Pages From My Diary
in Brasil
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FROM MY DIARY
IN
BRASIL

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A Modern John the Baptist
"Bom dia, meu amigo!"—and as I looked up from my desk I saw before me a man whom I judged to be either of American or English descent.

"Good morning", said I. "Don't you speak English?"

"I speak a little English", said he, "but I feels more at home with Portuguese".

He was a man from the interior, and he had come to buy some books. I was struck by the earnestness of the man, and though I was very busy yet I asked him to sit down and tell me something of his work, and of how the Cause was prospering in the interior.

He told me his story, how that his father, an American sailor, had been shipwrecked some sixty years ago off the coast of Brasil, had married a Brazilian girl, and how that he himself had been brought up in the Catholic church—in those days Protestantism was almost unknown in Brasil—and how that in after years he had come in contact with American missionaries and been converted, and was now preaching.
the gospel to sinners. The story of his life as a boy and young man, of his conversion and call to the ministry, of his life among the poor people of the interior, of the customs of these people, their superstitions, their beliefs, etc., was extremely interesting, and I held him there for several hours and drank in the stories he told.

This is one of his stories: Some twenty years ago a Brazilian merchant went into the interior to buy rice and other produce. He traveled by train as far as that would take him, then he continued his journey by canoe for several days up one of the numerous rivers of Brazil. He established his trading post on the banks of the river near a small settlement, and remained there several months buying and selling. He was a Protestant, and on Sunday evenings he would call the people together and have religious services with them. For these services he used a little book of family worship which had been translated into Portuguese. Several of the families became interested in the gospel, and when the merchant left the place he gave the little book to these people and asked that they keep up the Sunday services, reading the lessons and prayers found in the book. Fortunately one member of the
colony could read, so he was chosen leader of the services.

For twenty years this work was kept going without a visit from a single native preacher or missionary. The little book had a form of baptism in it and they baptised their children according to the rules of the book. Their marriages were performed and thier dead buried in like manner.

Finally the outside world heard of their faith and their works, and the Presbyterian church, whose member it was who had left the little book, decided to send a preacher to them, and the man who was telling me the story was the man selected to go.

The people received word that a preacher was to be sent to them, so they prepared a great "festa" for him. They sent canoes down the river to meet and bring him to his destination.

On the evening of the second day of the return trip, as they were rounding a great bend in the river, many leagues yet from the settlement, the men in the canoes shot a number of large sky-rockets into the sky. This was a signal that the evangelist was really and truly on the way. And almost immediately the booming of guns were heard in the distance, and fires were lighted on the tops of the hills, and thus the
glad message was flashed to all the surrounding country.

On the morrow when the party landed they were met by all the people, and there was great rejoicing, for their prayers had been answered and the hopes of many years had at last been realized, and they were now to hear the truths of the gospel from the lips of a real evangelist.

The day was spent in rejoicing and thanksgiving, children were baptised, couples were married, a church was organized with one hundred and twenty members. On the second day the evangelist, together with almost the entire settlement, in a great number of canoes (dug-outs), visited a neighboring settlement some leagues further up the river, and the scenes that had transpired in the first were duplicated in the second. Another church was organized, other children were baptised, and other marriages were celebrated.

As this "John the Baptist of the Jungle" told his story his face literally beamed with joy. I have never seen a man whose features expressed the joy of his soul. Truly, thought, I, this is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord". And surely "the people who sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up".

I asked the man a thousand questions, for his enthusiasm had taken
hold of me, and I realized that I
had before me a real pioneer of the
cross. I asked him how the people
lived, what they ate, about their
schools, their laws, their modes of
transportation, etc. He said they
lived in mud huts covered with grass
they ate rice and beans and meats
from the jungle, they had no schools,
they were laws unto themselves, and
the only means of transportation
with which they were acquainted was
by canoe. I asked him if he was con-
tent to live under such conditions,
and if he was happy in the work. He
said: "Often as I lay upon my bed at
night in my hut beside the great
river, and I hear the waters as they
groan as they go murmuring on their way to the dis-
tant sea, and as I hear the noises
from the great jungle around me -
the call of the night-bird, the chitter
of the monkey, and sometimes the
growl of the leopard - my soul be-
comes fascinated with my surroundings,
and I thank God that He has called
me to be a light to those who sit in
darkness. I wouldn't change my place
for anything the city has to give."

He arose as he said this, got
his books, and with an affectionate
embrace he told me good-by and hurr-
ried on his way.

I watched him as he left the
Publishing House. He dodged across
the street between the rushing au-
tomobiles, in a half frightened way. He tried to stop an approaching street car, but not being in the proper place the motorman paid no attention to him. Then he went walking down the street with long strides toward the railway station, apparently anxious to get out of the busy city, and back to his people in the jungle. The "call of the wild" was pulling at him.

After he had gone I sat thinking. I had been impressed anew with the realness of the great hunger of the peoples of the world for gospel truths. I was again convinced that it is worth while to send the gospel to the waste places of the earth, for sometimes these places produce the richest gospel fruits. My conviction was confirmed that the printed page is worth all it costs, for it was the little book that had kept the fires burning during the twenty years that the people were waiting for the living tongue. That a business man can mix business and religion with good results, and that the real servant of God can find joy and contentment in any part of God's great vineyard.
Some time ago I was travelling in the interior of Brasil going to one of our district conferences to be held at Igarapava. The great slump in missionary funds which followed the five full years of the Centenary had left us without money for travel so I was riding second class. At one of the stations along the way my good friend, Sr. Matheus Gomes do Val, a rich coffee planter, got on the train, also bound for the conference. Seeing me he came into the second class car and rode with me.

Sr. Matheus said that the first missionaries in Brasil always rode second class car. The reason was not so much because of economy as it was of policy, because in those days about the only converts Protestantism had in Brasil were among the poorer classes, and they all travelled second class. Then he told me the following interesting story:

Rev. Edward Joiner, one of the first Methodist missionaries to Brasil, was a very large man, wore a long preacher's coat, and was a very conspicuous personage among the second class passengers when he travelled. On one occasion he was travelling on this same road, accom-
panied by Sr. Matheus, who was then just a boy. These two were seated about the middle of the car when the train stopped at a small country station called Batataes, which mean the palace of potatoes. Fullano de Tal, a person of Italian descent, and well known in those parts, boarded the train. Now Fullano had a sworn enemy by the name of Jeca Tatê, and as the fates would have it Jeca happened to be on the train and was seated on the back seat quietly smoking his corn-shuck cigarette. No sooner had Fullano entered the car than he saw Jeca, and no sooner did he see his enemy than he pulled out his savage dagger and advanced, at the same time uttering the most dreadful threats in his Italianized Portuguese. Jeca was just as quick as Fullano, and his tongue was just as ready, and for an arm he pulled a double barrel pistol about eighteen inches in length. Thus armed the two men advanced on each other like a noisom pestilence. The panic stricken passengers expected to see deadly work done in an instant, and in all probability their expectations would have been realized, but just before the two men joined in battle Joiner raised up and completely blocked the narrow aisle. Then the battle of words began in earnest. The Italian
with his ready tongue, the Brasillian not to be left in the rear, and in the midst of it all the big bulk of Joiner towering like a mountain above the storm, and with his half-English half-Portuguese trying to calm the troubled waters.

Sr. Matheus said that the scene was so ridiculously funny that he had laughed a thousand times about it. However at the time he did not laugh, for he was so nearly scared to death that he did not see the fun until afterward.

Bro. Joiner finally got the two men quieted down, preached a powerful sermon on the "love your enemy" text, conducted Fullano to a seat in the front of the car, and after quite a long talk with him returned to his seat.

There was no doubt but that Joiner had won a great victory, and it would have been perfectly legitimate for him to have enjoyed a feeling akin to that of old Elijah when he came down from Mount Carmel. He was the hero of the occasion. All eyes were turned upon him with interest and admiration. Even the sullen Fullano turned to take a good look at the stranger. But when he did he caught the eye of Jeca, who was maliciously laughing as he rolled a cigarette. This was too much for the hot-blooded Italian. He shook his fist at his enemy and yelled:

"
"Yes, if it had not been for the "ministro Protestant" I would have cut your gizzar out!" And Jeca replied with equal force:

"And if it had not been for the "ministro Protestant" I would have blown your head off!"

And thus the storm broke forth again. The two men again advanced toward the center of the car only to find the bulky form of Joiner like a Gibraltar standing in their way. The invectives thundered and the lightnings of their wrath flashed, but all in vain. They joined not in mortal combat because Joiner kept them from joining.

About this time the train rolled into the next station - the home of Fullano - and Joiner led him to the door and saw him safely off. And when the train pulled out the Italian shook his fist at his enemy and yelled:

"If it had not been for the "ministro Protestant"...!" but before he had time to finish the sentence Jeca Tatú stuck his head out of the window of the moving train and gave his parting shot:

"Yes, if it had not been for the "ministro Protestant"...!"
A few days ago while in the city of Rio de Janeiro I met two sailors who were shipwrecked upon the great sea of life. I had just started up the stairway to the Seamen's Mission, which is run by the Board of Missions of the M.E.Church South, with my friend Chas. A. Long in charge. As I entered the stairway I saw sitting at the head of the stairs two old-toper-looking tars, and as I passed them they looked up into my face and one of them took off his hat and greeted me with "happy new year", for it was new year's morning. They were clad in tattered garments, their faces were red and bloated, and their eyes sleepy and blood-shot. But so merry was the greeting that I stopped and said: "I thank you, my friend, but who are you?" "Who are we?" said the tar. "We be two sailors shipwrecked upon the great sea of life". "That is sad," said I. "But how came you shipwrecked?" "Oh, it's the same old story", said the older of the two men. "It was Christmas night when we blew into port here. We had been an a long, rough voyage. We had worked hard and were worn out and wanted a rest. We were paid off and given a leave of absence
from the boat for forty-eight hours. And...". "And... and that's all you know about it", said the other man. "That's not all I know about it", said the older man. I know that Mr. Long, of the Mission here, came to the police station this morning and got us out". "But how came you in the police station", said I. "Oh, the trouble was whiskey, I suppose", and as the old fellow spoke his features became dark and cloudy and his eyes told the story of his slavery to drink. "Drink", said he, "is just as natural with us - with sailors - as it is for us to eat our meals. We were born with the thirst for drink, and we can't help it. When we are on duty a drink braces us up, it steadies our nerves, it helps us to fight our battles with wind and wave, but, friend, we can't stand it on land. God pity the sailor that remains off his boat for more than twenty-four hours. He will founder, he will shipwreck, as sure as he's a sailor."

"And where are your homes?" said I to the men. "My home?" said one of them. "You ask a sailor where his home is?" "My home is on the boundless deep". It has been my home since childhood - for more than fifty years. But you mean to ask me where I was born, don't you, friend? Well, I was born in far-away Norway. I was born in a
little log cabin in the midst of a huge pine forest, and the moaning of the pines seemed to have instilled into me a love for the moaning of the sea, for the first time I ever saw the great ocean and heard the music of her breakers I knew and resolved that she was to be my home. I used to lay in my little bed at night and listen to the storm as it swept thro the tall pines around our cabin, and I would dream that I was on the ocean During the day I would climb to the top of a big pine and I would call it my ship and I would sail to foreign lands in it as it swayed too and fro. When I was twelve years of age I ran away from home and went to Hammerfest where I took my first boat..." "Where you took your first drink, you mean, don't you old pard", put in the other man. "No, Lief", said the older man, "I had just left my old mother, and she had taught me that it was wrong to drink".

"Lief", said I, speaking to the young man. "Is that your name?" "That's what they call me", said he. "That's the name of the great Norse explorer who claimed to have discovered North America more than three hundred years before Columbus was born", said I. "Yes", said the old fellow, "the Norwegians have always been a sea-faring race, and today they are the finest sailors to be
found on the deep. I, myself am a fine sailor. I know ever detail of the workings of a ship, from the small sailing vessel to the big levesian that plows the waves. And I know the sea, too. I know her moods and her pranks, and I know her peculiarities in every part of the globe. When I am sad and lonely I talk to her as I would talk to my mother, and she seems to understand my voice. At night she sings and rocks me to sleep and during the day I can work with pleasure to the rhythm of her waves, and the music of her voice. "But", said I, "if you are such a fine sailor why are you in the condition that you are, why are you in rags, why are you not in command of a goodly vessel?" "Oh, it's the same old story again", said he. "I told you I had to drink and the man who drinks whiskey cannot run a ship."

