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Local subscriptions from Mrs W. C. Osgood, Balasore, Orissa.
The luchies were the first we had ever eaten and they tasted good with the curry and dal we were served. Rajen Babu and his wife, Maloti Tudu, had invited our family to eat at their home and to stay for their family prayers during our first few weeks in India. According to Indian custom, only one or two of the male members of the family eat with invited guests while the remaining women and children busy themselves preparing the food and serving the others. As the verandah, where we had sat to eat, was swept and the members of the family all gathered together, we were surprised to have eight young people and four adults join us. From our first visit in this home, we realized that Christ was known and loved here.

Let me tell you a little of the background of Maloti. She was raised in a Christian home in Midnapur, about 20 miles from Bhimpur. At fourteen years of age she accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord and obeying His command was baptized. In 1928 Maloti was married to Rajen Tudu of Bhimpur and moved there into his joint family.

Rajen Babu was the second son of the household. His father having died, his mother was the head of the family. In one section of the house, the older brother with his wife and family lived. Rajen and Maloti had another section of the house. A younger sister lived with the mother.

During the first year of their marriage, Orun, the young daughter of Maloti's brother, came to live with them following the death of her mother. Although Rajen and Maloti had no children of their own, through the years they were busy bringing up other people's children, for Orun was only the first among twelve to join their family group. Another of Maloti's brothers
died and three boys and two girls were added to the family. In 1941 Rajen Babu's older brother's wife died. Their six children had known and loved Maloti down through the years. They, too, were taken under her loving wing and cared for as her own.

Now the children are scattered, but it is not unusual, during Christmas, Easter or the big puja vacation, for Maloti's children to bring their own families 'home' when 25 or 30 people, of three generations, sit down to eat and fellowship together. They come from their respective places of work or school: Khargpur, where one boy works in the Mines Department of the Indian Institute of Technology; Calcutta, where another works in the Geological Survey Office, and one of the girls is a representative of the Congress Party in the Bengal Legislature. From near and far, they all endeavor to return home.

I am not personally acquainted with all of these young people, but one in particular I know, Tushar Tudu. Tushar is the daughter of Rajen Babu's older brother. Tushar graduated from the Girls' Junior High School in Bhimpur and then went to Midnapur to our Girls' High School. After her high school graduation Tushar made her profession of faith and was baptized. Funds from America helped to make it possible for Tushar to take her B.A. in History and Economics at Madras Christian College in South India. The Student Christian Movement, in which she actively participated during her college years, contributed greatly toward her personal religious growth and her ability to share with others what Christ means to her. She was of valuable help, teaching a class of girls preparing for baptism, during the time our Church was without a pastor. I do not think there has been a Vacation Bible School or Youth Conference during the last five years that she and, or, one of her brothers has not taken an active leading part.

After her College graduation, Tushar joined the staff of the Bhimpur Santal Boys' High School, making it possible for the
school to open up the ninth and tenth standards to co-education. Although there were only five girls in those two classes it was a start on an adventure of faith. After the fourth standard, girls and boys had never studied before in the same classes. Now an opportunity was open for village girls whose families were unable to pay the boarding fees of other schools, to complete their High School education right here at home.

After teaching for two years Tushar was asked to run for the Legislature in the Congress party, representing one hundred thousand people, in a district not far from Bhimpur. Now her four year term is drawing to a close. When I asked her, not long ago, what her plans were for the future she replied that she was undecided. We know that in whatever place she finds herself, there Tushar will make her Christ known to those round about her.

Maloti and Rajen Babu are proud, indeed, of their children and their contributions toward building the New India around Christian principles. Who can measure the influence one Christian family can have on the people with whom they come in contact?
GOD'S CALL
C. Louis Kau

Late one Sunday night in the quiet of a village home a young man sat down on the mat beside me. I turned down the lantern and pushed aside my book. He said, ‘You know I am planning to go to college next month?’ I said, ‘Yes, I heard that you intend to go but I would like to know what you plan to do with your life’.

I knew that he had passed his high school final examination in first division with good grades. As soon as this was known a number of friends and relatives began offering advice about his future education with an eye on how much money he could make in certain positions. In this rapidly growing India engineers for industry are in tremendous demand and at high salaries. It is a temptation for any young man.

In all of our Santal churches in the western area there are very few of the younger generation in the village church. Most of them have gone to the cities and especially to government jobs. Special consideration has been given to these people in getting jobs. I wouldn’t have been particularly surprised if Sidaswar had suggested a desire to take a course in engineering or science. Instead he related a story of a growing conviction that God had called him to full time Christian ministry. He admitted that he knew there were many opportunities before him but he was certain that God was directing him toward the ministry. In July Sidaswar entered Scottish Church College in Calcutta.

His father is Rev. Ram Chandra Murmu the foremost pastor in the Santal field. Ram under deep conviction of the Gospel and in spite of severe persecution became a Christian as a young man. He began to witness to this new faith and has been used
of God to bring many of his people to Jesus. We pray that his son will share this deep experience of faith and will be blessed in an even greater ministry.

As the results of the high school final examination became known there were some disappointments and surprises. Three of our students in the Kora field didn’t pass. One of our boys, Joseph Singh, in the Nekursini boarding did pass. His father is the pastor of the Bansiar church. As soon as Joseph knew he passed he went immediately to Serampore and the college accepted him. It seemed almost impossible that he would be able to go on to college this year.

Another one of our Kora students, Sadananda Singh, passed but his family couldn’t help on his expenses this year. We hope that next year he will be able to attend college. He plans to take at least two years of college before going on to seminary.

In this era of fewer missionaries we are urgently in need of more men who are capable of better training and able to take greater responsibilities in areas of Christian service and the preaching ministry.

