December, 1926

TIDINGS

FROM

A. B. F. M. SOCIETY

IN

BENGAL-ORISSA, INDIA

Dr. Mary W. Bachelor
BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

Bhimapore, via. Midnapore, Bengal.
Rev. H. C. Long.
Mrs. Long.
Miss Grace Hill.
Miss Naomi Knapp.

Midnapore, Bengal.
Rev. A. A. Berg.
Mrs. Berg.
Dr. Mary W. Bacheler.
Miss Ruth Daniels.

Khargpur, B. N. Ry.
Rev. E. C. Brush.
Mrs. E. C. Brush.
Dr. J. H. Oxrieder.
Mrs. Oxrieder.

Jamshedpur, B. N. Ry.
Rev. Zo D. Browne.
Mrs. Browne.
Rev. Chas. A. Roadarmel.

Contai, Bengal.
Rev. J. A. Howard.
Mrs. Howard.

Hatigarh, via. Jellasore.
Mr. George Ager.
Mrs. Ager.

Balasore, Orissa, B. N. Ry.
Mr. Lloyd Eller.
Mrs. Eller.
Miss Ethel Cronkite.
Mr. William Dunn.
Mrs. Dunn.
Miss Sarah B. Gowen.
Miss M. I. Laughlin.
Mr. J. G. Gilson.
Mrs. Gilson.
Rev. H. I. Frost.
Mrs. Frost.
Miss Gladys Garnet.

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W. H. Lipphard, 276, Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Single subscription $0.30.
Four subscriptions $1.00.
"Dr. MARY'S JUBILEE"

So ran the legend on the special cake which had come all the way from Calcutta to grace the center of the table Thanksgiving Day when the Mission Conference gathered to do honor to Dr. Mary Bacheler. This year we had a double reason for celebration. Not only was it Thanksgiving, but this is the fiftieth year since Dr. Mary began her service for Bengal-Orissa, and so we rejoiced together. To begin with the day was right,—bright, warm, yet invigorating,—an ideal cold season day. The morning hours were filled with the final sessions of the Annual Conference, which, however, adjourned in time to permit the Long bungalow to be transformed into a veritable banquet hall by many willing hands. Three large tables were needed to accommodate us all, the center one being made particularly festive by the Jubilee cake, whereas the others had to content themselves with mere roses. Hand-painted Thanksgiving place cards completed the table decorations.

Dr. Mary, of course, knew all about the great Thanksgiving dinner, but the part she was to play as guest of honor was kept a secret from her until she actually found her place at the table. At the close of a truly bountiful dinner Mr. Brush, on behalf of her fellow-missionaries, presented Dr. Mary with a pair of gold bracelets, of Indian design. Not only do they serve to remind her of the love and esteem in which we all hold her, but because they are produced by Indian artisans they are a memento of this land in which her life has been spent. Dr. Mary responded, thanking with deep feeling those who thus remembered her, saying that she had
long desired just such bracelets. After this Mr. Frost read the Resolution of the Women's Board relating to this Jubilee, published in full in "Missions."

Tribute to Dr. Mary Bacheler of Midnapore, Orissa

Whereas, in looking up the records of long service of our missionaries, we note that sixty years ago, in 1866, Dr. Mary Washington Bacheler was already in the field in Bengal-Orissa, then belonging to the Free Baptists, who entered this field thirty years before in that eventful year of Baptist beginnings, 1836;

Whereas, fifty years ago, in 1876, she was appointed a missionary and entered the service as assistant to her mother; and exclusive of some years at home Dr. Bacheler has actually served forty-one years;

Whereas, following the example of her Master she has been a medical and evangelistic missionary, and both the souls and bodies of women and little children have been precious to her;

Whereas, she can look back on many fruitful years of ministering and mothering, and with a spirit that seems to keep young she looks forward to further loving service;

Whereas, we recognize that her record is being written in heaven and that both here and in another world many will rise up to call her blessed;

And whereas, as a Board we feel it appropriate that special mention be made of this long and consecrated service;

