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W. B. M. U. Tidings.

25 Cents per Year.

Vol 7.

Amherst, N. S., January 1900.

No 71.

Motto for the Year.—Workers together with Him.

Prayer Topic.

For Parla Kimedy, the missionaries and native preachers, that their number may be greatly increased and many souls won to Christ on that field. For our Woman's Missionary Societies.

Suggested Programme for Jan.

Prayer by President
Singing.
Reading Ephenaus 2.
Prayer by several for divine guidance during the year.
Reading Minutes.
Reading Tidings.
Prayer by two or three on topic.
Singing.
New Year's Greeting to each other in the shape of precious promises from the Father.
Close with the Lord's prayer in union.

Suggested Programme for Feb.

Singing.
Prayer.
Scripture I Thessalonians.
Prayer by several.
Singing.
Reading Minutes.
Reading Tidings.
Suggestions as to ways for increasing interest and funds.
Would suggest an "At Home" in the afternoon, where practicable. All the ladies of the congregation to be invited and a public meeting in the evening.
Singing.
Singing.
Prayer.

Please remember that Mission Band and Sunday School copies are to be sent to Mrs. A G Fownes St Martins N B.

As the regular letter for Tidings from Mrs Corey did not arrive we publish this letter from Miss Archibald:—

Telugu Sunday Schools.

July 10 —Aren't these lovely! I wonder who sent them! Oh, they are only advertisements of Fleischmann's yeast yet pretty enough for Christmas prizes.

Aug. 15—Ho-o! Here are two packages (1300) of the much desired Little Bible Lesson Pictures. How fresh they look!

Miss Prince (Moncton) must have ordered them direct,

Sept 16.—Yes, here are 208 cards from the Mahone Bay M. S. and, Miss Veinotte has had paper pasted. Come, jugganiklu! Balaram! Bring the red ink and write Rom. 10: 9, etc.

Oct. 2—Another parcel! How does this slip read? "Compli-

ments, good wishes and prayers that God may use these cards for His glory"—"The What I Can." M. B., Cavendish, P. E. I.

Yes, dear friends, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the above cards together with those sent by the Moncton M. Band last Feb. Are our wants satisfied? By no means. Should not each preacher who is carrying on a school at the out stations be supplied with cards and a mounted "Lesson. Roll" arranged so as to form a series on the life and miracles of Christ. Will not all those who send kindly tie and wrap *strongly* for the post-clerks actually pack the mail into barrels by heavy tramping.

THE JALMUR SCHOOL

Bro. Amruthalal, who is stationed 21 miles distant of the Mala Village of Jalmur, writes to this effect:—"The children one and all send salaams to the Canadian boys and girls. When they learn so many Bible verses I have promised each one a picture card. Every child in this village, yes, even the tiny ones, have been in the habit of smoking. One day I talked about the question, "Is the use of tobacco good or bad?" Since then not a few have entirely given up smoking and it is touching to see how hard others are trying to do the same.

I did not think when I first came that these children would ever possess so great a desire to learn. Every evening I teach the letters and Bible stories to 30 or more. One day I asked them if any of them had ever seen God. Some of the big folks who were gathered round said, Yes, we have seen Him! Others said, "No we have not." Upon the latter assertion one man angrily exclaimed, "What! Why have you not seen him? I've seen Him on two mountains." Then there followed a strife of words; After the force was spent the Lord helped me to speak to eager listeners about idol-worshipping and the wrath of God. "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth. "The world is a bud from the bower of Thy beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of Thy wisdom; the sky is a bubble on the sea of Thy power." How long, O Lord, how long! When shall man worship only Thee not the manifestations of thy power—only Thee, not the work of their hands.

The work for the children is it not a good one? The time was when it seemed necessary to support secular schools in order to incidentally teach the Word of God—not so now—at least we have not found it so in Chicacole. At present the openings are far greater than our ability to improve them.

Misses Clark and Powlesland are going on tour. Each passes over her list of schools. The time-tables for the whole is arranged. What do we find?—Eighteen schools i. e., we are

to hold children's meetings once a week in eighteen different places. Do you say, "Why not unite the schools?" Impossible—Caste draws the line.

Saturday proves to be one of our busiest days. At 6 a m off to the

KOMATI SCHOOL.

a mile and a half away. What a damp, steamy morning. On we go past temples with their tinkling bells and trees, marked red and yellow surrounded with white walls (thus showing they are objects of worship); on we go past low mud platforms where tousel-looking people are vigorously rubbing their teeth and tongues with sticks of pencil size; on over the slippery ridges of the verdant rice fields—Here is the village. The wide street with well in centre, the houses with their red painted *pials* adorned with white chalk designs, the heavily jewelled women coming to greet us—all evince the prosperity of these merchants. The bell is ringing. See the forty or fifty uncouth, wild-looking children. And oh, their ignorance. Let the following conversation illustrate:—

T.—"What did the wise men bring Jesus?"

C.—"Bethlehem."

T.—"If I gave you a *pàvala* (8 cents) would you say I gave you Chicacole?" C.—"No!"

T.—"What would you say I gave you?" C.—"A *parvala*."

