

## SCENES FROM TRINIDAD.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Tunapuna, June 11th.

I find that I must send off my second letter for the "Children's Record" by the SS. "Grenada" to-morrow. I wonder if the weeks fly as quickly in Canada as they do in Trinidad.

To-day is the Mohammedan festival, called in India the Mohurram; here it is called the "Hossee." It was originally intended as a memorial of the death of Hussan and Hossein, two grandsons of Mohammed, who were killed in the wars of succession to the caliphate, and it should be observed only by one party among the Mohammedans; but Hindoos, and even a few creoles, join with all the Mohammedans in the sport of making the tazias and carrying them out in procession, with drums beating, and flags flying.

The tazias are models of temples, framed in bamboo, and covered with tissue paper in gold, silver, and all the brightest colors. Inside are placed two little coffins. A mixed multitude accompany the tazias with shouts of "Hussan, Hossein," rivalling the loud and hurried beating of the drums. The ceremonies are wound up by throwing the tazias, little coffins and all, into some convenient pond.

At one time these processions could move about as they liked; now their route, in each neighbourhood, is strictly regulated.

Schools are considered altogether unnecessary on Hossee day. Crowds who have no wish to shout "Hussan, Hossein," still long to sport their best clothes, to see the glittering tazias, to hear the inspiring drum. The government orders schools to be kept open, but only a virtuous few among the teachers succeed in getting any children.

My sewing class has been small this week; the girls love "Hossee" and the

new clothes which they generally sport on the occasion.

Most of my little girls are so small that a lady said of them this week that they were just big enough to go to sleep under the table. Instead of that, if you could drop in when we are at work you would find them perched upon the table.

I have hit upon this plan for keeping them still, as they cannot possibly get down themselves. I can also superintend them with more ease, since they just reach to my shoulder as I move round the table shewing them how to make the stitches.

Four girls of some size are allowed to sit on a bench.

"Madame, haul it give me," says one little girl, who has tried in vain to pull her needle through. "Madame, he come out," says another, holding up her needle in one hand and her thread in the other. Thimbles get on the wrong finger, and even on the wrong hand, and after an hour of striving with such difficulties we are not sorry to bring out a tray of dolls, for doll drill, after which the small women return to resume their lessons in school.

This work I am doing for a while to try to get more girls to come to our Tunapuna school. They are still very few and small. My Bible-class mustered eleven this morning, notwithstanding the charms of "Hossee." We had some review questions; I asked "What did Joseph tell the children of Israel to do with his bones?" The answer I got was this very good one, "Joseph told them, 'make a mummy of me, and carry me up to Canaan when you go.'"

Everybody seems to know the difference between the bad and the good. The farmer separates the good apples from the bad, the good potatoes from the bad, the good corn from the bad. Why are we not as careful to put away what is bad from our lives? Getting rid of bad habits and cultivating good ones is profitable work for old or young.