

arms, and do their work as best they can. The infant standard children sit on the floor."

II. Miss Pratt knows what our Mission Band members would enjoy, so she tucked into her envelope, especially for you, a story of one of her school girls. She promises to send other sketches later, so that we may become better acquainted with these little folk across the sea:—

"I want to tell you about Kassiamamma. When I came back from furlough in Canada the school girls were all out to give their welcome, and they stood in

said they were going to take the child and sell her to the dancing girls, but what do you suppose saved her from that? She had club feet. When she was still quite small, Dr. Smith began treatment to straighten the little deformed feet, but the mother could not bear to hear the cries of the child, so she took off the bandages, and the feet were soon as bad as before. Later the mother and child were brought to Yellamanchili to Miss Murray, where, after receiving further instruction, the mother was converted. Then she wanted to learn to read, and it was decided



Outcaste Village and Drinking Pond.

two rows, one on each side of the road leading into the compound. When the bundy stopped, those who could crowded near, and one of the first things they said as they brought a little girl up was, "Amma, look at Kassiamamma's feet." This was said so joyfully that I knew it meant good news.

Now, I must go back a few years and tell you a little of this child's history. Her mother was a poor wanderer, who came to a village where lived a Christian teacher and his wife. This poor woman was taken in and cared for, and for the first time heard about the Saviour. After a little time, a baby was born. The people of the village

that she should come to the Cocanada Girls' Boarding School. Here her little girl, Kassiamamma, became quite a pet. She is a pretty child with curly hair and shining black eyes, but it was hard to see her trying to walk on the poor little deformed feet that were so bent over that she was walking on her ankles, and the stones hurt them, and the hot sun burned them. Why were they so anxious to have me look at Kassiamamma's feet when I came back, and what did I see when I did look? By the kindness and skill of Dr. Jessie Allyn, the child's feet had been straightened, and now she can run and play like other children. What a joy it is to see