



BOYS' CLUB, C. S. E. T., INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA

down to Rassalpura for a day, and played the club there, baseball and hockey. You would have thought Mr. Smillie and I were young colts, had you seen us dancing around the bases.

We are having our own club-room fixed up at the college, however, with shelves for our books, —when we get any; for our collections of stones and leaves and flowers, and so on. For mural decorations we shall use, partly, pictures of various countries, working out a geography room. The prominent place at present will be given to a large picture of the high school boys which has been framed by money earned by the boys themselves, a contribution of six cents each.

It doesn't seem much; but when you remember that the worldly possessions of these boys are not worth over \$5.00, and that the daily wage of the majority of the people around here is from 25c. to 50c., and also that most of these boys have been kept on a system of scholarships which has never exacted any manual—and sometimes too little mental—labor in return,—then you may realize something of what this picture means. There is a changed mental attitude.

For some time the boys have spent their Sunday afternoons out through the city or in the villages, partly to distribute Christian papers to those who would receive them. They have given me written accounts of what they have seen, and what has been said to them. Let me give you some examples. One is rather a graphic picture of street life.

"As soon as I went out of the college gate, saw two drunkards fighting with each other,

and abusing other people also who passed by that way. I left them and saw a beggar who was begging before a shop. When he could not get money from the shop-keeper he at once thrust a knife into his own wrist. As soon as this was done the shop-keeper threw something at him and told him to go away. Then I went further and saw a monkey performer with his two monkeys and a small drum. I walked forward and saw a snake charmer. Then on a little distance, some kind of gambling was going on.' This was not circus day,—but a Sunday!

Another boy gave a picture of what is usually the reception Christian messengers are given:

"When we give hand bills to the people (Sunday School Papers), some people take them very gladly. But some people reject us and say: 'Oh, we do not want your hand bills.' Some people are so foolish that they at once ask us to go away from their village or place. Once I remember that I had gone with Prof. Johary into Big Gwalatali. There the people were drunk, and they asked us to go away. They always say: 'In our Hindustan there are many incarnations, who will save us?'"

A third boy, who was not a Christian, gives still another picture, one which is becoming increasingly common, although still only too rare in this population of thousands:

"I met a boy, and I asked him: 'Do you believe on Jesus Christ?' Then the boy told me, 'Yes, I believe on Jesus; and I know this, that Jesus is the Son of the living God;