

TRINIDAD.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, NOV. 6, '87.

My Dear Children :

I am going to tell you an amusing incident that happened at Orange Grove the other day. We had left Miss Morton at the school, and Mr. Morton and myself, with Annajee and our Bible woman, Fanny, went in different directions among the barracks, as the laborers houses are called.

Orange Grove is a very large sugar estate; there are about five hundred laborers on it; one of the barracks is three hundred and forty feet long. It was to this one I went, gathering as many people as I could to see my books and hear about God. They often call me the "parson mama."

It was about time to go home and I was talking to a young Hindu who had asked me to give him some books. I was telling him that we only gave to the very poor, but that we sold them at a very low price. He said, "Our parson men never sell books, they give them;" this is quite untrue; they not only do not give books, but they teach that only a Brahmin should learn to read.

Just then Mr. Morton came along with a book of Old Testament pictures, and turned them rapidly over to shew the young man what kind of book it was. Two small boys standing by who had attended school a little while, named the pictures one by one, thus: "Adam and Eve in the Garden," the angel driving them out; "Cain killing his brother with an axe." "It was not an axe," said the one. "It was I tell you," said the other, in no very gentle tones. So far both were speaking in Hindustani; then the first burst out in English, "What do you bet?" As we moved away we overheard the other offering to bet a cent that it was not an axe.

Yesterday we went to Caroni Estate. It is five miles from Tunapuna. We can only go once in two weeks because there

are so many places to be visited. Caroni is in the St. Joseph district, which was Mr. Hendrie's, but he is in Scotland now. There is a neat school house and teacher's house there. Annajee holds a service there every Sabbath morning. Creole children are admitted to the Caroni school as there is no other school near.

Yesterday we found twenty-three Coolie children in. Mr. Morton examined the Creoles in arithmetic, while I taught the little Hindus about Jesus, with the help of a picture book. The school-master cannot speak to them in their own language. The monitor can but he is not a Christian. We cannot always get Christian teachers.

I was talking to the children about cursing, and said: "Shew me the boys who do not curse." "They are all gone to heaven," said one, a sharp little fellow, as you may think. "But," I said, "are there no boys here to-day who do not curse?" All agreed that there was not a boy or girl among the twenty-three of whom this could be said, but three, belonging to one family, were pointed out who did not curse so often as the rest. They agreed, too, that this was a very bad state of things, and that they would try and leave it off. I told them they must ask God to help them, and that if any boy or girl was heard to curse they must tell me the next time I came. Before I left the school a culprit was brought up. We all agreed to forgive him this time and the poor little fellow burst out crying.

These children are nearly all very poor, and have been in school but a short time. They are particularly bright, and when they see me come there is quite a stir to know what pictures I have brought, and to hear all about them. We would be very glad to get some new Scripture picture books, the colored ones please them much the best.

SARAH E. MORTON.

"It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
For others, by its love."