T.—"Now what did the wise men give Jesus?" C.—"A *parvala*."

AT 3 P M OFF TO THE MUNICIPAL PARISH SCHOOL.

in which Misses C. and P. began to teach some months ago. The teacher summons the children each Saturday for our teaching and even punishes those who fail to attend. Yes, they see us! "Salaam, Missama, Salaam!" we hear on every side. The children come running in, almost pushing each other over in the exuberance of their spirits. How many present? 42. Now for a song! "Jesus Loves Me"—sing a verse; talk about it; sing again; ask questions continually: all rhyme a new verse; sing it; talk again. While Balaram teachers one class and pigganiklu the other, I talk to the two teachers,—

"So, you say there is a Mohammedan school?"

"Yes, its near; come, we'll show you."

So off we go. A walk through several lanes brings us to a building with three windowless walls and an open front, with massive pillars. What a hum-um! buzz-uzz! The teacher with the long white beard is so busy writing Hindustana (from right to left of page) that he does not notice our arrival. The young Hindu teacher is very polite. Calls the children to the front and puts all in order. How odd they look with

their shaven heads, tight-fitting red caps, and loose, turned-up pantaloons! After telling them a little about the beauties of the snow-covered fields and the frost-laden trees of the dear homeland we hasten back to the Pariah School. How the classes are called together, the large Lesson Roll is hung up; questions are asked, the memory verse is heard, and the plain tiny text card is given to each. All cover their eyes while prayers is offered—then we depart—There! my hat! Quick I fear I've got the sun! I did not notice that the roof was so low—We find a teacher from the Mohammedan School waiting outside another says, "Will you please teach in our school?" Yes, we'll come next Friday!" is our reply.

5 P. M. OFF TO THE GOLA SCHOOL

There are the children waiting under the great banyan tree! I fain would give you a glimpse of the history of this school—how on the first day, 40 came and listened well; how, the next time, they all besought us to give them dubs (money) how the third time they greeted us by leaping into the air, by dancing on the big toys and by giving prolonged hoots; how we went again and through the charm of a picture book gathered them around in a word, how this school which was so unpromising at first has developed into one of our best, having already mastered what we are aiming to have each school accomplished ere Christmas i. e. The first twelve New Testament Stories, the ten commandments and two hymns.

Dear Mission Band Workers, are you interested in the evangelization of the Telugu Children? Do you want to see them come to Jesus? A bright lad of 12 years said to me this evening;—"In my home there is a large picture of Rama; when the others bow to this picture I always run out. Father often beats me because I don't want to worship idols. Jesus is my Saviour and Lord."

Oh, the Telugu lambs—out of the fold—so far from the gates of gold!

"Little lamb, who lost thee?"

"I myself, none other."

"Little Lamb, who found thee?"

"Jesus, Saviour, Brother.

Ah! Lord, what I cost Thee."

Read that last line again, "Ah! Lord what I cost Thee." Think about it earnestly and prayerfully. Then I am sure you will be constrained to work with us in making known the Good Shepherd to the lost Telugu lambs.

Lovingly yours,

Mabel Archibald

Mission Band Lesson, Hill Tribes.

Ques. Where do these people live?

Ans. As the name suggests, they live among the hills.

Q. Are there many different tribes?

A. In the Madias Presidency alone, there are about sixty-four different tribes of hill people.

Q. Name some who are of most interest to us?

A. Of these perhaps the Savaras come first, and another of peculiar interest in the Gadabas.

Q. Where are these tribes found?

A. The Savaras are on the hills to the north of Parlakimedi; the Gadabas near Bobbili.

Q. Of the latter how many are there?

A. Probably about two thousand.

Q. How do they live?

A. Their groups of thatched roofed mud houses resemble a poor Telugu village.

Q. What is the style of dress of these people?

A. The men dress like the men of low Telugu Caste; the women wear clothes of material made from fibres of shrubs; but they wear a profuse display of ornaments of beads, brass, copper and silver, about the head, on the ears, arms, fingers and toes.

Q. What are some of their peculiar customs?

A. Their style of dancing during Hindu festivals, and their celebrations at marriage ceremonies are striking.

Q. What is their religion?

A. The better types are Hindu by religion and they worship idols; those furthest back from civilization worship demons.

Q. Are they intelligent?

A. No, far from it. Like most of the hill tribes they have no written books of their own.

Q. Has anything been done to teach them of Jesus?

A. Yes, but not as much as might be, owing to the lack of workers as well as the great superstitions to be overcome.

Q. As to the Savaras, how do they rank in numbers?

A. Of these, we find nearly 183,000 and they are outnumbered by only one other tribe—the Khonds.

Q. How do they gain a livelihood? A. They live by farming, and consider the cutting and selling of wood beneath them.

Q. Have they any system of rule? A. Yes, they hold themselves distinct and have their own peculiar history,

religion and government, having their own chiefs and priests.

Q. What is their present condition? A. During the past few years they have been brought under the direct control of British officers, and pay taxes.

Q. Are their women held in the same estimate as women among the Telugus? A. No, they are considered as superior in a way, and have many privileges and rights never accorded to the Telugu woman.

