March, 1926

TIDINGS
FROM
A. B. F. M. SOCIETY
IN
BENGAL-ORISSA, INDIA.

Midnapore Girls’ School Motor Bus.

CUTTACK.
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## BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

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Subscriptions to "Tidings" may be secured from—
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Single subscription $0.30.
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The Annual Conference of our Bengal-Orissa Mission was held in Balasore during the holidays between Christmas and New Year. All but three of our family of twenty-six missionaries then on the field were present. Although the length and breadth of our field is not great, time and the pressure of work keeps each one busy in his own station. Sympathy, encouragement and advice of one’s fellow-workers is so much appreciated that the few days of conference are full of delightful fellowships. Although we have a general idea of each other’s work we look forward with pleasure to the reading of the annual reports. Unfortunately many have been forgotten and even if they have been prepared there may not be time for the reading of all. However they MUST be sent to the Board and TIDINGS likes to share them with its friends.

As I read them over I found myself wishing that you could see what I see and read between the lines of the hopes delayed, failures and discouragements of the past year. There have been many bright spots too, progress in the work, trained teachers, earnest pupils, better equipment, for all of which we gladly share the joy with you who have prayed and given both money and time in interesting others. We wish you could see each one at work in his own station, with his faithful helpers. It would be so much more interesting to you, as I am sure these reports are to those few who have ever had the privilege of visiting us.

In these modern days one may travel very quickly, so let’s pretend that you have landed at Calcutta, the chief city of India and a large seaport, which will do as well as any for a starting point. All aboard then for Bengal-Orissa, that territory bordering two provinces which accounts for its hyphenated name. Seventy-two miles due west brings us to Khargpore, the first stop and about the centre of our field.
KHARGPORE.

Here we alight at the home of Rev. E. C. Brush, and are duly introduced to his charming wife and small sons John and Stanley. Next door is the church for the English-speaking people, and in its smaller room are held the Telugu services. Among the small buildings on the compound you see the temporary school for the Telugu children. Up and down the wide clean streets we go viewing in turn the comfortable red brick bungalows of the officers, the railway employees, the park, the well-kept public buildings, the market, and the Bengal-Nagpur R. R. workshops, where the hundreds of people who inhabit Khargpore are employed in some capacity.

Dr. J. H. Oxreider after several months in America for treatment for an injured knee, is now back at Khargpore having the oversight of the Indian work, and supervision of the district Santal schools. Mr. Brush's work being limited to the English language made it very hard for him to do much with the Indian work during Dr. Oxreider's absence. But since the Indian pastor knows English, he could discuss plans and meet all the workers once a week for conference and Bible study. Twenty-two have been added to the membership of the Indian church making the total now 264. Among these are Bengalis, Oriyas, Hindustanis, and Telugus of which the latter group are the largest and the most enthusiastic.

In some respects the Anglo-Indian work is very discouraging. If one's ideal is to build up a strong membership that will be able to maintain itself, it will not be realized here. For the congregation is constantly shifting. Members or attendants are here for a few months and then transferred to another station. So at best it may be considered a wayside ministry. Lives are touched with hope and prayer that life will mean more to them, their children are taught the Christian principles of life and the necessity of following Jesus. Such a ministry does not strengthen our local mission, but who can estimate the total effect of these changed lives? Dr. Oxreider, who began this work, says that not less than 300 people have been members of the church for short periods and then moved away.
JAMSHEDPUR.

Jamshedpur will be our next stop eighty miles farther west. The landscape changes from flat rice-lands to low rocky hills, from under which much coal is dug. This coal is sent to Jamshedpur for use in the great steel mills there. About three miles from the R. R. station we come to the great industrial city, built up around the Tata Iron and Steel Company's Mills. This is a city of magnificent distances, to traverse which the ever-faithful Ford is a first-class help. Considering ourselves introduced to Rev. and Mrs. Z. D. Browne and their three fine children, we will let Mr. Browne tell us something of the year's work.

