

June, 1925

No. 2

TIDINGS

FROM

A. B. F. M. SOCIETY

IN

BENGAL-ORISSA, INDIA.



CUTTACK.

PRINTED AT THE ORISSA MISSION PRESS.

BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

Bhimpore, via Midnapore, Bengal.

Rev. L. C. Kitchen.

Mrs. Kitchen.

Miss Grace Hill.

Miss Naomi Knapp.

Midnapore, Bengal.

Miss Ruth Daniels.

Rev. H. C. Long.

Mrs. H. C. Long.

Dr. Mary W. Bachelor.

Kharagpur, B. N. Ry.

Rev. E. C. Brush.

Mrs. E. C. Brush.

Jamshedpur, B. N. Ry.

Rev. Zo D. Browne.

Mrs. Browne.

Contai, Bengal.

Rev. J. A. Howard.

Mrs. Howard.

Hatigarh, via Jellasure.

Mr. George Ager.

Mrs. Ager.

Balasure, Orissa, B. N. Ry.

Mr. V. G. Krause.

Mr. Lloyd Eller.

Mrs. Eller

Miss Ethel Cronkite.

Mr. William Dunn.

Mrs. Dunn.

Miss Sarah B. Gowen.

Subscriptions to "Tidings" may be secured from—
W. H. Lippard, 276, Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Single subscription \$0.30.
Four subscriptions \$1.00.



Bengal-Orissa Tidings

EDITORIAL.

We introduce to our readers this month another of our fellow-workers, Rev. Natabar Singh of Balasore. He is one of the pillars of the church in India and Rev. M. R. Hartley who wrote the sketch has fitly described him as the "Kingdom Lover."

Dear Samuel Pundit of Midnapore, whose life we presented last December, has passed on to his reward.

DEDICATION AT JAMSHEDPUR.

Rev. Z. D. Browne and Rev. A. L. Maity are quite too modest in their reports of the interesting work at Jamshedpur, the Pittsburg of India. The beautiful new church was dedicated in February. From the order of service we quote the following :—"Mr. Lloyd Eller is the architect and, through numerous kindnesses of the Town Engineering Department and the Tata Iron and Steel Company, the builder of our House Beautiful."

The Pulpit furniture was made in the Pattern Shop. The pews were designed by the Boys' Industrial School, Balasore and made in the Pattern Shop.

In the erection of this place of worship, the aim has been economy consistent with quality, simplicity, comfort and the widest ministry. Cheapness and barrenness have no right of way to the favor of God's presence and power. In a building of this nature the product sought is Christ-like character.

Among the "aims" we find;—

"To promote the study of the Bible, fellowship in prayer and the worship of God, co-operation in Christian service and the practice of Christianity in public and in private, to get men and men into Heaven, to comfort the sad, to steady the happy, to uplift and encourage the weak and to inspire and guide the strong."

"To proclaim our message to men as men in the name of the common Father; to present Jesus Christ as the authority, the Bible as the guide and the Holy Spirit as the interpreter in all matters of faith and practice; to lift up Jesus Christ as the true Saviour, the supreme Leader and the only Master of all men, and through Him to bring all people into the sway and service of the Kingdom of God."

The building serves both church bodies, the Indian and the English.

The church publishes a monthly paper called the "Home Messenger." In it we find the English church offerings for February and March as follows:—

Weekly Offerings	...	Rs.	257	10	0
Dedication Offerings	...		423	13	0
Musical Service Offerings	...		76	14	0
Monthly Contributions	...		443	8	0
Organ Fund gifts	...		175	0	0
Sunday School Offerings	...		149	4	0

For the same period, the Indian church offerings amounted to a total of Rs. 135 annas 13.

We are happy to share the news of some recent additions to the church. There have been several Indian baptisms as well as the four described by Mr. Browne.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Long returned from furlough last November. We are sure you will be pleased to hear from them. We are also indebted to Mrs. Long for the glimpse of Dr. Mary Bachelor at work. She is always at work as far as that is concerned and no doubt now while on vacation her "rest" consists merely in a change of occupation.

We thought you would like to share the letter written by Mrs. Brush to a friend, describing the journey to and life in "The Hills." If you do not envy her, neither would you enjoy life in Khargpur during May at 110° in the shade!

—:0;—

THE HIMALAYAN SCHOOL.

