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# W. B. M. U. TIDINGS

Vol 2

Amherst, N. S., July, 1895.

No. 20.

## MOTTO FOR THE YEAR

"Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak for your work shall be rewarded."

## PRAYER TOPIC.

For Mr. and Mrs. Corey, that they may have physical health, and be enabled speedily to acquire the language.

For our Home Missions work and workers, that not one waste place may be in all these Provinces.

MISSION HOUSE PARLA KIMIDI. APRIL 15, 1895.

Dear Sisters in Christ;

My first message to you through the Tidings will be the text I have chosen for the year, "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee withersoever thou goest." I little thought when I chose this text that the Lord had planned for me to be here practically alone, still not alone, for he himself has been with me, his precious promises come to me as words spoken by himself to cheer and brighten each day.

I shall never forget the last lesson Miss Church gave us in the class room of the Training School, she said the lesson she wished the class to take with them as they separated was expressed in those two little words, "Jesus Only."

The picture of the disciples come to me as they lay there in fear and trembling, then the loving Master comes and speaks "Arise and be not afraid." When they opened their eyes they saw "Jesus Only," that is what we want to have our eyes fixed of Christ, then we shall fear nothing but have the faith to believe he will do all things.

I like Parla Kimidi very much in every way, when I arrived everything was at its best for the cool season is like June to us at home except that sometimes it is rather warmer. We are entirely surrounded by hills so that when the heat comes it is

very warm here, for the sun beats down upon us. Everything is drying up and thirsting for water now and will keep on doing so till the last of June, when the rainy season begins.

I shall not soon forget the welcome the Christians gave me when I arrived, an arch was arranged with the words "Welcome to the New Missionary" on it and although they could not speak to me nor I to them there is a language unspoken by words but expressed on the faces of those who have been redeemed. My Bible woman came in to call on me the day I arrived, and in broken English said "We have been praying for a long time that a missionary lady would come to us and now that God has answered our prayer I must thank him for sending you."

It is two months and a half since Mr. and Mrs. Higgins left the station, she has been very ill since then, and at one time those who watched over her thought that the summons "come up higher" had been given; but our prayers have been answered, the Dear Father has seen fit to spare her life and is slowly restoring her to health. She spent some time in a hospital in Madras and they are now at Aotacmund enjoying the cool air that gives life to Canadians in this hot country, I hope to welcome them home the last of June, and pray that Mrs. Higgins may come entirely restored.

I have a motto hanging on my wall, namely—All things work together for good to them that love God. I suppose that includes house-keeping in India with servants that do not understand any English. I shall not soon forget the first few weeks alone. My Telugu was limited, decidedly limited, and language by signs often fail, at least I found it so, when we gave up in despair I would send for the Bible woman and she would smooth things out wonderfully; now I am able to make them understand a few simple sentences.

Mr. Munchi assures me I am making wonderful progress in the language, I know that I am getting on a little better but it seems like slow work when I see the great needs for workers all around me and my tongue tied so I cannot speak a word.

This is a strange language and one does many strange things according to the Telugu idiom; for instance we see smell with our noses and see the feel all over our bodies, and when I say to my cook "can you do that work?" I have to reconstruct the sentence into "Will that work become by you, before translating it into Telugu.

I find construction of sentences the hardest part of the language, I am able to read and translate pretty well. Last Sunday for the first time I read a verse about with the christians the Sunday School lessons

and it would have done your heart good to see how much it pleased them. When they sing English tunes I am able to join in the singing and on Thursday at prayer meeting I managed to sing one piece to a Telugu tune.

Every evening my Bible woman and I have prayers together, at first we took turn about reading the Bible, She in Telugu and I in English ; Now we read verse about in Telugu Bible, and I am able to catch enough words to get an idea of what I am reading about.

She always prays in Telugu and I in English, but the Father can understand us both and we do have blessed little prayer meetings together. I go out quite often with the Bible woman, sometimes we visit Brahmid houses and see those women who are shut in and not allowed outside. One day I went to my munchie's house as long as he stayed in his wife stood and would not say a word, but when he went out she became quite interested in what the Bible woman said. I was the first white person she had ever seen, and so she sat and gazed at me while the Bible woman told the story of Christ and His wonderful love.

Next day Munchie said to me "There did not I tell you our women are stupid and know nothing it is no use to waste time on them. I have tried to get her to learn Telugu but she says "other women do not know how to read so why need I spend my time learning.

I asked him what they did with their time and he said, "Oh ! they spend it in gossiping and quarrelling." Those are some of the women to which I am sent as your representative. Will you not pray with me that they may be led to a higher aim in life, that they may find the Saviour who is able to change their hearts and lead them into a life worth living.

Will you go out street preaching this evening?— We started at half past four, and soon found ourselves winding in and out among little huts where people stay, they cannot in any sense of the word be called homes.

As we pass those little mud houses the Bible woman says "Come, Come, in Telugu to all we see, they do not need a second invitation for they are curious to get another look at me. We are among the lowest caste people those women are free to go anywhere, soon we come to a large open place, open our hymn books, and while the people are getting quiet sing in Telugu "Come to Jesus." I wish you could see the crowd gathered before us about forty women, some men and children, all sizes and ages about fifty in number, the dirtiest people I have yet seen. The Bible woman begins at once to tell the

story of Jesus and his love, all listen well except the children who make all the noise they can. Some of the women crowd up close and with their mouths wide open seem to drink in the words.

They ask many questions but do not seem to realize their lost condition, one woman said that God did not love her for if he did he would give her enough rice to eat. The Bible woman tried to show her that she had many things to be thankful for, health, strength, etc. also money to buy the jewels in her ears and nose, but she shook her head and said "He gives all the money to the Brahims." After speaking for about an hour we again sing, this time "Just as I am without one plea," and with a prayer in our hearts that the loving Father may use the words spoken to bring some into the kingdom, we return home.

Dear Sisters I cannot begin to describe to you the depths of sin that are to be found in this country, but we believe that Christ died for all.

They cannot understand what the word love means, they only know guilt and fear. Sometimes as I watch them going to the temple with a cocoanut to offer to their gods, I long to stop them and tell them of the one true God.

Believing that they are lost and knowing that Christ can save them. Oh! my sisters out of the fullness of your glad lives see if you cannot do something more than you are now doing.

Pray that the Lord of the harvest may send more laborers and that those who are surrounded by darkness may be so filled with the Holy Spirit that God may be able to use them for his glory. Wishing you every success in your work at home,

I remain

Yours Sincerely

One of the workers

M. Clark.