FISHING FOR MEN IN BRAZIL

AND

OTHER STORIES
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Unmarred by the Hand of Man
FISHING for MEN IN BRAZIL

and

OTHER STORIES

By

John Wesley Clay

WHO SPENT

THIRTEEN YEARS IN THAT COUNTRY
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I Was Born With a Desire for Fishing
Brazil is a paradise for the fisherman. It's long shore-line abounds with the choicest products of the sea, and it's mighty rivers and lagoons are alive with the finny tribe. You can find almost any kind and size and quality of fish you might desire. In a day you can catch your weight in "dourados", which are one of the finest and largest of game fish. There is also the "baiacu pinima" that swells up like a balloon when caught, the "tamoata" that leaves the rivers at times and takes to the fields and woods in order to get around a difficult water-fall, also the "peixe boi" that eats grass like an ox, and the "peixe electrico" that carries a storage battery around with it.

Sometimes the missionary who has a weakness for the rod and line finds time to steal away from his labors and indulge in the sport of fishing. This was my pleasure in February of last year while up in the interior of Brazil.

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 suckers from the beautiful Catawba. I have cast the fly into the crystal waters of the "Land of the Sky" and have hooked the speckled and rainbow trout. I have fished in the lordly Hudson, the great Mississippi, and have pulled the lazy inhabitants from the mighty Amazon until I got tired of the pulling. I have sat in a boat upon the silvery waters of the La Plata in company with fair ladies and gallant knights, just as the sun was dying in the north-west--just when time and tide and luck was right--but to tell the truth I had never really fished in all my life--did not know what fishing was--until that day in February at the beautiful falls of A-va-nhan-da-va (a as in father).

Imagine yourself in the midst of the great
A Fisherman's Paradise
jungle, miles 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 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 eight feet out of the water. At certain 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 hook a fish in the side. But this is not sport, so you pull the first one out and cut it up for bait. 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 you fasten this to a long bamboo pole, running the wire back to the big end of the pole. You may break your pole in landing some of these fish, so better to be safe than sorry.

You select a spot on the great granite boulder overhanging the stream and cast your hook into the seething waters. You cast it up stream 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 accustomed. 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 down stream.

You find yourself standing there half bewildered, half dreaming, automatically casting your
A Beautiful "Dourado"
hook up stream, when all of a sudden something happens. Your line goes rushing up stream seemingly of it's 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 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 back 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 on to the wire and risk being pulled in? And is there no danger of the brute trying to mount our rocky rampart and giving battle face to face? What thrills went up our spine! It was like holding on to a live trolley wire. It reminded me of trying to hold the calf away from the old cow when I was a boy while mother milked. I wrapped the wire around my hand and held on for dear life. An old negro, who was my only companion besides the fish—saw my predicament and came to my aid. We began to pull him in. We got him out of the water and he gave such a lunge that my hand was cut by the wire. Finally we landed the fish and drug him far up the bank away from the river. Here he flapped and fluttered until he wore himself out. It was a full sized "dourado", the most beautiful fish to be found in the stream. It was twice the size of a large shad and as 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 astonishment. He said: "E a primeira vez que o senhor tem pescado?" "No," said I, "I was born fishing, but this is the first real honest-to-goodness fish that I ever caught."

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 of age. And I suppose he
told the truth, for later when I passed his cabin
I saw hundreds of them hanging up in the loft dry-
ing. I baited my hook and went back to the roar-
ing tide, and before an hour had passed I had pull-
ed out four, weighing in all more than sixty pounds.

We dressed one of the "dourados" and broiled
it over the coals, and ate it for our supper, and
a finer mess of fish I have never enjoyed. Then I
geased my face and hands with a plenteous supply
of "vapo-rub" in order to keep the mosquitos from
injecting their malaria into me, and we passed a
peaceful night upon the rocks, while beautiful A-
vanhandava sang us to sleep with her jungle songs.

The next morning I arose early, wrapped one of
the fish in many sheets of newspaper, took a beau-
tiful 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
railway station, and then after two days and nights
I reached home. I went to the garden and dug a
grave. I 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 unwrapped the fish. It was well wrapped,
for each day I had added more paper to the wrapping,
for the weather was sweltering hot and I had to wrap
him well in self defense. As I unrolled the last
fold I said to my audience:

"This generation demands a sign, and I declare
that a sign shall be given it," and as I said this
the putrefied fish rolled into the grave.

Each witness caught their noses--I mean their own
noses--and declared they would believe anything I
might tell them in the future if I would only cover
the fish up quickly.

I will not tell of the many wonderful things
I saw in the jungle that day--the birds of gorgeous
plumage, those wonderful blue butterflies as large
The Old Negro Said These Were not Large Fish.
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 it, of the orchids—whole arms full—the great yellow butterfly kind with an hundred orchids in a bunch, those lovely brown ones with open mouths and golden tongues and swelling throats that remind one of the beautiful hanging nest of the oriole if it were made of satin and gold and canopied with velvet and silk.

I will not take your attention from the fish tale, for in all probability you, too, have a weakness for the rod and 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 stream that contains nothing more than mud and water, but go to Brazil, spend the day at the beautiful falls of A-va-nhan-da-va, cast your line in, get the thrill of your life, then you will have tales to tell that will be worthy of handing down to your grandchildren.
FISHING FOR MEN IN BRAZIL

Ever since the Prince of the House of David walked by the sea of Galilee and said unto Simon Peter and Andrew, his brother: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men," men have indulged in this royal sport. And just as the enthusiasts of the rod and line have gone to the four corners of the earth in search of the best fishing grounds, so have the royal fishermen ever been alert and ready for any adventure that might bring success to their efforts. In fact, they have gone to every nook and corner of the globe in order to ply their trade, and a right royal sport it is. Let me tell you of a little fishing trip it was my pleasure to take in the interior of Brazil.

I had been riding the great "North-West" district for some weeks in company with that prince of fishermen, Rev. Cyrus B. Dawsey, the founder of the work there. Dawsey 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. One Sunday we went fishing—fishing for men. We saddled our mounts and rode forth. Bro. Dawsey had a splendid saddle horse, but as the natives prefer mules that is what had been provided for me. I never did think that a mule was made to be ridden upon. And I am convinced he was not made to be led. I rode my mule as long as I could and then got off and tried to lead him. I found it just as hard to lead him as to ride. I had great difficulty in keeping him in the little foot path over which we rode. You can pull a mule's head to one side or the other, but that does not necessarily change his course. Mark Twain was not far from wrong when he said that in order to change the course of a mule it was best to get off and lift him around.

My little mule seemed to have telescope eyes. He could see an object in the road blocks away, and
The Saddle Horses of Brazil are Mostly Mules
when he would see anything unusual he promptly
parked himself and there remained. No amount of
coaxing or beating could persuade him to move. I
suppose that if I had had the strength I could have
pulled the mule's head off without causing his set
feet to take another step forward. I soon learned
that the best way in which to get a Brazilian "burro"
past an object in the road was to remove the
object, be it a white rock weighing a ton, or a
boa constrictor swinging down from an overhanging
limb.

I nearly lost all the religion I ever had on
that beautiful Sabbath morning. As I said in the
beginning, Bro. Dawsey is at home in the saddle.
He has ridden his district for ten years. I had
sit upon a cushioned seat in my office for the
same length of time. Dawsey could ride in a rough
trot for hours at a time and sing gospel hymns as
he jogged along. When my mule would occasionally
strike a trot it seemed that every bone in my body
would fall apart. I enjoyed, however, the virgin
forest through which we were passing and tried to
forget my troubles with the mule.

Finally we came to the coffee country, and rode
for hours through the great coffee fields. We met
a man whom I knew, as he had at one time sold books
for me 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" but would enjoy
a visit from us. We accompanied him and after a
while saw far down in the field from the road a
little grass-covered hut, and sitting in front of
the hut was an aged man, with long flowing beard,
enjoying his smoke. Instantly there flashed be-
fore my mind a picture of the long, long ago when
two strangers were travelling in a far country and
came upon a human habitation and saw an old gentle-
man sitting in front of his tent in the cool of the
day. The strangers approached, the old patriarch
bowed his face to the earth in welcome, bade them
enter, brought a bowl of water and washed their
tired feet, fed them, gave them a bed for the night,
and on the morrow when they were about to leave
Father Abraham and His Tribe
found that he had entertained angels. I said to Bro. Dawsey that though we were not angels the two scenes bore marked similarity, and that I was going to know the old gentleman by the name of Father Abraham. As we approached Father Abraham arose, bowed to us as only a Latin knows how, bade us welcome, and gave us a little bench upon which to sit. It was an humble home—oh! ever so humble. The house was a one room cabin with a little "lean-to", made of sticks and mud covered with long grass. There was no floor other than mother earth. No furniture other than a small rough table and the little bench, with some blocks of wood used as chairs. There were no beds in the house. We had not been there more than two or three minutes before Mother Abraham served us with the finest hot coffee, in tiny little cups. It is a custom in Brazil to always keep coffee hot and ready to serve the chance visitor who may drop in, and it is real coffee they serve, too. Once having sipped the ruby nectar as it is brewed in its native heath one never more wants the "stuff" we call coffee in America.

Besides Father and Mother Abraham there were at least seventeen children in and around the cabin, together with a number of grandchildren. We found them to be Portuguese who had been living in Brazil for twenty years or more, where they are known as colonists. They make a contract with a big land owner to go into the jungle, cut down the trees (often the finest rosewood) and burn them, and plant coffee trees. They are paid nothing for this work but have the privilege of planting corn and beans and rice between the rows of young coffee trees for a term of three or more years, and they are privileged to gather the first crop of coffee. Then they turn the coffee fields over to the owner and move on to open up new lands. Sometimes they make good crops, for the soil is immensely fertile, but at best they find their lives full of hardships, and as seems to be the habit of almost all persons who find themselves in foreign lands they idealize the land of their birth, and Father and Mother Abraham were lavish in their praises of little Portugal.
Rev. C. B. Dawsey, a Pioneer Missionary
while they descried the "miseria" of the land of their adoption.

Brother Dawsey, who never sees the gathering together of human souls without thinking of the possibilities of catching fish, asked Father Abraham if he would object to our singing some hymns and having prayer with the family. Of course the courteous old gentleman consented and called the family together. The little cabin was filled almost to over-flowing. We sang a number of hymns and had prayer, and then Bro. Dawsey asked me to say a few words to the family. In English I protested with him, saying that I did not know what to say to those poor ignorant people—people who had spent their lives in the jungle and who knew absolutely nothing of our religion—what could I say to them? He said: "Tell them a story if nothing more." And I told them a story.

"Once upon a time there was a very rich woman who lived in a 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 left 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—
very far in the distance. It was the most beauti-
ful 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 beauti-
ful in the city. It was pointed out to every vi-
sitor as the most beautiful in all the land. I
wonder if that is not reserved... for...?' But
she was almost afraid to hope. Finally her curi-
osity got the best of her and she asked one of her
attendants whose palace it was, and the angel re-
plied that it had been built for Sr. Joaquim. The
woman was amazed at first, but soon recovered and
a smile covering her face she said: 'Well, that is
so nice. And Joaquim deserves 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 continued up the golden street. Again
the good lady began to think: 'I wonder now!
Joaquim has such a fine palace, and he deserves
it. But you know I lived in a much finer home
down there than did Joaquim. There was no compa-

dison in our homes. If here in heaven Joaquim
has such a fine palace as that which we have just
passed what must be the splendor of... of...?'
She was too overjoyed to think further.

"After a while the angel 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 per-
fekt in every way. It was beautiful to behold,
yet it was not a palace like that of Joaquim's.
'And why are you going in here,' said the woman.
The angels told her that this was her home. 'My
home,' said the lady. 'Why! down on 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 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
A Typical Home of the Poor

Wiley T Clay & Natives
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 us 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 the material which you sent to us."

The family had listened to my story with wide open mouths--so to speak--but it seemed so foreign to their lives and experiences that they did not get the benefit of it. What could they know about heaven? What did they know about Peter and the angels and the golden streets?

I looked at Father Abraham, bent with the weight of years. A vague emptiness in his look. The light of expression had long since left his face. His job was to arise each morning with the rising of the sun, muster his brood and lead them to the coffee fields, there to toil under a tropical sun until the going down thereof, in order to provide the favorite drink for the world. I thought of the "Man with the Hoe." In fact, I saw him before me. I was looking into his face.

"Bowed by the weight of centuries . . .
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world."

People such as he provide the coffee for the world--provide your morning drink, dear reader.

"Who made him dead to rapture and despair?
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes?
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox.
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?"

By his side was Mother Abraham. The lines of suffering and sorrow were written deep into her face. I thought of the suffering that had been hers. Sev-
enteen children born, and I do not suppose a doc-
tor had ever been within ten miles of their habi-
tation. I thought of the sickness, the suffering,
and the sorrow that had been theirs--of the tears
that had been shed--and as I gazed about me my
heart began to swell with anguish until it seemed
that it would burst. I could not help but feel
that I was responsible, in part at least, for
their condition--responsible for their suffering--
and I felt like falling down upon my face before
them and begging their pardon--I who had known the
gospel all my life and had been so long in bringing
it to them. And now would they be able to under-
stand it?