In order to accommodate more Christian boys who are able to study beyond the primary grades we have added another room to our Nekursini hostel. We have twenty-two boys in the boarding this year and expect to add more each year. The boys bring their rice from home as their contribution and maintain a garden for additional food. Part of their expenses are subsidized from various sources. For boys unable to pay their fees we have been able to arrange work for them on the compound. Over the past months the boys have contributed a number of free hours of labor on the hospital project.

Many of the tribal children do not attend schools because their mother tongue is quite different from the language taught in school. The teachers do not understand the tribal languages and cannot explain the lessons so that the tribal children can comprehend. Wherever we have a Christian group we try to
arrange for a primary school with a teacher of their language group. Two of these schools have been taken over by the government along with the teachers.

This year two more new primary schools were started in Kora villages by young men who had been in our boarding. Ram Hembrom is teaching at Bortota and Ramnath Singh at Borat who is also conducting literacy classes at night.

Adult literacy classes are still in demand. There are eight schools at present with three more being organized. The Bengali literacy materials are being revised under the direction of a literacy specialist. New charts and reading books will soon be printed. This will be a tremendous help in facilitating their speed in learning to read. We have a start on a Santali reading book in Bengali script. When these are available the Santal literacy groups will make more progress. We are limited in this ministry by the number of Christian teachers available and budget for part payment of teachers. This is a tremendous field for Christian service and witness. From this past census it is evident that in spite of efforts by the W. Bengal government and missions there has been only a small percentage increase in literacy in the last decade. This is partly due to the huge number of illiterate refugees that are still flowing into W. Bengal. Bengal has only about 20 per cent literacy.

These areas of Christian service need to be expanded in the rural area. Not only because people are needy but it is a medium by which we come to know people, to express a Christian concern for them and to open their hearts to the love of God in Jesus Christ.
The first big job in July is the entrance examinations for trade students as we give a battery of 8 tests lasting all day. Only 40 applicants appeared this year of whom 20 were admitted and 5 of them have already left. What a disappointing group! The 15 who remain are a very promising group, but the smallest class we have had in several years. One reason for the decrease is the competition of the Government Industrial Training Institute which offers a shorter course, easier work and an All-India certificate, whereas our course means hard work for 3 years. Likely this is a passing phase and people will soon learn that the shorter course, without practical experience, is not preparing them for employment in private industry and registered factories, but for the present it means that most of our students are Christians coming from outside Balasore District, or local boys who do not have the educational qualification (10th grade passed) for the Government school. We accept boys with elementary school education provided they can pass our entrance exam.

The school workshop is run like a factory and general repair shop to give really practical training to the boys, so the next big job of the season, starting July 1st and continuing into August is the stock-taking, inventory and financial statement for the past 6 months to be presented to the Workshop Committee. This time the account showed a net profit of Rs 4,000 for the first time in 5 years. This result followed upon a thorough overhaul of our cost accounting system as well as some unusually large orders for furniture, truck bodies, etc., which gave us a record sale of Rs 70,000 ($13,250) in 6 months. We think that Isaac Nayak has now gotten the workshop management well
under control and should have no difficulty from now on, but the test will come this last half of the year when work is slack.

During this period we were able to publish our report of the second survey of past students, copies of which have been sent to a few of you. The survey shows that of the 300 students who have completed trade courses in the past 30 years about 90 per cent are engaged in technical jobs related to what they studied in school, 27 per cent of them being in Supervisory or Teaching positions. 5 per cent are employed in non-technical jobs, and 5 per cent, mostly from the past 3 years’ classes, are unemployed or only partly employed. The changes noted since the first survey 6 years ago include (1) wider geographical distribution of employment (in seven states of India and East Pakistan); (2) greater variety of payroll jobs; (3) larger proportion in private employment and registered factories (39 per cent) and fewer in Government jobs (32 per cent); (4) higher wages in factory employment than in Government, and much better pay than formerly for those in Mission and Church work; (5) larger proportion of them in supervisory and teaching positions. The report also shows that a large proportion of those who are Christians are taking positions of leadership in their Churches and Sunday Schools. So the school seems to have been fairly successful in its two main aims of training skilled workmen for Industry and lay leaders for the churches in the industrial areas.

The Government declared in September a National Technical Training Week. Although we had only 2 weeks notice to prepare for it we also took part in the celebration by holding open house for 2 evenings for public inspection of our work, publishing a bulletin about the work of the school, an evening variety show of music and comedy which was the best thing of the kind our boys have ever put on, and 2 days of excursions to visit local industries, including the Military Proof and Experiment
Station at Chandipur, which has expanded so tremendously since the war and Independence and employs many of our past students.

Rameswar Singh, who had served so well as Chaplain and Bible Teacher, for the past year, left us on June 30th. He went first as the representative of the Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Baptist Convention to the Asian Baptist Youth Conference at Tokyo. On returning from Tokyo, with just one day at Balasore for reports, he returned to Yeotmal to complete his course at the Union Theological Seminary.

After being without a Chaplain for a month we were able to secure the services of Mr Kalyan Basu, I.Sc., B.D., who is not only the best educated man we have ever had as chaplain but a very energetic and enthusiastic young man. He has taken up the combined duties of Chaplain and Hostel Master and is leading the boys in all kinds of activities, including the preparation of the variety show mentioned above, as well as in the regular Bible Study and prayer program.

We have been happy that Miss Kalpana Biswas, better known locally as ‘Minoo’, who addresses Mrs Gilson as ‘Granny’ (because of the help both she and her mother have received for their education) has passed all the entrance tests and been admitted to the Union Christian Medical College at Vellore. Kalpana is a brilliant girl, a good athlete and dedicated to the cause of serving the poor and suffering of her own community in the name and spirit of her Lord Jesus Christ. She is being helped with a scholarship from the California woman and we hope and expect that she will work in our own medical program when she completes the 7 years of training. I saw Kalpana several times while at Vellore and she seems to be very happy in pursuit of her great ideal. You will find her own report in the third issue of Tidings.
DEAR MOM AND DAD

Hope this letter finds you well and not working too hard! How are the chickens? I hope you didn’t lose many in that heat wave.

