June, 1928

TIDINGS
FROM
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No. 2

Jubilee Girls' High School, Balasore.

CUTTACK.

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MISSIONARY MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

"The 'Merry Widows' of Fir Clump cordially invites you to come to a tea and to bring your 'knitted' on Thursday, April nineteenth, at four o'clock." Such an invitation recently brought together twelve other 'lone' widows in Mussoorie, where they are all sojourning for all or part of the time that the Woodstock School is in session. This may bring to some a picture of missionary life different from that usually conceived of. The idea that a missionary is one who preaches to hordes of persons eagerly seeking the Gospel is prevalent. But there are times when even missionaries and missionaries' wives turn to frivolity, if a "tea" may be considered frivolous. "Widows" is significant and "Merry" not to be taken literally, for most of them are feeling the pangs of enforced separation from their husbands who are at work in the stations on the plains, engaged in the Kingdom task, for which the "home folks" are deeping them in India. The wives must be doctors, assistant teachers, disciplinarians, and fathers and mothers in one, for the children who live in the hills of India from March until December.

The only alternative to such a separation of families is to put the children into "boarding." Many remember the tears and loneliness of their first year in college—separated as they were for the first time from home ties. Put, if you can, in your imagination, a little six or seven year old girl or boy in that place and try to decide which method of procedure is the most satisfying, that of allowing the father of the family to carry on alone for a few months of each school year during the earlier childhood of his children and of the mother going to the hills with the children to make a home for them, or sending the children out from their homes at
an early age. In some cases, it is possible to leave the children home in the U.S.A., when they are quite young, but the children may grow away from the friendship of parents and even out of natural recognition of each other when they meet again after a separation of several years. The celibate life is not desirable for all missionaries, for Christian homes set an example in a country like India, the people of which love the family and home as perhaps no other. Contrast the example of the Christian home with that of a non-Christian and who can limit the spiritual radiance issuing from the former!

Nestling all over these wooded slopes of the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains are little cottages, or larger houses containing several suites, occupied by families of missionaries, whose children are attending Woodstock School as “day scholars.” Lessons are studied, games played, and friendships made between children whose parents are representatives of almost every church affiliation known in the U.S.A. Friendship between the mothers is cultivated by simple little social affairs such as the one mentioned at the beginning of this article. Sunday worship is shared by all, irrespective of denomination, and is a happy demonstration of religious unity brought about by personal contacts made necessary by the needs of the country.

The climbs over the hills, the picnics, and pleasant walks on shaded roads brings roses to little cheeks made pale by the enervating heat of the plains of India. Young children of white parents seems to thrive quite well on the plains after they pass their babyhood until the age of five or six years. Then, as the temperature rises, the hot winds blow and the sun of April and May beats down, the older children become white and listless, and fit pray for the germs of lurking diseases common to India. Thus, not alone for the sake of their education, but also for their health’s sake must children be taken to the higher elevation of the hills during the hot season.

Woodstock School, maintained by the help of several Mission Boards in America, fills a real need in the lives of many of us here in India. The courses of study are planned to dovetail as nearly as possible with courses of study in the public schools at home and, since the child has associated with other American children out here, he adjusts himself easily when he
goes home to America. Although some of us make a journey of over twelve hundred miles, involving a thirty-six hour train trip, to reach this school, we feel that it is well worthwhile to bring the children where they can enjoy the fellowship of others and acquire a training which will fit them to take a place beside those who have attended school in the homeland and do not know what it means to sacrifice everyday conveniences and live in a foreign land.

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HISTORY OF GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, BALASORE, GIVEN AT THE DEDICATION.

MARY LAUGHLIN.

The dream of a high school for girls in Balasore is no new thing. For many, many years such a school has been on the verge of becoming a reality. Especially has this hope lived in the hearts of good people in America, people interested in the cause of Christ abroad, who were desirous of seeing the peoples of other lands have the same opportunities which they have enjoyed. To such interested hearts the establishment of a high school in such a Mission center as Balasore must have seemed not only a very desirable thing, but a very vital thing as well.

