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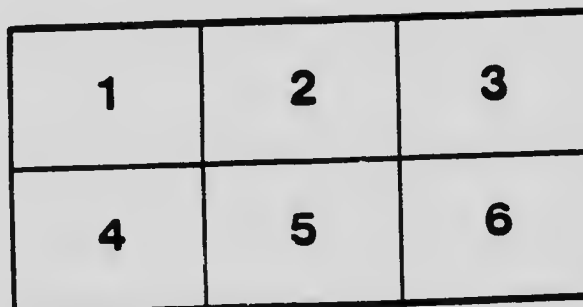
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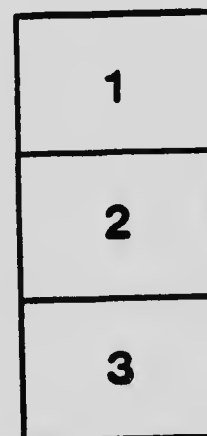
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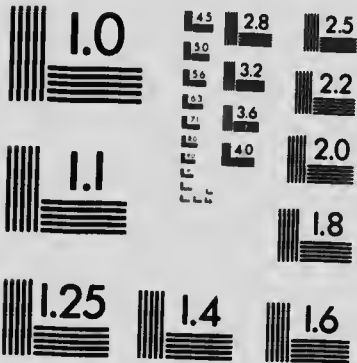
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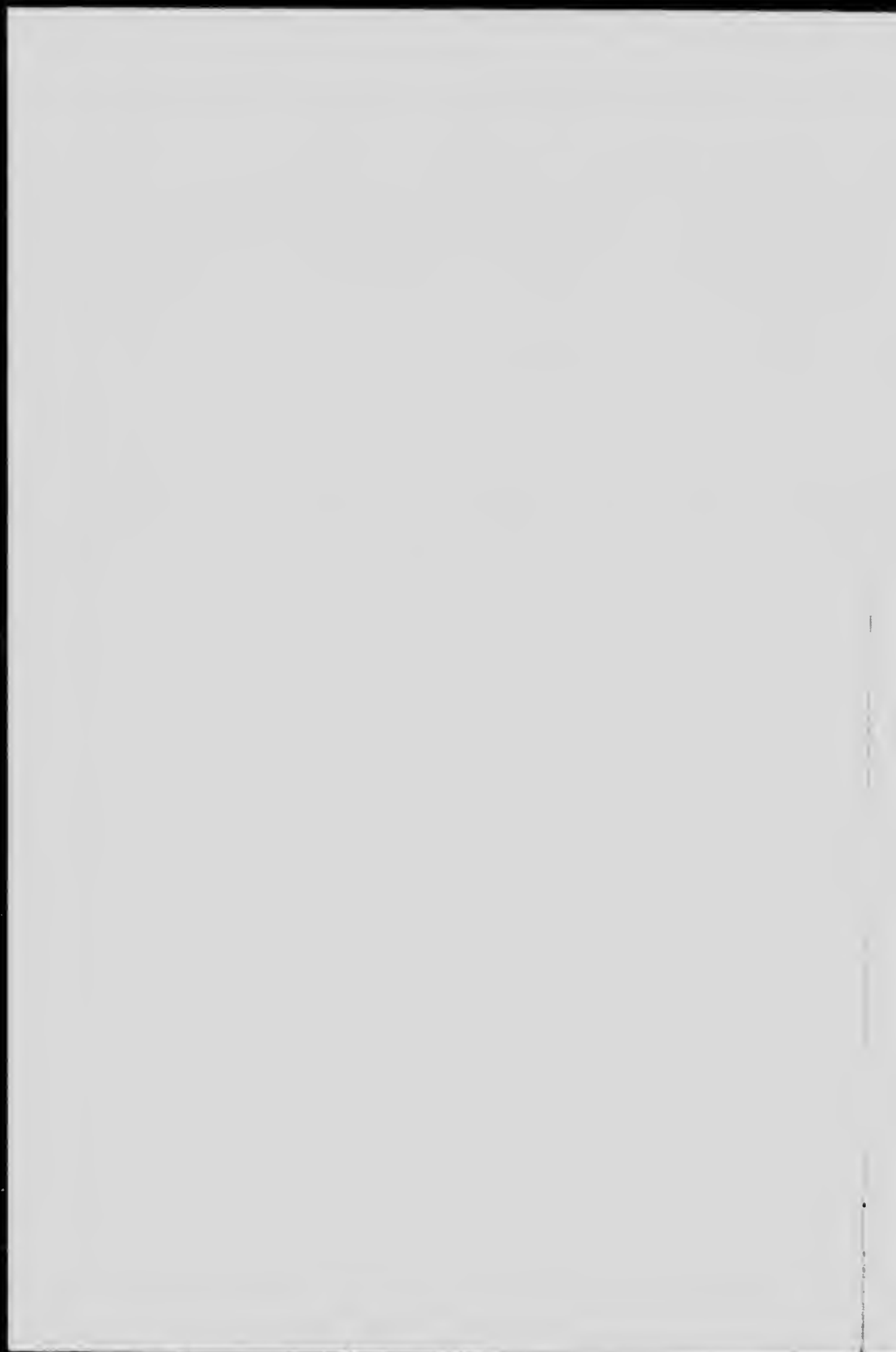
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Publisher's Announcement.