"Well, tell me", said I, "of some of your adventures. Fifty years upon the sea has likely brought to you many experiences that are worth relating. Tell me of shipwrecks you have had, of storms and of narrow escapes. "Oh, I could tell you a tale that would make your hair stand on end", said the old man and his face lighted up. "But friend, you look to me like a good kind of a chap and I want to tell you the God's truth, my throat is so dry that I can hardly talk. I
haven't got a shilling to my name, and I am simple doing for a drink, and as he spoke he looked up into my face while his frame shook with emotion and his rugged countenance became eloquent with silent pleadings. Apparently he tried to swallow his troubles, but they wouldn't go down. He said: "Friend, you are a young man - I am old. I have sailed life's seas for more than three score years. I don't know anything in books but I have rubbed up against this old world long enough to know some things by experience. And this is one thing I have experienced as well as observed - when a man is down it seems that every one else thinks it his duty to keep him down. Keep down the fellow that's down; is the slogan of the fellow that's up." "But", said I, "you judge the world too harshly. All people do not thus treat the fellow who is down. My friend Long, here, didn't kick you when he found you down in the lock-up this morning, did he?" "Oh, Long", said the old fellow - "he's a saint. He didn't even ask me what the trouble was, he just took me out, brought me up here and gave me a good breakfast and says he will keep me here until he finds me a boat." "In other words he is going to put you on your feet again", said I. "Yes," said the sailor. "Well, when you get
on your feet again," said I, "are you

gong to stay on them or are you going
to tumble down again at the first op-
portunity?" "I make no rash promises," said he, "Sometimes it's the staunch-
chest vessel that goes down while the skiff rides the waves, but more often
it is the skiff that is lost, and the world knows nothing of it, they don't
even know that it is lost. And as for me I am a frail bark upon the sea
of life! Sometimes I can withstand a hurricane gale, and sometimes a stiff
breeze takes me off of my feet".

"Have you ever thought", said I,
"of the time when your voyage upon the sea of life shall end and when you
shall enter your last port? You have been sailing for a long time now, and
surely you are nearing the end of the voyage". "Yes", said he, "I have been
a long time a-sailing, and I know I
am near the end, but I have been so
busy with my job on the boat that I
haven't thought much about anything
else. I thought more about it on my
last trip than I ever did before".
"You remember Jim, Lief," said he,
sepeaking to his companion. "Jim was
one of the finest fellows I have ever
known. We were boys together and we
have sailed on every sea yet discove-
ered. Jim saved my life once off the
cost of India. We were on the "Sea-
Bird" a three masted schooner, and
about two o'clock in the morning one
of those terrible typhoons struck us
on star-board side. Jim and I were ordered to the top of the middle mast to unloose a rope that had hung, and just as we reached the top a tremendous breaker swept the deck, caught the main-sail and carried the middle mast and its rigging overboard. I knew nothing more until next day when I opened my eyes and found myself in bed in a cabin beside the sea, with faithful Jim sitting by my side fanning me with his cap. He had kept my head above the water and held on to the mast pole, while the storm drove us ashore. "And what became of the ship," said I. "She went down I suppose," said the old sailor. "At any rate we never heard of her any more, and we have never seen any of her crew."

"But I was going to tell you about when Jim died," he continued. "Coming down from Spain just four weeks ago Jim got sick. He complained with his head and he felt mighty queer. I didn't think there was much wrong with him, but the second night he was sick he called me to his bunk and he told me to sit down, and said he wanted to talk with me. I sat down beside him and wiped the cold sweat from his brow with my hand. The look in his eyes troubled me, for I had never seen Jim look like that before. He reached his big bony hand out to me and laid it upon my shoulder and he said: 'Old Pard, we've been a-sail-
ing together for a long time now. We've stood together through thick and thin and you've been my brother and I've been your brother, but old pard, I feel like I'm going to leave you tonight. It seems that I can see land far to the south and I believe my journey is about to end. "I don't know what kind of a land it is I see, for it is so dim yet that I can't tell, but I believe it is a good land, and somehow, old chap, I feel happy tonight, for I believe I will be welcomed there."

Jim's hand fell from my shoulder, and he was gone. But that put me to thinking. I had seen men die before. I had helped to lower the bodies of scores of men into old ocean and I never thought anything about it, but when Jim died, when my life-long friend and companion went to that faraway land from whence no one ever returns it put me to thinking. I thought of the time when I shall follow Jim and I tried to think of the land to which I am going, but it was all so strange and hazy to me that I stopped thinking about it after a few days. But friend", said he, "I have long since come to this conclusion - I have decided that if there is a God, and if he is a God of love as people claim he is, then I don't believe he has got much against me.

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God knows I have never harmed one of his creatures..." "You have never harmed anyone but yourself, old pardon", interrupted his fellow. "And God knows", continued the old man, "that I have worked hard all my life, and God knows, too, that I am not afraid to die", and as he spoke his face lighted up at a rare beauty, "for," said he, "I believe I am going to a goodly land, and like Jim I believe I will be happy there".

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I took the old man by the hand and I said to him; "Brother, I have seen men whom the world calls good and wise whose faith was not as strong as that, and God grant that as thy faith may be it even so unto thee." "Pardon me for asking you", said the old man, "but it's new year's day, and I told you I was dying for a drink; won't you toss me the price of a drink?"

I'm a temperance man. I signed the pledge nearly forty years ago. Furthermore I'm a missionary. But what could I do? What could I do? It was a bright New Year's morn and these two old topers were sunning themselves at the entrance to the seamen's mission after having spent the night in a cold damp prison cell. They were shipwrecked and tossed ashore by the storms of life, and their throats were so dry
that they could hardly talk. Perhaps I did a great wrong, and if so may the good Lord have mercy on them and me. I tossed them the price of a drink.

"Blind Tigers" Flourish Where Prohibition Was Never Dreamed of
A company of soldiers had been sent to the interior of Brasil to put down a small uprising. After an engagement a young officer found himself in a field hospital by the side of an old soldier, both men being wounded. After their wounds began to heal and they were allowed to converse the two soldiers became intimate friends. The older man was a common soldier, but had had a very interesting life, and the young officer took great delight in hearing him relate his experiences. He was a Protestant, a fervent Christian, and he read his bible daily. He would sometimes give his bible to the younger man and ask him to read it aloud, and though the officer professed no religion and often laughed at that of the old soldier yet he read chapter after chapter to please his friend.

The wounds of the younger man healed rapidly and after some days he was able to leave his bed, but the old soldier, after apparently doing well for a while, had a turn for the worse, and it was soon evident that he could not live long. The officer showed him every attention, but he gradually grew worse. One night his condition was especially bad, and the
next morning he told the officer that he had had a very strange dream, and that it bothered him considerably. He said he dreamed that they had been ordered to advance against the enemy, and in the fight he was killed. Two soldiers carried him to the dark river Styx and rowed him across. But he said that when they reached the other shore the sentinels who were standing guard ordered him taken back, saying that he had not finished his work on the earth. He was brought back, and when placed on shore he woke. He was greatly troubled by the dream, and asked the officer if he could explain it, but the officer confessed that he could not interpret it, and said that in all probability it was "only a dream".

That night the old man again called for the officer, and the young man took a seat by the bed side of the old veteran. He could see that his old friend was nearing the borderland. He asked him if he had thought any more about his dream, and the old man turned his face toward him and said:

"Yes, and I believe that I have the interpretation thereof. I know that I have done very little in this world that would count for anything in heaven, and I am not surprised that I was turned back last night when I tried to enter. But I am old and broken now, and you know and I know that..."
there is nothing more that I can do. I will soon take off my uniform and stack my arm." And here the old soldier of many a hard-fought battle faltered, while the tears came to his eyes. "As a soldier I have tried to fight a good fight. I have been true to my country. I have kept the faith. They say that I have not finished my work, but I do not know anything more that I can do now, unless" — and here he took from under his pillow his little bible — "unless it be to leave this with you. It has been a shield and buckler to me for many years. It has been a very pleasant help in times of trouble, and may be that you will find a friend in it also. I don't know what else I can do, so I am going to give it to you and believe that my work is ended, for I am so tired, and there's nothing more that I can do".

Morning found the old man dead. After a few days the officer was back in service and the bible was laid away as a remembrance. And the years passed on.

One night a few faithful souls were gathered in the little Methodist church in the city of Uberaba singing hymns. A soldier entered. The insignia on his uniform showed that he was an officer. He heard the word of God read and expounded. His heart was touched and he was convert-
ed, and he told the preacher that he wanted to join the church. After some days of instruction by the pastor he was taken into the church. In a short while he became teacher of a Sunday school class, president of the Epworth League, member of the board of stewards, lay leader of the district, local preacher, and was recommended to annual conference for work as an itinerant Methodist preacher, and all this is less than six months.

It had taken ten years for the work of the dying soldier to produce fruit, but when it did it produced abundantly. The officer is a man of great influence in his community, is a natural born leader of men, a splendid orator, and filled with the holy ghost, and there is no doubt but that the old war-scarred veteran won his greatest victory on that last night when he put into the hands of the young officer his tattered bible, for the soldier-preacher eloquently confesses that it was the little bible that led him to Christ.
The Modern apple belongs to the genus Pyrus Malus, and is a direct descendant of the ancient crab apple, though it gives a man's tooth a more civil reception that does its forefather. It has been brought up from the screwy little crab until now it is a fruit of the most gorgeous colorings and beautiful proportions, and its delicious flavor is a joy forever.

Its juicy, luscious fruit is enjoyed by all, both young and old, big and little, but in the hands of the boy it finds its natural habitat. The fact is, boys are natural born apple eaters anyway. They can eat apples from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and it makes little difference whether they be ripe or green, soft or hard, big or little, just so they are apples.

And when a boy eats an apple, he eats it, core and all, and every apple he eats tastes like more, and the more he eats the more he wants, and the more he wants the more he gets, for every boy knows where apples grow, and he is quite sure they grow for him.

The boy is never so happy as when you find him with three big apples in his stomach, another in the act of joining them, and some
four of five more in his pockets awaiting their turn, for then it is that he feels himself a man, and when he lets his belt out a notch or two to make room for those that are to follow, he imagines he can feel himself growing. And he does grow, for boys and apples are the stuff, that men are made of.

And who ever heard of a boy peeling an apple? He thinks that the peel one is a needless waste of precious time as well as a shameful waste of the apple, and it is a crime that no boy is ever guilty of. He may be guilty of stealing apples but never of wasting them. He may eat more than his share, but of this no one has ever yet been able to convince him. And furthermore, to peel an apple is old-maidish, and it is also a sign that you are growing old and old age means weakness, and weakness is not to be found in the boy's vocabulary.

Any boy can eat a peck of green apples before breakfast and never show the slightest signs of colic, and he can bite a crab apple in two and not even bat his eyes. He can eat half a dozen apples, each one larger than his head, and yet his head will remain the biggest thing about him. And the flavor of the apple makes no difference to him. Sour or sweet, good or bad, an ap-
Pine-Apples
ple, and a boy's a boy, and apples were made for boys and boys are mostly made of apples.

Thus endeth the story of the apple.

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No, that's a mistake. The story of the apple does not end here. In Brasil we have hundreds of varieties of fruits. I have a good friend in the city of Rio de Janeiro who has a fruit garden where he himself has planted more than eighty varieties of fruit trees. He has fruit every day in the year. In his garden he has trees budding, blossoming, and as the Brasilians would say "giving" fruit all the time. He's a poet, and who couldn't write poetry in the midst of such a paradise of fruits!

There's the orange, the king of fruits, the real orange from Bahia, twice the size of the ordinary orange and four times as good. Then the bananas, a host of varieties. The large variety especially good for frying, the St. Thomas which is splendid for baking, the apple banana, the silver banana, the golden banana, etc. Each has its season and each has its special flavor. Then there are the "jaboticaba", the "caju", the (here please write the names of a number of Brasillian fruits) and to many palates the best of all, the "manga", which evidently came from paradise.
"Fruits of the Soil"
in all it's sweetness. For looks it is not much, resembling a pine knot more than a fruit, but what it lacks in beauty it makes up in goodness. 

At first it has a rusty green skin, with sticky drops of turpentine coming out, but after it has been stored away for some days the skin turns black and gets full of rotten spots. After it has thoroughly ripened, almost to the decaying point, you take the skin off and go to it. You find a very large seed inside - I mention the fact that the seed is found inside because there are fruits in Brasil that have the seed on the outside - which is almost as large as your fist, and it is covered with long fiber. Unlike the delicate little tangerine, it is not a fruit easily eaten. The best method is to undress and get into the bath-tub, for after you have finished you will need a bath. The inside of the fruit is very much like the raveled knot of a large rope that has been dipped into a barrel of thick molasses. But there is no other combination of sweets and flavors that has ever been concocted on this earth that can equal it.

There are a thousand fruits here in Brasil, but alack and alas, there are no apples, that is they do not grow here. They are shipped in from away up the Hood river somewhere
about Oregon, and when they get here we have to pay real money for them. So real, in fact, that we only buy once a year. Each member of the family arises early on Christmas morning to find a big red apple in their stocking.

I said in the beginning that the orange is the king of fruits, and so it is, but the apple is the Prime Minister, and those of us who know anything about the politics of Europe know that the Prime Minister always outshines the King.

