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Local subscriptions from Mrs W. C. Osgood, Balasore, Orissa.
VILLAGE FIRE
B. E. WEIDMAN

It was one of those blistering hot days in April when the wind seems as if it were coming from the devil's wind tunnel, and he was testing men to see how much they could stand. It was about 2.30 p.m. and I was in my office working, and could hear the hot wind whistling by on the outside of the two foot thick brick walls. I was thankful that they had been built with just this kind of weather in mind. Suddenly I heard two men come up on the verandah and start coughing. This is the equivalent of a knock on the door in America. As I opened the door they both started talking at once, 'our village is being destroyed by fire; the wells are too deep and the pond is too far away. If you don't help us all our dhan (rice) stored in the houses will be lost also'. I didn't ask any questions but slammed on my hat as I dashed up to the upstairs verandah, and wrestled two 50 gallon drums into the trailer, started the jeep and we were off in a cloud of dust. While I had been putting the drums into the trailer Pat (Mrs Weidman) had put the buckets in. The village was about six miles away so I knew that we would be too late to save the houses but we might be able to save some of their food. Before we got to the village I could see the flames roaring skyward from the burning stacks of straw which had been at a little distance from the village. This meant that they had lost the means to re-thatch their houses. The men directed me to the tank (pond) and with the drums banging and crashing up and down in the trailer we literally made a road to the best spot from which to get to the water. When I got out of the jeep I was immediately surrounded by the most unhappy and frightened bunch of Indian women that I have ever seen. They were bawling like little children and
now and then one would grab my ankles pleading for help. I tried to tell them not to stand around crying but to get busy! They were so frightened they hadn’t thought of that but when the suggestion was made, and the jeep was there to carry water the 150 yards to the village, in big enough quantities to do some good, they really took hold and worked like troopers. It was one of those scenes which make you want to cry and laugh at the same time. One woman who had not yet caught the spirit of doing something about saving the rice in the houses, kept running up to the trailer and around in circles crying ‘hai, hai’, (alas, alas). She was explaining to all in a loud voice that now we shall all surely die for no one will care for us as we have lost everything. She kept telling of all the things she had lost. I went up to her and asked if her husband was lost. ‘Oh, no’, she said, ‘he was all right’. ‘Did you lose any of your children?’ ‘Oh, no all the children were safe’, but ‘hai, hai’. Then I said ‘Are any of your children here?’ ‘Oh, yes that is my son putting water in the drums to fight the fire’. Then without me saying any more she rushed over to her son, and putting her arms around him she kissed him on the cheek with a gesture of thanksgiving that I shall never forget if I live to be 90, and then she went to work with the rest of them. I was on the verge of tears myself. Then this woman, in her eagerness to help, picked up a kolshi (earthen pot) with a hole in it, which she of course did not see. She waded into the pond, scooped up all the water she could get, and ran for the village, with water shooting out of the hole as she ran. Women carry these jars on their hips, so being on the side she didn’t see it. I guess others did but they must not have had the heart to tell her the kolshi was leaking badly and wouldn’t be of much help. One man came rushing over the edge of the hill of the pond and dashed to get water in his kolshi, but when he saw me he started crying like a baby, and said in a broken voice, ‘Nomaskar, sahib’, (hello sahib) and then went right on with his work. Time and time
again as I worked with these folks others would suddenly see me and start crying. They were like little children who do not cry after being hurt, until mother or father is in sight.

As fast as we could we took load after load of water to the places in the village where dhan in the houses was burning, but where there seemed a chance to save some of it. If the dhan could be saved, at least they would have something to eat.

We continued to work till 9 o’clock that night, carrying load after load of water, to the places where we thought it would do the most good. Each family managed to save quite a bit of dhan (unhusked rice) and some chaoul (husked rice) but it was a pitifully small amount compared to what was needed until the next harvest.

The fire came on so quickly, at the time of day when most people are inside their houses resting, so they lost everything. The fire spread rapidly because of the high wind during midday, and the heat was so intense in such a short time that while people were standing at the wells waiting to get water to fight the fire, they forgot that the heat would prevent them from getting their valuables out in time. All the roofs in village India are made of bamboo and straw so you can imagine how fast they burn and how much heat they create, especially when the houses are so close together. Still it was interesting to see what people did think of saving. Almost the whole village was interested in saving the one and only gun in the village. This seems strange to us until we realize how many thieves there are in this country. If they know there is a gun in a village, and it may be used on them, they tend to stay away from such a place. One man was so proud to have saved two little clay horses. He had them placed on a wall by his cook house, or what was left of it. I asked him if he did puja (worship) to these horses. He said, ‘we don’t worship them in the houses but we take them out under the trees and worship’. When I asked why he was so concerned about them, for they were made of clay and the
fire wouldn’t hurt them, his reply was ‘yes, but these are very special. We make these idols in our family but these two we won’t sell; they are our own’. Then I asked if they were supposed to keep them from having tragedy in their lives and he said ‘yes’. I didn’t press the point because his house was one of the few which only lost its roof, and all the rest was saved. Anyway this was not the time for a sermon but for compassion and assistance.

The next day we went back and hauled more water to put out spot fires which might cause the fire to spread to the few houses which had been saved. While some of us cleaned the streets so the jeep could get closer with the water, the Church secretary, High School principal and hostel master (all from our village of Bhimpore) sat down with the village leaders and made out a petition for help from the W. Bengal Government. At noon that day six of us went in to present the petition to the District Magistrate. He was not in but we did get to an Assistant Magistrate who had been to our school just a few days before. Even though it was a holiday he was most cordial and helpful. In a matter of an hour or so he had contacted his Circle Officer and Welfare Officer and on his order they gathered together clothing, money and powdered milk and along with them we returned to the village. It was nearly dark when we arrived but you could sense the relief and gratitude of the people at receiving help so promptly. It was a mere drop in the bucket, but it was some help. Each adult member of a family was given Rs 2.00 (about 40c.) and each child Rs 1.00. Also each man received a dhoti (pants to us), each woman a sari and each child a dress or pants and shirt. Later each family would receive a loan for planting the new rice crop, which need not be repaid if they had 1 acre or less of land.

There were many lessons to be learned from the fire. First of all it was caused by two small boys smoking in a cow shed, and when someone came near suddenly, they got rid of the evid-
ence, of all places in the straw. There were nine wells in the center of the village, but so deep and narrow that only one kolshi could be lowered at a time. If more than one was let down at a time they banged together and were broken. One man lost Rs 2,000 because he had it hidden under the roof in the straw, but was not in the village when the fire broke out. He was the only one who knew it was there. One family had all their money and valuables in a trunk. I was there when they took the trunk out of the house. When they opened it up all was destroyed but one thing—a Bible. Inside the Bible was a little of the money, Rs 50 not harmed in the least. The Bible had been presented to one of the boys of the village, years ago, when he was a student in our High School in Bhimpore, and now he is one of the leaders of the village. Written on the inside flap of the Bible was a statement that the Bible had been presented to this boy, by the Headmaster of the High School, for getting first place in the Scripture class.