Nothing new has happened to me. I just study Santali so I haven’t much to write about. But I am popular. Now I want you to understand that I am not boasting or bragging. I am simply stating the facts. I’ll just cite a few cases so you’ll understand. Five of us were sitting in a taxi in Calcutta not long ago. I was the only one chosen. Three of us were sitting on a bench and I was selected. And again, another young American missionary and I were sitting on a bamboo mat. Both of us were wearing saris, white skin, and brunette hair, but I was their choice. Still another occasion. I was seated in a chair, listening as this same American sat in an identical chair and led a Bible study. Four attractive young girls sat on benches just a few feet away intent on every word that was spoken, but I was chosen, not the tender young things. Even after I was chosen, an honor I have come to expect, I tried to take the whole thing calmly. I fanned myself nonchalantly with a bamboo fan. Casually I used the handle of the fan to scratch my back, all the while keeping my eyes glued on the speaker in what I hoped resembled rapt attention. My whole skin felt as if it were crawling and I knew where my dress ended a fresh wave of reserve forces were moving on to the back of my legs. At that moment I was more than a little angry at Grandmother for not putting up more of a fuss years ago when skirts were shortened. Then in what must have looked like a gesture of even more interest, I sat forward in my chair. I hoped this would temporarily at least halt the convoy moving from the chair to my legs. I can’t tell you what this popularity has meant to me. Perhaps next
Anyway I can say there has not been an idle moment. I'm always on the move!

While I was in the Santal Parganas for language study, I went to the 50th anniversary celebration of a girls' school. It was a very pleasant affair beginning with tea and speeches in the late afternoon, followed by a two-and-a-half hour play dramatizing the history of the school. It was an outdoor pageant, until a heavy rain drove the cast and audience to the school auditorium. It was quite a sight to see several hundred people compressed into that comparatively small hall. We particularly enjoyed the performance of the girls who took the parts of missionaries. It was hilarious to hear what we sound like to these Santal girls. At one point in the play I was quite shocked however. My Santali is still very limited, as you know, so the missionary next to me was explaining some of the happenings. My eyes widened when she said (or rather I thought she said), ‘Here come the beers!’ And a few seconds later, ‘Here come the cigars!’ I didn’t see anything that faintly resembled liquor or tobacco. I waited a few minutes and inquired ‘What did they do with the beer and cigars?’ Amidst much laughter my interpreter explained, ‘I said, “Here come the bearers” and “Here come the sagars”!’ (Sagar is a Santali word for bullock cart). Please note: when you talk to me, speak distinctly!

After the play another missionary and I took a short cut back to the mission house. We started along a rather dimly lit path. Neither of us had a flashlight, but she assured me she knew the way and it wasn’t far. It was still raining so we each held our saris out of the mud with one hand and grasped our umbrellas with the other hand. The way grew darker until we could not see at all. We were barely able to make out the lights of the house far ahead. We moved slowly toward the lights, hoping any snakes out for a crawl in the rain would be careful not to slither under our feet and get hurt. Suddenly the sandal on my
left foot felt as if it were being sucked off. The missionary with me let out a little screech. For a moment I thought, 'so this is what it feels like to be trapped in quicksand!' My right foot was firmly cemented too by this time. Since we sank no further than our ankles, it seemed safe to assume this was merely mud, hungry for some unsuspecting human beings. My friend had on shoes so with much effort she was able to slog her way through to solid ground. I strained to raise my left foot. Suddenly it broke loose and with such a snap that I thought the foot bone had become detached from the ankle bone. My foot felt suspiciously light. Then I realized my sandal was still in the muck. I tried to balance myself on one foot while still clutching my sari and umbrella. A third arm growing from the waist would have been the perfect traveler's aid at that moment. It could have reached down into the mud, pulled the sandal out, and put it back on my foot. But I am normal, that is I have the usual number of arms, legs, eyes, etc., as you no doubt recall. It was no easy trick to get my handful of sari transferred into the hand which was also holding the umbrella. Then I had to put my sandal-less foot down in the mire so I could bend over and feel around in the mud for my sandal. I gave the hookworms plenty of time to bite before I found my sandal in the pitch blackness of the night and the mud. Did you ever put your foot in a bucket of bubble gum? I'm sure the result would be just about the same. I pulled my foot loose again, slipped the sandal on it, stepped ahead and repeated the extraction process with my right foot, and then again with my left before reaching up from the miry clay. By the way, did you ever put both feet in a bucket of bubble gum?

The month of study in the Santal Parganas was so worthwhile. Hearing Santali all the time increased my comprehension considerably, improved my speech some and the missionaries there gave me invaluable help with grammar. I suppose all language learners have some of the same feelings. There are moments
of elation when you think 'At last I'm really getting this stuff!' Then the next person who speaks to you has no teeth or he mumbles or he speaks so rapidly so you understand little or nothing. And your hopes are dashed to the ground.

One Sunday while I was in the Santal Parganas I went with two other missionaries to a distant village for the worship service and the Lord’s Supper. As we were singing the communion hymn, I suddenly realized I was comprehending the words and for the first time in a year I was singing, knowing what I was singing. (Bengali is used in Bhimpur so I can neither read nor understand.) Whenever I think of the Lord’s death on the cross for sinners, for me, I find it hard to keep back the tears because of His sacrifice and love. It was especially hard this day when I sang in Santali ‘I will remember You, I will remember You, How could I ever forget You!’ It was an intensely moving moment for me, singing, comprehending and remembering the Lord in my new language.

