

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

(For the Children's Record.)

I have told you that I have a Bible class every day and a sewing class nearly every day in connection with the Tunapuna School. Some days I have 25 or 26 little girls sewing.

Of thirty who attend pretty regularly only five are the children of Christian parents. The rest are heathen; so you will not be surprised to learn that most of them are wild, rude, and very quarrelsome among themselves. A few are quiet and sweet.

I call the rude ones lions and bears. Sometimes they ask me "Am I a lion?" or "Am I a bear?"

Learning - about "Nebuchadnezzar-Shadrach-Meesach, and Bednego" did not tame them, so now I am trying with somewhat better effect. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," etc.

We begin the class with prayer; one day that I was kept a little late, when I entered the room I found them all kneeling quietly while Baccheeah, a heathen girl of about ten, was praying very nicely; I heard her ask that they might be kept from stealing and telling lies. Baccheeah is a smart, but troublesome girl.

One day I was telling them all to try to come clean to church; one and another said: "I have no clean dress;" "I have no dress but this one," holding up a skirt that was in most cases ragged as well as dirty. "Well," I said, "you can take a piece of soap, and wash them."

Then one said "Baccheeah has a clean dress at home." With an awful frown and a threat in her voice, Baccheeah answered: "That is for the horse-races, girl," appealing to me as to whether she was not right to reserve it for that, instead of wearing it to school.

Soon after, however, Baccheeah appeared in the hoarded dress.

On such occasions they are sure to say "Madame, don't I look clean?"

The children of Christian parents are nearly always neat. About 700 people have just arrived from India. It makes the missionaries very sad to see many thousands all around who do not yet know about Jesus.

INDIAN BARBER AT WORK.

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

What a strange barber-shop, only a grass mat on the side of the road!

It is not a shop after all, for in India the barber goes to his customers. Every morning he is to be seen making his way round the village, and carrying his little bag, containing razor, scissors, tweezers, ear-pick, mirror and strop.

Of course, if he does work for Europeans he will carry besides a little tin shaving mug, but for shaving the natives the barber never uses scap only water.

A man will be shaved probably once a week, and on special occasions, such as marriage and other festivals.

Seated on the grass mat in front of his house and stripped to the waist, the customer holding the glass to watch and direct operations, submits first to a shampoo, and then the barber seizing the head with one hand and wetting the skin with his thumb, scrapes away.

One would almost expect such a rude method to result in a good deal of carving as well as shaving, but whether it is the Indian barber's skilfulness, or whether the black skin does not show the cuts, certainly very few such signs are ever seen.

Shaving in India is a very important operation, and with different castes and people there are different ways of having it done. Some shave only the chin, some also the back of the forehead, some the whole crown of the head.

Others again shave under the arm-pits, and some men and even women have the whole head shaven on certain occasions.

The barber who shaves the Europeans is invariably called "Tom," and is usually very quiet, clever, and punctual. He will come