The school to which she refers is one of the most recent co-operative adventures carried out among the missions of North India. For years American missionaries in India have grappled with the problem of the education of their children. Even if a mother has the time and capability of teaching them at home, there is the climate to be considered. Some send to the mission schools in the Hills making the best of the difficulties presented by an English curriculum and English methods, and the loss of time involved in transfer to and from schools in America. Others with great self-sacrifice, thinking only of their children's greatest good, send them to America at a very early age, to be brought up in accordance with American traditions and ideals.

In response to a wide-spread and vital need, there was organized three years ago a school whose purpose it is to provide the advantages of the best tested modern methods carried on in an atmosphere of Christian idealism. The teachers are chosen both for their educational training and ability and for their ability to contribute to the Christian-character building of the pupils. The curriculum is organized on the basis of those offered by the best schools in the United States.

The school beginning with an enrollment of 28 pupils, has now in its third year, about 60. It has established all eight grades of an elementary school and a kindergarten and is pledged to offer high school work as soon as the pupils coming up through the grades are ready for it. It employs six teachers, including a music teacher, all of whom are graduates of our best schools at home and freely prepared to carry out the ideals of the institution. The atmosphere of the school is one of informality and friendliness, not only among the pupils themselves, but also between the

pupils and teachers. The children are happy, the school-rooms are quiet without restraint and the work goes on in a natural sort of way which results in a feeling of real affection toward the school on the part of the pupils.

A committee representative of all the American missions in North-India from the Bay of Bengal to the North-West Frontier recently met to discuss the problems connected with the future development of the school. The school is at present located in rented quarters and the sale income is obtained from the annual grants of participating missions and tuition fees. As to its permanent location, the committee has in mind an admirable property with many problems such as water supply, lighting and sanitation already largely solved. Many buildings on the property could be utilized and there is sufficient land to provide for the homes of missionaries within the community. The project will require a great deal of encouragement and financial support and in its venture of faith, large dependence upon spiritual resources.

The school is already filling a long felt need, and we trust will receive the hearty support of all who have at heart the best interests of the missionaries' children.

—:O:—

REV. NATABAR SINGH THE KINGDOM LOVER

His Birth and Parentage.—Natabar was born in the year 1877 of Christian parents. He was the second son of a family of three sons and four daughters. His mother was a Bible woman, the daughter of a preacher. His father, Kunja Behari Singh, was a business man. He had been kidnapped when a boy, along with many others for purpose of human sacrifice, by the Konds of Orissa, an aboriginal hill tribe. They believed that the increase of their tribe depended upon the number of human sacrifices they could make. By the help of the British Government he was wonderfully saved from their cruel hands and given over to some missionaries who brought him up.

His Education.—Natabar studied in the Mission school and passed his Middle Vernacular Examination, but was unable to read further on account of the family's straightened circumstances. He now worked but continued the study of English. He was baptized at 16 years of age. About this time Mr. Boyer, who was to see but three years more of life, arrived in Balasore and soon after took Natabar on as a colporteur. The next year he went to Bible School but after two years there he felt an aversion to being "a preacher," so became a School Teacher at Jellasore for a year. Again he went to Bible School for his third year and afterwards took Mission work. "Here too" he says "I had to face difficulties." My friends never believed that I had really a call for my work; they thought I worked for money. "Some months passed after which he left the Mission and joined the Postal Service. At first he was a postman, then Mail-Overseer, and finally Postmaster of a Branch Office.

His Marriage.—Natabar writes, "While I was in the Post Office I often thought of the married life. My affections were centered upon one whom I wished for my partner in life. Her parents, however, showed a determinately negative attitude to my wishes. Nevertheless, here was an occasion for my abiding faith in importunate prayer, which I got from my parents. At last it pleased God to unite her with me and all oppositions ceased. I had no doubt it was a direct work of the Lord."

In the Post Office.—Natabar found little time for preaching and church work while in the post-office and this troubled him. That he had something of the Christian spirit is shown by a little incident which occurred at this time. One day while walking along the road he saw an old woman trying to carry a huge water-pot, so he took it from her and carried it home for her. The spectators were amazed at this display of interest in an old woman's troubles.