Be it therefore resolved, that we record our appreciation of this distinguished missionary service, that we convey to Dr. Bacheler our recognition in a tangible form, and that we spread this resolution upon our minutes.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent most happily with music and games. Robert and Kenneth Frost played two selections on the saxophone and violin accompanied by Mary Laughlin, and later Mr. Roadarmel sang for us. There were several original and mirth provoking stunts given by various talented members of the group. Finally everyone
went outside to take pictures,—or to be taken. One group, of B.-O. missionaries' children, which included Dr. Mary and Mr. Frost whose parents both served this field, will be especially interesting.

MARY LAUGHLIN.

JOSUDA RAI

In the little family room of worship was an object devoted to the goddess Sitola—not a beautiful image but just an old earthen water jar covered tight and a heavy fruit called Bael on top of the cover. This was worshipped from time to time and especially once a year it was decorated with flowers and dedicated by the priest with incantations and blessings. All the family held this object in reverence and the little girl, the heroine of our story, and her brother were filled with fear by warnings against touching it and with awe by the mystery of the golden figure which was said to be inside along with pieces of 7 kinds of metals. Oh, how much they wanted to see what was inside and so one day, which was one of the special dedication days, they watched their chance. The priest went off to the nearby stream to get water and no one else was in the sacred room. The little sister stood by the door on guard while her brother sacrilegiously and boldly thrust his hand into the water jar to pull out the golden image and the precious metals, but lo, his hand brought forth only mud and water and three small pieces of metal. Then covering up their wicked deed they waited to see whether the threats of the priest would come true, for he had said that something terrible would happen to whoever touched this sacred object. But nothing happened that day, nor the next, nor the day after and in the hearts of that little boy and girl of 9 and 10, a skepticism grew that was never to be removed, a skepticism about the idols and 330 million gods which was later to be replaced by faith in the One True God.

This little girl's name was Josuda Rai and her brother was the great preacher, Sachidananda Rai. They were born in the village of Dinemari, some 20 miles south of Midnapore, in a Brahmin family who then lived by
Josuda Rai.
Josuda was the fifth of six children, of whom four lived to grow up. Her older sister's wedding when she was about four was a great event in her childhood memories. After her only living sister left her thus, she found her playmates among the neighbours' children until her own marriage when she was 11. Her husband was from the Northwest, as were her own people, and though he was good looking, he was not very well educated. She herself had learned to read by going to a little village school with her brother and she had a keen mind as she proved in later years when she had more chance to learn and also to teach.

Within a few years after her marriage Christian preachers came to their village and soon her older brother became a secret believer. She was taught by him and these two who that day secretly searched Sitola's water jar, were truly converted and definitely surrendered to Christ. The other members of the family also decided to become Christians and all including Josuda and her husband were baptized when she was about 14. Then trials descended upon them as they remained in their own village—no barber, or washerman, milkman, sweeper or neighbour would come near them and these who, according to their custom, had never washed their own clothes or cut their own nails, were helpless. Gradually this barrier broke down but debts contracted long before took away all their property and even Josuda's wedding jewelry had to be sold. Two years later all moved to Midnapore and within a year or more her husband died after only half a day's illness. Then what jewelry remained she was by custom no longer permitted to wear and she began to wear the plain white saris of widows—which in their simplicity and purity completely symbolize the perfect simplicity of her faith and the stern self-sacrifice of her whole life.

She then studied some under the missionaries and began to teach in the Hindu homes. Later she was put in charge of a Girl's School in Bora Bazaar which had been taught by a Hindu master. The transformation of that school in manners, discipline, instruction and atmosphere was remarkable. After many years she began to feel that the Lord was calling her to serve in a more special way as a Bible-woman. If you can picture the combination of a thorough experimental knowledge of practical Hinduism, a thorough experience of salvation through Christ, a keen
mind, a quick ear, a clear but gentle voice, an unusual command of
correct language, and the proper proportion of dignity and humility, boldness and reticence that makes good breeding and with it all, a loving heart and a consecrated spirit—then you may be able in imagination to see her the center of a group of Hindu women and restless children telling the Gospel story as few have ever told it. She holds their attention and compels their thought, she catches up their quiet remarks and answers their arguments, she points out their weaknesses and gives her own clear testimony, “Christ can save from sin and give peace. I know, for I have tried Him.”

