

YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

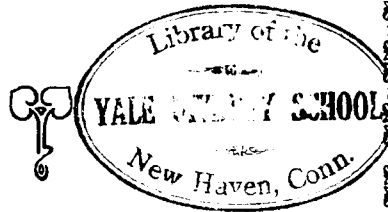


3 9002 09912 5115

TIDINGS

from

Bengal-Orissa, India



JUNE, 1935

No. 2

BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

Bhimpore, Midnapore Dist., Bengal.

Rev. H. C. Long.
Mrs. H. C. Long.
Miss Grace Hill.
Miss Naomi Knapp.

Midnapore, Bengal.

Rev. J. A. Howard.
Mrs. Howard.
Miss M. W. Bachelor, M.D.
Miss A. Stearns.
Rev. A. A. Berg.
Mrs. A. A. Berg.

Khargpur, B.N. Ry.

Rev. E. C. Brush.
Mrs. E. C. Brush.
Rev. C. C. Roadarmel.
Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel.

Jamshedpur, B.N. Ry.

Rev. G. B. Harris.
Mrs. Harris.

Jhargram, Bengal.

Vacant.

Salgodia, Hatigarh P.O.

Mr. George Ager.
Mrs. Ager.

Balasore, Orissa, B.N. Ry.

Rev. H. I. Frost.
Mrs. Frost.
Mr. Lloyd Eller.
Mrs. Eller.
Miss S. B. Gowen.
Mr. J. G. Gilson.
Mrs. J. G. Gilson.

Bhadrak, Balasore Dist., Orissa.

Rev. W. S. Dunn.
Mrs. Dunn.

Santipore, Hatigarh P.O.. Orissa.

Vacant.

On Furlough.

Miss E. Cronkite.
Rev. L. C. Kitchen.
Mrs. L. C. Kitchen.
Miss R. Daniels.
Rev. W. C. Osgood.
Mrs. Osgood.

U.S. subscriptions to *Tidings* may be secured from—

Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo, 152, Madison Ave., N.Y.

Single subscriptions \$0.30 each.

Four subscriptions \$1.00.

Local subscriptions from—

Mrs. E. C. Brush, Khargpur, Bengal—6 As. each.

Bengal-Orissa Tidings

A CHRISTIAN WELL

With profound delight, villagers watched a pump, on a tube-well being constructed for them slowly come into operation. Presently the milky-mud-flow was replaced to become crystal clear water. After long and careful scrutiny, a village elder stooped to drink and then ventured to say:—

“The water is beautiful. It is good to drink. You say it has not the cause for this vile cholera, plague; but doctor,—how can it always continue to flow.”

“Fear not, have faith, be not afraid,” replied the Hindu doctor, standing near; “Water from this well will never cease to flow; this is a Christian well”.

THE HEALING POWER OF WATER

It was observed that a feeble old man frequently appeared at the Ellers' well with two brass containers which he very carefully filled with water.

One day, he paused to explain, “Sahib, many years ago, I worked as a coolie on your construction work. I learned then that someday you would do great things for India.”

“Since then I have retired, and my boys are now working as well drillers for you. They have very carefully told my village of the miraculous healing power in the water of your wells.”

“I have now become our village healer. For the sick, I take this water from your well which never fails to make them well.”

On investigation, it was found that he was calling on all of his village sick and prescribing varying doses of the water from the Ellers' well, as a practicing physician prescribe as doses of medicine.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Mr. Lloyd Eller, who gives us a discussion of his work in the article which follows, is a qualified engineer who has rendered a unique service in our field. Aware of a great need, he has drawn upon his experience and training and evolved a type of utility which has won the attention of many interested in improving conditions in India.

In addition, Mr. and Mrs. Eller relate the incidents which led up to their decision to become missionaries here and give us a glimpse of their ideal of service, showing how varied can be the spheres of interest among missionaries.

THE ELLERS

He.

Silhouetted in the sunset's amber glow, balanced a youthful horseman on the topmost sand-crest of a western Nebraska prairie. Loneliness engulfed the scene as fading day closed upon the trail where hours before, a covered wagon had jolted beyond the skyline's fading blue into the great wide world beyond.

With the passing of that covered wagon, life for the Range Pastor's family could never be the same again. The outside world had called the three older sisters to break home ties and go away to college. The lonely brother faced the limited opportunities of range life. The first flickering star found him kneeling by his mount in prayer. "Great God", he prayed, "Don't always leave me here. I'll work my keep, fight your wars or be a missionary, if only You will take me out into the big wide world to work and learn."

She.

Miles away across Nebraska's waving fields, flashing dinner pails indicated the dismissal of a little district school. From among the dispersing groups of children, flitted a girl-teacher eager to report at home the happy beginning of another school term. Rejoicing in the privilege of seeing again the old scholars, and in initiating the new children in their first steps away from home, she was most eager to guide their little feet along the royal road to learning. She would shame the careless sluggard into greater effort and seek

to establish such contacts with the older children that their books would be understood and appreciated.

Sunday-school had even a greater charm for her in that she taught a class of her very own and was profoundly happy.

They.

Time plays its own subtle part in weaving life's pattern, while the individual lends himself to the shuttles of destiny. An armful of books, a saw and hammer and flying coat-tails characterized the university student as he rushed between class work and a suburban house-building contract. "Lloyd", called the pastor's wife to the hastening student, "Desist from that rush of yours long enough to meet Georgietta, the principal of one of our down-town schools who has just returned from special training at the University of Chicago. "Miss Stephen, meet Mr. Eller—as both of you are members of our church you are destined to become acquainted."