We are longing for the time of our furlough when we can become a boy again and have companionship with the Prime Minister of fruits.
More Fruits of the Soil
There are Giants There
She was perfectly hysterical. The Revolution had been in progress for eighteen days. The Legalists had been driven from the city of São Paulo during the first few days and the Revolutionists had barricaded every street. The Federal government had sent heavy reinforcements from Rio and Minas, and they were making dreadful assaults upon the outposts of the Revolutionists in order to re-take the city. It seemed that the whole Federal army was now concentrating its forces on what are known as the Liberty and Mariama sections of the City. Five days and nights the battle had raged; the rifle, machine-gun and cannon fire was terrific.

The beautiful new Methodist Church on Liberty Street had been turned into a hospital and three Red Cross cars were kept busy bringing in the wounded. The mail truck of the Methodist Press had carried more than fifteen refugees from the danger zone to places of safety. Everything was in feverish activity around the Church and the Publishing House when a woman came dashing down the street and rushing up to the truck that was just starting out on an errand of mercy..." In the name of the Virgin Mary, save my family!" she cried.
Sherman Named it Right
The poor woman could not tell us the name of the street on which she lived, nor the number of her house, not even her own name. Amid her sobs she could only say, "The soldiers are coming, oh please save my family." Just then a man came rushing up and gave us the name of her street and the number of her home. We quickly helped her into the car and then we rushed up Liberty Street. Many shells had been bursting in that section, and two of the Red Cross cars were just ahead of us. With all speed the three cars were dashing along, when unexpectedly, and from a cross street, just in front of us, the firing began anew. The first car stopped suddenly and reversed its direction so that the other cars almost collided with it. Eight bullets had passed through the first car, but fortunately only one slight wound was received by one of its occupants. A bullet had struck the iron support of the top and was deflected so that it made a slight wound on the man's lip, whereas, had it not struck the iron first, it would have gone straight through his head. Immediately we all wheeled our cars around and sped down the street faster than we had gone up it. Taking the first cross street on the other side we were out of immediate danger. The two Red Cross cars returned to the Church while Jacob and I,
with the woman, worked our way around the danger point in order to get to the Marianna section where the woman's family was. We had no further adventure until we found our way impeded by a strongly fortified trench across the street in front of the Anglo-Brazilian School. This was the last trench of the Revolutionists, and it was in almost constant communication (by rifle-fire) with the Federal troops just around a bend in the street some hundred yards ahead. The soldiers would not allow us to proceed further with the truck and told us that it was very dangerous to go on. We explained that the poor family was right between the firing lines and in imminent danger of being killed. Finally they allowed us to go, provided that we would keep very close to the walls and would return immediately. We went crouching along until we came to a very high wall which the woman said enclosed her yard. Jacob and I decided that it would be safer to climb over the wall than to go around the corner to the gate. When we had perched ourselves upon said wall, however, bedlam broke loose. There were eight big dogs within the yard and they all seemed to be on the warpath. Jacob looked at me, and I looked at him. We were "between the devil and the deep blue sea". We had no idea of lowering ourselves on the inside and to
stay perched on a high wall between two firing squads was not at all to be desired. We had rescued more than a thousand souls since the fight began and we did not want to back down now. What should we do? We were in a position where halting between two opinions becomes very oppressive. Finally, we reached down, picked the little woman up by her arms and, at her request, let her down in the midst of the yelling pack. By that impelling force, which all women have, the dogs were quieted and we were allowed to descend in peace. We rushed into the house and found an old woman prostrated on a bed. Upon our appearance she revived a bit and we explained to her that haste was the watchword. The two women brought our four big dog baskets and began stuffing dogs into them. One little fellow had a blanket or a coat tied around him and a red ribbon on his neck. We chased him all over the place before he could be caught. Then we put him into the basket with another dog and they began a revolution of their very own. So fierce was it that they had to be separated and the younger woman gathered the baby dog up into her arms and said that they were ready to go.

"Ready," said I, "Where is the family?"

A bomb-shell bursted across the street and took off the roof of the neighbor's house, so neither of the
Shells do not always enter by the doorway.
women waited to answer my question. They scaled the wall and down the street they went. Jacob and I followed as quickly as possible after getting our dogs over the wall. Fortunately, we reached the trench and our truck in safety. We piled the dogs in and got the two trembling women seated. I took the wheel while Jacob went to the front to crank the machine.

Suddenly one of the women gave a dreadful scream and said: "Oh Polly, we forgot Polly!" and with that she swooned away in the arms of her companion.

I tried to comfort them saying that of course Miss Polly would get out, that perhaps she had gone around by the gate. They would not be comforted and said that Polly was in the kitchen and could not get out. "But, my lady, it is extremely dangerous to make that run again", said I. "Perhaps she will get out the back way or remain until the danger is past, then she will escape. She answered me with an indescribable look upon her face and, with her hands in an imploring attitude, said, "Oh please! Oh, p-l-e-a-s-e!"

Well, what can a mere man do when an imploring woman is before him? That impelling force was at work again. It had saved us from the yelping pack... perhaps it would protect us from the flying bullets.

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What could we do but volunteer to go and bring Miss Polly? I jumped out of the car and started to go, but Jacob said, "No, you have a wife and six children, let me go." Before I could protest, he was on his way skulking like a wild Indian after his pray. He did not heed when I said, "Come back Jacob, you are my mainstay in the shop and your young wife will be heart broken". He turned the curve in the road, and, as we heard no shot from the trenches, we felt sure that he had reached the house in safety.

While waiting for his return, I became interested in one of the machine-guns in the trench. It was much larger than any I had seen in the other trenches. The gunner had it trained up the street, and kept his eye on the sight and finger on the trigger in order to silence any of the enemy who dared to show themselves. He told me that all the morning the enemy had been running, one at a time, across that road and he was determined to stop them. There were fifty riflemen also in the trench and all of them were ready with their guns. Suddenly the big machine-gun let a stream of bullets fly! The poor women tremble with terror. The dogs let up a howl. Every man in the trench jumped to his place and gazed up the road. The machine gunner yell-
"Did you see him? Did you see him fall?" Sure enough there, in the distant bend of the road, was a form stretched upon the ground.

"Oh horrors!" said I, "You have killed my companion!"

"Your companion!" said the gunner, "Did he not come back with you?"

"Yes," said I, "He came back with me, but went again to bring a poor crippled woman who can't walk, and now you have killed them both." One of the women standing by me screamed, "Poor Polly", and swooned away again.

A look of horror covered the face of the man, for even a soldier, who is trained to kill, has a heart, while he had rejoiced at the thought of killing an enemy, he was horrified at the thought of having killed a non-combatant. I started to go to bring the man in, but the officer stopped me saying that I could surely be shot down by the enemy if I ventured that far. "But he is my friend," said I, "and perhaps he is only wounded, and perhaps the poor woman is only wounded also. I must try to save their lives." He positively forbade my passing his trench. Then he began to lecture the gunner who had fired the fatal shot. He said that it was the duty of a soldier to kill the enemy without mercy.
But that it was better to let ten guilty men escape than to murder one innocent man. My heart sank within me. This young man was one of the most faithful men I have ever know. He was my right-hand man at the Publishing House. He was cool, he was quiet, he never got excited, and as a rule he accomplished what he set out to do.

I turned away from the horrible scene and got into the truck. I was trying to think how best to break the news to his little wife at home. Suddenly I heard a scream behind me: "Revolution! Pretty Revolution!" I looked around like a frightened deer and what did I see? Who was that coming around the opposite corner but Jacob? He was triumphantly bringing a cage with a big green parrot in it.

Disgusted! Yes indeed, I was thoroughly disgusted. We had risked our very lives to save these women and their "family" of dogs, and they had sent this man back into the very jaws of death in order to save a squawking parrot. Apparently it could squawk only the hated words:

"Revolution! Revolution!"
If You are Ever Caught in a Revolution do not Hide Behind a Steel Post. It Will not Protect You
I was attending a Methodist district conference in the interior of Brasil when I saw the eternal conflict between fundamentalism and modernism presented from a different angle from anything I had seen before. It was not among the Methodists, however, for as a rule we are not bothered with such things on the mission field. Here the modernist soon finds that his modernism will not convert people and he wither gets converted himself or goes hom, while the fundamentalist finds that he must become "all things to all men", and he forgets his fundamentalism, or he goes home.

It was a beautiful Palm Sunday—and by the way, it was proven that there is no such thing as "Palm" Sunday, that being an invention of the modernists—and I was standing at the entrance to a great Catholic church waiting the multitudes enter with their palm branches. There is a common belief among the more ignorant classes here in Brasil that when a palm branch has been blessed by the priest and has had holy water sprinkled upon it, that it becomes a kind of protector, or we might say an insurance policy against fire, against
storm and pestilence, and it is especially useful as a protection against the fiery bolts of Jove; in other words a kind of lightening arrestor. The ignorant people take the sprinkled palm branch home and hang it on the wall beside their wooden saints — sometimes silver and gold — and then sleep the sleep of the righteous. In olden days the priests charged for blessing the palm branches. I do not know if they still charge or not, but it is a fact that they do not try to enlighten the superstitious people and try to take from their minds the idea of the supernatural power of the object.

Very few of the cultured people entering the church carried palm leaves, but almost all of the uncultured carried them. Some were platted in beautiful fashion, others were tied with gaudy ribbons, while others were decorated with a riotous color of flowers.

Standing at the door was a big Italian. His face was hard and cynical. If I am any judge of faces then you could put all the heart-felt religion that man had into the eye of a needle and then have room to spare. He looked at the people out of the corner of his eye as they entered. Occasionally his lip would curl in scorn. He held a bunch of olive branches in his hand — real olive — with
the small long leaf that is a rusty green on top and looks as though it had been sprinkled with flower underneath. It was not nearly so beautiful as the fresh green palm branches carried by the others, but he held it up admiringly. He had gathered a group of people around him and was telling them that his was the true olive branch, that it was a sin to carry anything that was not real olive, that in Italy the palm branch was never used, and he made a great discourse about modernism entering into the church.

About that time an old darkey came hobbling out of the church, and he stopped to see what the discussion was about. He had in his hand a large palm leaf. The Italian pointed to it and said:

"That's not worth the time and trouble it took to bring it here. All the priests in Brasil cannot sprinkle enough holy water on it to make it worth the carrying home".

The old darkey was amazed. He had innocently stopped to see why the people had gathered around the man and to thus have his sacred palm branch so ruthlessly denounced by this stranger was more than he could stand.

"This not worth anything!" he exclaimed, shaking his palm under the nose of the Italian. "It has the
blessing of Jesus Christ on it. See the drops of holy water still on it."

And sure enough it looked as though the dews of heaven had fallen upon it.

"If you think that this is no account I would like to know what you think of that bunch of weeds that you've got," continued the insulted darky. "I don't know what kinds of weeds they are you've got, but I know they are not palm branches like Jesus Christ carried. They look more like "life everlasting", but I can tell you they want bring you everlasting life."

And the old negro looked at all around him with a smile of triumph on his face.

"You fool", said the Italian, as he wiped the big drops of holy water off his nose which had lodged there when the darky had brandished his sprinkled palm, "You think Christo carried a palm leaf? That's some of the modernism whith which the church today is filled. Christo carried an olive branch. There are no palm trees in Palestine."

"I don't know what's in Palestine, and don't want to know," replied the negro, "but I know that his is palm Sunday, that Christo taught us to carry palm branches, and thank the Lord I am going to carry them as long as I have strenght to go to the woods and get them."
And as the old faithful hobbled away with his shining palm branch he turned and gave a parting thrust at the Italian:

"You talk about "modernismos". You are the one that is trying to distract our minds with these new-fangled ideas. Go back to your own country with your new ideas, for we don't want them. Where ever heard of worshiping the Lord with a handful of weeds!"

And thus the two theologians separated - but not from their ideas. And their ideas were just about as well defined and founded as are those of many another religious discussionist.

The old darkey was a fundamentalist in thought but a modernist in practice, while the Italian was fundamentalist in practice but a modern critic.
"Festa" day at a Catholic Church

Beggars Along the Way
In Brasil, as in all Catholic countries, one is impressed by the great number of shrines to be found along the public highways. Sometimes a shrine consists of a neat little building not more than five or six feet square, containing a crucifix, pictures of the saints, and a place for burning candles. More often it is nothing more than a simple wooden cross marking the spot that is supposed to be sacred. Perhaps the shrine was placed there because some poor soul who was struggling with a fearful malady made a sacred promise to God or to the Holy Virgin - the Mother of God - that if they were restored to health they would place the shrine there where the multitudes passing by could tip their hats, cross their hearts, and utter a prayer to God. Perhaps some one had been miraculously saved from an awful disaster, or perhaps had died in the disaster and their friends had erected a shrine on the spot. Perhaps someone had been murdered there, or more than likely a poor beggar, on his or her way to the city to receive the insignificant pitance which Catholicism teaches her faithful ones to give, had fallen down exhausted by the heat of a tropical sun, and had given up the ghost. Those who
found the body had buried it there, perhaps, had erected a simple cross, burned a few candles, and prayed to the saints to deliver the soul of the poor unfortunate from the pains of purgatory.