"In February a year ago, the church building was dedicated free of debt, thanks to the generosity of friends at home and here in Jamshedpur. Throughout the year services have been well attended, and by their doubled contributions to the work the members have made it practically self-supporting. Instead of one Sunday-school we now have three, in different parts of the city, and services have been conducted in all three places as well. For the children's Christmas service the three Sunday-schools met together and to a crowded auditorium gave a delightful program. The offering, 187 rupees, was given to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"The work among the children has been interesting, but the pastor has been most helped by the increasing loyalty of the men, many of whom had not been attending services for years. Among the five who were baptized during the year, two have turned out to be among the finest Christians. One is the son of a fine old man in Wales, the other is the young son of our General Manager. He is now at Home living near Philadelphia. Were these people not shepherded while in India the result would be disastrous to the cause of Christ and missions in Jamshedpur."

Mr. Browne's ministry is also a wayside ministry. Among his congregations are English, Scotch, Welsh, Americans and English-speaking peoples of India of many different faiths and none at all. The opportunity for service is great where the restraints of home are
gone and the temptations of a foreign land are too alluring. Many an
hour has been spent fighting the demon Booze which can be obtained
anywhere.

Mrs. Browne not only makes a beautiful home for her own family
but also for many lonely ones who find in the occasional hours spent
there a haven of nest.

"The work of our Indian church has been faithfully carried on by
their own pastor, A. L. Maity, who ought to be called A. L. Mighty.
They pay his full salary and he gives himself to them whole-heartedly.
New people, Indians of all castes and creeds, are coming all the time.
Most of them find employment on higher wages than they could elsewhere.
With this increased income and prosperity come the vices and problems
that come to those unaccustomed to money. Thank God that we have
men who have gotten on in the right way and prospered and lived the
Christ-like life. Thank God for A. L. Maity who turns their faces from
the smoke and dust and noise to the skies; a man who preaches indepen­
dence for their church, calls them to let God use their own hands, their
own minds and judgments, and not to be always depending upon others;
a man who believes that the new India must be made by Indians
throwing all their God-given powers into the present and future. The
Indian Christian community numbers about 300."

MIDNAPORE.

Regretfully leaving this thriving steel city we retrace our journey
to Khargpur and going north about eight miles we come to Midnapore,
one of the oldest of our stations. Here we are cordially met by Rev.
and Mrs. H. C. Long and four little Longs, and Dr. Mary Bacheler.
After those big industrial cities this is like a big country town, the
headquarters of the district. Here we find many administrative offices,
police training school, large jail, many good schools, and multitudes of
people within the confines of the town, not to mention the district for miles and miles which calls in vain for sowers of seed and reapers of grain.

Showing us about the spacious compounds, Mr. Long tells us “During the past year I have been principal of the Bible Training School. We were fortunate in getting a well qualified young man as senior instructor. Fourteen students applied for admission, but for lack of room we could admit only nine. Classes were also conducted for the wives of the students. Those of you who received December TIDINGS will recall the extended account of the Bible School, its instructors, and students with several pictures.

“In regard to the church it is difficult to say whether any progress has been made or not. One prominent family has left us for the Church of England. We have called a new pastor but he has not yet accepted. His hesitancy is due perhaps to the reputation of the church for quarreling. But now the quarrelsome elements are gone and we hope that a new pastor may do some constructive work. Several who have wandered away are now coming back and we have faith to believe that better days are ahead.”

“The Y.M.C.A. has gone on as usual under the supervision of Rev. H. N. Sircar. We hope to do better this year with a little increase in the finances.”

“Except for the practical work done by the Bible School students very little other district preaching has been done. Of the two preachers in the district, one had to be dismissed for grievous sin, and the other, lacking in initiative, was brought in to Midnapore for a last chance.”

During the year extensive repairs were done on the bungalow doubling its usefulness. The work of mission treasurer has taken a great deal of time, but we now have a clerk who will be a great help in that line.”

