

## THE HILL TRIBES.

You have noticed the names Oriya and Savara in reports from India have you not? Hitherto ours has been exclusively a Telugu Mission. Now our missionaries are touching these Hill tribes who have never before had the Gospel. The Savaras have no written language, but understand Oriya so are being reached in that tongue. Mr. Glendenning is reducing the Savara to writing, using the Oriya character. A few texts and hymns have already been published. Miss Munro writes in a private letter, having just passed her exam. in Oriya: "We had such a happy Christmas. I must tell you what happened at church that day. You may think it incongruous and so it was, but the innocence and genuineness of it appealed to me. Some of the newly Christian Savaras each with his bow and quiver of arrows, had come down from the hills to service. Dr. Whitter (Am. Bap. Mission) spoke and Mr. Barss interpreted. It was a beautiful message and given with a simplicity that a child could understand. And how they listened. I wish you could have seen their eyes. When the service was over one innocent aboriginal went to the back of the church, adjusted his feather head dress, made of a band of bamboo and plumes, then playing his own accompaniment on a reed plate, he did the Savara dance up the centre aisle. Poor Mr. David, the pastor, was dreadfully discomfited and hastily led him out of the church, but the man thinking this was in order that all might the better see, only danced with added zeal. He did it purely out of gratitude and joy. These are such a simple yet attractive people. I am so anxious to get up into the hills to learn more about them and teach them the wonderful story. I know I need not ask you to pray that I may escape the malaria and be greatly used in bringing these people to Christ. I know that if He has given me this work in a malarious district He knows all about it, and it is not I who have the responsibil-

ity. My part is to be careful, and not lose sight of Him. India is agreeing with me all right, and as the beginning of real service draws near I am happier than ever. I hope I may not fail those of you who trusted me enough to send me out, nor Him Who has called me to this needy field."

## ON FURLOUGH

"Let me go back! I am homesick  
For the land of my love and toil,  
Though I thrill at the sight of my native  
hills

The touch of my native soil,  
Thank God for the dear home country,  
Unconquered and free and grand!  
But the far-off shores of the East, for me,  
Are the shores of the Promised Land.

No longer young—I know it—  
And battered and worn and grey,  
I bear in my body the marks that tell  
Of many a toil filled day.  
But 'tis long to the end of a lifetime,  
And the hour for its sun to set;  
My heart is eager for years to come;  
Let me work for the Master yet!

My brain is dazed and wearied  
With the New World's stress and strife,  
With the race for money and place and  
power,

And the whirl of the nation's life.  
Let me go back! Such pleasures  
And pains are not for me;  
But oh! for a share in the Harvest Home  
Of the fields beyond the sea!

For there are my chosen people,  
And that is my place to fill,  
To spend the last of my life and  
strength

In doing my Master's will.  
Let me go back! 'Tis nothing  
To suffer and to dare;  
For the Lord has faithfully kept His  
word

He is with me alway there!"

By Mary E. Albright,

Quoted by  
Margaret MacKeller  
In "The Missionary Messenger."