"What gulfs between them and the seraphim!
Slaves of the wheel of labor, what to them
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

Thru these dread shapes the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru these dread shapes humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy."

After the storm in my bosom came a sweet calm,
and it seemed that I heard a still small voice whis-
pering to me: "Tell them a story--the 'old, old
story'; that's the best story to tell." And I told
them the "old, old story."

"Once upon a time in a far-away land there was
born a little baby boy. His parents were so poor
that they did not have clothes with which to clothe
him, so that they wrapped him in rags. He grew
up through childhood, working with his father until
finally he became a man, and oh! such a good man
he was. He went about doing good, healing the sick,
restoring sight to the blind, making the lame to
walk. He wiped the tears from the eyes of suffering
humanity. Then one day he went away, but before he went he called his friends to him and told them of his going. He told them that in his Father's house were many mansions, and that he was going to prepare a place for them, and he said that if he went away he would come again and take them unto himself.

I explained to the family where Jesus had gone—he had gone to heaven which is "nossa patria celestial," and that he was there preparing habitations not only for the friends he had in Galilee but also for every good person who was living in the earth, and that some day, if we were good, we would go to "nossa patria" and live with Jesus, where there would be no more sorrow nor crying, no more coffee fields to work, no more tropical sun to blister our backs.

And as I told the "old, old story" there far away in the jungles of Brazil, it seemed to me that the heavens opened and I saw "nossa patria" descending from heaven with pearly gates ajar, resting upon her twelve foundations which were garnished with all manner of precious stones, with jaspar, with sapphire, and with emerald and amethyst. In the midst of the city I saw a great avenue of pure gold leading off into the distance as far as the eye could reach, and in the midst of the street of it I saw the river of life, clear as crystal, and on either side of the river the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every month. And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And on either side of that "Riverside Drive" of celestial beauty I saw the abodes of the redeemed ones, palace after palace, ten thousand times ten thousand palaces with gilded domes and gates of pearl and windows of radiant beauty. I saw surrounding these palaces dream gardens with their vine-covered pergolas, flower-covered cupolas, and I saw the most gorgeous colored birds of paradise playing in the gurgling fountains and babbling brooks. Along the beautiful river of life I saw the redeemed souls from ever kindred and nation and tribe, and I saw them mingling together in happy converse.
Seated under the tree of life I saw old age and wisdom, and strolling or resting on velvet grass I saw youth and beauty basking in the sunshine of God's glory, and along the banks of the glassy stream I saw the children playing, and I heard their merry peals of laughter.

I painted the picture as best I could in their beautiful Portuguese language—though I speak their language very incorrectly—and my audience seemed to catch a glimpse of the glory-land. I said to them: "We're pilgrims here. This is not our country. We're travelling in a desert land. There is 'nossa patria', don't you see it? Don't you see the golden streets? Don't you see the redeemed souls?"

Poor old Mother Abraham caught the gleam. Her face lighted up for the first time, perhaps, in her life. Hope came to her soul. As she gazed up through the straw covering of her little hut she saw a glory there that she had never seen before. She got a glimpse of the new Jerusalem. She arose to her feet and with tears in her eyes said to me:

"Senhor, are you telling us the truth, or is it just a story you are telling?"

"Mother," said I, "Every word I am telling you is the truth. I believe it with all my heart. That's why I have come six thousand miles in order to tell it to you."

"Did I understand you to say that some day we will have a home there in that city, and we won't have to work in the coffee fields any more, and the children won't get sick, and there will be no more suffering?"

"That's just what I said Mother. If you will live godly lives, if you will do the best you can, if you will be good people then some day you will go to that glory-land where you can spend eternity with the redeemed of the earth."

"But where are the babies that have died (In Brazil the rate of infant mortality is very high, and it is no uncommon thing to find a mother with as many children in the tomb as there are in the home), the little ones that left us long ago; will
The Missionary is at Home in the Saddle

Rev C B Dawson
we never see them again?" and her bosom heaved with emotion.

"The children! Mother, don't you see them there now, playing by the side of the river of life; don't you see them Mother? They're waiting for you to come."

The poor suffering soul was overcome with emotion, and with a shout of praise upon her lips she left the cabin and we could hear her sobs of emotion and joy as she went out into the great coffee field and was lost to our sight.

Father Abraham also caught the gleam, as did the older children, and we had a glorious time there in the little hut.

It was worth travelling six thousand miles into a far away country; it was worth learning a new and difficult language; it was worth spending thirteen long years away from native land and loved ones in order to have the privilege of telling the "old, old story" to just one family like that of Father Abraham's.

I am so glad that Bro. Dawsey insisted that I tell them the story. The pioneer missionary has this privilege every day. I had been in the Publishing House ever since I went to Brazil, and had had to deal with sordid gold, so that this was a glorious diversion as well as opportunity for me.

Father Abraham was blessed that day as never before in all his long life, and Mother Abraham—well, she had been to the mount of transfiguration. And the children will never forget the day the two strangers came to their cabin. They were all blessed, but perhaps the poor stammering missionary was blessed most of all.

After the services Father Abraham said they wanted to be baptised and become members of the church. Bro. Dawsey explained to them that it was our custom to give instruction to candidates before taking them into the church, as they did not know our doctrines and customs as yet. They replied that they wanted our kind of religion, and wanted to join our church. Bro. Dawsey prom-
ised to visit and instruct them and then take them into the church if they so desired. After some weeks had passed he complied with their wishes and organized a new church in their home.

So that now the toil in the coffee fields is not so hard to bear as it was, for they feel that they are travelling toward a "city not made by hands, eternal in the heavens," and they are anxious to reach "nossa patria celestial".

Talk about the thrills of fishing—fishing for men! There's no other sport in the world that can equal it.
INFLUENCE OF THE "MINISTRO PROTESTANTE"

Some time ago I was travelling in the interior of Brazil 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 Methodist 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 to Brazil always rode second class. 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 Brazil 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 Brazil, 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, accompanied 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 means 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 Tatu, 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.
A Native Church Founded by an ex-Slave

Rev. J. L. Becker

Third child from left on bottom row. Charles W. Clay

1916
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 noisome 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 Brazilian 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 Protestante" I would have cut your gizzard out!"

And Jeca replied with equal force:

"And if it had not been for the "ministro Protestante" I would have blown your head off!"
And thus the storm broke forth anew. 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 lightenings 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 Proteante"...!" but before he had time to finish the sentence Jeca Tatu 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 Proteante"...!"
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

A company of soldiers had been sent to the interior of Brazil 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 and 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 sentinel who was 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 awoke. He was greatly troubled by the dream and asked the officer if he could explain it. The officer confessed that he could not and said that in all probability it was "only a dream."

That night the old man again called for the of-
ficer, 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 Protestant 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, he was converted, 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 con-
ference for work as an itinerant Methodist preacher,
and all this in less than six months.

It had taken ten years for the work of the dying
soldier to produce fruit, but when it did it pro-
duced abundantly. The officer is a man of great
influence in his community, is a natural born lead-
er 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.
INFLUENCE OF MIND OVER BODY

We have all heard, from time to time, stories depicting the supposed magical power that mind has over body. I shall never forget the pet story my good old father used to tell to illustrate this point:

There was an old gentleman who was so crippled with rheumatism that he had not been able to walk for years. One evening about dark his negro servant came in in a very agitated state of mind, and with eyes like unto new moons told his master that he had "seed a ghost."

"A ghost!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Have I not told you there are no ghosts?"

"I know, boss, they ain't no ghosts, but I done seed one, anyhow!"

"Where did you see a ghost?" demanded the paralytic.

"I done seed one up here in the cemetery," replied the darkey, "and he's right up thar now," he continued.

The old gentleman tried his best to get the idea out of the negro's head, but all in vain. He was so positive in his assertion that it was evident that he had really seen something. Without further argument the old gentleman mounted the negro's back and ordered that he be carried to the scene of action, so that he could see with his own eyes.

They approached the cemetery in silence and stood at the entrance to see what they could see. While there was that same creepy feeling about it that all cemeteries have at night there was no sight of a ghost to be seen. They approached closer, and entering among the first rows of white slabs they heard the mournful hooting of an owl, and the wild beating of the negro's heart could be heard as well.
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as felt, but other than the whited sepulchers nothing could be seen.

Their courage grew and the negro carried his charge with a firmer step as they approached the very large tomb of old Col. Somebody. It was the biggest slab in the graveyard, and stood in the center lording it over the more humble ones.

As they approached this tomb a dark object arose from behind it and a husky whisper was heard: "Is he fat or lean?" (The sheep-thief thought that his companion was returning with a stolen sheep.) The darkey dropped his load and ran for his life, and as he cleared the rock wall surrounding the graveyard he yelled back: "Fat or lean, take him!"

The paralytic's faith in the non-existence of ghosts had received a dreadful jolt, as had his emaciated form. And while he had been brought all the way from his home in order to investigate the matter of ghosts he now had no further desire to push the investigation, and it is said that when the scared negro reached the house he found that the paralytic had beaten him in the race.

There is an old story told of a French physician who, wishing to demonstrate the effect of mind over body, persuaded a condemned man to submit to an experiment. The criminal was to be guillotined within a few days, and the physician painted to him the horrors of such an execution, and offered to put him across the "river" in a more humane fashion. The man consented, and the physician explained the method. He would open a vein in the man's neck; the blood would slowly trickle down his neck; gradually and painlessly he would lose consciousness, and finally sleep the last long sleep.

Arrangements were made; the condemned man was placed upon a cot; the physician scratched his neck with a pin; he allowed a little stream of warm water to flow from a hidden rubber tube down the man's back, and within an hour the man had not bled himself to death, for not a drop of blood had been shed, but he had actually believed himself to death.
There is also a story told of a certain religious fanatic who believed that he could believe himself into a bird. If a man is sick when he is not sick, only because he believes himself to be sick—thus he reasoned—then a man who cannot fly should be able to fly if he could only bring himself to believe that he could fly. That appeared to be logical reasoning, so that he determined to try the bird act. With a Bible under one arm—as a wing, I suppose—and Mrs. Eddy's prayer-book under the other he jumped from the window of a skyscraper. When they picked him up they found that his spirit had taken wings for a fact, but that his body had been left behind.

These, without doubt, are mere tales that go the rounds, and perhaps there is not even the proverbial "grain" of truth in them, but what follows are actual facts that have come under my own observation. The reader can interpret them as he likes.

In the interior of Brazil, some years ago, the writer received a message from a native friend who lived some twenty-five miles from the city, saying that his wife was dangerously ill, and that the doctors had ordered her taken to a hospital for an operation. There were two methods by which she could be taken to the city—by mule back or by Ford car. I took my Ford to bring her in. She had been in bed for several days, and had to be carried to the car. Three of her neighbors accompanied her as comforters.

In our run to the city we had to negotiate a fearful hill, and when we reached the steepest part the heavily loaded Ford refused to proceed further and sought to reach the level of the creek below by running away backward. The car upset, spilling out the occupants, and when I came to my senses I saw the four women going over the crest of the hill, the sick woman leading the crowd. Later in the day when she was taken to the hospital she was
pronounced cured and in no further need of an operation.

In 1924, during the fearful revolution that left death and destruction in its wake in the great city of Sao Paulo, Brazil, I was working for the Brazilian red cross. I had carried a bunch of refugees to one of the Protestant churches in the city, where a large number of women and children had congregated. I had deposited my load and was just leaving in search of others when the native pastor of the church rushed out and called me back. He said that he had a woman who needed to go to the hospital at once. I returned and found a very large Italian woman shrieking at the top of her voice. She was surrounded by the others, but no one seemed to know what the trouble was. I thought that a stray bullet had struck her and inflicted a wound. She had recently arrived from Italy and could talk but little Portuguese, and not being able to understand her we were in a dilemma.

Finally another Italian came in and we were told that the woman had swallowed a needle. She had been sitting in the church with the other women sewing, and putting the needle into her mouth while getting thread she had swallowed it—so she said.

She appeared to be in dreadful agony, and nothing could quiet her. Her five little children were almost frightened to death, and her poor husband—half the size of his afflicted help-meat—was scared stiff. With screaming mother and crying children and chattering women the confusion in the church almost drowned out the noise of hissing shell and rattling machine gun on the outside.

The pastor finally got the attention of the woman and crowd long enough to deliver a lecture—a lecture against carelessness. I suppose he thought that even though it was too late to help the afflicted woman, it might have its effect upon the others.
"Que espectaculo!" he said. "You ran away from home in order to escape the shot and shell, and here you are eating needles! Don't you know that needles will kill you just as surely as will bullets? Now what's going to become of all these little children? And your husband there? It does seem that you are old enough to know better than to swallow needles?"

In times of revolution even the coolest heads get excited. The poor pastor had not slept for days, as had not the rest of us. Hence the sharp reprimand. Perhaps the congregation at large profited by the lecture, but the poor fat woman--her shrieks increased rather than diminished.