That sudden unconventional meeting must have struck harmony in blue and brown eyes so deep that two souls were irresistibly drawn into a single pattern of life.

War.

Bugles called, and a nation's heart beat to the time decadence of fighting men. The ordinary panorama of life shaded into pictures of war as friends, brothers, sons and lovers sprang to the call beyond torpedo-infested waters.

In distant lands a picture grew,
Tracing a soldier engineer through
That ghastly night of moaning hell
To build a bridge, to dig a well,
To save a soul before death's gate,
To pray to God, " 'Tis not too late ".

Death claimed a battle scene while dying men moaned a frantic prayer for help.

Some one must go ; a soldier went ;
To lend a hand to life unspent.

Not long afterwards that soldier received holiday orders to report at Des Invalides in Paris. Before the Grand High Command, facing hosts of famous fighters, he suddenly realized that some one was speaking to him.

“ Sir ”, the voice began, “ As a representative of the French Army, I extend to you our most hearty congratulations. Through your effort, five wounded men were saved from death under violent artillery fire in a collapsed dugout. In humble recognition of this act of bravery, we, the French Government, the French Army and the French People present to you the Grand Croix De Guerre. Your name, Lloyd Eller, is this day engraved in the Book of Gold with our nation’s gallant braves.”

War takes its own untiring toll,
It calls on life to win its goal.
Life bows to dust and stands to fall,
The soldier’s vision is death over all.
Second by second he lives to pray,
“ Lord, use my life in this ghastly way,
To rid this world of war’s scourge from Hell,
War’s Cause must bow to the tolling bell.
Death’s tasks must live or die in vain,
Give of Your strength to conquer life’s pain.”

War’s varied tasks frequently place the individual in most distressing positions. At these times often latent strength is transformed into powerful action totally unexpected by the individual involved. An experience of this kind occurred at Mouzon, France, during the construction of a floating bridge. The covering citation for the Distinguished Service Cross reads as follows:—

“ During the construction of a floating bridge across the Meuse River, the engineers were subjected to violent machine-gun and small-arms fire at short range. Lloyd Eller was undismayed at the enemies’ fire and the fact that most of the men around him had fallen. When the bridge broke, he lashed it together and despite his drenched condition, volunteered as bridge-head guard on the enemies’ side of the river.”

War’s pallor over battle’s gloom,
Steals the heart, destroys life’s bloom.
Blasts youth’s tread on life’s highway,
With caverns of darkness or shades the day.

Turns to gruelling paths of pain,
Ambitions call, to drift and wane,
But, the thread of life binds tight,
Those in God outlive the night.

Trace they back home ties to thread,
Stitch the heart and bury the dead.
A spark of love to kindle and burn,
To lives of opportunity return.

They know the sting in life's dark hour,
They know the gift of Christ's healing power.
Firmly they stand to face the day,
To join in love and march away.

To tasks unknown, to deeds undone,
To do God's will, in home-life begun.
Ready they stand to strive for more,
Than live or die for ghastly war.

Peace.

Joy knew no bounds, when on that autumn day, the aged Range Pastor joined in marriage a happy pair to carry Christ's banner of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" to far-distant lands.

In closing the ceremony, the Range Pastor said, "You, Georgiaetta and Lloyd, are chosen to be Christ's standard bearers. What greater privilege could fall to man! Once I gave my son to death's dark jaws of war. Now I give him to you, Georgiaetta, with my richest blessing. Proceed you both, as missionaries to India."

Opportunity.

For the Ellers, in their first term as missionaries in Bengal-Orissa, India was a school of intensive training. They recognized the importance of apprenticing themselves as simple laborers under the Master's hand in lands so different, in opportunities so uncertain, and for people so tied to the wheels of destiny that Christ's interpretation of life would have to be resolved into its simplest details to be understood.

Their aim was to present the living Christ to be lived into the lives of India, so that every task was to be studied, every opportunity was to be an expression, and every contact an example of Christ in men's lives. As acting Principal of the Boys' Industrial School, later to become the Balasore Technical School, in building, in engineering, they strove to express Christ's blessing thru the American example of a beautiful home life and in the expression of worthy tasks well done.

The Cradle.

During the first five years in India, the Eller's family circle was extended to include three happy children. Their health, their happiness, their strength and vigor, combined with their demanding love became a living study for their parents of the application of the Christian's inheritance of Christ's blessing. Nowhere is the love of Christ more apparent than in a Christian home where the simple lessons of "Love one another", "Feed my sheep", and "Trust and Obey" are daily lived.

A Vision.

