Sept., 1928

TIDINGS
FROM
A. B. F. M. SOCIETY
IN
BENGAL-ORISSA, INDIA.

Girls' High School, Midnapore.

CUTTACK.
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Bengal-Orissa Tidings

SEMI-ANNUAL MISSION CONFERENCE.

Rev. Edwin C. Brush.

Bengal-Orissa Semi-Annual Conference met on the 10th and 11th of July at Jamshedpur. Due to the large number of our missionaries being home on furlough, there were only fifteen persons present. A small number perhaps, when you stop to think of the field we occupy, yet confident that with Him who has set us here as a light, we can do all things. We shall surely be happy to welcome those returning this year.

Due to the pressure of work since last Conference, the Educational Committee was unable to bring its report for our consideration. The following are some of the problems which we must face in our educational work:

1. What shall be our attitude towards Government grants for school buildings and industrial equipment?
   a. Are we prepared to accept such grants that will open the way for the Government to take control of our school buildings, if the nationalistic movement reaches that stage?
   b. To what extent have we already endangered our work by accepting such grants?

2. The need of working out a unit system for our different educational areas. We have felt this need for sometime, for we do not wish to duplicate our work, nor do we wish to neglect one area at the expense of another. We wish to follow up what work has been done that we may get the greatest possible results.
Perhaps the most encouraging part of our meeting was a session where we told of some of the hopeful things about our work. On every hand there are signs of the people turning towards Jesus. Their conversation reveals the seriousness of the challenge of Jesus to them. They are thinking through the implications of open acceptance of His way of life. What E. Stanley Jones has found in his Round Table Discussions, we are finding among the school boys. Already since January 1st, we report the following baptisms as an indication of the number who are actually accepting His challenge: Balasore District, 32; Bhimpore Station, 12; Contai, 6; Khargpur Indian, 28; Midnapore, 4; Santal Field, 23; making a total of 105 for the half year's work. Some of these are from Christian families, which shows that Christianity has really touched the homes of our people so that the children wish to share the religious life experienced by the parents. This is a severe test. The rest are from Hinduism, fresh conquests for Jesus.

Rev. and Mrs. Roadarmel gave us a very cordial welcome to their home. We were glad to be able to assure them that they would be set free this fall to fit themselves for the Indian work. During the furlough of Rev. and Mrs. Browne they have given themselves to the English work at a great sacrifice to their chosen work.

We also wish to express our appreciation of the work rendered by Rev. and Mrs. Browne at Jamshedpur which makes it possible for the church to undertake to raise Rs. 517/- per month towards a new pastor from America.

We have come back to our tasks with renewed courage, and a firm conviction that with God victory must come.

HATIGARH P. O.
Via Jellasore, Orissa.

Dear Tidings,

I want to write a short history of Salgodia, as I feel sure that most of us do not know how it has come into existence. Well, first of all, when Mr. Wyman and I were working together and touring in the
mofussil, preaching to the people in places where no preacher could go except in the cold season, for there is a good deal of jungle and no roads, as we went along from Hatigarh (or Santipore) to Nayagram, we visited the Manager of the Nawab of Mushabad’s Estate and, in course of conversation, he urged us to take up jungle land with the object of cleaving and cultivating it. I did not like the idea at first, but as Mr. Wood, the Manager, still urged it, I took up a dense jungle here in Salgodia.

It took time and a lot of expense to clear the jungle. Then I gave out the land for cultivation. Two or three Christian families came and settled here and built their homes. The people built their house of worship, a small house of mud walls thatched with straw. A small school was started when the children grew and needed to be taught. Now the people have a large Middle English School with over one hundred boys and girls.

Four of our young men have studied in the Bible School which was at Midnapore and are now preachers. One young man has passed the Normal Training examination and is now a teacher in our school. One young woman has been preparing as a Kindergarten teacher in Mrs. Lee’s School in Calcutta, and is now teaching the little tots.

We had two faithful preachers at the beginning, Abraham and Boi Lokon. The people would come to hear them tell “the sweet story of old” and to learn to sing hymns. Then we started outside Sunday Schools as well as one in our village where little children and grown-up men and women take a delight in attending.

