Jellasore—A daily scene.
## Bengal-Orissa Field Directory

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<th>Place</th>
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| Bhimpore, via Midnapore, Bengal | Rev. H. R. Murphy and wife.  
|                              | Rev. J. H. Oxreider and wife.  
|                              | Rev. L. C. Kitchen and wife.  |
| Midnapore, Bengal            | Miss Elsie Barnard.  
|                              | Miss L. C. Coombs.  |
| Kharagpur, B.N.Ry.           | Rev. C. A. Collett and wife,  
|                              | Rev. P. J. Clark.  |
|                              | Rev. W. Greenwood.  |
| Contai, Bengal               | Rev. J. A. Howard and wife.  |
| Hatigarh, via Jellasore      | Mr. George Ager and wife.  |
| Jellasore, Balasore Dist.    | Miss Barnes.  |
|                              | Rev. M. Hartley and wife.  
|                              | Mr. Lloyd Eller and wife.  
|                              | Miss Amy Coe.  
|                              | Miss Gladys Doe.  
|                              | Miss Ethel Cronkite.  |
KHARGPUR (English Work)

It is two and a half months since I was transferred here, most of which time was intensely summer-time: consequently the attendance at Church services has not been very large. Last Sunday (June 26) we reached high water mark with 50 present. I am not disappointed with the results so far shown, for though we have only a small number of dependable helpers, yet we have them, and there is a fairly large constituency of interested friends. The Bible School is not as large as one would desire, but the attendance is fairly regular, and the Young Men's Class in particular usually shows up well. The work on the north side of the Station is always encouraging, and we have had as many as 36 at a meeting there, many of them are but children it is true, but we do not despise ‘these little ones.’ Quite a number of them will soon be returning to the Protestant Boarding School at Cuttack which provides a healthier and more spacious environment than their parents can give in their cramped Railway quarters.

A Social Gathering was held at the Manse shortly before Rev. and Mrs. C. P. Collett left for America, when they were presented with a beautiful specimen of Indian silver work in the form of a Biscuit Barrel, by the members and adherents of the church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Collett responded and thanked the friends for their loving gift, which they said, would remind them of their stay in Kharagpur, a happy even though comparatively short one.

I have visited Santipur and Jellasore as frequently as possible, and have been gratified with the way in which Maguni Babu looks after things at the former place. He is as thorough and reliable a helper as I have ever found, and I appreciate his assistance. The internal condition of the village however remains much the same, and very few have any real
interest in spiritual things. "Dead in trespasses and sins" describes the spiritual state of the majority I fear.

Umesh Curtis from Jellasore has been busy at Dantan in connection with the block of land we have purchased there. The dry summer gave us the opportunity of emptying the tank, and of excavating a portion of it, removing the silt that had accumulated during generations past. Away down near the bottom of our excavations two broken stone carvings were discovered, and appropriated by local Brahmins on the quiet, till I sent word that if they were not returned the police would be sent to bring them back. We did not reach the original bed of the tank nor have we made it as large as originally—that would have required far more money than was available.

May 1st, 1921,

P. J. Clark.

The Editor—or should it not be Editress?—informs me that my previous report is held over on account of the prolixity of other reports, and requests that Kharagpur news be brought up to date.

There is but little to add, for the rainy season is not favourable to large congregations. On the whole however we are holding our own and have reason for thankfulness. After an interval of two months a meeting of the W.C.T.U. was held the first week in August when the members present, in response to the Pastor's appeal for definite aggressive temperance effort, decided to make an effort to have the 'chit' system abolished in Khargpur, and to memorialise the Agent of the Railway with this object in view. If this is accomplished, it will mean that all Railway employees purchasing liquor will have to pay cash for the same, and it is believed that this will result in more money going home to the wives than is at present the case in many instances.

Recent experiences have several times given me a sorrowful insight into the depravity of human nature, but just as frequently one has glimpses of real goodness and an evident desire to serve God just where one had not expected it. The work of the Pastor covers a much broader field than that reached from the pulpit, and we remember that "Every sermon preached, every kindness done, every effort put forth in His name is an essential part of the Master's plan for establishing the throne of
God, and making righteousness forever the controlling force in the universe.

