

The Children's Record.

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All communications to be addressed to

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LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

[For the Children's Record.]

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,
March 19th, 1887.

My Dear Children:

I know you are always glad to hear about the little Hindu children in Trinidad. You may be very sure that some of them are quite as troublesome as the bad boys and girls that you have all seen in America, and some are much worse, because they think nothing of cursing their parents who are generally very kind to them, and the foolish parents often laugh at this and think it very clever.

I have in one of my teaching books a very good picture, shewing that some severe punishment will follow this sin; a dead body is lying unburied in a field with a large vulture standing over it and about to tear it. Prov. xxx: 17. When I shew this to the children they look quite frightened, and often name some particular child who might be benefitted by looking at it, and sometimes when I go back to see them again they all come running and asking to see the vulture.

All the estates are making sugar now; the children love to play in the mill-yards in crop time when they can get plenty of cane to suck; this is very sweet work and

often keeps them out of school.

One day that I was looking up scholars, a boy about eight years old was brought to me by some others, who, though they do not come to school themselves, were quite ready to blame him for having left off coming. The little fellow's excuse was that the school boys laughed at him for being so fat. "O!" I said, "never mind that; I have a boy who is much fatter than you, and his school mates call him 'chops,' but he does not mind it all." I tell you this that you may see how much Hindu boys are like other boys that we all know.

Sometimes they make us laugh too; as when one complained that another had cursed him and we found that he had only called him a "cockroach." At Tunapuna some bamboo had been cut down, and a bird's nest with eggs fell with it. The children were delighted at first; afterwards some of them would not touch it; they said the mother-bird was sitting up in a tree cursing them. I just heard of a very small, very bright, and very troublesome boy belonging to Tunapuna school who when reminded of his school privileges said: "Salih does not teach me for nothing; I pay a cent a week." He meant that he put a cent in the collection plate on Sabbath.

But I was going to tell you something about bamboo. It is a kind of grass, but it grows in clumps, with a woody stem, to the height of forty feet in one year. The stem is jointed, and hollow except at the joints, so that by cutting it below the joints it will make a flower pot, narrow but deep, and is constantly used in this way in nursery gardening. In planting out the slips or young trees the pot can be either split off or buried, when it rots. A clump of bamboos is a very pretty object; waving in the wind it cracks like the masts of a vessel, and the leaves rustle with a cool and pleasant sound. From the custom of planting it about burial grounds, or perhaps, rather, burying near where it is found growing, a native of India often speaks of his possible death in this way, "Suppose me go bamboo side."

SARAH E. MORTON.