

came to hot for them, and remember the sleigh was running on smooth bare stones without making a creak. The leaves and straws on the road as we ran over them would smoke with friction. We had breakfast at a good hotel and a comfortable lounge in its beautiful garden filled with roses and so many other beautiful flowers, and groaning under the burden of figs, grapes, bananas, &c., &c.

In these islands the greatest heat is experienced in the months of August and September, but we did not find the heat excessive. Maderia is said to enjoy one of the most equable climates in the world. In the morning there is sunshine in plenty. Clouds usually gather in the afternoon, while in the evening, I learned, the sky is usually clear. The town is fairly clean, nowhere is there a particle of dust, and but for one or two narrow streets in the poorer quarter no bad odors were conspicuous.

Nature has indeed been beautiful to Maderia. The pretty mansions embowered in roses and encircled by orange groves, musical with the songs of birds must make life here all but ideal—all the surroundings present an aspect of leisure and restfulness. Even the soldiers on guard at the Governor's house have a look of leisure, while the vendors of native merchandise will sit for hours in front of the hotels in the hope of tempting a chance customer.

The chief industry of the Island is wine making, of which the annual export is valued at about \$700,000, gold. A good deal of sugar is produced for export, and besides this the cane and basket work and embroidery of the natives yield a considerable revenue.

Funchal possesses many institutions of in-

terest and has a population of about 25,000 people.

The cathedral with its wonderful cedar roof picked out in red and gold in old Moorish style and rich with faint silver ornaments is very interesting.

The tomb of Zargo, the discoverer of Madeira, is in the Church of Santa Clara.

We visited as well the Governor's Palace, a large yellow building rather striking in its architecture. At this spot a magnificent spring of pure drinking water, enough to supply the entire town, breaks out of the hill-side.

The fish and fruit markets well repaid us for the short visit we gave them, and then, perhaps, we had the best chance to see the natives, a cleanly, courteous, and white-clothed people.

The loud steamer's whistle warned us that we must hurry aboard, which we did most reluctantly. We had again to run the gauntlet of bumboats, whose dogs, monkeys, birds and parrots could now be bought for one-half the prices we were asked upon leaving the ship.

What swarms of tiny boats there were plying their trade in fruit, flowers and wicker chairs, monkeys, birds, embroideries, &c., &c. These were nothing to the diving boys. How the youngsters would dive for a penny, under or off the very top of the ship for a sixpence; they seemed never to miss it. It was great sport. Some of them must have made twenty-five or thirty shillings, and all of them a good day's pay. They get a penny in the water as easily as I would from a pavement.

Our recollections of Maderia cannot fail to be always most pleasant.

Our next stop will be Capetown, South Africa.

In the "Voyage of the Sunbeam," Mrs. Brassey thus describes a ride up to the Gran Corral, one of the attractions of Madeira:

"There was a little delay in mounting our horses, under the shade of the fig-trees; but when we were once off, a party of eleven, the cavalcade became quite formidable. The views on our way, as we sometimes climbed a steep ascent or descended a deep ravine, were very varied, but always beautiful. About half way up we stopped to rest under a delightful trellis of vines, by the side of a rushing stream, bordered with ferns; then, leaving the vineyards and gardens behind us, we passed through forests of shady Spanish Chestnut trees, beneath which stretched the luxurious green-sward. At ten o'clock we quitted this grateful shade, and arrived at the neck of the pass, facing the Gran Corral, where we had to make our choice of ascending a conical hill on our left, or the Torrinas Peak, on our right. The latter was chosen, as promising the better view, although it was rather farther off, so we were accordingly seized upon by some of the crowd of peasants who surrounded us, and who proceeded at

once to push and pull us up a steep slippery grass slope, interspersed with large boulders. The view from the top, looking down a sheer precipice of some 1,500 feet in depth into the valley below, was lovely. Quite at the bottom, amid the numerous ravines and small spurs of rocks by which the valley is intersected, we could distinguish some small patches of cultivated ground. Above our heads towered the jagged crests of the highest peaks, Pico Ruivo and others, which we had already seen from the yacht, when we first sighted the island.