Sickness played its part in the Eller's missionary apprenticeship. Toward the end of their first term, work came abruptly to a standstill when three members of the family succumbed to ravaging attacks of different tropical ailments. Malaria, stomach disorder, and alarming exhaustion laid these low. Mr. Eller saw his suffering family, struggling through repeated sleepless nights until for him, too, sleep gave way to dreams of war, death and destruction. Some time during the wee hours of a new day, during fitful sleep, a fever-stimulated imagination turned to wildest phantom wanderings. From towering heights, his startled eyes seemed to see a panorama of life, revealing a multitude of a lifetime's friends, writhing in misery and death from a vile pestilence of flying, creeping, and wriggling monsters which venomously stung, bit, or devoured everything. No one could resist; everyone struggled to a tortured death before the oncoming monsters. Finally "Flying Mercury" stood forth to interpret saying, "Through the magic of my Caeduceus, you have seen the destructive power in the multitudinous group of pathogenic bacteria which account for more suffering and death in the tropics than any other single cause. Medical men,

the world over, have made great progress in restoring health threatened by these agents of death, but little progress has been made toward their control or eradication. Judge for yourself and you will readily agree that the control of these most heinous enemies of mankind is the task for a health engineer who will dive into the hidden realm of bacteriology and by his skill wage war on these organisms in their own unchallenged domain. The health engineer must destroy or control these bacteria so that they will turn from death and destruction to faithful service for mankind. He who faces this enemy will render disease-stricken India a God-given service."

The vision vanished, health and renewed strength returned, but the memory of that ghastly picture never left the Eller family. From that night they were committed to the task of searching for ways and means to insure control or destruction of those vile beings.

Prospects.

Summarizing the experiences of their first term's work, the Ellers outlined four major points on which to prepare for a second missionary term in India. These principles were as follows :—

1. The family, an undivided unit.

Being primarily a family task, effective mission work is greatly retarded unless protracted hill vacations and hill school education for children can be avoided. Children must live with their parents in the mission station.

2. Health.

Good health is so essential to the effective performance of mission work that living conditions contributing to better health must not be overlooked.

3. Family Education.

Adequate arrangements for education must be made so that the children may live on the plains with their parents. This should not be a difficult task inasmuch as missionaries are invariably prepared to participate in educational work.

4. Home study while on furlough.

On furlough the Ellers were to make every possible effort to study sanitary engineering and water supply with a view to developing a health engineering code suitable for rural India.

Preparation.

An obstacle of poor health made their immediate return doubtful but the Ellers wasted no moment of the precious days of opportunity. That early vision could not be forgotten. America proved a great field of opportunity. Every day revealed something new. Universities lent their interest, manufacturers of equipment gave unstinted help, and they covered the United States from coast to coast in an exhaustive tube-well and sewage-treatment study. Intensive research, untiring work, and unwavering interest eventually brought understanding of the best methods of providing good water, adequate sewage disposal and good health.

Eventually they found themselves able to return to India with a wealth of valuable experience for their second term.

At Work.

After circumnavigating the globe, the Ellers re-entered Calcutta harbour with a fresh ambition to realize their early purpose. On shore, bazaar filth, unattended sickness, and inexcusable carelessness struck them with unexpected terror. The study of communicable diseases had sharpened the realization of the dangers attending life in India. The children cried with fear at some of the horrible victims of disease while their parents resolved that immediate action must be taken to insulate the family against infection which during the previous term had been ignored.

The first day in Balasore they announced that tube-well construction and sewage treatment experiments were to be taken up at once. Local whisperings indicated displeasure at this turn of affairs because the Ellers' return was hailed as a turning point in the serious financial plight of the Technical School. It was hoped they would settle down to a program designed to lift the institution into economic soundness. This announcement indicated an immediate step into uncertainty with experimentation

in the highly technical field of tube-well engineering. The school's condition was sure to become even more serious. Nevertheless, a much-criticized home-made well-drilling machine was eventually seen piercing the earth's crust near the Ellers' bungalow. Whisperings again reverberated as public wit castigated the missionary's folly of trying to dig a well with a machine of his own making! Workmen on the strange machine were discouraged by the general ridicule and continually excused their lack of effort by the apparently impossible task in hand. No one would attempt to direct the work, so Mr. Eller had personally to direct and lend a hand to every operation. However, continuous progress was made, and finally at the end of a heavy day, success seemed just in sight. Work must continue through the night, but the tired workmen refused to stay. Nervous-handed students volunteered, and presently something went wrong. Pullies creaked, pipes shifted, and the drilling apparatus began running up out of the ground. Something caught, someone jerked, the derrick fell with a terrible thud. . . . After a second of ghastly silence the missionary slowly emerged from the tangled lifting gear to reassure his frightened family, who seeing the blood, had feared the worst. A doctor was quickly brought, and after bandaging up the wounds, said, "No more work for you. Continued rest is absolutely necessary."

"But Doctor", insisted the missionary, "The success of the well depends upon immediate action. When morning comes, I must work again". The doctor called again at dawn with the returning workmen, and standing beside his excited patient at length witnessed the stream of crystal water washing up the blood-stains of the night. Whereupon the doctor persuaded the missionary to take time to rest and nurse his wounds, and comfort his heart with this success.

That flowing water created a third outbreak of whisperings, the theme of which was, "that Mission Sahib with a ridiculous machine of his own making, has spilled his own blood to quench India's thirst with uncontaminated water".

Visitors from far and near called to taste and see, and among them were two strangers who earnestly pled for permission to see the Sahib. The Sahib was ill and not wishing to speak, but they would not be dissuaded. "We have suffered much. We have travelled far. Turn us back and we turn to die. The Sahib alone can save us. Pray we be not turned away" was their

wailing cry as they prostrated themselves in oriental supplication. " Arise, speak quickly, the Sahib will hear " came the unexpected answer.

" Most gracious sir ", they humbly spoke,

" Our village bows to death's dark stroke.

