

might endanger the healthfulness of the atmosphere. He is always a faithful member of the Board of Health, and evidently too much occupied with his duties to give much thought to the seasons. The wild parrot announces the approach of spring, but doesn't express it with words especially chosen for the occasion. They fly from place to place in small flocks with certainly much screaming, and apparently much quarreling, and some fighting. Perhaps it is because I am not familiar with their language, but I really think their sayings are always much more interesting and sentimental after they have been interpreted by the editor.

In the months of March and April the orange trees and coffee bushes usually come into full bloom. The orange blossoms make the air sweet, but are not so conspicuous to sight, for the trees are always full of green leaves. But the coffee fields, which are usually on hillsides, are especially beautiful. They have single white flowers, which grow along the slender branches of the low, shrubby trees, and while the bloom is on the foliage is quite thin, allowing the flowers to show quite plainly and resemble snow-flakes, which one might imagine had fallen into the branches and remained there without melting.

The native settlers also recognize the spring season as the most favorable time to plant their "grounds," as they call the places where they raise vegetables. During February and March little bush fires may be seen here and there about the hills and mountains, sometimes to the very top, which, from a few miles distance, appear to be in the very heart of an unbroken extent of forest. But there are many familiar and well-trodden paths winding amongst those hills, and communicating with thousands of little plots of ground, where the black settlers live in houses built of a few poles and roofed with palm leaves and thatch grass, and the occupants appear to be as happy as anybody else who is not discontented. After the bush is roughly cut down with the cutlass—the universal imple-

ment which represents every purpose from seed time to harvest, and does the carving for harvest festivals, too, for all I can say—they burn it over and then proceed to dig the land up and plant it with their native vegetables. They frequently work together in gangs, for they enjoy much company. It is not unusual to hear a troop of them singing to their work up on a hillside, while one is passing along the road below, and they bring their hoes down to beat time with the rhythm of their song, which is quite amusing. These people know when is the most favorable time to plant certain kinds of vegetables, and their primitive gardens are known as provision grounds. They usually plant all kinds of crops together, without respect for variety or order, and in variety it is a decided success. Shortly after the plot is cleared and planted it becomes of much the same appearance as the wild hillsides on every hand; but the owner of that ground knows where to dig for his fine big yams, sweet potatoes, cocoas, and other vegetables, and his harvest season from it continues throughout the year. Never does he need to store his provisions in a cellar. On any market day numbers of little donkeys may be seen collected at the places of trade, with loaded baskets lashed to their sides, and laden with the products of these native gardens. Many varieties of fruits, which are only known in the tropics, grow on large trees throughout the whole extent of the island, and though each variety has a definite season for its principal yield, many sorts bear through several months of the year. One kind of fruit is usually succeeded by some other, so that something may be had fresh from the tree at any time. The lack of thrift and energy, so conspicuous in the inhabitants of Jamaica as compared with some other countries, is, perhaps, much due to the ease by which they can live. The harvest season continues the year through, and seldom are they required to reap in time or lose the opportunity.

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