Mr. McEwen's new book, "Brazil," comes out of fourteen years contact with the people. He was as freely admitted to the homes of the rich as to the hovels of the poor. The Governors and leaders of the country treated him with courtesy and distinction, and he writes as one from the inside of things Brazilian.

From comments of doctors, other critic friends, and the press on "Brazil," we quote as follows:

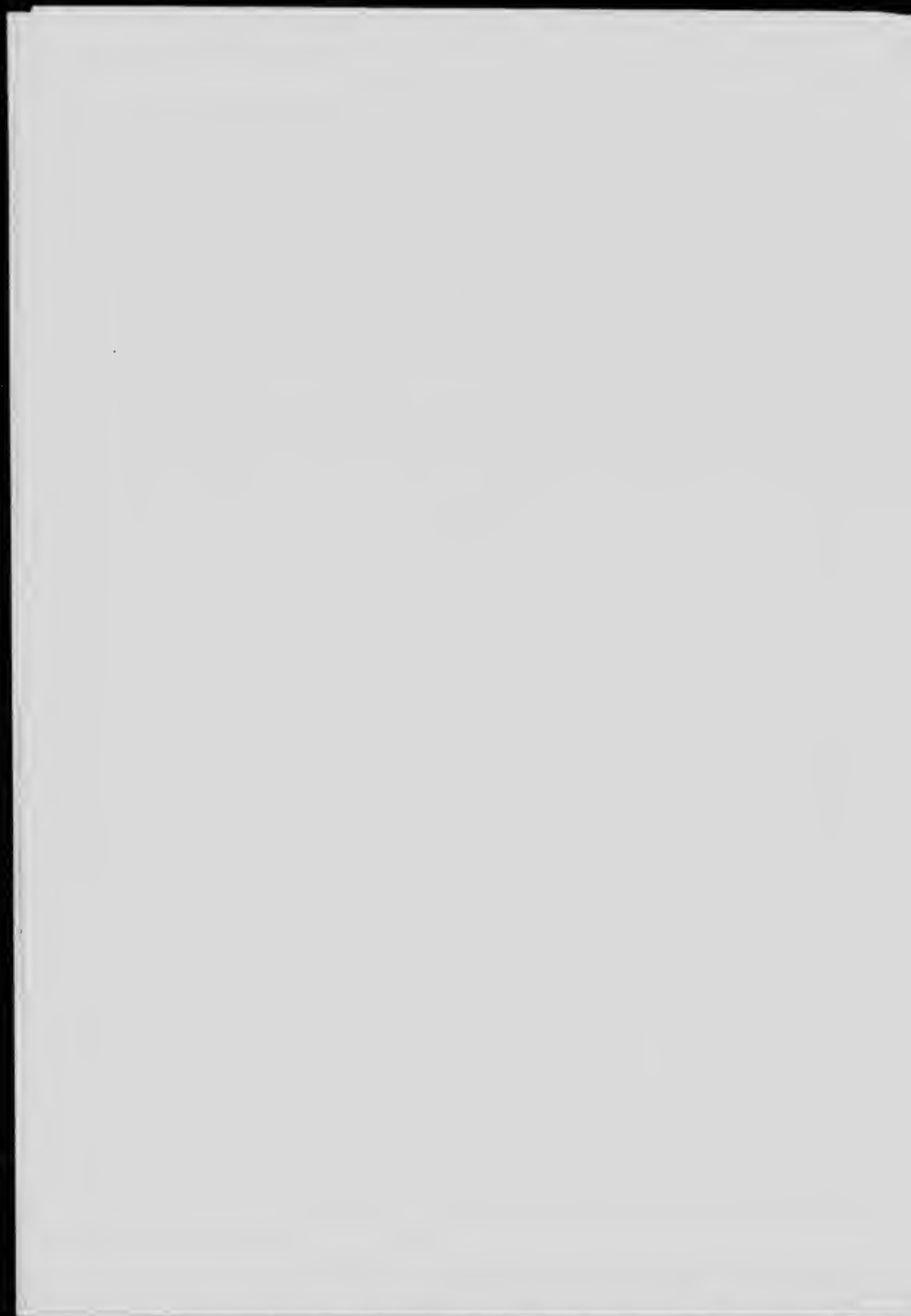
It is a unique book;