Our children wail, our wives implore,

Take you, this curse from our stricken door.

' To the gods we prayed, they did not hear,

The curse of death still hovered near.

Again we pray, again once more, take you this curse

From our stricken door.'

A pilgrim paused, he stooped to drink,

Death clutched him there on the water's brink.

Oh gracious sir, we now implore,

Take you this curse from our stricken door.

Your gracious acts and worthy deeds,

Make water flow for village needs.

Quench death's dark flow and misery's lore,

Take you, this curse from our stricken door.

Grim cholera struck with deathly lust,

And in its clutch we bow to dust.

Your hand can stay its sweep once more,

Take you, this curse from our stricken door."

Despairingly the Sahib replied, " Your prayer is heard, your plea is just, but the giving of Mother Earth's bountiful supply of pure water to your village involves much study and expense. Our apparatus is new, and not yet perfected and our success not sure. As yet we are not heed India's cry for water, because immediate aid for your village would involve us in an impossible financial outlay."

But their importunate plea was not to be ignored. " Most honorable sir, money need be no consideration for water in our village. To start the work accept this gift." Again they bowed to dust to place a 500 rupee note at the Sahib's feet. " When more money is needed, it will be given. Through your kindness, work on a well for us may now proceed."

To refuse their appeal would be refusing Christ's call to arms. Could a missionary say "No" to such an opportunity? Thereafter rest was not to be thought of until an economically independent health-engineering program was prepared.

So certain were the Ellers that Christ was calling them to special service through the distressed strangers that home life and domestic duties had somehow to sit into this program which required the united support of each and every member. Foregoing a holiday, they would face India's May-day blasts with a determination to serve the suffering and dying.

The first item in the plan had to be outstanding health for the family. Their home was to be an impregnable fortress fortified against India's curse of communicable diseases. Their own carefully guarded savings were to be raided if necessary, to fortify the century-old bungalow. The reset doors and windows were fitted with screens against the nightly attacks of mosquitoes. The flapping monster atop the new tube-well pumped uncontaminated water into the house and thus cholera, typhoid fever, dysentery and other enemies of health were eliminated from the family drinking cup. Also since the water had not to be boiled, certain health-giving mineral substances usually lost through boiling, were now available.

India's customary method of disposing of night-soil was dealt a fatal blow by installing a simple but efficient sanitary and sewage system.

With these improvements, many of the dangers attending life in India seemed to be under control, but long hours of hard work were yet required to perfect the machinery needed for the general campaign. Sustained work without harming the health is dependent upon undisturbed rest. High temperatures and high humidity are not conducive to refreshing sleep. For that reason plans for installing a small electric plant were perfected. A few days later, villagers were aroused by a machine-gun like clatter of the engine on the back veranda. The quickly gathered crowd marvelled at the self-running fans which delightfully cooled everyone in the old bungalow. Queer too, were the strange glass balls which hung from the ceiling to spring into radiance by pressing a button. Then also there was the strange white box which took from the pop, pop, pop on the back veranda something to make its wheels go round and make water to freeze. The Memsahib gave to drink of the cool water which was to make life during burning heat more

endurable. Living conditions in the Eller home being different, every member found himself so secure and comfortable that widely extended duties could be assumed by all. The children could live at home and proceed with their education. Separation was no longer necessary. Mrs. Eller procured a good correspondence school course, the "Calvert System", and a progressive American school was opened in their home.

One day during an unexpected tour of the outside cook-house, Mrs. Eller was startled to see the cook's unpleasantly original method of preparing food. A few days later, she asked for the previous history of a doubtful looking cloth in which fish were being cooked. The cook replied, "Just a few days ago, Memsahib, you gave it to me. I have used it as a dish-rag". That explanation abolished the cook with the conclusion that a cook's wanton carelessness gives rise to untold infection. Since then, Mrs. Eller has prepared the family's food in a simple American way with modern labor-saving devices which she cares for herself.

The family life experiment for the second term was then complete and actually working. Doubtless its heaviest burden fell on Mrs. Eller with the children's school, the cooking, the cherished garden experiments, and numerous household duties, but it soon became the smoothly running norm, the achievement of the cherished ideal.

Developments.

Unexpectedly a high government officer called to inspect the Balasore Technical School. At the Eller home he observed several operative details which seemed to please him. A few days later, the Ellers were offered the opportunity to contribute of their health-engineering experience to the Government of Bihar and Orissa. They chose to continue their service with the Mission, but consented to prepare a series of health-engineering lectures for educational and commercial use. These lectures were subsequently published by the Government under the title of "Water Supply and Sewage Treatment for Village and Rural Homes".

A Great Utility.

Eventually a well-drilling department was incorporated among these activities of the Technical School. The simple coolies who operated the drills were transformed into crusaders in the army of healing. Four drills

were soon at work over a wide area. A large amount of work was undertaken and satisfactorily completed with a tidy profit, and the necessary experimental work now found ready support in the newly created research department.

Depression.