Pray for those who are already able to use a language to declare the good news of the grace of God and for those who are struggling and longing to do so. We can never forget Him and what He has done for us so we want to share simply and effectively the message of Jesus Christ.

With my love always,
MAUREEN (BRIANS)
39TH WOMEN’S CONFERENCE

SATYABATI BEHERA

We are very grateful to God for the Women’s Conference and also thankful to Miss Amy Coe and Miss Barnes for getting it started. Miss Coe’s friends still remember her and are very grateful for her years of service in India.

The words David wrote in Psalms 92:12, ‘The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree’, are very true words. During these 39 years the women have grown spiritually, and grown to love their Conference very much and the fellowship they have together. Several who had not attended before were so happy for this opportunity and resolved to go back to their own churches to work harder than they have before for their living Lord.

Our Conference was held in Bhimpore this year with 65 outside guests from Balasore, Hatigarh, Belda area, Midnapore, Khargpur and Jamshedpur. It was a peaceful and quiet Conference but they also had their fun night.

This year our Theme verse was Lamentations 3:40, ‘Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord’. Mrs Konan Das, our President, spoke the first day on ‘Let us Search our Way’; Mrs Phulmoni Marndi on ‘Let us Examine our Way’, and Miss Suddha Mookerji, Headmistress of Midnapore Girls’ High School, on ‘Let us Return unto the Lord’.

We were most grateful to our very dear, Australian friend, Mrs Lahey who at the last minute became our main speaker, when the speaker expected from Calcutta suddenly lost her husband. The first evening she told us of how the Lord had called her to India to serve him 46 years ago. She is very happy to be working among the leper patients in Barapada, where they live, and as they become Christian they become happy too. They no longer fear death, she told us, for they know they go to meet their Lord. The second night she told of three persons from the Bible who gave their testimonies: Job, who said ‘I know
that my redeemer liveth'; the Blind man who said, 'one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see'; and St Paul's certainty, 'I know Him'. On the third evening she reminded us that 'ye are my witnesses', and that now is the time for witnessing.

We were so happy that Mrs Nilima Patro could attend our Conference this year and lead us in three days of wonderful Bible study. She took as her three days study, 'The believer's work, and the reward of the future'; ‘The punishment in the believer's life'; and ‘The Reward in the believer's life’.

Each day we spent one hour in prayer and testimonies. We specially remembered our missionary friends who had served so long in this country and are now retired and serving in America. We remembered those who are sick, both our Indian friends and missionary friends. One woman from Panchkaharnia who had never attended the Conference before, a very humble, shy person, felt she must witness for her Lord. She stood up before the whole group and said, 'I am afraid but still I want to give my testimony. I was in great trouble. My baby was very sick, there was no doctor, and my husband was not at home. I prayed, to my Lord, he heard my prayer, and gave me back my child. Praise His name!' There were others who came for the first time, travelling over difficult roads, alone, when this is not their custom, but told of how the Lord had brought them safely, and how thankful they were for the opportunity of having fellowship with other Christian women.

During the 24 years I have served in this area I have had the opportunity of attending 22 Women’s Conference, and I have seen how the women of Bengal-Bihar-and-Orissa have grown spiritually, even as the palm tree.

When the Love Gifts were presented by the delegates, from the churches, it was found to be more than ever before. These gifts go to support a nurse or Bible women in one of the Medical Evangelistic Centres. This time they raised more than thirteen hundred rupees, over three hundred more than for any other year, for which there was great rejoicing.
MY PERSONAL TESTIMONY OF WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR ME

P. S. MOMIN

I hesitate for one reason to give my personal testimony for it very often becomes a public display of self-righteousness. But I also have a very good reason for giving a personal testimony for by telling others of what God has done for me He will be glorified. If there is any of the first reason in my testimony God will know and may He forgive me. Thanks be to God if I testify for the second reason, for He will know this also.

Looking back on my life, with all the experiences I have had so far I can only say one thing, from the bottom of my heart, that it is all because of the mercy of God. Perhaps it may be difficult for you to understand what I mean but let me tell you a bit of my family life first of all. I do not exaggerate when I say I came from one of the poorest families you could ever imagine. I was told that my father left home when I was a baby. I do not know why. I have only seen my father once, in 1952, in our Association meeting, while I was in Class VII. That was the first time and it may be the last time for I have no idea of where he is now.

I have only one elder sister, who is married and has four children. Only God knows how we were brought up. You cannot imagine the type of food we ate nor do I think any of you have ever tasted such food. Few believed that I would ever grow up to manhood, including myself. What I am now is because of the mercy of God.

Many people ask me, 'are you a born Christian?' From my lips I say, 'yes', because I am from a Christian family. From my heart I say 'no', because I believe no one is born a Christian.
I would say that I owe my conversion to my mother. When I was a very small boy I can remember, before going to bed, that my mother used to read Bible stories to me. I can still remember how I used to listen with such great interest.

I must confess I have had no special, ecstatic experience of my conversion. My faith is more like a seed you plant, which grows into a small plant. To be honest I can’t say when it started nor how it started. But I do know that I now have faith in Christ Jesus.

What is the secret of my strength? How could I have even arrived where I am now? I live only by one principle in my life. If God wants me to be His servant, He will make me what He wants me to be. I can very sincerely say that I do not put my trust in man. I have no fears of what may come on life’s way. I do not care very much for what man may say or may try to do to me. I have the conviction and faith to believe, as I said before, that if God really wants me for His servant I will be what He wants me to be.

Paul says, ‘If God is with us who can be against us?’ I also can say, ‘if God is with me, who can be against me?’

What I am now is not because of any merits of my own but is entirely because of the mercy of God. I know I am not what God wants me to be for I have weaknesses and failures. It seems the more I try to be good the more I realize my own weaknesses. The closer I come to the love of God, the more I can see of my own unworthiness. Yet God still loves me and He cares for me.