We later learned that the people of this village, or many of them, had made some of their money by bribing the jungle guard and stealing trees and selling them on the sly. It goes without saying that if the Bible i.e. the Word of God, had been hidden in their hearts instead of hidden away in the trunk, they might have been saved this tragedy. If the boys had been taught that the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and if the village leader who owned the Bible, in the trunk, had believed that a man reaps just what he sows, then the story might have been different. But then is this not the old, old story, when idols are made by man and worshipped by him, and God’s Word is kept on the shelf gathering dust, or in a trunk which is seldom opened, the house is sure to come to ruin and men and women will cry hai, hai (alas, alas,) for what might have been.
‘I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.... MY HELP COMETH FROM THE LORD...’

MISS KALPANA BISWAS

Through the great mercy of God I have arrived in distant Vellore. Marvelous is the will of God. His purpose for me is now coming into fruition in my life. He never lets one who takes refuge in Him be neglected or put to shame.

I was born into a lowly Christian family; father, mother and six of us brothers and sisters. We have peace, joy and honor in our home. The devoted, Christian lives of my father and mother have drawn me toward God from earliest childhood. Unworthy though I am, bowing before my heavenly Father, I have received great help in my life from the 121st Psalm, ever since I was a girl of five or six years. Depending with firm faith on: ‘I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord...’, I have been able to come so far from my home. Being the oldest child of my parents more of the household responsibilities fell on me than on the others. Both my father and mother are educated. Coming into contact with educated women, from my childhood, has inspired me to aim for higher education.

I'm writing of one small event in my life which made me have great faith in God. When I was reading in the third grade, at the time of the yearly examinations, one arithmetic problem simply would not come to me. I told myself to pray to Jesus and he would make it come clearly to me. I prayed and suddenly, in an astonishing way, the answer to the problem came to my mind. Many times little experiences like this have helped me.

We live in a small village in Balasore in the midst of several Hindu families. Often we have had to bear much persecution
and ridicule from them. Nevertheless God, in His goodness, has given power to bear everything. In such a community our little family has many opportunities for proclaiming God’s word and witnessing.

In College, also, I had to endure much ridicule from those of other religions but that persecution and ridicule helped me to draw nearer to God. At these times I have felt God’s Holy hand upon me.

I was born into a middle class family. Consequently in order to get more education I tried to win scholarships, and prayed for God’s help. For the four years of High School and during the time I was in College I received scholarships.

Now I have arrived in a great educational institution (Vellore Medical College), vibrant with life by the gathering of students and experienced doctors from many parts of the world.

This desire to serve has been with me since childhood. Seeing my eagerness to study medicine my father gave me much encouragement and inspiration.

Many difficulties and changes come to us on life’s way. Then we tend to give up our aim in life. The path we have chosen for our future work is not always successful. I believe God was guiding me step by step in my choice of a life work.

I began my school life in a Christian school where my mother taught, and still teaches. I was deeply inspired by the character of missionaries and teachers which was reflected in their daily living. When I was in school I joined the Girl Guides and learned that the great aim of the Guides is ‘Service’.

Once a Hindu woman in our village, suffering greatly from labor pains, refused the services of a male doctor and died. There is a hospital in our town but at that time there was no lady doctor. From that day I was determined to take medical training. Every moment I feel there are so many poor people in our community who cannot afford proper medical care, due to poverty. Also there are many backward women who will
not take treatment from a male doctor. I realize that there is great need for a lady doctor in our Christian community. From the day this Hindu woman died I promised that I would become a doctor in the future and give myself to helping the underprivileged and poor people. Our Saviour, the Lord Jesus, is himself the greatest physician. So day by day my zeal has gradually increased.

In this field I will come into close contact with many patients and by my service and sacrificial living have opportunity to preach the gospel of Christ among the people.

I have come here not only to get a medical education but also to learn how to preach the word of Christ so that I can help spread His Kingdom.

God has heard my prayer. I hope that during my long educational period and afterward I shall be able to preach the word of God by genuine service.

God is gracious; everybody should taste of his goodness. Pray to the Heavenly Father that I may be a worthy servant of His and help to spread His Kingdom.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

As reported to the Editor by Rev. Robinson Singh

During the hot month of June, when schools have their vacations we had two very rewarding Bible Schools, in the churches in Hatigarh and Salgodia. Hatigarh, being the larger church, had from 75 to 80 attending for full ten days and Salgodia's smaller number of children faithfully attended for seven days.

I feel the success of the Schools was largely due to prayer and advanced planning with the 10 teachers in Hatigarh and the 4 who helped in Salgodia. Each teacher knew well in advance what class he or she would be taking and had work planned and materials ready.
In Hatigarh we had several experienced teachers helping, as well as newly trained young teachers, students and one Bible woman. In Salgodia teachers and another Bible-woman were my helpers. A great cause for thanksgiving was the eager, happy way the teachers took their responsibilities.

Each day began and ended with all meeting together for worship and then we divided into groups, according to age.

Thanks to good song leaders the children learned several new songs and sang with happy hearts.

Among the older students the emphasis was on helping others, using stories from Old and New Testament of individuals and churches who helped God and others. How the church in Jerusalem reached out to help churches in Samaria and elsewhere was a good illustration of how the stronger churches in India need to help the weaker ones.

The Intermediate group used stories of Heroes of the Old and New Testament—Abraham, David, Samuel, Paul and Silas, Peter and others.

The tiny children learned much from simple Bible stories. All groups memorized Bible verses. Using these in the handwork made memorizing much more enjoyable. The Senior group made posters, using Bible verses. The Intermediate group made bamboo, cardboard and cloth fans, using Bible verses for decoration. The small children had a happy time making motor cars from match boxes, cardboard for wheels and colored paper. Here again memory verses were written on the cars, making it much more fun to memorize. Some of the little children were heard talking among themselves, pretending they were going, on their cars, to different places to preach! Reminds us that little children absorb much more than we expect many times.

Parents encouraged their children to attend, and the children wished it might have lasted much longer. A final program for the parents was planned by the children which included
several Bible story plays, verses they had memorized, singing, prayer and a report of the school. Parents were so happy to hear what the children had learned and to see their handwork. Those with perfect attendance received prizes of pencils and notebooks. 

