

think that they loved their little white, curly dogs sometimes quite as well, if not better than their babies; though, to be sure, they love the dogs so much that after they are well fed and fat, they eat them! The little dark babies are very funny to see; the mothers rarely carry them about except on horseback, then they are fastened on a pillow; if very young they are laid on the cushion, if a little older they are seated astride on the pillow in front of their father or mother, and thus they become so accustomed to the motion of the horse, that they can ride from infancy almost. "Piccaninies" are what babies are always called.

When they get old enough children are almost invariably sent to school. On all the islands there are numbers of schools provided by the government, and every district has its own school; the teachers are sometimes natives and often whites. Natives, Portuguese, German, white children, frequently go to the same school. The Chinaman rarely sends his children to school, but sometimes a much older Chinaman will go to learn English, which is their great ambition.

The Portuguese are always Roman Catholics, and very fond of observing their Saints days. So they very often have holidays.

One day one of our Portuguese labourers came and asked if I would be godmother to a little baby which they wished to be called after me. I said "Yes," but I was sure they would not find my second name easy to say, so I looked over a Portuguese dictionary in which I found a list of names, and seeing "Carolina," I decided to give that to the baby girl, as Caroline was my first name; so one beautiful bright Sunday we got into our little pony carriage which was drawn by a good little mule, and we set off for the old Roman Catholic church, which was some four miles away from our home. When we came down the valley where the church stood surrounded by trees, we saw the big cart which had brought the Portuguese over from the plantation, with its mules taken out to rest, and the men and women standing about clad in all kinds of bright raiment, with always a brilliant red or yellow handkerchief tied round their necks, and the women wearing another on their heads instead of hats. We walked into the shady old building, which was well filled, and sat down on the two chairs which were given to us. The little chancel was very gaudily fitted up with pictures, figures of saints, candles etc., and the priest,—a little, wizened-up looking old man, was standing in front preaching rapidly in the Hawaiian language, which he spoke as well as any native. After the sermon came the great ceremony of the christening, not in the least like our own service; the mothers, and fathers and godfathers brought up the little girl to the chancel rails, and there were many prayers said, holy water sprinkled from a bowl, a candle was

put into the baby's fingers, lighted, and held there by the godfather; some oil was poured out on its forehead, incense was swung about in a little brass burner, and then the whole procession marched down the middle of the church out of the door, followed by the priest, who stood on the threshold; in front of him stood the mother with the baby in her arms, he asked what name, and they all exclaimed "Carolina" and pointed at the who stood behind the old priest, he turned round and said "But are you a Roman Catholic?" to which I said "no," so he said at once: "then you cannot promise for this child." I told him the mother wished the child to have my name, so he said: "well, you can promise that she shall be a good Catholic!" in such a sharp, decided way. I bowed and said, "Oh, yes," so he turned, received the baby with his arms, named her Carolina and pronouncing some Latin formulas over her, gave her back to the mother, and walked to the chancel again. Seeing that the ceremony was over, I went up to the proud mother, patted the little face, put a blue necklace round its neck, a silk kerchief in its hand, with a silver bit for luck, and we left the close church with the relatives of the newly made little Christian following with eager invitations to come and partake of the christening feast, but I was so tired with the long service, and the close atmosphere that we thought it better to drive home at once.

To tell of a death after a christening seems sad, does it not? We had a German servant of whom I was very fond, "Doretta" was her name, and she was such a good faithful creature. One Sunday morning her husband came to tell me that Doretta had a little baby, and it was dead; I was so sorry, and told him I would go down to their little cottage on the plantation in as short a time as possible. When we drove down with a little basket of good things for Doretta, we found ever so many neighbours (all Germans) were in the house, looking so respectable with their big white caps and aprons who had come in to sympathize with the poor mother, who began to cry as soon as she saw me. I comforted her as well as I could, and begged her to keep quiet, and then went to see the little babe which lay like a sleeping infant in its tiny coffin, with a pretty little white dress on it, all done up with blue ribbons, it was a very big, fine baby, and poor Doretta mourned it greatly. The coffin was carried to the grave in the church-yard, and the German women walked behind as seemed to be their custom.

Chinese children are most comical in appearance. As babies they are much dressed up in gaudy colours, their little loose coat and trousers being made of some blue stuff, and the heads with green or velvet caps perched on top, and often a false queue or long plait of hair will be attached, so as to swing down to the heels of the important looking little monkeys.