

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

[For the Children's Record.

ARIMA, TRINIDAD.

July 31st, 1888.

My Dear Children :

In this letter I am going to tell you something about Arima, where we are now staying for change of air. It is not a very interesting place but as it is part of the Tunapuna district and there are a good many East Indian people settled here you may like to hear about it.

It is about eight miles from Tunapuna and you can either drive or come by rail as I did, the road being very rough just now with coarse stones by which they are mending it. The railroad terminates a mile from the town, which is not at all convenient.

After leaving Tunapuna the first station is Tacarigua, and when you leave that station almost the first place you pass is Miss Blackadder's house and school-house, so near that you can peep in and get a glimpse of the children at their lessons.

The next station two miles further on is Arouca and here too our school house is very near the station.

Then we stop at Dabadie, a small village in which there is a government school, and one of our boys, employed as monitor, coaxes the coolie children in and teaches them to read their own language.

Near here is our Red Hill School. About two miles further on we reach the Arima terminus.

Let us take a walk about and see what is to be seen. Nothing very pretty. The soil is hard and poor here. Vegetation is not so beautiful as in many parts of Trinidad.

Cabs are waiting to take passengers to the town or elsewhere. Before we reach the busy streets we pass a very pretty little church, quite newly built, of concrete, with a number of Areca, or betel nut palms planted about it. Baby palm trees are very pretty, except the cocoa nut which is very often crooked. People say it is from planting the nut crooked, and I think this must be true for we planted a few at

Tunapuna taking care to put the nut straight and somewhat deep in the ground, and they are nearly as high as the house now and perfectly straight.

The little church we passed was a Church of England, and further on we come to the Government School for boys, in which, as at Dabadie, one of our trained boys acts as monitor for the Coolie Children.

What strings of schools we have in all the settled parts of the Island ! You must remember that

THESE ARE YOUR SCHOOLS.

You are helping to support them, and we often tell the little scholars how the people of Canada love them, and have sent us to teach them. At first they think the queen sends us, it does not occur to them that *love* has anything to do with it. There is a Roman Catholic Church in the town and most of the people belong to it. It is very grey and bare, not all pleasant looking ; it looks as though nobody cared for it.

There are a great many small shops and a few large ones. Sometimes you may notice a house roof moving along very fast. What can that be ? These moveable roofs are to protect the cocoa nuts when they are spread out to dry. The roof is removed by running it along rails, and put back at nights, or when a shower comes. I suppose you know the cocoa nut grows in a large pod and is used for making chocolate. The pods are very pretty, yellow or red and come out of the woody parts of the tree beginning near the root. A great deal of money has been made in Trinidad by cocoa planting, but this year the price has fallen, and people fear that this will add to the distress already suffered here from the low price of sugar.

A beautiful river runs past the outside of the town. I took a walk to it this morning. Everywhere people were bathing or standing on its gravelly bottom washing clothes, part of the process being to beat them on the stones scattered plentifully about its bed. Cocoa trees shade the banks and afford natural dressing rooms, but the people are not very careful about taking advantage of them. Often