Santipur has again been cut off from civilization by flood, and Jellasore enjoyed another inundation. The road to Santipur is again breached and communication most difficult,—sure but it's nicer living at Khargpur just at present!  

August 10th, 1921

P. J. C.

KHARGPUR (Indian Work)

Speaking of the Panama Canal, President Roosevelt once said, "I want to see the dirt fly." He finally had his desire. For 12 years we have been saying the same thing regarding the construction of a building of some kind for our Indian work here. In looking over the correspondence with the Railway Company I find the names, Oxreider, Wyman, Collett and Browne. The correspondence would make very interesting reading for the British Museum. It is better than any novel for leading up to what seemed to be the climax and then completely falling in defeat. As Missionaries have changed, the R. R. officials have changed. This has added zest to the chase. Twice the whole play was closed, we left our seats feeling that the author had not developed his theme well, but it was finished and we might as well go home. But each time we felt that he might do better with a little more material to work on. The material came and again the scene was opened. Thus the story has continued for twelve years and today I have been the lucky one. I have had my desire. I have seen "The dirt fly." The new Church is under headway and the contractor promises me a completed building before Christmas.

When we first tried to get land for our work here we thought we were courageous when we asked for a small plot on which to build a chapel. But even that was refused and we were told that no land could possibly be given for a chapel within the R. R. limits because they had already given us a large site on the South side for a Church and bungalow and if they gave us more, other Missions would demand land. Then the Committee tried "camouflage." They proposed building a hostel with a hall and gave up the name Church, but that failed. Then the idea of a community center
was proposed and a petition from the Indians was sent to the R. R. Company. At last they said that they might consider the needs of the Indian Christians. When I came here for the second time, Feb. 1st, 1920, there were some hopes of securing land. I was told to consult the Dist. Engineer relative to the location. The Engineer and I agreed but we were turned down again. I was in despair and purchased a small plot of land just outside the R. R. limits and began preparations for building a small church. I had shown the Officials my plans for a large work within R. R. limits. It was to provide for about 75 young men in a large hostel, a nice church with rooms for schools, and a bungalow for the missionary who would work with the Indians. This seems to have taken their fancy, for before I could begin the church outside I received a letter saying they would give me all the land I required. This was in Sept. 1920. It has taken from that time till this to get the lease sanctioned by the various Boards. The whole project has been to Calcutta, Darjeeling, Simla and London.

We now have a plot of land 175 feet by 580 feet and permission to build a hostel, a bungalow and a church. Think of that! More than we dreamed of ten years ago! The city is extending to the west about two miles; already quarters for 500 families are being completed, and 500 more listed. A private Company is building a large factory north of us just outside the R. R. limits. It will bring about two thousand workmen and their families. The present city extends one and a half miles to the east. You see we are in the center of everything. I feel like saying, "What hath God wrought," for it certainly seemed as if no human powers could ever locate a church within this city. It would do your heart good to see the multitudes that pass our new building site every day. They look like swarming bees.

In the Bengal-Orissa number of the REVIEW I said, "We are having baptisms nearly every month." We had to break that record this month, for some could not be present on the first Sunday and we have had two days for baptisms this month. The most of our converts are from Hinduism. We have been able to reach but one Mohammedan and his wife this year. Five more are now ready for baptism on the first Sunday of next month.

One of the most encouraging features of this work is that we need
not feel anxious for the support of the new converts. They are all self-supporting and are supporting the church.

At present our baptismal services are held in our English church and we also make use of the individual communion set. The idea was new to our Indians and all drinking the wine at the same time so impressed them that they said we must have a set of our own. Two members paid half of the expense and the church paid the rest so now we can enjoy the same service when in our own church home.