Just when opportunity seemed the greatest, world depression set in. To make matters worse, India burst into a tumultuous explosion of non-cooperation, political unrest, and anarchy. Business floundered, industries became inoperative and no one knew where he stood. This unfortunate turn of events had not been foreseen at the launching of the campaign, but a hurried study of changed conditions revealed possibilities. Money was scarce, unwillingness to spend was a handicap, but the simple necessities of life and health must continue to be provided. Depression should not affect the need for good water. Depression would doubtless extend the opportunity for a practical hygienic utility. Anti-untouchability wailed for the uplift of the depressed classes. The Technical School's reply was, "Remove the demand for degrading livelihood among the depressed classes and see them rise to the possibility of recognition. Away with your antiquated sewage disposal method and its debauch of human labor. Install humanely operated sewage treatment plants, eliminate the work of the sweeper, and your low castes will rise to respectability. Our sewage treatment plants offer you the opportunity of eliminating this filthy debauch of human labor. Linked with good tube-wells it offers control of destructive disease worthy of the support of nationally-minded men."

Did the health-engineering campaign flounder with the depression shipwreck? No. With a pre-depression capacity of Rs. 29,000 per year of saleable work, the B.T.S. was forced to a capacity of Rs. 88,000 worth.

Opened doors.

One day a mud bespattered motor car paused before a big hospital. After a hurried examination, the doctor reported, "An immediate operation is necessary".

A few days later, while complimenting his patient on her speedy recovery, the doctor confessed, "I am worried over a serious outbreak of typhoid fever in the railway settlement".

The patient replied, " Doctor, with a view to eradicating water-borne diseases in India, my husband has been conducting some interesting experiments with tube-wells and sewage treatment plants in Balasore.

The doctor continued, " I have recently read an interesting book on ' Water Supply and Sewage Treatment ' by a Balasore missionary, which beyond doubt, has an application to these dreaded settlement epidemics".

" The missionary is my husband", replied the patient, " If you have found his book of interest, kindly make a trip to Balasore, where he will be pleased to display wells and sewage plants in operation."

A few days later three Railway Officials' private coaches were side-tracked at Balasore while health-engineering was considered and studied in relation to railway settlements.

God's Blessing.

Six crowded years of health crusading has opened unlimited opportunity. Through ever-widening public demands for assistance and continuous appreciations of worthy service rendered, God's seal of acceptance has been constantly apparent. Sufferers in the darkness of water-borne death have seen the beacon-light of health-engineering, and their cry for instruction and assistance has constantly grown in volume. Every fleeting minute of the Eller's time has been absorbed in organizing and directing workers in the health crusade.

Representatives of railways, cities, industries, and Government, together with distressed villagers have called at their home with their problems. Designing-room, pattern-making shop and the construction of necessary equipment have not been able to keep pace with the new utilities required.

EDITOR'S NOTE

When the plan for education at home was decided upon by the Ellers, the Calvert School Course was secured by post from U.S.A. Through successive grades, in a room especially adapted for the use of the children, Arthur, Elloise, and Arthur have progressed from Kindergarten to upper grade school. Their mother has proven her ability as a competent teacher.

Arthur, the eldest, is a prolific reader and has concentrated on the study of mechanics, displaying skill in the construction of mechanical toys and electric appliances. His greatest sport is navigating a beach yacht of his own making.

Eloise excels in story writing. She has an inventive mind. Her hand-work is unusually original and accurate.

Lowell, the family's youngest member finds pleasure in gardening and also seems to be mechanically inclined. He is accurate and quick in mathematics. His greatest happiness centers around preparing and nursing feeble seedlings into thriving plants.

EASTER IN THE KORA FIELD

REV. J. A. HOWARD

Our Indian brethren have little literature of an inspiring nature so it is necessary to hold occasional meetings and give them in their own language, spiritual food from English publications.

For nearly three weeks we had been at this job. One series of meetings was held on the far western front near the foothills of the Iron mountains. A second series was at the edge of the eastern border of the Santal field. It was near a large "sal" jungle. The meeting place was a big shed of straw and bamboo. We were thankful no rain fell, or our jungle church would surely have been washed away.

Just before retiring, the guitar led the songs, and tender prayers fostered a wonderfully spirit-permeated atmosphere in the place.

The third conference was at the sea-shore where the sand stung the bare feet, and the riotous wind blew unceasingly. All sorts of matters were discussed, even to games and Christian recreation. One line of addresses emphasized the strong points in Hudson Taylor's life, while another set before us vividly the sufferings and triumphs of the Karens.

Just as old "Sol" put his head up over the eastern horizon on Good Friday, a little group of four missionaries gathered among the beautiful patted ferns on the veranda of one of the missionary homes. The Good Friday spirit was very marked. Our songs were "The Old Rugged Cross",

and others emphasizing the wonderful death on Calvary. It was a tender service. He, who read the Scripture's account of Jesus' sufferings, was so overcome, another had to carry on. Afterwards we had tea together and started our day's work.

Our hearts go out to the jungle churches which are necessarily neglected during these conferences. As soon as possible the old bike was bumping its way across the rice fields. Crossing one field some men dropped their hoes and came running to stop the rider. They want to become Christians. Their faces were so anxious and so sincere. It is hoped to follow up their inquiries until they genuinely know what fellowship with Christ means.

It was very hot, and the heat had sapped our strength very sadly when we reached the village of our destination—Bor Tata. This group of Christians are quite faithful, and at dusk they gathered for a service of prayer. Nearby were the strong mud walls going up layer by layer for their new Church. Soon the bamboo and straw roof will go on, making one of the most commodious churches in the jungle, entirely the work of their own hands and purses and hearts.