“The year has been a busy one, but the visible results have not been many. However we press on.”
Directly across the dusty red road from Mr. Long's is Henderson Home where Dr. Mary Bacheler, Miss Ruth Daniels, and her mother have been living for the past year. Miss Daniels and her mother have just started to America on furlough so Dr. Bacheler is alone now. February 22nd is her birthday and the 50th anniversary of her coming to India. She is now our senior missionary and we all love her. How you would delight to be with her as she quietly goes about doing good all day long. It is difficult to say whether she is a medical or an evangelistic missionary, her ministries are so varied. Among other things she tells us "I had an interesting class of young women, wives of Bible School students, and together we studied the Old Testament heroes four hours a week. The first of the year there were four zenana teachers and sixty-five pupils. One of the teachers, Jessie, a veteran worker originally from Miss Crawford's Orphanage at Jellasore died suddenly during the year. Some Mohammedan homes which refused to receive Christian teaching along with the other subjects taught, were closed, and the remaining teachers were able to carry on the work.

"When I first arrived, five Bible women were going out. One of the older ones has left and has a pension, and the best, a younger one, became dissatisfied and left to work in another Mission. Later she came back to us and is now working for Mr. Howard. A young woman trained in the English Baptist Mission in Calcutta joined us during the year.

"One of my first medical activities after coming to Midnapore from Balasore a year ago was vaccinations. This took me to Bhimpore where a Mohammedan lad had brought in smallpox from a neighbouring village. This and other calls kept me away from Midnapore so much that patients were not encouraged to come to the dispensary until after the hot weather vacation. Since then until the end of Dec. 895 patients were registered, who were seen 3,414 times. Gospel talks are given every morning to the waiting patients and their friends, tracts are given to those who can read. A flat rate of one half cent per dose is charged for the medicine. This of course is a mere fraction of the expense.

"The Mission Ford has been most useful in opening up work at a
distance. Several trips have been made to distant points, where many patients are seen and many hear a Gospel story sometimes accompanied with magic lantern pictures."

Miss Daniels was another very versatile missionary. Her going is a heavy blow to the work at Midnapore. In the report she left us she says, "I was told before I came to India that a failing I had of not knowing how to say "No" would spoil my work, and it has. At the first of the year I expected to teach half time in the Girls' school but I couldn't say, "No" to taking a class of the oldest girls in Bible in addition. And in September when the Sixth Standard Arithmetic needed special drilling I took that as well. The class I loved most was the Bible class. The Hindu girls were most interested and thoughtful. The Girls' School includes two years of high school work. There are 108 pupils, and 9 teachers. Miss Khanto Bala Rai is the Secretary. A little later we shall see the fine new school bus, a contribution of friends in America to these girls in Midnapore.

"A year ago there were three elementary bazaar schools for Hindu girls. Two of these were combined in a central place and the schools now have two teachers each. One of these teachers is supported by the women of Santurce, Porto Rico, who have a foreign mission enthusiasm. One of these schools is held in the house of a Brahmin who gives us the place free of rent. The Brahmin has been much attracted by the Christian teaching and has gotten a Bible for his own study.

"Before Miss Barnard went home last year we both managed some Industrial work for the women. After she left I got a trained teacher who has been teaching them cutting and sewing and they manage nicely with little help now. Tuesday and Friday they had a Bible class. Ten to a dozen girls are employed at this, the sales from the work, and a government grant make it independent of mission aid.

"The Boarding scheme was started three years ago with five girls. Now there are 14. The board charged pays for all expenses except the matron. They are all students in our school whose homes are at a distance. Every evening the girls have prayers which they themselves
lead in turn. Sunday evenings they come to our bungalow for singing and a special prayer group. They do all their own cooking and water drawing. They have a badminton game to play after school.

"As dedication of the new cookhouse all had a dinner and they blessed the cookhouse with wishes that the curry would never burn, the dishes never break, and the girls never quarrel. In the boarding there are also about twelve teachers and mission workers who make their own boarding arrangements.

