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TIDINGS

FROM

A. B. F. M. SOCIETY

IN

BENGAL-ORISSA

INDIA.

JAMSHEDPUR.

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BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

Bhimpore, via. Midnapore, Bengal.

Rev. H. R. Murphy and wife.

Rev. L. C. Kitchen and wife.

Midnapore, Bengal.

Rev. H. C. Long and wife.

Miss Elsie Barnard.

Miss I. C. Coombs.

Miss Grace Hill.

Miss-Ruth Daniels.

Kharagpur, B.N.Ry.

Rev. J. H. Oxreider and wife.

Jamshedpur, B.N.Ry.

Rev. Zo-Browne and wife.

Contai, Bengal.

Rev. J. A. Howard and wife.

Hatigarh, via. Jellasore.

Mr. George Ager and wife.

Jellasore, Balasore Dist.

Miss Barnes.

Balasore, Orissa, B. N. Ry.

Rev. H. I. Frost and wife.

Rev. M. Hartley and wife.

Mr. Lloyd Eller and wife.

Miss Amy Coe.

Miss Gladys Doe.

Miss Ethel Cronkite.

Miss Sadie Gowen.

Mr. William Dunn.



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Bengal-Orissa Tidings

ONE MONTH IN JAMSHEDPUR

When Mrs. Browne and the children, Philip and David, came up here with me from Midnapore, on February 27th, we began to feel that we were really located in Jamshedpur. Mr. Burgess, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Moore, met us at the railway station, Tatanagar, with the mission Ford. On our way back to Jamshedpur which is over two miles from the station, we had a blow out. This was our first stop and the next was at the Mission Bungalow built by Mr. Conrad. Mr. and Mrs. Cox invited us to their home for our first dinner. It was fine enough to convince us that we had arrived on Thanksgiving day. After two years of absence from a place that is really our own home, we were thankful to reach the house in which we hope to live and work for a full term of service.

When a house is unfinished and unfurnished and when the world moves slowly like it does in India, it takes time to transform a house into a home. Electric lights and fans have been put in, a great boon when the thermometer has already been up to 116 in the shade, and been in the neighborhood of 110 for a number of days at time. Mr. Rawlings of Pittsburgh, Pa., has built the fireplaces, not because we needed them so much to keep warm by now, as we shall in the winter. With his own money he provided the materials, and with his own hands he built them, working nights in order to do so. These along with paint and varnish helped to give the house a more finished appearance.

We were here two weeks before our furniture began to arrive, some of it from America and some of it from the Boys' Industrial School, Balasore. The freight from home included a Ford, given me by my father.

I set this up myself at the platform where box and all it had been lifted from the freight car by a big crane used in the steel mill. All I had to do was to give it the usual Ford handshake and Amrit Babu, the Indian pastor, and I came home with speed and comfort.

Amrit Babu reports good services at the Indian Church. The attendance has been good. Beginning with the first of May, the church will increase its gifts towards the pastor's salary. This month the church will be formally organized and the church building will be started. Three are awaiting baptism.

The people seemed to expect an English service, so one is being held at the bungalow. The attendance has been slowly but steadily increasing. Mrs. A. Faulkner, whose son I buried at Kharagpur, has made a fine contribution of thirty hymnals for the English services. Mrs. Cox is carrying on the Sunday School in her bungalow, a work to which she has very ably given herself ever since she has been in Jamshedpur, and even before there was a minister here. Her boys and girls gave Rs. 25 to the Bapatla Leper Homes, South India. The church gave its Sunday evening offering, Rs. 36-12-0. This is good when you consider that the attendance at this first service was eight.

People seem to be glad that an English service is being held and held at the bungalow and held every Sunday. "I did not know that you are having a service, or I would have come before," "I passed your bungalow last Sunday evening and was tempted to come in," are expressions with a note of encouragement in them.

Some facts point to money to pay for the English work, and make this self-supporting as well as the Indian work. Mr Powell, of the Bapatla Leper Homes, South India, collected about Rs. 700 and about four weeks later a representative of the Salvation Army came in and collected more than Rs. 2500. The people are anxious to find out if we intend to go ahead and do something.

