

ended. Next day I took my departure alone for Roseau, leaving my friend standing amid the tall palms and native huts waving adieu, to return to his self-denying toil and trying isolation.

As my experience in a sloop had not been very agreeable, I hired a long canoe for the return journey, and three strong negroes rowed me back again in the burning sun. I was, however, very comfortable, lying under an awning in the stern-sheets, and well supplied with English newspapers. We kept close to the shore, my black rowers never resting during the entire journey. Scarcely a word was spoken as, to

mixture of English, African and patois. However, I had with me a lady who knew Baum Joko well, and loved her, and was able to interpret. This good old soul had given \$5.00 a year for many years to mission work, which had done so much for her. This year when I visited her she wept like a child because her cows did not give so much milk, and times were bad, and she could only give \$2.50. I remember her presence at the anniversary meeting. Everybody gladly made way for Baum Joko, and loud cheers went round when her name was read out as a contributor.

And now my "log" draws to its



AFTER THE STORM.

the time of a steady, measured, sweeping stroke, we moved along. It took about four hours to reach Roseau; before me a Sunday's work, a few days' visitation, and then back to my work in Barbados. I visited the sick and aged of our church. One specially interesting old lady I came across, by name Baum Joko, an African. She had been landed in Dominica somewhere about the year 1820, a little slave girl, before the days of emancipation. Her father, mother and many brothers and sisters had been captured and carried away in chains, by cruel slave-raiders. She was now very old. Her speech I could not understand, it was so strange a

close. Presents of baskets made by Caribs, native coffee-beans, cocoa, ground and rolled into sticks ready for use, oranges, shaddocks, grape fruit, sapodillas, native pears, limes, lemons, etc., etc., began to pour in, the gifts of an affectionate and kindly people. Then came the last day, and among many friends, gathered to accompany me to the jetty. I waited for a boom of the mail gun, the signal for getting on board. At length it came, as the sun was setting, and at the jetty I took leave of my many friends, and boarded the steamer in the offing for Barbados.

Waverley, N.S.