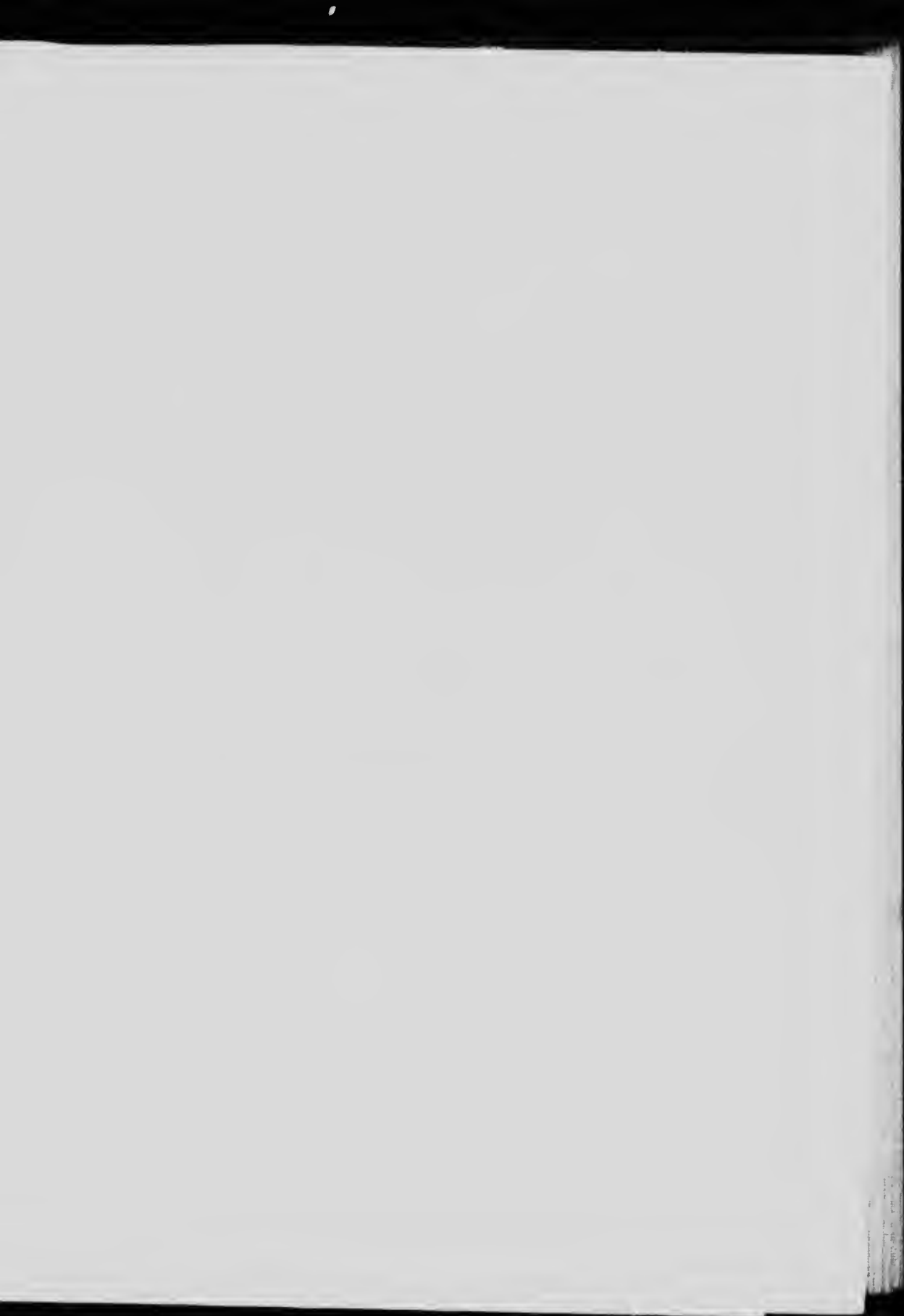
It is graphic and gripping;

The style is original.



BRAZIL







J. D. McEwen.

BRAZIL

*A Description of People,
Country and Happenings
there and Elsewhere. :-:*

BY

J. D. McEWEN

PRICE - - \$1.25

Witness Press

1915

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PART I.



CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE AMAZON.

Away up in the Andes there trickles a tiny stream the size of a man's arm. Lower down the mountain slopes tributaries unite. On and on they go. The affluents multiply until yonder mountain streamlet, now wide and deep, cutting right through the heart of Brazil and emptying itself at the Equator into the Atlantic is the mighty Amazon, the largest river in the world.

Behold the power of multiplied littles. A small book, *The Neglected Continent*, went floating around certain circles arousing interrogatory interest in South America. Mr. Moody invited correspondence giving conditions in some South

American coast cities. Fifty thousand readers of Moody's Magazine were soon perusing statements from Chile, Brazil and other Southern Continent countries. Hudson Taylor set apart one day a week to pray for South America, "For," said he, "it needs the gospel as much as China."

Petitioners were here and there pouring out their hearts, pleading for a neglected continent. Men and women great at the throne of Grace made intercession for South America. Circles of prayer were formed. Particular churches, led by their pastor began to put those vast regions with China, Japan and other mission countries. Theirs, and efforts and conditions on the field, became better known, and *now* the conviction is taking deep root in all the churches that here is a big, undeveloped continent awaiting the magic touch of men and money, which will, with God's leading, "make the

wilderness to blossom as the rose," and mighty multitudes to be glad for Him.

Nor has this growing river of interest been confined to things spiritual. "Light and Power," or "the Brazilians," as our stock exchange pages term them, the biggest thing in Brazil, illuminating their shores and propelling their street cars, is the result of many enterprises bred and born in recent years. A man who went down there and almost starved at first, saw the latent business possibilities. He undertook, with English capital, guaranteed by their respective Federal Governments, great dock works in Rio and Buenos Aires. They are perhaps the finest in the world. So, also at Bahia, a French firm completes the work of enabling the great ocean liner, which could only anchor far outside the city, to "dock" and discharge her passengers and freight alongside the wharf. Ginley &

Co. are big electric people in Bahia and energetically pushing into the interior towns. From European and American banks money poured in and transformed the uninviting, insalubrious coast cities into veritable gardens of beauty and splendid health resorts.

The Daily Press, which mentioned never a word of Brazil, now has the "The Brazilians" linked with London and New York, and papers, religious and secular, emphasize the coming prominence of this newest continent of untold resources.