Some one hinted that the sight for Indian church is not in a good location for reaching people. In the last four weeks, two circuses have come to the city, and both have pitched their tents within one hundred yards of our Indian church site.

Jamshedpur has its problems and its hindrances, but wherever thousands of people are, God is there to bless if He can find out five consecrated souls. God's hand has been in our Mission's coming here and His power will be manifest in our going forward.

REV. ZO D. BROWNE.

QUARTERLY MEETING AT BABAGADIA.

The fifteen Christians of this little potter's village gave us all a hearty welcome. It had been some twenty-five years or more since the last Quarterly had met there. The former church members had moved away. The church ceased to exist. One young boy was left alone as a light for Christ. He is now the pillar of the church. Around him are a group of praying Christians forming a nucleus of a fine church.

A large tent was the meeting place. Three other tents with the large church tent furnished ample sleeping accommodation for the thirty-two visitors and delegates. A good sized bamboo-matted canopy, being the dining hall, completed the equipment. A large thick-branched mango tree furnished dense shade over the large tent, so eight of the nine sessions were cool and pleasant. There was a total of about eighty Christians in attendance.

Strings of brightly colored paper pennants were strung from tent to tent. Between sessions there were side-trips to Kalamatia's beautiful springs, games were played and the victrola with band, violin and laughing songs added cheer to the occasion.

Before the opening of two night sessions the stereopticon portrayed forcefully the imperative need of more vigorous effort in soul-winning. Colored views of life saving crews and fire-fighters rescuing people from burning buildings made lasting impressions on the hearers.

The Lord was present in all sessions producing a gratifying harmony. Praise His name, He answers prayer.

The following subjects were helpfully discussed, "Suppressing the

tongue," "Calm in life's storms," "Our rescue from the well of destruction," "Obedience the proof of love," "Christ Himself the unspeakable reward," "Following Jesus will alone produce freedom," and "A burning witness imperative to-day."

There was one application for preacher's license. In four places groups of Christians desire the establishment of churches. Our Home Mission station at Dampara reported four baptisms and work very hopeful. Most cheering of all there were forty-eight baptisms reported. There are signs in many places of harvest in the near future.

Many praised God for the instruction and inspiration received and for a new determination to dedicate whole-heartedly their lives to win the lost to our *wonderful Saviour*.

REV. J. A. HOWARD.

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THE QUARTERLY MEETING AT SANTIPORE

The Quarterly Meeting at Santipore was an inspiration to both the Indian Christians and the Missionaries. The Meeting not only offered an opportunity for preaching the Gospel and prayer together, but it presented an opportunity for all the Christian workers to meet as one body, and discuss problems and obtain each other's view points.

Sunday, eighteen people were baptized. It was an impressive scene to see Rev. Frost and Babu Ganga Dhara Rath stand side by side and baptize those who professed to know Christ as their Saviour. This baptismal scene was witnessed by several Hindus.

That the meeting was held at Santipore was fortunate, as it gave the people an opportunity to come in closer touch with the work of Babu Guna Nidhi Mahapatra who is in charge of the Santipore station. Having heard the call of God, he left his profession to do his Master's work.

The meeting of the missionaries to plan and work together for a common purpose, and insight into the possibilities and the opportunities of the work at Santipore made the meeting worth all the time and effort spent by those who attended.

WM. DUNN.

SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Our Semi-Annual Conference was held this year at Midnapore, March 28-29. The day before the regular sessions began, the representatives of the Women's society met and discussed the needs and problems of their share of the work. The next two days were filled with the discussion of various problems including the meeting of the financial situation which faces us. All of our missionary families were there except Mrs. Oxrieder and Mrs. Browne and their children, and we were sorry not see them. Many thanks are due to those who provided so bountifully and efficiently for our entertainment.

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EASTER DAY AT BALASORE.