I hope these days of Vacation School will have helped all the children to a greater Bible knowledge. If each church could have such a Bible School each year they would be greatly benefited.

HERE AND THERE WITH THE GILSONS

JOHN G. GILSON

The published results of the High School final examinations show that our Christian High School ranked far above the average, 10 students having passed of the 14 sent up; 3 of them in 1st division, 2 in second and 5 in third. Unfortunately only one Christian boy has passed in second division, making him eligible for College aid. He is Susil Behera, nephew of the Headmaster, K. P. Behera. The Rural Life Committee had hoped to arrange to send him to Allahabad to study Agriculture, but his application got in too late. He has entered Serampore College (started by William Carey) in the Pre-University Science Course. Simeon Sahu (Balasore Pastor’s son) passed in 3rd division and will attend Fakir Mohan College, Balasore. Many more Christian boys appeared at the Supplementary Examination in July.

Twelve students completed trade courses and three full time Commerce courses in the Technical School. All of them have jobs already lined up except the four who learned Welding. There seems to be no demand at all for welders at present and these boys will either have to work at some other trade or be unemployed as are the welders of last year’s class. We are now
closing down the Welder course and giving a short unit course in welding to the students preparing to be General Mechanics. Only one of the above 15 was not a Christian, and that one made a fine statement of his appreciation of the Christian teaching in his farewell speech saying ‘In Government schools the boys only learn a trade; here we learn how to live’.

Immediately after the Technical School ‘Commencement’ we went off for our vacation visit of 12 days with Dr and Mrs Thomas at G. Udayagiri. G. Udayagiri is 78 miles from the nearest railway station and is now reached by buses of the Orissa Road Transport Co. over black-top roads. It is located on a plateau 2,300 ft. above sea level with fertile valleys among wooded rocky hills. The temperature is only about 10 degrees less than at Balasore but it was a wonderful place for a rest and for hikes around the hills.

The people of the Khond tribe who inhabit these hills were among the wildest in India, and until recently practised human sacrifice to appease the evil spirits. The fear of the demons affected everything in their lives, and in the backward villages they still practise animal sacrifice—buffalos, goats and chickens. Now the Christian movement is growing among them at an accelerating rate. The Khond Hills Baptist Union now has 100 organized churches. They had 1,000 baptisms in 1960, and 700 in the first 5 months of this year.

The area was also one of the most disease infected in the world. Polio is still very prevalent there as well as all the tropical diseases. None of the pioneer missionaries could live more than 10 years in the hills, most of them having died of blackwater fever which was very prevalent in the area until the present Anti-malarial drive, in which the World Health Organization and the U.S. International Technical Co-operation are helping the Government of India and the State Government, has all but done away with malaria in India. So the center of the present Mission program is the Moorshead Memorial Hospital. We never saw
a hospital like this. The wards are terribly over crowded as they try not to refuse anyone who needs hospitalization. When the hill folks come to the hospital the whole family comes with them. As there is no hotel near by the relatives live out under the trees, but they come and go in the wards at will. But the efficiency and devotion of the hospital staff are such that they maintain a fine Christian spirit and get excellent medical results even under these conditions, and everyone who comes to the hospital gets a demonstration of Christianity in practice which leads most of them to study the gospel and many to accept Christ.

The hospital is well equipped for laboratory, X-ray and surgery. There are 4 doctors (2 English and 2 Indian) with two English nursing sisters and a school of nursing. Dr Stanley Thomas has built up a reputation as the best surgeon in Orissa and now well-to-do people come from all over the state to this jungle hospital for the most difficult operations. He carries on a load of surgery which few could stand, at least 5 gastric ulcer cases (his speciality in which he is carrying on a research program) per week in addition to the general surgery and emergencies. His wife, Joyce, seems to be equally competent in everything, except surgery: evangelism, education, office management, and just helping everybody in need, and carries on for everybody who is absent from the station. We greatly enjoyed the 12 days in their home.

On the return journey we stopped for a rest and visit with Dr Joan Pears of the Baptist Mission Hospital for Women and Children at Berhampur. This, we were informed by the office manager, is the best hospital in Orissa. In fact compared with any other we have seen it is clean, quiet and orderly. The relatives are allowed in the hospital premises only at visiting hours (there are plenty of hotels in the town). There is a large school of nursing and many girls from our area have had their training here. Two of our area girls are studying nursing here now.
All along the way we met our former students. Simson Sahu is Fitter Instructor at the Engineering School, Berhampur; Sunil Mohapatra, foreman at the main workshop of the Orissa Road Transport Co.; Daniel Bir a mechanic at the Aska bus depot and Timothy Patra driver of the Express Bus running through G. Udayagiri.

Our diaries show that we attended 8 wedding feasts connected with 7 different weddings in the Balasore Christian Community during a three month period. Surely a record for any 3 months period! We cannot take space to mention all of them here. The one most interesting to us was the marriage of Miss Angur Jena, B.A., B.Ed., daughter of Abani Jena, and a Teacher in the Balasore Girls’ High School to Mr Subas Maharana, a former student of the Technical School and now a superior grade machinist at the S. E. Railway workshop, Khargpur. They are a very happy couple, having arranged their own wedding. They were childhood friends at Hatigarh. Angur has resigned her job at Balasore but has a teaching job in Khargpur so can continue to help her sister and brothers through school.

Nothing gives us more pleasure than seeing our former students prosper. Pray with us that our schools may be even more effective in preparing for Christian service to the community.

[Editor’s Note: Both the above mentioned hospitals are English Baptist. We have not only benefited in sending girls for nurses training but over the years have sent many patients. We hope and pray that the day may soon come when our little hospital, which is being built, will attract men and women to Christ too, because of the dedicated work done in His name, showing forth his love and compassion].
CHRISTIAN OUTREACH OF THE
BALASORE GIRLS' HOSTEL

MISS AMIYA JENA

We observed the Christian Home Festival in our hostel in the last week of December. As part of the program of the festival we visited in the homes of four Hindu servants, of our school and hostel, and conducted Sunday School.

Ever since that day students and teachers have been going each month to these non-Christian villages to tell them in song and prayer about our Lord, Jesus Christ. We walk to the nearby villages but go by rickshaw to the villages which are some three miles from our hostel.

The students are divided into different groups, and each group has a leader to preach God's word, and to conduct the Sunday School. Leaders go well prepared and the service is well received and orderly. Each month different girls have the opportunity of being the leaders in these groups. They tell short stories, such as the story of the Prodigal Son, in simple, beautiful language. First a song is sung to attract the villagers, for all love music. After singing together they tell the story and we have prayer together. Sometimes they also give teaching in hygiene in conversation together. The villagers listen to them with great interest. Thanks to the co-operative endeavor and interest of students and teachers this work has been conducted smoothly. Our superintendent, Miss Powers, helps us by giving advice and encouragement. Therefore we remain grateful to her and pray for her.