There was a hospital not many blocks away and we loaded the woman into the red cross car and made a wild rush through the shell-torn streets. The woman was frantic and her husband and pastor had to hold her in the car, and believe me, they had the job of their lives. She tossed them about as a juggler tosses his balls, but ever renewing their hold they held on to the arms of the woman like ants to the legs of a struggling bug.

When we arrived at the hospital and saw the wounded being brought in from the raging battle our charge ceased her screaming and sank down upon a stretcher in perfect collapse. Her face, that had been flushed, turned deathly white, her hands became icy cold, and it seemed for sure that she was destined to die before a physician could examine her.

After a wait of some minutes one of the busy surgeons came to our aid. "What's the trouble with this woman?" he asked hurriedly. "She swallowed a needle," replied the preacher. "Swallowed a needle!" exclaimed the doctor. "Isn't there enough danger flying around to satisfy the most exacting? How do you know that she swallowed a needle?" he continued. "She said she did," was the answer. "Has she a pain in the throat?" he asked. "She seems to be full of pains in every part of her body," said the minister.
"Did she spit blood?" was the next question.
"No, we have seen no signs of blood," he was told.
The poor woman's eyes were shut, her groans were growing weak, and occasionally her body would be shaken by a jerk.
"Did you look around where she was sewing to see if you could find the needle?" asked the surgeon.
"Que esperança!" exclaimed the preacher, visibly peaved. "Why look around for a needle that has been swallowed? Can't you do something for the poor woman before she dies?"
The surgeon did not reply but turned the woman over onto her side, and there sticking in her dress over the knee was the needle where she had stuck it. He pulled the needle out and holding it before her closed eyes said:
"Acorda! Aqui está a agulha! Aqui está!"
"She doesn't understand Portuguese," said the minister.
"Then tell her in whatever language she does understand," said the surgeon. "There's nothing the matter with her but fright."
Her husband took the needle and shaking his wife severely explained to her that she had not swallowed the needle. Finally she half opened her eyes and looked about her as if in a dream. The husband repeated his words and held the needle before her. She rubbed one eye and then the other, and finally raised up on an elbow.
Within half an hour the woman was back at the church finishing her sewing.
A BRAZILIAN QUEEN

In Brazil there is a queen, in fact there are many queens there just as there are in other lands, but this story is to tell of one in particular.

In the city of Rio de Janeiro, said to be the most beautiful city in the world, the writer has a very close personal friend who is a remarkable personage in many respects. He is professor of English in a big government school, is a speaker and writer of some note, is an outstanding Protestant, and is a free-lance preacher and poet.

I was invited to spend a day with him in his suburban home on one occasion, and a royal day it was. The Doctor (professors, lawyers, editors, poets, etc., are doctors in Brazil) was in a very talkative mood, and being well versed in English, French, and Portuguese literature he talked interestingly indeed. We spent most of the day in his garden--his flower and fruit garden--where he has more than eighty different kinds of fruit trees, and flowers galore. He gathers fresh flowers and fruits ever day in the year, and rare indeed was the privilege of one who is a lover of fruits and flowers, to say nothing of literature and poets, to be able to spend a day with this cultured Latin gentleman under his own vine and fig tree.

The Doctor is a rather large man, is very emotional, and at times impulsive. Having planted every tree in his garden with his own hands, he is monarch of all he surveys--in his garden. But in the house his wife is queen. At the dinner table he pointed with a majestic sweep of the hand to his wife who was sitting at the head and serving.

"You see my queen!" said he in his beautiful Portuguese language. "She's the queen of this house."

You know in Brazil--as in most other countries--the men are "chefes da familia." They are the "manda chuva," which means the one who orders the
rain. The man rules, and it is not always that he divides his authority with anyone, especially with a woman.

"You may be surprised at seeing my wife sit at the head of the table and preside so graciously," said he.

It was rather unusual. I had been in homes in the interior--in hundreds of them--where the women never came to the table with us men. I had grown tired of eating with men only, and was glad to be in a refined home where the women eat with the men.

"When I was a young man," said he, "I went to school at Granbery College, one of your mission schools up in the state of Minas. Dr. John M. Lander was the president, and one day he invited me, together with several other students, to take dinner with him. When we went into the dining room, I was surprised and somewhat disgusted at seeing Mrs. Lander take a seat at the table with us. My first impulse was to leave the table, but my high regard for Dr. Lander restrained me. I watched Mrs. Lander's every movement and before the meal was half over I had been profoundly impressed with the grace and dignity with which she presided, and with the intelligence with which she entered into the conversation. And I was no less impressed with Dr. Lander's treatment of her. Surely, said I, Mrs. Lander is the queen of this home, and a worthy wife and companion of the cultured gentleman who is president of our school."

"So strongly and favorably impressed, that I resolved then and there that should I ever be so fortunate as to secure a goodly woman to be my wife, she should certainly be my queen, and should sit at the head of the table as Mrs. Lander does, and I would try to treat her as politely and as royally as Dr. Lander treats his wife."

"And there she is," said he, as he arose and made a graceful bow to his wife. "She's my queen, and doesn't she look and act her part?"

And the blushing queen dished out for us a
piping hot bowl of delicious "canja brazileira" which she herself had prepared.

Dr. Lander, I believe, was born in North Carolina and spent some thirty or more years in Brazil, and was one of the finest Christian gentlemen our Board has ever sent out to the foreign field. His body now rests in the beautiful hill of the great state of Minas, where he spent most of his manhood days, hard by the great school which he founded. He walks no more as a prince among the people he loved, yet his stately example walks on and shall continue to walk with those who were fortunate enough, like the poet of the garden of the four score fruits, to come into contact with him as he labored in the great southern world.

Mrs. Lander was equally cultured and gracious. It was our privilege some years ago to take a sea voyage which lasted thirty-five days. We had a distinguished party on board, extending all the way from humble missionaries to dignified bishops. Mrs. Lander was queen of the ship. She's in the homeland somewhere now, and wherever she is she's a queen. And there are queens in Brazil today because she set a queenly example there for so many years.

Dr. and Mrs. Lander left their "footprints on the sands of time" in Brazil. They left their impress in the lovely garden of the four-score fruits in the beautiful city of the land of the "Southern Cross". I venture to say that neither of them ever saw this wonderful garden, or even knew of it's existence. Yet their influence was felt in the planting of every tree, and their spirit presides over the home set in the midst of the garden.

It is seldom that the missionary speaks with an eloquent tongue, because a foreign language is not conducive to eloquence, but his life, and especially his home-life, if it is what it should be, speaks loud with an eloquence that is understood by all. Such was the home-life of the Landers in Brazil.
In Brazil, 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 pittance 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-covered 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 and 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 sup-
port a resident priest, it was the custom for a
priest to visit the village each year on Palm Sunday
in order to baptize the children, hear the confes-
sions 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 Brazil, 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 re-
ceive a right goodly sum for the performance of
these rites, so his visit once a year was very lu-
drative from a 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 flourish-
ing 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 given generously also. His pockets were 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 some-
times do. As a rule the women are the more faith-
ful 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 con-
fession 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 parleying 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. 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 it's 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.
At the Edge of the Jungle

Dorothy and Myrtle Clay & Brazilian young men.
THE ARMADILLO

A Strange Animal that Crawls into Its Hole and Pulls the Hole in After It

There is found in South America an animal of very curious construction known to the natives by the name of "tatu", but Webster calls him "armadillo." He attains to the length of three feet, not counting his tail, is a great forager, but being of a very timid nature he only ventures out during the dark hours of the night. He is heavily armored, being covered from the tip of his nose to his last extremity by a heavy coat of mail, and as long as he can keep the right side up he has little to fear from tooth or claw. Unlike the turtle, he is not armored underneath, and once he finds himself upset in the presence of his enemy he puts up about as miserable a defense as did an ancient knight who had had the misfortune of being unhorsed. His body is very unwieldy and he is not famed for speed in travel, but what he lacks in ability to get over the earth in a hurry he more than makes up in putting the earth over himself, for there has never been known to man any other animal that could enter the hard earth so quickly as can the armadillo. His front feet are perfect spades, and when he sets his head on putting the earth between himself and his enemy he can put a modern gasoline post-hole digger to shame. And not only can he bore his hole with unbelievable rapidity but the strangest thing of all is that he crawls into his hole and pulls his hole in after him. Once he has started in firm soil no amount of pulling can hold him back, for he raises the plates of armor on his head and back and you might sever his possum-like tail from his body without stopping him. He completely disappears in less time that it takes to tell it, and he leaves not a sign of his departure, for while he removes the
earth from his intended pathway with his front spades he packs it behind him with his rear tampers, and he packs it so hard that there is no use digging after him. Some wise guy has intimated that perhaps it was this creature of whom the ancient writer said: "he is fearfully and wonderfully made". He certainly fills the bill, as well as the hole.

The writer would never attempt to tell the tale of the armadillo unless he had seen the animal with his own eyes. And he would not tell of it's strange doings without still better evidence. But fortunately for the story which follows he has the witness of his wife, his pastor, his pastor's wife, and his presiding elder, so have no hesitation in taking in the story, just as mother earth never hesitates to take in her child the armadillo.

About twenty-five miles from the city of Sao Paulo, the great commercial center of Brazil, there is nestled in the mountains a quaint little village called I-tap-e-ce-ri-ca. And in that village the Methodists have a splendid little church. This church is noted for the fact that it always has its assessments paid up to date and each organization of the church always has a surplus in the treasury. It has a large number of tithers, and I was told that none of the members use tobacco. On one occasion the pastor of the church could not meet his engagement, and I was requested to take one of the pastors from the city to preach to the congregation at night. Accompanied by my wife and the preacher and his wife, we drove out the beautiful mountain road to the village and had a good service. After the service was over and we were ready to start back to the city the presiding elder of the district came in, having been another twenty-five miles farther in the mountains holding quarterly conference. He was glad to find us, for if he could ride with us it would save him the long walk. As a Ford always has room for one more, we took him aboard and made our way toward the city.

There are few automobile roads through the interior of Brazil, and these sometimes run through long stretches of unpopulated territory. And in
travelling over these roads one runs on to the
denizens of the jungle at times. In July, 1924,
while carrying a family who were fleeing from the
revolution we came upon a very large bearded mon-
key sitting in the top of a small tree by the
roadside. Apparently he had come out to see what
the commotion, caused by machine gun and cannon,
was all about. We stopped the car and several of
us approached him for closer inspection. He paid
absolutely no attention to us, though we were within
twenty feet of him. Finally when one of the party
threw a stone at him he gave us a savage frown, be-
rated us dreadfully in his monkey tongue, leaped
from twenty to thirty feet to a large tree, and
disappeared in the jungle. He gave us to under-
stand that even though some men claim kinship with
him, the claiming was all on the part of man and he
resented any attempt at familiarity.

On another occasion, at night, my son and I
found a beautiful little leopard cub on a lonely
mountain road. Our headlights evidently blinded
him, for he sat in the middle of the road with his
great fiery eyes glarring at us until we were
within five feet of him. He was larger than a cat,
but was evidently only a few weeks old, for his
head and paws were out of proportion to his body.
We were crazy enough to try to catch him, but when
we dismounted and approached he sprang into the
thicket. Had we succeeded in throwing our lap
robe over him and capturing him his cries may have —
brought his mother, the most powerful of all South
American wild beasts, then there would probably
have been a different story, told by another teller.

A friend of mine was going from Sao Paulo to
Campinas one night when a fierce Zebu bull disputed
the mountain pass with him. The beast attacked the
car with all fury, hooked out the headlights, sent
the hood of the engine rattling down the mountain
side, played havoc with the wiring of the spark
plugs, with mud guard, and wind shield, and when he
had put the machine completely out of running order
he calmly walked away with the ring from the head-
light crowning one of his horns. The occupants of
the car gave him plenty of time to get good and
gone before venturing out, and then they had to walk
miles and miles in the darkness before reaching a
place to spend the night. Of course you understand
that these are not everyday occurrences in Brazil,
but they do occur, and when they do they are very
real, so real in fact that one learns to keep his
eyes open while travelling through lonely places at
night.

