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Brazilian Homes.

Our morning cup of coffee often breathes, if we could understand it, a story of Brazilian valleys and plateaus, where laborers, sad and merry, pick berries from hundreds of trees. Brazil is the greatest coffee-growing country in the world, and most of this product she sends to us. The great international railway, so much talked of in late years, may bring us in closer touch with our South American sister, who liked our government so well that she modelled hers on it; we will then know each other better.

Brazil may be considered very progressive, since she is the only country that ever made a radical change in her form of government except through war and bloodshed, and since she voluntarily, and by a wise system of emancipation, freed herself of the curse of

of the hard skin of an alligator's breast twisted into shape, or of a large terrapin shell.

Among cooking and eating utensils, there might be an iron kettle from the nearest town; and there would surely be home-made pots and bowls of clay, calabashes, turtle-shell pans, gourd bottles, wooden spoons, baskets and clay-lamps for burning fish-oil. The principal foods are fish and manioc. The latter is to the Brazilian what wheaten bread is to us or the potato to the Irish. The itinerant bakery, shown in our picture, doubtless contains dainties made of manioc meal; although of course its principal stores are bread and cake, for Parahyba is a coast city where people have the conveniences and luxuries we ordinarily find in such towns. The itinerant pedler is a marked feature

'If we can't find anything more deserving than that we'd better give our money to some other circle. I don't propose to skimp my pin money for such an old reprobate as Smithers.'

Kate Markham, who was sitting by the window, now looked up from her sewing.

'I don't think we need bother about our next work,' she said, quietly. 'If I'm not mistaken it's coming toward us now.'

Several of the girls left their sewing and hurried to the window.

Coming down the opposite side of the street was a small boy of ten or twelve, his hands deep in his pockets, and his feet keeping time to some merry tune which he was energetically whistling.

'He doesn't act as though he was overburdened with care,' one of them remarked. 'But I do believe he is coming here!'

The boy had stopped and gazed across the street inquiringly. Then he came running toward them.

'Who is he?' asked May Whitely.

'One of Ben Carter's children,' Kate answered. 'Ben is the lame man who used to peddle clams around the village. He lives somewhere near the salt ponds. Our hired man was down that way yesterday after a load of seaweed, and he stopped at Ben's to ask about the tides. He says they need help. Ben was in bed with the rheumatism and hadn't done a day's work this winter. And there were two small boys and a sickly woman. I heard Peter tell papa that they had absolutely nothing in the house to eat except a few small potatoes. He said he told them about our circle. I suppose that is what brings the boy here to-day.'

'We shall have to make some inquiries before we give assistance,' observed Miss Leeson, the president, gravely.

Quick footsteps on the stairs put an end to further conversation. A moment, and there was a light knock upon the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Leeson.

The door opened and a bright-faced, merry-eyed boy stood before them. His clothes were patched and his shoes were worn, but his shoulders were well thrown back and his eyes did not shrink or waver as they looked into those of the president.

'Be you the—the club that helps folks?' he asked.

'Yes; what can we do for you?'