I was riding through the country in the great state of Minas on one occasion when we came upon a shrine by the side of the road in the midst of a dense jungle. The shrine consisted of a wooden cross about five feet in height, and was inclosed by a small wooden fence, and by the moss covering cross and fence it was evident that it had been there for many years. Six candles were burning, three on either side of the cross, and the cross was crudely decorated with palm leaves. It was Palm Sunday & some devout person had gone early and placed the candles there. I asked my companion, who had been born and raised in that part of the country, if he could tell me the history of the shrine, and this is what he told me:

Some forty years before, when the neighboring city was a mere village, not large enough to support a resident priest, it was the custom for a priest to visit the village each year on Palm Sunday in order to baptism the children, here the confessions of the faithful, and especially to bless the palm branches which the people carried to the church on that day. In the state of Minas,
as in nearly all parts of Brasil, the ignorant people are very superstitious, and they believe that a palm branch which has been blessed by the priest and has had holy water sprinkled upon it is a protection against plague and pestilence, fire and storm, and especially good against lightning. They hang it up on the walls of their cabin, and sleep in peace. In the olden days it was customary for the priest to receive a right goodly sum for the performance of these rites, so his visit one a year was very lucrative from the financial standpoint. On one occasion the priest had visited the village, and being a beautiful day the people poured in from all the surrounding country, and the priest did a flourishing business from early morn until late that evening. The poor people had paid well for the blessing of their palm leaves, and the wealthy coffee farmers had paid generously also. His pockest wer full of money.

In the late afternoon three men went to the priest and wanted to make their confessions. It is seldom men confess to the priest, but they sometimes do. As a rule the women are the more faithful to this requirement of the Catholic Church. The priest explained to them that
it was customary for those confessing to pay the officiating priest, and this they consented to do. They made their confession and the priest laid his hands upon their heads and told them that their sins were forgiven. Then they asked him if he could not absolve them from sins they might commit in the future. He frowned upon them and said that that was asking a good deal, but that he could arrange it provided they were willing to pay the price. They finally agreed on the price and the priest asked them to state what the indulgences were which they wished to practice. The men replied that they could not tell, for they were of such a nature that they did not care to tell even the priest. To this the priest frowned the more, and told them that the request was a very serious one. He had power to forgive them of sins already committed, and he had power to give them certain indulgences, but to give absolution for future and premeditated secret sins was a very severe trial on the patience of the Holy Spirit. Finally, however, after much discussion and parrying they fixed upon a price acceptable to the priest for so serious a function, they paid the money over, and again the priest put his hands upon their heads and released them from any
moral responsibility for the sins which they were planning to commit. And the three men went their way, and the priest turned to other customers.

It might be well to add here that it is a fact that the Catholic church gives unto its priests extraordinary powers. For stipulated sums they will pray lost souls out of purgatory, they will forgive sins committed and they will give license to commit future sins, relieving the sinner from all moral responsibility. I have seen "Indulgencias" signed by Catholic bishops, sold as they sell lottery tickets, giving the bearer license for a period of thirty days. It is a kind of printed diploma and does not state the exact nature of the license or indulgence, but it is generally understood that it is license to indulge in one's pet sins for a season without offending the Holy Spirit.

As stated above the three men went their way, and after finishing up his business the priest mounted his mule and went his way, which led to the neighboring town. He was anxious to visit as many churches as possible during the lenten season. It was night, and as he was riding along in the midst of this dark jungle three dark objects arose in
his pathway, he was beaten to death, and the money which he carried was taken from him.

He had sold his own life — if not his soul — for a stipulated sum, and had forgiven his murderers before the crime was committed.

The truthfulness of this story is vouched for by the man who told it to me, and he said that as a boy he had known the man who committed the crime.

The Tree of Tears
FIFTEEN DAYS A PROTESTANT

His nose was extra long and as red as a beet. He tipped his hat and made a profound bow as he passed by an a grinning smile played over his face as he passed the time of day. I had never seen him before and I wondered at his familiarity. Therefore, I called to my friend, a rich coffee planter who was standing near and asked who the strange man was.

"He is a friend of we Protestants," said the farmer. "In fact he was a Protestant himself once for fifteen days".

"For fifteen days!" said I, "Is that all that he could stand of it? He has the appearance of a backslider."

"Yes", replied my friend, "He is a natural born backslider. You see his wife is a Protestant and a very faithful soul", he continued. "She works and makes the living, while he drinks and gambles and celebrates all the saints days by getting on a spree. It is usually during the sprees that his religious nature shows itself; it is then that he goes to the Catholic Church, confesses to the priest, makes the sign of the cross over his heart, and does his penance."

"But why did he turn Protestant
for so short a time?" I asked.

"Well, as I said, his wife is a Protestant. On one occasion we were having special revival services in our church and our priest was doing the preaching. Perhaps more for the sake of his wife than from interest in the poor man, some of the brethren endeavor to interest this vagabond in the Gospel, with the result that he confessed conversion and became a very zealous Protestant. He washed up and got a shave and looked like a new man. He stopped drinking and the lottery lost one of its regular customers. Such a transformation came over the man that all the town marveled, and the local priest excommunicated him from the Catholic faith. The Protestants in the town were delighted with the transformation of their new convert and did not hesitate to make their joy known to their Catholic neighbors and friends.

"But truth crushed to earth shall rise again..." or rather, error raised from earth shall fall again. After fifteen days of most exemplary life as a Protestant our new convert got on a most tremendous drunk, went to the public square, protested energetically against Protestantism, and shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah for the Roman Catholic Church that lets a man drink corn whiskey and buy lottery tickets!"
"As I said he is a friend of the Protestants, he sends his children to the Protestant Sunday School, and is proud of the fact that his wife is a Protestant, but for certain reasons, known to all the people of his home town, he prefers to be a Roman Catholic himself."

Hair Cut "a-la-Garconne"
Dona Agrippina was very emphatic in her condemnation of the new fashion of hair-cut which is being rapidly adopted by the women of Brasil.

"Why do you object so strenuously to the new fashion?" I asked.

"I can tell you in a few words," was her lightning-like reply. "It is because I owe the salvation of my soul to my hair".

"And how do you explain that, Dona Agrippina?"

"Well, it was this way. My husband and I were Roman Catholics, and we were working on the farm of a priest. My husband was the overseer and my job was to look after the grist-mill down by the creek. The mill was run by a large over-shot water wheel which was connected with the mill-stone by large cog-wheels, made of wood, which revolved very slowly but surely. One day I was at the mill alone, grinding corn, when I noticed that the mill-stone was not properly adjusted, and I went down below to tighten it up a bit. I was driving in a wooden wedge when suddenly my plait of long hair came down and was caught between the slowly moving rollers and I was being pulled..."
into the great cog-wheels. My clothing caught in the cogs first, and with all my might I pulled against the moving wheels, but my strength was not sufficient to stop their movement, and soon I felt the great teeth of the monster eating into my side, while my head was being pulled into the great rollers. I was frantic with fear. In that horrible moment, my sins stood out before me like grinning ghosts. My past life rolled before me in quim procession, and I was obliged to confess that it had been a miserable failure. I was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, but I had no real spirituality. It was my custom to confess to the priest, but I continued in my sins. I had tried to buy my soul's salvation by going to mass and by confessions but, in the hour of death, I felt that they were not sufficient. I had always confessed to the priest and had prayed to the Holy Virgin, but in that terrible hour no priest was near and my prayers to the Virgin seemed all in vain. There I was face to face with my God and with no intermediary to plead for me. I was not confessing my sins to a drewsy priest in a quiet church. Quite the contrary. In that awful hour every sin that I had ever committed seemed to be before me in horrible shape pointing the finger of guilt and condemnation at me. All
that time the cruel cogs were grinding into my side and my head was being drawn nearer and nearer to the fatal rollers... Another turn of the great water-wheel and I would be scalped alive, my head rolled out like a pan-cake, and my body cut in twain. What horrors! I prayed to every saint that I knew; I called upon the mother of Jesus; I pleaded with "Nossa Senhora das Sete Dores" (Our Saint of the Seven Pains). All seemed to have abandoned me.

Finally, with a strength supreme, that sometimes comes in the hour of death, I pulled against the terrible monster that was eating me with cruel teeth, and behold the mill-stone above me ceased to grind and the cogs to crawl, while the water from the overflowing wheel spattered upon me. I held firmly, but each time that I endeavored to extricate myself the wheels seemed to tighten their grip, like a monster snake slowly swallowing its victim, each struggle of the victim only tends to make more secure the death-grip of the monster.

I called for help until I could call no longer. I pulled against the wheels until my strength was gone, Everything grew dark around me, and the last thing that I remember was the water splattering upon my face, and I seemed to be floating upon a stormy sea, now under the water, now
on the surface. Two hours later a little child was casually passing by the mill. She saw me hanging there and ran to the house to tell her father that a negro had been crushed to death at the mill. Several men rushed down and found me there perfectly black in the face and they said that my eyes stuck out like those of a frog when he is stepped upon. They cut the water off the wheel and, climbing upon it, turned it backwards. As the great wooden cogs opened their teeth I fell to the ground apparently lifeless. It was weeks before I was able to walk and, you may not believe it, Senhor, but I tell you that was the most terrible experience that I have ever had in my whole life.

"It would be difficult to imagine anything more terrible", I said. "You must have suffered eternities while you were being devoured alive".

"You said the truth then, Senhor", she replied quick as a flash.

"But, my lady", said I, "I fail to see in this remarkable experience any reason for your abhorrence for the new mode of short hair now in vogue. It seems to me that after your long hair got you into so much trouble you would have immediately cut it short and thus have been the very first one to start the new fashion!"
"Not I, Senhor! It was my hair that saved me... that is, it saved my soul."

"You speak in riddles", said I. "I fail to understand. Explain the matter to me".

And she explained, and explained with a clearness and a conviction that showed her to be master of the subject.

"While I was being slowly crushed to death", said she, "and while I seemed to have been abandoned by all saints to whom I had prayed since childhood, I made a promise directly to God. I promised Him that if He would deliver me, and would show me the right way to live, that I would loyally follow His leadings. Well, the first thing that I noticed, after I was taken home and had regained consciousness, was a Bible which my husband had bought years before from a missionary. He was not a Christian but had bought the book simply because the missionary had offered it to him. I became so angry that we had a terrible quarrel about it. The book had never been opened, and I had not destroyed it because I wanted it to remain there as a reminder to my husband of his foolish trade. As this book was the first thing that I noticed after the accident, I remembered my promise to God and, strange to say, was impressed that He wanted me to read it."
Fearfully I then opened it and began to read. Each day while convalescing I read that Bible. Soon I became enthused with the reading and soon the light came. I found that I had lived the life of a Pharisee; that I had put ceremony above service; that I had prayed to the saints and not to God; that I was nothing more than a whitened sepulchre. I got down upon my knees and confessed my sins to my Saviour and received His pardon for my transgressions. Then He filled my soul with a glory that is un-speakable.

Then the redeemed soul of that happy woman looked into my face while her eyes shown with that glory, not of this world, and her face was as brilliant as that of a saint, and the well swelling of her heart kept back further words for a time... After a while she told me of her decision to become a Protestant, of how her husband had plead with her not to make her profession until after he had renewed his contract with the priest for another year, but his plea was in vain. She told him that her newly-found religion was more to her than bread, and her convictions more than her job, so she joined the Methodist Church. To-day she is treasurer of the Missionary Society, Secretary of the Board of Stewards, and the most active member in her church.
It was long years ago that Dona Agrippina was "dragged to the foot of the Cross by her hair", as she says, and during the fleeting years much of her beautiful hair has disappeared, and that which remains has lost its luster. To-day it is slicked back and tied in a comical little knot on the back of her head, but she would not part with it for all the gold in the Holy Roman Catholic Church.
"PRAYED THROUGH"

I have just read an article in one of our advocates in which a preacher asks for information as to what "prayed through" means. He says:

"I notice that some of our preachers in reporting their meetings use the expression "prayed through". I regret to have to expose me ignorance, but I should like to know what they mean by that expression. Prayed through what?"

What does it mean, this simple expression, simple yet fraught with worlds of meaning?

It expresses the difference between failure and success, between perdition and salvation, between a soul that is lost and one that has found it's God. It covers the distance from the mouth of hell to the pearly gates.

I was a wicked sinner. One day I saw myself as I really was, and I was horrified. I felt a load upon my back like unto the load carried by Bunyan's Pilgrim. It seemed to be crushing the life out of me. I went to the mourners' bench, that glorious institution of ancient Methodism I prayed. I prayed earnestly. A good brother put his hand upon my head and said: "Pray, young man. Pray
until you come 'through'." And I prayed. It seemed that the load grew bigger and heavier. It was crushing me to the ground. I was covered with black sin, and I felt as a man might feel with a coal mine caved in upon him. I prayed some more. Finally it seemed that I could see a faint glimmer of hope before me. And with a mighty earnestness I asked the Lord to "save me e'er I perish", and while the congregation was singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name" I came "through", and redeemed sinner. I had "prayed through".