Again a Preacher.—After a long mental struggle he suggested becoming a Preacher again but his wife opposed it "thinking of the comparatively poor pay of the department." But brave man that he was, partly against his wife's wishes he decided to take of Mission Work. Dr. Hamlen gladly accepted his services and sent him to Ujurda as school

master and Preacher where he remained until he became pastor at Balasore.

At Balasore.—He says, “the turning point of my life came about this time. Though I held spiritual office, my heart was full of worldliness and low desires. The evil one was making use of me and quite successful. By and by I became quite unscrupulous even embezzling Church funds. It mortified me to think of my sins how I put my beloved to an open shame. The peace which I temporarily enjoyed after my baptism was no more. The devil had full possession of my heart. Not only did he lead me to do evil but helped me to conceal it. No thought of the future entered my mind. And yet a dark horror unaware would cloud my mind. I was sure there was no way for me. If I be honest, I lose my worldly comforts. If I confess, I lose my job and bring shame upon myself and the future will be dark. It was a critical position; to advance or retreat would be equally dangerous. Moreover, there was my duty, “His Church Work.” I had to keep an extra suit of righteousness to wear before the people, and, while alone, put it off assuming my real nature.

While he was thus wrestling with his conscience, Rev. Pengwern Jones, came to Santipore for special meetings. Natabar writes, ‘I had little faith in such meetings and classed them all under a general head’ “Hypocrisy.” As a custom, another preacher and I went, not to receive any benefit but to try the men who would say they had received something. With a clear attitude of mockery and scorn we went. At the first meeting Mr. Jones spoke with zeal. It seemed I was hypnotised; everybody found himself out in the focus of the divine Xray. I was made doubly conscious of myself and my ugly and filthy life.

Before the next sitting, my friend and I met in an open field. We consulted about the advisability of an open confession, and discussed a long while if it would not be sufficient to confess to God alone. But as often as I planned this, and imagined my prospective new self after such a confession, I felt positively that there was some gap, something left undone. I must confess before man and God since I sinned against both.

“The next meeting began. I was there. There was a solemn

pause. I stood up and began to unburden myself. I took out each of my blackest sins and exposed them before God and man. The fear of losing my job could not restrain me. I openly confessed that I was a deceiver, a villain in all respects and was no more fit for the post I held. I declared my authorities free to dismiss me. Then, peace and joy filled every corner of my heart. It was the happiest moment of my life."

He came back to Balasore and for some time prayed unceasingly without consciousness of day or night. "There was little regard for food; hunger was too weak to bring me down from the higher life I was enjoying. My body was much reduced, and my family became very anxious."

A Short Period of Fanaticism.—At this time two rather amusing but also pathetic and significant events occurred. The consciousness of God's power and reality apparently tempted Natabar to desire to prove in much the same way that Jesus is reported to have been tempted. One morning he went up on the roof of the church to cast himself down that he might show God's power to save him. But something prevented him and he came back down by a safer though slower and less spectacular route.

The other incident occurred in the upstairs of Mr. Hamlen's Bungalow. There was there a wheel mounted horizontally on a support so that it could be easily whirled around. Natabar declares that he was led by God to that upstairs, that he got up on the top of that wheel and that he was whirled around and round by some unseen power. The lesson he learned from this was that just as he was whirled on that wheel so the devil had been whirling him in his fanatical attempts to lay hold of God's power.

Visit of Stranger.—Also at this time a strange thing happened. A perfect stranger came to Natabar's house one morning. He said he was travelling by train when, near Balasore, God told him to stop off at Balasore and see the Pastor of the Church. The man had his ticket for Calcutta showing that he was telling the truth. He said that he had been sent for some special purpose and wished Natabar to tell him frankly all that had happened to him. Natabar writes, "Having heard

of my conversion he thanked God and stretched forth his hands and greeted me and blessed me. Then he warned me against too much fasting and advised me to take food. He also suggested that my prayers be short. He left me in the Lord's charge and went away. It was so miraculous that I can never forget it. The man's name was Dayal Chandra Halder.

After this there was wonderful revival in the Church at Balasore. Natabar and two friends were praying in the Church vestry for three particular persons, one of them a lady Missionary. Soon one of the three appeared and joined them. By and by all three came, confessed their sins before the altar, and became partakers of the heavenly joy. Soon the whole congregation was attracted; the revival went on; every day new souls came forward for confession and pardon. "Through physical exhaustion Natabar had to give up the work and Mr. Hamlen took it up. The revival lasted for three months without a break.

