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July 1921.

No. 4

TIDINGS

FROM

A. B. F. M. SOCIETY

IN

BENGAL-ORISSA

INDIA.



Bhimpore Dispensary.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—*Emerson.*

BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD DIRECTORY

Bhimpore, via Midnapore, Bengal.

Rev. H. R. Murphy and wife.

Rev. J. H. Oxreider and wife.

Rev. and Mrs. Kitchin.

Midnapore, Bengal.

Rev. H. C. Long and wife.

Miss Elsie Barnard.

Miss L. C. Coombs.

Kharagpur, B.N.Ry.

Rev. C. A. Collett and wife,

Rev. P. J. Clark.

Jamshedpur, B.N.Ry.

Rev. C. L. Conrad.

Rev. W. Greenwood.

Contai, Bengal.

Rev. J. A. Howard and wife.

Hatigarh, via Jellasure.

Mr. George Ager and wife.

Jellasure, Balasore Dist.

Miss Barnes.

Balasore, Orissa, B.N.Ry.

Rev. H. I. Frost and wife.

Rev. M. Hartley and wife.

Rev. Lloyd Eller and wife.

Miss Amy Coe.

Miss Gladys Doe.

Miss Ethel Cronkite.

Bengal-Orissa Tidings

NEWS FROM MIDNAPORE

We are sorry indeed to have Miss Bond leave us for America on "The Granite State" in June, but we bid her "Godspeed" and trust that in a short time at home her health may so improve that she can return to the work which she wishes to do for the Lord in India. A hearty welcome will be awaiting her in Midnapore, her home in India. Meanwhile we are glad to know that Miss Coombs is to come to stay with Miss Barnard in Henderson Home, and we hope that her health will allow her to stay the whole year. Another cheering bit of news is that Miss Daniels expects to sail from home in September, arriving in India by November, if not earlier. This is surely good news for Midnapore.

We have had a delightful month in Darjeeling, receiving physical and spiritual refreshing in these beautiful mountains. We are having some good informal Missionary Conferences on Friday afternoons which are most helpful. Bishop Fisher of the M. E. Church gave us a most interesting talk last week, mentioning some points which Indian Christian had just "passed on" to him. One of the best was that we must not forget the four ts,—treatment, temper, tolerance, and trust, in our relation to the Indian people. We had a delightful Baptist gathering at Carlton Villa on the Saturday afternoon before Mrs. C. P. Collett and Marian left, including a most delicious *American* lunch and a song and prayer service. This was in the nature of a farewell to the three who were about to leave us, and English Baptist, Canadian Baptist, American Telugu Baptist, and Y. M. C. A. friends joined us in bidding them "Godspeed." By the way, our Bengal-Orissa force in Darjeeling in May numbers 23 counting all the kiddies.

One of the books which we have enjoyed reading aloud during our month of holiday is the "Life of Otis Robinson Bachelor" by T. H. Stacy. It is most interesting and inspiring to read of the early history of our Bengal-Orissa Mission, of the struggles, privations, and successes of those days, and the many personal anecdotes of the life of the father of our own co-worker, "Dr. Mary."

On June 7th we expect to arrive in Midnapore to be ready to welcome the delegates to the Bengal Quarterly Meeting. Then the schools re-open on the 13th. I am glad to have a new helper in Miss Mary Simons who comes to us from the M. E. Work in Asansol.

There are nine students in the Bible School this year, six of whom are taking advanced courses. Mr. Long is teaching three courses, the Life of Christ, Homiletics, and Introduction to the Bible. We were fortunate in securing Mr. Mamman of the India Sunday School Union to give a series of lessons on Sunday School Pedagogy, which were enjoyed by many members of the Christian community as well as by the Bible School students. We were glad to have the speaker in our home for the twelve days of his visit. Mr. Long plans to make special courses and lectures of this sort a feature of the Bible School program.

M. R. LONG.

CONTAI, BENGAL, INDIA

June 27th, 1921.

Just a note to let the *Tidings'* family know that Contai with its sand and salt sea air is still on the map. We arrived here the latter part of March and have been busy with many things, settling in our home, renewing acquaintance with our friends, and planning for the work.

The visible results of years of work in Contai might leave us discouraged, could we not see indirect results such as, not only an openness to the message, but the evidently sincere desire on the part of many educated people to know more of this religion. This gives us faith to hope for great things for the future. We know that earnest prayer is being made for us and for Contai and our reliance is upon the power of the

Holy Spirit. Nothing else will suffice to bring to men a realization of their need of a Saviour.