But years passed, and the missionaries who came out to Bengal-Orissa full of enthusiasm to start this project, remained, but they remained to carry forward and improve the work of the lower primary and the middle schools which they found already functioning. They soon found that the preparation of generation of girls who were ready to absorb teaching of a high school standard was not the simple, straight-forward thing it had appeared to be. In spite of the fact that girls in Balasore had been receiving teaching in mission schools since the foundation of the Mission, in lower primary schools, or at least had had the opportunity for such education, higher education of women was not an approved effort. First of all, the desire for better educated wives, sisters and daughters had to be fostered and encouraged among the men. Once they were interested in the cause of better education for women and girls, the plan for a high school has moved ahead much faster.
The first unit of our present school the Kindergarten was housed in its own building in 1905. This building is now known as Kindergarten Hall, and forms the central unit of the group known as the Mission Girls’ Middle English School. The two wings were planned, and material gathered for their construction before the war. The war of course, stopped operations. At the close of the war work was begun again, and in 1920 these buildings were complete.

Jubilee Girls’ High School, Balasore.

In 1921 the W. A. B. F. M. S. celebrated its Golden Jubilee—50 years of service for people in other lands. They wished to make this a very memorable occasion, and in 1919 they began a two year’s campaign for special gifts. There are ten different fields where the Society has work; three in China, four in British India, and one each in Belgian Congo, Japan and the Philippines. There great plan was to give as a special gift some one memorial building to each of these fields. A certain
group of states in north-western U.S., called the Columbia River District, assumed the responsibility and the joy of giving the Bengal-Orissa Building. For two years the women of this district presented the needs of this building before everyone whom they could interest, and finally the fund was complete. Then came the question of the location of this memorial. Should it be in Midnapore, in Bhimpore, or in Balasore? The problem was studied from many angles, and facts were brought forth from each station, which would have a bearing upon the decision. Before the question was finally decided, a deputation came out to India to see the work of the Missions for themselves. The President of our Women's Society was a member of this deputation, and when they had seen Balasore, and the interest which the men of Balasore and community evinced in the projected high school, they decided in favor of Balasore. At that time a fund was started for the maintenance of the high school, when the building should be completed. The amount then considered necessary, Rs. 5,000 has not yet been raised, but it must be given by Balasore people before we can regard this work as completed.

In 1925 the first high school class was opened, with four girls reading, in a room of the middle school. The following year it was not possible to open the ninth class, and the eighth class again had four girls, who all passed, and made the ninth class in 1927. For a third time the eighth class had four girls, who again have passed and are now the ninth class,—the first to study in the new building. It has not been deemed advisable to try to open up the work of the last two classes immediately. There must be greater interest, greater desire on the part of the Indian people of Balasore before such advance will be justified.

The ground for this building was broken in the fall of 1925, and the building was practically completed during the summer of 1927, although we are just now ready to enter it and begin work here. It gives me great pleasure to be able to announce that Miss Beauty Mahanty, B.A., B.T., has consented to become the new Headmistress. We may trust her to carry out the ideals which were before those women in America when they gave Balasore the Jubilee Girls' High School. Before all of us is the task, which has been begun, of bringing to fulfilment the dreams of those who in the past foresaw this building, and the work which it should house.
SOME FIRST EXPERIENCES AS A MISSIONARY.

Gladys Garnett, Balasore.

It is the last day of our Mission year, and as I make a general review in my mind of these past three hundred sixty-five days, I feel glad for more reasons than one that I came to India a year and six months ago. I have had ample time for Oriya language study, for not until four months ago when Miss Gowen left for furlough did real responsibilities begin to devolve upon me. Miss Gowen turned over the Boarding work in excellent condition, so I realize it has not been as hard for me as it might have been. My assistant matron, Indu, was serving only temporarily, as she is a trained Bible-woman and was expected to take up that work very soon, so I was on the look-out for a capable assistant matron who could also take the responsibility of matronship in the Widows' Home. I learned of a good woman and engaged her only two days ago. She seems to be taking hold of the work nicely and so far there is every evidence that she will give satisfaction. "Sister," my matron of the Boarding, is a jewel and I am really fortunate to have her.

