A man who makes his own opportunities is Rev. J.E. Napp, now at home on furlough from a term of missionary service in Kolhapur, India, where he is superintendent of educational work for the whole area. Mr. Napp will speak at

After leaving college, Mr. Napp taught for three years in what is now the American University of Beirut, Syria, and there proved that educational work was a field that attracted him; and that he had a marked gift for languages.

After his experiences in Syria Mr. Napp returned for further study at Princeton, and then went out to western India, in the Bombay Presidency. Here his various gifts and interests came into play, until after fourteen years of experience among the village population which makes up the greater part of India, he is at home in this part of the East as few western men ever come to be. He knows the daily life of the villages because it is his business, but also because the ways of India are so enthralling that he cannot help watching and studying them.

The average westerner in India leaves manual toil to the Indian and sticks to directing affairs. There was a school in Mr. Napp's district which needed odd jobs of repair work and painting. Now Mr. Napp is handy with the paint brush himself, and he knows his India. A sahib with a paintbrush will draw a crowd any day. So Mr. Napp mixed his paints and began painting away while the expected crowd gathered.

"How about a little music?" he asked, when he thought the time had come, and began chanting one of those long "bhajans" or musical stories which are the delight of village gatherings in India. Only this "bhajan" was a Christian one written by a local Christian who knew his people and their likes and dislikes.
Some of the crowd joined in and others listened with an interest that they might never have shown toward a foreigner who, however good his intentions, could not meet them on their own ground. The painting went on, the chanting went on, and when the moment came that Mr. Napp chose to point his moral with an informal little sermon, he had his audience with him mentally as well as physically.

"You're not paid to be a painter," commented one of his associates when he told the incident. "You were doing work that a village carpenter could do." But the comment of a Hindu associate was, "What you did there did us more good than any amount of preaching. If India needs to learn any lesson more than that manual labor is not degrading, I do not know of it."