Interior Brazil, which attracted travelers and explorers like Roosevelt, is yet the least known area in the world. Here is the home of the rubber, the cotton, the cocoa and coffee tree. Rice and tobacco, nuts and fruits, costly metal mines and diamonds are here; and gigantic forests with rarest cabinet woods to tempt research, energy and enterprise.

But, unlike the Amazon, which, as the forest is cleared, will grow less, the spiritual and commercial interest will grow greater and greater. Yes, the tiny, straggling stream will increase to a mighty river on whose bosom will be carried our sons and daughters to the yet untouched millions of Interior South America.

Herein lies the pledge of this: the once sparsely patronized Brazilian-bound ships are now crowded, and the hotels of coast cities filled with admiring tourists from all parts of the globe.

CHAPTER II.

SOME JOURNEYS IN THE INTERIOR.

Brazilians when they meet and part not only handshake but hug.

Arriving on horseback at a Chief's house, after a weary march through a long forest, in which I strayed several times, the Chief was just starting to market, but he invited me in, and ordered the animal put away. I soon was seated behind a steaming cup of cofffee and some nice, really nice, breakfast. I was cold, and getting lost makes you feel so happy when you find your way again. I believe they thought I was a priest. I am clean shaven and, in that respect, resemble one. The Chief's mother, a widow, of stately form and dignified, was very courteous and a little colored woman also waited on

me with demonstrative politeness. The little colored one flew about the house in great glee at the "priest's" visit.

When done with breakfast, I sat and sang. Then they were sure I was a priest and they smiled and smiled. Suddenly, the little one in passing to and fro, discovered I had no crown. The little one began to edge in, now on this side, and now on that, and seemed wanting to say something. She almost sprang at me and demanded if I were a priest. I said, "I'm a minister," but, ignoring or not understanding the word "minister" she demanded again, saying, "If you are a priest 'Ca dei a coroa,'" that is, "Show up your crown." "Oh! I replied, "You could make that yourself on me with a razor." But this did not appease her. She slammed the door going in and out. The lady of the house too looked grave. Then, thinking I had better leave

them a little while and yet longing to win them, I said I was going for a short ride, but asked permission to have my saddle bags and traps stay till I returned. They gave reluctant consent. I let the horse go on a fine gallop till sighting some huts. The urchins appeared, broods of them, quite nude, and the mothers meagrely attired. I sang in the saddle with this group gazing in wonder at the hut door. I moved off to another and then another hut doing the same thing, always interspersing my little song with a word or two of explanation and bowing, with hat removed, when approaching and leaving my unique audiences.

Returning to the Chief's house, I found him back from market. The two women had informed him that I was not "crowned" and he looked quite concerned. It was Saturday and now dusk and I did not

feel it safe to travel and, besides, I had not won that Chief.

I said to him, "The road through the woods is difficult by day and how can I travel it by night?" He, very stiffly, said:—

"You may stay here to-night." Hospitality is very deep in the Brazilian heart but he had grave misgivings about entertaining this mysterious man. That night in my own hammock I cuddled and went to sleep with many a prayer.

At dawn the Chief was on foot. I saluted him and slipped a Gospel of John in his hand. When he read down to the twelfth verse—"He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but to as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to as many as believe on His name." I saw he was startled and surprised. I urged him to read that verse again.

Then I said, "Read it the third time." And, when he read it now the third time, he called, "Minha mãe vem cá." "My mother come here." He assured her that this was not a bad book, that it talked only of God. This was a great surprise to her. Then I urged him to read that verse to his mother. I could see a tear steal out of her great wide-open, half-frightened eyes when he read over and over that same matchless little bit of the Bible. Then I said confidently, "The more you read this book, the more you are convinced it is from God." I saw the battle was turning in our favor.

Just at this juncture a bunch of the segregated people, that is, those I had seen in their huts yesterday, came in, consumed by curiosity to find out who in the world this man was. The mother, now quite mollified towards me, suggests to the Chief that I be asked to sing to them.

I did so and told stories all day to different groups as they came along. We had ever so many spontaneous little meetings right there in the Chief's house.

At the very dawn Monday, my horse saddled and I, having had an early breakfast, was ready to depart. Shaking hands with my amiable and now affable host and hostess, and thanking them for their hospitality, and they urging me to come again, the little negress came rushing up and caught me around the waist, holding me a moment completely in her grasp. I startled—not yet being acquainted with this their custom, said, “What’s the matter?” She said, “Oh, sir! please excuse me,” and rushed away, as I thought abashed. But no! she dashed up again with another attack worse than the first. Then giving me a tremendous hug, said, “I thought you were a bad man, but now I see you are a good man.”

I never, on my journeys, meet the people of that wonderful district but they smile and bow most courteously.

CHAPTER III.

INVITATION TO HONORATOS.

They invited me some eight miles from here. As I went along two negroes approached with their bodies bare above the belt and brandishing their knives, saying "Deixa deste caminho, Protestante!" ("Leave this road, you Protestant!") My first feeling was to run; but then I knew it would be a case of running and running until they routed me, so I went straight on, pretending that I was not afraid, though my heart was thumping to my ribs. Looking them right in the eye and bowing with assurance, I said, "Bom dia, senhors!" ("Good morning, sirs!"). They looked at each other rather sheepishly, their knives ceased to

brandish, and saying again, "Bom dia," I passed by quite unharmed.