Four miles across the fields is another group of Christians, and we were encouraged to see twenty-six in attendance at the service. Two young Hindus were also present. We need your prayers that they may find Jesus very soon. Their father had murdered a man and fled to the jungles south of Calcutta. The boys want to do right, so should be given every chance.

In the cool of the evening we walked four miles further on to the southwest where a few Christians still try, however feebly, to follow Christ. It pleased us much to see the two remaining families faithfully attend church, and every member take part in prayer. These folks live in a village of robbers, so the environment isn't conducive to strong Christian character.

Easter morning we had an early service. All were on hand, even though the pastor and all his family had been suffering for a week with a violent attack of malaria.

In mid-morning we tramped back across the fields to Tata. The air was hot and sticky. A jackal jumped out from its cave thicket very displeased at being disturbed. A scorpion lay in the dust at the edge of the road, and farther on, a large snake's skin, newly shed, reminded us that the hot season was on, and one must be on the alert for poisonous snakes.

The Tata service had already started when we arrived, and our contribution was to cheer up the saint and make them see that Easter means everything to us.

It was almost noon when we bestrode our faithful bike for a two hours' ride through intense heat. A wet towel hanging down our back prevented any ill effect. The next service was at Hatiband,—short and to the point. From there we went across the grass and rice stubble to a village of Santals. Here were a husband and wife who knew the essentials of our faith, and how to commence with God.

It was a joy to lead them to a large tank full of water lilies with quivering drops of water sparkling on the dark green leaves. Here amid this beauty, they followed their Lord in baptism. They were the fruit of the faithful efforts of an old gray-haired Christian brother.

At 5-30 next morning, the sun shone out through a lacework of gilt-edged clouds as we biked back to the R.R.

Our field comprises over 200 square miles. Scattered over it are 65 heathen Kora villages. These precious souls would like to find Jesus. There should be five teacher-preachers in five central points. Earnestly pray that men and means may be given to make this possible, and most important of all, that there may be an outpouring of the Holy Spirit that these unspeakably precious souls may be saved from eternal darkness to our wonderful Saviour.

STORY OF INTEREST FOR WORLD CRUSADERS

ADA STEARNS

Monkey Business

Well, my dear Juniors, it has been a long time since I have had a chance to write you a line. I hope you have missed me because being missed gives one a cozy feeling. I suppose of all the folks on earth who are denied the thrill of "monkey business" Juniors stand first, so I am going to furnish a bit for you on the side.

We have a little Sunday School on the outskirts of Midnapore and it is a lovable little affair. It is pleasant to stroll out there on a Sunday afternoon

and be greeted with shouts of welcome as the little coolie children dash into their houses to put on something in the way of clothes since they are forbidden to appear without any. They wear them only because they have to and then some of them get the fidgets so bad over wearing one little piece of cloth they can scarcely sit the period through. I sometimes wonder if it feels the way stockings used to when I was a kid and was compelled to put the horrible things on in the fall after going bare-footed all summer! Do you know what that feels like? Well, I must get to my monkeys.

On the way home recently, I heard a disturbance in the road just ahead. People were shouting and I could hear stones and sticks whizzing through the air. Then a branch would snap and it really sounded rather threatening. The road was winding and I had to get very near before I could see a thing. Then what a sight! Do you know what a mango is? It is a fine, big, juicy fruit eaten out here the way apples are eaten in America. Just now the mango trees are full of green fruit and the green ones seem more inviting than the ripe ones. In an unusually high tree full of green fruit sat about a dozen or fifteen mother monkeys, each with a black face, each with a mango in her hand, eating away, and, if you can believe it, each with a baby monkey in the little tuck-away place on her tummy. Under the tree women had gathered to drive them away and save their fruit for sour curries, but the monkeys were as unconcerned as could be. They ate enough green mango to give them a stomach-ache for life. A man came with a bow and arrow, but that did no more than make them nervous and watchful. They picked and ate and ate and picked and the poor women groaned, for they are very poor and they thought these mangoes would give them something that tasted really good.

I wondered why all those mamma monkeys were in one place like that. They weren't very friendly and one snarled and showed her teeth at us as we went along the road. They bite, scratch and what is worst, they slap terribly. The little ones were all about the same size and about half of them were playing around in the tree. The rest clung to their mothers as they leaped from branch to branch to find bigger mangoes. That evening I asked about it and an Indian from the country who has been around monkeys all his life told me that the father monkeys hate the little boys monkeys and every one they find they seize and tear to bits. The mothers to protect

them form little bands and go off by themselves until the young are big enough to protect themselves. That was why the mothers were so cross at us and why the young were staying so close to them. They are taught to do that. One day four or five were playing a tumbling game in a tree and suddenly like a big ball they all fell into a water tank with a splash. That suited the people fine and they had a big laugh, for the monkeys are very naughty and spoil what little the poor people do get in their tiny gardens.

So monkeys are nice to look at and fun for us, but they aren't pleasant creatures to live with. Are we always sure that all our fun is really fun for other people or are we sometimes forgetful and so make fun for ourselves while others are hurt and unhappy ?

JHARGRAM AND CHANDIPORE

REV. A. A. BERG

These two places have become associated with new and rich experiences to those of us who had the privilege of attending the Christian workers' training conferences recently held there. Both conferences were held shortly before Easter. This was purposely planned in order that the spirit of the season might contribute towards making the meetings as effective as possible.

