

ma, and great was her rejoicing on that day. It was at Samalkot, for we feared a disturbance at Ramachandrapuram.

Her face shone as she came up from the water, and as we women stood around her in one of the class rooms, we watched her exuberant joy, as she sang one hymn after another, hardly being able to contain herself. One daughter was with her, and she stayed that night with another married daughter in Co-canada. I wrote her after leaving, and she sent me brave messages back. But the following is the very last word concerning her, and is taken from a private letter from Miss Jones, written home.

Will not many take this woman on their hearts in prayer? She has great gifts and great influence, and God may use her to great service. Miss Jones says:—

"Suramma came to see us on Sunday night, just as we were about to retire. We were tired and sleepy. We (that is, Miss Cooper from Colombo, who was with me for a week, and I) had in the morning visited the Savaram Sunday School, and Petabai's mother, who is very ill; had attended the long monthly meeting, when five adults from Pedaparti were received into the church, and twelve of the boarding boys were examined and received for baptism; had gone to the canal and witnessed the baptism, besides little et ceteras.

"It was four months since I had seen Suramma. They are building a new house, and in the meantime are living behind the son's shop.

"She told us we must not come to see her there, that she would send to me if convenient at any time. I have sent messages of greeting, but not until now had we met. I felt so glad to see her that I am sure my arms circled her as strongly and tenderly as did her arms circle me.

"Chittamma (her daughter) was with her. Then she sat down and told us so calmly and almost joyfully the story of the persecutions and trials of the last few months. Her son had found out that she had been baptized. He spit upon her, saying, 'Chee, chee!' (a term of infinite contempt). He said the Christian Christ was a bad man; she must give up praying to Him or speaking of Him, and must worship idols. If she would not do this, he threatened to

kill her, and then kill himself. He found also his young wife on her knees, and told her she must give up this thing; or he would send her back to her own house. God gave His grace to bear and to witness calmly and fearlessly, but respectfully.

"My son,' she said, 'though you should harm my body, you cannot touch my soul. You may abuse me; I will not abuse you. You may strike me; I will not strike you back. You may kill me; but give up my faith in Jesus, I cannot. He is my Saviour. I am His child. Do not kill me. Do not kill yourself. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Do not kill yourself. We will separate.'

"For many days he kept them apart, and had his meals cooked by a Brahman. For some reasons, the neighbors, and even Gowrazu Garu, our Brahman teacher, interceded, and requested the son not to divide up the property; so he sent her a rose for a peace-offering, and is again eating with them. The neighbors said, 'What good is gained by casting her out? Will it make the fact of her being baptized less a fact? Will it make talk cease?'

"So now they are together. She is really imprisoned, but, oh, how much she has grown in grace. Bible verses and hymns come to her lips unconsciously, and her life is hid with Christ in God. She looks forward to her release from this prison when the new house is completed. It looks as though all but this eldest son were learning to love and trust her Saviour. I feel envious of her crown, and yet I could not keep back the tears as I thought of her suffering for Christ's sake. They had stolen away while the son was asleep."

Perhaps a circle of prayer might be formed through the "Link" that this Saul might become Paul.

GRANDMA ROBINSON.

In January last this world was made the poorer by the passing away of a saintly woman, known for many years to the people of Bobcaygeon, and also to the readers of the "Link," and to Miss Hatch in connection with the Leper Home accounts, as Grandma Robinson. She was born in Devonshire, on the day of the battle of Waterloo,