Her eyes and health in general began to fail about five years ago and she became Matron of the Girls’ Boarding. As there were only a few girls this was less strenuous than Bible-woman’s work. No one could plan meals more tastily or economically than she and none could be more watchful of manners and morals. Health compelled her to give this up, too, but not long afterward her younger brother’s illness and need of care called forth strength where there seemed to be none and for over a year she waited on him devotedly. What health she had was sacrificed to him and since his death she has been an invalid.

She has passed her life in comparative poverty, but her greatest natural longing in life was to be rich. “I once thought of nothing but how I could be rich,” she said, “but it was one of God’s blessings that He did not grant my wish, otherwise I should have forgotten Him.” Yet she loved to give and it was one of the stings of poverty that she could not make the gifts she liked to. A friend took her some present one day. She received it with gratitude but also with sorrow, saying, “My hand is always this way,” holding it palm up. “I should like to have it this way,” turning it over as if dropping something from the fingers. She found difficulty in breaking the bonds of caste. She tried not to show this feeling but the struggle was in her soul. “I know I shall eat with sweepers in heaven, so I should be willing to here, but how can I?

Many more pages would not suffice to tell her virtues and words seem too gray and dull to proclaim the wonder which those of us who
know her life feel. Instead of printed words it would take a picture in
colour to portray her. It would not be a picture of dazzling colours or
sharp contrasts or outstanding figures, but a quiet scene like a sunset
where the colours would be steady and soft and soothing. There would
be blue for depth and patience and honesty and rosy tints for loving
kindness and graciousness and gentleness; there would be some deeper
shades for sacrifice and persistence and devotion and somewhere there
would be a bit of playfulness for her ever present sense of humour. The
more you looked at this picture the more you would see its beauty and the
deeper would be its meaning to you, and as you continued to gaze you
would feel a spirit of a calm and peace growing upon you. Such is the
effect of this life upon those who have known her. Such is the effect
upon those of us who see her day by day slipping away from this world
but patient and gentle and Christlike through her constant suffering.

Ruth Daniels.

RAI-IYENGAR

If we only had a photograph of the bride and groom to put at the
top of this, you would know who they were. It occurred yesterday,
November 30th. The bridegroom was a young man from Madras,
Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Mr. K. S. Iyengar,
who left his Hindu parents and home to become a Christian seven years
ago. The bride you all know by name and many of you by sight—
Khanto Bala Rai, the Jubilee girl who graduated from Nebraska
University and has managed the Girls’ School here for the last three
years.

Several years ago someone described Khanto Bala to this young
man and he immediately said, “That is the girl for me.” Last January
he came to make her acquaintance and he succeeded so well that in April
he came again for the formal engagement. Yesterday he came to take
her back to Madras and to-night they have gone to the new little home he
has made ready. At 4 o’clock the church was packed and after long
waiting, the car bringing the bridegroom, his adopted sister and his 
missionary mother, Mrs. Ferguson, arrived. The bridegroom took the 
seat intended for him in the center front. After a little longer wait the 
bridal party slowly came, preceded by Indian music. The bride demure 
and beautiful in her silk and gold wedding costume, walked up the aisle 
to take her place beside the groom. The ceremony was the same 
Christian ceremony that is used at home.

