TIDINGS

From A.B.F.M. Society in Bengal-Orissa, India

DECEMBER, 1932

No. 4
## BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

### Bhimpore, Midnapore Dist.,

- **Bengal.**
  - Rev. L. C. Kitchen.
  - Mrs. Kitchen.
  - Miss G. I. Hill.
  - Miss N. Knapp.

### Khargpur, B.N. Ry.

- **Rev. C. C. Roadarmel.**
- Mrs. Roadarmel.
- Rev. E. C. Brush.
- Mrs. Brush.

### Jamshedpur, B.N. Ry.

- **Rev. L. F. Marsh.**
- Mrs. Marsh.

### Contai, Bengal.

- Vacant.

### Jhargram, Bengal.

- **Rev. A. A. Berg.**
- Mrs. Berg.

### Hatigarh, via Jellasore,

- **Orissa.**
  - Mr. George Ager.
  - Mrs. Ager.

### Balasore, Orissa, B.N. Ry.

- Miss E. Cronkite.
- Mr. Lloyd Eller.
- Mrs. Eller.
- Miss S. B. Gowen.
- Rev. H. I. Frost.
- Mrs. H. I. Frost.

### Bhadrak, Balasore Dist.,

- **Orissa.**
  - Rev. W. S. Dunn.
  - Mrs. Dunn.

### Santipore, Hatigarh P.O.,

- **Orissa.**
  - Mrs. Osgood.

- On Furlough.
  - Mrs. H. C. Long.
  - Miss G. Garnett.
  - Mr. J. G. Gilson.
  - Mrs. Gilson.

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### Local subscriptions from—

- Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel, Khargpur, Bengal—6 As. each.
I am thoroughly convinced that the cutest kindergarten in the world is in Jamshedpur, India, and I am fortunate enough to be the teacher.

Each morning from eight-forty-five to nine o'clock there arrives at the Mission bungalow here, twelve little Indian children ranging in ages from three and a half to six years old, so this fifteen minutes is filled with "Good Morning, Auntie" and "Good Morning, Teacher", as the children come up on the verandah, take off their topees, and settle down to fifteen minutes of free play. One little boy even says "Good Morning, Dear" as he greets me.

We have no communal troubles in this little world of ours, for Parsi, Bengali, and Punjabi kiddies play and work together without more serious quarrels than perhaps about whose turn it is to ride the tricycle, or a dispute over the blocks.

I wish you could hear them sing, "I love little Pussy", and see them dramatize it. We do the same with songs about the birds, the "red hen", and the cow.

And have you ever tried to wiggle your nose like a bunny? Well—it isn’t easy—but we have some experts.

The story of "Three Bears" and "The Little Red Hen", "The Three Little Kittens", and "Peter Rabbit" have the same fascination for these Eastern youngsters that they have held for years for children in Western kindergartens.

After an hour of work and play we take a little walk while Ayah puts Arrowroot biscuits and cups of milk on the table for us. Now,
all of the children, except one, drink their milk, but it was not so at first. Indian children, like English children, drink more tea than do our American children. Spitty Tata, a little Parsi boy, went home one day after he had been coming to school for only a few days, and asked if the "Teacher-Auntie" had no tea in her house, because she gave them milk every day. On birthdays we have sponge cake and ice cream instead of milk and biscuits. On Barbara's birthday Jamasp was quite surprised when Surendra didn't eat all his ice cream. He said, "I won't eat a little, little, I'll eat this (stretching his arms) much, and my stomach will be this (stretching his arms wide again) much big."

We have such fun playing "Mulberry Bush" and "I put my right hand in" and "The Little Shoemaker". We expect to use these games when "our Mothers" come to our Christmas tea and program. You all are invited also. Besides the games and program there will be a Christmas Tree—and Santa Claus will not pass us by, I know. He is very busy this year, so we are helping him a little by making gifts for our Mothers.

It is so hard for me to realize that this will be the first Christmas that these babies have ever celebrated, for, the "Best Friend" of all little children is not known to them. A week ago we began learning Martin Luther's lovely little song, "Away in a Manger, no crib for His bed". I hope and pray that through this song, they will begin to know Him, that they will long to learn more and more about Him as they grow older, and that finally, because of His great love for them, they will feel in their hearts an answering love for Him, and an earnest desire to live for Him. Even now, as we talk often of the Giver of the sunshine, the flowers and the birds, their pets, their parents, and their homes, I can detect a real earnestness as they pray each morning,

"Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you God, for every thing."