The Jhargram conference took place April 2-9. The daily average attendance was 35, while on Sunday over 50 were present as friends from distant churches and Bhipore arrived. The attendants represented a rather interesting cross section of our Christian communities: pastors, preachers, evangelists, lay members, ordinary members of small country churches—but some of them extraordinarily sincere Christians, being recent converts and emerging from persecution; village school teachers, High School teachers, one with M.A., B.T. qualifications; Bengalis, Oriyas, Koras and Santals were all represented. During the first four sessions three different languages were used by the speakers addressing the conference. Six missionaries were in attendance, representing both the Boards and the four different language areas.

On account of very limited accommodations at Jhargram, it was necessary

to construct a couple temporary sheds for shelter. A tabernacle, about 25 × 40 feet, was prepared. It consisted of a bamboo framework, straw roof and sides ; the straw on the ground reminded one of old time Methodist camp meetings. This served a twofold purpose ; meeting place during the day and resting place at night. A smaller shelter of similar type, without sides, but with a bamboo framework extending beyond the roof on either side ; this extension supported straw for giving shade. This served as cooking room and dining hall ; a brushwood fence enclosed it to keep the ravenous dogs away.

Unique in itself, this little place was most interesting at evening time. The people had their little fires going here and there ; the sound of the boiling rice pots, the appetising curry odours, the informal chatting, the cordial fellowship and the happy home-like atmosphere made this place almost as attractive in the evenings as the meeting place in the day time.

Two cart loads of wood, and one cart load of earthen pots and dishes completed the equipment of this interesting place. The delegates furnished the rest : food, appetites and a spirit of willingness to put up with inconveniences and readiness to work.

The only and the best reservation we could make for the women delegates was to allow them to occupy the garage and a storehouse shed. But without any complaint they happily made themselves at home there ; these inconveniences were shared by the lady missionary and a refined Bengali lady alike. No special provision having been made, the women were seen during the day carrying their water pots and preparing their meals, just as they would have been doing in their own homes.

We were nearly frightened several times by the threatening clouds and approaching storms. With such temporary arrangements and inadequate shelter, a rain storm would have been most devastating. But God favoured us with splendid weather throughout only a slight rain fell the first night, enough to settle the dust and cool the atmosphere, and another rain came the day after the meetings were over.

Program

The rising gong sounded daily at 5-30. A period of quiet for meditation, private devotional and Bible study with prayer was observed from 6-00 to

6-30, after which the group united for half an hour of worship and prayer. These were moments of intense earnestness, fervent supplication, and consciousness of God's presence.

After breakfast three other services followed with brief intermissions. Rev. C. C. Roadarmel conducted the daily Bible hour with emphasis on the meaning of Christian service. Rev. H. I. Frost led an hour's study on modern methods of Sunday School methods, based on Mr. Annett's book "The Sunday School of To-day". Rev. J. A. Howard and A. A. Berg shared the third hour, giving two series of studies on Revivals and Missions in Other Lands. The former gave glimpses of the remarkable story of the China Inland Mission, with sketches from the life of its early apostle, Hudson Taylor. The latter surveyed the beginnings and the growth of the Christian movement among the Karens in Burma.

The afternoons were given over to more practical topics. The first hour such topics as: The Christian Message for Modern Hindus, How to Inspire and Utilise Lay Leadership, Some Immediate Prospects of Development of Women's Work in Our Churches, Successful Pastorates, and What Makes Them? How to Promote Young People's Work Successfully, Centenary Projects and Opportunities, etc. were considered. Helpful and challenging addresses on the above themes were given by Rev. P. C. Nayak, Miss Naomi Knapp, Rev. G. B. Harris, Rev. C. C. Roadarmel, and Mr. J. C. Hudson.

The second hour each afternoon was set apart as forum hour. Pastors and leaders were encouraged to raise any problems and questions which vitally face them in their work. Judging by the problems raised and the questions asked this type of service met a deeply felt need. Typical among other were the following questions: What shall we do about old members who, in spite of questionable character and Christian conduct persist in holding prominent positions in churches and conferences? What should be our answer to Christians who say that they are being taxed more heavily for the support of Christian work than they were taxed for religious purposes before they became Christians? Is it advisable to baptise husbands whose wives are not prepared to follow them, and vice versa? What shall we provide in the way of wholesome amusement and recreation to fill the gap left by abandoning attendance at Hindu and other heathen festivals.

Perhaps the most impressive services in connection with the Jhargram series were the Sunday morning service with Communion, and the vesper service in the evening of the same day. Rev. C. C. Roadarmel conducted the former, assisted by Rev. A. L. Maity. Jhargram seemed a veritable Bethel that morning. The Spirit spoke persuasively as we listened to the words: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus...who...made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant...humbled himself...became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The exhortation; "in remembrance of *me*" assumed a new and deeper meaning in this atmosphere.

A most unique situation in connection with this service was occasioned by the presence of two educated Hindus, one being the munsif of the local court and a Brahmin. Both listened intently to the message. They tarried to see how the communion service would be conducted. As the judge is devout Bible student, he knew what it implied. When the bread had been passed and was being put away, he said: "Oh please, may we not have some of it too?" Who would deny them! They both partook of this, but declined when the cup was passed.

The Sunday afternoon service was addressed by Mr. P. K. Adhikary, M.A., B.T., Headmaster of our Bhipore High School, who put up with considerable inconvenience to attend.