GRACE L. HOWARD.

Our last two quarterly meetings were extra good.

The one at Manikura had as its keynote "If we do not plead with souls to accept Christ their blood will be upon us."

There was also strong emphasis placed on laymen evangelism which was fine. Many laymen for the first time came out with strong testimonies for Christ.

The Midnapore meeting gave us many good things, "Do not rely on your own understanding. Wherever you go, establish an altar. Children are true wealth. Their proper training is a solemn responsibility given us of God. We cannot see God with the eyes of flesh, but blessed be His name we can see Him with the eyes of our heart."

Two young ladies were baptized on June 15th at Kalamatia. They are studying in a Calcutta High School and are especially hopeful, promising and consecrated. They hope to preach on finishing H. S. Course.

Babagadia, where 24 years ago our little Church seemed to have died, is now reviving. There are a dozen or more Christians in the village. The old Church site has been obtained and a pastor located. Pray that the light may shine brighter than ever in the darkness.

On June 19th a fine bright lad in Manikura followed his Lord in baptism.

The Kalamatia and Manikura schools are prospering and are nearly double in attendance to what they were a month ago.

The Spirit of the Lord is among us. Pray that we may have a great harvest of souls.

JOHN A. HOWARD.

JAMSHEDPUR

July 1st, 1921.

Perhaps the readers of *Tidings* would like to know about the native work at Jamshedpur. Amrit, our native pastor, came three years ago

and has been here unceasingly ever since, not even having had a vacation. He knew no one in those days and for the first few weeks, slept and ate wherever he could. Quite often he spent the night in the bazaar. One by one he searched out the Christians and slowly won their affections. He likes to tell how some of those who are now his best friends turned him away repeatedly. However, he secured entrance into their homes and also into their confidence. For about two years they worshipped in each other's homes: Then for five months in a tent and now, on account of the wind and the rain they meet in Samuel Babu's house.

Our Christians in this town are scattered over a wide area. Quite a large number live at least three miles from where the services are being held. This condition and the fact that they all work seven days a week and at all hours of the day and night makes it difficult for them to attend church. Still the attendance is encouraging and will probably be even better when they have a definite church home.

There are approximately seventy-five men and twenty-five women who will wish to join the church when it is organized. As for children there are few of them here, perhaps twenty. This is due to the fact that most of the men have not as yet brought their families as it is difficult to secure a house in which to live. It is interesting to find Bengali, Telegu and Oriya Christians all worshipping together. Oftentimes the service is in three languages. Not only are they worshipping together, but there is a growing spirit of unity and good will. During the past six months six have been baptized and three more are waiting. Of this number four were Hindus.

We are looking forward to the time when the church will be installed in their temporary home. The Rs. 5,000 which have been recently designated for the pastor's residence are a promise that that day is not far off. When that day comes, rejoice with us: it will be the beginning of greater things.

Yours
W. R. GREENWOOD.

JUST OURSELVES

The vacationers have nearly all returned—more or less benefitted by their play-time.

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A baby girl came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Kitchin, July 1st. The missionaries persist in calling the child a Kitchenette!

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Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Collett with their daughter Marian, and Cyril (second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Collett) along with Miss Mabel Bond sailed for home on the S. S. Granite State on June 3rd.

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The Midnapore Church has called a new pastor—Rev. Charles Das.

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Mr. Clark will probably remain pastor of Kharagpur English Church till his furlough which is due in the Spring of 1922.

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Mr. Conrad has returned from a two months' vacation in Burma still quite out of health.

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Miss Coombs has been transferred to Midnapore in place of Miss Bond. As she has formerly spent nearly 30 years there it will seem like returning home.

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Dr. Mary and Kyanto Bala Rai have been kept exceedingly busy attending the Jubilee Meetings.

BALASORE

June 29th, 1921.