Our Christian Endeavor young men went out to a village about four miles from here, named Domsahi, and commenced teaching Sunday School. Then a preacher accompanied them on Sundays and regular services were held. The young men helped with the music and singing. There was only one Christian family, but as no one could go to visit them often and so encourage them, they grew careless and lifeless. In time we built a house for a preacher so that he could live with them, and since then we have had baptisms every year. About a year and a half ago a church was organized and the little community is increasing and growing. Again, our Christian Endeavor young men have started
another Sunday School at Mohonpore, about six or seven miles from here, which is progressing favorably and in time we hope to have a preacher and a small Christian church. In this manner we intend to advance from village to village, routing the enemies of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, and planting the banner of the Cross.

We have at the present time about one hundred scholars in Salgodia Sunday School, and from twenty-five to thirty in Domsahi. In the All-India Sunday School Lesson Examination which took place a few days ago, seventeen passed very well in the Oral Division. Some of them, I am pleased to say, gained 97 marks out of 100. The papers of those who answered in writing have been sent to Calcutta, so the results will not be known for two or three months.

The Lord grant that the day may not be far distant when all these poor, helpless people who are groping in idol darkness will come in and serve the only true and living God.

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HIMALAYAN HARPINGS.

MRS. MABEL R. LONG.

The hills! What a word to conjure with! The mountains! O yes, the Catskills or the Rockies, with their wonderful winding highways, their parks and tourists' camps, their log cabins up in the wilds, their clean hotels on the fringes of civilization. We Americans know all about the hills and love them.

But the hills in India! Who of the home folks can understand what we are talking about when we write we are going to the hills for the hot season, or to spend several months that the children may be in school. To us who live in Bengal it means a ride across the hot plains from Calcutta, two nights and a day, till we reach Dehra Dun, the terminus. Then we transfer ourselves, the family of children, the helpless ayah (childrens' Indian nurse), and twenty to twenty-five packages of luggage, from drinking water serai (earthenware jug) up to the box of household...
equipment and fireless cooker,—to a motor lorry for a short spin to Rajpur. Here we must again alight to have breakfast, get said luggage weighed and despatched up the hill by coolie back, and then go on ourselves by dandy, a boat-like conveyance carried on the shoulders of stalwart hillmen. Then the endless climb up, up, up, for eight miles to Landour, Saints' Rest, as it is jestingly called. It is wonderful to feel the fresh, moist air of the foothills, to catch glimpses of fern laden trees, of cascades coming down from the Eternal Snows, and panoramic views of hills in the distance and the lovely Dun (valley) lying below between the Siwalik Range and the Himalayas. But one longs to walk. How can we let men carry us all these weary miles while we lie comfortably back at ease? So we make a try. But ten minutes finishes us off! We haven't our “hill legs” yet; we feel the altitude. We most ungracefully climb back into our dandies and let ourselves be carried up the grade of five thousand feet. But this is this year's experience. Last year's was another story.

We knew no Hindustani, and the coolies were new and didn't know the road. The tiffin (lunch) basket carrier strayed off somewhere and didn't arrive at the house till four o'clock. Meanwhile after endless spirals, loops and zigzags we reached our destination at two o'clock to find the chowkidar (caretaker) expecting us the next day, so there was no fire, no bread, no milk, nothing but eighteen uncooked eggs and a supply of cold boiled water to welcome five hungry children. And the tiffin basket nowhere to be found! So we scurried and found a neighbor willing to share a loaf of bread and a quart of milk with us, as his family would arrive a bit later. Why not go to the corner store, you ask, or telephone the baker and the dairy? "There ain't no such animal" in most places in India. We had two cups and one spoon with which to dispense refreshments. We broke up the bread and dipped it into the halves of boiled eggs. The patient children never asked for salt or butter, but hungrily ate their portions and drank their mixture of milk and H2 O, and tumbled sleepy, dressed as they were, into the beds.