We give thanks to our Lord, Jesus Christ that He gives us such opportunities and pray to Him to give us encouragement to become more successful in this work.
INSTITUTIONS TO BE PROUD OF

W. C. OSGOOD

Our group is one of the seven or eight sponsoring bodies of the Union Christian Training College, Berhampur, W. Bengal. This Christian institution, for postgraduate training of teachers, for the High Schools of West Bengal and also of Orissa, is prepared to accept one hundred for teacher training each year. It is recognized by Government and many of its students are deputed by Government or granted stipends for study. Nearly eighty per cent are men, though provision is made for training of women teachers. The principal and bursar is our own Amiya K. Kisku, who was at one time headmaster at Bhimpore High School. His wife also teaches in the school as does Hiralal Das, formerly headmaster at Hatigarh. The chapel periods each day and the special Bible classes for both Christian and non-Christian students are well attended. Though the number of Christian students is not large, the influence of the devoted Christian lives of the staff, in and out of class, is considerable. Our financial contribution to the school is but Rs 840 a year, plus a development grant of Rs 600. They are seeking affiliation for the training of Science teachers as well as those in other subjects and have fulfilled the Government requirements for this. We are associated with such bodies as the Bengal Baptist Union, Methodist Church of Southern Asia, Church of India, Burma and Ceylon, United Church of Northern India (London Missionary Society, English Methodists and Scottish Churches are included in this) in maintaining this school under the auspices of the Bengal Christian Council. It goes without saying that our Mission alone could not maintain such a school. Working together with these other Christian bodies give us a fine school where young people from our own area can go for training.
Their greatest immediate need is for the improvement of staff quarters. Our present headmaster in Hatigarh, and Acting Headmaster at Bhimpore, are among the numerous teachers that have been trained there in years gone by.

Another institution with a long and honorable history, dating from 1818, is Serampore College and University, which carries on an Arts and Science department of approximately one thousand students, and is the mother College or examining university for more than 20 lower and higher grade theological colleges in South East Asia. Here too co-operation is with many different denominational groups, from various countries; Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Anglican, Evangelical, Syrian, Mar Thoma and other Christian traditions are represented in the Governing body, staff and student body. In January, at the Convocation, 3 Honorary Doctorates in Divinity were granted, one Master of Theology, 40 B.D.'s; 43 Licentiate in Theology degrees and 1 in Religious Knowledge also granted. What a wonderful re-enforcement to the leadership of the Church in India.

The report of new buildings in use makes thrilling reading to those of us who have seen the College struggling through the years with inadequate buildings and resources. The George Howells Administration building, an air-conditioned room to house some of the treasures of the Carey Library, a new dining hall for resident students, a two storied extension to the Chemistry and Physics laboratories, three new arts class rooms and new servant's quarters are finished, and four new staff quarters are under construction. The new chapel made out of a section of the original building built by Carey and his associates is a beauty. Gifts from the Theological Education Fund and Lily Foundation promise many new improvements. Part of the money is in hand for meeting the most urgent building needs, but it will take another $10,000 to make possible the women's hostel.

As all colleges, this one feels the squeeze of inflation and mounting costs. As at home colleges are asking churches to
contribute annually through the institutional budget, so Serampore seeks to enlist in this country, and abroad, Friends of Serampore who will contribute $5.00 or more annually, or help her building up her endowment fund. The present goal for increased endowment is at least $275,000.

I wish you could meet the ten students, eight of them in the theology department, from Assam, Burma and Bengal-Orissa fields of the A.B.C. as well as others as external students or in affiliated colleges to whom Serampore ministers in the Carey tradition.

On August 17th we celebrate the 200th anniversary of Carey’s birth and rejoice in the challenge God has given to us through his achievements and his word, ‘Attempt Great Things for God. Expect Great Things From God’.

**THEREFORE FORWARD**

**Rev. Archie Shear**

Since last we wrote to you through the agency of these pages God has been leading us from experience to experience. Much has transpired since then and it would take quite some time to elaborate on everything so we shall give you only the salient points.

There has been much going to and fro from Union Church and we have had to bid farewell to many of our faithful members. Naturally this would leave a blank but the Lord has been good in sending others to replace them. The life and activity of Union Church are keeping a constant average.

The year 1961 unfolded the screen of our English speaking Daily Vacation Bible School. We had a crammed, exciting and exhausting week. The number of children attending daily averaged 60. Apart from our regular classes, which were held from 8 a.m., till noon, we concluded with a daily fellowship meal,
at which all the pupils and staff ate together. We are thankful
to the Scripture Gift Press of America for helping us with
appropriate material suitable to the different age groups.

In the first week of July we held a similar D. V. B. S. in the
Hindi medium. Although the registrations numbered over
110 the average daily attendance was about 80. The encouraging
note about this was that over 80 per cent of the pupils were
Hindus. Every Wednesday at 4 p.m. we hold a Berean Club
meeting for them here in Union Church and it is encouraging
to see that many of them continue to attend regularly. We have
found the work among the children very encouraging and fruitful.
As you rejoice with us over these victories we would request
you not to be slack in prayer.

On completion of one years ministry with the Union Church
the Lord permitted us to proceed on one months vacation.
We had a refreshing time in the Darjeeling hills at my birth
place.

The missionary challenge is being continued to be taken
up by the young people of our Church. Denzil Baker, one of
our young lads, on completion of his studies at Bible College
has been working as a pastor in Adra for the past two years.
New avenues of service, in other railway colonies, are opening
up to him and virgin work has begun in some of them. On
May 1st another of our young people, Noel Baker, Denzil's
younger brother, graduated from Bible College. He is now
serving as pastor of the English speaking church in Jamshedpur,
the steel city of India. Another of our young lads, Conrad
Halyburton, studying in the Union Biblical Seminary, Yeotmal
will be completing his studies in October. Kindly uphold him in
prayer.

Some years ago the work of the Christian Centers was begun
here in Khargpur, but only in March this year we established
ourselves. We now have four Christian Centers in Khargpur,
scattered in different strategic points. Barring one the others
are situated close to the churches. These Centers are functioning well and through the recreational and spiritual activities many non-Christians have been contacted. There seems much scope for this type of ministry.

For readers in India who will receive this in time please remember our Summer School in prayer. This is to be held at Bishnurpur, 13 miles from Calcutta, October 14th to 23rd.