How did I get my education? Who gave me the money to study? My zeal for knowledge compelled me to leave home after Class IV. From Class V through High School I worked in the kitchen for my room and food, but with no salary. From Class VII I won scholarships up through High School. Then I was given an opportunity to study in Jorhat Theological College. After classes I worked for three hours a day for my
pocket money, at 4 annas an hour. After completing Jorhat Theological course I had a chance to join Serampore Theological College to work for my B.D. I am in my 2nd year in B.D. now. I have calculated that in all I have spent more than Rs 6,000 for my education. Who gave so much money for my study? I can only say God gave me the money. I am surprised and cannot understand at all how I have been cared for. Because of all these experiences I can only say, 'I am at the mercy of God'. I have worked very hard indeed but I am sure I could not be what I am today, if it were not for the love and mercy of God. The strength of my life is God Himself.

If there are others in this meeting, like myself, who truly want to serve Him I can only say if you will submit yourselves to His will He will use you in His service.

I cannot say yet that I am what I want to be, but I believe if my will is God's will He will help me to be what I ought to be someday. I did not choose Him, but he chose me, so I want to be what He wants me to be.

'All things are possible to him who believes'. Had I not become dependent upon God I would never have known the love of God.

I thank God for what He has done for me. I pray to God, the Father, to enable me to say from the bottom of my heart, with St. Paul, what he said in Rom. 8:35, 38, 39:

'Who can separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

(Note. Two young men attending Serampore Theological College were invited to join in our Young People's Institute at
Jaleswar. They added much of inspiration in giving their personal testimonies, and telling of the Garo work in Assam from where they come. The Garo Christians in Assam, numbering over 75,000 do a wonderful work, not only among their own people, but send missionaries to other areas).

Concerning the picture on the front cover

P. S. Momin whose testimony appears above is second from the right on our picture on the cover page. Third from the right is the other boy from the Garo hills. Boy on the extreme right is an orphan attending High School here, and the young fellow on the left, also attending High School here in Balasore, is son of Rev. B. K. Sahu, supervisor of this area.

ALL ORISSA LAY TRAINING

W. C. Osgood

In Jaleswar, October 21st to 26th, met the second Lay Leaders' Training Conference for all Orissa, held under the leadership of the Evangelistic Committee of the Utkal Christian Council. The attendance while somewhat larger than last year was limited as three groups who had hoped to send delegates were unable to do so for one reason or another. Yet representatives on the staff or among the students came from 9 of Orissa’s districts and from churches founded by American, English, Canadian and German mission auspices, and from divergent denominational backgrounds: Baptist, Lutheran, Anglican. For the leaders it was a joy, for all those present were selected because of their active service in the field of their own church, and were mature enough to be eager for all the help and instruction the leaders could give. They seemed to absorb all that was given in a heavy program and be eager for more. There were six devotional and inspirational periods, led by Prof. Monohar Basistan of
Khalikote College, Berhampur, Ganjam, which reflected his own deep consecration and challenged us to the deeper things of the Spirit. Miss Bhagyabati Panda, B.A., B.D. used 1 Peter for a very challenging Bible Study hour each day. This was followed by a class in Personal and Visitation Evangelism ably led by Rev. Kenneth Weller. The fourth period of the morning was on Christian Stewardship. Rev. B. K. Sahu, with some help from Rev. Robinson Singh, made this a vital experience. Afternoons were given over for the most part to question and answer periods to which the whole group of leaders contributed. An audio-visual presentation of film strips on the Transformed Life, Pilgrim's Progress, the Life of Peter, Fallow Ground and the Three Ten Rupee Notes drew many from the village. Laymen from Canadian Baptist, German Lutheran and Church of India groups led three of the morning prayer sessions while Revs. Weller, Osgood and Sahu gave three of the inspirational addresses. Mr P. Machir Das and Rev. Robinson Singh were in charge of the films. A number had to travel many miles out of their way to reach Jaleswar because of a very serious railway accident and another was delayed because of the death of his mother, and illness of a child, but such was their seriousness of purpose that these obstacles were not allowed to prevent their coming.

The new facilities at Jaleswar for such a camp and the high quality of leadership, combined with the quality of representatives sent by the churches, made this a memorable experience for all of us who were privileged to share in it. This program is abundantly worth continuing and expanding.
YOUNG PEOPLE’S CAMP

Susanne Powers

The whitewashed bungalow, surveying the countryside from the top of a hillock in Jaleswar, was built more than a hundred years ago by some of the first Christian missionaries in this area. Activity and young life burst out from the building on October 16th to 20th. The 25th anniversary of the youth camp was in session.

The first ‘Jubak-jubhati Sobha’ (Young People’s camp) was held in 1937 in three small mission cottages on the sandy shore of the Bay of Bengal, near Balasore. I can well imagine how much Mr and Mrs Osgood and the other first campers enjoyed the beautiful sunrises and sunsets, the full moon sending silver ripples over the waves, and all the other beauties of the seashore. However, about eight years ago the last of the little cottages was swallowed up as the sand shifted and the waves rolled in farther and farther.

Our new camping area is near the banks of the Subornareka River (the river of the golden sand). The girls enjoyed walking along the sand bars toward the center of the slowly drying river, which will be filled to overflowing at the next rainy season. In time I hope we’ll use the banks of the river for candle-light dedication services, as we do in some camps in the States.

Five thirty is mighty early but most of the campers were able to roll up their bedding and take their nets down in time. The chapter from the Bible to be read for the morning private devotions had been given out the night before. Many of the counsellors and students spent the thirty minutes from 6 to 6.30 a.m., in Bible reading and earnest prayer that God would direct them. Evidence of God’s working among the boys and girls was seen
at an afternoon meeting when, with heads bowed and eyes closed, the young people were asked to rise and indicate their desire to work for God by taking a flower from the table in front. Many of the young people responded to that invitation by Satyabati Behera, our Bible-woman.