You see we had come out of a temperature of 90 degrees or more on the plains into the rare atmosphere of the Himalayas with snow lying
on the north exposures, and the children were cold and tired. The tiffin basket at last arrived, so we could have a very respectable supper, but the luggage coolies lost their way and didn't show up till 7-30, after we had given them up and had put the kiddies to bed in all their clothes, coats, and steamer rugs. How thankful we were to see the bedrolls and boxes, all safe! We tumbled the children out, made up the beds properly and at last settled down at 10-30 at home, I was about to say—but I never graced that suite with the blessed name of "home" all season. It savored too much of tenement districts I have visited in Chicago, for the living room was only 7 feet wide, and not a bed-room had an outside opening. Talk of 50,000 windowless bed-rooms in New York City! We may not belong to the great army of the unwashed, but we joined the ranks of the unventilated for four and a half months!

However, we survived to tell the tale and had the temerity to return. But this year we have a house de luxe, only 7 minutes walk from the school, with electric lights, kitchen attached to the house, rooms well ventilated, and large enough so that it is not embarrassing to have a guest come to call. We are getting to feel quite at home here after a week in the cottage. We recognize the sand-flies, cockroaches, fleas, and, we almost blush to say, the B flats of former years, our acquaintances in the hills, but let us hope they will not prove to be close friends. Citronella and Flit are our daily weapons in warfare.

You wonder why we do it? Why do we come up here to exist, when we might be living on the plains? It's all for the sake of these precious boys and girls of ours, so that they can keep well and get an education in their mother tongue. If only they turn out well, we'll forget the discomforts and thank the good Lord for His many mercies.

Author's Note. The "we" above is editorial, used advisedly. It means the memsahib, because the ayah gets fever and last year the cook got small-pox and, of course, the sahib is toiling away on the plains.

Fir Clump Cottage, Landour, Mussoorie.
ONE SCHOOL'S INFLUENCE.

Motto: "Giving."

RUTH DANIELS.

What?— A "hopping-to-grow" High School for girls which was only a medium-sized Middle School in 1922. In 1923 Khanto Rai Iyengar began the first year of High School.

Who?— 104 gay, growing girls from five years old up to sixteen or seventeen (and a few small boys) and ten tireless, talented teachers, besides one missionary.

Where?— Held in a big, breaking-down bungalow (we hope to move) in Midnapore, Bengal. West of Calcutta it is the only High School for girls in West Bengal.

Why?— To help these girls know our Saviour and have the opportunity of a good education. That the education may be practical, we have cooking, gardening, singing, sewing—plain and fancy,—First Aid and the like.

How?— By the prayers of many and by the gifts of friends in America and Midnapore, along with fees and Government grant.

Two months ago a Christian man of Midnapore said, "I am just beginning to realize how important a Christian influence this Girls' High School is. The Hindu girls are learning the Bible as I know from many of their fathers. Never let this school go down for the results will show in the future." Some of the girls' own words will tell whether the religious teaching touches them.

A girl was hunting for a story book to read during a leisure period, but when it could not be found, another girl spoke up saying, "Read the Bible instead, it is far more interesting." This same girl read some of the Bible to her mother who was much surprised to know that "such splendid interesting things are found in the Bible." She prays regularly and one day when at her prayer time she had tried in vain to send people out of her room, she prayed before them.

Two Hindu girls were late-going to Bible class and they were overheard to say, "Hurry, we must not be late to Bible class, or we will miss
the prayer and that is the most important part.” Last week the High School Bible class teacher asked, “Would you girls not like to take turns offering the opening prayer yourselves?” It was her custom to offer the prayer herself. Most earnestly they answered, “Yes,” and even the Hindu girls agreed to take their turn. One added, “I think it would be nice to close with prayer also.”

Strengthening the religious influence is the quiet power of their strong love for the school. Here is a letter from a Hindu girl who was a pupil for three years and this year moved to Calcutta.