The first seeming mountain in the work was to learn and call by name each individual girl,—more than eighty in all, including the teachers. Such strange-sounding names you never heard; usually three or four syllables in length. This problem was augmented by the fact that most of the girls looked alike to me. Now that I know them they look different and I can call each one by name.

One thing certain, there is nothing monotonous about this work, for no two minutes are ever alike. There is always something different; everyday some new experience, some unexpected problem or phase of the work. Though discouraging at times, I find the work interesting. It is a privilege to deal with these young lives and by various methods to instill into them the principles of real Christian character. Most of the girls are normally responsive to this Christian environment and training which they are receiving, but Satan is their adversary, as he is to all mankind, and not infrequently are they tempted to do wrong when they are not able to overcome the temptation. A new girl who has been with us only a few months stole some money from a teacher's box recently.
When the theft was reported to me, it was not known who did it, but I sought to discover who it was in dead earnest. Before the day was over, I had about every reason to believe that I knew who was guilty. This girl held out firmly at first, for it she did not have the courage to confess. She suffered intensely. Miss Laughlin and I both felt she would confess before she could sleep any that night, and she did, even though it was the hardest thing, I imagine, she ever did in her life. Then one of the teachers and I sat down with and had a little prayer-meeting. We each prayed, and I know she felt better after she prayed aloud and asked the Lord to forgive her. She is replacing all the money and I feel sure she will not commit such an offence again.

You will rejoice with us to know that one of our girls who was an unusually naughty girl made an earnest confession of Christ and was baptized on Easter Sunday. She has not given me any trouble since, and I know she is trying to do right. Another one of our girls also has recently become a Christian.

I wish everyone of you might see our Joy baby. She is our youngest and the sweetest thing in the world. She is very healthy and frisky now, although she has not always been so. I gave her a ball to play with, and she laughs and screams as she runs after it in play. She is just past two years old. Every time she sees me, she calls out “Mama, Mama, ah, ah,” which in Oriya means “come, come.” The Lord, too, says “Come, come,” and we go to Him when we are weary and burdened with problems. We go to His Mercy-seat at the beginning of every new day and He gives us grace sufficient for our needs.

ORGANIZING A NEW CHURCH.
REV. H. I. FROST.

Bhudrak, forty miles south of Balasore, is a town of about the same population, 18,000. We have two evangelists stationed there, and the wife of one of them teaches the primary school for Hindu girls. The surrounding district has an average population of over 600 per square mile. What an inadequate staff!
There was a small organized church for a number of years, but it was disbanded because of the few numbers. Now the prospects of permanence are much better. When the railway was built about 30 years ago, the station was located three miles from the town—a great inconvenience then, but less of a one in these days of the taxi. A locomotive shed was built and quarters for the railway staff, so now there is a good-sized community at the station. A few years ago we found that several Christian families had settled there, so we began to hold occasional services for them. Then a Sunday School was started for the children, of whom there were a good number. Then, naturally, came the decision to organize the church. The quarterly meeting approved and appointed the members of the Council. April 1st was chosen as the day. On the previous evening the writer gave an address in English in the Hall of the High School which was kindly lent through the good offices of the Hindu Headmaster and the Mohammedan Chairman of the School Board. A goodly number of Indian gentlemen and older school boys attended and listened attentively to a frank exposition of what men have learned of God's love, forgiveness and saving power through Christ.