This happened while awaiting the guide with our saddled animals. After mounting and travelling seven miles in the woods we came to a little house, and thinking we had gained the object of our search I rode up to the door. A little woman came out and saluted us with zest, and demanded that we dismount and have our animals put away and accept coffee. On entering I found in a bed of straw a little sick girl. After talking briefly with her, I sang:—

"Come to the Saviour."

Swarms of urchins came around; but the woman, who was getting coffee, sprang out and said:—

"Now I know you! You can't sing here!"

"I at once found that the woman was a Samaritan and had utterly mistaken the

nature of our call. There was no more about coffee; indeed, the dogs were all but set on. Both my companion and myself thought it wise to beat a hasty retreat. However, I was sustained all through the day, and was able to conduct the evening service at Orobo with great peace, while the believers sympathetically hear my experience.

But when at my lodging—it was before my family had arrived—I soon retired to my little iron bed, and as I began to review alone the events of the day, I saw those great negroes with their knives brandishing, and it was more uncanny to my unnerved condition seeing them in imagination than even meeting the monsters.

“But my friend, who had invited me, hearing of my misfortunes in seeking him, became more desirous than ever to see me. On my next attempt to find him I sue-

ceeded, and found some 17 souls gathered. The head of the house said:—

“Mr. McEwen, I am glad to see you. I have read the Bible from beginning to end, but never heard a word of it explained, nor did I attend a gospel meeting in my life.

“‘You did well that you came, and we are all here present to hear what you have to say.’”

I preached to them from John xiv, verse 6:—

“‘I am the way.

“‘The perfect way,

“‘The only way,

“‘The narrow way,

“‘The free way,

“‘The joyful way,

“‘The way home.’

“Imagine the thrill I felt in preaching to those who had never heard. Regular meetings were established in this house.

Once, as I was approaching, there were wafted on the wings of the wind these words:—

“Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sins our heart are pure and free.”

“When they wished to confess their faith I invited my friend, Dr. G. W. Chamberlain, from the Coast, to come and examine them.

The father told how he had broken his idols; the eldest daughter told how they had given up dancing; and the evidence was so great of a change in their lives that Dr. Chamberlain said, ‘This is the Spirit of God!’

“We baptized sixteen souls that day; and a day or two later, when they for the first time sat at the Lord’s Table, heaven came near to us as the text, Romans X, verses 6-8, was preached.

"Years have now passed, and I look back upon that day of meeting the negroes with tearful joy."

CHAPTER IV.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

The woods in Brazil, at least in many a locality, are a network of impenetrable jungle, and tropical growth. One could easily become lost as main paths are not easily discernible sometimes from the by-paths, particularly in a grazing district where mules, cattle and other animals make paths of their own.

One day, in the dry season, I decided to pay a visit to the home of Hugo, one of our school boys, about sixty-eight miles away. I jogged along nicely, fairly certain of my direction, until toward night-fall, I arrived at a lake of large area, now quite dry. Some animals were pasturing near. My mule kept looking towards them but I urged her on so as to arrive before darkness.

This locality, however, had so many well-beaten by-paths that to distinguish the main road was no easy matter. A considerable distance beyond the lake, I found, to my dismay, the end of our path. It was now dark and we were up against a wall of woods. I, at once, retreated, spurring the mule. Again and again we would try another path but, alas, each would finally finish in nothing.

At last the mule, with marvellous "horse-sense," arrived back at the lake where her fellows were grazing. There was no moon, nor stars, it being cloudy. I saw the thing to do was to do nothing. It was midnight. Theoretically, when you are lost, "stand still." The theory is wise but the practice is easy only when you are not lost. The weird wind would blow through the bushes sometimes like shrieking fiends. Can I ever forget those hours between midnight and two in the

morning! The animal was restless. She was hungry. I did not like to dismount for fear of the cobras.

What, with darkness, the wind, and horror of poisonous creeping reptiles, I found myself frantic. Also, the mule might lie down and crush me, if a moments' sleep should steal over me.

But, gushing right up amidst these emotions came the thought:—"Now you will certainly suffer cold to-night, but will you suffer fear so as to make you unfit for any emergency?" I said, "Oh Lord, let the truth of Thy Word come to me." Never before did the Bible so reach my soul. The promises came trooping up like battalions of soldiers. They were a wall of fire round about me. And, by the way, snakes are afraid of fire. I became possessed of a wonderful peace. I sprang off my saddle, took out the bridle, tied the long halter strap around

my right arm; then took the dear old Scotch plaid, letting its generous folds wind round and round me; dropped on the grass and slept like a log.

I awoke when the sun was just rising as if right out of the earth, making glory and gladness all around. Even the mule, having grazed all night, looked at me, complacent and full, seeming to say, "*Rise up and let us go.*"

After consulting my chart, I promptly located the right path, it was only a twenty minutes ride when I sighted a house. The man was at the door.

"Where did you lodge?" he inquired, knowing there was no other house near.

"Aqui atraz," (back here).

He exclaimed, "Poor fellow! He slept in the woods!" He aroused his household and ordered something hot prepared.

I was soon drinking the most delicious coffee.

From groups of huts all around came swarms of old and young, eager and curious. I was just in the mood to preach. I knew now the *why* of the previous night. I sang song after song. They listened with undisguised astonishment.