Or, to express it in other words, I was in the "slough of despond". I was miring to my grave. I was sinking to hell. I was a lost soul. Back of me was the black past. Under me was the mire of sin. Before me was the shining city. I began to pray. I prayed as I had never prayed before. In my anguish I called upon the name of the Lord. I struggled forward and upward, and it seemed that after a while I was literally lifted from a wretched grave. It seemed that I was pulled forward as with a mighty magnet until I had passed "through" the "slough", and I found my feet, upon solid ground. What had happened was, I had "prayed through".

Did you never as a boy crawl through a culvert under a railroad...
fill? And when you got half way through found that the rocks seemed to be closer together than at the beginning, and you got fastened and could neither go forward nor backward? Your playmates were at both ends of the culvert unging you forward, and their voices wounded like trouble waters, while your own was like a voice from the tomb? I was cold like into death under there, and there were frogs and lizards and perhaps other things more frightful around you. And when you had squeezed through and came out at last to the light of day and felt the warm sun upon your back, didn't you feel like you had come "through"? Well, that's the way you feel when you have "prayed through" a difficulty of any kind.

Get the habit, brother. It's worth while and it's biblical. Christ taught it when He said "pray without ceasing!" Paul practiced it when he was in the street that is called Straight. For three days and three nights he prayed: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do". His soul was troubled and his eyes were blind. But after three days of struggling in prayer, without meat or drink, the burden was roled from off his soul and the scales fell from his eyes. He had "prayed" "through".

The inquiring preacher asks: "Prayed through what"? Moses prayed...
water "through" a desert rock. The little company at the home of Mary, the mother of John, literally prayed Peter "through" prison doors. Paul and Silas "prayed through" a prison house. Jacob wrestled all night on the banks of the stream and finally "came thgouht". Jonah excited the people of Nineveh to such an extent with his ten second sermon - "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown" - that the king commanded that man and beast be covered with sack-cloth and ashes, and that neither man nor beast, herd nor flock should taste meat or drink, but should cry mightily unto God, and the din and confusion of lowing head and bleating flock, of praying men and crying children reached the ears of the Almighty and He repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them, and He did it so. In other words the Ninevites "prayed through" the evil which the Lord had pronounced against them. Abraham was a wonderful man, and a man of prayer, but I have always been sorry that he did not have more of the sticking quality on the occasion when he was pleading with the Lord for the salvation of Sodom. You remember how that when the Lord had told him that He was going to destroy the city that Abraham pleaded that it be spared, and the Lord promised to spare it if there could be found fifty right-
eous souls therein. With splendid courage Abraham continued his plea until he got the promise to spare the city if not more than ten righteous souls could be found. Then he abandoned the task, and on the morrow when he lifted up his eyes toward the cities of the plain he saw the smoke ascending to heaven as from a mighty furnace. He must have hung his head in deep sorrow. He had failed to "pray through". Who knows but that with just one more request he could have saved the great cities of the plain.

Let's get the habit, bretheren. It is prayer that can take us "through" the deep waters, "through" the valley and the shadow of death, "through" this vale of tears to the heavenly land.

"Praying through" - it's a term worth knowing. It's a habit worth knowing. It's a habit worth having.

It was Oliver Huckel who said:

And as I agonized in dust and shame, With tears and sighs in all the bitter prayer,
I felt, as 't were, an arm that stole around me,
And raised me to my feet.
And at the touch, hope blossomed in my heart,
And new-found strength in flood-tides
Thrilled and throbbed through soul and limb.
I looked to see... O tender, lordly Face!
It was Himself, - the Way, the Truth, the Light!
He saved me from my sins, and set my soul on high.
I have just returned from a trip up in the "North-West", where I have been riding the District with Bro. C. B. Dawsey, of South Carolina. Dawsey is the Ashury of the "North-West", and he is doing an Ashurian work. While there I took a day off and went fishing. I was born with a desire for fishing. I have caught many a "horny-head" with nothing more than a bent pin, a wiggly worm, and a sewing thread for a line. I have pulled mud-cats from muddy holes and I have sat upon the banks of the beautiful Catawba and fished for suckers. I have cast the fly into the crystal waters of "The Land of the Sky" and have hooked the speckled and the rainbow trout. I have fished in the great Amazon and pulled out its lazy tribe until I got tired of the pulling, and I have sat in a boat upon the peaceful and silvery waters of the La Plata in company with fair ladies and gallant knights, and in one we hour added a good sized "string" to our credit, but to tell the truth I had never really fished in all my life--didn't know what fishing was--until that day at the beautiful falls of A-va-nhan-da-va (a as in father).

Imagine yourself in the midst of the great jungle, miles and miles

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and miles from civilization. A great river pouring over a dozen great falls, roaring like a mighty tempest, smoking like an active volcano, the water seething and boiling and rushing like mad. Below the falls the water is full of real man-sized fish, the beautiful "dourado" - which means golden - the "pintado" - which means painted - and dozens of other marks. And they all seem dead-bent on getting over the great falls. They jump and they plunge, and it hoy often fall upon the rocks and flutter until they either get back into the water or until they die. In the sun. You see hundreds of them jumping, and the large ones can jump as much as six feet out of the water. At some places below the falls, in the eddies, all you have to do is to cast your unbaited hook and pull it through the water several times when you will book a fish in the side. But this is not sport, so you pull the first one out and cut it up for bate. You cut a piece as large as a good sized steak and put that on your hook - a real man-sized one - You have a wire for a line, and while you fasten it to the end of a long baboo you run the wire back to the big end of the pole, because your pole will not pull out one foot of these fish without breaking. Then you cast your hook into the seething waters, You cast it up at ream
as far as you can and let the water carry it down. Then you cast up stream again. You continue this operation. You are standing upon the rocks above the roaring torrent. You are amazed at the grandeur of it all. You contrast in your mind this place and mode of fishing with those to which you have been accustome. You are not sitting on the banks of a placid river. You are not floating on a glassy lake. You are not fishing in a gently swelling sea, but you are casting your hook into an inferno of energy and power, and the raging torrent grabs it and rushes away with it down stream. You find yourself standing there half dreamy like, automatically casting you hook up stream, when all of a sudden something happens. Your line goes rushing up stream seemingly of its own accord. You are amazed. Has the law of gravitation been reversed, or are your eyes deceiving you? Then there is a tremendous jerk. Your pole almost leaves your hands. Then your line swirls down stream like a flash, then a mightier jerk. You are almost unbalanced and you set yourself for a tug. Then a great fish plunges out of the water and into the air before you snapping his jaws in a savage fashion. He falls into the water and away he goes, and there is another jerk that smashes your pole. Great guns! What shall we do! Turn the thing loose and run for
our lives or shall we hold onto the wire and risk being pulled in? And is there no danger of the brute trying to mount our rocky rampart and griving battle face to face? What thrill went up our spine! It was like holding on to a live trolly wire. It reminded me of trying to hold the calf away from the old cow when I was a boy. I wrapped the wire around my hand and held on for dear life. An old negro who was my old companion - besides the fish I saw my predicament and came to my aid. We began to pull the fish in. We got him out of the water and he gave such a lunge that my hand was cut by the wire. But finally we landed him and drug him far up the bank away from the river. Here he flapped and he fluttered until he wore himself out. It was a full sized "âourado", the most beautiful fish to be found in the river. It was twice the size of the largest shad, and fat as you please. My, but I was proud I threw my hat into the air and gave a shout that must have frightened the jungle beasts. The old darkey looked at me in surprise. He said: "E's a primeira vez que o Senhor tem pescado?" No, said I, I was born fishing, but this is the first time I ever caught a sure enough fish. I asked him if he had ever seen such a fish before in all his life. He nearly had a fit
laughing and said that he had caught these fish ever since he was five years old. And I suppose he told the truth, for later when I passed his cabin I saw hundreds of them hanging up in the loft drying. I baited my hook and went back to the roaring tide, and before an hour had passed I had pulled out four, weighing in all more than sixty pounds.

We dressed one of the "dourados" and broiled him over the coals, and ate on him until far into the night. Then I greased my face and hands with a plenteous supply of mentholatum in order to keep the mosquitos from injecting their malaria into me, and we passed a peaceful night.

The next morning I arose early, wrapped one of the fish in many sheets of newspaper, took a beautiful picture of the sun rising over the smoking river, and started on my way to civilization and home. At four o'clock that afternoon I reached the railroad, and then after two days and two nights I reached home. I went to the garden and dug a good sized grave, laid the fish down beside the grave and then called in the neighbors, I am given to telling wild tales after my trips to the interior, and even though I be a missionary it is a sad fact that my tales are not always believed by those who hear them, so this time I was going to have no doubting Thomases. When
the neighbors had gathered around in solemn witness I unrapped the fish. It was well wrapped, for each day I had added more newspaper to the wrapping, for the weather was very warm and I had to wrap him well in self defense. As I unrolled the last fold I said to my audience: "This doubting generation demands a sign, and I declare that a sign shall be given," and as I said this the putrefied fish rolled into the grave. Each witness caught his nose - I mean their own noses - and exclaimed in unison: "Sakes alive, we will believe anything you tell us in the future, but do cover him up quick".

I will not tell of the many other wonderful things I saw in the jungle that day--those wonderful blue butterflies as large as your double hands with the fingers spread out, a monster snake crossing the path so long that I never did see both ends of him, of the orchards--whole arms full--the great yellow butterfly-king with an hundred orchads in a bunch, those lovely brown ones that make you think of autumn and gold, those marvelously peculiar ones with open mouth and golden tongue and swelling throat that reminds one of the beautiful hanging nest of the cible if it were made of satin and gold and canopied with velvet and silk.

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I will not take your attention from the fish tale, for in all probability you, too, have a weakness for the rod and the line. And if you have let me give you a little brotherly advice. If you really want to fish then do not wear your life away sitting on the banks of some lazy river that contains nothing more than mud and water, but come to Brasil, spend a day at the beautiful falls of A-venhan-da-va, cast your line in, get the thrill of your life, and then lay down and die.
Brasil is a wonderful place for the fisherman. Its long shoreline abounds in the choicest products of the sea, and its mighty rivers are alive with the finny tribe. You can find almost any kind and size and quality you might desire. In a day you can catch your weight in "dourados", which is one of the largest and finest of game fish. There is the "Baiaçu pinima" that swells up like a balloon when caught, the "tamoata" that leaves the rivers at times and takes to the fields or woods, also the "peixe boi" that eats grass like an ox, and the "peixe eléctrico" that carries a storage battery around with it.

Sometimes the missionary who has a weakness for the rod and the line finds time to steal away from his labors and indulge in the sport of fishing, however this is not often. His business is to fish for men, and in this he can indulge to the limit, and a right royal sport it is. Let me tell you of a little fishing trip I took recently. I had been riding the great "North-West" district for some weeks in company with that prince of fishermen, Rev. C. B. Dawsey, the founder and presiding elder of the
district. Dawson hails from South Carolina, stands six feet three in his socks, lives in the saddle, and Francis Asbury had nothing on him for real pioneer work. Well, one Sunday we went fishing—fishing for men. We saddled our horses and rode forth. We went miles and miles through virgin forest and I enjoyed it immensely. Finally we came to the coffee country, and we rode hours and hours through the great coffee fields. We met a man in the road whom I knew. He had sold books for us in times past as a colporter. He said he was going to visit a family near by, and begged us to stop also. He said they were not "believers"—that is they were not Protestants—but would enjoy a visit from us. We accompanied him and found a large hut made of sticks and mud in the midst of a large new coffee field. The family invited us in, and immediately served us the most delicious coffee in tiny little cups. It is the custom in Brasil to always have coffee ready for the chance visitor. We found the family composed of the father, a man of some sixty years with long flowing beards; his wife and seventeen children and quite a number of grandchildren. We immediately decided that whatever the name of the old gentlemen might be we would know him as father Abraham. We found them
to be Portuguese who had been living in Brasil for some twenty years. They were what are known in Brasil as colonists. They make a contract with a big land owner to go into the virgin forest, cut down the trees and burn them, and plant coffee trees. They are paid nothing for this work but they have the privilege of planting corn and rice between the rows of young coffee trees for a term of three years and they are privileged to gather the first crop of coffee. Then they deliver the coffee fields into the hands of the owner and move on to open up new lands. Sometimes they make splendid crops, but at best they find their lives full of hardships, and as all people in foreign lands they have the habit of looking back upon their native land as the ideal one.