Meetings began at 7 a.m., and were scheduled to close at 9.20 but because of keen interest in the Bible quiz competition they often ran until 10.30 or 11. Each day the main speaker for that day gave Bible questions along the line of his or her topic. The 80 youth in the camp were divided into six groups to find the answers to the questions in the Bible. After a given time all met again in the hall and one from each group read the answers the group had found to such questions as, 'What is lacking in non-Christian religions?', 'God is love. How do you prove that?', or 'What is the Holy Spirit?' 'How can we know that the Holy Spirit dwells in our heart?' Each day the three groups having the best answers were chosen and then at the end of the camp the group which had the best total received a prize.

A pond in front of the pastor’s house served as a bathing and swimming place for the campers. We counsellors had a bathroom with all the modern conveniences! The ‘running water’ came running up from the open well on the hip of a happy, faithful helper.

As we sat on the floor of the verandah waiting for our rice and curry to be served on the leaf plates, by campers on K.P., we sang choruses in Oriya, Hindi, Bengali and English. After eating, the K.P. campers had no dishes to wash as the leaf plates were merely thrown in a rubbish area. The many snarling, waiting dogs ‘licked the platters clean’.

The afternoon rest period was enjoyed especially by some of us oldsters who had been campers in 1937. I attended my first Girl Scout camp in that year. Pulling our canvas cots, or bedding, in to the house, from the verandah where we slept
at night, we escaped the sun that 'smiled hotly' down on the verandah at noon time.

Afternoon sessions lasted from two until four. One afternoon they had a singing competition and another day a variety show. All 'efforts' were appreciated especially those dealing with human life as the skit of two Bible-women going to some uncultured village women for the first time. Also the skit of a Christian trying to teach reading to three illiterate village men—Lazy, Quick, and Joy—two of whom tried very hard to escape learning.

Tea was served at 4 p.m., in baked mud cups which also were discarded after each use. The boys enjoyed playing soccer during their play period and several times the girls enjoyed watching. The girls completely enjoyed themselves playing volley ball, dodge ball, fox and chicken, etc. Miss Panda, guest speaker from Cuttack who had brought ten young people with her to camp, asked to be excused from games one day because she had laughed so hard the previous day, while playing, that she ached.

From 5.30 to 6 each evening the staff met under the direction of Rev. B. K. Sahu for prayer for God’s continual direction and blessing. God blessed with fine weather and a very fine spirit throughout the whole camping period.

The evening meetings were mostly held under the stars on a cemented area outside from 6 to 8.15. Two boys from the Garo Hills in Assam shared with us their testimonies of how God has been accomplishing the impossible in their lives. They both have had to work hard for their own education as they come from very poor families and they look back in wonder at what God has done for them, bringing them through High School, into Serampore Theological College, where they are studying for the ministry.

The evening messages were brought by Dr W. Stewart, principal of Serampore College. His Bible messages, filled with personal experiences, made clear the message concerning Jesus
Christ working in us as related in Ephesians 3:16-20. He explained each idea clearly and precisely as a Scotsman can do so well.

Our evening rice and curry was at 8.30, but big lights replaced the candle lights that would be fashionable in a dinner at that hour in the States.

Going home was a real experience. As our camp is two miles from the railway station two men went at 3 a.m., to bring the bus to take us to the train. Campers kept waking through the night, calling out to find out if it wasn’t time to get up. Thinking the boys might oversleep one of the boys’ counsellors had them start singing at 2 a.m. to be sure everybody was wide awake! Trains are packed to the hilt this time of year because of the many Hindu celebrations, so it was a real accomplishment to get thirty young people and our baggage on to the train, which stopped only two minutes at the Jaleswar station. As the train started to pull out I was still on the platform, as were several others much to the surprise of the guard, who commented, ‘You didn’t get on!’ How true his words were. The train stopped and we pushed our way into the compartment, intended to seat 16, but ‘holding’ 32 of us.

The whole camping experience was fun and had been a time of deepening of our spiritual life. The early missionaries who built the white cottage on the hillock in Jaleswar would have rejoiced with us at the working of God’s Spirit during this youth camp.
In our pastors’ and Bible-women’s retreat in September, there was living evidence of how the church is actively crossing geographical, cultural and language borders to minister the Word of God to many peoples.

When we met for two weeks of Bible study and inspiration, at Jaleswar, it was evident that many borders had been crossed in order to assemble such a group of people. These pastors have come from a background of different languages and from various religious and cultural streams which are quite separate and stratified in Hindu society.

There were representatives of seven language groups, besides missionaries. This is not as complicated as in other parts of India as in Assam where they have many more language groups than we have here. There were men and women from the two major language groups of the area, Bengali and Oriya. A larger group of tribals represented the Santali and Kora. One of the teachers was Mr S. D. Ratnam from the Telegu church in Khargpur. He gave his lessons in English and had them translated into Bengali. Another teacher, Rev. Archie Shear, a Nepali, pastor of the English speaking Union church in Khargpur, spoke in Hindi. Our special speaker, Rev. Moti Lall, came from Gwalior in North India and had his messages interpreted.