Easter Day dawned clear and warm. The Sunday School began half an hour earlier than usual in order to get everything over before the heat of the day, which at this season of the year comes fairly early in the forenoon. The church was very attractively decorated with potted ferns and plants, and bright colored flowers here and there added a festive and happy touch. Songs held a large place on the program, and three talks were given to the children. The drum, harmonium, and cymbals were the center of attraction to a crowd of small and big boys alike. After Sunday School, those present went down to the tank back of the church, where the ordinance of baptism was administered to a young man, a Hindu widow, and fourteen girls, thirteen of whom are members of our family at Sinclair Orphanage. Mr. Frost and Probodh, pastor of the church, officiated, both being in the water at the same time.

In the afternoon the regular preaching service was held, and the beautiful Easter day closed very fittingly with a service in the English church. Col. Thomas conducted the service, and Mr. Frost gave the Easter message. The fact that a Baptist clergyman has been allowed and even invited to preach in an Episcopal church is quite remarkable, and shows the open-mindedness and liberality of the English people at Balasore. Some of the beautiful Easter hymns were sung, and by this service we felt drawn even closer to our risen Lord. GLADYS E. DOE.

BHIMPORE.

Passion week was observed by special evening meetings held simultaneously in the four hostels taking as the subject for the week "We would see Jesus." Easter Sunday brought its note of Victory, with the message given by Rev. Kitchen. The Church was resplendent with red blossoms of the Golden Mohor interlaced with green. The Junior C. E. boys did it all in a very short time before the hour for services.

A cordial welcome was given to Miss Sadie Gowen who comes to Bhimpore to take charge of the Girls' Middle School and also will take over the lace and sewing classes. The former is really an "industry," there being at present thirty-two women and girls in the classes. With the Government-grant and the sale of laces the department is self-supporting.

Mr. Ager begun work on the verandas of the new bungalow. The work has been delayed for over a year and we are all glad to see it reopened and now will soon be finished.

With the "home going" of Mrs. Sarah Murphy, mother of Dr. Murphy, on March 6th, a great vacancy is felt in the Intercessory circle for Bhimpore. She was truly an important link in the chain of spiritual forces at work here while she was living in her little Nebraska home.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Copies of "Tidings" published quarterly may be secured in the U.S.A. from the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, 276, Fifth Ave., New York.

Miss Coe is finding Shillong, Assam, a very agreeable place for vacation. Miss Doe and Miss Cronkite will go there for the month of May.

Chandipore, the Bengal-Orissa Ocean Park, promises to be quite popular this vacation time. Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen and Baby Bell, Mr.

and Mrs. Hartley with their boys, Mr. and Mrs. Long and Judson, also Miss Daniels and Miss Hill expect to spend May there.

Dr. and Mrs. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Eller aspire toward the chilly heights of Ghoom, near Darjeeling.

Mr. and Mrs. Frost and Mr. Dunn go to the South, where Robert and Kenneth are in school at Kodaikanal.

The English High Church in Balasore invited Rev. H. I. Frost to preach the Easter Sermon, and Miss Gladys Doe played the organ.

The English Inspector of Schools, Miss Crawford, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, wife of the late Dr. Wilson, Antarctic explorer, spent three days visiting the Balasore Zenana Schools. Several pupils will compete for a prize on an essay entitled "How to take care of Children." One young widow among the pupils has such promising possibilities that the Inspector offered her a scholarship in any school she would care to attend.

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LANGUAGE PITFALLS.

A missionary on a trip with his dilapidated Ford finds himself in an awkward predicament. The engine suddenly develops acute indigestion or gastritis on a road through the Jungle, ten miles from home. The only means of travel available is that with which nature provided him so he leaves the "Bus" on the road and hits the dust. After six or seven miles on a "Swaraj" road, under the Indian sun, the tyro stops at a native village, determined to risk the danger of worse than instant death and ask for food. He shouts "who's at home?"—no answer! He shouts again—again no answer. Soon a black face registering fear peeks around a corner and with profound salaam a native comes forth. The following conversation ensues.

