

we were under the guns of our own men-of-war. We crept along in the shade of trees and warehouses, till we reached the principal street. We were directed up a steep narrow street, to the Reverend James Rae's "Manse". On each side of us were the lovely palms, almond trees, and many more which I could not name; pretty gardens, with the bright hibiscus, and pure white jessamine, which scented the air with sweet perfume. I was presented with a bunch of them, on the road side, and that was my first New Year's gift in the tropics. We were soon at the "Manse", and were very cordially welcomed by the Rev. and Mrs. Rae, and were soon at his hospitable table, partaking of a second breakfast. The custom in the West Indies is, coffee between 6 and 7 a.m., and breakfast about 10, dinner at 4 or 6 p.m., and tea in the early evening. As the Rev. Mr. Rae had an engagement to baptise a child in his church, we all went to the Scotch church, and found a coloured party and little baby in waiting, and it was at once arranged that Mr. Clark should conduct the baptismal service. As they are fond of long names, this little dusky one was no exception, and was called, James, Sandford, Alexander Burke. We then proceeded to the old Fort, famous in years gone by, and on which the British flag was flying, as when Admirals Nelson, Rodney, and others were carrying on their wars here against the French. The Sergeant-Major (strange to say, a native of Halifax, N. S.), invited us to visit the Barrack-rooms of a troop of native soldiers, who are listed for three years. These rooms were very cleanly kept, and we were pleased to see a fair reading room, with the leading foreign papers and magazines. We then went up to the light-house, and had a magnificent view of the island, and