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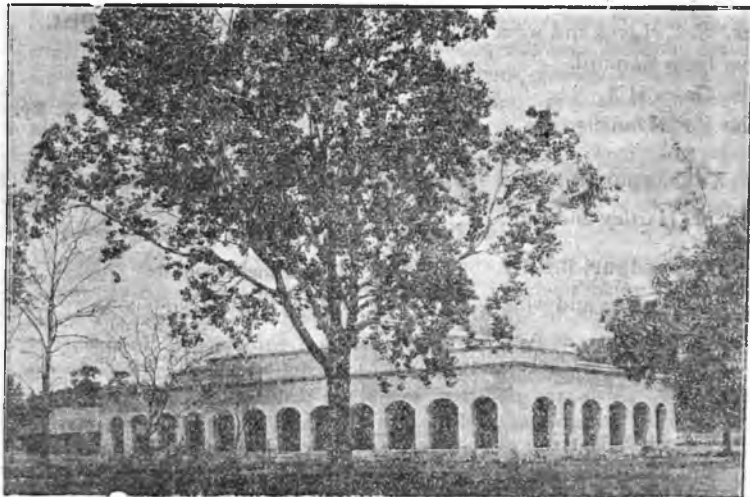
TIDINGS

FROM

A. B. F. M. SOCIETY

IN

BENGAL-ORISSA, INDIA.



Phillips Bungalow Midnapore.

CUTTACK.

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Bengal-Orissa Tidings

MIDNAPORE STILL ON THE MAP.

A very happy introduction to the present year was the arrival of Miss Daniels with a fine Christmas box from two Denver churches. The box made possible a much nicer Christmas for the school children than could have otherwise been provided. We were especially glad to give something a little nicer than usual to the village schools' children, because we were ceasing to take responsibility for them, as unprofitable from the missionary standpoint, that is, Christianization; and most of them can continue without our aid. Mrs. Long was very glad to turn over to Miss Daniels the girls' schools, for which she had been responsible for two years, and take up again the language study which had been interrupted after her first year by the responsibility of Miss Daniels' work, when she went on her well-earned, and much needed furlough.

The oversight of necessary and extensive repairs on a building, and a slight indisposition prevented the January tour from being satisfactory, but in February we had the most satisfactory tour of our term. Starting at Garhbeta, twenty-nine miles north of Midnapore, we went east about thirty miles, as far as Ghatal on the banks of the Rupnarayan River. Our party consisted of five preachers and their cart-driver, three Bible women, the three of us, Judson's ayah, a boy, and our cart-driver, in all fifteen.

We were greeted at Garhbeta with cries of "*Mahatma Gandhi ki jai*," (Victory to Great Spirit Gandhi), and "*Bunde Mataram*," (Dear Mother Land) and we wondered if Non-co-operation was as strong as its voice. With some inward trepidation, we proceeded to give a stereopticon lecture on the life of Christ. But any fears we may have had were unfounded; the people came in good numbers; and listened well, although the

high school boys celebrated before and after with vigorous cries in praise of Gandhi. Non-co-operation was noisy, but, as far as we were concerned harmless. And indeed, so it was everywhere, except at Ghatal.

Ghatal is the center of a Sub-Division, has a population of over 11,000, and is situated on the artificial banks or dykes which were built centuries ago by the Mogul emperors to restrain the waters of the Rupnarayan River. It is fifty miles from Midnapore, and little or no mission work has been done there. When, therefore, we went into the market place the morning after we had arrived and pitched our tents on the outskirts of the town, the people, no doubt largely out of curiosity, began to crowd around and buy books. At that, one old shop-keeper ordered me away; to accommodate him, I would have moved off a little farther from his stall, but the people, seeing what a bargain in books was to be had, began to hand out the pice so fast that I could hardly keep track of the purchasers. Naturally, in the face of such a thriving business, I did not push my way through the crowd and out of the market-place. But the old fellow evidently did not like to see so many Gospels sold, and attempted to push me out of the bazaar. I simply did not push, and he quickly gave it up, and went back to his shop, while we continued to sell books and announce through the town that we would show "Magic" or "shadow-play" that night near the market-place. The manager of the market-place arranged for us to show our pictures in a large inclosure nearby, at one end of which was a temporary temple, containing some goddesses, and erected for a special "puja."