We covet your prayers also for early November evangelistic campaign to be held in Chadradharpur, 100 miles from Khargpur. I will be ministering the Word.

Closing with greetings to all our prayer partners.

TRIBUTE TO A FORMER COLLEAGUE

Satyabati Behera

After my parents accepted Jesus Christ, as their personal Saviour, they were driven out of their home. But missionary and other church friends gave them their friendship. One missionary friend took the responsibility of my studies. I shall never forget her kindness and Christian conduct. By her Christian life I came to realize quite clearly what a missionary is. Seeing the life, teaching and behaviour of two missionary friends, while staying at the boarding school, I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. By the love of missionary friends, I realized from my childhood that God’s mercy is new every morning for me.

In 1937 I heard that a missionary friend, Lillian Brueckmann of America, wished to have an Indian girl as her co-worker for village evangelistic work. She was praying much about it. In 1938 she received the answer to her prayer. The Lord called me to be her helper. Though we were from two different countries, with different culture, yet, like two sisters we worked hard in the churches in the villages of Balasore District and
Balasore town. My mother and sisters were happy to see me with Miss Brueckmann in the Lord’s work.

In 1941 Miss Brueckmann went on furlough to America. Because of war she could not return to India for three years. I always looked forward to her return. In 1941 another young missionary, Nina Bowers, came to Balasore to do school work. As Miss Brueckmann didn’t return for three years I felt lonely in my work as there was no other Indian Bible-woman to work with me. One evening I prayed thus to God, ‘Dear Lord, I feel lonely in my work. Please provide another God fearing person to work with me’. The following morning Miss Bowers, coming to me, said, ‘Mr Frost has asked if you could help me to learn the Oriya language?’ From that day I gladly helped her to learn Oriya. I understood that God had answered my prayer. I not only helped her in language study and in learning the culture of India but we also visited Churches and Sunday Schools in the District.

After several years of school work, in 1948 Miss Bowers decided to give up school work and to give full time to work in the villages. Miss Brueckmann was then working with Miss Parul Tudu as her co-worker. So I was happy to work with Miss Bowers as I wanted to help all new missionaries.

While Miss Bowers had been on furlough she took a year’s special course in medicine in order to be better prepared for village work. Miss Bowers was very concerned in serving others. As we went to the Churches in the villages to work we took along many kinds of medicine. In so many places in India there is no medical help of any kind. Every day many sick people would come for treatment.

Some twenty five miles from Balasore there is a non-Christian village called Talapada. This village is filled with palmmyra trees. The ocean and the palm trees make it a very beautiful place. Every day in the afternoon, as we were speaking out in an open space many patients would gather near us. Before
serving the sick, we would present Jesus Christ, the only Saviour, by showing them Bible verses, and by singing. This would give us an opportunity also of selling books, gospels, etc. While Miss Bowers would be examining and doctoring people with itch, ear or eye trouble I would be selling simple medicines for other illnesses. The non-Christian people were very pleased with Miss Bower’s care of the sick so they gave her the name of ‘Doctor’. The village landlord also being pleased with this work sold a piece of land to our Christian Service Society for a dispensary.

Miss Bowers was often asked to give Bible Study classes in our Women’s meetings and Conferences. The women very much liked the clear method Miss Bowers used. She not only helped with Bible studies in various Conferences but in the village churches and Industrial Centers. She also gave much help in Sunday Schools, Women’s weekly meetings, Christian Home programs and in preaching services.

Her Oriya was very clear. When she was language advisor for new missionaries she spent much time in preparing simple, easy lessons, patterned after the method she had learned while attending Hindi Language School in Landour one year. Miss Quy, English Baptist missionary, who has been helping in the Oriya language school is now using these lessons.

In Bhadrak, where we were living, young men from the non-Christian College used to come to our home for discussions and to get books from Miss Bowers library, which they enjoyed reading very much.

In Cuttack, where the Theology School is we would go for Christian Home Festival Training. For a week students, staff and church members would join in the Festival, emphasizing the importance of the Christian home, and doing things together as a family. Miss Bowers took much responsibility for this training so students and teachers were always very grateful to her.
King Solomon in Proverbs 17:22 said, ‘A merry heart doeth good like a medicine’. Miss Bowers in her daily work always had a happy mind and showed patience.

Always while working in the villages she wore sari as the Indian women do. For this reason the women always mixed well with her and liked her. Miss Bowers was always friendly with everyone.

For the twenty years of untiring service Miss Bowers gave to our country I shall be ever grateful. May God bless her in her married life and through her be glorified daily.

NINA BOWERS, FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE

Hazel Smith

I should like to share my impressions of Nina in a series of word pictures, rather than attempt any biography, however brief, as I do not have the material for it.

To the readers of Tidings, Nina Bowers is no stranger. If she should be to any of you, let me introduce you to her. Here is Nina, smiling, cheerful, often with a song on her lips, usually running, always busy. Never too busy to see anyone who comes and to pay courteous attention to him or her. I was always amazed at the seeming ease with which she did such diverse tasks as the routine of school administration; teaching classes in the Balasore Girls’ High School; supervising and teaching in the Primary Sunday School; touring the villages, in-season and-out; setting and marking the all-Orissa Sunday School examination questions; acting as language adviser to new missionaries, which job she conceived as practically writing a curriculum for them! and then in such a practical thing as helping inexperienced village women as they travelled by train to or from the Annual Women’s Conference. A vivid picture I have is of Nina tossing luggage out the door of a crowded
third class compartment, in the rush to get it all off before the
train pulled out! We in Bhimpore are grateful to her for coming
to help us at a time when we were very short staffed, and the
jobs she did here ranged from general supervision of the Boys'
High School, which was at that time without a headmaster,
to selling (in person) the logs which had been cut from the Bhim­
pore forest!

She did everything with real enthusiasm, and all of her hard
work was interspersed with a love of fun and recreation which
made her an expert at Scrabble, and one sought after to run
social evening at Conference, or games and recreation for children
and young people in our schools, hostels, or in the villages.

In addition she was an extremely competent and interesting
Bible teacher, making Bible books live for the women gathered
at the Annual Women's Conference or in Workers' Retreats.

Do you see why we miss her? We are grateful for the three
terms she spent on our field, terms packed with experiences at
Balasore, Bhadruk, Bhimpore, throughout the Orissa villages
and in the industrial centers of Khargpur, Mosaboni and Jam­
shedpur. During much of this time she had the privilege of
being co-worker of Miss Satyabati Behera, who now is carrying
on the women's evangelistic work.