"In September the three days' annual women's conference was held here. It was attended by over 106 women from away and nearly as many from Midnapore. The women ate and slept in the Girls' school and the meetings were held in the Bible school. Miss Rai had charge of all the arrangements and Mrs. Shome, a prominent Indian lady and earnest Christian, whose daughter has a high position as Inspectress of Schools, was the chief speaker.

"I also had a Sunday-school class of young married women. My mother has helped out every day of the year by all kinds of work from stamping embroidery patterns to copying examination questions, not to mention the burden of household details. She says she will come back to India if she can get appointed as a missionary!

THE SCHOOL BUS.

Now for the bus, a picture of which you see on the cover. Its story is tied up with that of Miss Rai who went to America as the Jubilee guest from our Mission in 1921. She stayed for study and spent two years at the University of Nebraska, living in the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Elmore, former missionaries in South India. During that time Miss Rai dreamed dreams and saw visions of a fine school for girls back in Midnapore, India. Not that there was none as yet, but that it might be developed into a high school and serve a much larger number of girls.
The problem of conveyance is always a large one in India where girls are not as free to walk in the open as at home and a conveyance of some kind is a foregone conclusion. The school is at a distance of two miles from the homes of the Hindu and Mohammedan girls, though the Christian community is near.

‘Wouldn’t a motor bus be wonderful,’ Miss Rai thought, and Mrs. Elmore sharing her enthusiasm, interested friends in this need and the result, as you see, is a fine sixteen-seated Ford, painted red, with the words, “MIDNAPORE GIRLS’ SCHOOL” in black letters in Bengali on one side and in English on the other. A burden of care rolled away with the rickety old garry, its bony horses and lazy driver. A garage is being built near the school and the driver will stay near by.

“The girls feel so proud to have a bus in the name of their own school. They know of their American friends who have given this comfort and they feel so grateful that their friends should do so much for them. They wish to express their heartfelt gratitude for this boon.”

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BHIMPORE.

Now for Bhimpore. Here is Rev. L. C. Kitchen in the station car come to take you out. It really is too bad to forego the trip by oxcart, but I’m sure you won’t mind as we are in a hurry to-day. Six miles due north then turn and 14 miles west, through fragrant Sal jungle, gently rolling farmlands, and always villages from which the children, brown and naked, run at the first sound of the car to watch it whiz past.

Covered with red dust we turn in at the sight of some large white buildings passing in order, the church on one side, and a little farther up the dispensary, before entering the gate to the big compound which contains two mission bungalows and behind them a splendid row of schools and hostels—the opportunity of the Santal youth of our field.

Waiting to greet us on the broad veranda are Mrs. Kitchen, little
Dorothy and Harold, and Miss Naomi Knapp and Miss Grace Hill who keep bachelor’s quarters in the second bungalow.

After resting a bit, Mr. Kitchen will show us around. One would think that the big school from kindergarten up to High School with its 275 boys would be enough to keep one man busy to say nothing of the oversight of the hostels, one for the Christians and the other for non-Christian boys. Indeed Mr. Kitchen would be most happy to have that as his sole job. In fact it is what he expected to do, but alas! there are uncounted miles of territory round about calling in vain for evangelistic effort, and 80 village schools of elementary grade,—“feeders” to the big central schools at Bhimpore, scattered far and wide through the district which need careful supervision. Little wonder that Mr. Kitchen’s remarks sound a discouraged note as he says. “It is humanly impossible to attend to the requirements of the Santals with our present staff. The Santal work ought to have as many missionaries as either the Oriya or the Bengali and ought to have them at once.”

Mr. Kitchen has been alone since Dr. Murphy left the station two years ago. Money cannot pay for the spiritual losses in loyalty and faith that have occurred the past year. “I have been able to spend only two or three weeks in the district during the year, going mainly to the homes of scattered Christians. I don’t expect to do even as well as that during 1926 and my furlough is due in 1927. We are looking to the Lord to provide for the work somehow, but it seems a crime to attempt it at all, if we are not going to fulfill our promises.”