That evening we had a big crowd. Three hundred or more were seated on the ground, many more were standing, and belated worshippers of the goddess stopped to see the pictures as they came or went. Most of the people were listening well, but there was a good deal of talking around the edges, for which I stopped several times till it became possible to make the people hear. Suddenly there was a cry of "Gandhi ki jai," not once or twice, but several times. Both the preachers and I tried to appeal to their sense of fair play and courtesy, but as soon as we began the lecture again, they began to yell. This happened two or three times; then the yelling became continuous. I shut off the light from the screen,

but kept the lantern burning, thinking that possibly the hot lantern would act a deterrant upon any one who might contemplate personal violence. After some minutes the people who were standing up began to surge back and forth, and dust began to float through the air. I wondered if they were gathering clods to throw. The lantern burned on. Then the motion of the crowd was directed toward the gate, and with loud yells they poured through it like water through a newly opened sluice gate. The yells faded away in the distance; the people within became quiet, and I threw another picture on the screen. Three hundred people, or more listened quietly to the end. On the way home the preachers told me that the sweepers who had come to see the pictures and did not intend to be cheated, collected some clods and brick-bats, and said to the preachers, "If you will give the order, we will throw." They said, "we can't give any such order as that; you do what is in your mind." So they got together, and pushed the rowdies out. The next night, we showed the pictures in the market-place to a very attentive audience of three hundred or more. And we also heard that the old duffer who had made the demonstration in the market-place was fined by the municipal council (composed entirely of Hindus and Mohammedans), rupees forty, probably as much as his shop would bring him in two months.

The only Christians in Ghatal were the Sub-Divisional Officer, and the young women who taught the newly opened girls' school, held in a fine new building. The S. D. O. was very cordial to me, and told me of the dreadful moral conditions of some of the people, who deliberately send their young women into a life of sin in Calcutta whence they come back in a few years with Rs. 500 of jewelry, Rs. 50 in cash, and broken health and ruined souls. The people are very ignorant about Christianity, and the Bible women heard some of the women express the opinion that the ayah and they themselves were additional wives to the Sahib. Surely quite a harem.

I was very anxious to have a preacher placed in Ghatal; we had the man, but the funds were not forthcoming. It surely is a shame that a place so large and so important should continue to be without even one man to uphold Jesus Christ. I also hope that a station can sometime be

established at a cross road near Ghatal, where besides Ghatal, Kawrar, Khirpai, and Chandrakona could all be easily reached by motor car, the furthest place being Chandrakona, thirteen miles distant along a pucca (macadamized) road. The total population of these four places is about 28,000, and many more thousands live in villages near these municipalities. Such a location would not be far from the center of Ghatal Sub-Division, which has a population of 269,800, at present without a single Christian worker!

If our friends in America, whose money and prayers make possible such work as this, could see the crowds who usually attend our almost daily lantern lectures; the numbers to whom some Christian message is spoken in market, or shop or home; the many portions of Scripture sold and the serious face of those who are beginning to consider the claims of Christ serious they would say that it is all indeed worth while.

The Bible School opened this year with twelve students. Six of these are in the advanced division, and are completing their fourth year of study. I was much pleased last year by their work in the Life of Christ, which showed diligence and judgment, and they are doing fully as well this year in the Life of Paul. I expect some of them to turn out real leaders among their people. In addition to the regular classes, there are also classes for the wives of students, of whom there are six, and one widow who wishes to become better fitted to teach the Bible. Miss Barnard conducts one class. I hope that by these courses the wives of the future preachers may become intelligent and sympathetic helpers of their husbands.

