DEAR FELLOW WORKERS,

We must wish you all 'A Happy Christmas'. Perhaps you will say, 'How can it be happy with such a war going on?' Praise the Lord our happiness depends on Him, not on circumstances, and He is ever the same. He changes not.

'Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day kind, the next day grieve us.'

So again we say, 'A Happy Christmas', through Jesus Christ our Lord. We deeply sympathise with the homes that have
lost loved ones, and we do lift you all up to the Throne and Jesus loves and cares. Trust Him still. We most sincerely thank you all for your prayers and help to us here. We have many difficulties but Jesus brings us through and as we look to Him He gives us many a cheer too.

We are so happy to tell you that Miss Penny has passed her second language examination, so that will be a burden lifted. We do so wish her health were better. Now an operation looms ahead, for appendicitis and perhaps more; so our good friends in St. Margaret’s Hospital, Poona, Dr. Greenfield, and Dr. Rankine, will have her in hand, and over all—The Lord. We trust the result will mean better health for her afterwards.

Miss Callan is much enjoying rest and fellowship with her friend in the Kashmir direction. She will have to be thinking of returning soon, and then Miss Morris will have to have a holiday.

Pulbagh has a big request on at present; they would like Bibles of their own. They are rather little for Bibles yet, so we contemplate starting them on a Gospel first. They are a very active jolly crowd. I thought it was very sweet when two of them came and said it was the school examination and they wanted to be prayed for. Two older schoolgirls made the same request too. It is good that they know something of the value of prayer at the beginning of their lives, and we do hope it will deepen as they grow up. Miss Callan will be surprised at the increase in the nursery when she returns. People cannot get milk to feed their babies so they are giving them to Mukti.

You will enjoy the following letter from Miss Callan.—

How do you like to go up in the swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh I do think it the pleasantest thing,
Ever a child can do.
Up in the air and over the wall
Till I can see so wide
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country side.
Till I look down on the garden green
Down on the roof so brown
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

I think if you asked the little ones what they liked best about their new home, they would all agree that the best thing of all is the fine big swing. They love to crowd on, some sitting, some standing and they swing and swing, singing most lustily.

Could you accompany me to the nursery you would enjoy these youngsters. There is Usha who has not yet lost her baby lisp, but who feels very important if she can have the opportunity to give her little sister, Mira, her porridge or rice, or when, as she said to me the other day, ‘We have our school examination this afternoon’. She is really full of mischief and antics. There is Mohini who has been so sick with eczema, but who is always so quiet and pleasant. Last week she was one in the birthday group in the school party, and when she came home from school she called three or four of the little ones who do not attend school to come and sit beside her and she gave each one some of her puffed rice.

The twins, Marya and Martha, are a source of great amusement to all. Some of them know which is Marya but others don’t and they go up to them and ask ‘Are you Marya or Martha?’ They of course do not quite understand it all yet. Only the other day Marya was stung on the lip by a hornet. Martha was standing nearby and she was doing most of the howling. Then she kissed Marya and made a great fuss over her. All that day Martha was telling the children how Marya got stung. The amusement caused by listening to and watching her seriously lisp out the tale to one and then another, quite
left poor Marya in the background, but the swelling subsided very quickly, whether due to Martha's kisses and sympathy or not we cannot say.

Only two weeks ago our little Suwarta left us to be with the Lord. She was coming along so nicely, running around everywhere, but took a heavy cold which developed serious throat complications and so she left us suddenly. Two days later Sindhu said, 'Moushie, Akka is crying. She wants Suwarta, but there is no need to cry, is there? She has gone to be with God our Father'.

Some of the older nurses have had to take the lighter duties so we have some young girls learning to care for the little ones. This calls for much more patience on the part of the matrons. Birdi Akka still tries to do her part in this, although she is not so fit now either. Rhodabai loves her work with the babies and we are glad to have her as a faithful helper. Okhambai is also helping to see to the different treatments and medicines. We do praise God for those faithful ones who seek to tend these buds that they may blossom forth to His Glory. Please continue to pray for added grace and strength for all to be faithful in the little things, and that these buds may be to His praise and glory.

Yours in Him,
JANET CALLAN.

Miss Morris writes.—

Tuesday, Bazaar Day in the Dispensary

Tuesday is our bazaar day, when people from all the villages around come to Kedgaon to buy their supply of vegetables and grain for the week. At the same time some of these people come for a weekly supply of medicine. Today was a large dispensary, and so many had malaria that there was a run on quinine injections until we ran out, and some went
away disappointed, having to wait yet another day or two until we get a fresh supply.

As these people buy pennyworths and halfpennyworths of vegetables so they come for the same worth of medicine. One little fellow said 'I want one halfpenny's worth of quinine for my mother; she has fever and must be made well.' Quinine these days is so expensive, and we did not happen to have any so we gave him a halfpenny's worth of pills that might help his mother. Some of these people are desperately poor, and one penny spent for medicine when it could have been used for vegetables for the children is almost a crime.

A small boy has come in, nine years old, brought by his parents. He has been gored by a bullock and his right upper leg is torn right to the bone—a tear about four inches long. What are we going to do? The parents have chopped up some leaves and put them into the open wound and then put over a dirty rag. No doctor, and to get to the nearest hospital there is no train for some hours; and the trains are so packed that it would be very difficult to take the little fellow, so the only thing to do is to put in sutures. Now they are in and the little fellow is put into a comfortable bed to sleep, and we do not know how he will get on, but we have asked the Lord that he will make a good recovery.

Roshanbai, a mother, Mohammedan by caste, was brought in by her husband for delivery. He went home after leaving her with us, as she had some time before the baby was to come. Baby is a girl. No one was pleased about her. The husband did not even come to see his wife and daughter. The wife was too nervous to go unless she had word from him. The baby was one month and four days old when the father turned up to take his wife. We got a surprise when he told us he was not taking the little girl, and would we take her. The mother wept much, but nothing could be done if the husband said 'No'. The mother gave her over to the Mission with
a very sad heart, no more to see her little daughter. But she said, 'If I have trouble in my home I will come back and live with you and my baby in the Mission.' Pray for these poor women. Also pray for little Roshan (as we have given her her mother's name), that she may grow up to be a joy to Him. Pray for India's Children.

E. A. MORRIS

Miss Fletcher has had to take up the needlework as well as her own work, since Mrs. Eicker went on furlough. She is getting lots of sales and lots of orders from the military. There seems no satisfying them.

We know not what awaits us in the coming days if the Lord tarries, but

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\begin{align*}
\text{God holds the key of all unknown} \\
\text{And I am glad.} \\
\text{If other hands should hold the key,} \\
\text{Or if He trusted it to me,} \\
\text{I might be sad.}
\end{align*}
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With grateful thanks and best wishes to all

Yours in His keeping

JULIA WOODWARD

M. L. HASTIE

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