Though we miss her help and fellowship we do rejoice with
her in her new happiness as she has become Mrs Harold
McWilliams, mother to Marvel and Marcia. Our best wishes
and prayers follow her as she has now transferred her field of
work to Salina, Kansas, as she continues to work in the church
there. We know that she continues to be with us in prayer and
interest, and that the Kingdom work is one, whether we serve
here or there.

[Editor's Note: As reported in last issue of Tidings Nina
felt very definitely that the Lord had led her into this work.
His Hand was at work again when he introduced Nina to the
McWilliams family. For one without brothers or sisters it
seems wonderful that her husband has such a large, close knit family of three brothers and three sisters. Among Nina’s many interests was also that of home making. She writes since her marriage ‘It’s fun working together’. Nina was so happy to have as her only attendant Naomi Knapp, now retired from our midst, but one who gave her life to Bengal-Orissa. Naomi wrote that the wedding was a simple, but beautiful church wedding, with the whole church feeling it was just right, and giving her a warm welcome to their church family.]

UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH

JANE G. OSGOOD

Recently I have read ‘Golden Boats from Burma’, by Hall, and it reminded me again of the real sacrifices made by missionaries in the early days.

Looking back over historical records of our own Mission helps us realize the hard life missionaries lived long ago and the real dedication it must have taken just to venture forth on the long sea voyage, not knowing what they faced after they arrived. The many deaths of wives and children tell the price that was paid to lay the foundations of God’s work in this country and other lands.

In 1st Corinthians 3:10 we read, ‘I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon’. Down the years missionaries have built on the foundations laid by others. We who have come later have had a firm foundation on which to build and life has been much easier because of the labors of others, better health conditions, better travel conditions and many comforts unheard of even fifty years ago. Talents have varied but each has added a bit to the building. Some of us feel the building
is progressing rapidly and in the not too distant future the Church of India will be independent. When that day comes we must be sure the church is strong, with both lay and clerical leaders. Educated leadership, along with deep commitment, will ensure steady growth of the building. We all know that no Church can rise above the level of its leadership. National Christians of strong faith, standing firm no matter what the testings may be, will be able to influence their own people far more effectively than foreign people can.

I've been impressed very deeply of late by two books I've read, 'Jesus' Families in Communist China' and 'I Found God in Russia', by John Noble. Small groups of Chinese Christians in China have so lived Christ that even the Communists respect them. These groups, working together happily, harmoniously have accomplished things that the Communists haven't been able to do, with all their brow beating and it has astonished them. Real Christianity is stronger than Communism any day. You too will be challenged by what John Noble wrote while in concentration camps in Russia for ten years. Consistent living for Christ, in the face of horrible persecution, has led many to Christ in these camps. Faith of Christians so staunch that their endurance could only be miraculous caused some of the Communist leaders to be afraid to continue punishment and they have left them alone, and even secretly read Bibles, stolen from parcels sent to prisoners. This is the kind of faith India needs to attract non-Christians.

We have no figures to compare but surely the number of children from Christian homes attending school is far greater than when we first came to India nearly 35 years ago. As in Western countries parents in this land want their children better educated than they were.

The last census shows the percentage who are literate in the whole of India as 23 per cent. Orissa lags 2 per cent behind this national average, and only 7 per cent of the women of Orissa
are literate. We are thankful the rate among Christians in Bengal-Orissa area is about 63 per cent. Our schools and 20 odd adult night schools have managed to keep Christian literacy far ahead of the national average. And yet there is room.

The number of College graduates on the field 25 or 30 years ago were very few. The largest percentage of Christians have come from the lowest economic level. With a yearly per capita income of only $60 even today, few could have this privilege without help. What an important thing is opportunity. Given equal chance Indian young people can progress as far as any in the world.

The picture has changed since opportunity has come in the form of scholarship help. We wish you might know the 15 or more young men and women from Bengal-Orissa in various Colleges in Calcutta and elsewhere who are preparing to come back as Christian teachers or to serve their people in other capacities. As in America, we have a shortage of pastors, so we are thankful for those in Cuttack Theological College and Yeotmal Seminary who are preparing for full time Christian service. I’m sure one reason for this shortage of pastors is small pay in these days of extremely high prices. Somehow the church of India must be challenged to greater giving. A pastor is ‘worthy of his hire.’

Others are training as nurses and doctors. Elsewhere in this issue you will find an Article by Kalpana Biswas telling of her call to serve as a doctor. She has only begun her course in Vellore but we look forward to the day when she returns to serve her own people. How fortunate we are to have such an outstanding Christian medical school as Vellore. Those of you who have read ‘Dr Ida’, by Dorothy Clark Wilson, will know what a dedicated institution this is.

We thank all those who are making scholarships possible and we pray those benefiting may bring joy to His heart in the years to come as they seek to serve and to build on the foundations laid by Christian people down through the years.
HAPPY MEMORIES OF FOUR SELF SUPPORTING CHURCHES IN THE INDUSTRIAL AREAS

SATYABATI BEHERA

For 27 days I and my helper, Bibasini Das, had happy fellowship with the members of these four Churches—Grace Union Church in Mosaboni Mines where copper is mined; Bethel Calvary and the English speaking Church of Christ in Jamshedpur, the great Iron and Steel Center of India. It has been called the Pittsburgh of India. Lastly we worked with the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Golmuri noted for its Implement and Tin Plate Works. It was a great joy to us to spend nine days in each of the three areas where the churches are all self supporting.

We used as our special theme verse Acts 16:9, 'And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us'.

We found the churches hungry and thirsting for help and encouragement for they have no missionaries or Bible-women working in their midst. All the pastors and members of these churches wished we might stay longer but that was impossible as we are working in many other areas.

Grace Union Church was established some 22 or 23 years ago through the efforts of my brother, an Electrical Engineer and a Mr. George. My brother is no longer there but Mr. George, who now has a very responsible position and receives high salary is very, very active in the Church work. He is a man of prayer and Bible study and his wife is active in the Women's Society. Last year some of their members attended the Youth Conference and were inspired to return and start their own Youth Group. One
of the lay members of the church buys Christian literature which he distributes to non-Christians. They have an active Sunday School with three classes, a nurse and laymen doing the teaching. This nurse was for several years in one of our medical-evangelistic centers and the Women’s Conference helped with her support. All were so interested in learning new songs and in their Sunday School they are memorizing many verses from the Bible.

The pastor Rev. Purna Baske is man of many languages, which he is able to use in this mining center where workers come from many language areas. He preaches in Hindi, which is not his mother tongue, and knows Oriya, Bengali, Santali and English.