On this particular night we had reached the
roughest part of the journey and had come to a very
tough climb known as the "tira proza" hill, which,
being interpreted, means, the hill that takes all
the pleasure out of the journey. And allow me to
digress here long enough to say that whoever named
it named it well. The road here is very steep and
narrow with high banks on either side. It is all
a tin lizzy can do to make this hill on low, and
we were about half way up and the lizzy was siz-
zling and coughing and threatening to balk. We
came to a short turn in the road when suddenly
we saw a wild animal just ahead of us. When our
light suddenly flashed upon it it stood stock
still, and looked fearfully large, while it's great
dark shadow spread out in the road beyond. Of
course we stepped off the gas instinctively for
we had no intention of disturbing the Sabbath
night meditations of this denizen of the jungle.
What kind of an animal he was we could not make
out for when our car stopped the light went out
(we had no battery), so that even though we were
within a few feet of him he was not visible. We
did not know if he had fled, or if he was stealth-
ily creeping upon us and the feelings we had during
those few moments of utter darkness were anything
but comfortable. Imagine yourself face to face
with an unknown beast of the jungle in Egyptian
darkness! What should we do? Should we back down
the hill in the dark? That would be impossible.
It would be a dangerous undertaking in broad day
light, and not to be thought of in the night. I
had had one awful experience on this same hill once
before. The wife of one of our native preachers
A Native Nimrod
had become seriously ill in the country and had to be taken to the hospital for an operation. I volunteered to bring her in. She was so sick that we had to carry her to the car and three of her neighbors decided to go along as comforters. When we had almost reached the top of this "tira prosa" hill, the Ford gave two or three weak coughs and went dead. The brakes were worn and weak and would not hold the heavily loaded car on such a grade so we ran away backward down the mountain finally upsetting and spilling out all the occupants. While I suffered no injuries myself I was horrified to think that perhaps I had killed the poor sick woman and all her comforters, but when I was able to free myself from the wreckage I saw all four women going over the crest of the hill, the sick woman leading the van. With the help of some passing countrymen we turned the Ford on to its wheels again and found that other than having its wind-shield and top smashed up the car was little damaged, and was in perfect running order, so picking up the women at the top of the hill we went to the city, arriving only fifteen minutes off schedule time. And it might be interesting to note just here that when the lady arrived at the hospital the doctors pronounced her well and sound and with no more need of an operation.

So of course the memory of this wild runaway came fresh to my mind in this dark hour. But it seemed tame in comparison with our present predicament. So far the brakes were holding, but what was the wild beast doing? That's the thing that worried us. I was holding on to the brakes for dear life to keep us from going to wreck below, but had I seen two glaring eyes coming my way I am afraid I would have forgotten the brakes. Fortunately I did not see them, neither did my companions, so we decided that perhaps the animal was frightened away. The next move was for someone to crank the engine. I explained to the brethren that it was dangerous for me to leave the brakes, but one of them suggested that if I would show him how he would hold the brakes while I cranked the car. I told him that he
was liable to get his foot on the reverse, and that
that was just the thing we did not want at the pre-
sent time, so I stuck to my seat. Finally the elder
volunteered to take his life in his hands and go out
in all that darkness and risk being eaten alive by
the wild beast in order to crank the car. I have
ever since considered that a very brave act. The
motor fired with the first turn of the crank, and
we had light again. The animal had gone in the
opposite direction, and we could see him far up the
hill laboring along. We recognized him as a very
large armadillo. He could not leave the road be-
cause of the high banks on either side, and because
of his heavy armor he could not make much progress
up the steep hill, but there he was rumbling along
like a Fordson tractor or a small army tank. Know-
ing the creature to be perfectly harmless and the
meat of a very special flavor, we regained our
composure and immediately gave pursuit. The elder
was the first to overtake the fleeing monstrosity
and he caught him by the tail while I was trying
to bring the Ford up to get more light on the sub-
ject. When I drove up the preacher jumped out in
order to help the elder lift his prize into the car,
but behold the animal could not be lifted. They
said he was stuck. I got out to give a helping hand
and what was our amazement to find that the animal
was sinking into the hard ground almost as silently
and as surely as, though with far more rapidity than,
the great oak sends her roots to solid foundation.
Then the tug of war began. The elder pulled at the
animal's tail with all his might. The preacher held
on to one hind leg, while I caught the protruding
armor and thought surely I would unsaddle it. But
all to no avail. The animal sank into the ground
as irresistibly as though he was being pulled in
by some mighty machine. And the last we saw of the
creature was the tip end of his tail as it disappeared
in the hard earth, and leaving no hole where it had
disappeared. And there stood the elder, the preacher
in charge, and the lay leader, gazing on the ground
too utterly amazed to offer a single word of comment.
We mounted our car and drove on in silence for several miles. Finally the stillness of night was broken and the jungle beasts made question marks of their ears while the elder almost split his sides with laughter. He had recovered from his shock of amazement and now gave vent to his feelings by laughter. In fact we all laughed until we reached the city and parted company.

As I said in the beginning, this story would never have been told had I been the only eye witness to it's transaction. But having my presiding elder and pastor as well as the two wives to vouch for the truthfulness of same I can tell it and still call myself a missionary.

P. S. I visited recently a good friend of mine who is presiding elder of one of the strong districts of Southern Methodism in the homeland. He was sick in bed and wanted me to tell him a story. I told him the story of the armadillo. When I had finished he did not laugh, but remained pensive for a while. Finally he said:

"Brother, is that a true story you are telling me, or is it an allegory? I believe you are talking about one of my churches. I have a church that is for the world like that armadillo. It's a big church with plenty of members, and they are people of means, but for years that church has never done anything in a special way for the upbuilding of the Kingdom. It is too timid to undertake anything big. It always has excuses. Some years ago it was building itself a fine church, and of course could do nothing for missions while the building project was on. Then it had to fix up its parsonage. Now it has bought a fine pipe organ and that will serve as an excuse for some years to come. Oh, it's a good church, they are good people, but they are so concerned about themselves, and like the armadillo they have so loaded themselves with self-protecting armor that I am afraid they will never merit the beautiful tribute: 'How beautiful are the feet of those who bear good tidings.' Rather I fear their feet will be spades by which they will
bury themselves as did the armadillo."

"Now let's make no application," said I. "I didn't know you had an armadillo church in your district. Surely there is no church that would dig it's hole, crawl in and then pull the hole in after it. I told you a true-story of a strange-animal in a far-away-land in order to divert your mind from shop worry for a little while."

"Yes," said he. "I told you a true-story of a Methodist-church in a nearby-city. And I want to emphasize the fact that the presiding elder and the preacher in charge and the lay leader are just as impotent in handling the situation as was your trio in the jungles of Brazil."

He gave a deep sigh, adjusted his pillow, and turned his face to the wall.

"Cheer up, old man," I finally said. "Perhaps it is not as bad as it seems. I am thinking of importing the armadillo and selling him to the Bell Telephone people to be used as a post-hole digger. We would likely have to amputate his rear legs to keep him from packing the hole behind him, and if we could do this I am sure he would make a shining success in his profession. Perhaps you can find some means of making your armadillo church useful, also."

"Yes," said he. "We will have to amputate some of the old standpatters before we can do it."

Then he slowly turned a twinkling eye upon me and exploded in very much the same way as did his brother elder in Brazil.
A Single Frond of a Giant Fern

Gertrude Hendley Clay
MODERNISM FROM ANOTHER ANGLE

I was travelling in the interior of Brazil 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 missionaries, 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 either gets converted himself or goes home, 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 watching the multitudes enter with their palm branches. There is a common belief among the more ignorant classes in Brazil 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 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 darky came hobbling out of the church, and 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 Brazil cannot sprinkle enough holy water on it to make it worth the carrying home."

The old darky 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 you've got," continued the insulted darky. "I don't know what kind of weeds they are that 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 won't bring you everlasting life."

And the old negro looked around 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 Christ carried a palm leaf? That's some of the modernism with which the church today is filled. Christ 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 this is Palm Sunday, that Christ taught us to carry palm branches, and thank the Lord I am going to carry them as long as I have strength 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 'modernisms'. 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. Who ever heard of worshipping 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 darky was a fundamentalist in thought but a modernist in practice, while the Italian was a fundamentalist in practice but a modern critic.
"Mother in Israel" established this Little Church on Her "Fazenda". She is so Timid that She is in Hiding Behind the Crowd.

Rev. Miguel Dickinson & wife Julia on bottom row
Fall man in back Sr. Rudolpho
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 and 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 us 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 an ex-priest was doing the preaching. Perhaps more for the sake of his wife than from interest in the poor man, some of the brethren endeavored 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 shouted 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."
THE DELEGATE FROM BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN

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, lasts 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 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 wit and wisdom on the floor, and more cracking of 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 a 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 superintendent of the Sunday School. 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 an Annual Conference in session. He became interested in the discussions, and after a while 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 asked that some one present the new delegate. Every body looked at him, but no one made a move. Then the bishop asked 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 would 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 he thought that as he had been a Methodist all his life he had a right to attend any Methodist
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 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 few minutes, and thus my fancy soared: "Noble fathers and brethren.
Brazil 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 it the coffee pot, most noble brethren, but it is also the melting pot of the world. The races of earth are pouring into it's gates. From every continent on the globe, from every fronded island of the sea they come... they come." And just about the time I got the pot to boiling good the chairman called me down--time's up. I turned around and with an injured look upon my face, tried to impress the presiding officer with the fact that I had not yet reached my point--that I hadn't even got started on the subject. But he fiercely rapped the table and called for the other speaker. Did you never stand by the pot of soap, that your mother was making, with a bucket of cold water ready to keep the soap from boiling over? Well, that is what happens 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 Brazil, and of the delegate from behind the mountains. It was the desire of the presiding elder that the work of the Conference be practical, that they discuss methods of church work that would be 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 theses, 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 of the ministry, and never once touched 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 for half an hour more. Then a young preacher
Mode of Travel "Behind the Mountains"
was called up, and came forth with a twenty two 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 speaker 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 mountains. 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 graca" in Portuguese means "Say grace". "Sua graca" means "What is your name?" The delegate had confused the "da" 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 Brazil 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 told him that I much preferred to find a man who understood his subject, and who 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 knows 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.
A MODERN "DADDY LONG-LEGS"

A class of children from a spiritualist orphanage was on a tour in the interior of the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, 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 dark 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 in 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 a member of one of the old aristocratic families of Brazil. 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 orphanage and explained to those in charge that he was in love with the girl and asked for her in marriage. After investigating 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 meetings 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 Brazil. 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 table conversing when a beautiful young lady student came in and 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 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 putting 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 khaki suit, and wore leather leggins, and by the ring on his fore-finger I knew that he was an engineer. (In Brazil each profession has a ring set with certain stones, which indicates the profession of the wearer, 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 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 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 known 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 shall be prepared to tell him things about his Juliet that will please his ear, and if I get to see her soon again I shall 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.
"Fineapples"

Linda and Gertrude Clay.
APPLES

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 than did it's forefather. It has been brought up from the scrawny little crab until now it is a fruit of beautiful colorings and splendid proportions, and it's delicious flavor is a joy forever.

It's juicy, luscious fruit is enjoyed by all, both young and old, big and little, but in the hands of the boy it finds it's 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 or 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 pealing an apple? He thinks that to 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 con-
Fruits of the Soil

Mary Elizabeth Clay
vince 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 apple’s an apple 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 Brazil 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 Brazilians 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 it’s season and each has it’s special flavor. Then there are the "jaboticaba", the "caju", the "mamão", the "carambola", the "pitanga", the "abacati", the "goiaba", the "marmello", the "fruta do conde", the "jaca", and to many palates the best of all, the "manga", which evidently came from paradise 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 oozing
More Fruits of the Soil
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 Brazil 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 on this earth that can equal it.

There are a thousand fruits here in Brazil, 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 his 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.
Our Neighbor's Home
The Day Before the Cannon Ball Visited this Home
We Took a Family of Twelve from it to a Place of Safety
THE REVOLUTION IN SAO PAULO AS I SAW IT

It was a beautiful mid-winter morning, July 5, 1924, as we descended from the thriving city of Sao Paulo, Brazil, to Santos, the great coffee port. The trip from Sao Paulo to Santos is always an interesting one. The two cities are linked together by a model stretch of fifty miles of railway. We had left the "Estacao da Luz" (Station of Light) at seven forty-five, had passed out through the great industrial section of Brazil, passed through a beautiful stretch of rolling country, had descended the mountain—our train being let down by great cables over a stretch of some three or four miles—and had then travelled over a perfectly flat country until we reached Santos. The view from the top of the mountain overlooking Santos and the sea is one never to be forgotten.

But the object of this sketch is not to describe scenery. It is about revolution. When we reached Santos at ten o'clock there was an excited crowd at the station, for a telegram had been received from Sao Paulo stating that a revolution had broken out in the city, and that there was fierce fighting in the streets, that the Luz Station had been occupied by the revolutionists at three o'clock in the morning and that it was partly destroyed. As I had passed through the Luz Station at seven forty-five and saw no signs of trouble, I paid little attention to the telegram, and went about my business. During the day other telegrams came confirming the former one. I finished attending to some matters in the Custom House and went to the station at four o'clock to take the train for Sao Paulo. But imagine my surprise when I was told that no trains were running—that the train which I had come on in the early morning was the only train to leave from or for Sao Paulo.
The reports in the city were now becoming alarming. Great crowds were congregated in the public square. An automobile came in from Sao Paulo and the crowd immediately surrounded it in order to get information from the capital. An occupant of the automobile held up an ugly looking piece of shell—from one of the famous seventy-fives—and said that it had been shot at the governor's palace by the revolutionists, but had fallen short and had struck a school near by, killing a number of children. He said, further, that the revolutionists were bombarding the fifth battalion, and that that section of the city was in flames. The fifth battalion is located just a few blocks above the home of the writer, and on the same street, and I had left a happy home with a wife and six children there in the early morning, and we also had a great publishing house and what is said to be the finest mission church in the world there. So when I saw the man holding the piece of bomb, and heard him tell of what he had seen with his own eyes, my unbelief gave way, and the most frightful forebodings took possession of me. And there were hundreds of other men in Santos that evening in the same state of mind, for Santos is the seaport of Sao Paulo, and the business men of the latter city run down in the morning, attend to their business in the Custom House, and return on the evening train.