"Have you any" baht "?" "N. n.n.n.no, Sahib!" "Isn't there any 'baht' in the house at this time of day?" "N.n.no, Sahib!" "Any in this other house?" "N. . no, Sahib!" Do you people here live without eating?" "No, Sahib;" "Can't I find any baht' here

anywhere ? ” “ No ’ sahib, this is very dry country. ” “ I didn’t ask for toddy ; I asked about ‘ baht ’ ” Yes, Sahib, I understand, but nobody here has ‘ baht. ” “ Oh, don’t talk like that ! Of course you have ‘ baht. ’ Everybody has it. I’ll wait till you get it. ” “ But, Sahib, it’s true. Nobody here has ‘ baht. ’ ”

By now an audience of at least a dozen has gathered. The native calls them all to witness—“ The sahib asks if anyone here has ‘ baht. ’ He won’t believe me though I tell him always—No ! No ‘ baht, around here. ” An old man goes away muttering, “ Ba ba. ’ What more ? ‘ Baht ’ ? I had it in the cold weather but if I tell him he will cut off my arm or my leg or perhaps my head. I know them. Last year it was the smallpox. Many people had it, and many died. But we, my son and all his children and my daughter, she was here, and we were all right. But no ! It makes no difference. They must scratch us all and make our arms so sore for days we could not work. ‘ T ’ is true, we did not die. My brother and his family died but we had our own idols and our worship to keep the smallpox spirits from the house. We didn’t need the Sahib and his weapons. And now it’s ‘ baht ’ he talks about ! Hai ; Hai ! What more ? ”

But the Sahib is not the Medical Officer. The health that most concerns him is his own ‘ healthy ’ appetite. Then comes the village schoolmaster. “ What is it Sahib ? ” “ I’ve been asking these people for “ baht ” and they all say they haven’t any. ” “ That’s true, Sahib. There hasn’t been any around here for months. One old man had a little last cold weather but he hasn’t any now. But why are you inquiring for ‘ baht, ’ Sahib ? ” “ Why ? I want to get some at once. ” “ But why do you want ‘ baht, ’ Sahib ? Nobody wants ‘ baht ’ ” And then the Sahib explodes, and in his exasperation, he loses control of his tongue. That prodigal ‘ aspirate ’ returns. “ Why do I want ‘ bhat ’ ? I want to eat it, of course ! ” “ Oh, Sahib ; Why didn’t you say you wanted bhat ’ ? Yes, of course, we have ‘ bhat. ’ Sit down Sahib, it will soon be ready. ”

And the Sahib sits down to wonder at the marvel of a mind so narrow, so unimaginative as to be unable to supply one insignificant wisp of breath in order to understand a foreigner. And then the Sahib marvels

more at the ingenuity, the technique of those who first developed such nicety of distinction. But one result is certain, one lesson learned. The Sahib has added two more words to his vocabulary, indelibly imprinted in his mind. Rice is 'bhat,' but what on earth is 'baht'? When he reaches home, the dictionary explains considerable 'baht' is "rheumatism."

K.—BHIMPORE.

HOW GANGADHAR BECAME A CHRISTIAN

Seventeen miles north of Balasore is a little village called Haldipada. Here live some ten or twelve Christians. They belong to the Kusudhia church three miles away. Their neighbors are all Hindus, To shepherd them and to lead them in witnessing for Christ we have there a Mission evangelist, Satyananda Mohapatra. His wife teaches the little school to which the few Christian boys and girls and a number of the village children, especially some Oraon children, who would not be welcome in the Hindu school, come.

Adjacent to this village is another called Kundupur. Where one village begins and the other ends a stranger could not tell. The people of this second village, all Hindus, of course, try to maintain a school. Their school receives a monthly Government grant for the teachers' salary. To this school as teacher came a young man named Gangadhar Jhee. He had passed through the Teacher Training School for Primary teachers conducted by Government in a nearby village.