The organization of the church took place on Sunday afternoon amidst some inconveniences. The out-of-town members were obliged to stay at the Mission premises in the town. While some walked the three miles to the station, it was necessary to take two loads of people in my Ford. I barely got back from taking the first load when a terrific storm of wind and dust, with some rain, came down upon us. This made delay. When we got back to the station we found that the large canvas which had been borrowed from the railway to use as a canopy had been partly blown down by the wind, and some time would be required to straighten the bamboo posts and retie the canvas. It was then four o'clock, so we decided to proceed to a tank about one-eighth mile away and have the baptismal service for a young woman, servant of one of the preachers. We went along in a company, singing. As we rejoiced over her baptism, we prayed that she might be but the first of many.

Our canvas "Meeting-house" was ready by the time we got back, so we proceeded to organize the Council, the writer being chosen Moderator. The church covenant had been previously very carefully
explained to the people who had nearly all belonged to churches in other parts of Orissa in the fields of our sister Mission, English Baptist. They publicly declared their intention to abide by it. It was decided by the Council that the church should be organized, so we helped them to choose their officers. One of the preachers, M. Apana, was chosen Pastor, the other, S. Mahanty, was chosen Secretary-Treasurer, and two of the brethren as Deacons. Not all of the visiting delegates from other churches could be given a part in the program, but two lay members from Balasore, Babus Saul Naik, and G. N. Mohapatra, offered prayer and read the Scripture, preceding their assigned part by brief remarks. The charge to the church was given by Rev. Rajoni Mohapatra who was many years stationed at Bhudrak. At the close, the Lord's Supper was partaken of by all the Christians, of whom, with the 15 members of the new church, there must have been 30.

The house in front of which the canvas was stretched is one of a line of railway quarters. The space is but a part of what might be called a common front yard for the whole line. The non-Christian neighbours seemed to have been blessed with a good number of children. These did not see why they should not play in their own front yard as usual. Hence our service was carried out amidst a certain amount of noise at times. But the non-Christian elders looked on, some from their own doorways, others standing near-by. Who can say what an influence this public, out-of-doors, demonstration of Christian friendliness and fellowship by our mingling together and partaking of one common cup may wield in the days to come? Some young men had come from Khargpur, 110 miles away, to assist with their instruments and singing. I felt that the whole service was a sermon to the non-Christians, perhaps more effective than a direct address would have been.

It was less than a year ago that the new church at Domsahi was organized. The new churches under the Balasore Association, and one, Chainesole, under the Midnapore Association, in one year is a very encouraging record, as it adds three to our previous 22 churches.
HOME MISSIONS IN INDIA.

MRS. J. H. OXREIDER.

About twenty-two years ago the Indian Christians decided that they wanted to do some Mission work that would be really their own, so a Home Mission Society was formed and a preacher employed. They carried on work in various stations for more than twelve years, but nothing permanent was established until eight years ago when they decided to open work in the Dompara District. In 1926 a second station was opened in Orissa.

Dompara District is inhabited very largely by Santals. It is a hilly district with villages small and far apart, and the people necessarily poor. A year or two before work was established here, one man had been baptized as the result of the work of the early evangelists. His wife had died and he had recently married a widow from Bhimpore. She had been a Christian for only a few months. Except for these, the entire district was heathen. Binendra Soren was sent there for a few months. Then the Home Mission Society chose Benod Munnu as their missionary, and sent him there.

Fortunately for Benod and his work his wife, Kosili, had the true missionary spirit. Together they have worked and are reaping the reward of their labors. Both were trained in the Christian Boardings at Bhimpore, and good use they are making of that training. They were far from all their friends and it took real missionary courage to persevere. The one Christian family of the district was subjected to severe persecution and lost considerable property, but the man is a cheery, faithful Christian and is a great help to the pastor. Kosili opened a school and taught her own small sons and the children from near villages, spreading the influence of a Christian home.