Sunday evening a vesper service was held out in the open, around a beautifully green spot of grass, which had been a flower bed. The rest of the ground was parched, brown and barren, as most fields in southwestern Bengal would be in April. The spot around which we gathered was fresh and luxuriant with growth in contrast with the rest. We sat on mats around this little oasis. The bright light of a Hasag lamp in the centre enhanced its verdure. The Scripture lesson brought Him close to us, whom the disciples of old entreated: "Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent". The reading of "a sower went forth to sow...some seeds fell by the way side...some fell upon stony places...some fell among thorns...but other fell into *good ground*, and brought forth fruit...hundred, sixty and thirtyfold. Here was the parable, right before our eyes. Into what kind of ground had the seeds fallen, which had been sown during the week? How beautiful the evening, under clear, starlit sky! How beautiful that plot of

exuberant growth! But still more true—How beautiful the souls of India, the souls in that circle, because they had come to Christ, because some one had gone forth to sow, because some had fallen “ into good ground ” !

Next to the last day at Jhargram, a Christian wedding took place. A large group of non-Christian villagers, men, women, and children, had gathered to see. I wonder what they thought as the simple and beautiful ceremony was performed, as they saw the neatly dressed bride and groom with clear and happy faces, as they saw the Christians join in mirth and happiness but without drumming, dancing and drinking, without which the heathen Santals never can have a marriage !

CHANDIPORE

Practically the same program was followed as at Jhargram, with the same speakers. Mr. Mohanty, a Christian lawyer from Berhampur, who has given up his legal practice to devote his entire time and efforts to witness of Christ's power in his own life, spoke every evening, and on some other occasions. He is a Spiritfilled man, with a powerful message ! There was a certain note of assurance and positiveness in his message which is not so frequently heard these days, even from the lips of missionaries. His was the voice of a prophet ! As long as India has Christian disciples of this sort, there is every reason to feel encouraged. May God call out a host of them to bear witness of the redeeming power of Christ !

As there were houses available at Chandipore, no special shelters needed to be constructed. The fresh sea breezes were wonderfully invigorating. Several heavy showers came upon us, and one violent hail storm, with hailstones from one to two inches in diameter. They covered the ground and chilled the atmosphere. The mere thought of it now is refreshing, as this is being written with to-day's paper reporting the Midnapore temperature at 111 degrees in the shade ! The showers and the hail at Chandipore made us profoundly grateful that they did not appear during the Jhargram conference. Those hailstones would have dashed straight throughout thin straw roofs at that place.

So those days of Jhargram and Chandipore are over ! We shall long remember them. Even now we can hear the reverberations of mighty prayers for revival and refreshing times. For who can ever forget some of

the prayers of a man like Natabar ? We thank God for what we know will be the results of those meetings, and look forward to similar opportunities at both places in days to come. Meanwhile we devote ourselves to our tasks with new vision and renewed zeal.

NEWS ITEMS

Sickness and accident have, and are causing, anxiety in three families of the field at present. Little Irene Dunn is ill in Darjeeling from a severe attack of bronchial pneumonia and complications. Mr. Eller, mentioned elsewhere in this number, is suffering from heart attack and jaundice at his home in Balasore. Mr. John Gilson has been recently released from the Kharagpur Hospital where he was taken for X-ray photo and the setting of the fracture of both bones of his leg above the ankle. The accident occurred during the performance of his school duties in Balasore.

Rev. E. C. Brush of Kharagpur Union Church held his annual series of special services during Easter week. Three persons were baptized on Easter Sunday.

In the Santal area we are glad to report frequent baptisms this year. Early in 1935, we had two baptisms in a village west of us, where converts of last year are daily leading sincere Christian lives, and where some of our Bhimpore young men often go for Sunday services or personal work. It was inspiring at the Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches in Chukripara of the Dompara area, our Home Mission field, to see the interest taken in the baptism of two of our Bhimpore schoolgirls. They went the sixty miles with us "back home" that the home friends and non-Christian neighbours might witness all and receive blessings as well. That afternoon as we all, about 300 counting the babes in arms, met under huge mango trees in God's out of doors, we felt that it was "indeed good to be there", partaking of the Lord's Supper together, Christian brothers of three races communing in a common language of love and fellowship. On April 7th the Right Hand of Fellowship was extended to seven, two from our midst and five from the mofussil. These five had been baptized in their own villages in the presence of their friends and neighbours, and many of the Bhimpore friends had gone to the nearest

village to welcome them and to help in conducting the service. On Easter Sunday we were happy to walk out to the tank and witness the baptism of five of our schoolgirls, three from the boarding and two from the village. And so the good work goes on. We ask your prayers for these new Christians, especially for those out in the district in lonely villages away from the meetings and associations that mean so much to us who live in the centres.

On April 10th, Miss Hill's new Primary School built in Bhimpore in native Indian style with a thatched roof and mud walls was formally opened. The District Magistrate was present and made an address in Bengali. Rev. A. A. Berg spoke in Santali.

Dr. Mary Bachelor and Miss Stearns are spending the May-June holiday in Chandipore. Miss Knapp is making a trip to Burma. Miss Grace Hill is remaining in Bhimpore and Rev. E. C. Brush in Khargpur. Others among the men are joining their families in hill stations of Darjeeling and Landour, Mussoorie.