Some of us began to organize groups in order to return in automobiles. The garage men wanted exorbitant prices for carrying us, but we were desperate and finally agreed on prices. Then when we were about ready with several machines, another car came in from Sao Paulo and said that the mountain pass had been occupied by troops and that they barely escaped with their lives. They also confirmed the report that the city was being fiercely bombarded. We determined to risk getting past the soldiers on the mountain, but not a chauffeur would consent to go.

It was night and we saw the last hopes of our
getting back to our homes that day fade away. The last car that had come in had brought a few copies of the "Estado de Sao Paulo", the leading journal of the capital. In the place of its usual bulky number, it was printed on one side only of a single small sheet. It sold readily for the value of fifty cents. When it was printed the revolutionists had reached the center of the city, where they were being stubbornly opposed by the legal troops.

I remained in the public square until a late hour, but no further news came, so I hunted a bed for the night.

At six o'clock in the morning I hurried to the railway station hoping that the regular early morning train for Sao Paulo would run, but I found the station closed and guarded by soldiers, and a notice on the door to the effect that no trains would run until further notice. I inquired of the officer in charge if he thought that there would likely be a train later in the day. He said he felt sure there would not be.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The bells of an old Cathedral, standing by the station with the date of 1640 carved in the stone above the door, began to call the faithful to prayers. Men reverently raised their hats as they passed by, and women made signs of the cross over their hearts and upon their foreheads as they entered. I have been a praying man all my life, but strange to say, on this particular Sabbath morning I did not feel like praying. I well remember the night of the Charleston earthquake some thirty-eight years ago. My old father was a very saintly man. We had a neighbor who was one of these large impulsive women, very religious at times, but not so religious most of the time. When the earth was rocking to and fro she came rushing into our home and addressing my father said:

"Uncle Caleb, let's have prayer, I believe that the end of the world has come!"

My father very quietly remarked that if the Lord was coming he wanted to be up where he could
see Him, not down upon his knees. He said that he
had been praying all his life and that he was ready
to meet his Lord if He should come. I believe in
the efficacy of prayer, just as my father did, but
on this Sunday morning I was bent on getting to my
family, and I felt that the dusty road was the
place for me, and the dusty road did I take.

It was almost midday when I reached the foot
of the mountain. The "Serra do Mar" stood before
me more than two thousand feet high. A lovely
automobile road wound its way up this great na-
tural barrier to the coffee fields of the world,
but as the top of the mountain was reported to be
occupied by troops, I was afraid that my passage
would be blocked. There were two courses open to
me. One was to return to Santos and await develop-
ments, and the other was to enter into the jungle,
climb the rough mountain steeps, and try to work
my way around the pass at the top.

I well knew the dangers and difficulties of a
tropical jungle. My own son had been lost in these
very mountains some months before as he was hiking
with some "Y" men. They were supposed to have fol-
lowed a beaten path but lost their way and had to
live on palmitto and roots. I have seen hunters
bring wild hogs, with great tusks, out of these
woods, and I have seen leopards brought out dead
that were larger than a man. And when a child
I could never think of a Brazilian jungle without
seeing snakes. But on this day I could see nothing
but my wife and children in the midst of a burning
city, with shot and shell flying, so I left the
road and took to the jungle. I had no arms of any
kind, so I got a knotty club of the Herculean style.
I did not think until afterward that a club would
be of little service to me in case of an attack
as there is no room in a tropical jungle in which
to sling a club. At best I could only have punched
it at the enemy. However, it gave me courage, and
that was worth it in carrying. I travelled mostly
after the fashion of a bear, and soon my hands
A Mighty River, Winding its Way
Like a Serpent to the Sea
began to suffer from the rocks and the thorns, so
I cut the sleeves from my shirt and made gloves of
them in order to protect my hands.

In the middle of the afternoon I reached a
great ledge of stone, and I saw that I was a little
more than half way up the mountain. I sat down to
rest when a little book fell from my pocket. I had
put it there on the morning I had left home, think-
ing that perhaps I would find time to read it on my
return. It was very appropriately entitled: "Thoughts
About Good Cheer". But I was not even on speaking
terms with the subject at that time, so I placed
the book back into my pocket. I was tempted to
throw it into the depths below, but my love for
books restrained me.

Night comes in a hurry in the tropics. There
is no twilight. It is day at five-thirty and it is
night at six, especially in the jungle. Five-thirty
had passed and six was hurrying on, and I had not
yet reached the top. If I had not lost my direction
I knew that I was somewhere near an old road which
my son and I had discovered in one of our tramps.
But if I did not find it soon my bed for the night
would be the cold ground and for a cover I would
have the dense fogs that come up from the ocean.
And for companions--well, I hoped that I would not
have any. Neither creeping nor crawling things,
nor revolutionists or legalists. But glory to
goodness I did not have to sleep in the jungle. I
found the old road just as black darkness was fal-
ling, and I knew that it would lead me into the main
highway far on the other side of the mountain pass,
and once in the highway I felt that I would have
no trouble in reaching home in another four or
five hours.

I sat down upon a great stone that was jutting
out over the depths below. In the distance I saw
Santos brilliantly lighted. I could see a river
winding it's way like a great white serpent to
the sea. Faintly I could hear the roar of the
breakers along the great sweep of Praia Grande.
I saw far out in the Atlantic a light house which
guides great ships from Buenos Ayres and Rio to
the ports of the world. The stars were shining overhead. Everything was so quiet and peaceful—everything except the wild beating of my heart, and my deeply troubled soul. Was it possible that Santos was so peaceful and quiet while her mighty sister beyond the Ypiranga was in the throes of civil war? I could hardly believe that revolution was possible in the great workshop of Brazil. The Paulistas are a hard working people. Peace is their sister and Industry is their elder brother. True, it was at Ypiranga that the sword of independence was drawn. And it was the Bandeirantes of Sao Paulo who conquered the great stretches of the interior. And this same spirit of adventure and of progress still exists in the land, but it has been used in the progress of industry and in the conquest of peace. And if it is now to be turned to war the results will be astounding.

Some two hours later I heard an automobile approaching from the rear as I was wearily plodding my way along the great highway. I stepped to one side of the road and behind a tree in order to let it go by without my being seen, but when I saw that it was a flivver, occupied only by the driver and a small boy, I hailed it. I explained to the man that I had walked all day and was dead tired and asked if he would give me a lift. He said he was going near Sao Paulo, and that I could ride if I liked. I gladly accepted his offer. The man was evidently excited and he sped along at a rapid rate. The boy sitting by his side was all done up in bandages, and I asked what the trouble was, and he told me that in the morning as he was making the trip his car had left the road and his boy and wife were badly hurt. The wife had been sent to the hospital, and he was taking the boy home. Some three months before this I had been to the country and was returning home at night in a big new Dodge with seven other people, and when we reached the velocity of some thirty-five miles per hour and a sharp curve in the road at the same
time, I saw the chauffeur throw up his hands in horror, give a savage scream, turn the wheel loose, and we plunged down an embankment so steep and deep that it took four people to get me back to the road again. I had my head smashed, collar bone broken, and two or three ribs caved in. I had not been in an automobile since until I took my seat in this flivver, and when I saw the poor boy all smashed up, and thought of his mother in the hospital with both legs broken, and especially when I would see a curve in the road ahead of us my nerve completely failed me, and I humbly asked the driver to let me get out and walk. The man looked at me perfectly dumfounded. I told him I wanted to see my family. He said he was taking me there just as fast as he could. I told him I was in an awful hurry but that I preferred to walk, so in disgust he put me out into the darkness and then drove on.

After some two hours I was overtaken by two men. One was a Turk and the other was a friend of mine, an Adventist colporter. They, too, were going to Sao Paulo. They had heard of the revolution and were going to see about their families. We began to meet people coming from the city. They all told us that for two days the fighting had been fearful, and they warned us not to attempt to enter. When we reached the heights of Ypirangá we could hear for ourselves. The big guns at Sant'Anna, where the largest barracks of the city are located, were busy hurling their bombs into the city. We could distinctly hear the shells as they travelled in a curved line, and we could hear them explode when they struck. In the Cambucy district the rifle and machine-gun fire was terrific. The Turk lived in the Cambucy. My friend, the Adventist, lived in San'Anna. I lived in just the place where it seemed the bombs were falling. We now began to meet scores of people fleeing from the city. Some of them said we were crazy if we tried to enter. We stopped on the spot where Don Pedro I had drawn his sword and made the "Give me liberty or give me death" speech an hundred years previous, and held a council of war. The Turk said that he
had seen many wars in Europe in his day but that he had never before heard such an infernal rifle fire. The Adventist said something about: "And in that day there shall be wars and rumors of wars, and then...".

"But," said I, "I do not see any falling stars, and the earth is not quaking, so the end of the world may not be at hand, but I must confess that it seems to be knocking at the door."

From this point on our paths lay in different directions, so clasping hands we bid each other godspeed, and like the little boy who whistles in the dark to keep his courage up I jokingly said:

"When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

In another hour I was in my own home. The kids were tucked away in bed, and the wife was at the door as soon as she heard my first footsteps. She said:

"I just knew you would come."

All was well and the family had not been greatly frightened, though shells had fallen near them and killed a number of people. But most of the fighting had been in other parts of the city. And as the fighting on this night was in about the same place as the night before we felt no immediate danger, so we spent a fairly restful night.

For several days and nights the fighting was limited to the lower section of the city, principally around the Luz Station and the governor's palace, but one morning we awoke and found guns and soldiers' caps and uniforms scattered along Liberdade Street, and soon revolutionary troops were taking up positions, hurriedly throwing up breast-works and digging trenches. The few troops who had remained loyal to the government had been out-numbered and had been compelled to withdraw from the city, together with the governor of the state.

Then followed several days of comparatively quiet—the calm before the storm. The chief of the revolutionists issued a statement stating their object. They desired to take the government out
Bullets Flew Thick and Fast on the Main Streets of the City
of the hands of the professional politicians and put it into the hands of the people. They wished to make the government more democratic, and especially did they desire to depose the president of the republic whom, they said, had insulted the army in times past. Their platform seemed to please the people, and as they were complete masters of the city many people thought that the revolution had won, and the revolutionists were hailed as saviours of the country. Flowers were stuck in their gun barrels, as they marched by, women served coffee to them in their trenches, they were treated to cigars, candies, etc., and the populace received them with open arms.

The federal government, however, treated them differently. All trains over the government road from Rio to Sao Paulo were suppressed except troop trains. Picked men from the state of Minas were hurried to the scene. From Rio to Santos were hurried war ships loaded with troops. From Rio Grande do Sul came the famous Gauchos. So that in two or three days after the legalists had withdrawn from the city they were reinforced from the north and south. They then began their fearful assaults upon the city. The revolutionists, estimated at four thousand strong, had barricaded every street leading to the suburbs. The federal forces occupied the heights of Penha, Ypiranga, and finally extended their lines through Mooca, Cambucy, Liberdade, and Villa Marianna, a front of some nine or ten miles. During the day the fighting was mostly done by snipers, but at night the fire was terrific. The revolutionists planted cannon in different parts of the city, thus calling the fire of the federal guns to some of the most populous sections. For twenty-three days the fighting continued, growing more intense as each day passed. The revolutionists, as a rule, stayed within their trenches, with the federalists attacking and playing for position. But neither side seemed to make progress. Hundreds of houses were destroyed by shell fire (a leading journal of the city gives the number as 1,800). Thousands of
innocent people were killed by shrapnel and bullet. Commercial houses were sacked by mobs, and some of the largest factories and manufacturing plants in South America were burned. The commerce of the city was completely paralyzed, the street cars did not run, and business houses were closed. The inhabitants fled in terror first from one part of the city to another, then finally to the interior. It was estimated that more than three hundred thousand people left the city.

Besides the many large hospitals in the city the Red Cross opened up a large number of others. The Red Cross tendered its services to the federal forces early in the fight, but it was said that the commanding general replied that their hospital service was well organized and equipped and that they did not need the aid of the Red Cross. The chief of the revolutionists, therefore, issued orders prohibiting the Red Cross from crossing the lines, thus the dead and wounded cared for were revolutionists and civilians who had fallen within the city. The sad fact was that perhaps nine out of every ten who were killed or wounded were innocent citizens, and perhaps half of them women and children.

