

STORY OF A HINDU GIRL IN OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

INDORE, 2 April, 1897.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Some years ago, in one of our schools for heathen girls, I had a pupil named Awanti, whose father was dead, and the mother was employed in menial work about our Mission Hospital. The mother sickened, and knowing that she was dying of consumption, just before her death, married this girl, aged not more than ten years, to a very bad man aged about 35 years.

I well remember the day of the mother's death. I was in the school when I heard sounds of music, the beating of the tom-tom, (drum) and the peculiar blowing of horns that told me a funeral procession was coming up the street.

I went to the door and saw the mother's body being carried away to the burning place. Behind the bearers ran this girl Awanti,—alone, bare-headed, bare-footed, and crying bitterly. A little further behind hobbled along the old grandmother.

Soon after this Awanti ran away from her people, and came to the house of one of our Christian women who was a teacher in the city school.

She deliberately broke her caste by eating with the sweeper woman, and then threatened to kill herself if we did not take her in, and so save her from this man, her husband, I allowed her to enter the Boarding School.

In a few days the husband came to our house with some of his caste people. He was very angry, and threatened all sorts of things if we kept the girl. She withstood him to his face, and absolutely refused to have anything to do with him, saying that she would die rather than live with him. The man went away and I have never seen him since, and that is nearly five years ago.

Awanti stayed with us, learned well, and gave little trouble. I was not surprised

when a little more than two years ago, she expressed a desire to confess Christ in baptism, and soon after she and two of her companions were received into the Church.

She has been subject to sore eyes, and lately has had to give up study altogether. When she had the last bad attack she cried very bitterly for two days, more because of her sorrow than the pain of her eyes, though that was great enough. Then she was told she could not study any more and must be



Miss Jean V. Sinclair.

very careful or she would become quite blind.

She comes to her English class, and just listens, and as she is the cleverest girl in her class, I have hopes that with extra care, she may acquire some English in this way.

She must not sew or cook or do any work of this sort, and at first I did not know how her time was to be employed. But gradually she is finding work that she can do, and she is so happy and cheerful over it, seeming to realize that others have to sew,