Dear Friends,

What would you say? A young man, a Brahmin, ex-student of our High School came to me this morning for a "certificate." He studied in our school for nearly eight years. He has finally passed his Matriculation examination and is seeking work. I asked him why he did not become a Christian. He said "My caste folks forbid it." I then asked him what he thought about the matter. He said "It (Christianity) is the

true religion. I have searched the Hindu Shastras a good deal and found that caste is not an institution of God. I do not observe it. I eat with Christians. But my relatives (his parents are dead) have denied themselves to help me get an education and are looking to me for help when I get work." What would you say to him? He certainly had a duty to those relatives. Well I tried to show him that by being a Christian he might be finally able also to lead them into the Light. I told him that the Christian even more than the Hindu would want to help his own folks. (And yet in this land we frequently see more loyalty to their family on the part of Hindus than is displayed by some in Christian America who call themselves Christian!) I tried to make him feel that he should "take up his cross"—it would be a cross, indeed—and follow Jesus, trusting him to work his miracle of grace even in the hearts of those ignorant and unbelieving relatives. I believe the young man's heart was touched. Pray for him. His name is Krishna Mohapatra.

This morning, also, I was talking with the worker who has charge of our library and reading-room in the bazaar. He told me of his conversations with the people who come there,—strangers from the country here on business, and lawyers and students and other educated men. He says that none of them deny that Christians have the truth. They admit this, but—ah! how great is that 'but'—they do not accept Christ because of caste. We cry "How long, Lord? How long?" Can it be that the day is near? If so, many really are convinced of the truth of Christianity, must not the day come when they will surrender to our Christ?

Many take tracts, gospel portions and now and then a Bible. He told of two middle-aged Brahmins who dropped in one day. They were from the country, 'Mofussil,' we say. Discussion was long drawn out and warm. As they were leaving he offered them tracts. They refused them. He followed them to the door, pressing them to take them—he was giving them free. They said, "We are contented and satisfied with ourselves now, if we take those, we shall get all upset."

Two things are bringing us great satisfaction just now. Of these I would speak. In March 1920, Mr. S. N. Sircar, who had occupied the position of Headmaster of our High School for nearly 10 years was stricken by the disease which was raging in Balasore at the time. Another

man was appointed for a year. But on July 1st, Rama K. Shau, born in the village near our compound, educated in our H. S., enabled to secure his College education by loans from the Mission which he promptly paid up according to the terms of our contract, will become Headmaster, the first Oriya to occupy that position in this school. He identifies himself with the Christian community and is bound to be a leader there. We feel that in a large measure he is our own product and that we have a right to be proud.

Our Balasore C. E. Societies, of which there are seven, have a Local Union. Some months ago that Union became interested in the project of engaging and supporting an evangelist. In one of the Rallies a subscription was started and more than the amount required quickly raised. A young preacher was called, but could not come at the time. However, from July 1st he is expected to take up the work. This means that a group of less than 100 young people and children are giving about 150 rupees a year to support a preacher whom they will think of as their own. The Balasore church already supports an evangelist in addition to the Pastor. Just think of it! And only last Fall our Yearly Meeting considered long before deciding to ask from all the churches the sum of 200 rupees as a contribution to the general evangelistic work of the Mission which that organization of the churches of this field now conducts through an Evangelistic Board composed of 6 Indians and 3 Missionaries.

Most sincerely yours,
H. I. FROST,

BALASORE

Balasore, Orissa, June 23rd, 1921.

Would you like to know all about my first vacation in India? Taking a trip in India is very much different from taking one in America. In America one finds everything provided for him on the way and usually takes as few pieces of baggage as he can, to look after. Here one has to take everything he wants on the way and after he gets to his destination whether he is going for one night or for several weeks.

Now I am ready for the story. Miss Doe and I decided to spend our vacation in the Nilgiri Hills of South India. So Monday, May 2nd, we spent the day packing, not even stopping to take our usual noon-day nap. About 10 o'clock p.m. we were ready to start. The bullock cart took all of our luggage which consisted of two small trunks, a large bedding roll, two suit cases, a hat box, a *serai* of water, and a lunch basket. We followed in the gharry with our pocket books and umbrellas. When the train came, our trunks were put in the van, and the rest of the luggage in the compartment with us. This compartment was supposed to sleep six, and we were to have two of the lower berths, but we found eight people, five of whom were children, asleep on the lower ones and the floor, so we had to take the two upper ones. In the morning we had to stay there until the rest were dressed. Even then we had a hard time to find room to dress. About 2:30 the others got off so we had the compartment to ourselves the rest of the way to Madras.

We arrived at Madras Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock. First we made sure that we were to have two lower berths which had been reserved for us, but found that instead we had one upper and one lower. Then we ate our breakfast after which we went sight seeing in a rickshaw. We visited the Botanical Gardens, The Industrial Art Museum, and the Art Museum.