Brother Dawsey, who never sees the congregating of human souls without thinking of the possibilities of catching fish, asked old Abraham if he would object to our singing some hymns and having prayer with the family. Of course the courteous old gentleman consented and the family was called together. The big room of the house was filled to overflowing. We sang a number of hymns and had prayer and then Dawsey asked me to say a few words to them. I hardly knew what to say, as I had prepared my speech on
lay activity especially for the members of the church. But as I looked upon their sad faces and remembered their hard lot and so far away from their native land I talked to them about our "patria". (Patria means one's country and is one of the most beautiful words in the Portuguese language). I called attention to the fact that we were all in a foreign land, the cilporter, their friend, from sunny Spain, the family from heroic Portugal, and Dawsey and I from North America. I stressed the fact that here in this world we have no abiding place, that we are pilgrims in a desert land, but that we were seeking a city not made by hands, eternal in the heavens. I told them a little story:

"Once upon a time there was a very rich woman who lived in a beautiful palace upon the hill. She was a good woman, member of the church, gave to the beggars who came to her door, but the things of this world occupied so much of her time that she had little lift in which to think and prepare for the world to come. She had an old gardner, Sr. Joaquim, who lived in a little hut back of the palace. He was a faithful old soul. He kept the lawn mowed, the flowers trimmed, and everything in perfect order. And in spite of the long hours of service Joaquim
found time to be pleasant, to visit the sick, and to do a thousand deeds of kindness where such deeds were needed. Finally old Joaquim died. And a few faithful friends followed his remains to the cemetery. Death also invaded the palace, and a great concourse of the great of the land carried flowers to the tomb of the rich woman. The woman's soul reached the pearly gates and St. Peter let her in. He put her in charge of several angels to be conducted to her home. They went sailing up the golden street and by the beautiful river of life. They saw palace after palace on the heights overlooking the river. One especially attracted her attention, there far in the distance. It was the most beautiful of all. She began to think. And this is what she thought: 'Who knows but that... You know down there on the earth my palace was the most beautiful. It was pointed out to every visitor as the most beautiful in all the land. I wonder if that is not reserved for... for...?' But she was almost afraid to hope. Finally her curiosity got the best of her and she asked one of her attendants whose palace it was, and the angel replied that it had been built for Sr. Joaquim, and that he had just moved in. The woman was amazed at first, but soon she recovered and a smile covered her face, and she said: 'Well that is so nice. And Joaquim deserves it
It all, for he was so faithful and good. I am sure he will be happy, and as soon as I am settled down I must pay him a visit.' They sailed on 'up the glassy stream. Ten thousand thousand palaces they could see reaching into the distance. Again the good lady began to think: "I wonder now! Joaquim has such a fine palace, and he deserved it. But you know I lived in a much finer home down there than did Joaquim. There was no comparison in our dwellings, If here in heaven Joaquim has such a fine palace as that we have just passed, what must be the splendor of... of...?" She was too overjoyed to think further. After while one of the angels who was leading the way opened a gate - one of the numerous gates along the golden street. It was a beautiful gate made of pearl and a beautiful pearly pathway led to a wonderful little cottage. The cottage was perfect in every way. It was beautiful to behold yet it wasn't a palace like that of Joaquim's. "And why are you going in here?" said the woman. The angels told her that was her home. "My hom!" said the lady. 'Why, down on the earth I had a great palace and Joaquim lived in my back yard. Here things seem to be reversed'.

If there can be sorrow in heaven I think that the angels were sorry then. They looked at her with all tenderness and the one who had opened
the gate spoke: "Good lady, we are sorry. You know that here in heaven there is no material with which to build the homes of those who come from earth. We can only build with the material sent to us by them. Sr. Joaquim sent us so much. Never a day passed that he did not send a generous supply. We were able to build a beautiful palace for him. But, good lady, you sent us so little. You always seemed to be so busy there that you had no time to think of us. We did the best we could with what you sent us. We hope you will be happy and not blame us. We did the best we could."

Then I pointed out to these poor people that they were poor wandering pilgrims here, living from hand to mouth, that it was possible for us to lay up riches in heaven, and that some day we would reach our true and beloved "patrician", and that there we could enjoy the best that heaven affords, according to the deeds done in the body. Though I have great difficulty with the language, yet the setting was just right, and by the grave of God my little talk touched the hearts of every member of the family. The mother—the one who really knew the hardships of this life—broke down and began to cry. Faithful old Abraham put his arms around her and spoke comforting words. Every
person in the house except one of the daughters-in-law crowded around me to give me an embrace and promise to be faithful pilgrims in this life in order to safely reach the heavenly "promised land". A glorious hour it was for the family and no less glorious for the faltering missionary fisherman. After more coffee and farewell embraces we mounted our horses and rode to a little church some three miles away. Our visit had been announced so the church was full and overflowing. After talking for half an hour or more on the work of the laymen I looked down the road and there came Abraham and all his tribe. Literally a road full. They came up to the church and room was made for the women while the men stood outside. Their faces were shining as though they had seen a new light. And to think, neither Dawsey nor I had thought to invite them to the church. After the services they came up and said they wanted to be baptised and become members of the church. Bro. Dawsey explained to them that it was our custom to give instructions to candidates before taking them into the church as they did not know our doctrines and customs as yet. They replied that they were brought up in the Catholic church, but that there
had never been a priest to visit and hold services in their home as we had done, and besides they wanted our kind of religion, and wanted to join our church. Bro. Dawsey promised to visit them and instruct them and then take them into the church if they so desired, so they returned to their home in peace.

Talk about the thrills of fishing — fishing for men! There's nothing that can equal it.
Bill - was a cop-puncher who hailed from Texas, but for several years he had been cattle buyer in the great state of Matto Grosso for one of the American packing houses in Brasil. It was his business to ride over this great empire of a state, buy up cattle and have them delivered to the shipping pens.

Bill was an expert judge of cattle, and he could cast his trained eye in a careless way over a herd of great or small - and instinctively judge the number of head, average weight and market value of same.

On one of his foraging excursions far back into the interior he ran up on a splendid herd of cattle being driven to market with a long lean citizen - apparently a mixture of Portuguese and Indian - in char. Upon inquiry he found that the cattle were not yet sold, so after quite a deal of palaver they came to terms and closed the deal. Bill gave an order on the playmaster at shipping station to pay the man so much per head for his cattle, then they embraced and parted, the driver and his men once more starting the dusty herd.
while Bill continued in search of other cattle.

The lean, lank citizen delivered to the pens the stipulated number of cattle and received the stipulated price. And after some days the cattle buyer returned from his round. When he entered the office of the paymaster the latter hailed him and said: "Well Bill, that was the sorriest lot of cattle you sent in from Mata Virgem that I have ever seen. What's the trouble, are your eyes failing in your old days?" Bill made no reply but went immediately to the pens. Being a child of the "Far-West" he knew the cattle business and the tricks of the trade, and it was shrewd guy who ever put one over on Bill. Was it possible that the hungry looking crossbreed had worked the trick? When he got to the pens he cast his eagle eye over the herd and a more miserable lot of steers he had not seen since the great drought some ten years back. They were half starved and lean, runted and tick-eaten, and altogether a sorry lot. The man had delivered the proper number, but they were not the cattle than Bill had bought.

He surmised what had been done, so he went over to the pens of a competitive packer and there was the splendid...
herd which he though he had bought. The man had driven his herd in and sold to the other men, and with the money he went hurrying around the country buying up scrub cattle and delivered them on Bill's written order. But what could be done. The order called for a certain number of cattle at a stipulated price. The order was filled and payment had been made. In a wild cattle country like Matto Grosso there was nothing to do but to forget it, or let the thing rankle in his breast, and perhaps breed trouble.

Bill went to the house as glum as a setting hen. For days he did not talk with any one. The fellows at the office thought that he had become insulted at the words of the paymaster. But they wondered at that for Bill was a good-hearted fellow and was not easily insulted by his friends. Little did they think what he was suffering. Bill was big and bold and experienced enough to know how to treat an insult - to resent it immediately, to hide his time, or to ignore it altogether - according to circumstances. An insult by word of mouth could mean little or much to Bill - according to his mood at the time - but to be so roudly beaten in a cattle trade, and that by a grinning half-breed. was more than he could stand.
He mounted his horse and after two days reached the ranch of his enemy. He found the half-breed and several of his cow-punchers taking their coffee. They invited him in and offered him coffee. He respectfully declined the offer and immediately broached the subject which was uppermost in his mind. The man laughed in his face, and reminded him that as their contract called for a stipulated number of cattle at a stipulated price he had no hick coming, but that if he was not satisfied with the deal he could make the most of it, and he drew a savage knife from his felt in a threatening way.

As already stated Bill knew when to act and when not to act on such occasions. He told the man in a cool but firm way that he was not satisfied with the deal, but that he felt the day would come when he would get satisfaction, and he turned and started to leave. The man called him back and shouted: "Agreed! give me your hand on that. The next time we meet we will settle the matter." And turning to his companions he added: "If I get him I will bring an ear back as proof that I am a man of my word, and if he gets me he can have one of my ears." So the two men gave a savage hand-shake and the cattle buyer rode away.

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Weeks passed, months, a year. Bill was peacefully riding through a great stretch of swampy jungle while his thoughts were far away away back in Texas, the good old days when he rode the ranch in Texas. And he almost wished that he might be there again. As he came to a bend in the road he suddenly came upon three men riding mules, and he recognized in the middle man his ancient enemy. They were facing one another before either had time to think. The half-breed slid off his mule with the agility of a snake and advanced on the Texan with his fearful knife, but he had not taken three steps before Bill had whipped out his revolver and sent a ball through him. Bill then dismounted and approaching the fallen man said: "I guess the account is settled now, but I must have the "lembranças" of good faith," so picking up the savage knife he cut off one of the ears of the man and held it before the eyes of his dying enemy he said: "See! here's the proof that I am a man of my word, and a token that the account is settled."

The two friends of the man had not remained to see the amputation of the ear. Only the dying man and Bill had witnessed that. But when his body was taken to his ranch the next day, and the cow-punchers saw that it was minus an ear, there was no
doubt in their minds as to who was the author of their chief's misfortune.

Bill returned to headquarters, and as he retraced his steps that back-home longing which he had experienced came to him in ever increasing volume. He hurriedly packed his grip, told his friends good-bye, and hit the trail.

Santos is one of the great seaports of Brasil. More emigrants enter at this port than in any other port of Brasil, and more coffee goes out. And the more coffee that goes out the more emigrants come in to help produce more coffee. Sometimes bolsheviks and anarchists come in among the emigrants, and the police are always on the lookout for such characters, and when caught they are immediately deported. Bill had made his way to Santos, hoping the catch a boat out to his native land, or any other land that might be far from Brasil, and he had arrived there just at the time the police were making one of their raids, and he was gathered in with a bunch of other foreigners. As he could not give a good account of himself he was marked for deportation and was placed on board and outgoing vessel.
What luck! He was as happy as a negro with a charmed rabbit foot tied about his neck.

The ship had finished taking on its coffee and was about ready to sail when the police boarded her and proceeded to research the baggage of the "undesirables". Bill's grip had been searched the day he was arrested, and had been turned back to him, so he had no hesitancy in opening it up before the police the second time. But alas! Upon the second search the police found a little match box that had a string tied around it. The box in itself did not attract the attention of the police, for it is customary for most men to carry match boxes around with them, but the fact that it was tied aroused their suspicion. Evidently it contained something of value. They opened the box and to their great surprise found that it contained a carefully preserved human ear.

Bill was taken ashore and to police headquarters in order to explain the reason for his carrying a human ear around in a match box, and to if he could what the ear and its owner had ceased to live together. And being a man of his word he told a faithful story of all that had happened. The police marveled, not so much at the story - because police become
accustomed to weird facts like these—but at the frankness of the man. They communicated with the authorities of Matto Grosso and some days later Bill was seen sitting in a second class car between two soldiers as his train pulled out for the state. The man who saw him was an old acquaintance who had not heard of his trouble, and he called out to him: "Where are you bound for, Bill?" And Bill replied in a very careless way: "I'm bound for Texas!"

The report goes that after travelling three days toward the great state of Matto Grosso the two soldiers look at one another through the smoke of their cigarettes and behold their ward had disappeared. The train was searched, but no signs of the prisoner. It is also stated that several days later the little match box, with its contents, that had been left on the table in the police court in Santos had disappeared.

There are a number of stories going the rounds as to what became of Bill and the match box and its gruesome contents, but to the friend who bid him good-by as his train pulled out there is no doubt, because he says he knows Bill, and he knows him to be a man of his word.
In the forests of Brasil, South America, there is a beautiful large tree that is almost white, and it looks as though someone had sprinkled meal over it. There is a legend told about, which runs as follows:

Once upon a time, in the far-ago-time, before the white man had discovered the Americas and while the Indians roamed the forests of the new world, there was an Indian living in what is now Brasil who was wiser than his fellows, in that he made a mill with which to grind corn into meal. His mill was located on a beautiful mountain stream, and he made such fine meal that his fame went out to all the Indian tribes far and near, and every day many Indians squaws came to his mill with great skins of corn upon their backs.

At first the old Indian miller was honest and took only his just toll for the grinding, but after a while he decided that as the poor squaws were ignorant and would probably never know the difference he might as well take double toll from all that he ground.