It was some years before there were any converts, but by and by they came. They, too, were persecuted, but others continued to come. Among them was the pundit in a village two miles away. He is a cripple, but has been a splendid helper in carrying on the work. Kosili then gave up her school and the children attended the school taught by this pundit. During the past two years thirty-one have been bap-
tized. In 1927 the people decided to build a church. A house for the pastor had been built already. They had been bringing their offerings of rice and from these and some help from the missionary they have built a fair sized church. It shows their labor of love in the careful finishing. Even the walls are carefully marked off in squares and "leaped" in patterns.

My husband and I visited Dompara at the beginning of the cold season. Mr. Berg, who was there at the same time, went with us to a distant village to baptize four people who desired to become Christians because of what they had seen in the lives of these people of Dompara. A chief, his wife and his two sons were baptized. The older son is married, and because of his determination to become a Christian his wife ran away from him. When we went back some months later for the quarterly meeting we were all so happy to find that this wife wanted to be baptized. She had her new little daughter and the young father fairly beamed as he carried that baby on the march to the baptismal service. "Now we are all Christians," he said. In January, this family had also brought a family from a village near them and they had been baptized. They were all so happy and assured us that more of their neighbours would come. This is the spirit of Dompara. Those who are won want to bring others. Seven others were baptized with the wife at the quarterly meeting.

While we were there in December the chief of one of the villages, who has been a leader in the persecution of the Christians, came to the Sunday service and inquired very earnestly about Christianity. The preachers explained and the other Christians told what Christ had done for them. He came again during the week and said he really wanted to be a Christian. There is some difficulty about some of his land being dedicated to heathen worship. When that is cleared up he will be baptized.

There are now 68 adult Christians in eight villages. Chota Rai Tudu and his wife were sent to help two years ago. They have proven excellent helpers, but now they are to go to Chinesole, another important Santal center. A young man will go to help at Dompara. While we
were there, the pastors and their wives went with us to visit each village. Some trips took two days, as the villages are eight or ten miles distant. For the quarterly meeting all these people came to Chukrapara, bringing their rice and vegetables and buying goats. They entertained all the delegates for four days. They had built a verandah of poles and branches to shelter all of them and they worked together in delightful fellowship. It was a happy time for all of us. The simple and gracious hospitality of the Dompara people will long be a beautiful memory. Everyone went home feeling that the Indian Home Mission center was a source of joy and encouragement and each one would have a message to carry back to his church of work well done.

Editor's Note: The following lines were called forth on the occasion of Miss Knapp's departure for furlough in America. For "home folks" the following explanations will aid in understanding the story:

Champai is Miss Knapp's servant.
Almirah is a cup-board or wardrobe.
Sonatan is the bullock driver who was to take the trunks to Midnapore Saturday night.
Chuncha is a field mouse not often found in our houses.

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THE INDIAN CARAVAN MYSTERY.

By the widely and notoriously known author of "Reveries on a Station Platform at Midnight," "On finding a Cockroach in the Stew," "Rats I have Met," etc. First Edition not yet sold out. All copyrights reserved.

No apologies offered for the use of blank verse and poetic license. This is written in the modern fashion, and is intended to be simply natural and realistic.

Morning.

In India. Nothing in sight but work, work, work,
For Naomi is off for home.
Not to-day, nor the day after, but the following.
Hence the confusion in her boudoir, in her office,
Also in her head,
As you can readily see by a careful perusal of this ditty.

(To be sung with feeling. Air, "where, O where is my little dog gone?")

I’m in such a hurry! Oh, where are my keys?
Oh, where, oh, where can they be?
I laid them right on the almirah here—
Oh, where, oh, where can they be?
Memsahib, have you seen my keys?
I need them right now for my trunk.
Then Champai can rope it up quickly,
Before things get in a funk.

Oh, yes, here they are, right under my nose!
Why didn’t I see them before?
These two old friends I had sorted out so
At the last there’d be no furore.

But look, they don’t work! What can be the cause?
They must be bewitched, for see here.
These keys are too wide! They won’t slip inside!
Now that’s most remarkably queer!

