

The Young Women

WHAT SOME PEOPLE HAVE DONE Some Things Accomplished by People Who Said, "I Can't Do Much, but I'll Do What I Can."

A Chicago woman said, "I can't give much myself, but I'll give what I can, and I'll do what I can." She gave what she could and then she talked with a man who had great wealth. He was making his will at the time. She called his attention to the splendid work being done by a Children's Home. She did not know she had done much, but later when that will was probated there was a gift of \$40,000 to that home. The woman had done what she could.

* * *

A Virginia man said, "I can't do much. I've never had a chance to go to school; I've always lived in the backwoods." He talked to his friends in the backwoods. Then he took his pastor to see them and one by one he led a dozen or more people to Christ in this way.

* * *

"I can't do much," said a woman in South Carolina, "but you can count on me for anything I can do." "Oh, I can't teach a Mission Study Class," she answered when she was asked for that service, "but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll work up the class and arrange for all the meetings if you'll get someone else to really do the teaching."

Because she did what she could a splendid class was assembled.

* * *

"I can't do much," said an art student.

"Will you make a banner for our convention?" asked an officer.

"I'll be glad to do a thing like that. That's something I really can do."

She made the banner which hung before the convention. Every speaker referred to it in one way or another. Every delegate looked at it again and again. Its message laid hold on many hearts because one student did what she could.—Missionary Review of the World.

Let us hear from some Young Women's Circles. What new methods have you found for keeping up the interest?—Editor.

THE COST OF DISCIPLESHIP By Susan Roberts of Ongole

This afternoon in the famous old baptistry in Dr. Clough's garden (now ours) Chengamma, a wealthy Brahmin widow from Atmakur, received baptism. An educated woman she is, too, as Hindu women go. She is a teacher in a government school in her town. Perhaps you do not appreciate the significance of all these things but the community here has probably not been so stirred since the day when that Brahmin from the distinguished family of Madras came here to be baptized, and was pursued and beseeched and finally half killed by his family in order to prevent him from taking this step.

This woman comes from a town about a hundred miles from here. She has wanted to come out openly as a Christian for some time, but family ties prevented. Finally she came with the Christian preacher and an old servant to this place where she has no relatives to interfere.

You do not dimly realize what it means for a woman of the highest rank of India's many castes to put behind her every worldly consideration, the pleadings of relatives and of friends, the traditions of centuries, and step out alone into a community of strangers, most of whom she has been taught to despise as outcasts.

She was given a room in our school bungalow under the same roof that shelters me at this moment, and, although she was a bit lonely at first, she soon got accustomed to things and by Wednesday her face was really shining with joy. I remember Wednesday especially because that was the day she was received into the church and I came over after the school girls had gone to prayer-meeting, thinking she would be a little timid about going alone. We had scarcely got into the church before it began to rain—and continued to pour in torrents all the time we were in the church. The noise of the rain and the effect of the poor lights, which left a large part of the room in shadows, gave me a feeling of strangeness, especially as I was the only white person present. After the short service of song and Bible readings and prayer, the pastor said they would examine