Each year in these meetings we have an intensive time of study and an opportunity for fellowship and renewal of spirit. Frequently the pastors speak of these meetings as being a time of blessing and an opportunity for mental and spiritual growth. In the study classes this year we covered I, II Kings, Psalms, Jeremiah, Galatians and a study in Christian ethics. The teaching responsibilities were carried by various pastors. Rev. Bhupati
Sahu and Rev. Bahadur Kisku taught Kings. Rev. Archie Shear and Rev. S. K. Bepari taught the Psalms. Mr S. D. Ratnam gave the series on Galatians. Rev. W. C. Osgood interpreted Christian ethics in Indian society. The morning devotional hour was led by Miss Parul Tudu and Mr Sotish Tudu with special emphasis on the use of the Psalms in devotions. These were exceptionally well planned periods of worship, Miss Hazel Smith helping in the preparation, which provided us with a variety of ways of conducting a worship and prayer hour. For a refreshing change there was more time for prayer in this morning worship and less preaching. Sunday morning was left unplanned to allow for whatever direction we felt would be best for enriching the spiritual life. Four leaders assisted in a time of free and directed prayer which added to the joy and blessing of our fellowship.

We were fortunate to have Rev. Moti Lall as our inspirational speaker for the evening meetings. He enriched our fellowship through his messages and especially by his kind and loving spirit. He had to endure a number of inconveniences at this matter, especially the food, for the diet in Bengal and Orissa is quite different from his area in north India, but he took it all in a very gracious spirit.

Another refreshing part of the meeting was the evening song hour under the direction of Mr Prema Paul Kamakar, pastor at Bhimpore. He is exceptionally gifted in music and has a wide selection of songs in many languages in order to meet the needs of the variety of congregations. This year we welcomed three new pastors to our fellowship, Mr S. D. Ratnam of the First Telugu church at Khargpur, Mr Noel Baker of the Church of Christ, Jamshedpur, Mr Kalyan Basu, chaplain at the Balasore Technical School, Balasore, and also one missionary Miss Clara Dorn from Midnapore who is in her second year of language study. It is encouraging to have this new leadership joining with us in the ministry.
ANOTHER ‘DAUGHTER IS MARRIED’

JANE G. OSGOOD

In 1943 a very severe cyclone struck parts of Bengal and Orissa, followed by famine. Many people died during those years but others who found their way to the Mission compounds were cared for. In Hatigarh we had a number of boys and girls in our boardings for some years, who had lost their parents. The first girls came in 1944. When we returned from furlough in 1947 we found several girls and one boy living at the Leper Colony. When we found them symptom free they were brought to the boardings in our compound. It has been our joy as well as responsibility, over the years, to serve as mother and father to a number of these young folks, specially the girls. Everyone wants a home, someone to call their own, to love them, and to feel they aren’t alone in the world. One of the responsibilities, particularly for our ‘daughters’, has been to arrange their marriages. This is a responsibility we do not take lightly for we want above all else that they have happy, Christian homes.

One of the girls who joined our family in 1948 was Panamoni Marandy, a lovely Santal girl. She was the youngest of six children, and her parents and the other children all had leprosy. I asked her one day how it happened she escaped and she said her mother had died when she was born and an aunt took her to raise. Small children rarely escape infection when born to leprous parents.

Before we knew Pana, while we were on furlough, she had very serious mastoid trouble and had had an operation, leaving quite a hole back of her ear. She spent many, many months in hospitals having plastic surgery done and finally ended up with just a tiny pin point not closed over. I remember the nearly two years she spent in a Disciples hospital in Bilaspur, having
five plastic surgery operations during that time. In between operations she used to help the nurses, help with the cooking, and in the care of little children, so the whole staff became very fond of her.

Last week Panamoni came 'home' to be married. For the past five years she has been working as nurses' aid in a Christian Hospital in Bengal. It will not be easy to find such a fine, hard working girl to replace her. Wherever Pana has gone she has picked up the language of the area. Her mother tongue is of course Santali. In Hatigarh she did her schooling in Oriya. After the long stay in Bilaspur she came back to us bubbling over with Hindi. She wasn't long in S. India but there again she picked up some Telugu. In Jiaganj, where she was for five years, Bengali became her language. Her letters are a delightful mixture of Oriya and Bengali, signed off in English. If some of us could do as well as Pana, linguistically, we would be most happy.

We spent a number of happy hours together buying her 'trousseau'. It took us a long time to find just the right wedding sari, and to get a blouse piece to match the dainty pink stripes, in the deeper pink sari, but we found a perfect match. Panamoni was so thrilled to think I'd spend so much time matching the blouses and saris we bought to have her well supplied for the first year. I suspect matching colors was more important to me than to her! She was a very attractive bride and we were proud to own her as our 'daughter'.

We were reminiscing during the days Pana was here. She wondered if I remembered the Christmas in about 1953 when we invited 'our daughters and sons' to come home for two weeks. We had a family of some 30 for those two weeks and had such good times together. One thing that happened that week I shall never forget. On Christmas morning Pana brought me a little parcel and when I opened it I found a lovely sari. Pana had so little herself, and no sari as nice as the one she gave me.
I couldn’t imagine how she could possibly have saved enough from her meagre allowance to buy the sari. Then she told me that when she left Bilaspur, where she had spent nearly two years, the nurses gave her a farewell gift of this sari. I felt I shouldn’t take it, but she was so happy to be able to do this, and when she said, ‘but I want my mother to have it’, you may be sure the tears were hard to keep back. When Pana was changing from her wedding sari to her ‘going away sari’ I told her how I had been asked to speak at a Mother and Daughter banquet while on furlough. Not having a daughter available at the time I wore the sari she had given to me. When I spoke I said I had a very special reason for wearing the sari I had on, and paid tribute to our ‘daughter’ Pana. I wish you could have seen how surprised and happy Pana was when she knew I had worn her gift to me.

The day of her wedding she presented me with a beautiful red sari, with small black design, and told me I must wear it. So for the wedding dinner that night I wore her sari, which so pleased her. The pastor led our group of 32 in a brief devotional, giving the young couple some very good advice on how to have a happy, Christian home.