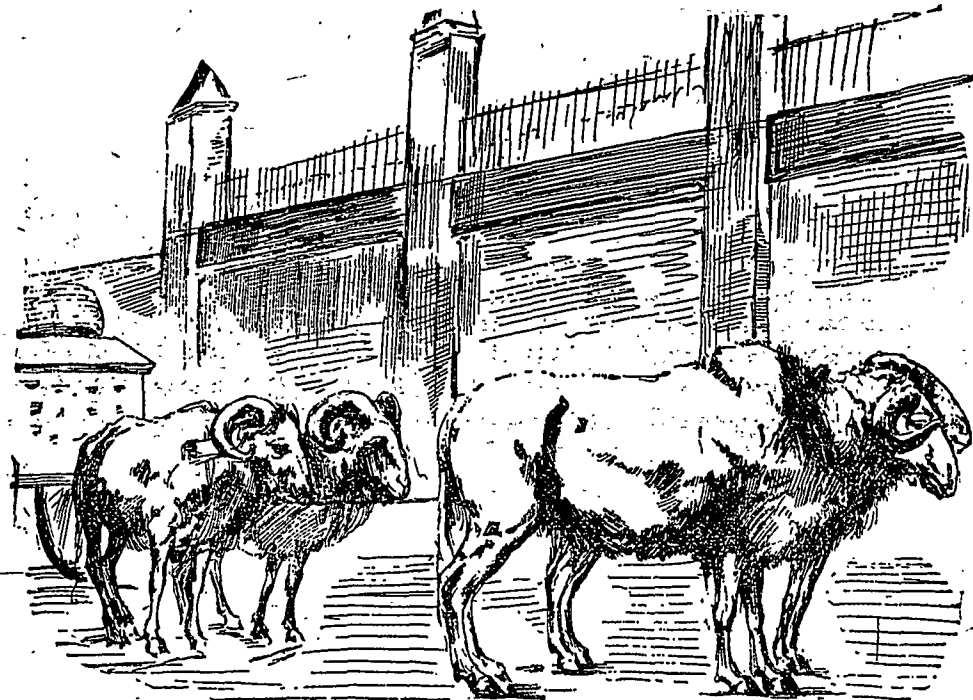
The boy shut the door carefully behind him without answering. Then he came and sat down on a chair near Miss Leeson. Some of the girls looked at him and nodded pleasantly. Instantly his own face rippled into quick returning smiles.

'I've come to jine,' he said modestly.

'Join—what?' Miss Leeson let her sewing fall into her lap.

'Why, your club, of course!' eagerly. 'Pete Gunny was down our way yesterday and told us all about it. He said them that jined hunted out poor folks and the whole club pitched in and fixed 'em up. Now, we've got a poor fambly down our way—desprit poor!' emphatically, 'and we need somebody to help us look arter 'em. I couldn't seem to hit on nobody till I heard o' your club. That settled it!'

Miss Leeson shook her head.



A BAKER'S CART, PARAHYBA, BRAZIL.

slavery. Yet centuries of Portuguese domination left much to overcome, and in some respects she is an undiscovered country, and many peoples on the Amazon live in as primitive fashion as the natives of Africa.

The aboriginal Indians of the interior are an interesting folk, and, to a large degree, civilized. The little, brown-skinned, dark-eyed children are observant; quiet and almost stolid according to our ideas of child-character. If hurt, they do not cry out; if delighted, they do not clap their hands and skip and shout. The Indian women are industrious. The men go fishing and turtle-hunting, and the burden of agricultural, as well as domestic, labor devolves chiefly upon them. They manufacture their own pottery, make mats, and weave hammocks on slow and primitive looms for family use and for sale. Some are lace weavers. They are early risers, beginning each day; it is said, with a bath in lake or river. Their Amazonian laundress has certainly no excuse for not getting the clothes clean; her washtub is fifty miles wide. They live in adobe huts, and the furniture of a typical dwelling consists of benches, trunks, hammocks, and low, odd-looking stools made

of all Brazilian cities. Negro women selling sweetmeats or pots of tapioca soup (also made like manioc meal from the manioc root), or with baskets of luscious fruit on their heads, coal-venders, merchants with cloth and yard-stick, newsboys, candy-boys, and dealers in all sorts of things, throng the narrow streets crying their wares.—'Christian Herald.'

The Run-Around Member.

(By Frank H. Sweet.)

The 'Do What We Can' circle of the 'King's Daughters' were discussing their work for the ensuing month.

'I don't know of any urgent need in our own neighborhood,' said May Whitely, pursing her lips and trying to look wise. 'We've fitted out the Joneses and McDug-guns, and have sent a ton of coal to Widow Cracken. There's old John Smithers, doubtfully, 'but he traded the last flour we sent him for whiskey. I don't suppose it would be worth while to send him any more.'

'No, indeed!' exclaimed Clara Goodrich.