Q. What are some of the characteristics of their religion? A. They believe departed spirits hover around, and do injury to those who displease them. In every house are kept pots, which are kept sacred as the abodes of departed spirits. The spirits get into the pot by means of a string by which the pot is suspended.

Q. What is another point of belief? A. They know nothing of good spirits, but are taught to dread evil spirits. In case of illness, medicine is not used, but offerings are made to the evil spirits.

Q. Has much been done to enlighten this large tribe?

A. No, it is sad that little has been done, although now the missionaries at Parlakimedi and Chicacole have two Savara Evangelists and are doing what little they can.

Q. Shall we not try to learn more of these hill tribes, to think more about their, sad, uncivilized, ignorant condition, and do something to help them to know of our Saviour who is "their Saviour too?" Shall we not *pray* and *do* something that the Light and Glory of our God may penetrate even into the darkest and most remote corners of His vineyard?

GLIMPSES AND GLEAMS FOR MISSION BANDS.

The Gadabas—a Hill Tribe.

Around and among the hills near Bobbili live the strange, little copper-colored people called the Gadabas. Their number is not large—probably there are not more than two thousand in all—but they are very interesting;

A Gadaba village with its thatched roofed mud houses might easily be supposed to be a poor Telugu village; a Gadaba man dresses just like any low caste Telugu man; but a Gadaba woman cannot be mistaken. She is very fond of beads and wears many strings of many sizes and colors about her neck and around her head.—The chief hair ornament is a string of white shells (cowries) encircling the head from this hangs a sort of bead fringe about two and a half inches deep, and reaching almost to the eye brows, The earrings are enormous. They

are made of several strands of brass wire, such as boys at home use for rabbit snares, and are coiled into rings about four inches in diameter. These immense rings are put thro a large hole in the top of the ears. On her wrist she wears an abundance of brass bangles, and of ten a few iron ones to keep the evil spirits away. On nearly all of her fingers and on her two second toes are rings, sometimes of silver, but usually of brass and copper. So much for ornaments.

Now let me tell you the story that some Gadaba women told us one day about their curious dress: A long long time ago when Rama, who is now worshiped as a god, lived in India, he was banished from his palace by a cruel step-mother. She also compelled him and his wife to wear cloths made from the fibre of certain jungle shrubs. One day some Gadaba women, dressed in pretty white cloths, while on their way for water, saw Sita, Rama's wife and made fun of her and her strange dress. Sita in anger turned and cursed them, telling them that henceforth they must dress as she did. They accepted their fate and once a year—in January—they gather twigs of shrubs growing on the hills, split these up, dry them, peel off the bark, pound it on a stone till only fibre remains, bit by bit between thumb and fingers twist this into a string long enough and then in their tiny looms they weave their two cloths—an upper and a lower. These cloths are each about a yard long and half a yard wide. They color part of the fibre, so that when they are finished they have borders of white, next are stripes of old blue and between these are four or five strips of brownish red separated by two or three white threads. Two are sufficient for a year. The upper cloth is tied by the upper corners on the left shoulder, and the lower one is tightly fastened a little below the waist.

The most surprising part of their toilet is a thick skin, firmly strapped together, of coarse black twine made also from some wooly fibre. This is worn *outside* the lower cloth as a sort of bustle. Sita wore one when she cursed them, they say, so they must. One woman said that it strenghtened the back.

They must need something to strenghtened them because we often see them coming into Bobbili carrying large quantities of firewood on their heads. They go out i to the jungle gather small branches, tie these together in long wedge-shaped bundles, bring them to market and take home the food for the family. The men spend most of their time in bird-catching hunting and tracking large game for the Rajah and other huntsmen.

The Gadabas are also remarkable for their curious wiered dances, which they perform during the chief Hindu festivals and at weddings among their own people. The women and men dance separately. The former lock their arms behind each other and form a semicircle. Then they begin singing gently with a droney sound and springing first forward then backwards they circle slowly about.

The men perform their dance with much more vim. They form a circle about their leader who plays a fife and then they begin hopping twice on one foot and then on the other, ever clapping their hands, bending, bowing turning and twisting, singing, shouting and shaking bangles as they too circle around. They grow more and more excited until they stop tired out. The women standing at one side help in the merriment with their songs, and keep time by clapping their hands.

These strange hill people are Hindus by religion and worship idols just as the Telugus do, and are even allowed to touch high caste people. A few living far up on the hills worship principally devils.

Their own language is made up of harsh and ugly sounds; but they do not write it, so they have no books. All speak Telugu quite freely. At one time Mrs Churchill opened a school to teach them Telugu and also about the Saviour of the world. They made rapid progress for a time, and then Mrs Churchill went home and some of their own people became afraid that the children might become Christians, so they stopped coming. They have forgotten the Telugu letters, but some of them still remember the story of Jesus Christ.

Boys and girls, what should we do for them? you are far away. And yet God can hear you speak and touch their hearts in the same second. Will you not ask that at least four Gadabos may turn from the worship of demons to serve the Lord Jesus Christ before another year has rolled away.

Maude M. E. Harrison