

of very great excitement. Didn't they look with awe at the three-legged monster with one eye! And what trouble it was to two or three restless ones to keep their hands still! The bigger ones stood at the back, the middle-sized ones sat on benches, and the tiny ones squatted on the ground like so many frogs just ready to jump. I ran into the hospital in our compound, where there were about twenty weak and sickly children, and asked how many could walk down to have their picture taken. To my astonishment, fifteen of them cried out all at once, "*Nānu barut-tēne*"—"I'll come; and a very thin and staggering party they looked as they toiled along to join the stronger ones. Poor Basappa could hardly have got on at all, if I had not told two others to walk at his side; but even he got there in time, and sat on the form as dignified as any of them.

Now let us look into the picture a little. Perhaps you think they are all boys, because their heads are shaven; and as they are placed, you can't tell petticoats from trousers. The truth is, however, that half are boys and half girls, and this for the very good reason, that when these boys and girls become young men and young women, there will be a great many marriages amongst them, and the Missionary's wife will have a vast deal of work to do of a very delicate kind, the very thought of which makes me feel quite glad that I am not my wife. As it would be embarrassing to have several odd boys or several odd girls left over, we take boys and girls in equal numbers; and when our new orphanages are built, they will live in different houses in separate compounds.

But I have wandered from my subject. Their hair is taken off to make it easier to keep them clean; for they were in a sad state when they came to us. We shall now let the girls' hair grow; and then they will not be mistaken for boys, and will look prettier than they now do.

The lady at the side of the group is the Missionary's wife, who left her little baby at the Mission-house, and ran down just in time to be taken. The children on her side are all boys. In front of her is a small boy who is usually ready to laugh at the least hint; just

now he looks very grave. Behind him are two of the monitors or *maistries*, who are picked boys, clean and strong and obedient; they keep the little ones in order. We have three boy *maistries*, distinguished by red stripes on their left sleeve. There are four girl *maistries* on the outside of the girls' part of the group; they wear a red stripe round the collar and down the front of their jacket. The monitors have an extra allowance of food, and tin plates to eat it from, whereas the other children have only earthen plates. At the back are Samuel and Premaka, our catechists; the former is master of the principal orphanage, the latter is in charge of the hospital. On the left is the Missionary in his "working clothes." When he visits England for a holiday, or to beg a lot of money from you and your friends, he will have to wear black clothes and a "box hat," poor fellow! The little girl sitting on the cot is named Lakshmi. She could walk when she came to the Government camp; but some one probably lay on her poor thin leg one night, and the next day she could not use it. She was wild with grief when she saw her brother coming away to the Mission orphanage; so, hearing she was his sister, I had her carried along with the rest. Colonel Hay, the commissioner, saw her, and very kindly had that nice little cot made, sending her bread and butter and milk from his own table, and giving her warm socks for her feet, which were quite swollen with dropsy. She is now better, and may some day, we hope, be able to walk. Lakshmi wanted to come; so we had her carried down on her cot and placed at one corner of the group.

I could tell you something interesting about many of these children, but have not time to-day. Every morning and evening you would, were you here, see a long line of boys and girls, each with a small chatty (earthen pot) on the head, coming to our compound well. Then the gardener pulls up water and fills their pots, and when all are ready, up with them on their heads, and away they go to the orphanage. Others sit down in threes round the mill stones to grind the *rāgi* for their midday meal; and, as they grind, they will often sing some pretty