Natabar Becomes Assistant Missionary.—From the Balasore Church, Natabar was called to be Assistant Missionary in Balasore District, and in this capacity had done splendid work. He is respected and loved and trusted by all. If he has occasion to rebuke a delinquent Preacher or Church Member they take no offence, they know that it is only his consuming love for his Lord and for His cause that leads him to do it. If there is a responsible position to be filled or an inspiring Preacher needed, Natabar is chosen. He was the first Chairman of the Evangelistic Board and always has a prominent place on Committees.

His Home Life. Natabar's home life is a wonderful example and power for good. It is not a home where the husband, as lord of creation, eats the hot rice and gets cancer leaving his wife to eat the cold remains. Natabar treats his wife as an equal, nay, in matters pertaining to the household he defers to her judgment. I once wanted to sell him a cot but he said he would see first what his wife said. He dearly loves his wife and children and it most breaks his heart when he is compelled, as he sometimes is to go away leaving them lying on sick beds; but he feels that he owes all to God and must put Him first.

Natabar thinks that a married man can do much more good than a single man by showing, in the home, what the Christian life means. By the practise of love and unselfish service and self-sacrifice in the home, Christianity is made concrete.

His Passion for Souls. Natabar's passion for his Master is only equalled by his passion for his Master's other sheep. Among the most beautiful and significant words in the story of Jesus are these, "Jesus wept!" not for Himself and but for others. So Natabar weeps. And his tears are no crocodile tears. He dearly loves his country and its people and longs for the day of her moral and spiritual emancipation. For that emancipation he would gladly give his life. And he is giving his life. Preaching and personal work with Natabar are no perfunctory performance. They are his joy and delight, his meat and drink, when he goes to a village, morning, noon and night, often when others would be sleeping, he is testifying to the joy and power of true religion. Is there a man in the village who has become an unbeliever through falling into temptation? Then Natabar goes and eats with him and is friendly in order to kindle in him hope and faith and love and restore him to his Lord. On one occasion a Missionary took him to task and that on scriptural authority, for dining with a man whom the Missionary had put under discipline but the most authoritative scripture that Natabar knew was the injunction to love; so he loved and, to-day that man is making an honest effort to live the Christian life.

But preaching and personal work do not exhaust his conception of Christian service. He has a vision of the Kingdom of God on this earth in which every relationship of life will be truly Christian, in which men will live together as brothers. To accomplish this he sees the need of social service, of bettering the economic and social conditions under which people live. He was greatly interested in a scheme to obtain land cheaply for some of our poor Christians that they might have a better and happier and more useful and more Christian life,—a principle which we might apply more effectively to our preachers.

Natabar has worked under the Mission for 21 years. He says, "The Lord has been with me and lifted me out of the depths of hopeless-

ness and has led me out of many valleys of the shadow of death. During these years I have had some ups and downs, with numerous trials, temptations and persecutions, but—Praise the Lord! I am more than conqueror through Him who loved me.”

“The Ministry is my vocation. I serve my Master because I love Him. It is more than a duty. I will give my life for my calling. Trials and hardships cannot frighten me as I have already had experience of them. I am really happy where I am. The Lord looks after me. Whatever pleases Him pleases me. He gives me strength for my work which I could not do with my human intelligence alone. May God lead me up the path of perfection to Himself at length, is my earnest prayer and desire.”

The Natabar the back-slider, became Natabar the KINGDOM LOVER. Such is the grace and power of our God.

— :0: —

FOUR BAPTISMS EASTER SUNDAY.

Four were baptized and became members of the English Church, Jamshedpur on Easter Sunday evening. One was a young man, educated in Staines' School. He came here more than a year ago, got work, stayed two months and left without resignation to make his fortune. He wandered to the west coast and back to Calcutta. Finally came to Jamshedpur penniless, but he had found his soul and a blessed Saviour. He is doing good work and is happy to be a Christian.

Two young men were Welshmen. One was led to accept Jesus Christ and confess Him in baptism by the true Christian living of one of our deacons, a consistent Christian from his home town. The other was set to thinking by a report that went home about his reckless living.

