

The second one mentioned, Lachchhi, was sent to me one day, nearly three years ago, by Miss Fraser, M.D., who had found her, orphaned, neglected, homeless, in a village near Mhow. She was so wild-looking, and altogether unpromising in appearance that I felt we could not risk taking her into the school. But what was to become of her? After thinking it well over I took her in, and a general scrubbing up and proper clothes worked a great change in her outward appearance. But that is as nothing compared with the change in her conduct. She has a bad temper and used to work herself up to quite uncontrollable fits of passion. She had been so cruelly treated as a child,—the scars of burns testify to the cruelty of the sister and drunken brother-in-law with whom she had lived,—that it was difficult to know how to discipline her. Soon, however, there was a very noticeable change, and now any show of temper is rare, although I know she has many a struggle to keep back angry words. Her name also was changed, and we try to call her Sumati, but oftener the old name comes first to mind.

The third one, Awanti, is the daughter of a widow who used to work in the dispensary for Miss Beatty and Miss Oliver. When dying, she expressed the hope that Miss Oliver would take care of her girls. Awanti had been a pupil in my Marathi school, but just before her last illness her mother had married the girl to a wretched bad looking man of about 35 I should judge. Well do I remember the day the mother's body was carried past the school to be burned. Awanti was running bare headed after the bearers and crying bitterly. Soon after this she ran away from the old grandmother, who had already arranged for the marriage of the younger sister, and came to the house of one of the Christian teachers in the Marathi school. She deliberately ate with the sweeper, then told us we might turn her away but she would never go to her people. I couldn't turn her away to probable evil, so she also found a home here. Shortly after, her husband appeared and claimed her, although she was but a child and had never lived with him. She steadily refused to go, and after hanging about for some hours he went away and we have never seen or heard of him since. The old grandmother who was very angry with me at first, now comes frequently to see Awanti. There is no girl in the school more self-denying and readier to help others than Awanti.

These three girls came to us, ignorant, ill-cared for, homeless, orphans, about three years ago. They have kept together in