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To write of the kindergarten without mentioning Mrs. Vatcha Ghandi, the lovely Parsi lady who helps us, would be to give you only a "part picture" of our school. She isn't well just now, so she has gone back to her home in Bombay for a few months. We miss her so much, and shall be so happy when she comes back to us.

So much could be written of the appreciation and fine co-operation of the parents of these children. In my teaching experience I have never worked with, and for, a finer, saner group of people.

It is a fine thing for our own little daughter, this opportunity to go to kindergarten with these children. She gets much of real value from her contacts with them. I’m hoping that they too learn worthwhile things through these friendships.

Phillips Brooks has said, "The world marches forward on the feet of little children".

As I observe these youngsters day by day, I am convinced that the India of to-morrow will be glorious. Their country is worthy of their best, and they will be satisfied to give nothing less. And how can a country fail to be glorious, possessing such a gift?

SOME MIDNAPORE ITEMS

RUTH DANIELS

Women's Conference

The first week in October the Conference met in Midnapore. It was attended by 50 women from other stations and as many local people. It was a blessed meeting from beginning to end, with Mrs. Probhaboti Sarkar as our main speaker. One of the most beautiful things to remember was the business meeting when the President, a Balasore young lady, proposed that the women should do something to help at this time when the Mission was short of funds and cutting off workers. She mentioned one financial need first. Two poor old widows who had received some aid from the Mission were to be cut off, and she asked if the women would not like to take that responsibility.
In no time at all, Balasore and Midnapore women had volunteered to give the total amount needed—it would not be an exaggeration to say that they grabbed at the chance—and then the women from other places wanted to know what task they were to do. No answer could be immediately given, but they will find something.

Even more emphatic was the President’s appeal for women to volunteer to go out to preach the gospel to non-Christian women, without serving for pay under the Mission. She and another woman in Balasore are ready to begin at once, and it is this kind of spirit that seems to us a beginning of better days than we have seen in our field.

Girls’ High School

The Infant Class teacher is Miss Hemlota Dey, a teacher who inspires her children with the same sort of real sense of God as she herself has. One day at school, a High School teacher lost her ring in the grass out in the school yard where all the children were playing. Everyone hunted till recess was over, and then the older ones all went to their classes. The little ones were going to have their class out there on the grass so they stayed and kept on hunting. Their teacher has taught the children to have simple faith in God and prayer, and some of the little ones decided that they would pray to find the ring and without any hesitation knelt down together to pray. Some came to the teacher to object, “Look, those girls are not hunting, they are praying,” but she said, “Let them be,” and then she noticed that more and more joined the praying group. She herself left them alone and went on roaming over the ground, but all the time she prayed most earnestly, “Do not let me find it, let those children who are praying find it.” And just that very thing happened. They got up and began to hunt again and right in a spot where many had hunted before, they picked the ring out of the grass.
August First

Everybody is happy and their faces shine. There are groups of girls gathered in some rooms with the doors shut, and they are busy there among piles of flowers which are running over the tables on to the floor. They have gathered these and are stringing them into garlands or arranging into bouquets all white and yellow and red and green—because to-day Miss Roy is coming back. Every one loves her and they were very sad when she resigned last May as Headmistress, because she felt that she was losing in her fight against the malaria fever that had given her very little peace for eight months and all her relatives advised her to leave this "dreadful" place. Teachers and girls begged her to come back and anyone could see she wanted to as much as they wanted her.

