

THE Children's Presbyterian.

Letter From Mrs. Morton.

Trinidad, May 13th '82.

My Dear Miss M.—I have not time for anything very special, but I promised to tell you particularly how the clothing suited.

Your materials were excellent; some of them too good. Those that wash best are the most valuable, as they are for the most part such *dirty creatures*. Coming as they did with the Pictou lot which were all small sizes, it was all right, but taken by themselves there were too many large shirts and jhulas (woman's jackets.) The women are such little bits of creatures, and full grown ones are seldom needy. I think that about one-fifth of the female clothing the size for well-grown girls and women would be sufficient, and the rest of various smaller sizes. Your shirts were nice and full which is desirable where there is only one garment, very often, five breadths for large ones, four and three for the smaller. They have little bits of arms, so that the sleeves of the boys jackets might be more scant and short, getting quite smaller at the wrist. I am glad you put buttons and loops on the shirts as we sometimes get them without, and I don't like to see them open.

We distributed some of the garments at Akhbar Ali's school, Curepe Village. The poor little fellows had been very dirty and ragged, and they not only attend regularly at day-school, but quite a band of them come up to the Tunapuna S. School. We always tell them that kind ladies from our native country send them because they are pleased to have them go to school.

I am sure you would have been affected to see one little fellow prostrate himself and take my feet, at his mother's command. This is one way in which you can all work directly for the heathens, and the ladies of your Church have our best thanks.

Yours Affectionately,
S. E. Morton.

Jeanie and her Big Bible.

Jeanie was a little Scotch girl who lived far back during the days of the bloody persecutions under the reckless Charles II. It was a bitter time. Soldiers were marching all over the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many innocent persons to death. Jeanie's parents were pious people, and their turn came at last to be driven from their home.

One afternoon the cruel soldiers were seen advancing, and the poor folks had to leave their cottage and flee with what valuables they could carry. Jeanie was given the big family Bible for her load, and her father told her that she must be very careful with it, and not have it get hurt, nor lose it by the way, "For we could not live," said he, "without the good Book." She wrapped one of her clean gowns around the Book, and started with it in her hands, following her father and mother, each of whom carried a child. The fugitives directed their steps toward the next village, where there was a strong old church that could be used as a fort, and which they hoped to reach before their enemies came up.

A stream lay in their way, and this they dared not cross by the bridge for fear of their pursuers. So they hastened to a place in the river where some stepping-stones had been laid down for the convenience of foot passers. It was quite dark when they reached the bank, and the water ran swift in its channel. But they did not hesitate. The father waded across carrying the others, one by one, in his arms, until Jeanie was left alone. Fearing solitude more than the danger of the stream, the young girl followed her father on his last trip, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But it was so dark now she could scarcely see the way before her, and presently her foot slipped and she went to the bottom.

In her danger she did not forget, however the treasure entrusted to her care. As her feet went down her arms went up, and her precious burden was held above