

in her Colleges, Home Missions and Foreign Missions, that when you get to be men and women you will know something about the work that you will then have to do. The more you learn now, the more will you know then.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,  
June 29th, 1887.

*My Dear Children:—*

The rainy season has set in now and the Tunapuna garden is bright with roses, jasmine, hibiscus, etc., of many shades, and all in full bloom. The last part of the dry season is always very hot and dusty; it is not pleasant to walk in the garden then; the poor plants look so thirsty that we feel sorry for them, but as soon as the first showers fall most of them revive and burst out with a profusion of blossoms as tho' they wanted to make up for lost time. We have a large round bed opposite the front door, bordered by foliage plants with leaves of green and gold which never wither except in extreme drought. In another place we have a hedge of hibiscus which is always in blossom, each flower the size of a large tea-cup, and of a brilliant shade of crimson.

Near the house are some mango trees which afford a pleasant shade for the little Hindus who attend our school. They have recess from 11 till 12 o'clock, for breakfast: those who live at a distance bring a little pan of rice, etc., which they eat with their hands; if you give them a spoon they do not know how to use it. Every morning for about twenty minutes the school-master makes them weed in the garden, and once a week they sweep and dust the Church. All this helps to teach them to be smart and industrious. When we have mangoes and bananas we are never at a loss what to do with them. The school children give valuable assistance in making them disappear.

Now I am going to tell you about the little Jubilee we had in Tunapuna. Instead of subscribing to the fund for public

amusements, which were only for Port of Spain, we invited the larger children from all our schools to assemble at our own house at 4 o'clock on Friday, June 19th. Ninety-five presented themselves, looking almost like little ladies and gentlemen. We had games and races till half-past six o'clock, the prizes being extracted from a large bottle of candies. Then we gave them cakes and sweets, and at half-past seven Mr. Morton gave a lecture in the Church on "Queen Victoria." We had prepared suitable music in which the children gave good assistance. The church was filled and quite a crowd of people stood outside. We took a collection of over five dollars for the church debt. After the lecture we had a few fire-works. A good many of the children stayed all night, and all seemed very much pleased with the entertainment.

Miss Morton has a big scholar among her little ones at Orange Grove. His name is Dhanpat. He is a middle-aged man but he sits among the rest and repeats the Indian hymns and catechism with the smallest. He will soon be able to read the Bible in his own language. His way of saluting any of us is to kneel and then prostrate himself, "doubled up like a jack-knife," Mr. Morton says. We have all begged him again and again not to do it, but he cannot quite give it up.

One day that Miss Morton was away I was teaching him and this was the way he read, addressing me by the Muhammedan name for God—Khudawand. "Thel men *Khudawand* jhonk hain *Khudawand*." I was shocked, of course, and reproved him seriously, but gently, as I knew he did it ignorantly, and to shew his respect for me. He then said, "Mem Sahib fears God very much," adding that in India it had always been his custom to address any person in authority as *Khulawand*. He then asked what he should call me; I told him Mem Sahib, so after that, except occasionally when he forgot himself he read on this fashion (translated), "In the lake, *Mem Sahib*, there are leeches, *Mem Sahib*."

SARAH E. MORTON.