So when she wrote in July that she was better and she would return, every one rejoiced. Usually for a Welcome or Farewell, the girls write some formal "address" and songs, but this time they said, "We'll only give her flowers, we won't say anything, but you tell her for us before the whole School that this makes the second time she has returned to us after an absence and we'll never, never let her go again." When all the school assembled and it was Miss Roy's turn to make some remarks, she told how she had prayed to get well and God had answered and how when she considered accepting posts in other schools where her health might be better or where her friends advised, she never could find one that tempted her. Her mind always came back to Midnapore. Finally her relatives and friends said, "Well, if you are so in love with Midnapore that you can't give it up, why, then go to Midnapore." And so she came back and we hope she will be able to stay for many years of service. She is an efficient Headmistress, and her devotion to Christ and His will is shown in the fact that a year ago she gave up, after a long conflict, an opportunity to take a Government post with an attractive salary, because she felt this was the place He meant for her. We thank God for her, and for her restoration to health.
THE DUNNS AND BERGS RETURN FROM DARJEELING

RUTH BERG

Our families previously having spent but a few months all told in the hills, it was quite a change to remain an entire hot season in the beautiful Himalaya hills. Our children were very happy in the school there, but for a long time both children and mothers, not to mention the lonesome daddies on the plains, had been counting the days to October 28 when they were to leave and return to the plains.

At last the day arrived. The kiddies, of course, were looking forward to the trip, while the mothers looked beyond the worries of packing and travelling to the reunion of families, and contacts with the people among whom we work. At our house the eldest son awakened first and I heard him calling to the others "To-day we are going, to-day we are going". The baby was giving more explicit information—"Toot toot gadi ar choo-choo gaditebon calak’a".

Such a day! This week’s Swedish Baptist Weekly has rather humorously written up the frantic search for space in suit-cases which had to be made by our new missionaries to Assam when their boat was due to sail in a couple of hours and they had spent the day shopping in New York. Ours was a similar experience and both of us memsahibs vowed we would have another tin box before starting on another such trip. Gladys managed to get her overflow into the bedding rolls but I had done ours up, so finally made up a bundle and sewed it up in gunny.

About nine o’clock the school principal arrived. It had just then occurred to him that our railroad concessions were made out from Darjeeling and that we were planning to travel to Siliguri by car. In order to use the concession tickets, we would have to travel by the passenger train which left at 10 A.M. Out of the question of course. We talked it over and decided that it would be a saving to buy the railway tickets from Darjeeling to Calcutta, even if we went down the hill to Siliguri via car.
At last it seemed that everything was done, trunks, boxes and bundles labelled and locked, lunch put up and tiffin basket packed, the serai of water put into its stand and covered, the few left-overs in the food godown disposed of, the things to be left behind packed into a case, etc. etc. Mr. Frazer of the Scottish Mission supervised the loading of our “mal” bus which was a great help. Soon each family and ayah were packed in a car. We were off. Good-bye! Good-bye!

Our first stop was in the bazaar for a basket of fruit and vegetables; the second at the station to buy the ticket from Darjeeling for the four school children and one companion. We had left Darjeeling in dazzling sunshine, but by the time we reached Kurseong we could have the top of the car let down to give us all air possible. By that time the children were hungry, but we dared give them no food as several had felt a little “sea-sick”. Later on I did open a tin of sandwiches and cookies which with oranges from our fruit basket refreshed us. It was dark before we reached Siliguri and it seemed wonderful that nothing was left behind as it seemed to be about pitch dark at the place where we had to unload cars and the luggage bus. It all appeared an enormous heap on the station platform. The children were restless in their woollen “undies” and ran hither and thither while we were trying to get the baggage booked. Another shock! We were given no luggage allowance on the tickets bought at Darjeeling bringing our excess up to nearly double what it would have been. By this time the cry was “When are we going on the train?” Seven o’clock soon came and the lights were turned on in the train. We located our compartment and the nearest servant compartment for our two ayahs and my “chokra”. After gathering together caps, sweaters and other numerous small articles, I noticed that the baby whom I had left outside with the boy was in the compartment. Upon going to the servants’ compartment I found them all three sitting there happily chatting away, and I volunteered the information that the train was not due to leave for an hour and a half and that we would appreciate a little assistance. Petom came back with me to watch the littlest Berg, while the two memsahibs were trying to make order in a compartment
full of luggage and little children, two of six years, one of five, one of four, one of three. Thinking that the ayahs would be of more assistance in making beds and the feeding and undressing of the children we sent Petom back with instructions for the two ayahs to come. They hadn’t been with us many minutes before Petom came all out of breath to say that a lot more folks had come to their compartment. I went and found that they still had more seats than passengers. Meanwhile the ayahs decided that they preferred a zenana compartment, so Gladys left and located one for them.