A pleasant walk over some grassy slopes, and two more hard scrambles, took us to the summit of the Torrinas Peak; but the charming and extensive view towards Camara de Lobos, and the bay and town of Funchal, was an ample reward for all our trouble. It did not take us long to get back to the welcome shade of the chestnut trees, for we were all ravenously hungry, it being now eleven o'clock. But, alas! breakfast had not arrived: so we had no resource but to mount our horses again and ride down to meet it. Mr. Miles, of the hotel, had not kept his word; he had promised that our provisions should be sent up to us by nine o'clock, and it was midday before we met the men carrying the hampers on their heads. There was now nothing for it but to organise a picnic on the terrace of Mr. Veitch's deserted villa, beneath the shade of camellia, fuchsia, myrtle, magnolia, and pepper-trees, from whence we could also enjoy the fine view of the fertile valley beneath us and the blue sea sparkling beyond."

ARE you a farmer? If so, is doing chores irksome to you? It hadn't ought to be, but still I have heard farmers complain in that line. They were ones who were not making any money. Perhaps their semi-poverty was due to too little or too much gold and silver in the national treasury. I don't know about that, but anyway they liked to discuss this political subject better than the topic of how best to do chores in winter about the barn.

The Wise Men from the East.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have swum the
torrents broad;
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and
starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a
fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs
three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their
high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known
voices kind.
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them
all behind.

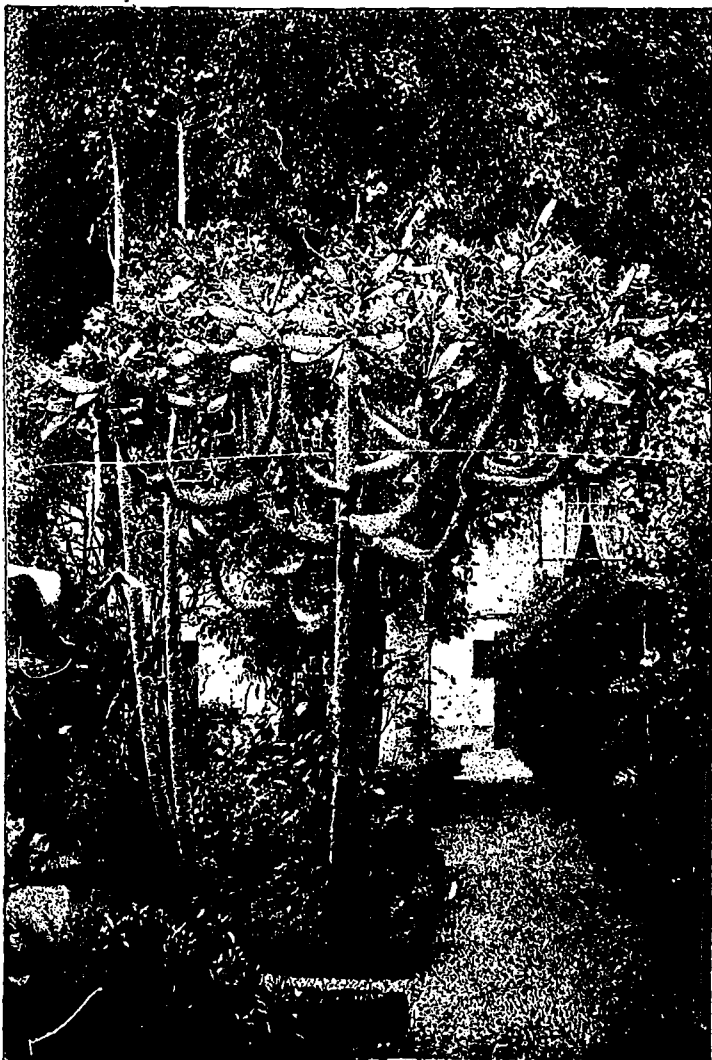
The very heart of faith's dim rays beamed on them from
afar,
And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to
track the star;
They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called them
mad;
Messiah's star was shining, and their royal hearts were
glad.

And they have knelt at Bethlehem! The Everlasting
Child
They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's Monarch meek
and mild;
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with loving
kisses,
Oh, what are thrones! Oh, what are crowns, to such a
joy as this!

Ah me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls
receive,
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;
'Tis the noonday of his sunshine, of his sun that setteth
never;
Faith gives crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom
is forever.

Oh glory be to God on high, for these Arabian kings,—
These miracles of royal faith with eastern offerings;
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who from
far
Found Mary out and Jesus, by the shining of a star.
—Heber.

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THE CARMO GARDEN AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.