

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, DEC. 29, '87.

My Dear Children:

No doubt you got a great many good things at Christmas, and perhaps while you were enjoying them you remembered the poor and gave some to somebody who was not as well off as you, and perhaps those of you who received a gift of money carried a part of it to your Sabbath-school teacher, and said, "I have brought this to be sent for the little Coolies in Trinidad," or for some other neglected little ones.

I am writing to-day to tell you about the Christmas treats in our schools. We had seven schools to provide for, over 350 children in all. In each school we examined the register and counted up how many children there were who had made 400 attendances and over, how many had made 300, how many 200 and so on.

All these had cakes and candy and a little present according to the days they had made. The gifts consisted of a book, mostly very small, a few marbles in a bag, a larger bag in which to carry their book to school, a tiny doll, or apron, and as we had not enough Christmas cards this year we gave each child a nice engraving from the *Graphic*, with which a kind friend had supplied us.

They had raisins too, and some very good and very poor children had a small rubber ball each. The careless ones who had made too few attendances were called up and told that they could not have any present, and only a small share of the sweetmeats, and a very few who came in for cakes but had not come to read were sent home without anything as a warning to the rest. We find this a very good plan for encouraging regular attendance.

At St. Joseph when I went into the school all the children rose and said "Salaam", as they always do. To make them smile I said, "You are all going to get a Christmas to-day, and I am

not going to get anything; who will give Mem Sahib a present?" A sweet little girl said, "I will; what do you want, rum?" Was it not sad that she should think of rum before anything else?

Miss Blackadder gave an entertainment for her school in the Tacarigua school house. There was nothing to pay, and she invited the parents to come and see what their children could do. They read, sang, recited, and did all very well. I wish you could have seen them. There was a very good recitation which perhaps you know—"The Choice of Trades"; the action of the boys was exceedingly good; the one who said he was going to be a black-smith made us all laugh by lifting up the next boy's foot to show how he would shoe a pony.

Mr. Morton talked to the parents in Hindustani; they seemed pleased, and we hope it will make them more anxious to send their children to school. Is it not pleasant to you, dear children, to think that these boys and girls who, a short time ago, were quite uncared for, are now being carefully trained and prepared for leading happy and useful lives. We hope that many of them will be able to say in future years, "It was at the Canadian Mission School that I learned to love Jesus."

Yours very truly,
SARAH E. MORTON.

VOICES CALLING.

Hark! the voices loudly calling.

Wafted hither o'er the sea,
And in tones entreating, tender,

Even now they summon thee.
Calling ever, ever calling,

Hark! the message is to thee!

Heathen mothers bowing blindly,
Unto gods of wood and stone,
By their cries and tears they call thee
Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,
Bid them seek to be forgiven!
Tell them of the blessed Saviour,
Say he waits for them in Heaven.—Sel.