

### THE STORY OF MALAN.

By Rev. Norman Russell.

Home life in India has not much of the joy and brightness that belong to the dear homes of Canada, and especially is this true of the girls. They early learn that they are not of as much importance as the boys, and all their desires and pleasures must give way to those of their brothers.



Perhaps one of their first duties, and that while still almost babies themselves, is to carry round their baby brother and to see that he gets his food and any good things that are going, even if they go hungry themselves. When a few years old they are sent out to gather sticks for firewood or to collect manure and make the fire cakes. Carrying water, helping with the cooking,

and running errands, while their brothers play are the lot of most girls in India.

You will understand then how glad little Malan was to get away from all this, for part of the day at least, and attend the Mission school. Every morning the calling woman came for her and she joined the group of girls that were being escorted through the busy noisy bazaars to the big brick school-house. It was so cool and pleasant in the school-room, and the work was really more like play than a task.

They began by singing a hymn, and Miss Sahib led in prayer, and read a story from the Bible. Then followed the reading and arithmetic lessons, but the teacher was so kind and patient that it was really not hard to learn.

Best of all, however, was the Bible lesson, when Miss Sahib herself sat down and taught them about the love of Jesus, and his kindness to little children. She always made Jesus so real to them.

Malan also was fond of singing and soon learned some of the hymns, which she used to sing in her father's home. Besides this she was taught with the other girls how to sew and work wool, and in the afternoon when lessons were over the bags of work would be brought out and they would spend an hour at some pleasant task.

Malan's father was very religious. He used to say over the name of God ten thousand times a day, in hope that he would thus gain salvation, and he was very diligent in attending temple.

It was his little girl who finally taught him how foolish all this was. At first she only asked to be allowed to give thanks over her food, then she began to read her Bible at home, and finally to tell her parents what she had learned in school, so that when Miss Sahib called she found the father more than ready to talk with her and he was finally persuaded to come to Church and hear the Gospel preached.

One day Miss Sahib received a sudden message to go and see Malan. She hurried off only to find her in terrible agony. The previous night, when cooking her food, her clothing had caught fire and before it could be put out she was terribly burned.

Everything was done for her, but in vain. She was too badly burned and it was not long before she passed away.

What a joy to Miss Sahib, however, to know that she died professing her faith in Jesus Christ.