Dear Sister (i.e., teacher): I am answering your letter at once. I am so grateful for all the school news you write me. If I only could I would go straight back to Midnapore to school. Here there are eighteen in our class, but the girls of this school do not know what unity means. There the girls are one hundred times better than here. You asked if I read my Bible. In school Bible class we are studying Luke, but I am reading Mark a little at a time and trying to understand it by myself. My bow to you and all the teachers.

Your former pupil.

A last year’s primary teacher, who is on leave studying in another school, tells how she always boasts to her class-mates and teachers about the Midnapore school and ends her eulogies by saying to them, “You would just love to teach in our Midnapore School.” Last Friday when there was to be no school next day, a bubbling girl ran in to say, “Oh, Miss Daniels, we do not want a holiday to-morrow, we would much rather come to school. Let’s ask everyone who loves the school to come to-morrow.”

Last night if you who read this could have been unseen guests at our teachers’ prayer meeting, you would have guessed the reason for any small measure of success indicated above and for our hope in the future. If you could have heard the sincere confessions of their weaknesses, their soul’s desires and their prayers poured out with tears for our girls and themselves, you could not help but join us in asking God’s daily blessing on this little institution.
LEPER CLINIC AT SANTIPORE.

In the section of Orissa centering at Santipore there are large numbers of lepers who have had no medical care through all the past until, on March 15th last, the Government opened a clinic there in an open shed freely loaned them by the Mission. The Government pays all the expenses of the medicines and of a qualified Oriya Doctor. During the first two months 287 different patients were treated and new patients come all the time.

The treatment is by injections. Some of the people had as many as 16 injections in the first two months. About 48 injections as a minimum are required for recovery—for the hope of recovery is really given under this treatment. After even a dozen injections improvement in the patient can be observed by anyone. Truly this is a great work and we are glad our Mission can help even in a small way. Preaching is conducted at the clinic while the patients wait to be treated.

RUTH DANIELS.

SCHOOL GIRLS' REACTION TO PURDAH SYSTEM.

On Saturday, July 28th, the Midnapore Girls' High School invited the mothers of the girls to their monthly program. About thirty-five came and they seemed to enjoy it all. The last part of the program was a debate, "Resolved that the Purdah System should be abolished." The affirmative won and then the negative, who had fought against the side they believed in, wept and blamed the teachers for giving them the side they did not want. From this we should expect that all the girls will help to remove purdah in the future.

RUTH DANIELS.
SOME FIRST YEAR EXPERIENCES AT BHIMPORE.

MRS. RUTH BERG.

As Mr. Berg has several times written about our Santal people, I shall in brief tell of a few experiences with our Hindu and Mohammedan neighbors. The difficulty is, that while most of our Santal people are fluent in the use of Bengalee the other castes or tribes rarely speak Santali and, thus far, our conversations have necessarily been carried on through an interpreter.

Just now I am thinking especially of a few contacts made at Pirakata, a village of some size located five miles away on the Midnapore road. Our first touch with these people came one Sunday noon the latter part of last year. As Miss Knapp and we were having devotions, again and again an anxious face peered in at us through the open doors. We soon learned that the owner of the face had (in a bullock-cart a few feet away) a dear brother who had been badly burned while setting off fire-works at a Hindu celebration. They brought him to our verandah and there we gave him the attention needed. One of our Christian families had a vacant little house which they kindly offered for their use. Twice a day we changed dressings giving special attention to the eyes which seemingly had received the greatest injury. The family was an unusually devoted one and carried out our orders very carefully which doesn't happen very often in India, partly due perhaps to ignorance. The joy of these people was almost childish when, after a few days, the man could distinguish a raised hand, a day or so later give correctly the number of fingers pointed, later recognize and name them and finally read even small print. During the time of their stay probably all the relatives came at least once to visit our patient and all kinds of ailments were called to our attention. One little girl had been mute from birth, but they hoped something could be done for her. Just before leaving about eight members of the family came to the bungalow to give their "Nomaskars" bringing a goat, two chickens, puffed rice, eggs and some of their home made ghee. The family conducts a Dokan at our weekly Bhimpore market and after a few weeks when Miss Knapp and I attended the same, a man seated on the
ground surrounded by foods of all kinds just beamed at us. We did not recognize our patient, remembering only an uncouth bleary-eyed man and here was a person clean-shaven with a strong face and shining eyes.