The reductions of funds which has been made necessary by the heavy debt of our Board is keenly felt in Midnapore, not so much in present inconvenience, although that is considerable, as in the quenching of future hopes. Although Midnapore is one of the oldest stations in the Mission, and the portion of our field left for Midnapore to evangelize contains about 900,000 people, for years there has been only one man in the station. We have been urging the Board to send a second man for this great field ever since we entered upon work here. The old Phillips bungalow has been ready for years for another missionary family, which

would make some really aggressive evangelistic work possible, but they have never come. There is no one to take our places when we go home on furlough next year; and there is no hope of another family for Midnapore for several years at least. Daily opportunities to make a definite impression favourable to Christianity slip by, but there is no help for it. One cannot but wonder how long do the people of America think, it will take a man and his wife and two single ladies with a very few helpers to Christianize 900,000 people.

Midnapore College has been raised from the rank of a junior college, and now will give the degree of B.Sc. I have been appointed a member of the governing body, which, I hope, may open the way to extend a Christian influence, to those for whom too little is being done, although, thanks to the Y.M.C.A., they are not wholly neglected.

We have only touched the "high spots," but already we have occupied too much of the precious space in "Tidings." We must reform and write oftene.

H. C. LONG.



Pontoon Bridge, Ghatal.

SOMETHING FROM KANTO BALA RAI.

Midnapore is on the map even if "Tidings" has not said much about us lately, and it is very much on the map of a certain Midnapore person over in Lincoln, Nebraska. Since I came back in December I've had enough good things happen here and enough answers to prayers to make anyone happy but there was one keen disappointment and as in everything one is tempted to be discouraged sometimes. However, there is a great big thing that happens to me quite often which, if I were inclined to lose courage or slacken my praying, just would not let me. That is the arrival of a big fat letter from Kanto and how could anyone—even if he tried—put less than his best into things or believe less than the best for the future here, with such prayers and suggestions to help him as these?

Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dec. 9. I pray every night about you had your work and specially about the would-be High School. I pray for our church and the C. E.'s and everything. May He bless all the work so as to bring His Kingdom in India.

Dec. 27. I do hope Diyo is there and some other good teachers. Do you have any plan about library and magazines? I hope there will be some real good magazines. Then about the news—if you could subscribe for a Bengali newspaper, "Basumati," or something of that kind and keep the girls (older) informed about the movements and condition of their own country. Oh, I hope everything will turn out as a real success just for the spreading His Kingdom in our own country. About the Bus, don't worry a bit. I feel sure we are going to get the money but I don't know whether the money will be raised before I go back. Couldn't you arrange to have a hackney in the meantime with a little charge from the girls? There are some young girls in the lace class who, I think, ought to come to school for some classes. I think a lot about those lace girls; poor girls, how hard they work all day long and how little they get. Please write to me about the C. E., both Boys 'and Girls' and the Young Men's. I'll tell you I think about every little thing and each one I know of and have interest in and pray for them. Oh! I only hope I can be a

little useful for my country and people after I go back and after having stayed in a foreign country for a long time.

Please write me all about your work and plan and the people, the Bazar Schools and M. E. School and everything and please tell everyone I know that I remember them and think about them and pray for them.

Feb. 19th. Is it settled that the High School should be built in Midnapore? I do hope so. It is Midnapore which needs a real Christian High School, I could hardly wait to go back when I think of our dreamed of High School. I don't forget to pray for it a single day. I pray for you and all that you have to do. Can't you start the classes right away? What about Puspa Mahapatra? She has finished the Standards I know and I know she is backward in English and couldn't do in English in a High School and her Bengali is poor yet. Couldn't it be arranged any way for a special English class for those older girls and Nirmala De could come there too? Also a class in Bengali?

Another thing—I intend to put P—through High School when I get back, in the meantime I hope she can be doing something toward her High School. What about our Kindergarten? Have you any thought or idea about any change in that department? I think our Kindergarten system must be changed.

Then there are volumes and volumes after she heard that the decision about the High School was changed. I quote only three sentences :

“I don't know what I will do if there is no school there for which I am training myself. I thought and thought of how I'll work with the girls and the many things we will do for them, but I will not lose heart although it is difficult. I will pray and pray and consecrate myself fully and then we will see God's plan, not ours.”

I might quote more of all these suggestions from letters in April and May, but will only take the space to put in a bit about her school and impressions there.

Feb. 19th. I needn't tell you all the details that keep me busy, because you already know your own American life, and I am having to adjust myself with an entirely different one from my own.