At 6:40 in the evening we took the train leaving Madras. We found that besides us in the compartment were four others, a woman with a baby and an ayah, and an elderly woman. This compartment was made for four. It seemed to be the best thing for us to take the upper berths again. Early in the morning we heard some one ask if there was standing room for two women. We did not think that there was so we went to sleep and left it to the people below to settle. When we waked up again we found that the women had come in. About 8:30 we stopped at Mettupalayam to eat our breakfast. We were the first ones in the Refreshment Room. We wondered why the others did not come. Just as we were ready to go they came. We started back to the train and there was not a person to be seen. We did not know what to think but we went on to our compartment, and lo and behold, there we found our luggage all on the platform being watched by two coolies. We asked them what we

were to do. They said that we had to change trains there to go up the hill. Miss Doe ran to see if she could find two places for us while I had the luggage marked and booked. Miss Doe found only one place. I asked the Station Master if there was another and he pointed to the rear end of the train. I found room to sit down with one white woman and about ten native people, but no place for my feet! The ride up the hill to Coonor was an enjoyable one. Among the many things that we saw were coffee and tea plantations.

We arrived at Coonor about noon and went to the Y. W. C. A. Rest Home which has just been opened this year. There we stayed two happy weeks. Most of our time we spent studying language yet we took a walk every day. One day we went to a place called "Lady Canning's Seat" for a picnic. Seven double rickshaws took the party. The roads were so narrow that we went single file; and so winding that often we could not see the other rickshaws and then suddenly all would appear again. The view from Lady Canning's Seat was wonderful.

Coonor was a beautiful place but we were glad to go on up to Ootacamund because it was cooler since it is about one thousand feet higher. Here we spent a month at Grace Cottage which is a Summer School just opened by the Y. W. C. A. It is in charge of Miss Elizabeth Wilson who was the founder of the Y. W. C. A. Training Schools of America, and is now the National Training Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of India. Courses in Bible and Religious Education are being given during the season in schools of two weeks each, two hours a day, after which a half hour is given to playing basket ball. We attended one school. The courses were very helpful for work in India.

Besides the school work we had several interesting times while at Grace Cottage. One day we were invited out to breakfast with some friends who lived upon Missionary Hill. We had been there once with some one, but we went by a short cut and came home the long way when it was getting dark. We thought that we could find the way. We climbed up and up until finally we began to think that may be we should have turned off some place before. But since we were not sure we did not go back, but turned off where we were. At the end of the road we came to a native house. Here we asked if anyone knew the way to Bleak

House and a man told us a way to go. Soon we began climbing up farther. We kept going until we met a herd of water buffaloes and cows that looked at us as if they had never seen a white person before. We decided that it was time to leave and scampered down the side of the hill and went back to the first turn in the road which proved to be the right one. We arrived a half hour late and found that all were waiting breakfast for us. On the way home we went to a weekly market. There we bought two pineapples for five annas, a dozen plums for three annas, a pint of peanuts for one anna, and several other small things. We had nothing to carry these things in except our hands and two sweater pockets.

A week later we went on a picnic to Snowdon. It took an hour and a quarter to climb. On the way we picked wintergreen berries which were a bright blue. We saw cinchona plantations from which quinine is made. We climbed nearly a thousand feet, Snowdon is about eight thousand feet above sea level. From the top we had a beautiful view of Ootacamund and the surrounding hills. In the distance we could see clouds at a lower level. At the foot of the last peak we ate our breakfast which consisted of rice and curry and fruit salad. After breakfast some climbed another hill but Miss Doe and I went home so we could go to market. On the way we saw a snake charmer around whom was a crowd of people. We stopped and found that the snake that he had was a cobra.

The next thing of interest was Y.W.C.A. Sale. Miss Doe and I made the Blue Triangles, attended the sale, bought pins, and joined as "Scattered Members." The following week the W.C.T.U. held a convention at Grace Cottage for two days. Miss Doe sang a solo at one meeting, we bought pins, and are going to join as "Scattered Members" in the Bengal District.

Do you not think that it was about time for us to come home before we joined anything else? Very shortly our vacation was over. We left Ootacamund Wednesday afternoon, June 15th. Thursday we spent the day in Madras during which time we visited the Aquarium. Saturday morning at 5 o'clock we arrived at Balasore where we found Miss Coe to meet us. We were very happy to see her and be at home again. We are really very happy to be stationed at Balasore. ETHEL CRONKITE.