Perhaps a month later word came that his wife was in difficulty, would we please come. Just as the honk of the car was heard she gave birth to her first-born, but they were glad to see us, laughingly giving credit to the magnetic influence of our arrival.

Since then we have been to Pirakata several times in response to needs of a similar nature. Among our Bible-women is one, who, although she doesn't use the technic of modern obstetrics, yet has acquired great skill and the Lord seems to bless her work. Last Saturday when another call came to this village I am sure a little life was saved. By her efforts delivery was hastened and yet, when born, the little son, also a first-born, gave no signs of life. Perhaps it was only ten minutes that we worked giving artificial respiration etc., but at a time like that minutes seem hours and how happy we were to hear the first faint cry. Our elder baby, Roger, was out in the car with his father, and they did so want to take him into the family; but it had become late, so we promised to come again after diplomatically and kindly refusing a big cup of milk which they brought him to drink.

On Monday another messenger came with a plea of like-nature, but this time all efforts were un-successful and after midnight it was decided wisest for Mr. Berg to take the patient into the Midnapore hospital. The authorities were very optimistic but, isolated as we are, no news of the outcome has reached us.

How I wish I could picture to you the conditions under which the precious babes are born into the homes of these people. I shall only say that it is heart-rending to compare the sunshine, cleanliness and comforts surrounding a mother and new-born child in America with the dark corner and dirt and filth considered good enough in the homes of India. It is, no doubt, one cause of the high infant mortality rate.

Now you may ask and justly so, “Has any good come of these contacts. Has the name of Christ been glorified?” We feel that a hold
has been made on the people of Pirakata. Whenever the Saheb with native preachers and school boys has conducted meetings at their big Saturday market, the interest has been very good and unusual numbers of Gospels have always been sold. One illustrated talk has been held. On personal calls the people have been happy to have us pray. The Bible-women feel that it is an opportune time for them to begin their work among the villagers and I hope soon to make the initial trip with them. Won’t you pray for the work and now especially for these five Santal women as they approach the women of Pirakata with the glad news of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

PERSONALS.

We are glad to report that Robert Frost, eldest son of Rev. and Mrs. H. I. Frost of Balasore, who was taken ill with enteric fever at Mussoorie in June is gaining steadily. Mrs. Frost will stay at Mussoorie while he is unable to return to the school hostel, so that he may live at their hill home after he leaves the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dunn and Miss Ethel Cronkite are scheduled to sail from New York on September 14th and should arrive in Calcutta the last of October. Both Mr. Dunn and Miss Cronkite have spent part of their furlough in study. Our mission staff has been so small this year that we especially anticipate the return of missionaries from furlough.

Dr. J. C. Robbins has given us assurance of a new family being sent out this fall to take over the English work in Jamshedpur. Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel will then be released from English work and will begin the study of Bengali preparatory to work with the Indian people.
Rev. Zo D. Browne, formerly of Jamshedpur, is gradually recovering from the severe injuries he sustained in a motor accident which occurred near Madison, Wisconsin in March. The doctors consider his recovery miraculous. God has answered the prayers of many for Mr. Browne. In a letter received by Mr. Roadarmel Mr. Browne says, "Beth and I are both with you all in Bengal-Orissa in spirit and loyalty. The doctors cannot say what the future holds for us. We may have to be pray-ers and to watch others do what we would like to be helping to do, but we are sure of that song, "God holds the key of all unknown and I am glad!"

From the Editor,

We desire to express our appreciation for the help being rendered to us by Miss J. E. Coombs of West Bowdoin, Maine in mailing copies of Tidings at her own expense to subscribers in the U. S.

The editor wishes to express her regret for the omission of the name of the author of the article "Missionary Mothers and Children" which appeared in the June issue of Tidings. The author is Helen Brush, wife of Rev. E. C. Brush of Khargpur.

Orissa Mission Press, Cuttack.