"We never heard this before," the man repeated over and over, as I told them the life of Faith, of God's care of us night and day and of how He stays awake all night to tell by us. I had to tear myself away. He saddled his animal and accompanied me to near Hngo's house. Then, wheeling his mule suddenly and, drawing in close, he shook my hand, saying tenderly, "Thank you for your visit." I replied, "You thank the Lord for getting me lost last night, for otherwise I would not have found you." and we parted, pressing each other's hand.

CHAPTER V.

NEW USE FOR SANKEY SONG.

Once, about halfway through a long wood, I said to my companion that I would be obliged to linger behind because of my horse. He pushed on, as it was getting late, to announce our arrival.

About an hour later, I heard the howling of a wild beast. I was quite alarmed. It was night but a large moon shone and it was very calm. I looked around for a club, and dismounted to get it.

After remounting, I said to myself:—"What will he care for a stick? There may be a whole pack of them. They may eat me up, and the stick and horse and all." As I reasoned thus, frantic with fright, it suddenly came to me to sing them a "Sankey."

My voice rang out in the night. My! if I didn't roar! The woods and mountain sides echoed.

After the first verse and choros of
"Stand like the brave!"

I paused to listen how my audience was appreciating. The howling had quite ceased; they evidently became spell-bound; they had never heard anything like that; then a rushing and a crashing into the woods. They were running with more fright than at a gunshot. I think they said to themselves:—"The report of a gun we know; and the howling of other wild beasts we know; but what on earth is this?"

CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO MOUNT JOY.

The night before Good Friday I came tired, to "Monte Alegre," Mount Joy, an interior town some 250 miles northwest from Bahia City, and a market centre surrounded with large settlements.

The Chief received me cordially but I was too fatigued for any propaganda till the restoration of a night's sleep. The morning coffe, and then dinner time came without any attempt to "do" the town.

As we lingered around the dinner table and I sang and told a story or two, the Chief said:—

"Why don't you have a meeting? You are having them in other towns. Why not here?" "Well," I said, "would the

priest object?" "You may go to see him, if you please," the Chief replied. "But you can have a meeting anyway."

Following a strong impulse to call on him, I went to the priest's house, accompanied by the Chief's son and some of his companions. On the way over I learned that the priest's name was "Manoel Maria," Emmanuel Mary.

Evidently noting our arrival, he came out before we reached his door. He was a great lusty fellow of some 250 lbs., a mulatto, attired with black, flowing gown girdled with a red sash, and a red ribbon around a broad brimmed black hat.

"Good day, Mr. Priest, I at once said, removing my hat with a bow. He looked at me but said nothing. I hastened to inform him of the object of my visit, saying:—"I make a habit of calling on the priests in towns I pass through. They nearly always receive me courteously. "I

arrived last night, being the guest of the Major and my horse is too travel worn to proceed to-day. I am accustomed to have a meeting, or more, where I 'put up.' I also propogate the good book." He kept silence till I mentioned the Bible. Then, with one wave of his great right arm, pointed to outside the square and said: "There! you may have a meeting, but in here, NO!" And placing his palm on his heart and patting his breast, he said with great emphasis, "He that rules in here is I."

I politely bowed and smiling said: "But if the people wish one I will have a meeting senhor."

The young men stood, quietly looking on till this point. Then they withdrew and hastened to tell what the priest said about "ruling the roost." When I returned to the Chief's house the young men had already stirred up excitement among



THERE YOU MAY HAVE A MEETING BUT IN HERE NO.

the eagerly gathering people. They, with one voice, admonished me to have a meeting and not to heed the saying of the priest that he ruled the square. I asked, "Where can I have the meeting?" They said, "Anywhere." I said, "When?" They said, "Any time." Then I replied, "It shall be here and now."

Taking the chair which they give to a guest when the sun is not too hot to sit outside of the house, holding it lightly on the top with my left hand and raising my right, I began to sing.

They ran together from all points of the square, even from the priest's house someone came over. I had a meeting of twenty minutes. Then, with a parting word or two I went off to my hammoek and slept, for I was still weary from a long journey.

A man came and awoke me. He said: "Will you come over to my house?" I

said, "What for?" He replied, "To have a meeting." "But I've just had one," I answered. (So sweet is nature's balmy sleep that I thought I had been there but a few minutes. I really was in my hammock three hours.) The man said, "You don't know what has happened since you fell asleep. The priest rang the church bell and the people gathered to hear what he would say now! He denounced you terribly. He pled with the people not to hear you and then, with tears, he warned the mothers to keep the children away from you because they would catch the poison if they touched your clothes. Most of us did not like this speech and the people are waiting at my house until you come over."

I went with the young man. It was now quite twilight. On our approaching his house the, street was swarming with

excited people and the house full. I stood at the door and said:

"There is good news. The best book, God's Book, announces to you to-night, salvation free. You have been taught that you must pay for God's gift of eternal life, but whosoever of you, man or woman, boy or girl, will take, God offers this gift to you. You don't need to go to church and pay for masses to be saved. You don't need to be baptized and go through all the counting of beads and prayers of the church to be saved. You are saved by the receipt of a gift. God *gives* eternal life. He does *not* sell it. God is crying out to you, proclaiming life forevermore to whosoever will. You cannot see Him. He is not in the form of the images, many small and great which are inside your chapel. God is here now. But we can see Him only as we believe His word, that whosoever will accept

Him hath eternal life. Then, with this new, blessed life in you, you pray to God, you serve God; you go to church; you work; you are honest and diligent *because* God is in you. Because God made you His own child; His own son; His own servant. This is the news I bring you. Come ye and take this gift. Come now, receive Him into your hearts; the way you receive me into your house, the way the Mayor entertains me.