Helen Dunn was to sleep on one of the upper berths and George Milton spoke up first for the other, so I got him ready first and put him up to make one less under foot. Every few minutes he called out “Mama, when is the train going to go?” Tired as they must have been, not one of the six dropped off to sleep until the train was in motion. After all was quiet the two mothers thought it a good time to do up accounts. We tried to solve the problem caused by the mix-up in our concession tickets, but we were just too tired. We had the fan going the first part of the night, but it became too cool during the night. The first stop after the noise of the fan had ceased awakened the kiddies who sat up in bed perfectly delighted to find themselves on the train. At the second stop one or two roused, but after that we all slept soundly (?) until after five. We had forgotten to tell the ayahs that they should be on hand early in the morning, so we were sure we wouldn’t see them until we reached Calcutta. It was a happy surprise, therefore, to have them come bouncing into our compartment about half past five. It was a rush to get children dressed, washed and fed, beddings and boxes packed. By the time the last of the six children was washed the first one needed to be cleaned up again, but we were getting into Sealdah station. The children were told, “Now we will see daddy”. Mr. Dunn had located us and we heard him calling, “B-e-r-g, here they are”.
“A GUEST WHO SPOKE FOR CHRIST”
CHARLES C. ROADARMEL

We were attending a prayer meeting at the home of a family who just recently had been baptized and received into our Telegu Union Church here in Khargpur. After the prayer meeting, tea and other refreshments were served. As we were eating, the Telegu pastor stood up, and after some remarks presented a “pancha” or “dhoti”* to a Christian brother who has been staying in the home of the new Christians. I couldn’t understand the remarks as they were in Telegu, but later they were explained to me. This is the story which lay back of the incident:

Last year a Telegu Christian man came to Khargpur from Samalkot in the hope of finding a job in the Railway Workshops. When he found there was no work to be had in the shops, he found some Telegu Hindu children who needed tutoring and was given board and lodging in the Hindu home for his tutoring work. Soon he began sharing his Christian experience with the Hindu father, mother, and father’s brother’s wife in the home. As they became interested he taught them about Christ, and introduced them to the other Christians in the church. A few months later when the new pastor arrived, the three members of the family were ready to accept Christ. They were examined, accepted by the church, and baptized.

Then came the incident which I related at the beginning. These friends were so happy in their new faith and their fellowship with Christ that they took the opportunity afforded by the prayer meeting to present the “dhoti” to the Christian guest who had led them to Christ.

What a power our churches would be if each of our Christians were as much in earnest as this tutor about sharing the blessings of Christ with others!

* A long piece of cloth worn around the loins.
THE IMPOSSIBLE IN FIVE DAYS
EDWIN C. BRUSH

The Christian missionary has perhaps been as interested in the six-day fast of Mahatma Gandhi, and in the social reformation resulting from it, as any of the countless millions who stood watching what was taking place before their eyes. Many said that this fast unto death for the Depressed Classes of India would be a very fitting way for the great champion of social rights to end his life. Some even went so far as to suggest that this fast was only a stage stunt, put on by an old man brooding behind prison bars with a body, and perhaps mind, weakened by previous fasts.

But the careful observer soon realized that Mr. Gandhi had introduced a new spirit into this communal struggle—a spirit that cares even to the limit. The high caste Hindus have realized for some time that under the caste system the depressed classes have not received justice; but up to the present time have not been willing to sacrifice special privilege to set that wrong right. But when these caste Hindus realized that Mr. Gandhi was offering his life to atone for this sin of the past, and as a protest against further injustice, there was a tremendous volume of prayer offered that his life might be spared. It was unthinkable that the one who has suffered so much on behalf of Indian rights and justice should be allowed to end his life thus. Within five days these age-long differences of opinion as to how these sins might be set right were waived aside in the presence of this new spirit; the impossible happened, the depressed classes were given a place within Hinduism, and temple doors began to swing wide open for them to enter for worship.

And so, because Mr. Gandhi really cared, a social reformation has begun to sweep over India, which, if faithfully carried out, will remove from Hindu society the great depressed class, upon which the caste system of the past has stood. The Christian missionary is wondering just what will be the result, just what has been accomplished.