Well, never mind, both the Sahibs, I find,
Are fond of mechanical arts.
It’s the truth, we confess, that the man from U. S.
Is always a man of parts.

So Sahibs! quick, quick, with screw-driver and stick,
A rivet, nails, file, and an awl,
A hammer or two, some patience, no stew,
We’ll soon be out of this squall.

Never mind if it’s late—even if it’s past eight.
We ladies and kids can go eat—
And present your excuses, with proper abuses
To Fate, the clever old cheat.
Eureka! They're done! and now for the fun
Of finishing up the last gown.
While the Sahibs are dining, we three are shining
With the joy of success hard won.

Wher's Sonatan, the scamp? Why isn't he here?
He'll break the Sabbath, no doubt.
We were fearful that we might crack it a bit,
But now the sad truth will be out.

* * * * *

Midnight.

Only one dim taper burning.
Showing where Naomi keeps her vigil.
One last, long look around—
"Can those keys be under that chair?
Or in that corner?"
No, that's only the shadow of a chuncha.
Thank goodness! I've nothing to regret!
Nothing to cover up!
If I had found those keys, what would I have done with them?"

A smile flashes across her mobile face,
A gleam lights the eve.
There's always the well in India, you know—
And it keeps its own counsel, they say.

**ARE THE SANTALS REFORMING?**

Rev. A. A. Berg.

Before me I have the program of a great Santal mass-meeting held
on March 28th at Sahari, a little village about 25 miles south of Bhimpore.
This meeting was arranged altogether by the Santals themselves, no
foreign pressure was brought to bear. It originated among them, they
planned it and they conducted it. It was a "pucca" Santal affair from
the beginning to end.
The gathering was a very unique and interesting one. It was attended by many influential village chiefs and parganas (over chiefs); but the great bulk of the assembly was made up of poor, ignorant and illiterate villagers. Here are the subjects for discussion at the meeting, I shall list them in two groups as they were given to me:

A.

1. Santal women are prohibited to dance in any public festivals except their own.
2. Santal women are strictly prohibited to sell "handi" (rice beer) in any liquor shop.
3. Without sufficient cause, no man or woman should be divorced.

B.

1. Santals should not eat the carcass.
2. Women are not allowed to wear brittle bracelets.
3. Santals should not put on precious fine cloth.

_N. B._—Every Santal man and woman should try their best to spread education among themselves.

That the occasion had stirred up a lot of interest may be evidenced by the fact that quite a group of our Santal High School boys in Bhimpore had asked leave from school to attend. Some of them left on bicycles on the day before, arriving in the evening. Others left the evening before and walked all night; they also walked back the following night. The distance they covered both ways was in the neighborhood of 50 miles.

Being the Santal Saheb, I also was honored with an invitation to attend and speak. Let it be remembered that this meeting was not sponsored by Christians, but by the heathens or non-Christian Santals. I took along with me Jitan N. Soren, Headmaster of Bhimpore Mission High School, Doctor Upindra Soren, an influential Bhimpore man and a fine Christian, Champai Murmu, a veteran Santal preacher and I also brought one of our Christian servants. We left Bhimpore in a Ford in the morning, and after navigating a river, visiting a Christian family along the way and passing groups here and there on the way to the meeting,
we too, arrived at 11 a.m., the leader of the affair, a local man, invited us to his house for rice and curry.

The meeting was scheduled to begin at 2 p.m., but the Jhargram Sub-divisional Officer, a Government representative who was also to act as Chairman, did not arrive until 4, having misunderstood the time. At first it appeared that the attendance would be small; only about 800 people had gathered. But the temporary tabernacle, sort of a booth, had been put up in the middle of a barren field where the sun was unmercifully beating down; this perhaps kept some away. But by the time the meeting started at least 1,000 people had gathered. As the program continued people kept coming from all directions. The eager and restless crowd grew and grew until between 1,500 and 2,000 were in attendance.