The Central Methodist Church, the Methodist Publishing House, and four residences stand on the same property on Liberdade Street, and in the midst of these buildings is a large open space. This was a place of much activity during these trying days. An emergency hospital was opened up in the church. The basements of all six buildings were filled with refugees, and we served an average of more than six hundred meals to hungry people daily. Many of the members of the families living here, the pastor of the church, and employees of the Publishing House did heroic service during the struggle, often risking their lives in caring for these refugees. One of the young men in the Publishing House and I volunteered our services to the Red Cross, were accepted, and with our mail truck hauled hundreds of families out of the danger zone. We took one family of twelve from a small house adjoining the Publishing House and sent them out of
the city. When we went for them they discussed the matter of leaving and almost decided to remain. The next day a large shell fell upon their house and demolished it. A shell fell upon a double house which was occupied by two families. Every member of the two families was wounded, one killed outright, and five legs and a number of arms were severed from the bodies of the other members. A shell struck one of the large hotels in the center of the city as our truck was passing with a load of women and children. It did not penetrate the heavy wall, but exploded on the outside, leaving eight dead in the street. Another fell in the street immediately in the front of the truck and killed four. A family of sixteen persons who lived near us, so I was informed by a reliable person, became afraid to remain in their house, in which a number of bullets had entered, and moved into their back garden, which was surrounded by high walls. They camped there for several days and nights, but one fatal day a shell fell in the midst of them and killed the entire family. One day while we were serving dinner to hundreds of refugees, and the church was full of wounded and dying, shells began to fall around us. Three fell in the street in front of the church. One fell short a few hundred feet. One fell on either side of us, and two passed through our garage. There were eight in all, one right after the other, and the hissing noise as they came was frightful, and with each explosion it seemed that we were lifted from the ground. It was dangerous to remain in the open, and we were afraid to get in the buildings, for fear they would be blown down upon us. The shells were coming from the Cambucy district, below us, so we huddled together in front of the big Publishing House building until the storm had passed. Fortunately for us after the eighth shot the direction was changed a little, and we heard more than thirty shots with clock-like regularity falling a few blocks from us, and we later learned that twenty-two of them had struck a big theatre near, where the revolutionists had established headquarters for this section. One
of the two shells which passed through our garage did not explode, but fell dead in the yard immediately in front of the large opening to our basement where my wife and children had congregated. After a few minutes my wife picked it up, still hot, and put it in a tub of water. With the exception of the holes in the garage, and one of our typesetting machines in the Publishing House damaged, our property suffered little. But it will be many a day before we will look with favor upon a hissing noise, or will not jump at the slam of a door. Soon after this tempest of shells there was brought to us a man with his face blown off, a little girl with one foot gone, her brother with only one leg, a woman fearfully mangled, and an old priest who was wounded in the head, in the back, and with a foot hanging to him only by a tendon. Others were killed and wounded, but they were taken to other hospitals. The head carpenter who worked for us for more than two years building our residences and the Publishing House was standing in his door talking to his wife, when a bullet entered his heart and he fell dead without uttering a word. The next day a shell passed through his house and severely wounded his little child. Just such cases as these could be multiplied indefinitely. And just such work as was carried on here by our group of loyal Christians was also carried on in almost every school and church building in the city.

An interesting story was afterwards told me about the shelling of our compound here, by a member of our church who is a soldier. He said he was on the firing line when he heard an officer give orders to a gun crew to range their gun on the big building with the square tower. The gunners immediately got busy and began to fire one of the big guns at us. When he saw how close the shells were falling to us this humble soldier went to the officer and explained to him that this was a church and a printing plant, and that he could guarantee that it had been used in no way to help the revolutionists, and he begged that it be spared. The officer replied that they had information that even
the women were helping dig trenches in front of the church. And the fact was that there was a trench in front of the church, and another just a few hundred feet away, but so far as I know they were not dug by women, though women had served coffee to the men in the trenches. But the officer respected the appeal of this soldier, who is a fervent Christian, and had the gun turned a few inches and began to rain shot and shell into the big theatre a few blocks from us, which, in reality, was full of revolutionists.

It will be wondered why people remained in a city so shell torn. Well, hundreds of thousands of them did not remain, but all could not leave. During the first days of the fighting my wife was in the window when she saw a Marine pass by. In a little while she saw the man run behind a post, and the next instant a bullet entered the adjoining window and went through a solid brick wall into another room. The Marine had been shot at by a revolutionist. This frightened us a little so we packed the whole family into the truck and left the city. We passed through the little town of Santo Amaro and found its population swollen to about ten times normal, so we camped out on a beautiful hill-side in the country. That night we heard the roar of cannon, and the sky toward the city became lurid with burning buildings. And the effect was that we were conscience stricken. We thought of our friends back in the city, many of them who could not leave for lack of transportation. We thought of the church and the Publishing House, and the hundreds of refugees in them. We thought a thousand things that night as we stood on the hill-side and in the distance could see the red and lurid light leap up into the sky, as though the world was burning up. And we were sorry we had fled. We felt like cowards. So the next morning we packed up and returned to the city. I must confess, also, that there is a tinge of curiosity in our make-up, and that played its part in causing us to return. Who can stand off in the distance and hear big guns shoot, imagine
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he hears the rattle of musketry, see the smoke of a burning city, and not want to know just what is happening? Man is a strange creature, and many of his doings cannot be explained.

There is also danger in fleeing from one place to another. It was often the case where families fled from places of comparative safety to find themselves in the midst of greater dangers. One early morning I had taken a load of twenty-one women and children to the Luz Station where they hoped to take the only train in operation from the city to the interior. In front of the station there was a crowd which I estimated at considerable more than one thousand persons also wanting to embark. Four shells fell in the immediate neighborhood, and the confusion of these people was indescribable. The women and children screamed, the men lost their heads, and there were many cases where children had boarded the train without their parents, and parents without their children. In some of the interior towns were found small children without their parents, and the only information some of them could give was that their father was called Joao or Pedro, and their mother Maria or Dorcas, etc. They did not know their own surname, nor the place of their residence.

When people went out on the streets they did not know if they would get back sound, or if they would get back at all. One poor mother came to us one day and wanted us to get her children out of the danger zone. She said she had left her five small children in the house while she went a few blocks away to buy some bread and when she attempted to return a few minutes later she found that a trench in front of her home had been assaulted, and the revolutionists driven out, and that it was impossible to reach her home. We went with her and tried to enter in several different directions, but everywhere we found both rifle and machine guns in fearful activity. We gave her a place to sleep in the Publishing House, and for five days she was with us. One day she disappeared and we have never heard what became of her or of her children.
During the twenty-three days of fighting it was estimated that more than five million shots were fired into the city. There was a perfect orgie of rifle, machine gun, and cannon fire. Men who had passed through the great World War told me that in all the four years of service there they had never witnessed anything to equal this. People who lived at a great distance called it popping corn. Those nearer called it hell, and hell it was. Large trees that happened to stand between the lines of battle were cut down with rifle fire as thought they had been sawn with a giant saw. There was hardly a block in which some damage was not done. Telephone and power wires were demolished, and the iron posts carrying them were sometimes literally perforated with bullets. I counted sixty-eight holes in one iron post in one of the principal streets of the city. Some of the large hotels and entire blocks were so peppered with balls that they appeared to have had some kind of architectural small-pox. The Theatro de Sao Paulo, which stands only a few blocks from us, was struck by twenty-two shells. The beautiful Cambucy church, which stands on a hill below us, was almost completely destroyed. The hill on which it stands passed from the possession of one to the other of the contending forces time and again, and from our home we could see men die in its defense, and others die in their assaults upon it. In hundreds of blocks hardly a window glass was left unbroken. Had it not been for the fact that nearly all persons who remained in the city slept in basements, and thousands of houses had been completely abandoned, the death toll would have been appalling.

One beautiful Monday morning--July 28--the people who still occupied the city awoke--those who slept--and found perfect silence along the battle front. Not a shot was heard and not a cannon was active. The noise of battle is awful to hear but this silence was oppressive. The firing had ceased about midnight, and everybody felt that something had happened. It was soon discovered
that the revolutionists had abandoned their trenches and that they had withdrawn from the city during the darkness of the night. They had loaded their entire equipment on eleven great trains and had gone far into the interior. The Federal troops had not yet entered the city, apparently not knowing that the enemy had retired. Finally about nine o'clock the Federals advanced. First the vanguard, then the main army.

It was an impressive sight as they marched through the streets of the city. I had seen the army on parade in Rio on a number of occasions, but I was never impressed with it as on this occasion. They were said to be sixteen thousand strong. They were coming in from the fields of battle where they had fought almost a continual fight for twenty-three days and nights. Their beards had grown out, they were battle scarred, many of them were bandaged and covered with blood, but they marched with a steady step, and on their tired faces glowed the light of victory and the satisfaction of having fought their battles and won. Their forces were complete, infantry, cavalry, artillery, with their big guns drawn by ten large horses each, machine gun crews, hospital corps, commissary department, and most impressive of all eleven monster tanks, those demons that respect not rifle or machine-gun fire, that go over breastworks and cross over trenches, and are capable of making a beaten pathway through the midst of a city block if they so desire.

Like an horrible night-mare had the revolution come suddenly upon us, and for twenty-three days had held our fair city in its awful embrace, desolating our busy streets, destroying our great factories, shooting holes in our schools and churches and palaces, blowing down the homes of peaceful families upon their heads, and killing and maiming thousands and thousands of innocent men, women, and children. And then, in the dark shadows of the night which are chased away by the rising sun, the revolutionists had fled.
Tenho a honra de comunicar a V. S. que, em reunião do Conselho Director, realizada
á 6 do corrente, foi V. S. proposto para SOCIO
HONORARIO DE GUERRA d’esta Associação,
pelos relevantes e inestimáveis serviços prestados à
população de S. Paulo e à Sociedade, durante a

Congratulando-me com V. S. por essa tão
justa e merecida distinção, aproveito o ensejo para
apresentar-vos os protestos de minha elevada
estima e distincta consideração.

Posina Nogueira Leite
Secretaria
2. Novembro de 1914

Tendo a honra de comunicar a V. Exa.
due em reunião do Conselho Directo reais,
a e do Conselho da V. Exa. proposta para SOCIO
HONORARIO DE CURRICO gênero Associação
pelo recebimento da inscrição de serviços prestados a
população de S. Paulo e a Sociedade durante a
Revolução de Julho de 1870

Constituindo-me com V. Exa.
justo mérito, destes serviços, aprazendo o mesmo para
uniformizar-os os processos de minhas elegera
seteira e glória destas considerações.

[Assinatura]
Illustrious Mr. J. W. Clay:

I have the honor of communicating to you that in the reunion of the Council, realized on the 6th of this month, you were proposed as an Honorary War Member of this Association, because of the outstanding and inestimable services rendered to the population of S. Paulo and to Society during the Revolution of July of this year.

I congratulate you on this merited distinction, and take this opportunity of expressing to you my high esteem and distinct consideration.

ROSINA NOGUEIRA SOARES,
Secretary.
(Translation)

Reg. Office of Brest

Central Committee of the People
Office: Rue Pigere, Section 28
2, Bento, 16th of Nov., 1929

Information Mr. J. W. Clark:

I have the honor of communicating to you that in the remembrance of the Central Committee on the 6th of this month you were proposed as an Honorary WSR Member of the Association and in succession rendered to the continuation of your services and active support of the agitation of the Society concerning the Revolution of July 1830. I undertake to inform you on this matter as well as possible.

Secretariat

Rosa Mia Mociura, Secretary

2, Bento, 16th of Nov., 1929
Legality had triumphed. The Federal government had acted quickly and with splendid energy. The beautiful flag with the inscription "Order and Progress" was hoisted to the breeze, and Brazil the beautiful, the hospitable, the great, was saved from a cruel and bloody civil war.

Long live Brazil, and may Peace ever be her twin sister, and Order and Progress her big brothers.
"REVOLUTION! REVOLUTION!"

She was perfectly hysterical. The Revolution had been in progress for eighteen days. The Legals had been driven from the city of Sao 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 Mariana 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 Rua da Liberdade 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 hundred 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.

The poor woman could not tell us the name of the street on which she lived, nor the number of her house, nor 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 Mariana 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 farther with the truck and told us that it was very dangerous to go afoot. We explained that the poor family was right between the firing lines and in eminent 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 yelping 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 out four big dog baskets and began stuffing dogs into them. One little fellow had a blanket on 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 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-shelled burst across the street and took off the roof of the neighbor's house, so neither of the 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. 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 prey. 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 trembled 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 yelled; "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
"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 would 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 known. 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!"
Two Little Sailors

Dorothy and Myrtle Clay
TWO SHIPWRECKED SAILORS ON THE GREAT SEA OF LIFE

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, where my friend Charles A. Long was 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 on 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
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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 ship-wreck, 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 the 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 through 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 to 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 younger 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,
I have no idea what kind of "extraneous matter" you are referring to. It seems to me that the only thing that matters is the content of the text itself. If you have any specific questions or concerns about the document, please feel free to ask.

"What is the purpose of..."

"...about the "extraneous matter." "The only thing that matters is the content of the text itself. If you have any specific questions or concerns about the document, please feel free to ask."
myself am a fine sailor. I know every detail of the workings of a ship, from the small sailing vessel to the big leviathan 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 ends," said the old man, as 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 simply dying for a drink." and as he spoke 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 everyone 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 going to stay on them or are you going to tumble down again at the first opportunity?"

