

"WHEN I NUMBER UP MY JEWELS."

At about ten o'clock one cool season morning I, with two or three native workers, was walking through the Brahmin section of the partially deserted old town of Nilapalli. The narrow earth street was almost deserted, and so few strangers ever passed that way that the householders had practically annexed the shady street as part of their houses, and regularly watered and swept the hard beaten earth, and sometimes ate there.

As we passed along, exclaiming at the old-world isolation and quietude of the place, a Brahmin arose from one of the dark doorways and, saluting, approached us. At his invitation, we turned aside to sit on the mats of his cool verandah, and engage in conversation. The latter entering on religious subjects, he rose and asked me to follow him into the house. I did so, mentally noting that here must be an unusually broad-minded Hindu. We passed the door and crossed the sunlit court within, surrounded by the small tiled living-rooms on all sides. Into one of these I was led, and then into a small corner room. I stopped in surprise, for it was fitted up in a way that one seldom sees in India. It was a small, whitewashed chamber, with large windows. On the wall was a picture of Christ, and on a table in the corner, laid reverently on a snowy cloth embroidered with Christian emblems was a Telugu Bible. Still more wonders were to ensue, however, for the man's principal wife came forward, shy yet unafraid, and introduced herself as a Christian.

It transpired that she had attended a 'caste girls' mission school in her girlhood, and had given her heart to Christ. When taken from school and married at a very early age, she had never given up her new-found Saviour, and had been very fortunate in being given to an exceptionally tolerant husband. At her solicitation, she had had this little room set aside for her, and here she had bestowed her treasures, and would steal away each day for a few moments with her Bible and her Saviour.

Her name was recorded in no church or mission list, and if I had not happened to walk down that street at that time, she would probably have never been heard of. There must be thousands just such sweet, quiet souls throughout India to-day, known only to Him to whom they have committed all, and "Who calleth His own sheep by name."

JOHN B. MC LAURIN.

THIS IS GOOD NEWS.

Dear LINK: In connection with an Interdenominational Conference of Missionaries in our part of India lately, the following report was submitted, discussed and the following findings decided upon. Readers of the LINK will be interested:

**Recommendations of the Committee on Development of Christian Women
in Village Congregations.**

1. We recommend that work among Christian women in the villages should be organized into societies in connection with local churches as part of their life and activities; and, whereas we believe that the time has come to put into practice principles of self-support and self-government, we recommend that these societies, with their responsibilities, be committed as far as possible to the women themselves, under Missionary supervision.

2. We recommend that in every field where there is a considerable number of Christians, provision be made for the supervision of this work by Women Missionaries, or qualified Indian women.