Among the speakers were: our Guru Training master from Bhimpore, a former Bhimpore High School teacher, and a couple of village chiefs. These spoke on the reform questions mentioned above.

It was very amusing to see the order of the meeting. While the “speaker” was talking one would begin to talk here, and another there. Somewhere else one interrupted with a question, and while the speaker turned to answer that, another one would offer some suggestion. “Thut” “Sit down!” “Listen!” “Be quiet!” and similar shouts were heard at frequent intervals. Often the speaker would begin to answer a certain person near-by which usually resulted in a mutual and confidential conversation. Meanwhile the rest of the crowd would go into a “Conference at large,” talking in all kinds of directions. After such demonstrations it usually required a lot of shouting to call the august assembly to order again. Well, some order it was, to be sure, but not exactly according to the “Roberts Rules.” Personally, I think they did remarkably well for the first time. In some respects they showed more consideration than an American or English gathering of men would. For instance, at one time some of the men in one direction began to smoke, and the wind carried the smoke directly in the place we were sitting. Immediately one old man cried out: “What’s the matter with you fellows over there, don’t you have any sense? Stop that smoking!” That is better than some so-called civilized gatherings, where they are not ashamed to blow smoke in the face of ladies.
I was given the opportunity to speak last. In their own language I tried to tell them the futility of only a negative reform. One positive command is better than ten negative. If I go north I do not have to be told not to go to the south, east or west, I simply, cannot. If I accept righteousness and my heart is cleansed, I do not have to be told not to do this or that, I cannot. A coal cannot be scrubbed white with water and soap, it will remain black. The human heart must first be purged of sin and evil passions, then the conduct will alter itself. A tree cannot be made to bear fruit by digging, watering and pruning, if the tree has no roots. The most essential thing is lacking. The Christian religion is the root of righteousness and happiness for mankind. Without it we may plan, talk, command and try to reform, but we fail to attain the desired results: a good man, pure, holy and righteous in his relations to God and man. The root is missing. It gave me a splendid opportunity to present their need of a Saviour, and Christ as the only one able to fill that need.

At the close we invited the people to attend a stereopticon lecture in the evening. Then Champai Murmu, who had not been given a chance to speak in the afternoon, gave a good, sound Gospel message. About 800 people remained, and they showed their interest by asking many questions. At this gathering we sold 43 Gospels, gave out about 200 tracts and distributed 100 Christian hymn sheets in Santali. This may not seem much, but when one realizes that only a very few among the average Santals can read, then I say that was a good lot. At the close in the evening, the leading village man, though not a Christian, invited us for lunch before we departed for Bhimpore. They gave me oranges, bananas and lemonade.

What have been the results? Or are they continuing their drinking and objectionable practices as before. Well, already the results have been both audible and visible. Two weeks after this meeting, a Hindu festival was held in Tilboni, 20 miles north-east of here. In preceding years that has been a big time for the Santals, and the Hindus expected a similar response this year. But they were fooled. Some of our Bhimpore people went there, and they told me that only a handful of Santals were to be seen. Neither was there any drumming. I have been
told since, that rice beer was brewed of 18 maunds of rice, (about 1,540 lbs.). The value of this rice, at current rates, would be about 108 rupees. But in selling the beer it would bring to the liquor dealers about 300 rupees. But this year, contrary to expectations, the dealers lost most of the rice value, for comparatively little liquor was sold, and the Santals saved their 300 rupees. These figures may be a little exaggerated, but they point in the right direction.

A week after the above festival, a similar one was held at Chandabila, about 8 miles south of Bhimpore. Well, do I remember that festival last year! Drummers kept going by our house the whole previous night, carrying on so that it was almost impossible for us to sleep. And the din and noise of the drums from the festival could be heard the entire night. It sounded like the noise and thunder of a distant battlefield. In the morning some of us Bhimpore missionaries drove over there. Oh what drumming, noise and commotion! It was enough to deafen our ears as we approached the scene. But this year not one single drummer went by our house that night. And from the festival only occasionally could a drum be heard. The reason is evident. Again the Santals stayed away with their drums.

