

the rhythm of some little song of her own.

So Surgana grew and learned and was happy. Then suddenly she was twelve, and her older brother came to say he had arranged a marriage for her with a young man of the village. Surgana said nothing to her brother. She knew he thought his plans for her were not to be questioned. But she had learned to question about what was right and wrong. She knew nothing about marrying and she determined to find out. Miss Anna, "Anna Amma," as Surgana called her, had told her never to do anything that in her heart she did not feel was right. How could she feel anything about it in her heart if she didn't know what marriage was?

It was at that time that Surgana heard Anna Amma talking about going to the wedding ceremony of a little girl who had been a short time in the school, but who had been taken away to be married. So she watched her chance and followed her. It was the third day of the ceremonies and the guests were feasting and making merry. In a far corner of the courtyard the little wife was crying bitterly, surrounded by her aunts and cousins who scolded and tried to comfort her. "Don't be afraid, you'll get used to it. All women have to be married. You are not the only one to suffer this way. Now let us dry your tears, or your husband will beat you."

Surgana had seen the husband, a big, fierce-looking man, and his little girl wife was so tiny and helpless! She had not wished to leave her mother to live with this man; it had been forced on her by her male relatives. That was the way in India.

"This is inhumanly cruel! How long must little children suffer like this?" and Anna Amma tossed her head to stop the tears. That was all Surgana could

stand, sobbing wildly she ran back to school, and throwing herself down on her little bed she screamed, "I won't get married! I never, never will!" There Nani found her and crooned over her until, exhausted with her excitement, she fell asleep.

A note came from the bridegroom that Surgana's brother had selected for her, saying that owing to some pressing business from which his employer would not grant him leave, he could not marry her on the day fixed. Surgana said nothing, but set her lips very tight. A month later came another note, this time enclosing an announcement card stating that his and Surgana's wedding would take place on a certain day not far distant. This time the girl simply said, "I will not marry him," and when the man came later to intercede, she refused even to see him. He was violently angry that no one would force her to do as he wished; it was an outrage that the custom of the country should be thus openly defied. He went out the gateway calling upon all the evil spirits he could muster, to bring sickness and destruction upon Surgana and the school.

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Surgana said little about this crisis in her life, which had been safely passed, but she showed her thankfulness by studying hard, and by her eagerness to teach all the women of India about the Christ who had become so dear to her, and who had saved her from a life of sorrow. She wanted to help them when they were sick, so she trained as a nurse. At eighteen Surgana had developed into a lovely woman. She had found a new friend in a young man who came often to see his mother, one of the older nurses of the training school. In a few months Surgana, with a new light in her eyes and a new tenderness in the touch of her skilful hands, whispered to