TIDINGS

FROM

A. B. F. M. SOCIETY

IN

BENGAL-ORISSA, INDIA.

CUTTACK.

PRINTED AT THE ORISSA MISSION PRESS.
BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

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W. H. Lipphard, 276, Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Single subscription $0.30.
Four subscriptions $1.00.
Nearly fifty years ago, Dr. Philips and a band of Indian workers were preaching one day in the market place of the village of Dumuria about forty miles from Midnapore. At the close they distributed a few tracts and proceeded to another village.

One of these tracts called "The Mine of Salvation," fell into the hands of a young man, who, instead of throwing it away or using it as a wrapping for some of his small purchases, carried it home where he and his brother-in-law, a well-to-do farmer, read and pondered the strange message.

The meagre verses were quoted from a book called the Bible which could be obtained from the missionary. But the missionary and his friends were gone and no one knew where. Nothing daunted the two young men sought for several days until they came upon them some distance away and obtained the coveted Bible.

This they carried home, read and reread the quoted verses and many others describing the sure way of salvation. At the end of some days, the Spirit having wrought upon their hearts, they journeyed to Midnapore, the home of the missionary and asked for baptism.

After further instruction the brother and sister and her husband were baptised in their native village amid intense opposition from the family and neighbours. Not only were they threatened, but actually pelted with stones, the missionary and his party as well as the new converts.

The Hindu parents of the young wife carried her away, but in spite
of all this they not only remained true, but their conduct was so impressive as to induce others to come forward.

The early converts were the fathers of some of our best workers, workers without whom this mission would have been poor indeed.

The young man with whom our story begins was the father of Kailas Chandra Mohapatra who has put his whole life into the kingdom here.

After several weeks the young wife was allowed to return to her husband and she too was baptised. Then began the re-enactment of the trials of Job. The young man lost what money he had. His cattle died. His only child, a little boy, died. His brother-in-law who was a tower of strength and his home a place a refuge, died. The neighbours mocked him, saying "Where now is your new God?" It was plain that they considered all this misfortune as a just punishment for the sin of becoming a Christian.

But with no thought of recanting he moved to a new place and began life all over again. After a while his old father died and his mother came to live with him. There were now other children and she helped much in their care. The third son of this family was named Kailas. The name means "sacred mountain," the Olympus of the Hindus. He learned his first letters on the floor of his father's veranda and at a small village school. This happy life was soon interrupted by the death of his father. The missionary arranged for the boy to go to school at Bhimpore which had a kind of orphanage in connection with the school. There, among the Santals, Kailas learned to speak the difficult Santali language which was to prove so useful to him on his later preaching tours.

Later on, the widowed mother moved to Midnapore and Kailas went to live with her and attended the "Ragged School" kept by the Missionary, Mr. Styles, who was at that time in charge of Midnapore, Dr. Philips having died.

In order to help his mother he used to cut grass in the large compounds for horse and cattle feed, earning as much as 50 cents a week.
At the age of fourteen he "graduated." Upon graduation Kailas was engaged as a preacher at a salary of $1.65 a month with 75 cents in addition as travelling allowance.

His first experience was rather disastrous. Young, hasty, and not over-humble, he was sent to Contai to work with two older men. There, due to what he considered unfair treatment, he quarrelled and ran away. But Jonah was eventually found and in a humbler attitude agreed to return to what was a most difficult situation. Perhaps the missionary only wished to test his sincerity for on the way he was recalled and sent to Chandrakona, a town forty miles north of Midnapore.

Dr. Murphy had arrived in the country about this time and was in charge of the work. About this time also, Kailas married and returned to Midnapore for a brief period and then was placed in charge of the work at Khargpur which had been lately opened as a railway station on the new railroad connecting Bombay with Calcutta and Madras.

There were only a few houses there and no suitable place for the young preacher to live until land was acquired and a small chapel and house built. In 1903 the Khargpur Indian Church was established with seven members.

The next year brought a great change. The railway workshops at Nagpur were moved to Khargpur and hundreds of employees came to the new town. With the exception of three years with the Midnapore church, following the death of the beloved Sachi Babu, Kailas has spent his life in and for Khargpur. From seven, the church has grown to a membership of 264. These include Bengalis, Oriyas, Hindustanis and Telugus. The Telugus now have their own pastor, but Kailas has had to conduct services in two or three different languages every Sunday. You would like to meet Kailas, not especially handsome, now graying about the temples, face lined with care, and lame from a fall, but so brave, so fervent for souls, so full of faith, so eager to see His Kingdom come in Khargpur.

Thank God for the tract which fell into the hands of Kailas' father fifty years ago; pray God's blessing and the Holy Spirit's direction of the
tracts scattered to-day that there may be many more young Kailases to take up the work which the older ones will soon have to lay down.