When some of our guests began asking us where our ‘daughters’ are all located we realized they too had been interested in these girls. We discovered we have eight ‘married daughters’ in India, all living in different villages or towns. I’m still looking for a husband for one more girl! Then I’ll feel happy when it comes time to leave India knowing they are all cared for, not alone in the world.

Christo Charan Hansda, Pana’s husband, comes from a neighbouring English Methodist mission, and is the only member of his family who has become Christian. He works in the Government Medical Stores in Calcutta, where they will be living in a suburban area. He is a very humble, considerate person and we are sure the future will be peaceful and happy for them.
OUR PRAYER CORNER

‘Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving’
(Col. 4:2.)

‘Prayer imparts a peace “within”, as high as the mountain, as deep as the sea, creating a Christ-like serenity of soul’.

Sunday: Let us give thanks for sufficient funds to complete the surgical unit of the new hospital. Thanks too, for the appointment of Dr and Mrs Robert Larson to our field. May we all join in prayer that their visa may be granted. Christian medical work is so needed in rural areas.

Monday: Mrs L. Christian has contributed so much to our literature work, both in original writings and in translations, for which we give thanks. She feels she must retire early in the New Year. In the first quarter of Tidings this year we asked for prayer for someone to take up this very important work. Mrs Christian’s brother, Mr Joseph Sahu, has answered the call and he will appreciate your prayers.

Tuesday: In the second Quarter we rejoiced in the appointment of Mr and Mrs Harley Tuck, to Hatigarh, to help with the Rural Life Program. They had hoped to sail in September but to date their visa has not been granted so passage had to be cancelled. They are studying in Berkeley for the present. Do pray that if it is His will the visa may come. Also pray that they may not be discouraged in having to wait so long to reach their field of service.

Wednesday: Let us pray that the two Telugu churches, in Khargpur, may unite to make one strong church.
**Thursday:** We give thanks for the many decisions made in the Youth Conferences this year. Let us remember to pray very specially for them that they will follow 'where He leads'.

**Friday:** We need to specially remember all young people away in training of various kinds, that their spiritual life may not be neglected. That many will be led to take up full time Christian work.

**Saturday:** Several of our missionary family have been ill this year, some seriously. For those who have recovered we give thanks, and ask for prayers for those who still have not fully recovered.
NEWS ITEMS

In the last issue of Tidings we reported the golden wedding anniversary of Dr and Mrs John A. Howard, former missionaries of Bengal-Orissa. Too late we learned Rev. and Mrs H. I. Frost had also celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, in July. For the first time in 30 years their five children were all together in their parent’s home. One evening during the celebration Mrs Frost had a rice and curry feed for the four sons, and one daughter while two daughters-in-law looked after the young people. There were dinners and many happy occasions during the week, with children and grandchildren. The Frosts are active in the Danville Union Church in Maine, where he has been pastor for the past four years. May they have many more happy years together!

Rev. and Mrs C. C. Roadarmel have had a very happy, busy furlough. They left Granville, Ohio, in September and have spoken many times since leaving, and visited many friends all across the United States. They are spending a month or more with their son, Gordon, in Berkeley, California. They will be flying back, stopping in Honolulu, Manila, Hong Kong and arriving in Prae, Thailand about the middle of December, where their son Norman and family are in missionary service. They hope to have about a month with Norman’s family, spending Christmas with them, arriving back in our midst about the middle of January. Their friends in India are looking forward to their return.

Janet (Osgood) and Claiborne Erickson, and their three sons arrived back in Maulmein, Burma, in October for their second term of service. They are living in the old Judson home, which Government recently turned back to the Mission. It is possible
Janet’s great, great grandfather Osgood lived in this same home. Their new address is 59 Baho Lanmadaw Road, Maulmein, Burma.

Luella (Osgood) and Dick Spirup are rejoicing in the arrival of a little daughter, Tracy Lee, October 2nd, to keep her brothers, Peter and Paul Company. The Osgood’s now have 6 grandsons and 2 grand-daughters.

The three India Missions are all celebrating their 125th anniversary this year. Rev. Sushil Bepari, Executive Secretary of our Christian Service Society, Miss Satyabati Behera, Chairman of the Women’s Work Committee, and the Osgoods are expecting to fly to Assam on the 10th of November to represent our Mission in their celebrations. The great response among Tribal groups in Assam is cause for great rejoicing. We are looking forward to hearing the choirs sing which Dr Boddie has been asked to train. Another treat in store is hearing their guest speaker, Rev. Martin Neimoller, from W. Germany who spent many years in a concentration camp because of his opposition to Nazism. This good fortune has come because he is attending the World Council of Churches meeting in New Delhi.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Mrs J. A. Howard, subscription manager in the States write that 239 subscriptions expire at the end of this year, which means with this 4th issue. It is easy just to let your subscriptions expire without renewing. Not only will you lose out on Bengal-Orissa news but it makes it more difficult for us to finance this little publication. Do renew your subscriptions in good time. If it is easier to send a dollar, than fifty cents, renew for two years.
VISITORS FROM AMERICA

Dr Chas. E. Boddie, formerly of the candidate department, now of the Public Relations department of the A.B.F.M.S. has been visiting in our Mission area. He is a very dynamic speaker, and song leader, and has left people singing wherever he went.

Dr and Mrs George Carpenter, formerly missionaries in the Congo, under A.B.F.M.S., now with the International Missionary Council have been visiting very briefly in the Bengal end of our field.

The World Council of Churches, meeting in New Delhi this month, is bringing many visitors to this land. Among other visitors expected on our field are Dr and Mrs John E. Skoglund, Chairman of the Foreign Boards, and on the faculty of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School.

Dr and Mrs Wilbour E. Saunders and daughter Marjorie, just recently retired as President of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, are expected in December after the meeting in New Delhi is finished.

We are grateful for all these visitors, and feel that the cause of Missions will be strengthened as they become familiar with the work.