After the wedding came the wedding dinner at the bride's home. 
The large canopy spread for the guests with an avenue from gate to 
house veranda had all been gaily decorated in the wee small hours of the 
night before. Hired coolies, faithful school and house servants, kind 
neighbours and relatives had all done their part to make this a successful 
occaasion. The feast for which women had carefully looked over raisins, 
nuts and rice weeks before, and had peeled potatoes and onions and 
other vegetables for hours, and hired Brahmin cooks had stirred the fire 
under huge kettles since morning, was not the least of the success of this 
event. Five hundred people ate and Khanto's special wish that every 
poor acquaintance of hers should eat at her wedding dinner was fulfilled. 
Oh, it tasted good—pillao and fish curry and meat curry and greens and 
chutney and curds and sweets! Friends who cared to, found the bride 
and groom in a quiet little room where they received till the last had 
eaten and gone at 10 or 11 o'clock. The bride did not "cut the 
price" or eat with the guests.

To-day they packed and said good-bye and her mother, brother and 
sisters went as far as Khargpur on the way. If you want to know the 
virtues of these young people, you should listen to the bridegroom's 
missionary mother—she tells everyone how fortunate Khanto is to get 
such a husband,—and to a Midnapore missionary, who says she hopes he 
appreciates what he has gotten and her sacrifice in leaving her home for 
him. Anyway, we are not sorry for either of them, and they have the 
best wishes of Midnapore and Madras people.
OUR "INPUT"

Jamshedpur is our newest and largest mission station. Ten years ago a jungle, it is now a modern city of 100,000 people, all connected in some way with the Tata Iron and Steel Company. Although ours is not the only Church which serves the spiritual needs of Jamshedpur, we entered there in its early years upon the invitation of young people who went there from our churches and many Baptist Telugus from South India. We are proud of our two Churches there. The Indian work under Rev. A. L. Maity, is self-supporting and self-governing and the English work under the leadership of Rev. and Mrs. Zo D. Browne growing constantly has almost reached its goal of self-support.

FINANCIAL INPUT

In Jamshedpur common talk has a lot to say about output. The managers and superintendents are always looking for more output. When the people outside of Jamshedpur say that the Tata Company can never produce all the steel that India needs, they are crying along with the rest for more output. More output is coming every day in the steel mills. Some plants have doubled their output. The output of another plant during this last hot season came up to its output during the last cold season,—a thing that has never happened before. So it goes. It is an interesting story.

In our religious work we have been interested not in output, but "input." Input is ours; output is God's. If we will take care of the input, God will take care of the output. And our input has been increasing. In other things more vital than giving of money, there have been increases in friendship, in the attendance at our evening services, at our Sunday Schools, in the number of people at our Lord's table. One man said, "There is just one trouble with this church; when you once get here, it is so hard to get away."

The giving of money is a good thermometer, and so I wish to give the reports of the Sunday School and Church treasurers:
The Sunday School—

Receipts—

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<tr>
<td>Cash balance</td>
<td>Rs. 316 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday offerings</td>
<td>&quot; 570 6 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Birthday offerings</td>
<td>&quot; 55 10 0</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>Rs. 942 0 0</strong></td>
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Disbursements—

For ourselves—

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Treasure hunt prizes</td>
<td>Rs. 11 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Supplies for teachers, scholars</td>
<td>&quot; 377 14 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Expenditure</strong></td>
<td><strong>Rs. 690 1 0</strong></td>
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</tbody>
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For others—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Our Burmese girls and Santal boy</td>
<td>Rs. 133 8 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wedding Gift to one of our scholars</td>
<td>&quot; 62 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Train fare of two girls to school</td>
<td>&quot; 50 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British and Foreign Bible Society</td>
<td>&quot; 55 11 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Expenditure</strong></td>
<td><strong>Rs. 690 1 0</strong></td>
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Receipts—

<table>
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<tr>
<td>Cash in hand</td>
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<td>Monthly subscriptions</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weekly offerings</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rent from school rooms</td>
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<tr>
<td>Annual church supper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lecture on New Zealand</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>&quot; 70 9 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Loans returned</td>
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<td>Sale of hymn books</td>
<td>&quot; 7 8 0</td>
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<td>Church magazine</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scripture text calendars</td>
<td>&quot; 120 0 0</td>
</tr>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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Disbursements—

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<td>Running expenses</td>
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<tr>
<td>Benevolence</td>
<td>1,236 6 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pastor's salary</td>
<td>5,900 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monthly church magazine</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scripture text calendars</td>
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</table>

Raising of funds has been a great experience. I preached a sermon on giving. Afterward a very good friend said to me: "You have more courage than tact." Then he gave me Rs. 40 and has been giving Rs. 20 per month ever since. Another man to whom I presented the needs of the church, replied. "I shall give you Rs. 25 per month. I ought to have done it before this." "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?"