NEIGHBOURS

A sad-faced old man approached the bungalow looking for one of the servants who was the father-in-law of his daughter. It was during the noon siesta and the old Mohammedan servant had gone to his home about a quarter of a mile away. The stranger seemed tired and in a great hurry. Finding no one about but the ayah, he said, "Tell my relative that his daughter-in-law is dying." He must either provide the expense of her burial, or take the body away himself and bury it." So saying, he returned homeward. After a while the relative returned for his afternoon's work. He was duly informed. With a shrug of the shoulder, he replied, "What is that to me? Let them return the $200 worth of ornaments we gave the worthless girl, and then we shall see." But death and dissolution do not wait and it was the sad task of the father both to provide the expense and arrange the details of the funeral of his little daughter the next morning. Only a year or so ago, she had gone as a shy little bride to her husband's home. After a while she fell ill, and as it would be a great expense to get her well, pay a doctor, provide extra food and such luxuries, she was sent on a long visit to her father. It is the custom for the father to take his daughter away for a visit, but he cannot send her back—that would be against all the rules of etiquette. It is the husband or father-in-law who goes to bring her back. But this little bride waited in vain, not only disgraced in the eyes of her family and neighbours, because her husband no longer loved her or cared for her, but ill with disease and weak from lack of proper food. How our hearts ached for her and wondered how any human heart could be so devoid of compassion, but so it is where people do not know the constraining love of Christ.

"Moti has brought home a new bride and wishes you to go to see her." At this invitation we went to a nearby Mohammedan home to see
the new bride. It was a prosperous looking little place. Large storehouses for rice stood in the yard. A fish net arranged like an inverted funnel served as a pen for some fluffy yellow ducklings. Neighbours’ children stood about gazing at us, some with little brothers or sisters astride their hips. A young woman was just starting with a big brass jar to bring water from the little pond. “There goes the bride,” we were told, and were seated on the tiny veranda among a crowd of women, neighbours and relatives who had also come to see. Wife no. One was sitting in the doorway looking very sad. Comely and a good cook, we wondered why the husband wished to bring possible discord into his peaceful home. “She has no children,” the women whispered. “He took her jewelry and gave it to Number Two.” “He mortgaged his land to provide her a dowry,” these were some of the explanations of that sad face from which a tear was now and again wiped away. But such is the psychology of the East, passive acceptance of Fate, the two wives try to adjust themselves as best they can. Unhappiness, yes, jealousy, yes, harsh words and quarrels, yes, but much of the time they work together as two sisters.

And one day the invitation came, “Moti wishes the honour of your presence in his humble home for dinner,” and we were royally served by the two little wives. Would that they had the love of Christ in their hearts and the freedom through Christ in their lives. Pray for them and all our Mohammedan neighbours that they may not utterly refuse the Christian message. Pray that the Christians may live beautiful consistent lives, that shall be not only an example, but a compelling influence.

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**BALASORE**

The Editor says I must write something about Balasore. How and where shall I begin? Perhaps if I write in a somewhat gossipy and informal manner our readers will be more interested than they would be in a mere chronicle of events.

Our (the Frost) family reached Balasore on March 8th, having landed in Calcutta the same morning. We had been away almost 15½
months, but it seemed like coming home. We came to the same house in which we first made our Balasore home fourteen years ago and in which three of our number were born. There was the same furniture, and some of the servants were the same. In the yard strutted the same turkey gobbler and crowed the same two roosters. In the compound there graged the same cattle, two of our own and a number, too numerous as always, of our neighbours. There rang the same school bell in early morning, and there came the Industrial School teachers and boys at 7 a.m., as of yore, and at 10-30 the High School boys with their books under their arms. There were also the boys of the Boarding Home except for a few new faces, looking almost the same, for Indian boys never grow so tall and hence never change so much in a short time as do American boys.

All was not the same. In addition to our old colleagues, there were three new ones to welcome us, Mr. and Mrs. Gilson and Miss Laughlin, already introduced to you. Now Mr. Krause has left, so Mr. Gilson is carrying the full responsibility of the Industrial School. Then there were the new buildings, outward signs of the growth of the work. The new Franklin Eesley Memorial High School Hostel is a fine addition to our compound and will be ready for occupancy after the summer vacation. The school room addition to the Industrial is partly finished, one room already in use. The Jubilee Girls’ High School building is pushing up its walls and the Headmistress' house is practically finished.

After about a week, spent in getting partly settled and repacking trunks, and seeing Mrs. Frost and the boys and Eleanor off to Naini Tal, I took up the High School work again. Encouraging features of this important work are increased attendance, the roll number being over 180, more than for 8 years; an increase of Rs.125 monthly in the government grant; and an increase in the number of Christian teachers by the appointment of Babu Nalini Mukerjee, himself a convert from Hinduism only a few years ago. And the opportunity! Surely it is a God-given and vital task that we have. Facing those bright boys several times a week and discussing with them some of the great Old Testament messages or a
chapter like John 3, increases one's admiration for our wonderful Book, and confidence in its power to do a great work in their lives.