He opened his house; he bade me come in and welcome. Do even so with God. Receive Him joyfully into your houses. He will dine with you. He will not go as I do to-morrow. He will abide at your homes. Yea, invite him closer yet. He is now standing at your heart. He claps palms for entrance. He wishes to come and dwell in your *heart*. Then, *oh then!* you will have a guest, a wonderful coun-

sellor, a mighty God in you, an *everlasting* Father, a Prince of Life.

It was hours before I could get away from them. The next morning, as numbers gathered to say good-bye at the Mayor's house, they said,

"You see now, Mr. McEwen, who rules in this square." I sat in my saddle and sang a farewell hymn and we parted with a lump in my throat and something in theirs that made us all feel very much akin.

CHAPTER VII

VISIT TO SAO CONSALO.

With an introduction to the Mayor's brother I arrived at his house. This gave prestige and the Mayor himself made me a courteous call. There were "corridas," horse races. I sauntered over to the race, which was only a few minutes' walk from my host's house. I found the people standing around, some chatting, some fixing the bets and some already on horse-back, strolling around, now stopping to speak to their best girl, and now taking a scampering gallop before the race; the whole crowd being in a typical free and easy mood. Their good nature at such times is proverbial. The ladies were gaily dressed; some of the men and women with costumes very pretty indeed, even the

horses having their tails and head gear adorned with ribbons of many colors, tissue paper beautifully fringed adding to the gaiety.

Before the intensely exciting hour of the race I saw an opportunity to get in a little Gospel. Standing out in the midst of the throng, I asked permission to sing. There was a pause and I began:—

"Com Jesus ha morada feliz," the Portuguese of "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." When I finished the first verse and chorus there was a tumult; hats flew in the air and a deafening yell warned me it was better not to proceed. Just taking no notice I began talking in an interrogative mood about the races to the man nearest to me. I then slipped quietly away, returning to my host, but saying nothing to him about the incident.

At supper, however, I was startled to note two uniformed soldiers coming to the

front door. They clapped palms, a mode of the country to ask for entrance instead of rapping or ringing. My noble host immediately commanded the visitors to enter. They, instead of being seated, walked over to where I sat at the table. My heart went pit-pat for one moment, thinking, of course, "I am now called to account for the afternoon's song." But fancy my emotions when, with great dignity the chief officer said, "O povo obrou mal," "The people did not well. We are sent here by the civil authorities of our town to convey to you their regrets, and to assure you that, in the event of your desiring a meeting, you are welcome and protected in having it."

I bowed my thanks and assured the gentlemen that I would accept this kind courtesy. The meeting was arranged for four o'clock next day in the open air.

Rockets were shot from the church door next morning at mass and bombs or torpedoes which made the very earth tremble. (It was declared that excommunication would be served on any who would dare to attend this announced Protestant meeting).

Promptly at four I was again surprised to see the same officers arrive at the door. The people flocked down to the main square where they saw me being conducted, walking between two soldiers. They were going to see what was to be done now with this man. The scene was all the more impressive because they led me straight down in front of the prison. It was such a bright, lovely, clear, hot day. The crowds were now surging in front of the goal.

Some twenty yards from the prison entrance my escorts stopped short. They bowed politely to me as a signal

to start my meeting. I handed my hat to one and my Bible to the other while I opened a Sankey and sang a short hymn. I then delivered to a quiet and respectful multitude the full, free, sweet strong Gospel of His Grace. That milk and wine never seemed sweeter to my own heart than shouting it forth to this people, most of them hearing it for the first time. I again sang, had a short prayer and benediction.

The people were perfectly still even after I closed the meeting, thanking them for their attendance and attention and bowing to the two gentlemen who attended me personally.

My host now comes to escort me home, and when it is all over he says laughingly as we sup at his sumptuous table, "Well, Mr. McEwen, there are many excommunicated to-day."

There was established in that very town soon after this, regular Gospel meetings in connection with the Presbyterian Church at Cachoera City, and, according to report, there is a thriving church planted in this little town of Sao Consalo, some forty miles from Bahia City.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOOK THAT FRIGHTENS THE COBRAS.

Losing our way where the beaten path could not be discerned, we hung our hammocks between tree branches and, hobbling the horses, let them graze by a stream. I soon fell into sleep. It was about three in the afternoon. My native guide, meanwhile, made a fire, put on the "chaleira," our tea kettle, and, when I awoke an hour later, he had meat roasted, the kettle boiling, and we had, ourselves, good appetites ready. Deftly the guide took a large spoon of ground coffee, put it into our "Coador," coffee strainer, i.e., a nice little cotton bag, poured in boiling water, and there ran out through that bag the most delicious liquid. We each filled

our cup and, having sugared it to taste, were soon sitting, our backs to trees, with farinha, coffee and roast beef for dinner. It was a king's table spread before us under the shade of trees by the stream.

