

ON TOUR, KANDRAKORTA, SAMALKOT FIELD, FEB. 18, 1925.

Dear Link:—

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while she—"

(Well, I can't say, as the hymn says, "While she sings" for I wasn't singing. Far from it. For various reasons connected with the work and my own lamentable insufficiency I was doing anything but singing. But, anyhow, now a gleam of light comes and I can go on to say:—)

"It is the Lord"—

Two or three things, just little, little things, have happened in the last few days, since I came to Kandrakorta, to surprise me and make me take up the song. This is where R. Sujenamma, one of our best biblewomen, lives and works. Her husband is the pastor. Long years ago when I first came to India, and was stationed on the Yellamanchili field, next to Tunj you know, Miss Priest and I used to join forces and tour together sometimes. "Susie", as we called her, belonged to Tunj field and used to come with us. She was a dear girl, lovable, always laughing and making light of our difficulties. She gave promise, then, of what she is now—a mature, experienced Christian woman of superior intelligence, with a real message for the people. So when I came to Samalkot last March to take up work you may be sure I was glad to renew my friendship with Susie after all these years. Now she is the mother of several children, all grown, or growing up. But she is the same lovable, merry Susie—wise, tactful, able to win and hold an audience while she gives them the Gospel, straight from her warm heart.

Yesterday we had a day of it, speaking in two different villages and visiting the Christians in two others. We left the tent at 5.30 a.m. and were away twelve hours. And when I got home, washed and had my tea, another audience of school-boys and coolies coming home from work assailed me (no other word will do) wanting to hear the gramophone.

Now for the little things—the "light" that "surprised". In Warlawa we had a meeting for the Christians and their friends, with the gramophone (of course!) And after our pro-

gram I asked the Christian women to sing for me. Amongst other things they sang a hymn—a sort of chant—telling of Christ's sufferings on the cross. As they sang it, so beautifully, I saw the tears trickle down the faces of one of the older women. And their leader had to wipe her own eyes with the end of her poor frayed quaka. "Why don't you sing, anna?" I said, to the older woman. But she only shook her head. She couldn't. I saw that. And I thought, "Oh, give me, too, a tender heart for the sufferings of my Lord!"

And the leader of the singing women? Just a poor outcaste woman, rescued from a life of sin by Susie, saved by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Susie taught her to read, in odd moments. With difficulty she earns a meagre living by coolly work and a little sewing. But her real life is lived when she takes her worn old hymn book and her Luke's Gospel and goes to the caste homes in her town to tell the women there, with whom she has made friends, of her Saviour. And it is her pleasure to teach the illiterate Christian women many hymns. All without remuneration. Just for love.

Now, wasn't that a gleam?

When we went to a caste house, this woman showing us the way, for she often went, the women crowded round and a few listened so intently. I was trying to picture for them Christ's sacrifice for us. I spoke of his suffering, his pains and asked "Why, sisters, should he, great God, consent to suffer so?" And a dear old intent listener said "To heap up their sin and punishment!" Shocked, I said, "Oh, no, no, amma! Not to heap up anybody's sin but to take it away—to take away our sin, your's, and mine, and everybody's." And a little fair-faced woman, sitting close to the other who was older, pressed her arm and said in a low, eager tone—"Yes, yes, don't you know the hymn says—

"Thou, oh my God, for my sins
Didst thou bear these pains!"

Yes, she has heard the hymn, these words, at any rate, had stayed in her mind—and she understood. I think it was the rescued woman's work again. But it was a little light that surprised. And cheered. Then last night, after the gramophone audience had gone