A great awakening has come to the women of Bethel Calvary church in Jamshedpur. They were very irregular in their meetings until 1960 when we were able to help them get a fresh start and now they are very faithful in holding their meetings. Telling them of the work of the Women’s Conference in 1960 they were inspired to give Rs 30 for the support of this work. The women joined the children in Sunday School for they too were eager to hear Bible stories. One did not satisfy them so we had two stories. The women and their pastor asked me to speak in the Sunday service but at first I was very reluctant to do so but in the end I did as they had requested, speaking on the subject of, ‘Ye are my witnesses’.

Another call came from them to join in a love feast, to teach them more songs, which my helper gladly did, and to speak to them once again. I spoke about the ideal Sunday School using material from the book, ‘Evangelism in Sunday Church’. I cannot begin to describe the joy and fellowship we had with one another. Learning more of the work of the whole Mission area, and especially of the women’s work inspired them to give Rs 55 for Women’s Conference project.

While Mr. Sanford was pastor of Union Church in Khargpur Noel Baker heard a call from God to go into full time Christian service. He has very recently gone directly from Bible School
to the difficult task of pastoring the Church of Christ, English speaking group. He is needing encouragement for the work was neglected for a long period, due to shortage of staff. He was happy to report that now they have a Youth Group of some twenty young people meeting regularly and some ten members are faithfully joining in a weekly Bible Study class. Let us remember this church very specially in our prayers.

Our last nine days were spent at Golmuri in the very active Emmanuel Baptist Church, where Rev. Hiralal Singh is pastor, and whose wife Mary is his very fine helper. Members live far from the church, many having to attend by bus so Sunday Schools have been difficult to maintain. However, one of the laymen, son of our own Hementa Roul who has been so active in Sunday School work all these years, has been working and inspiring members in making Sunday School an active part of the Church life. He is following in the footsteps of his father.

We were so interested to find one of the active members was a man from South of Balasore who had heard the preaching of God’s word and later became a member of this church. Another member had been given tracts by a Pastor in Puri and he too accepted Christ and is now an active helper in this wide awake church. Pastor and laymen go from place to place as a Gospel team preaching and singing because the Lord has said, ‘ye are my witnesses’. The Holy Spirit definitely worked through the songs they so eagerly learned.

Please continue to pray for us that as we go from Church to Church in answer to the call ‘to come and help’ that he may be glorified through us.
ONE GIRL—SOLD FOR ONE COW AND $40.00

Susanne Powers

Promila Singh is a happy 5th grader at our Mission Girls' School in Balasore. In July, 1960, she very much wanted to study in 4th grade, but her father and step-mother had no money to buy her even one dress to wear to school. Promila sent word to our school physical training teacher, Kunja Nayak, that she had no dress for school and very little food. Kind hearted Kunja invited Promila to live with her on our mission compound where she could help Kunja cook and also attend school.

Last May, Promila, like all school boarding girls, was looking forward to going home for a few weeks during summer vacation, which is from the middle of May until the end of June. However, some school friends from her nearby village brought news that changed Promila's plans. Her eagerness to go home vanished like a broken bubble. Promila was told that her poor father had sold her. This eleven year old girl had been sold to an older village man to be his wife. He had given Promila's father one cow and about $40.

Instead of going 'home' Promila stayed with Kunja during the holidays. She is a good, brave girl and appreciates very much being able to go to school, while living with Kunja. Twice every day she brings food they have cooked for our headmistress, Tarulata Garnaik, who lives with me. In the darkness of a moonless night, or in the beating heat of the tropics, or in the pouring Monsoon rain—whatever the weather—Promila comes with Taru's rice and curry. She enjoys going to church and Christian Endeavour meetings, and is continually learning of
Jesus Christ and His way of life. After church service one day she said, 'No matter what the others say, we won't buy things on Sunday'. Because of the loving concern of this one Christian teacher in our Mission School, which you friends in America help to support, Promila Singh, a poor village girl, has the opportunity to know of and to know our Saviour, Jesus Christ, 'Whom to know aright is life eternal'.

‘WELL DONE THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS’

MISS SUDDHA MOOKERJI

When I was a new teacher in our Mission Girls' High School in Midnapore I heard the headmistress, at that time, once remark, 'this school was established because of the prayers of many consecrated people. Still now people, both in India and America, offer prayers for this school'. It was almost twenty years ago. Then I became headmistress in June, 1948. From that time on I have felt my responsibility is sacred because I am in charge of 'God's School'.

Many difficulties come in our way but we always get over these. Every time we are out of one difficulty (though they are very few in number) my heart becomes full of thankfulness, my faith increases more and the belief that this is God's School becomes firmer. It is a wonderful thing to work under Him in His school.

In my mind I have this conviction, and Miss Daniels also agreed with me, that the school will continue its work so long as God wants it that way. When He will think that this school is not needed any more I am sure He will tell us so; then there will not be a Mission School any more in Midnapore.

The history of our school is full of many blessings. It was only last month that we were asked, by the Government, to
supply a brief history of the school, to be published in the Government Gazetteer. Only today the District Inspectress of Schools told me, that in order to supply to the Government a short history of girls' education of this district before independence, she had discovered that Midnapore Mission Girls' High School was the only Girls' High School before 1930. This is the only Girls' High School in the district run by Christian Missionaries.

Also, I was asked last month, by the District Inspectress of Schools, to fill up forms to be an applicant for the National Award given to the outstanding teachers of different Provinces by the Central Government. She sent me the forms. I thought if any one is to get any praise for the uplift of this school it should be my friend Ruth Daniels. If I try to take that credit I will be a cheat. So I told her that I am not interested in it and sent back the forms to her.

I think all these are signs of His kindness toward us, because it is His school. We are blessed with a special blessing this year for which we are very thankful to Him. That is the very good results of our Higher Secondary Final Examination.

We had 30 girls in class XI in 1960. After the selection test we decided to detain four of them and let the other 26 appear for the Final examinations. There was divided opinion among the teachers as to whether we should detain them or let all the 30 girls appear for the examination. The girls who were detained were in tears and came to us and begged to be allowed to appear for the finals. After much discussion we allowed all of them to appear but we were doubtful about the results of a few of them.

The results came out after almost three months. 3 of them were placed in the first division; 21 in second division and 5 in third division; only one of them failed. Our result was the best one in the whole town. Our percentage of success is 97 per cent while the percentage for the whole of W. Bengal was 57.59 per cent. Teachers from different schools came to
congratulate me. Different missionaries wrote and congratulated me also. The teachers were happy, the girls were happy and Miss Daniels from America wrote to tell me how happy she was. But all this time I remembered it was a gift from Him, and I bowed down many times to thank Him for his kind gift.

Of these 30 girls 5 came from Christian homes. Four of them passed in second division and one failed. Three of the Christian girls were Santhals who are educationally backward. Eleven of the girls were from the Girls' Boarding attached to the school. Three of these girls were students of this school for 12 years, starting from the baby classes.