“There have been fourteen baptisms among the boys in the school. If I had less to do of administration, discipline, buildings, accounts, I could give what really counts—teaching, preaching, and just personal friendship. I believe the prime essential of missionary work is to meet every person, man, woman or child, who come to me and to listen to whatever he has to say sympathetically and open-mindedly. I have often been imposed upon, but the profits far exceeded the losses. I have even gone hunting with a man to gain him as a friend. But with the pressure of work it is hard to be patient with what often seems trivialities. As you yourself
see, when we go to the front door, we find someone waiting there. If we
go to the back door some one is there, but I haven’t the time to make
just or deliberate judgments and the people are not only losing their
confidence in me but I am losing confidence in myself.”

Fortunately since Dr. Oxreider has returned, he has assumed the
burden of the outside schools.

Peering into the hostels, Mrs. Kitchen tells us, “I have tried to help
my husband this year by looking after the hostel boys and visiting among
the Christians and non-Christians in the villages. It is a joy to visit some
of the most ignorant of the homes. In one village I attended a sick boy
who hadn’t eaten much nor drunk water for 35 days neither had he bathed
in that time. My advice consisted mainly in hints on cleanliness. Now
in gratitude he cannot present me with too many gifts of rice, sweets, and
chickens.

“We have had a number of bad cases of sickness in our non-
Christian hostel. My contacts with the boys and their ignorant parents
at such times have been invaluable to me. One boy who died of pleu-
pneumonia, asked for hymns and prayer before his death.

“Lacking a qualified teacher in English I took some classes in
English prose, poetry and grammar. There again I enjoyed the contacts
with the boys. I hope to do better with the thirty-five hostel boys this
year with the help of a good boarding master.”

Miss Hill and Miss Knapp will now explain all the details of the
girls’ work. “This past year for the first time in the history of the school
we have had one of our own girls to act as headmistress. A kindergarten
has been organized and has proven very popular, even the babies wanting
to come. We have had good reports from our girls who are away at
higher schools.

“The hostel has been full this year with about thirty-five girls.
More than half of them pay part or all of their own expenses. Through
the kindness of a friend a large lamp was bought and regular study classes
have been required. As a result, all the hostel girls passed their grades.
Seven girls were baptized on Christmas.
"The lace class this year numbered twenty-two. The Bible women have been given more attention, and we are sometimes able to go out with them. Since our women walk we plan to go no further than four miles from Bhimpore. In making a list of the places falling within this radius, we found more than eighty villages. Bible classes are held for the teachers and Bible women. The Sunday-school has been reorganized, and in three months has nearly doubled its attendance. A Jr. C. E. has been organized so that at present we have two societies for the girls. They also have Girl Guide work and a Blue Bird Club."

This jungle village, twenty miles from the R. R. and telegraph, six miles from a post office, may seem to you greatly isolated. But it is much less so in these days of the motor car, than in the days of the slow moving ox-cart when one never dreamed of making the trip to Midnapore in less than twelve hours. Note the fine garden with both flowers and vegetables, the windmill over the well to draw water, the sundial in front of the old bangalow, and the wonderful old banyan tree spreading its mighty arms protectingly over the eastern side of the compound. It is hard to pull one’s self away from the attractive boys and girls. One would like to stay right here and help, train them that they in turn may be great leaders of their own people.

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CONTAI

Back over the dusty road we spin to the station in Midnapore, take the train for Khargpur, change there to another which takes us due south 20 miles to Contai Road Station. Here a few years ago you would have climbed aboard a rickety two-storied camel cart, made yourself comfortable for the night as best you could, and if luck were with you, awakened next morning at the town of Contai, thirty-six miles southeast. But the modern age has struck even Contai, and while the many camels graze by the wayside, energetic Indian motor drivers are loudly bidding for "fares." We select the car that seems the least likely to break down or blow up, provided we can squeeze ourselves and our luggage in among the
other passengers some of whom are sitting on the floor for lack of other space. Four hours or a little less brings us alongside the canal which terminates in Contai, and is the main highway of merchandise between here and Calcutta.