He had heard but little of Christianity before he came to that village to teach, his home having been in an out-of-the-way village ten miles south of Balasore. Somehow Gangadhar came into contact with our Christian people of Haldipada. He began to converse with them about religion, and to read the Christian tracts. His interest grew apace, for all I am telling you about took place within the period of a few months only. It was not long before the Hindu people who had hired him as teacher took notice that he was conversing with the Christians too much. They rebuked him and warned him. He was more careful for a time. But he had felt the hollowness of his idolatrous religion. Here was something that promised heart satisfaction.

As he became bolder in his association with the little company of Christians the Hindus became more eager to break up his interest. They soon became abusive in their talk, and one day they spoke so strongly, and wounded his spirit of self-respect so much that he forthwith presented his resignation and went home. In a few days he was back at Haldipada at the home of the Christian brother who is the leader of the little band. The preacher had been away with the touring band. He now returned. As he was coming to Balasore for his salary he brought Gangadhar with him, and to see me.

It was almost my breakfast time, but after Satyananda had explained their errand and introduced the young man I said, "Breakfast can wait." I asked a question or two. "What has attracted you to our religion?" "The lack of unreality, of idols, and the sense of its being true," was his reply, which I have abbreviated. "You wish to become a Christian?" "Yes," he replied. "I hope you will be baptised soon." His reply was, "I wish to wait awhile." Of course I asked why. Many with whom we talk are interested, some very much so, but when we talk of baptism they have various excuses for delay. Gangadhar's answer was, however, given with a different spirit, than usual. His manner was quiet, but determined. He had believed, baptism might be delayed, but that could not affect his spiritual condition, was his argument. His special reason for delay was his obligation to help his parents. I immediately made up my mind that this was a real reason, not an excuse.

"What should I say?" I believe the Lord gave me the words to say that day. I did not try to minimize the trouble and persecution which he must inevitably face. Nor did he seem especially fearful. But he felt that it was his duty to help his parents. I pointed out that this duty is just as binding upon the Christian, that he had proved himself a successful teacher, that he certainly would find work and could send his parents money just the same. I then insisted upon the danger of delay. If he were to put off becoming a Christian at once he might become liable to doubt, he might drift away, etc. I was exceedingly pleased to see his response. I learned later that what I said had had considerable influence in helping him decide upon immediate baptism. It was added evidence

of the worth of the young man that he so readily appreciated the danger to himself in delay.

He went away, saying he would go home for a few days and return. He did. His father had followed him to Haldipada. There on a Sunday after his father had implored him again and again not to take the step, and while his father was still in the neighboring village, he was baptized. It is impossible for me to describe, nor for you to imagine the struggle that took place in that young man's heart. The parents were, of course, genuine in their grief. They could not understand, and they felt they were losing their son. The son loved his parents, he wanted to help them, he hated to grieve them, yet Jesus had captured his heart.

A day or two after his baptism Mr. Hartley and some others went to his home. The father and mother were not happy to see them, and scolded them roundly. After much conversation the father was persuaded into a somewhat reasonable attitude, but the mother appeared to be unable in any way to reconcile herself to her loss. Then, just a few days later, some men from his home village went to Haldipada and told Gangadhar. "Your mother is crazy with grief, she will not eat, she beats her head upon the floor, and is likely to kill herself." They no doubt exaggerated, but the son's heart was touched. He said "I must go back for a little. I know they will try every way to keep me. Pray for me. I will certainly come back." We heard of it here. We did pray. Many of our Christians were praying.

Perhaps it was a week later that I was busy in my house when I became aware of someone standing quietly and watching me from just outside the door. It was Gangadhar. He had come with some men of his village to Balasore, as it was market day. They took the little money he had away from him, for fear he would get away to the Railway station and go to Haldipada. He had managed to slip away from them and had come to me. I immediately took him in the Ford to the home of one of our evangelists, for it is on the outskirts of the town and my house is quite centrally located. That evening he got away to Haldipada and was welcomed back with joy by the brethren there. He is still there, as teacher, to help train the children in the love of Christ.

H. I. FROST.

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