On the whole, the outlook in our Christian community and Church is hopeful. After a year in which the peace of the Church was seriously disturbed by misunderstandings, due, not to moral relapses but to conflicting ideas as to church government, the Church has demonstrated that Indian Christians can accept and be guided by our Baptist democratic ideals of church polity. More than that the Church has shown itself to have a goodly body of members possessed of a strong Christian sense, something greater and better than mere common sense. Further evidence of life was the baptism of thirty-four on Easter Sunday,—a fine group, mostly older boys and girls. Three were widows born in Hinduism. Several of the others were born in Hinduism, and some were from our Christian homes.

Out in the district the most encouraging situation is that in the villages near Chandbali. A man and wife were recently baptized. The people of one village have invited the preachers to come and instruct them. A young man of Kundupur was baptized last week. There are other inquirers, there and elsewhere. Some need much instruction, but the Holy Spirit is manifestly working.

H. I. Frost.

NOTES ALONG THE WAY

This section of Bengal seems to be in a very unstable condition. The spirit of the Calcutta riots has entered Khargpur and is reported to be spreading toward Midnapore. One day some Madrasis were carrying their dead out for burial. They passed a mosque. The Mohammedans at prayer said that the playing of instruments in the Madrasi funeral, as it passed, disturbed their meditations. The procession was refused passage and a race war has ensued. So far eleven have been murdered and thirty-one injured. The terrible details of brutality are hard to conceive. A little girl walking along the road
was attacked, clubbed and knocked senseless. An old peaceful Mohammedan was seized disemboweled and his eyes gauged out. A Hindu friend said, how truthfully we do not know, that "the real cause of all the disturbance is the fact that thirty-thousand Moslems near Dehli have become Hindus. All this roting is a Mohammedan protest." One thing is sure, India is far from being ready for self-rule. The presence of Jesus in the heart of the Indians is India's only hope.

This unstable condition is seen all over the country districts as well. Robberies are frequent, and on all sides. We were riding beside a man in the auto the other day, who's father a short time before had been clubbed to death by a band of neighbouring thieves. A number of police stations, in the interests of economy, have been closed, but we fear not in the interests of peace.

Among our Christians there is an unsettled attitude of mind. Hatigarh has reminded us of a crust of bread thrown out for a flock of crows to fight over. On the one hand the High Church people are attempting to capture them. On the other hand the Church of Rome is trying to gain foothold. While three Mohammedans come to Hatigarh to trade in hides they say "Serve the Prophet. He is the solution of your difficulties." Advocates of the above two named churches have tried to disrupt our Kalamatia and Monicura fields.

All of this disturbance has its "silver-lining." We have never realized before that "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure. The Lord knoweth them that are His." Our Monicura Christians, though not as strong as we would like for them to be, have stood faithful to the man. In the midst of the rice fields between Kalamatia and Babagadia a cunning advocate of Romanism said to one of our poor farmer Christians, who knows not one letter from the other, "Raghu join the Church of Rome. You will get money, oxen, land and help in law suits." Raghu answered, "Yes, you praise the Virgin. She was a good woman. But did Mary come to life again? Did Mary die for us on the Cross?"

During all the disturbance the high officials of the Church of England have shown the finest brotherly Christian spirit. To see the
way the unlearned jungle Christians stand true to the faith is exceedingly encouraging. They have the root of the matter in them. They know Jesus personally as Saviour and Friend. They do not propose to give Him up no matter how alluring may be the financial inducements.

This May has been one of terrific heat. It would seem a most unappropriate time for a Gospel campaign. Yet we praise God for some of our happiest experiences the last few days.

We started in Hatigarh which is sometimes called “The City of Peace”—a title which does not at all fit the situation. Yet there are in that village a group of God’s faithful ones who like oaks in the forest stand more ruggedly during the storm. For three nights the beautiful lawn in front of the Mission House was crowded with Christians and Hindus who listened attentively while our Ganga Rath described most effectively the various stereopticon pictures depicting our Saviour’s Life. On Easter seven were baptized in Hatigarh and there are a dozen or more under instruction.

While others were properly fleeing from the scorching winds and burning roads we found Salgadia a most delightful place. Mr. and Mrs. George Ager are doing a most effective and faithful service. The three nights of pictures there were well attended. The Sunday School crowds their little meeting house. The Christians were most attentive. Salgadia school has been enlarged. They have a fine staff of teachers. The Bible is taught strongly every day.

Mr. Ager is doing excellent work in his out-stations. The grain is ripening. It was our privilege to tell of Jesus to very receptive hearts in these hopeful out of the way jungle places.

In returning late one night we heard a leopard’s rough growl in the jungle just ahead on the right. I turned to another road. We went about a mile farther on when off to left the leopard gave his hoarse call. The bullocks got nervous, the driver lost his way in the thick bush and we heard the prowler just ahead. God was good to us and we found a jungle man to lead us out. As we started the old leopard growled angrily close to the right. One of the men said, “The bagger has circled around
us and is coming nearer." Our guide soon had us into cultivated land and the beast left us. Now-a-days the Devil is growling on all sides. Praise the name of our wonderful Jesus, when the Saviour dwells in our hearts the Devil dares not to touch us.

JOHN A. HOWARD.