"I make no rash promises," said he. "Sometimes it's the staunchest 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 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, speaking 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 discovered. Jim saved my life once off the coast 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
An Old Shipwreck

Dorothy, Linda, Gertrude, Charles Clay
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 said 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 said: 'Old pard, we've been a-sailing 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 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 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. God knows I have never harmed one of his creatures..."

"You have never harmed anyone but yourself, old pard," 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 with a rare beauty, "for," said he, "I believe I am going to a goodly land, and like Jim believe I will be happy there."

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 they faith is may it be 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?"

It was a bright new year's morn and these two old topers were sunning themselves at the entrance of 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.
Crystal Waters Born in the Jungle
THE MILLER'S TREE OF SOUTH AMERICA

In the forests of Brazil 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 it 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 Brazil, 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 Indian 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 decided that if double toll was good, treble toll would be better, so he began taking treble 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 thought 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.

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
It Ever Sings the Jungle Song
that Nature Taught it
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, watching 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 tolls, 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. No sooner had he poured the meal into the bin than 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 climbed and climbed until he got to the wee tip top, when lo, the top broke out and he fell to the ground. But it is said the fall did not kill 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 rogue, and it is called the Miller's Tree.
"PRAYED THROUGH"

I have just read an article in one of our religious papers in which a preacher asked 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 my 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 its 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 early American Protestantism, and 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", a 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 urging you forward, and their voices sounded like troubled waters, while you own was like a voice from the tomb. It was cold like unto 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 rolled 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 through". Jonah ex-
cited 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 sackcloth and ashes, and that neither man nor beast, herd nor flock should taste meat of drink, but should cry mightily unto God, and the din and confusion of lowing herd 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 not. 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 striking 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 plead that it be spared, and the Lord promised to spare it if there could be found fifty righteous 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 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, brethren. 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 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 save me from my sins; and set my soul on high.  

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The good poet had "prayed through" his troubles,  
that's all.
"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 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 Brazil, 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 Brazil--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 travelled 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
A Jungle Flower

Gertrude Clay
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 their 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 was 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 of the settlement 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.
A "Dugout"

Myrtle - Dorothy Clay
The day was spent in rejoicing and thanksgiving, children were baptised, couples were married, and 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 (dugouts), visited a neighboring settlement some leagues farther 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 so 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 content 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 go murmuring on their way to the distant sea, and as I hear the noises from the great jungle around me—the call of the night-bird, the chatter of the monkey, and sometimes the growl of the leopard—my soul becomes 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."
A Rest in the Stream

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

I watched him as he left the Publishing House. He dodged across the street between the rushing automobiles, in a half frightened way. He tried to stop an approaching street car, but not being at 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. I was also convinced 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.
Hair Cut "A-la-Garconne"
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 Brazil.

"Why do you object so strenously 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 quick 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 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 Virgins, 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 drowsy 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 tending 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 child was casually passing by the mill. She saw me hanging there and ran to the house to tell her father that a woman 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 it 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 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."

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 white 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 glory that is unspeakable."

Then the redeemed soul of that happy woman looked into my face while her eyes shone with that glory, not of this world, and her face was as brilliant as that of a saint, and the 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. Today 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. Today 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.
HOME CONFERENCES TAME—
MISSION CONFERENCES HAVE MORE "PEP"

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After attending quite a number of Annual Conferences of the Methodist Church in the homeland as well as the annual meetings of other denominations I am impressed with the fact that our Mission Conferences are more interesting, not only to the members but also to visitors. Our Methodist Conferences at home are very large and almost unwieldy. They run under high pressure, with the bishop and presiding elders and connectional men doing most of the talking. There are so many preachers and such limited time that each member must limit his report to the minimum.

In the mission fields it is different. With perhaps a dozen or less missionaries and twice that number of national preachers, each member has plenty of time to hear and be heard. At the opening session the "limits" of the Conference are usually designated as the first three or four benches in the church, and no member is allowed to take part in the deliberations unless he is within the space designated.

The presiding bishop, who, perhaps, has not been in the country more than two days (sometimes he gets there only after the Conference has opened. If it was the object of this chapter to point out some of the weak points in Methodist Missions we would write a chapter or more on "Episcopal Administration in the Mission Fields"), and is often a perfect stranger not only to the nationals but to all or most of the missionaries, and who perhaps does not understand a single word of the language in which the business of the Conference is to be transacted, takes the "chair"—that is, one of them. His interpreter takes the other. The bishop arises with his interpreter at his side. This man is usually one of the missionaries or sometimes a national who understands English. The
The Spies

Linda, Gertrude & Charles Clay
bishop delivers his address in English, halting after each sentence for the interpreter to translate what has been said into the native tongue. This he does in the same spirit and using the same gestures and tone of voice as the bishop has used. It is a slow and awkward process, yet not without interest. As long as the bishop puts his thoughts into plain short sentences the interpreter—the bishop calls him "interrupter"—can follow him with ease, but should be begin to soar, and especially should he invoke the poets, then the poor interpreter flounders, for poetry and high sounding metaphors usually fall flat when put into another language, and sometimes they simply cannot be "put" at all.

When the business of the Conference begins, the unfortunate interpreter finds his troubles are twins, for he not only has to interpret the words of the bishop but has to interpret the sayings of the Conference to the bishop.

In the home Conference, the reports of the preachers bear a marked similarity one to the other. In fact, the preachers themselves—though it would never do to tell them so—impress one who has become accustomed to foreign Conferences as being very similar. They dress alike, look alike, and seem to think alike. Similarity of environment perhaps is responsible for this. In a foreign Conference things are different. What a mission Conference—especially one in South America—lacks in numbers it makes up in variety. Occupying one of the seats will be a missionary or national preacher from a modern city church. Sitting by his side will be a man who for ten years has ridden a circuit as big as an entire home Conference, and who is as much at home on the back of a mule as are some of the "dignitaries" on an ocean liner. Some of the men have travelled days and days from their far-flung battle line in order to meet with their brethren in annual session, and to tell of their work in far-away fields. Often these fields are just as different as are the preachers and delegates, and they—well, they are just as different
There are Giants There

Sr. Adolpho
as are the races of men. Among them we have the polished men and women from the schools, the editors and other connectional men, and we also have those "Pioneer souls that blaze their paths, Where highways never ran,"
--the men and women whose duty and glorious privilege it is to push back the frontiers of ignorance and superstition, and to carry a blazing torch into the very strongholds of darkness and sin. The pioneer missionary is a glorious institution, and one never tires of looking into the bronzed faces of these heroes of the cross as they come down from their out-posts to make their report and to mingle for a few days with their brethren.

Then there are the nationals, or native preachers. Descendants of Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, German, etc. Some of them are polished gentlemen with a high degree of education--lawyers, doctors, professors--helping to earn their living by their professions just as Paulo did. Then the full fledged preachers from big and little churches, from city and country. Among the group will be found some who were once priests occupying important positions in the Catholic Church. Others have been disowned by their fathers and mothers because they became Protestants. Most of them have come through great tribulation such as our American preachers never dreamed of. They are different types of men, from different environments, with different ideas, but united with a holy zeal not only for the salvation of individual souls, but also for the salvation of "sua patria"--their country. They are true patriots, and gathering from the long reach of their country they hold forth for four or five days and never is there a dull moment. Each man makes his report, and he can have the time necessary for same. Perhaps during the year he has had a church destroyed by a fanatical mob and barely escaped with his life, or perhaps a growing town or city has offered him a splendid piece of property on which to build a church or school. Perhaps he has carried on a heated polemic with some famous Catholic priest,
or has been challenged to defend his "apostate" doctrines in public debate. He is always glad to measure swords with the enemy, and usually he comes off victorious.

The reports rendered to a mission Conference bear a marked similarity to the letters of Paul, for the missionary and the national preacher has the same experiences with which Paul had to contend. Some of our men can say with the great apostle to the Gentiles: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

In the home Conference there is no time for detailed reports. I recently saw a battle-scarred hero of the cross who had been in the ranks for more than fifty years ask for a personal word after his two minute's report. A high-powered Conference didn't have time to hear him. It's sad. In a mission Conference these are our finest moments. We weep upon the necks of the old heroes (I'm speaking literally). We hold them up while they tell of battles fought and victories won. From these precious fountains we younger men get a goodly portion of our inspiration and courage. Why tear out the soul of our Conferences and make of them statistical bureaus? Who begrudges the post script to Paul's report: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course"? God bless our old heroes and pity the age that hasn't time to hear and honor them.

In the home Conference there is almost no debate. That is the life of a mission Conference. These men are brought up in the rude school of discussion and they become proficient. When a hot debate breaks forth the non-understanding bishop suffers. As a rule his interpreter tries to keep him posted, but sometimes the interpreter is drawn into the discussion and forgets his charge, and all that the dignitary from the "mother" church can do is to look on and hope for a rift in the cloud. The surest way to curb a rampant Conference is for the ladies of the Missionary Society to announce that coffee and cakes are ready, and then the most ardent debater will stop in the midst of his most
“When you’re feeling tense and on edge, it’s probably because you’re trying to control something you can’t control. Just be aware of your own behavior and try to let go of things you can’t change.”
scathing invective or flowery apostrophe in order to quiet his nerves with a draught of liquid goodness from the sunny fields of Brazil.

Questions of mighty import are discussed and resolved by these mission Conferences. The members feel keenly that they are not only working and planning for the present, but that they are laying the foundations upon which the future is to build. And burdened with this responsibility real statesmen are developed. No, they are not often considered statesmen in their day and generation—they get that after they have gone—but they are statesmen nevertheless.

It's great to sit in a mission Conference and see it make history as well as noise, and it's great to be part and parcel thereof.
Just Across the "Big Pond" is the Homeland

Myrtle, Dorothy, Linda, Gertrude, Charles Clay
HOME AGAIN!

Home again! Home again! Hurrah! Thirteen years in a foreign land is a long, long time. We sailed from New York for Brazil on the thirteenth of July, nineteen hundred and thirteen, and landed in New York on our return on the thirteenth of July, nineteen hundred and twenty-six, just thirteen years from the time we first sailed. My! what momentous years they have been, both for the world and for us! As we would say in Brazil, "quen sabe" (who knows) but that the fact of our having carried thirteen pieces of baggage on our first trip—that in connection with the other thirteens—had something to do with succeeding events. You remember the World War came and went, and the good ship "Vandyck" which carried us to Brazil was sent to the bottom by the Germans. Pestilence hath stalked the earth, and "Flu" flew on the wings of night to every nook and corner of the globe. We were caught in the midst of the most terrible revolution that has ever cursed the land of the Southern Cross, and death lived within speaking distance of us for quite a while and called unto himself thousands of those around us, yet he passed us by. Now we have returned to the homeland, and—"que coincidência"—it was the good ship "Vandyck" that brought us safely back—the new "Vandyck", namesake of her ill-fated predecessor.

During these thirteen years we have suffered quite a few experiences, the memories of which will remain with us for some time to come. One in particular the writer recalls with vivid memory. It was the cold, dark night when a big touring car sat upon him by the side of a lonely mountain road on the way to Cotia, and left his collar bone and ribs twisted like unto the internal fixings of a dirigible that had come to grief. We are glad to say, however, that the years have brought us many
experiences which are today happy memories. God has been good to us. Friends we have made—thousands of them—whose remembrance brings comfort and courage to our souls. In our work we did not do much. We tried to establish a Publishing House and we put golden wings to good books and sent them out to the four corners of the Portuguese world. We have faith to believe the work begun will continue until the dark corners are made light.

But let the dead past bury its dead. I must now tell you of our arrival in the homeland, and of some of our first impressions. We passed the good lady who stands at the entrance to New York harbor holding high her torch, and it was good to see her again. The sight filled our hearts with joy and our eyes with tears, and we prayed that she might ever be a light unto the world. We landed and got our baggage through the custom house, and found that we had just thirteen pieces, plus one, so you see we had one to the good. There was a street car strike on, and we had some difficulty in getting through the city. We checked our trunks and carried our hand baggage, and as we marched up Broadway toward the Prince George hotel we attracted attention, believe me. It has been said that the New Yorker is a very cold hearted person who goes about his business and never pays any attention to the stranger within his gates. That's all buncombe. Forget it. I know from personal contact that the New Yorker is just as much interested in his fellow man as is any other of the human family. Oh, I can conceive of a man sneaking hurriedly through the great city without even being noticed, but that would be as much his fault, and even more, than the New Yorker's. If a man wishes to attract attention he must do his part. He must be attractive. And if he is attractive then he will attract attention whether in the jungles of Africa or on Fifth Avenue.

I well remember how I once attracted attention far up in the interior of the great state of Minas Geraes, in Brazil. The country people of Brazil are, as a rule, small of stature, and large families are
the rule. I was walking the streets of a small interior village when I looked down the street and saw a family coming in from the country. The "chefe da familia" was in front, then came the wife, then the children in order of size and age. There must have been fifteen in all. Fresh from the jungle, they were all eyes and ears. They spied me long before we met. The father evidently said something about the "estrangeiro" they were about to meet, for suddenly I saw heads sticking out from either side of the line of march peering in my direction. When we met a mutual attraction seemed to call a halt to the whole bunch, including myself. The little man stopped in front of me and gazed up into my face. I looked down upon him. He measured not more than five feet in height. I stood six feet three. His family surrounded me and gazed with open mouths. Finally the "chefe" exclaimed: "Meu Deus!" The first word of the exclamation means "my" while the second means "God".