Alighting and stretching out our cramped limbs, we climb the sandy ridge and soon find a welcome at the home of Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Howard. You are scarcely in the house before a crowd of school boys are seated on the veranda. They are young Brahmin priests who have come to Contai from all over the district for their Sanskrit examinations. More than 600 of them were here for three days. Every one received several Christian tracts and every evening many came here to talk. Some came out of curiosity, but some with earnest inquiry. 'What an opportunity,' you say. Yes, it is. They are going to be the religious teachers of Contai's 600,000 people and what if they were Christian instead of Hindu! Besides them there are about 1,200 high school boys among whom we are conducting a gospel campaign. We have recently got a large supply of appropriate tracts and these are given to each one. Stereopticon lectures on the Life of Christ are held at the different schools, sometimes in the school hall, sometimes in the court of a wealthy man nearby, and often in the hall where idol worship and Hindu entertainments are carried on.

The boys are receptive and one could spend one's entire time with them, but they are a mere fraction of the opportunities in this field.

The small dispensary which you see here on the compound and which you may have mistaken for a cow-stable, ministered to 2,424 patients during 1925, who not only received medicine, but a gospel talk and a tract to carry home.

But if you would see the most encouraging part of the work, you will have to take a trip into the country. Equipped with camping materials, bedding, food, etc., we return to Contai Road Station by motor in the early hours of the morning. We tramp from there to the nearest outstation about 8 miles away. A meal of rice and curry provided by the Indian workers refreshes us after the long journey. As you eat you hear of the triumphs and disappointments of these lonely workers.
They have many problems to present to the missionary for assistance in solving. Some inquirers are examined and if found ready are taken to the stream not far away for baptism surrounded by curious if not actually hostile neighbours. “These converts come one by one, sometimes by two and three, but they are all handpicked fruit, rescued from the powers of darkness with much labour and prayer. One after another we visit seven of these outstations, travelling from two to fourteen miles between each. During the year four of the preachers have had to be dismissed for sin. We stand firmly for regenerate church membership, and it is difficult to expect more of the people than their leaders. During 1925 eleven converts were baptised, and so far this year six have come to us. One of these was a leper woman, and later I took her and another leper woman to an asylum south of here conducted by the English Baptist Mission. I see you are shuddering, and well you might, for leprosy is certainly a great scourge. If the people would submit to segregation, or the unaffected demand it, it could soon be wiped out. We beg you to remember these people in your prayers. Pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the work, for it is impossible to win these poor ignorant folks without it.”

SALGURIA AND HATIGARH

Now we are back to our starting point, Contai Road Station again, where we take the train for Jellasore, about 21 miles farther south. There has been no missionary here since Miss Barnes died in 1924. There is a fine old bungalow and quite a Christian community. When Mr. Frost returns to the work at Balasore, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn plan to spent part of each year here and the other part at Chandbali, our most southern and sadly neglected station.

We will not even take the trip up to the mission compound as it is about three miles from the station. But we will arrange ourselves in these waiting oxcarts or palankins, if you prefer, and proceed over the rough fields, across the river and through the jungle to Santipore. This station
is also called Hatigarh. Here also is a fine mission bungalow and some faithful Indian workers.

They greet us cordially and wonder how soon they may expect a missionary to be with them again. Miss Butts laid down her life here a few years ago, and with the exception of Mr. Clark who was here awhile, they have had no resident missionary since.

But we cannot stay long here as Mr. and Mrs. Ager are expecting us for tea at Salguria. Mr. and Mrs. Ager labour whole-heartedly and most sacrificially for the salvation of this community. It is a task for angels to live day in and day out among such ignorance and sin, and be patient and kind and never tiring in teaching line upon line and precept upon precept the "better way." The better way includes all kinds of things which to their ignorant minds seem not only utterly foreign but equally as useless.