To begin with, it seems to us that the spirit which made all this change possible came not from within Hinduism, but from without.
The little frail man who made this spirit possible has again and again found his way to an ancient hill-side, to sit and listen with the depressed people of Judea to that simple Sermon on the Mount. It was on that hill-side he first learned to turn the other cheek to injustice. And upon another hill-side not far away he saw how much that Great Teacher cared. Hinduism has found the answer to its depressed problem in Jesus.

Yes, the temple doors are open. The depressed may for the first time in history enter to worship the gods so long denied them. It yet remains a question as to just what they may find within. Will the hunger of their soul be satisfied; will they find within the temple power sufficient to lift them above the degradation of centuries; and will the high caste, newly made brothers, find therein the power to follow out their high resolves? Time will bring the answer.

However, we cannot dismiss from the mind this fact, that the six million and more Christians of India have almost entirely come from this same depressed class. Whatever light and hope that has shone upon their pathway so far has come from Jesus. It also seems quite evident that many of the so-called reforms of the past have been an effort on the part of the Hindus to counteract the spread of Christianity in their midst. While nothing has been said in public by those who under the influence of Mr. Gandhi's caring spirit have opened the door to the depressed, yet we cannot help but feel that in their own mind these sacrificed privileges of caste may be somewhat offset by this added resistance to the spread of Christianity. But we believe that the open door of the Hindu temple will not prove sufficient to stem the tide of the mass movement of the depressed of India towards Jesus and His Church. We shall continue to say in His name, "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in spirit; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."
LITTLE STOUT HEARTS

ADA STEARNS

We all like to read stories about Indian children because they seem to have strange little ways that give us something very new to think about, but I think there is on every mission field a whole army of what I like to call little stout hearts that seldom have one word said about them. This very important part of every mission, one that we could never, never do without, is made up of the missionaries' boys and girls.

Every school year Ardis, now eight years old, has to leave her home on the plains and go into a boarding school up in the mountains. Why cry? She has done it for two years and will do it as long as she stays in India, and besides, she is just one of hundreds of children who do this very thing. Of course she is lonely, homesick, and all the rest, but her little black eyes must pay attention to her books and not waste their time in tears. She must not waste her parents' money and she must grow up to be an intelligent woman.

Back home she left Mary Lou, now two years old, who chatters like a magpie in her own kind of Hindustani and makes every one laugh sometimes. Her dolly will grow up speaking Hindustani, too, since Mary Lou carries her around by one arm most of the day. Mary Lou's birthday was about a week away when her mother and I went to the big Indian bazaar in Darjeeling to see if we could find some gifts. I wasn't long finding some picture books, something that Mary Lou amuses herself with by the hour. But the doll! They were breakable and Mary Lou isn't very merciful to her children. The climate had already begun to crack off their skins and leave ugly patches that cold cream wouldn't heal. Their stuffing was oozing out through cheap cloth. Some had said "mama" at one time in their lives but never would again. We despaired! At last we found a little pug nosed one that talked and could be presented in society except for one scarred hand. Her mother thought of all the other scars she would soon have and decided she would do.
Mary Lou was on the verandah when we got out of the rickshaw, and, although no word about doll had been said in her hearing and she couldn’t see a thing but an ordinary box all wrapped in paper, she stood stiff as a poker before her mother and quick as a flash explained, in Hindustani, “A dolly!” Her mother hurried out of sight saying to me, “Isn’t she the limit!” Mary Lou began to play again mumbling to herself, “Mary Lou the limit.” She is just learning English.

The birthday came. Everything, all wrapped up, was put before her on the verandah and Ardis, home for the week-end, helped her untie the hardest knots. The doll was kept until last. She lifted the box in such a way that out came a mournful “mama!” Things happened! Soon Mary Lou, when she could stop kissing her, was rocking her new playmate back and forth to hear her cry. Then came the cake with two little candles and Mary Lou blew out her own candles and cut the cake herself with her mother’s guiding hand over hers.

Whenever Ardis was home for a vacation, no one else could do a thing for Mary Lou, who followed her around like a poodle and calls of “Ardee! Ardee!” filled the house whenever Ardis disappeared. The day for Ardis to go back to school arrived and her mother said, “Now, Ardis, go in where Mary Lou has just awakened from her nap, kiss her quietly, and go out the back door so she won’t think you’re going and cry so hard.”