In New York we did not stop the entire procession, but we certainly did attract attention.

Can you visualize us? In the thirteen years away from home the family had doubled in number. Some of us had not seen New York before. Then, too, we had come from a far-away and strange land. Our ship had stopped at strange ports in the islands of the sea. We were loaded down with curios—no, they were more than curios; they were curiosities. Or would it not be better to say monstrosities? There were the walking canes made from the vertebrae of man-eating sharks. There were the long strings of beads made from pink and snow-white coral and most gorgeously colored wild beans; then the baskets of curious shape and color, filled with objects still more curious; the roll of half-cured skins under my arm with the tail of a leopard dangling out behind. But, the thing that caused the most attention was perhaps a great macaw from the Amazon country. We had bought him from an Indian boy when our ship stopped at one of the ports on the Amazon. The macaw is one of the most beautiful of birds when he is in full bloom, but
in capturing him the Indian had pulled his beautiful long tail out, and his other feathers were terribly rumpled, and he was as ill as an old sitting hen. The macaw has a most awful hooked beak with which he prizes open the hardest nuts, and he has a perfect mania for gnawing on things. He can cut a limb from a tree in a few minutes. When bought we put him in a box and nailed slats over it, and stored him away in the hole of the ship. But it was not many minutes until he had freed himself and was causing depredation to certain parts of the cargo. The mid-shipmate then put him into a little room in the rear of the ship where the mechanism of the rudder operated, and where there was nothing made of wood, and he assured me that he would cause no trouble there, but it was not long until I heard the good-shipmate belaboring the mid-shipmate in a savage fashion, and declaring to him that he would have to throw that "bicho" over-board as he would not allow him to eat all the paint off the ship as well as take the nuts off the machinery, thus endangering the safety of the ship and crew, to say nothing of the passengers. Then it was that I went to the ship's carpenter, had him to bore a soap box full of little holes, and we put the bird in there and shut him up. For several days he fussed and quarreled incessantly, but not being able to get his great beak into the small holes, he finally had to submit, and after that he remained comparatively quiet, except for a most terrible squawk occasionally.

Well, in our triumphal entry into New York we had to carry all these things—bags, baskets, skins, canes, and worst of all the boxed macaw. The carpenter had made a nice handle for the box and it was not heavy, neither could the bird be seen through the little holes, but every time we came to a crucial moment in our advance up Broadway, just when we would reach a crowded street corner and were waiting for an opportunity to cross the street, or just at the moment when it seemed that everybody was looking at us, that horrible creature would let out one of the most terrifying shrieks that had
ever echoed amid the grand canyons of Manhattan island, and his being hid in the soap box made it all the worse, for the people could not see that it was only a bird. Then when we reached the Prince George hotel and asked for the rooms that had been reserved for us by our Board of Missions--why it is that the Board always stops its long haired missionaries right in the heart of things I could never understand--we were again the center of attraction. To arrange for our crowd required no little time, so that while we waited the loungers of the lobby--and it seemed that there were thousands of them--had plenty of time to inspect us, from big to little. The roll of skins under my arm seemed to grow all the time and get bigger and bigger. One of the children tried to stick the leopard's tail back into the bundle, but it insisted on hanging down as is its nature to do. Everybody gazed, and soon we were blocking business at the Prince George just as we had blocked traffic on Broadway. Then our keys were given to us, and we were told to follow the bell-hop. He took up several suit cases and put them on his hip, and then picked up the soap box. It had been said that a Missouri mule will behave like an angel for six months in order to get one good kick at you. Just so this crafty old macaw seemed to be. He was waiting for just such an opportunity on which to wreak vengeance on puny man. He did himself proudly. He raised the roof, if the Prince George has a roof. Perhaps it would be better to say roof-garden. Such an unearthly shriek I had never heard before in all my life. Evidently the crowd thought that the jungle beasts whose hides I was carrying had rehabilitated themselves and had attacked in a body, for the lobby of the great Prince George became as deserted and as silent as did "Rua Quinze de Novembro" when the Revolution of 1924 broke. The bell-hop, I guess he's hopping yet, if he has ever lit from his first mighty hop.

It would be a long story to tell of the further capers of that bird; of how a Pullman porter dropped the box as though it had been a charged trolley
wire; of how a sleeping car on the Dixie Flyer had quivered from coupling to coupling at the sound of a demoniac shriek at the mid-night hour; and of how we were almost sued for damages by a Greek restaurant keeper in a little town where we had to change trains. We had gone into the restaurant to get lunches when one of the children, hoping to hide the brute, set the bird under the table. One of the guests accidentally struck the box with his foot and that was sufficient to let off an explosion with the result that the restaurant was immediately vacated by the guests who forgot to settle their bills. The Dago insisted that we pay the damages. But let's forget the bird as much as is possible. When he gets to Grandmother's farm he can roam at will in the big oak trees of the lawn, and shriek to his heart's content.

After spending a few days in New York the great, another couple of days in Washington the beautiful, we came on down to the wonderful hills of North Carolina, and oh! it's great to be home again. True, many changes have taken place since we left. Some of the loved ones have crossed the bar. Others have moved to other parts. The home church is not the same any more, for many of the old familiar faces have gone and strangers occupy their places. The villages are growing into towns and the towns into cities. There is development and growth everywhere. Progress and industry are leading the old Rip Van Winkle state into the very foremost of the mighty procession of our great commonwealths.

Three things stand out with wonderful impressiveness as we look about us after our absence. First, the great and beautiful churches that are being built in both city and country. Second, the large number of splendid institutions of learning to be found everywhere, and especially in the country districts. Third, the mighty net-work of asphalt and concrete highways running through the entire country, where you see cars with license plates from every state in the Union.
The churches are full of people on Sundays. Men are interested in church work as never before. The Sunday schools of today are thoroughly organized educational institutions. The day schools are full to capacity. I took our boy to Duke University some days ago and was impressed with the sight of more than eighteen hundred young men entering. I took a great inter-urban bus and rode some fifteen miles to the University of North Carolina and found more than two thousand young men preparing themselves for life. Our daughters are in Greensboro, not far from the above mentioned universities, where more than three thousand young women are in college. All through the country districts there are splendid consolidated schools housed in beautiful and inspiring structures, and the children are transported to and from school in state owned busses.

We could not help but contrast in our minds the advantages the children of the South have today with those of thirty or forty years ago. When we were children our nearest school was a log cabin three miles away. It was before the day of desks, and our seats were rude benches without backs. The benches were high and we smaller children would sit hours at a time with our little feet, weighted down with heavy "brogans", swinging in the air. Perhaps this explains the reason why so many "mountain whites" have longer legs than other folks. The school term was from three to four months in the year, and the teacher "boarded with the scholars"—that is he would spend a week with each family of his patrons. That was the way his contract usually read. When the snows would come—and it seemed that it snowed more and deeper when we were children than it does now, though the weather man says it did not—it was a difficult task to get to school. There was a large family living on the neighboring farm to us composed of twelve girls. When there was a deep snow the father of these girls would hitch old dobbin to his snow-plow and open a path to the school. After this family had passed then the eight of our family would find a beaten pathway to school.
While away from home we had read many stories to the effect that the youth of today were going to the bad, that they had revolted and were automobile and jazz and Charleston mad. Don't believe it. Mad folks don't crowd churches and schools. There are silly flappers, of course, and there are souls as vile as the Sodomites, but after seeing and coming into close contact with our young people of today I believe that they are ahead of the young people of past generations. There is not the shadow of a doubt but that they are healthier in body, and I believe that they are just as healthy in mind and spirit as were the young people of past generations.

Do not let any one persuade you to believe that the churches are losing their grip, either, that the modernists are going to run away with it, or that the fundamentalists are going to bury it in a moldy grave. I do not believe that the churches of America ever made such stride in the past as they are making today, and I believe their faith is as firm as ever.

It was a very significant fact to us that the first music we heard after landing in New York was from the chimes of a great church. We were passing Central Park at seven o'clock in the evening. A sudden tempest came in from the sea and brought a down-pour of rain. Thousands of visitors in the park rushed to their automobiles and sped for home. The noise of rushing autos, of honking horns, and blowing rain was almost deafening, yet above the noise of tempest and tumult we distinctly heard the evening chimes of a distant church as they slowly and beautifully pealed out:

"Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee 'til death."

Since that evening in July we have visited scores and scores of churches, large and small, city and country, and we are convinced that God is in his holy temple.

You have heard dire stories of the failure of prohibition, also. But do not allow yourself to be stampeded about this. I spent several days in
"Blind Tigers" Flourish Where Volstead Was Never Heard of
the city of New York, several in Washington, a week at a fashionable seaside resort, have attended county fairs, camp meetings, a circus in the mountains of Tennessee; have travelled from New York to Mississippi, and during these months that we have been in the homeland I have not seen a single case of drunkenness or smelled the scent of whiskey. Of course it is a fact that bootleggers sell it, and people do get drunk, but such cases are extremely rare in comparison with past years. We all remember the time when should a circus come to town the lock-up would be filled to overflowing with drunkards and fights, and you could never get a large number of people together without whiskey's causing trouble. Time was, not many years ago, when the Methodists of North Carolina had to abolish certain camp meetings because of whiskey. Now, because of good roads and automobiles, crowds gather such as were never heard of before, and as a rule there is hardly ever an arrest because of drunkenness at these gatherings. I consider the eighteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States to be one of the greatest single steps ever taken by the human race, and I believe that if we will stand by it and give it a fair trial the other nations of the world will adopt it, just as they have adopted other parts of our constitution.

We had heard so many discouraging stories of the homeland that we were greatly concerned about just what conditions we might find when we returned, and to our friends in the homeland and to those across the seas let us say most emphatically that we are proud, immensely proud, of our great country, and after having compared it with other lands we can throw our hats into the air and shout with all our energy our great satisfaction at being American citizens. Hurrah for these United States, and especially for

"... the land of the long leaf pine,
The summer land, where the sun doth shine;
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great,
Away down home, in the Old North State."

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I will not undertake to tell you of our stay at "grandmother's", those two wonderful months. Grandfather and grandmother had not seen all the children before, yet they knew the children and the children knew them.

July is a lovely month in which to be brought into a new world. The fruits and the flowers and the birds are there to give one happy greetings. Can't you see us all, big and little, with the stains of blackberry pie on teeth and lips? Imagine how many apples we ate, and peach cobblers (now don't say you do not know what a peach cobbler is), and biscuits like mother always makes, and the fresh country milk and butter!

We rambled over the old farm, dredged out the old swimming hole, climbed the apple trees, and ate watermelon until we felt like balloon tires. And the woods were full of wild flowers and the fields covered with golden rod, the beautiful burnished golden rod.

Well do I remember my first sight of goldenrod. I was born in the midst of this queen of the fields, but no one had ever shown it to me until one happy summer twenty-five years ago. A timid young man was strolling in the fields at set of sun with a beautiful young lady at his side. The young lady stopped and with a graceful sweep of the arm said: "Behold the goldenrod, the lovely goldenrod! Isn't it beautiful?" And the timid young man said: "Goldenrod, where is the goldenrod?" The girl stopped and plucked a sprig of the weed and placed it in the lapel of his coat, and smiled upon him, and then it was that his eyes were opened. He looked out upon a sea of burnished gold, for in truth the field was covered with the beautiful flower and the dipping sun seemed to have kissed it into melted gold. And for twenty-five years the smiles of the self-same maid have been as pure gold to the timid man. This summer the goldenrod has been especially beautiful, and now the autumn leaves are taking on their gorgeous hues, and the homeland is so beautiful—so wonderously beautiful.

There is a beauty about the perpetual green
The Missionary Family

Top Row: John Wesley Clay, Mrs. Myrtle Clay, Gertrude and Charles - baby Elizabeth
Bottom row: Linda, Dorothy, Myrtle Clay

1924
São Paulo, Brazil

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forests of Brazil and a balminess in her air, yet there is a monotony that grows tiresome at times and we long for a change in color and air. That's why we so much appreciate our native land. We have passed through the hot days of July and August and lovely September has slipped away. October is on, and each new day presents to us a new world. The nights are getting cool, the mornings are crisp, and the days are wonderful. The harvest moon has just passed and next comes the hunting moon and colder days. Then winter will be here with his fleecy locks.

Tonight we shall build a fire on the hearthstone of our own little home, and we shall think of the friends across the seas and of beautiful Brazil, and we shall pray that peace and happiness may be within her gates, and we shall also thank our Father for our own homeland--this wonderful homeland--and for the privilege of returning to her shores.

Leave us now to our golden dreams by the glowing embers, and may the Father keep us all in His marvelous love.

"Deus vos guarde bem no seu amor."