As there was no complaint from the Indian women because of his excessive
toll he was encouraged, and he decided that if double toll was good, triple toll would be better, so he began taking triple toll. This, however, caused a storm of protest on the part of the women whose meal he was stealing, but with smooth words he assured them that he was taking only his just toll. But the Indian squaws, even though they were very ignorant, could easily tell that the meal which they carried home was not nearly so heavy as the corn which they had carried to the mill, so they decided to watch the miller and find out for sure whether or not he was stealing their meal.

So one morning before daylight some ten or twelve of these squaws stole into the old mill and crawled up into the attic and hid in a large meal bin that was up there and awaited the coming of day. And with the coming of day came an Indian squaw from over the mountains with a skin of corn upon her back. She gave the corn to the miller and he told her to go to the house and talk to his wife while he ground the corn. She went to the house and he turned the water, on to his mill wheel and the great stone began to turn and to grind the corn, while the squaws up in the attic stuck their heads over the edge of the bin like so many ghosts, watch-
ing to see what they could see.

When the corn was all ground the miller took his measure and dipped out his toll from the meal, but rogue that he was he was not satisfied with one toll, he dipped out two tools, three tolls, four tolls, and putting one down beside the meal, so that the woman would think he had taken just the one, he took the other three up into the attic and poured them into the bin in which the squaws were hiding. But no sooner had he poured the meal into the bin that the squaws came rushing out all covered with meal looking for the world like white spooks and the old miller was so frightened that he took to his heels and ran for life, with the meal covered squaws hard after him. He ran through the mill, he ran past his house, he ran across the hill and far over into the big woods, and the squaws were so close upon him that he finally took to a large tree. So thoroughly frightened was he that he went up the tree like a bear, and he climbed and climbed until he got to the wee tip tip, when lo, the top broke out and he fell to the ground. But it is said the fall didn't hurt him, for when he got near the ground and saw the ghosts again he died of fright before he struck.

And the tree, it immediately turned white and looked as though some one had sprinkled meal over it, and it so
remains until this day to tell the story of the old Indian miller rogue, and it is called the Miller's Tree.
A MODERN "DADDY LONG-LEGS"

A class of children from a spiritualist orphanage was on a tour in the interior of the state of São Paulo, Brasil, giving entertainments for the purpose of raising funds for the orphanage. At one of the little towns where they stopped a young engineer was greatly impressed with one of the little girls. She was a very cute little girl with black curly hair and arn eyes, and the part she took in the program was rendered exceptionally well. So impressed was the engineer that he went to the neighboring town the next night to again see the performance. The itinerary of the class called for a performance at half a dozen little nearby towns, and the engineer attended them all, talking to the girl when opportunity afforded. And each time that he saw her his interest grew. She was a girl of fifteen years, he a man of twenty-five. She was placed in the orphanage as a foundling baby, and her origin was completely hidden in mystery, while he was member of the one of the old aristocratic families of Brasil. Her education had hardly begun, while he was a graduate engineer. But notwithstanding the difference in years and education,
and especially the social gulf which separated them they began to love each other with a sacred love.

The young man went to the orphangage and explained the those in charge that he was in love with the girl, and ask for her in marriage. After investigatin the character of the man they gave their consent. He arranged for the wedding, sent his brother and sister to bring the girl to the home of his parents, they were married, and immediately afterward he took her to one of our mission schools and made a contract for a four years course for her. He then kissed the little girl good-by and went back into the "North-West" where he was opening up new land to be sold for coffee farms.

This was almost four years ago. I knew nothing of the case until last Sunday - it was Easter Sunday. I was attending some meetins in the city where our mission school is located and was invited to take dinner at the college. It is one of our finest schools, in fact one of the very best schools in all Brasil. And one of our finest and oldest lady missionaries is in charge. After the evening meal was finished and the teachers and girls had all left the dining room the directress and I sat at our talbe conversing when a beautiful young lady student came in and

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asked if she might sit with us. She was introduced and took her seat at the table. I was telling of my recent trip to the "North-West", and I saw that she was extremely interested. Finally she said that she had had a letter from there telling of my work. She said her husband had written her of my visit to the little town where he was staying, of how he and several men from the hotel had gone out to the little Protestant church - not big enough to hold more than fifty people - how he had seen two dangerous criminals go up to the altar with tears streaming from their eyes, and how that he himself had promised to live closer to Christ in the future.

I was astonished to know that the young lady was married, for I had seen her there in the school as a student for several years. So I asked her who her husband was, and if they had just recently been married. Then the directress put her arms around the girl told me the whole story, and the faces of the two women lighted with the sacred glow of love, the one with that akin to mother-love and the other with that mysterious magnetic love which draws two hearts together and makes them beat as one.

I told them then of my impressions of the man - the hero of their hearts I had met him in a little way-side hotel. He was dressed in a kakakai suit,
and wore leather leggings, and by the ring on his fore-finger I knew that he was an engineer. (In Brasil each profession has ring set with certain stones, which indicates their profession, and it is worn on the fore-finger). We entered into conversation, and I was very favorably impressed with him. He knew something of our work, was a graduate of the government school located in the same city with our mission school, and it was thus that he became acquainted with our school and the directress. He is a man of common build, his eyes are penetrating but extremely sympathetic, his face is handsome and has a far-away-look which impresses one. Evidently it has developed during the long years of waiting. He is very deliberate in his speech and his every act. His hand-shake is slow but firm. All in all I was impressed with him as being an exceptional man. He never breathed a word to me about his romance, but now, since I am acquainted with the facts, I can see that it was on his mind, and he was glad of the opportunity of talking with someone who knew the school and surroundings where his wife and future companion was being educated.

The young wife hung on my every word with intense interest, and I was extremely sorry that I could not tell her more. Had I only know of the case
When I was with him I could have brought her a better story, but as it was I could only praise - or appraise - him as one would a race horse before he has seen him run. I promised her, however, to visit her husband within a few weeks when I hope to go again to the "North-West." Then I will be prepared to tell him things about his Juliet that will please his ear, and if I get to see her soon again I will have a better story of her Romeo.

She finishes her course within a few months, and in November she will be nineteen. On that date her prince is to come and rescue her from the castle of Giant Education, and their union of lives as of hearts will begin.

And may the foundling orphan and the pensive patient engineer live happily ever afterward.
A Methodist Conference is a very interesting institution. There are five of them - the Church Conference, the Quarterly Conference, the District Conference, and the General Conference. The Church Conference is usually a lazy affair, with only the pastor taking part, however on one or two occasions I have seen them come to life like a sleeping alligator that had been punched in the ribs. The Quarterly Conference is very inoffensive, having for attendants the pastor, one or two stewards, and sometimes the Sunday School superintendent. The Presiding Elder presides and asks a number of questions and jots down the figures given. The District Conference has a larger attendance, last from three to four days, and there the preachers - and any one else who desires - are given all the time they wish in which to make their reports, and discuss any question that might be in their minds. The Annual Conference is the great conference of Methodism, and should be voted first place among them all. It is there that all the preachers go once a year to give an
account of their stewardship, they meet their old friends, they discuss problems little and big, they eat fried chicken and they see the bishop. In fact the Annual Conference is the place where the bishop shines. He is monarch of all he surveys, and he rules with becoming dignity. It is here that the old war-horses gather and tell of the good old days, and weep upon one another's necks. It is here that there are more hearty amens in the pew, more with and wisdom on the floor, and more cracking good jokes in the lobby than can be found in any other institution in the world. And then on the last night when each preacher gets his appointment for the coming year, and they stand and sing that glorious old-hymn - "God be with you 'till we meet again" - there's no use trying to describe it, for there is nothing like it under the sun.

I had a friend in the years gone by who was a big business man. He was born in a Methodist parsonage. His father was a pioneer circuit rider who served the church for more than fifty years, one of his brothers was the editor of the official organ of the church, while another was the leading layman of his conference. This man was an active worker in his local church, was president of the board of trustees, a steward, and su-
Yet he had never been to an Annual Conference. On one occasion his business took him to an adjoining city, and after attending to his business he found that he had several hours before his train left, so he went strolling down the street. He came to a Methodist church and found that there was some kind of a meeting in progress. He stepped in and took a back seat, as much to pass the time away as anything else. He soon found that it was the Annual Conference in session. He became interested in the discussions, and after a while he moved up to about the middle of the church. He became still more interested and again moved toward the front, this time seating himself within the "limits" of the conference. The bishop noted his entrance, and as soon as the speaker who was occupying the floor had seated himself the bishop asked that someone present be the new delegate. Everybody looked at him, but no one made a move. Then the bishop asked him if he was not a delegate to the conference, to which he replied that he was not. The bishop then told him that it was against the rules for anyone who was not a member to enter within the "limits" of the Conference, and they should have to ask him to retire. Now the good brother had never heard
that an annual conference has "limits" other than that of the whole territory which it occupies, and as he did not know of any sin that he had committed for which he was to be banished from the state in which he was born, he protested. He said that he was not a member of the conference, was only a visitor, but that the thought that as he had been a Methodist all his life he had a right to attend the meeting. Then it was explained to him that the first dozen benches were reserved for the members of the conference, and that the visitors could occupy any of the other seats desired. Notwithstanding this little incident the brother was so carried away with the Conference that he resolved never again to miss an Annual Conference.

The General Conference meets every four years, and of course is of great interest and importance. But it is the conference of the select few. Not half the preachers of Methodism ever have an opportunity of seeing this. It is here that the bishops are humble like unto lambs, for in the ranks of the conference there are giants, both clerical and lay. I once had the honor of being a member of this august body, though I am no giant, and for three weeks I enjoyed it to the limit. It's a high-powered machine and moves
in rapid procession, and fortunate is the man who succeeds in getting the floor for his little four minutes, and more fortunate indeed if he is able to hold the attention of the Conference until the four minutes have passed. Everybody goes to General Conference with a panacea for the ills of the church, but as a rule they never get a chance to present them. One long haired brother, from Georgia got his chance, however, in the conference I attended, and was explaining that what the preachers needed was more common-horse-sense, when some smart guy interrupted and asked him to explain what he meant by the term common-horse-sense. As quick as a flash the old brother replied that horse-sense was that which the jack-ass hasn't got. It took some minutes before the speaker could be heard again. The smart guy has not been heard from yet.

At General Conference one has to be on his p's and q's, for that representative body is there for business and not for flowery show. Many an ambitious preacher has gone there with high hopes of taking the Conference by might of eloquence, only to find his bubble bursted before he has a chance to present it. I was lucky- or unlucky - enough to be put down for a brief four minutes, and thus my fancy soared: "Noble fathers and brethren. Brasil is so big that
you could put the United States in it
and then some. It is the coffee pot
of the world. And not only is the
coffee pot of the world, most noble
fathers and brathermen, but it is also
the melting pot of the world. The
races of earth are pouring into its
gates. From every continent on the
globe, from every fonded island of
the sea they come... they come!"And
just about the time I got the pot to
damp good the chairman called me
down - time's up. I turned around
and with an injured look upon my face
I tried to impress the presiding of-

ci
er with the fact that I had not
yet reached my point - that I hadn't
even got started on the subject. But
he fiendly rapped the table and called
for the other speaker. Did you
never stand by the pot of soap your
mother was making with a bucket of
cold water ready to keep the soap from
boiling over? Well, that's what hap-
pens at General Conference. They never
let a fellow boil over, and perhaps
it is wise they do not.