(Note.—The value of a rupee is a little less than 30 cents.)

**SPIRITUAL INPUT**

Along with the financial statement which is so encouraging, we want there to go something about the spiritual growth of the Church. Anyone present at the last Communion Service could testify to the real spirit of fellowship and consecration which prevailed. It is good to see the growth of Christian friendship between English, Americans and others separated from their home churches, families and friends. Sunday in India is not a day of rest and there is much to pull men down and lead them to forget the God of their fathers.

In the midst of the hum of machinery it is fine to have a place of worship. The attendance has grown and now there are quite a number of faithful ones who not only are to be found in their places but several use their motor-cars to bring friends from a distance—who could not
otherwise come. The roomy auditorium is usually comfortably filled. The Church has grown like a light-house is built, stone by stone. As the need arises, money and members seem to come forth and the response makes us feel that the community counts the work worth while.

The opportunity for Christian service in this vast city of 100,000 people is overwhelming. One missionary cannot begin to do what he would like to do, for the domiciled Europeans and Americans, for the Indians highly educated in England or America, and the throngs of Indians—Christian, Hindu, Mohammedans, on every hand.

It is great to be here, where a few years ago there was such opposition. It was hard to see and hear people ridicule everything that "smelled missionary" and to keep on loving them. But it does our hearts good to hear those same people now speak admiringly of a man with "the real missionary spirit." Much has been borne but we trust that these foreigners residing in India for just a few years can go to their home lands and home churches—sympathetic to the cause of missions.

Much could be written of the hours and hours spent helping some man tempted beyond his strength. Liquor of every sort can be had in almost every foreign home. One American wife told me she would prefer the saloon rather than making every home a bar. Men have leisure here which they never had at home and there is a tendency even for the best, just to let down.

Pray that the Church may be a real light-house, guiding men before they lose their way in this country where so many bow down to other gods. It is a great privilege to live here and just be a friend to people of every rank, race and creed.

The Indian Church has grown and is now having two pastors. The young men organized as Christian Heralds are very enthusiastic and are just now practising Christmas Carols.

As we think of going on furlough in April, we find it not unmixed joy as we have been very closely drawn to people here. One thing
makes it easier and that is to leave the work in the hands of one so capable as Mr. Roadarmel. Already he has shown his love for the people and they have adopted him very naturally. We have great hopes for Jamshedpur in the next few years.

REV. AND MRS. ZO. D. BROWNE.

BALASORE NEWS

The Franklin Eesley Memorial Hostel

August 18th was a red letter day in the history of the Balasore High School. The dreams and efforts of many years were realized, and we dedicated our new hostel which is called the Franklin Eesley Memorial, because Mr. J. F. Eesley of Plainwell, Mich., gave the amount needed to build it, and desired that it be a memorial to his son who died in childhood. We were delighted to have with us for the occasion several of our missionaries from other stations. Some of them assisted in the exercises. Mr. Browne, of Jamshedpur, Chairman of the Mission Conference, presided and gave a very stimulating address. It was a special pleasure to have Dr. Mary Bacheler, our Senior Missionary, unlock the gate and declare the building open. A fair-sized company, not only of students, but of Christian people and gentlemen of the town, then inspected the building, and declared it to be very fine.