The fourth to be baptized was the son of the General Manager of the Tata Iron and Steel Company. He is a boy of ten years; his mother is a member of the Church, and a teacher in our Sunday School. His father's brother is a Baptist preacher. One man said to me, “I believe that this lad will be a minister some day.” Let us pray for each one.

“Dr. MARY.”

We are indeed glad to welcome to Midnapore Dr. Mary W. Bachelor, who is “Dr. Mary” to two-thirds of our Mission. The Indian people have been most enthusiastic about her coming, and only feared that she might leave in a few months. When we assured them that she was to be a permanent missionary in our station, it seems, for this term, they were as pleased as we. Every one welcomes “Dr. Mary” here as to her own home, you see, as she came to Midnapore with her parents as a little girl, and here her childhood and girlhood were spent. They lived in the house which we now occupy, and Dr. Mary’s father gradually remodelled it to suit the changing needs. Originally it was straw thatched, and low, undeniably “snaky,” but with higher floors and a cement drain all about it, and finally good tile roofs, it has become a very different house. When Dr. Mary came to Midnapore in March, I almost felt “for auld lang syne” she ought to come into her childhood home.

While she was in Jamshedpur not so long ago, she mentioned an address that she had arrived in India in 1865, I believe. People looked at one another in amazement. And later at the bungalow, when visitors inquired about the trip out, and she replied that it was made in a sailing vessel, and took four months, they hardly knew what to say. And we who travel now-a-days by steam and oil, complain if the frozen milk curdles a bit in our tea! What if we had come in the pioneer days!

I wish you could see Dr. Mary at her tasks, but it could only be in fleeting glimpses. One day she is calling on people in our villages; the next day called to a sick bed in Jamshedpur; the next day in Midnapore is occupied with dispensary work, and the vaccination of all near-by who need protection from small-pox; then off to Bimpore to vaccinate seventy or eighty, and to help nurse mumps and measles; then a hasty trip to Calcutta for more vaccine and other medical supplies; another visit in Bimpore, this time of several days’ duration, to vaccinate four hundred or more and examine all the boarding boys and girls, as well as attend village cases. Its rather kaleidoscopic, isn’t it? You don’t wonder that Mrs. Daniels doesn’t know how to estimate Dr. Mary’s monthly board bill, do

you? Oh, yes, just as we thought she might have a chance to settle down at last and get her Midnapore office and dispensary in order, one Saturday night there came an S. O. S. call from Bhimpore right at the dinner hour. So Dr. Mary and Mr. Long were off for a night ride of twenty miles and back to bring in a school boy who had been mauled by a bear. That night she was up till two o'clock, but I saw her at early morning service at church next day, looking just as calm and happy as ever. How many American women could follow our "Dr. Mary?"

—:0:—

FROM U.S. TO B.-O.

It is some time since we wrote our last bit for "Tidings," so perhaps we ought to let our friends and acquaintances know that we have arrived safely in our own home, and that our address is as before, MIDNAPORE, Bengal.

It's a long way to bring four little ones from Vancouver, B.C., to Calcutta with transhipments at Hongkong, Singapore, and Rangoon. You can imagine that Dr. Murphy looked good to us when we arrived at Outram Docks, as he stood on the wharf and waved his topee at us. We had bought our topees in Shanghai, so as to be ready for the tropics. In Hongkong we found that we had five days to wait, so we put up on the Kowloon side, across the harbor from the Peak, in a Missionary Home, where a balcony made the children very comfortable, though fearfully smudgy. Here we realized that we were getting back to the tropics, to mosquito nets, pomoloes, the tropical tangerine, boiled water, and most uncertain milk. Back on the boat, we were soon in a real tropical perspiration, as we neared Singapore and ran into the wake of a storm, which troubled some of us in other ways as well, but fortunately for our little party, Father kept his feet admirably. A night and a day ashore in a little Dutch hotel gave us a most welcome change, and the ten accompaniments to rice for lunch, to make an acceptable rice and curry dish in Javanese fashion, proved most interesting. Not knowing Dutch, I had suggested the second item on the menu, innocently supposing that

it would be fish, which ordinarily follows soup, but I decided that Javanese "fish" was not quite suitable for Judson and the twins. However, they didn't mind, as they enjoyed our delicious tree melon, the papaya, so much. We had a part of a day in Penang, where our good captain was very nervous about the children. He said to me, "Mrs. Long, you must keep a careful eye on these little ones. The waters here are infested with sharks, and if a child should fall overboard, he could never be recovered." So I was glad that we could get ashore on the tender for an hour or two in a motor car, to give the children a change, and all of us a glimpse of the wonderful tropical vegetation, the thousands of cocoanut palms, and the quaint houses of the Straits city. The last lap of the voyage was uneventful, except for a cold wave, which struck us as rather strange as we approached India at last.