But this story is to tell of a
little District Conference in the
interior of Brasil, and of the del-
egate from behind the mountains. It
was the desire of the presiding eld-
er that the work of the conference
be practical, that they discuss me-

thods of church work that would be

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of real value to the attending preachers and delegates. A number of preachers were down for thesis to be read before the conference. One brother when called upon said that he had not written his thesis, as he was opposed to the preacher reading his sermon, so he proceeded to give it orally. The subject was, "How to raise the Superannuate Fund". He spoke a solid hour on the glorious call to the ministry, and never once touched on his subject. The presiding elder finally said to him: "But brother, you are not on the subject. We want to know how to raise money for the Superannuates." The orator replied: "Mr. President, I haven't got to the subject yet, but I am coming." And in the place of coming he wandered still further from the subject for a half hour more. Then a young preacher was called up, and he came forth with a 22 page manuscript. His subject was "How to Bring Young People to Christ". He made a splendid discourse on: "Ye are the Light of the World", but like the former never once touched the real heart of his subject. After this the elder called for discussion of the thesis. And of course everyone joined in the debate - that is everyone but my friend the delegate from behind the mountain. He sat there. I had first met him that day at the home of the pastor. At the
dinner table the pastor had asked him to say grace. "Da graça" in Portuguese means "Say grace". "Sua graça" means "What is your name?" The delegate had confused the "dá" for "sua", and thinking that the pastor had asked him his name he replied: "Manoel de Tal, your servant. I was brought up in Portugal behind the mountains have been in Brasil five years, and am always at your orders." Sr. Manoel was apparently the only one who had not taken part in the discussion of the thesis, and as the presiding elder asked if there were others who desired to say a word, Manoel arose. Being a delegate for the first time to a District Conference he evidently thought that it was obligatory for each delegate to make a speech. He was unfortunate in his speech, for he stuttered considerably, and perhaps this had kept him from taking the floor earlier. After standing there awhile and looking from one to another, he finally started: "Mr. P-p-p-president! I understand per-per-perfectly the subject, but I can't ta-ta-talk. I have lots of i-i-ideas in my head but I ca-ca-can't express them". And he sat down. After the meeting I went and congratulated him on his speech, and I told him that I much preferred to find a man who understood his subject, and who had had ideas in his head, even though
he could not express them, than to find a man who could talk by the hour with no ideas to express. Who know but that many a district conference would be of more use if it had more delegates like Manoel de Tal. However a District Conference is worth attending, or any other conference of Methodism.
PUPPY LOVE

There is often seen, on the streets of the city of São Paulo, a black vehicle drawn by two small mules. It is a kind of cage on wheels, and on the front seat sit two men—one the driver and the other a soldier with polished buttons on his uniform and a carabine in his hands. On the back seat, perched on two little extended seats, are two men who carry leather cords or ropes, in their hands. This is the dog catching outfit of that great Brazilian city, and it is an institution despised by the thousands of children there, especially by those who have pet dogs in the home, for its only reason for existence is to catch all dogs that happen to be running loose on the streets. I had often wondered why it is that a soldier always accompanied the outfit, for he never seems to do anything. The two hard faced men sitting on the back seat are the dog catchers, and they use their little leather ropes with which to lasso the dogs, and it appeared to me that the soldier was an unnecessary addition to the crew. One day, however, I saw the reason for his existence. The dog-catchers had lassoed a beautiful dog right in
front of it's home, and the chil-
dren of the home became very much
excited and crowded around the cage
trying to release their pet. Not
only the children, but the chil-
dren parents as well as the neighbors,
took the matter up, and the dog-
catchers would surely have been
roughly handled by the crowd, had
it not been for the armed represent-
itive of peace and order.

On one occasion the dog-catchers
were going through a poor section of
the city when they saw some little
children playing in the street, they
also saw a beautiful little fluffy
dog with a bow-knot of blue ribbon
tied around its neck. The children
failed to see the approach of the
hated car, and continued their play
until suddenly a piercing yelp came
from the rear, and looking back they
saw one of the cruel dog-catchers
holding "Fluffy" suspended by one
foot that had been caught by the
lasso. Fluffy was yelling for dear
life, and was trying to reach up and
bit his enemy but, each time he would
try to bend up and get the fellow's
hand, the man would angrily shake
him down and hit him on the ground
with awful force. The children all
screamed and little Julietta, to
whom the dog belonged, rushed up
and caught Fluffy in her arms. The
dog was so frightened and angry that
he gave her a savage bite on the hand, thinking, most likely, that he was biting his persecutor. But the child held her beloved doggie to her bosom while the man pulled on the rope until it seemed that poor little Fluffy's leg would be severed from his body. Finally the other man came to the rescue, caught the little girl's arms, opened them and realized the dog. It was quickly thrown into the cage with a lot of savage dogs, and the wagon drove off, leaving the little girl crying as though her heart would break.

The child's mother came and took her into the house and bound up her hand which was bleeding considerably. In fact the blood had stained the snow white coat of little Fluffy, and also the blue ribbon about his neck, and the child's dress was covered with blood. On first appearance it seemed that she had been badly hurt, but the wound proved to be light, after it was bound up and a clean dress was put on the little girl, she soon forgot the wound but her heart was heavy with sorrow because of the fate of her pet.

When a dog is captured it is kept for three days, and may be recovered if the owner goes to the dog-house far out in one of the suburbs of the city and pays a fine.
of twenty mil réis. If he is not redeemed within three days he is put to death. Poor Juliette had no way of redeeming her pet; her father was dead, her mother was a poor washer-woman, and they were very poor, so the poor child cried and cried and cried.

In the late afternoon, when the dog-catching outfit had finished it's work and was on it's way to the dog house, to deposit the day's catch, it was passing through rua Quinze de Novembro, in the center of the city, when it got in a traffic jam and had to stop for a few minutes. It stopped in front of a shoe-shine parlor. Now there were in the parlor two little boot-blacks who were neighbors to the little girl. They saw the little white dog in the cage and, though they knew nothing about the capture of Fluffy they immediately thought they recognized in the pet of their little friend, and they asked the two men sitting on the back seat whose dog it was. One of the hard-faced men replied that it belong to a little "Diabinho" over in "Bixiga". Now "diabinho" is a very ugly word, for it means nothing less than little devil, and the two boot-blacks were furious with the man for having called their little friend such an
ugly name, so they called the man ugly names in return. The man kicked one of the boys, and this only made matters worse, and it was almost necessary to call the black soldier from his seat in order to keep the peace right in the heart of the city. Fortunately the traffic again began to move, and the dog-catchers went on their way.

As I have said, the two boot-blacks were neighbors of the little girl. Pedrinho lived in an adjoining house, while Francisco - Tico for short - lived only a few doors up the street. The two boys had been friends for a long time, but lately there had appeared a bad feeling between them. In the shoe-shine stand, where they worked, each boy was paid a certain per cent of the money he took in. Tico, being a little older than Pedrinho, had been promoted to the first chair at the entrance, and this always secured the largest custom, and while Pedrinho occupied the second chair. Tico was always bragging about his superiority, and about the better salary he drew. This annoyed Pedrinho considerably, but the sorest spot of all was caused by the fact that Tico had apparently substituted Pedrinho in the affections of Julieta. For a long time Pedrinho and
little Julieta had been fast friends but since Tico's raise in salary he had formed the habit of buying candy as he went to his home at night, and as Julieta was almost always playing in the street at his hour he would divide with her, and thus he won her affections. And he never failed to brag of his victory to the other boys in the shop, in the presence of Pedrinho.

After the passing of the dog-wagon, the two boys were sad the rest of the evening. They went to their homes after the day's work and there is no doubt but that they each dreamed of little Fluffy there in the dog-house waiting to be rescued or put to death. However it might have been about their dreams, the next morning, the two boys went to their work earlier than was their custom, and during the day they applied themselves to their work as they had never done before. Each one had saved up a little pittance, and each one had resolved to strain every nerve in order to try to save the pet of his little girl friend. Of course neither one told the other what he was thinking or what he wanted to accomplish, but before the end of the day not only they but every other boy in the shop knew that a real contest was on. It would be the merest luck if either of the boys could make...
enough in the three days to rescue the dog, but they worked with great faith and hope, and it wasn't so much the dog they were working for as it was to retain or attain the affections of the owner of the dog.

At the end of the first day, the two boot-blacks had just about broken even, though neither one knew how much the other had to begin with. So they went home satisfied with the day's work. On the morrow, they were again the first at the shop. In fact they arrived before the shop was opened and had to wait to get in. As they were standing in front of the shop, a newsdealer passed by and, seeing them, stopped. He said that he wanted a boy to sell newspapers on the corner and he offered the job to Tico. He told him that he would be able to make much more selling papers than he could as a boot-black, so Tico gladly accepted the job. Pedrinho asked if he did not need two boys, but the newsdealer said no, and giving Tico an arm full of papers went his way.

It is needless to say that Tico was in his glory. He had a strong voice and he yelled his wares like a professional. He would hop the street cars as they passed along, and his eyes were as alert as those of an eagle searching for its prey.
As Tico’s chair had to be occupied the line of “shines” moved up, and Pedrinho took the first chair from the street. He worked diligently and as rapidly as he could, but he soon saw that he had no chance against his rival, for to him it seemed that every one who passed the street wanted a newspaper, but very few wanted a shine. And every time that Tico would make a sale he would cast his eyes at Pedrinho and let out a haughty laugh. On one occasion after several sales in quick succession, Tico had passed by Pedrinho, who was shining a customer’s shoes, and held a hand full of coins under his nose. This was too much for the half dishonored boy and he slapped the hand of Tico and sent the coins scattering in the busy street. Tico struck him and angry blow when Pedrinho raised up and swiped his brush of polish full across the face of the newsboy. And there is no doubt but that there would have been a real fight between the two youthful lovers had not a passing policeman caught Tico by the ear and led him to the street. The day ended and the two boys went to their homes; Pedrinho very sad but Tico unusually elated, because he calculated that, if he could take in as much on the morrow as he had this day, the prize would
be his.

On the morning of the third day, the two boys were again the first at their posts. Again Pedrinho found the shop closed, and he had to wait for the man with the key, while Tico had his arm full of papers and had already made a number of sales. After a while the shop was opened and, as it had rained the night before and the streets were muddy, customers began to come for shines in great numbers. Tico worked as he had never worked before. It soon began to rain again, and this cut down the sales of Tico while it assured the boot-black that he would have a busy day. After some hours Tico began to have a woe-begone look on his face, while that of Pedrinho brightened up. Pedrinho worked his level best while Tico cried his journals, but as muddy shoes take longer to shine than ordinary ones, Pedrinho soon saw that, unless special luck came to him, he could not hope to complete his twenty mil réis, and because of the small number of people on the streets Tico almost lost hope also. However neither boy let up on the job.

About three o'clock that afternoon it stopped raining and the sun came out, and with the coming of the sun came the people also. The boot-blacks had all they could do but they could serve only a certain number of customers in a given time, and by
calculating a little Pedrinho saw that there was no hope for him while in all probability his rival would be able to secure the required amount and he almost wished that he might die. For three days he had done his best, but it seemed that the fates were against him, while haughty Tico enjoyed not only the favors of the girls but also of the gods. The other boys saw that their companion was in the dumps and were truly sorry for him, but not one offered to help swell his pile with a personal gift.

It was almost seven o'clock, the time for closing the shine-shop. Tico was still rushing about the streets crying his journals. Was it possible that he too would not be able to secure the amount? Pedrinho had attended a little suburban Sunday school and had there learned that one should love one's enemy and never wish harm to anyone but, in spite of this, he almost wished from the depths of his heart that Tico, too, should fail in the adventure.

Pedrinho was thinking such thoughts as these when he looked up from his work and saw Tico hand his paper to another news-boy while he ran into a store across the street. Pedrinho did not know what it meant but a little while Tico came out and running over to the shine shop he waved a brand new twenty mil Réis bill at Pedrinho, and then with a
lock of triumph upon his face he rushed across the street to catch a street car that was going to the suburb where the dog-house was located. Pedrinho's heart sank within him. Tico caught the car but in doing so had run against a woman and knocked her purse on the ground. The purse had fallen open and its contents were scattered right and left. Pedrinho saw this and instantly he was on the spot gathering up the contents and giving them to the woman. The boy was poor but had been well trained by his mother. The woman was so delighted with the little boot-black that she took him by the hand and asked him his name, and when she turned him loose Pedrinho found a crisp ten mil réis bill in his hand. He looked at the bill and then at the woman, who was already getting out of the street and on the sidewalk. Then he followed and held the bill out to her. She explained that it was for him because of his kindness, and then went on her way.

Pedrinho stood there a while and then began to smile. He had counted his money just a few minutes before and found that he had even sixteen mil réis. With this ten he now had \( \frac{1}{2} \) twenty-six, or six more than the necessary amount. But Tico was already on his way, and would certainly reach the dog-house first. What could he do? He had enough and six mil réis
more but all to no purpose, for his rival would certainly get the dog before he could get there. Then an idea came to him. He had six mil réis extra, and that is enough for a taxie with one mil réis over. He rushed into the shop, put on his hat and coat and asked one of the other boys to take his stand. He went into a nearby candy shop and soon came out with a package of chocolate in his hand. He then tried to wave down a taxie, but the chauffeurs paid no attention to him. He waved at another but was nearly run down and the angry driver cursed him as he passed, for getting in the street. Finally he ran down to where a number of taxies were standing showed a five mil réis bill into a chauffeurs' hand, and they went racing to the Braz where the dog-house is.

On the morrow, as Tico started to his work he saw little Julietta in the window of her home, and by her side was Fluffy, white and clean and he had a nice new blue ribbon about his neck. He also saw that Julietta was eating some chocolate candy. As he passed in front of the house, she turned her head and appeared not to see him. He went on to
the city and there he saw Pedrinho sittin on the curb-stone in front of the shine shop. Pedrinho had a triumphant smile upon his face and he, too, was eating chocolate candy.

Furturmore — and this caused him more chagrin than anything else — Tico saw that on the lapel of his coat was pinned a bow-knot of blue ribbon. As Tico passed, Pedrinho turned his head and appeared not to see him.

Tico didn't yell his journals on this day with the same zeal as before and something seemed to be weighing upon his mind. There is no doubt but that he would have given his new twenty mil réis bill to have found out how the trick was worked, but his prond and haughty nature would never allow him to show that he cared to know.