I was glad to get your letter from Midnapore last week. I am glad the things seem the same to you after two years. I hope they will seem the same to me. Next month will make a year here. My, how I am longing to return:

Now I will tell you some of the news very briefly—the first semester is over and I am glad I passed well in everything. I am continuing my courses, that is, taking Zoology and Sanskrit, Judgment of Literature, History of English Literature and Philosophy of the Far East, that is our Indian Philosophy, which is pretty difficult. I am still taking music, but I can't do very much because there are a lot of other things that take time.

About Sunday.—Sunday for Americans is the day to have good dinner, friends and auto-ride and social time and games in the Young People's Meeting. If these are observing Sunday then I don't see why studying is wrong. Just think, girls who don't read their Bibles, have no connection with God except what is conventional, like going to church and S. S., are considered real Christian girls! Western people have different ideas about religion than we have. May be theirs is better for them and ours for us.

I certainly like American methods of education—I am so glad and thankful I got this opportunity of going to the University in the States. Although too many things are done in a short time yet one can learn so much. I am learning so much. It seems as if I learned more than I could in two years in Calcutta. If I like anything in this country it is the system of education: I hope we can have some of American methods in our High School.

* * * * *

Kanto's mother keeps on at her Zenana teaching and like every real mother does not selfishly wish her daughter back until she has finished her education. Kanto recently sent money for a treat for the school girls and she may be sure they will not soon forget her. May they and all of us come up to the ambitions she has for us!

RUTH DANIELS.

AT CHANDIPORE.

Some of us missionaries have come to Chandipur to stay,
To get the kinks out of our brain and drive the care away,
To rest ourselves and cool us off, and read awhile or sleep,
And sometimes when the tide is high, bathe in the briny deep.

And sometimes in the evening when supper is all done,
We sit around the table and has the mostest fun

A-rhymin' of all things with which we 've had a bout,
And some of the things that 'll git us EF WE DON'T WATCH OUT.

Sometimes the wind begins to blow the sand round in the air,
It chokes us and blinds us and gets into our hair,

We make a dive into the house and quick we shut the door,
But even then that awful sand has gotten there before.

It's on the beds and on the chairs, and on the table too,
It's on our plates and when we eat that gritty sand we chew.

But all we do is laugh and joke and make lots of fun about
The sand that 'll git us EF WE DON'T WATCH OUT.

Once there was a centipede, that came up to the door,
And when he saw that we were there, he walked across the floor,

And thus he mused, as on he came, "These folks that come from far,
I 'll just give them a little sting that will their insides jar."

And then when he was almost there with mischief in his head
Down came a great big foot on him, and there he lay quite dead.

His oozy goozly insides were spread out all about,
But centipedes may git us EF WE DON'T WATCH OUT.

So when the sun sets in the west and dark begins to fall,
And hoptoads hop across the floor or under the table call,

When cruel crawlers crawl about and insects round us fly,
And the rats peep out a-watchin' their chance and we hear the jackal's cry,

When danger lurks in brick and bush, in sand and in the air,
Why, we have learned that if at all for our little selves we care,

We'd better mind our P's and Q's and carry our lanterns about,
Or something 'll git us EF WE DON'T WATCH OUT.

Midnapore.

GRACE I. HILL.

VACATION ECHOES.

Of all vacations, isn't the one at the old homestead the very best? Those who planned the friendly Jellasure bungalow and planted the wonderful over-arching trees would have been glad to have looked ahead through the years, and have seen it once again giving its hospitable welcome to the children of the Mission.

Nineteen of our girls are boarders—here for school only. Perhaps twenty more have homes, though their parents or relations are too poor to assume their support. These all depart, rejoicing, the day after school closes. Just to stay here is pretty doleful for the fifty or sixty remaining, no matter how hard one tries to provide play and picnics. This year, Miss Barnes, who in heart, never ceases to be an Orphanage mother, postponed her own vacation and made possible the most beautiful plan of all—ten days at Jellasure for every one! With smiling faces, we watched the first band depart, for our turn was coming. Big baskets of mangoes came back to us, and grimy little brown paper notes, telling of picnics and good things to eat.