Our pastor Koilas fell from his bicycle six months ago and broke the hip joint. The doctors kept him in the hospital for six weeks treating for simple dislocation and finally turned him out as healed. After two months he did not improve, so I took him to Calcutta. They told me that it was broken. If he had been properly treated he would be well now, but he will be a cripple the rest of his life. It grieves me to see such an active, energetic man brought to the necessity of slow progress by aid of a cane. I am trying to get a rickshaw to enable him to visit his people. The misfortune seems to have brought him nearer to the Lord and his real usefulness may not have been impaired. He is very hopeful of the work and says the more he thinks and prays the more he believes the time is not far distant when we will be baptising converts nearly every Sunday. May the Lord verify his vision.

Khargpur,  
August 8th, 1921.

C. A. Collett.

CONTAI

The Victrola is a wonderful help in attracting crowds to hear the gospel message. No missionary is fully equipped for his work until he owns a Victrola.

The Highland Park Michigan Baptist Church presented the Howards with a Victrola. It has attracted such crowds of Hindoos and Mussalmans that the large front veranda of the Contai Mission House is not nearly large enough to hold the people. Bengali people are intensely fond of music. The good old American band piece "Stars and Stripes March" by Sousa is enjoyed intensely by them.
At these gospel song-services on Sunday afternoon, as many strongly soul-winning gospel songs are sung as possible. Gospel tracts are distributed. Friendship is established with the Christians. Hearts are opened to talk about the soul’s eternal welfare. Prejudice is broken down.

A few evenings ago three young men talked till after dark about their hope for eternity. Christ the only Saviour, absolutely the only way to salvation was presented. Then at the close, the Victrola was utilized. The beautiful piece from Elijah “If with all your hearts ye truly seek Him, ye shall surely find him, thus saith our God” was played. We believe, the Holy Spirit used the Victrola mightily that evening.

If the friends at home want to invest their money, so that it will draw 100 per cent interest, let them furnish each missionary with a Victrola.

Many times in touring, the missionary and his helpers preach to crowds until their throats are sore and they are compelled to leave a large crowd without the Gospel message because their voices have given out. At this time if good Gospel speeches and Gospel songs in the Bengali language could be played on the Victrola the preaching could go on indefinitely. There are no Christian Bengali song records. If home friends could contribute toward the making of such records it would be a wonderful help and deeply appreciated by their missionaries.

For the first time since I have been in India, last week we heard from a Mohammedan’s mouth “What must I do to be saved?”

JOHN A. HOWARD.

**PRAYER LIST**

1. Balasore and Out-Stations.
2. Our Indian Christians and their families.
3. The Indian Church.
5. The Evangelistic Board and its work.
6. Village and aided schools.
7. Bhimpur.
8. Our Boarding Schools.
9. The Home Board.
10. Contai and Out-Stations.
11. The Home Churches.
14. Our children and others.
15. Missionaries at home.
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**AMONG OURSELVES**

Mrs. Murphy has just gone to Darjeeling for September—the first time in eighteen years. Miss Barnard will be leaving soon for the same place for her delayed vacation.

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A letter to-day from Mabel Bond, dated July 6th, from San Francisco assures us of our friends’ safe arrival.

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Miss Coombs finds circumstances and conditions in Midnapore much the same as ten years ago only that the missionary force is pitifully small and the general trend of the present national feeling is more in evidence.

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Good news from Salgadia! Four of their girls lately baptized and some of the boys coming.

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The Christian women of Balasore and Midnapore seem to be the strongest part of the church and are well organized.

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Jamshedpur seems to be in danger of losing its missionaries! Glad to know the Bengali pastor is holding on faithfully and with good results.
The Kitchens have come down from Darjeeling and are busy with the language at Midnapore waiting for better weather and roads before they go to Bhimpore. Dorothy Belle is doubling her weight quite according to tradition.

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A MESSAGE FROM MRS. HOWARD

On Sunday in spite of the rainy weather we had a great crowd at church. Our church is rather small and we have a time providing seats for them all. There were so many small children there, a great many, perhaps all of them neighbouring Mohammedans. Very few of them go to school and they are regular little Arabs. I found myself planning for something like a Daily Vacation Bible School for them instead of listening to the sermon. O, there are so many things I would like to do if I were about sixteen instead of one.