We know this is His school and He will supply all our needs as long as we walk in His way. We try to do that. Those of you who are reading this article please pray for this school.

In our Primary department we have ten Christian teachers out of eleven. In the High School we have 6 Christian teachers out of sixteen full time teachers. Two of my very fine Christian teachers will be married soon. Christian girls these days prefer office jobs to teaching. So please pray with us so that we may find Christian teachers in the place of those two who are about to leave. Also, I will ask your prayers so that we may receive wisdom from His hands to dispense our duties properly.
A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT
MRS LYDIA CHRISTIAN

'I am nothing to her now, she has no time for me', said A.
'Oh no, that can’t be. I’m sure she remembers you at Christmas. She certainly sends you a card and her good wishes’, I replied.

'Oh, that!’ A sneering smile played around her lips and her eyes had a hard look as she said, ‘that is only custom, it means nothing’.

My heart sank, and I protested, ‘But surely, you don’t send a card to a person you don’t care for!’

‘Oh yes, you do, didn’t you know that?’

The thought kept ringing in my mind. Is that true? Do I do that? Do others also do the same?

It was Christmas Eve and several cards had arrived. I looked through them, read the contents and enjoyed them. Still the same cynical question kept creeping in. Is it all sincere or only custom? Then opening a small envelope I found a card from a grand niece and her husband. They never write to me, but remembered me at Christmas time. Somehow I felt a lump in my throat and choked. I took up another card with a beautiful picture, and still another. Each had such a sweet message on it, and all for me! I was not aware of any thoughts passing through my mind. I was suddenly overpowered by a wave of joy and love and the next thing I knew tears were running down my cheeks.

Was it imagination, or a deliberate make-up? No, I did not even have time for it. Oh yes, I know it is the love of Christ going forth from one heart to another. At Christmas we move closer to Christ who is the center of our life, and He sends us into other lives. That is why long-forgotten friends come to remembrance; that is why messages of love and goodwill flow out and flow in. That is glorious, wonderfully glorious!
[Editor's Note: ] In January of this year I asked many friends to write up Christmas activities while it was fresh in their minds. August, when this number goes to press, is a hard time to be thinking of Christmas! The above story was the one, lovely response I got. May Christmas bring fresh joy and happiness to you all.

OUR PRAYER CORNER

'Be careful for nothing: but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God'. Phillippians 4:6.

'Prayer is the greatest spiritual asset in the world'.

Sunday: Let us give thanks for Sri Kalyan Bose, new chaplain for the Technical-High School, Balasore. Pray for him in his daily contacts with students, in Bible classes in the schools—where the highest percentage are non-Christians—and as he and other staff members and students reach out in gospel teams to non-Christians.

Monday: Jamshedpur, Church of Christ, was without a pastor for sometime. As reported last time Mr Noel Baker has accepted the call and challenge to that difficult job. He asks for daily prayers that God might build up a strong church in this neglected area, where there are ‘GREAT possibilities if we are wise enough to take advantage of the opportunities’. Pray for the Young Peoples’ Fellowship once again organized and the Bible-Study-Prayer meeting.

Tuesday: For better distribution of Christian literature. May all Christian workers feel a keener responsibility for interesting Christians and non-Christians in available literature, and in Bible study in their homes. Only as God’s word is hidden in the hearts of people will sin be uprooted. In the New Amplified New Testament, Matthew 3:2 we
read “Repent—that is, think differently; change your mind, regretting your sins and changing your conduct—for the kingdom of heaven is at hand”.

**Wednesday:** Pray that new Christians may realize the importance of being able to read. Desire or hunger for reading must be created if literacy is to go beyond the 63 per cent now able to read among Christians in Bengal-Orissa. Pray that the Adult night classes being held in many places, for the purpose of teaching people to read, may also win people for Christ.

**Thursday:** We are happy to report that the two T.B. patients mentioned in earlier issues of *Tidings*, have been discharged from Madar Sanatorium in Ajmer. Pray for continued improvement for them as they receive further treatment in their homes. As fast as patients are discharged others take their places. Sri Surit Das from Hatigarh, who is now occupying one of the two beds our Mission has reserved in this fine Christian institution needs your prayers that he may respond to the treatment. Another young man from Belda area will likely be chosen for the other bed. There is always a waiting list.

**Friday:** Pray for more dedicated volunteers for Sunday School teachers and youth group counsellors.

**Saturday:** For Christian Centers in Khargpur working among several language groups. For Rev. Archie Shear, Sri P. Biswas and others as they direct this work.

**VISITORS FROM AMERICA**

We were happy to welcome Rev. Donald McCracken, from Concordia, Kansas, in July for a short visit to our field. The monsoons desisted during his visit making it possible for him to see some of the work out in the villages, which he was keenly interested in. His congregation will be challenged afresh, we
feel, to the importance of outreach, as he brings back news and pictures of many places he has visited on this three month trip.

Dr V. E. Devadutt and family are visiting India. As former professor in Serampore he is spending some weeks there and during that time plans to spend two week ends in September visiting the Bengal-Orissa field. We welcome these visits, however brief, from this distinguished professor of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School and member of the Board of the A.B.F. M.S.

Other visitors are expected as they come to New Delhi for World Council of Churches Meeting.

NEWS ITEM

News has come of a reception honouring Dr and Mrs John A. Howard, on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary. The Business and Professional Women of the First Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Kansas, were hosts for the event.

Dr and Mrs Howard have spent the last fifteen years in Pittsburgh since their retirement from missionary service. They served Bengal-Orissa faithfully for 34 years, between 1912 and 1946. Before going to India they had spent some time in missionary work in various frontier churches in the United States.

Dr and Mrs Howard have four sons, John R. Howard and Dr Eugene E. Howard, of Klamath Falls, Oregon; William H. Howard, Sacramento, California, and Dr Lee M. Howard, of Manila, P. I. Lee served one term as a missionary doctor in S. India. Their service in India was cut short by illness in the family.

Since none of the family could attend the reception, Mr and Mrs Howard were guests at a reunion June 30th, in Oregon.
Eight of the twelve grandchildren were present at the Oregon observance.

We remember, with joy, a visit from the Howards in our home in Portland, Oregon, while on furlough last year. May the Lord continue to richly bless and use them in His service.

PICTURE ON THE FRONT

Last month you will remember the Article by Susanne Powers in which she told about Angur Jena and her family on page 5, and how opportunity for education meant leadership of the Church and its work. She mentioned also that wedding bells would ring for Angur in June. She was married in a beautiful service and this is the picture of the happy bride and groom.