Thanksgiving Day saw the children and me in our own home in Midnapore, but Mr. Long could not follow till the midnight train, as there was so much luggage to be attended to. So the station postponed the Thanksgiving dinner till Friday night, when we had a real celebration all together.

But I must not leave you in the dark as to our first night in Midnapore, though I felt quite in the dark myself, with only one lantern to light those huge barn-like rooms. Fortunately I knew what to expect in India, so I hadn't a moment of fear. But pattering around on the bare cement floors in rooms innocent of a blind or a curtain of any sort to see whether it was only a rat gnawing in one of the book cases, or a more formidable foe seemed a little bit strange after our sojourn in the homeland. Mr. Long didn't arrive till two at night, as I have said, so I suppose my senses were more than usually alert. Before his arrival, I know I made not less than three tours of the house to search for the cause of the strangest commotion, not a rat in an almirah, although there was one chewing up some perfectly good papers, not a toad in the dry leaves in the drain, not a possible snake on the verandah, but a continual crunch, crunch, crunching. I began to think that I might rival Kipling in evolving a mystery tale from it in the long night watches;—but in the crass morning light I discovered a side verandah strewn with waste papers and

books half eaten, and kind neighbors informed me that their bullock had developed a most unnatural and insatiable appetite for books and papers. That was all. How glad I was that I hadn't stayed awake all night to solve the mystery, and that Mr. Long found me so sound asleep at two o'clock that I failed to hear the driver call out, "Hut, hut," as he rolled in in the rickety tikka gharry. So easily does one fall back into Indian ways, you see, and feel right "at home."

MABEL R. LONG.

H. C. L. IN MIDNAPORE

In this case, as the Kalamazoo Assemblyite put it, H.C.L. is not high, but Long. Which reminds us that the week spent at the Michigan Summer Assemly in Kalamazoo was a most happy finis to the year in America. During that time, we were privileged to spend six precious months in study at Newton Theological Institution, which were devoted principally to a further study of the Life of Christ, and we also had the joy of presenting our little portion of the great foreign missionary enterprise to a number of churches, especially in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Colorado. We hope that we have been able to do something to strengthen the faith of the home churches in this great God-appointed task; "for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

The six months since we arrived in Midnapore have passed with great rapidity. During the first month, we were getting settled again, and picking up the work which we had left twenty-one months before. In January, the Mission Conference was in session in Midnapore for nearly a week, and whether as punishment or reward for returning, the Midnapore missionary was made Mission treasurer. He does not have to work at cross word puzzles to while away his time, as he now has cross figure puzzles; but unlike the cross word puzzles, these *must* be solved every month. This, together with the Bible School, the local church and its problems (which are not trifling) the general evangelistic work, including an interest in the local Y.M.C.A. work, and a place on several

Mission Conference Committees ought to keep the Midnapore missionary out of mischief.

The big thing in Midnapore is the Bible School. For two years there had been no advanced classes, and a number of students were anxious to be admitted. For the advanced classes, it is necessary to have a well educated man, about B. A. passed, in training, and we were very fortunate to secure Mr. D. K. Biswas, from the English Baptist Mission. Our meeting seemed to be Providential, and we hope that Mr. Biswas may become a permanent fixture in our Bible School, which is really a junior theological school. In addition to the B. A. degree, he has some theological training, and his familiarity with Bengali music makes it possible for him to give our young preachers training along that line, which they sadly need. He also is taking a deep interest in the spiritual upbuilding of the local church.

For the first time in nearly forty years, the Bible School opened without Rev. Samuel Das, "Samuel Pundit," on the pay roll. He will be greatly missed; and yet we could not sorrow greatly over his departure for he had been a helpless invalid for about a year, and we know his reward for his many years of faithful service is sure. Nevertheless, it is with a tinge of sadness that we think that we shall never more enjoy his counsel and fellowship in this world. But if earth is poorer, heaven is richer.

