

Some of you may know about Pandu Mary, one of two orphans given to Miss Baskerville by a lady who rescued them during the dreadful famine of 1900. They came to us when about two years old, two tiny tots carried from the station by a coolie in two baskets suspended from a yoke across his shoulders. Since then they have known no other home than our school. Mary's scholastic attainments are not very great, but she is a willing worker about the home, and we hope will become a useful woman.

Kakaleti Mary attracts your attention with her large pathetic eyes. She is from the Phillips Home for untainted children in Ramachandrapuram, and has been tenderly cared for by Miss Hatch and her helpers. Think what she has been saved from—her father died a leper, and her mother is now in the leper home.

Second row. Dollapalli Mary is a rollicking, fun-making girl. One of her latest accomplishments is a splendid imitation of the gramophone. She puts her head in a large metal cooking-pot, and with "quavery" voice "does the gramophone."

Next to her is bright little Dokaburra Mary, who greatly appreciates her privilege of being in this happy school because of its great contrast to her poor home, where she often did not get enough to eat, and had to help so much with the children and housework that she was hindered from attending school. Her home is a tiny mud hut with leaf roof in the midst of the heathen workers' hamlet, where the air is heavy with the nauseating odor of tanning leather, to which, however, she was quite accustomed. In that home is one poor little hunchback sister, of whom Mary is very fond. One day when she was a baby her father and mother were both away trying to earn enough money for the children's food, and this wee tot was left to the rather indifferent care of some other child, and no one knows just how, but some accident occurred which resulted in the deformed back. For a while it was so bad that the child was bent nearly double, but by the kindness and skill of Dr. Smith she has been greatly helped, and can now stand and walk.

Next comes Cheeli Mary (senior), of

whom some of you may have heard. She is the daughter of Pentamma (whose name means "rubbish"), and if you look up one of the old LINKS of 1913, you can learn more about this interesting family. The mother is now working among her own people in the very village from which she was turned out when her husband died, and we hope that when Mary has finished her studies in the school, she will go and help her mother to teach the women and children of that part of the field.

Mark Mary is a very wide-awake, vivacious girl, ready for anything in work or play. She also has large scars of burns on her forehead, temples and the back of her wrists. The little evil spirits that were supposed to have caused her ailments when a baby have evidently been frightened away by the burns, for she is well and strong now.

Next is Surla Mary, whose parents came from the caste people as a result of Mr. Barron's work on the Narsapatnam field. Mary is stout and fair—so fair that she can blush! In great contrast is the little girl beside her, thin and very black—this is Tarla Mary, daughter of the pastor of the oldest church on the Ramachandrapuram field.

Ponnammala Mary and Dokkula Mary are new girls, who are just getting used to their new surroundings, and next is the sweet, gentle Morampudi Mary, who is of the third generation of Christians, and so seems more refined than some of the others.

Karla Mary is a very delicate girl, and when the photo was taken was too ill to come.

Besides these sixteen in the boarding school, we have two day pupils of the same name—Dundi Mary, niece of Mr. D. L. Joshee, of Ramachandrapuram, and little Ijjini Mary, who is so like her twin sister Annie that I can never tell them apart, except for the different colored bangles they wear on their wrists.

Eighteen Marys educated, trained and sent out to be lights in the darkness! What a great work they may accomplish in the days to come! Will you please pray that each may be faithful, both while here in school and in after life!

LIDA PRATT.

May, 1917.

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