However it is the daily Christlike life lived in their midst that counts and you can see that the people love their teachers.

"The church and village community are trying to live better lives and some of the members are taking more interest in caring for their children and young people. Our young peoples' society have had the oversight of a village five miles away where they hold services every Sunday morning. Now there are two Christian families there as a result of the work. We have just started work in another village in the same way. The people are building their own schoolhouse and have asked for a preacher to live there with them.

"The grade of the school here in Salguria has been raised and is progressing satisfactorily. We are bending all our efforts here to build and dedicate a church free of debt. The people give all they can." Mrs. Ager also spends her own frail strength in raising and selling chickens, garden, etc.

Of all our missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Ager seem the most isolated. Although they are not as far from the R. R. as some of the others, they have practically no roads and during the rainy season are often cut off
for weeks at a time by a swollen river. Visits from fellow missionaries are extremely rare, and they are often lonely, especially in times of sickness when they are shut up to their own resources. God wonderfully cares for His own though, and I know you will not forget them in your prayers. Their wish is to be kept faithful.

BALASORE.

Back again to the station by the same winding trail just in time to catch the train for Balasore 29 miles farther south. This is our oldest and largest station. Here are all the missionaries at the station to meet us. I shall introduce them to you. Ladies first—Miss Sadie Gowen, Miss Ethel Cronkite and Miss Mary Laughlin who make their home at the Girls’ Orphanage, that compound behind the trees you see yonder to the west.

Next are Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dunn who have charge of the High School for boys and the hostel for students connected with it; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gilson, who arrived just a few months ago to take charge of the fine Industrial school; Mr. V. G. Krause the retiring Superintendent of the Industrial school, who is returning to America soon and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Eller, whose pleasure it will be to show you round as they are the only ones with a car at present.

On the way to the Eller home where three little children are waiting, we pass the girls’ school and the new Jubilee High School which Mr. Eller, the Mission builder, is putting up. By this time Miss Cronkite has arrived on her bicycle and wants to show us over. She can see much more in those piles of brick and stone and partly made foundations than we, but we also find ourselves sharing her enthusiasm. This building is about a mile from the place where the girls live, but in time, she hopes to have a hostel on the grounds where the high school students may stay. At present there is only the house for the headmistress, just completed. It looks tiny to us, but Miss Cronkite tells us that she is going to occupy
one of its two tiny rooms until further plans for housing the teachers can be made.

"For the first time in the history of the school, but only temporarily, three B.A.'s are teaching in the school—Miss Cronkite, Mrs. Nyak and Miss Laughlin. The total enrolment of the school during 1925 was 142. The number of girls in the first high school class was five. Of these five, the best girl has been engaged, the second has received a year's credit for junior training, another is helping in the office this year and two others who were absent on account of sickness several weeks, are taking the work over again.

"In place of Sanskrit we have chosen Indian dress-making and domestic science. These subjects will be more useful to the girls most of whom marry and have housework and the care of a family as their chief work in life. We are starting this year with another class of five hoping that at least three will reach the goal.

"Besides this school I also have charge of two lower primary schools which have an enrolment of 38 and 42 respectively. Each school has two teachers.

"The primary and junior classes of the Sunday school meet in the school building. There are seventy girls enrolled in these classes. Nine girls from the Christian community were baptized during the year.

"My greatest desire for the coming year is to finish the building now going on and to improve the class-work in the three schools. I go on furlough next year and Miss Laughlin, who came last October and is now busy learning the language will take my place."

Now we will go up to Sinclair Orphanage for breakfast. Before the bell rings, Miss Gowen has just time to show us the happy family of girls and their home, the widows' home, the dispensary and the new sleeping porch on the bungalow. We almost to forget to eat the well prepared breakfast lest we miss a word of what Miss Gowen is saying.