The hostel is entered from a front veranda by a passage-way leading to a back veranda on to which all the doors open. There are two wings of the same size. The west wing is for Hindu boys. There are two rooms that will accommodate four boys each, then a big dormitory room for twelve, or more, boys. A passage-way which is roofed runs to the cookhouse and storeroom. The east wing is similarly arranged for the Christian boys, except that the first smaller room from the passage-way is occupied by a Christian teacher who is Assistant Superintendent.

Mosquito-proof copper wire netting is being put on the windows and doors. Electric lights are now installed, the current coming from the
Industrial School electric plant. New furniture is being made, Mr. Eller, our Mission Builder, was architect and builder. He has given us a very attractive and useful building which is a great addition to our school plant.

Owing to its having been opened after the school year was far advanced, there are only four Hindu boys in the hostel as yet. We shall have more from next January. These four have adjusted themselves very well to living in the same building with Christian boys. One of them attends the Intermediate C. E. Society held every Sunday evening. Recently he responded to the roll-call with a verse of Scripture. We hope and pray that the mingling of Hindu and Christian boys in the same hostel will help greatly in breaking down barriers and in advancing the Kingdom.

H. I. Frost.

MISSION WORKERS’ MEETINGS

Balasore has recently had two very interesting meetings, which are to be continued each month in the future, namely, Mission Workers’ Meetings. The first meeting took the form of a general inspirational service. All those who are definitely engaged in Mission work, the teachers, industrial workers, and zenana teachers as well as the preachers and Bible-women gathered together in the church on a Saturday afternoon and joined in a prayer and praise service, led by Rev. Natabar Singh who also gave the message.

The second meeting, a month later, took a little different form. Reports were given by the Girls’ School, the Boys’ High School, the Industrial School, and the Zenana teachers, telling just what each was doing in definite evangelistic work and the results which were being obtained or expected. As each report was given the work thus represented was specifically prayed for by one of the pastors or laymen. The information thus brought before us, and the hopes thus formulated have done much to deepen our interest and to inspire us to greater efforts along
the line of our most important work. As each group in turn reaffirmed its adherence to evangelism as the sole and final aim of their own individual effort, and as we unitedly prayed for blessing on them in making that effort, we felt drawn closer together in the bond of fellowship which is in Christ Jesus. May the future meetings bring more of blessing and unity to our common task.

PERSONALS

We are happy to welcome into our missionary family Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Berg, Miss Gladys Garnet and Rev. Chas. Roadarmel. Mr. and Mrs. Berg and dear little five months old Roger, have already made a place for themselves here in Midnapore. Mrs. Berg, as a trained nurse, has been of much help to the sick, and Mr. Berg proved a very efficient substitute for driver of Dr. Mary Bacheler's Ford for a few days. Now that they are studying Santali in real earnest, we try not to disturb them with such things. Mr. and Mrs. Long and family have just moved out to Bhimpore to hold the fort there.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard, of Contai, are at present in Midnapore. They were on their way to camp when the two youngest children were taken with a severe attack of malaria. They hurried to Midnapore, and through Dr. Bacheler's untiring and efficient efforts and the blessing of the Lord, the little ones soon recovered. Less than two weeks later, one of the little boys, Lee, and his father were badly burned in an unfortunate explosion of gasoline from a lantern. Again Dr. Bacheler's prompt treatment and subsequent care and the Lord's blessing are bringing slow but surely successful results. We praise God for his delivery from what could easily been a fatal accident.

Mr. Roadarmel is getting acquainted with the work at Jamshedpur. Miss Garnent is studying Oriya and fitting herself for service in Balasore.
Dr. Oxreider is looking very happy since Mrs. Oxreider returned from furlough in November. Their new bungalow near Ward Memorial, the Indian church in Khargpur, is nearly ready for occupation.

Little John Brush, of Khargpur, who had such a long and serious attack of typhoid fever, is recovering his strength and it is a pleasure to see him able to run about again.

Miss Ruth Daniels after a few months in America returned in November to take charge of the Midnapore Girls’ High School upon the resignation of Miss Rai for her marriage.
CUTTACK:
Printed at the Orissa Mission Press.