There are nine students in the Bible School this year; all of them in the advanced class. As they are all married, we were faced with a house shortage, but now think we have it arranged. Some houses were more desirable than others, and so after providing those who had children with the larger apartments, we distributed the others according to grades, giving the poorer houses to those who had previously made poorer grades. Some of the students evidently thought that the work would be easy, and didn't study much the first week or two; but now all seem to be down to hard work, as they have found out that the advanced course means business. Mr. Biswas is teaching Comparative Religion five hours a week, Bengali Christian Literature, three hours and Old Testament

Interpretation, five hours. Mr. Sarkar is teaching homiletics two hours a week, and I, the life of Christ five hours. In addition to this regular work, they have music practice and some practical work in village Sunday Schools. The music will be greatly helped by the addition of a harmonium, through the kindness of a friend. Rev. Champai Murmu is also still connected with the school, and he will teach some classes for the wives of the students, and Dr. Mary Bachelor will also give them lessons in hygiene. One other important item must be mentioned. We have chapel for half an hour every morning; and we are trying to make these chapel periods devotional, instructive, and inspirational. After all, it is not how much a man knows which determines his usefulness in the Lord's cause, but his spirit, which determines the use he makes of his knowledge.

Just before we went home on furlough, the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. in India threw the local work on the hands of the Mission. We loaned Mr. Sarkar for this work. Although he had not previously had any special training along Y.M.C.A. lines, we were greatly pleased to find on our return that he had carried on the work, and that the interest and attendance of the college boys both upon lectures and Bible classes had materially increased. The work for these high school and college boys ought to be given even much more attention than we can give it; many of these students are beginning to think for themselves, and here is an excellent opportunity to present the claims of Christianity upon their minds during this formative period. Just now we are engaged in getting additional financial support from the public, as we feel that the Mission should not carry all the load. Let us have your prayers for the Y.M.C.A. as well as for the Bible School.

HERBERT C. LONG.

Naini Tal,
United Provinces,
India.

May 12, 1925.

DEAR RACHEL,

You have heard that the missionaries spend the hot season "in the hills," haven't you? We are sojourning in North India, "in the hills," at present, although it isn't half so luxurious as it sounds. We live in a shack-like house, so poorly built that we can hear the man who lives in the bedroom above ours sneeze or turn in bed. Many of the houses, ours included, are previously inhabited with bed bugs, fleas, and fish-moths. Our favorite indoor sport for several days after we arrived was to eradicate these rivals for possession we live in imminent danger of landslide, for the hills are so steep that the houses seem merely to perch on the sides, threatening to slip down into the lake almost any minute. The furniture with which we are supplied has come down from the time of the mutiny of 1857. For all this luxury we pay Rs. 70 per month. This is about \$ 24 you know and we have three large rooms.

But it is a relief to escape from the heat of the plains at this season, even though we shiver at an attitude of 7,500 feet. When we want refreshment and a change of scene we can find a jist of beauty out-doors. The garden near the house is colorful with sweet peas, snap dragons, petunias, gladioli, roses and blue gentians. The mountains are covered with trees, similar to those we find at home. Until recently, the dark red blossoms of the rhododendron flamed among the sombre green of their foliage. On clear days we can see the awe-inspiring sight of the snow-clad ranges of the Himalayas to the north of us.

To reach Naini Tal, we had a ride of 36 hours on the train from Bengal followed by a drive of 22 miles up-up-up over a road winding around the steep mountains. At times, as we mounted we could distinguish the road we had traversed far below us and the cars creeping up above us looked like so many ants slowly crawling over huge piles of rock.

We enjoy the company and fellowship of a large colony of Americans

here on Alma Hill. The children attend the American school located in the same house in which we are living. There is an enrollment of sixty this year. John is one of seven little folks in first grade. The courses of study are based on those offered in American schools. It is a joy to hear the little voices singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and reciting the history, geography and precious traditions of their native land. In this way, the younger generation, though 12,000 miles from home are not allowed to forget their native land. As I write I hear the boys and girls sing "Way Down upon the Swanee River" and I almost forget that I am really in India.

At this vacation season more than at any other time in the year, I am free to think of all that America has meant to me and to let my thoughts wander back often to you and the other dear ones there.

Sincerely yours,

HELEN H. BRUSH.

