to do. We held a prayer meeting in our cabin in the morning, and then planned for an evening service on deck. After talking over the matter with some of the passengers and crew, an invitation came from two of the engineers to go into their cabin and hold a service of

song, which we gladly did. In the evening, by the Captain's permission we held a service on the quarter deck, at which Mr. Swan and myself delivered addresses. Good attention was given by the passengers. At the close an intelligent young man wanted to know from me what book I had read from, whether it was like the Catholic Bible, and told me that he had been once a Catholic but that he is now nothing, and that many of the people in Belgium are Catholics when children, but when they become twelve years old or so they give it all up. I tried to give him an intelligent reason for our faith and show him why we should cling to it, and why he should receive it, but still I am of the opinion that much must be done for such people by living the truth before them, especially as they but poorly understand the language in which we speak.

May 11th. Everyday at sea is not equally interesting, any more than on land. At times it becomes so monotonous that the slightest change is hailed with delight. In the evening we saw for the first time a constellation of stars known as the "Southern Cross." It was not very clearly marked, still we were pleased to see it.

May 12th. At about nine in the morning we passed the island of St. Antonio and soon anchored at the island of St. Vincent. The former place is the source from which the inhabitants of St. Vincent draw their supply of food, there their vegetables are grown, and from there they draw water for use. But unhappily the island has lately experienced a heavy drought, rain had been withheld for thirteen months. The crops had failed. Many of the people were in want and had refused to pay their rents. A disturbance had ensued in consequence and troops had been sent from neighboring islands to restore order. St. Vincent when seen from the deck of the steamer, at a distance from the island, is a very picturesque place, being rugged and specially mountainous, but on closer inspection it is found to be a miserable barren sand bar, and used principally by the steamer company as a coaling station. When the medical authorities had passed the vessel a number of blacks came out in small boats, and some climbed over the sides of the steamer in pursuit of business, chiefly that of taking passengers ashore and back. Here one of the Congo Captains, known as the "Socialist," left us. He did not get along with his associates very well. His particular views were not very palatable to them, so when overtaken with illness he went ashore to wait for the next steamer to return home. Before we left the place a trade wind sprung up and ere we had gone far on the journey a storm was blowing fiercer than any the vessel had ever experienced since it first began to run some two years ago, but