"Looking at my work from year to year does not show any great
change in perspective. "When I first came to India missionaries were not quite through praying for open doors. There were still a few houses in Balasore where our work was not welcome. That phase long since has passed away and the Zenana teacher has been most cordially welcomed into the best and the poorest Hindu and Mohammedan homes. All of the homes pay something as they are able. One zenana pupil this year wanted to become a Christian. She talked to the teacher, made a visit to our compound and decided that she would like to live at the home for widows, and then left her mother and other relatives and came wholeheartedly to us.

"Eight teachers go daily in and out of the lanes and winding pathways to their respective pupils opening to them the printed page and the way of Life through Christ.

"The Widows' Home is a happy home for eight women and two small children. Most of them work in the Industrial School. Our wee baby is not two months old. Its mother suddenly died and an older sister living at the Widows' Home assumed the burden of its care, but it seems to belong to all of us.

"Sixteen girls mostly from the Orphanage and the Widows' Home work all day in the Industrial School. They do splendid work which finds a ready sale. There are also about forty village women who do handkerchief work in their homes, I providing the materials and paying them for their work.

"Since Dr. Bachelier went to Midnapore I have fallen heir to the medical work in the Orphanage. Malaria is our worst enemy. Quinine is our best remedy. We have been free from contagious diseases so far this year in our family of sixty girls.

"Last summer vacation I took a course in Girl Guiding. The girls respond splendidly to the Guide spirit and I feel it will do much for their future usefulness."

Get into the car again and we will go over to see what Mr. Dunn has to say about his work. Adjoining his compound you notice
the commodious high school building and tennis court out in front. In front of Mr. Dunn's house is also a large open space used for a football field.

Mr. Dunn you find to be a quiet, thoughtful man, and you suspect that he is much too modest to tell you all about his work, but among other things he tells us, "The work in the High School goes on about as usual from day to day. I have taught six Bible classes a week beside some English classes. There has been an enrolment of 160 boys the past year of whom 33 were Christians and the rest Hindus. The small proportion of Christian boys has always been discouraging to me, but this year in the upper class there are three Christian boys among the best students and one of them stands first of all.

"Last year there were three of our young men attending college. Since then two of them with their degrees, have returned and are now teaching in our school. Our aim is to have a strong Christian faculty.

"In addition to the school work, I also have the oversight of that hostel you see just back of my house. It is really a hostel and an orphanage combined for there are boys as young as three and four years. In the Christian hostel there are 35 boys and in the Hindu only eight. The new hostel will soon be ready for use. It is so arranged that both Christian and Hindu boys may live in it with a strong Christian master. It is hoped that a greater Christian influence may be exerted over the Hindu boys.

"Six days a week of school does not leave much time for outside work, but I am carrying on a Sunday school in a village two and a half miles away. About twenty small children attend, all of them are Hindus. I hope that the lessons I try to teach them will bear some fruit.

"During the past year I have also been Secretary of the Mission Conference and the Home Mission Board. I find that considerable time is required to carry on this work."

Just as we are leaving the office, a tall, spare Indian preacher comes into the office. This is Rev. Natabar Singh, the Superintendent of the
Evangelistic work of Balasore Local Committee. You will be honored to clasp the hand of this faithful, earnest servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There are six churches and three mission stations, at none of which are located missionaries at present. There are fourteen preachers under this committee, four of whom have gone to study in the Bible School at Midnapore. One preacher is located at each church and mission station. Of them all Balasore is the only self-supporting church. There are inquirers at all the mission stations. Last cold season the preachers went out in bands to preach. They visited twenty different villages and twenty market places. Fifty rupees' worth of tracts were sold and thousands of people heard the Gospel. It is very hard for the people to understand what we try to tell them. Their ancestors for so many years have led them in such a wrong way and their minds are so hard that it is impossible to change them, humanly speaking. But we believe it is possible for God. It is our prayer that you will pray for the people of our country that they may soon come to know our true God and believe in our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

We are sorry that you must leave us now. We wish you might stay at least a year! You would get a better understanding of our problems and needs which would help you to be better intercessors for us. But we trust that this little glimpse may bring you in closer touch with our work which after all is not only ours but yours too.