This afternoon we had a very interesting time. We started to a house where the Bible Women had been before and the people had asked that I come. However they were not at home, so we went to a neighbouring house. We found only one woman there, but there were several High School boys who were acquainted with Mr. Howard. They had some Christian Literature, one book being the "Imitation of Christ." One of the boys asked for a book of the Life and Works of Jesus. I had some Bengali gospels with me, but he wanted the English, so I told him to come to the house to get them.

The next place we visited was a very humble one, a widow with two small sons trying to keep soul and body together by making and selling ground pea powder for making sweetmeats, cigarettes made of ground tobacco wrapped in leaves and several other small things.

On the wall alongside of one of their god's pictures was a picture which was used during or soon after the war by the Red Cross in a drive for funds. It pictured Christ as the Spirit which should prompt all benevolence; and had on it the verse "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." This was an
opening. The woman said she had heard that this was a picture of Jesus Christ, but she didn’t know anything about Him. I think she knew a little more by the time we left.

Our next call was at the Women’s Ward of the Government Hospital. There were only two patients there. That does not mean that there is no sickness in Contai. There are many that ought to be there, but they are so superstitious they never go if they can help it. I don’t blame them much. It is such an unattractive place! What is worse there is no nurse or woman-servant of any kind to look after the women patients.

One of these two patients was a prostitute, of which class, alas, there are a very great number in Contai. I could not understand her story, she mumbled so. Some one had given her a hard beating and she was cruelly crippled and evidently in great pain. The other was a widow—some one’s maid-servant unable to work any longer on account of pain in her stomach. From what I could understand she probably has a tumor and the Doctor will operate as soon as she is in a little better condition. I had a little picture of Jesus healing the sick which I explained, telling her to forsake her sins and believe on Jesus who was the great Physician of our souls. She evidently had never heard the name of Jesus before, but she listened eagerly and repeated the name over and over again that she might not forget it. It made me want to cry to see how she drank in every word. I will go back again as soon as I can.

Grace L. Howard.

BHIMPORE

The first of July I returned from Darjeeling, leaving Ruth and Mona fairly content in Queen’s Hill School. A few days before going in as boarders I was sitting quietly sewing when she suddenly announced, “I don’t feel so awfully bad—the girls say they don’t have sago pudding hardly ever this year.” Happy childhood whose grief may be assuaged by the absence of sago pudding.
It was a much easier work to which I returned than in former years. Mrs. Murphy has taken so much of the burden that there was little in the way of accumulations.

Now she has gone to Darjeeling for a well earned rest.

The lace class has taken most of my time when I haven’t been wrestling with fever or its effects.

Bhimpore lace is coming to be known far and wide, through the lace sold in Darjeeling.

The thirty girls form an interesting sight as they sit over their pillows, weaving the bobbins in and out. Two of them manipulate 61 pairs of bobbins in making one doily. At first their lace is likely to be of a “natural color,” ecru tint, as some of the uninitiated have called it. However it all comes out “in the wash.” Mostly they soon learn to turn out lace that is beautifully white and even.

The work enables many girls to buy clothes and books that they may attend school, besides furnishing steady employment to widows and other poor women.

In spite of rains the Sahib has spent most of his time in the mofussil. The last trip he had to get two of the tallest men in the village to carry his bicycle across one stream while he swam it.

On a previous trip he had attempted to cross by the usual method of having two men carry him. Mid-way in the stream one of them slipped and fell, letting his half of the burden down, while the other valiantly clung to his share. This time he decided that he’d prefer to go in all at once.

Preparations for Y. M. in November are going forward, and we quite expect to impress everybody with the tremendous importance and progress of Bhimpore.

We are eagerly looking forward to the coming of the Kitchens and Dorothy Belle. Won’t she be the “princess” though!

CARRIE M. F. OXREIDER.