Ardis’s face got into the queerest shape and she said brokenly, “But, mother, I’m going to cry too.” So they both cried ever so hard, and indeed we felt like ending too.

And, may I ask, how do you feel?

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HOW GOD CALLED A BRAHMIN

W. C. OSGOOD

Banamali Misra and his wife were baptized in Balasore on October the 9th. He was a Brahmin of considerable education, having received the title of “Poet” in Sanskrit. It will be interesting to trace briefly
the ways and means by which God calls a man to Himself. Many years ago a Christian High School was founded in Balasore and from that school a Brahmin boy graduated, who, after taking his normal training, went to teach in the Grammar School at Kuamara in Mayurbhanj State. This teacher, though not himself a Christian, spoke so highly of the Bible and used it so much in his class that he greatly interested the pupil, Banamali, in the book. Later when he went to Baripada to high school there were talks and contacts with an Australian missionary there, Miss Allanby. Along with the interest in the Bible was a keen desire to find the truth, so the young man searched also most diligently the Hindu Scriptures. He went to Nadia in Bengal the center of the Chaitanya movement of Hinduism. There, when not finding the peace he sought, he refused to be initiated into Vaishnavism, and they tried to initiate him by force, he escaped with the help of the police and went to Benares to study Sanskrit.

After years of such study, still without peace and unorthodox in his views, he returned to Mayurbhanj State. There he took up the position of teacher in the Lower Primary School at Nalagajah, one mile from the Rangiam Church. A party of preachers touring during the cold season came through. He had some conversations with Rev. Umesh Patra and bought an English Bible from the party.

Later he came in contact with the pastors of the Rangiam Church, Purustum Behera and Prodip Singh. In order to help with a drama an Ostat friend was producing at Kusudiha he went there. There Chintamoni and Behari met him and had long talks with him solving some of his problems. The dramatist and the producer entered into a compact to become Christians.

When he returned to his school his leanings became known and some persecution and threats were brought to bear upon him in an effort to dissuade him from his purpose. Chintamoni, Rajini Mohapatra, myself and others met with him several times, talking the day through or far into the night. Gradually doubts and fears were overcome and he and his wife boldly acknowledged their Saviour.

The barber and the laundryman (dhoba) will not serve them, children have been withdrawn from school, efforts have been made to
have him removed from his post, ostracism and various kinds of threat; and abuse have been tried in the effort "to bring him to his senses" for some of his Hindu brethren claim that he has gone mad from much learning.

Pray for them that they may find God's purpose for their lives, that they may be strong in the faith, stalwart witnesses used of God for the winning of many.

**ANNUAL CONFERENCE**

**ETHEL N. ROADARMEL**

The Annual Conference of our Bengal-Orissa Mission was held in Balasore from Friday, November 25th through Tuesday, November 29th. The Reference Committee met on Thursday to consider motions which would be brought before Conference for action. Nearly everyone had arrived in Balasore by Thursday evening. We were entertained most graciously in the three Mission bungalows there with the Misses Gowen and Cronkite, Mrs. Eller, and Mrs. Osgood as hostesses. The bungalow formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gilson was used for sleeping accommodations. The two main rooms which adjoin each other in this bungalow made a pleasant place to hold the sessions of Conference.

It was a new experiment to have a Sunday come in the middle of Conference and it proved to be most worth while. It was a day of real spiritual uplift when we were able to lay aside the burdens and problems, or perhaps, I should say, were able to bring them to Christ and leave the weight of them with Him. A devotional period was held from 9 to 11 o'clock Sunday morning. The program was planned by Rev. G. B. Harris. In his introductory remarks he said that we all were conscious of our powerlessness and all desired greater power in our lives. The theme of the period was "In the Power of the Spirit". Following the talk by Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel on "The Master and Those He Touched" and by Miss Ruth Daniels on "Pentecost—Its Meaning and Its Power" there was an opportunity for discussion. The talks had been personal, revealing our weaknesses and searching our motives
and desires. In the discussions there was a sharing of experiences and confessions of needs. Rev. L. C. Kitchen spoke on the subject “If Pentecost Should Come to Us”. His message was heart-searching and personal, and stirred all of us to new resolves and deeper consecration.