Three weeks after the Sahari meeting I, together with some of our Christian school boys went to Dhansula, a Santal village 2½ miles west of here. Near the road is a Santal liquor shop. One time before when I was out with some boys to do preaching, I suggested we should go over there to preach. At first the boys refused, for they said, it is a very bad place; finally they consented, and we did go there to tell the drunken Santals a few serious words. But this time we were going to Dhansula to conduct a Sunday School. Imagine our surprise when we came to that shady banyan tree to see that liquor shop closed. Not only was it closed, but the old shed had been torn to the ground and deserted.

The question is how long these reforms will last, and just how deep they will go. Other mass meetings have been, and will be held in other districts I am told.

If I should attempt an interpretation of these movements, I might run some risk. Nevertheless I venture to make some suggestions. I
believe there are three main underlying causes. The first one is the desire of the Santals to preserve their own race and society. Through the ages they have been depressed and maltreated by other tribes and races. The Hindus have driven them off the land which they had with great sacrifices and toils prepared. Often they have suffered at the intrigues of the cunning Bengali, deprived of everything, they have again been pushed into the forests and hills to prepare habitable lands only to be again driven out. Now they begin to realize that if they ever want to gain any sort of freedom and fair independence, they must seek this for themselves, they must not intermarry, where this is possible, or intermingle with races that have made their living by oppressing them. In other words, it is sort of a nationalistic spirit which seeks expression. All other people have it, why not the Santals?

A second cause I believe to be their utter dissatisfaction with their own corrupt and inadequate religion. Their besetting sin is drinking and drunkenness. But this is not to be wondered at when it is suggested, approved, recommended and praised in their religion. According to their scriptures, for scriptures they have, of a sort, man fell from the state of perfection and innocence through drinking. Since then their elders, leaders, priests and prophets have regarded it as part of their worship. At every social and religious function among the Santals the rice beer must have a prominent place, from the infant to the aged, male and female alike. No wonder that they begin to get tired of it and grope after something better.

The third and most important cause I believe is that God Almighty is calling these people. I believe it is his His Holy Spirit that is stirring among the dead bones. Therefore we cannot but feel that God in His grace has sent us to these people in the opportune time, in the “psychological moment,” which after all is God’s moment. We therefore feel the need of requesting our friends out here and at home to earnestly pray the Lord of Harvest to endue us with power from on high and make us fit to help gather in the harvest.
PERSONALS.

Our sincere sympathy and prayers go out to Rev. Zo Browne, our fellow-missionary and friend, who suffered serious injury in an automobile accident which occurred as he was returning to Madison, Wisconsin after a speaking engagement some distance from there. Mr. Browne sustained severe bruises and concussion of the brain. Although the accident occurred the last of March we have not definite word of progress to report as our magazine goes to print. Encouragement comes from the statement of the doctors in attendance that they expect recovery, although it will be slow. We believe, too, that the firm faith and courage of Mrs. Browne will be rewarded and that the prayers of many friends on both sides of the ocean will be answered.

Vacations are in order during the most trying weeks of the hot season in India. Some of our missionaries are enjoying the cool climate of the hills, while others are being refreshed by the sea breezes.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Oxreider after having visited some of the other Mission stations in Assam are sojourning with Dr. and Mrs. Crosier in Kangpokpi.

At Chandipore, by the sea, about seven miles from Balasore, we find in several cottages which belong to the Mission the following from our staff: Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Berg and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilson and family, Dr. Mary Bachelor, and Mary Laughlin.

Up among the foothills of the Himalayas at Mussoorie we find Rev. and Mrs. Brush and family, Rev. and Mrs. Frost and family, and Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel. Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Long and family will be at Mussoorie in July.