At last our day arrived. We were up at daybreak. Our boxes and mats and plates and pails were piled on the station platform. We were waving farewell to the tribe who had returned. A thirty-mile railroad journey, a two-mile walk—or rather race—and then the welcome from Jellasure friends! There is nothing else in the Mission like the path to the bungalow, turning in between the ancient serpent-carved stone seats, deeply shaded by the banyans, whose eager red-tipped roots dangle in tassels almost within hand grasp. Nearer the bungalow are the mango trees. In Balasore, in the season, our little ones are sometimes up before light, hoping that some favoring wind or lucky stone shot may bring down a hard puckery green ball; but the kindly Jellasure trees dropped yellow lumps of sweetness every few minutes. A shake of the limbs brought them tumbling down all around us. In India most everything the children like is kept under lock and key; so the temptation to steal and quarrel over the petty gains is always strong. It was good to know Nature's bounty with no need to hoard or hide. We stood under the

trees and ate and ate, washed our juice-covered fingers, and then, tempted by a specially fair one, began all over again.

The days were so full and happy, we can hardly tell the tale. There was the river for swimming. The wide stretch of its sandy bed was almost like the sea-shore. We walked and played there in the evening, scrambled along its high steep banks and explored the old mud tower historic landmark of no one knows what time. We find wild dates and puckery little plums, and a palm tree from whose every frond swings a wonderfully-woven nest of the weaver bird.

Two of our High School girls were with us, and three from our Assam Mission. Most of the rest were from the upper classes of our own school; so English was popular on all of our walks—even to some very American songs, like "John Brown's body." One day we went on a picnic to a bungalow across the river. It was a brand new adventure to get into the clumsy old boat, its narrow seats so high that one's feet couldn't touch the water swashing in the bottom. The boatman did something with a pole, by which we slowly went across. It wasn't rowing or paddling: but it answered the purpose. Of course somebody fell into the water, and one of us had to be carried on the boatman's shoulders, in disembarking. That was on account of the unfortunate impediment of shoes and stockings; but that was only part of the fun. We came home tugging by turns a sixteen pound jackfruit, which we bought on the way.

We played games on the verandah every night—all the old favorites such as, "Blind Man's Buff" and "London-Bridges." On the two Sundays of our stay, our members nearly doubled the little congregation of the Jellasure church.

We came back to Balasore, better in health, knowing more of God's bounty in our beautiful world, and much closer to each other, because of our play time together.

AMY B. COE.

SALGODIA.

There are about a hundred people in this village—they are cultivators. The crops from their land give them enough to live on conveniently

if the rain supply is regular. We have a small house of worship, built of mud walls with a thatched roof of straw, which the people made themselves about 25 years ago. We are planning now to give our tithes regularly so that we could build a larger building of stone and brick with a pucca roof which will enable us to have our Sunday School classes in one place and not as we are having them now on the verandahs of the neighbors' houses. The average number of Sunday School scholars is from 80 to 90. There are about thirty-five members of this church.

We were thankful to have had our brethren Natabar Singh and Mr. Hartley in March, to hold special services for 12 days. The presence of our Master was with us and we have all had a blessing, and many, if not all, have decided to do the best they can with His help in living better lives and more profitably in witnessing for Him.

At the close of these meetings we had the joy of going to the tank on Sunday after Sunday School was over, to witness the baptism of four of our boys in the presence of over two hundred people, including Hindus, Santals, and Christians, who were drawn to the place as we marched with music and singing. Last year four young women were baptised. This is only at taste of what we are expecting and we are praying to our Master to bless this little backward place and to guide these poor ignorant folks to follow Him. People are thinking more about their souls' welfare these days and if taught and guided in the right direction, they will come out in large numbers before long to be followers of our Lord and Master.

We ask our friends to pray for this small flock. We were glad to find that the Hindus and Santals are eager to learn more of our religion when we were out in the mofussil during the cold season, preaching to them in the villages where it is difficult to go during the rainy weather. There are signs that the people are realizing that there is something far better than worshipping gods of wood and stone who cannot do them an atom of good and are anxiously enquiring, as in the time of the apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" (Acts 2 : 37.)

GEORGE AGER.