At the close of the devotional period we joined together in the Communion service which was conducted by Rev. W. C. Osgood. As we recalled again the sacrifice of Christ for us, I am sure that we all re-dedicated ourselves to more sacrificial service and more Christlike living.

Other than the regular Oriya church service that afternoon no other meetings had been planned, but several felt the need of more time for prayer together. As a result, we gathered again at 5-30 for prayer. Testimonies as to how prayer had been made effective were given and definite requests for prayer were made.

It was unfortunate that Rev. L. F. Marsh and Rev. E. C. Brush who are engaged in English work in Jamshedpur and Khargpur respectively could not be with us on Sunday. They both returned on Monday.

We were glad to have with us as the guest of Conference Rev. Frank Fellows of the English Baptist Mission. Mr. Fellows directed our thoughts at the two evening church services on Friday and Saturday and led the devotional periods each morning of Conference. The first morning, speaking of Jeremiah’s vision of the almond branch, he said that Jeremiah saw with eyes illumined by the Spirit of God. We need to have our eyes re-anointed. At the second period Mr. Fellows urged that we be ready for fresh adventures of faith. In the present financial situation are we “ready to make even greater sacrifices than we have made, to acquiesce in decisions with regard to the work we are doing, to give up cherished hopes? Has God some other plan for us? What is God saying to us?”

At our third devotional period the subject was “Not Forgetting to Pray”. Mr. Fellows said “If we forget to pray no one notices it. We don’t think of it as neglect of duty”. At the last period we were led to think on Paul’s statement “I am crucified with Christ, etc.”

A large portion of the business sessions was spent in consideration of the recommendations of the Retrenchment Committee as to how
the various phases of our work can meet a 25% cut, if such is necessary in the coming year. There was a period of special prayer that, if possible, funds might be forthcoming that would make it possible to carry on our work without such a reduction as this cut would necessitate.

An enjoyable feature of Conference was a trip to Chandipur by the sea on Monday evening. A picnic supper by the light of a bonfire and lanterns took the place of our usual social evening program. Another unique feature was an Indian dinner arranged by Mrs. Lloyd Eller for all the Conference members in an Indian home.

Rev. E. C. Brush was elected chairman of the next Conference.

PERSONALS

Rev. and Mrs. H. I. Frost and their daughter, Eleanor, arrived in Bombay on November 7th. We are happy to have them with us again and trust that this third term in India may be the best they have yet had. They have left their four boys in the U.S.A. to continue their education. Kenneth and Robert are at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. Gordon and Wilbur are living at the Home for Missionaries' Children in Newton Centre, Mass., and are attending the local High School.

Rev. W. C. Osgood has successfully passed his second year Oriya language examination. We feel that he deserves special credit for this, as his time for language study has been interrupted by illness in the family and by trips to Hatigarh and surrounding villages to supervise mission work. During this year Mr. and Mrs. Osgood have been located in Balasore. They expect to return to Hatigarh early in December.

Mrs. Berg, Mrs. Dunn, and Mrs. Howard have returned to the plains after a season in the hills with their children who have been attending school. Mrs. Howard has left her four boys in the boarding
at Woodstock, Mussoorie. Mrs. Brush will return December 10th. At that time all the children who are in school will come to their homes on the plains for cold season vacation. Schools reopen early in March. This is equivalent to the summer vacation in U.S. schools.

Rev. and Mrs. G. B. Harris were gladdened by the arrival of a son, George Bartow, Jr., on November 6th at Eden Hospital, Calcutta. After leaving the hospital Mrs. Harris with baby went to Jamshedpur to stay with Rev. and Mrs. L. F. Marsh until she should feel equal to resuming her responsibilities in Midnapore.

In October Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel had a successful operation at Eden Hospital, Calcutta. During the time that she had to be away Norman and baby Gordon were cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Jamshedpur, and Carolyn was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Osgood, Balasore. Before bringing the children home Mrs. Roadarmel spent two weeks with the Osgoods and a week with the Marshes.

Miss Ada Stearns entered Carmichael Hospital, Calcutta, for examination and special treatments after returning from Darjeeling in October. On November 16th she returned to Midnapore. We hope that she will keep well and not be obliged to return to hospital.

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