Night would soon come on. The animals, well-hobbled, could not go far. The guide sang with me and I read to him and we prayed together. The sun was setting and, as I lay in my hammock and scanned the horizon, tinged with purple and gold, and knew the curtain of night would fall in *a few minutes* (there being no twilight in Brazil, for after sunset darkness falls like a curtain), notwithstanding our refreshing dinner, the charming sunset and the inspiration of religious exercises, I had horrible visions of snakes, and what not, which could visit us in the darkness. I sang again,

"There Are Angels Hovering Around,"
that old hymn of my childhood. But this

did not comfort. I did not like that word "hovering." I said to the Lord, "Hovering means fluttering, going and coming perhaps. I don't like it." Then I opened my pocket Bible at Psalm 34. When I reached the seventh verse, "The angel of the Lord 'encampeth,' ' that last word arrested me. "Ah, that's it," I almost shouted. Yes, I did shout and made the beasts and man look over with astonishment as I said "encampeth," now with deepest contentment, under my breath. Yes, and said it over and over so quietly that none could hear, "If this is so I can go off to sleep. They'll keep guard better than I could." I never slept better in my life.

At dawn I awoke; the animals were quite near. Rested and restored we all felt "fit" and journeyed with new vim. Presently we found the main path,

and in three hours arrived at Morro do Chapéu, a town in Bahia State.

The "Intendente," Mayor, assures us that a meeting might be attended with danger, so saying to the Mayor, and gathering curious crowd, "I won't preach at all but just tell you what happened last night off here in the woods." I, right there in the open air, told them the story of the night and how this book, which I pulled out of my pocket, and waved a moment before them, had given me sleep and assurance of safety from tigers, from cobras and all danger. I told them also how this book tells us of safety for all time. The people, believing in charms, some to keep away fever, others to give good luck, others to scare the devil, and the girls to bring them good husbands, were wonderfully interested and many small portions, such as the Gospel of John and the Acts, were distributed. We

sang and had a fine, really a fine, open-air meeting.

Months passed and I was at a market some fifty miles farther south, when up came a man who heard me at Morro do Chapéu, saying eagerly, "Meu senhor! meu senhor! Ca dei o livro que espanta as cobras." "My lord! my lord! Give here me the book that frightens the cobras."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DYING TUTOR.

There was a tutor teaching "As Primeiras letras," the A, B, C in a family near Orobó. On one of my visits there the tutor was very ill. The head of the house asked me to see him. He was a prematurely old man with a head of heavy, silvery gray hair and his face was wan and listless. There he was propped up in bed. I took his hand and expressed regrets. After a moment's pause I repeated very quietly the twenty-third Psalm. The old tutor, summoning his waning forces, pressing his right hand to his heart, and slapping it again and again said, "Sou Romana-Romano-Romano," (I'm a Roman-Roman-Roman), repeated with tremulous voice, lingering on the

last word with a bitter, vindictive emphasis which made the whole man tremble. The head of the house looked puzzled and annoyed. I withdrew, after bidding the dear departing man, adieu.

The next morning at breakfast my host bade me ask a blessing. After breakfast, with all his large household sitting around, I, with permission, read the

“Lord save me”

of Peter when he was ready to drown; the pressing

“Lord help me”

of the Syrophenician for her grievously-tormented child; the

“Lord remember me”

of the thief on the cross, conscious of his guilt and ebbing life, and the

“Lord be merciful to me”

of the publican, beating his breast, feeling unworth, even to look up to heaven.

The old tutor was unaware that there was a "meeting" with his pupils and their parents; but, when I began to sing, a protesting voice was heard from the adjoining room and thump! thump! thump!!! on the wall with his cane.

A few days later the tutor died. Many times afterwards I visited this house. A native pupil teacher from the Mission Schools near the Coast began to teach the family. Later some of their children attended our school. The whole family are now members of the local Church at Orohó and a splendid asset to society.

CHAPTER X.

THE ANGEL ON HORSEBACK.

One time, going far up the country to distribute books for the Bible Society, I was met at nightfall by a man on horseback. The Brazilian, with that instinctive hospitality so characteristic of his people, asked, "Where are you going to stay to-night?"

I pointed to a light streaming on this side of the woods.

He said, "I don't know that family; but I do know that if you go on through these woods to Pau de Pilão, you are sure to be well received by my uncle, Major Dourado, by mentioning that his nephew sent you," giving me his name.

Taking this hint I pushed on for about a league till I came to the little village.

The moment he heard his nephew's name, Major Dourado ordered the horses put away and supper prepared. His family sat around the table while I told Bible stories, sang Sankey's songs, and gave incidents of my journeys. I could hardly get to bed so eager were they for more.

At dawn I heard voices in the front yard, and looking out, beheld my host explaining to the whole village gathered who his visitor was.

You see they have no business of their own and give their whole attention to yours. They were consumed of curiosity to know who this stranger was anyway!

Can you imagine the thrill of gladness at addressing this "break of day" audience? I gave my noble host a handsome volume for his hospitality. More than two years later a man appeared at my door and said:—

"Mr. McEwen, I didn't want to pass without thanking you for the great favor you did to my brother-in-law."

I asked:—"Who is your brother-in-law?"

He said:—"Major Dourando."

"Ah! Pau de Pilão. Yes, I remember staying there all night."

He said:—"Yes, and that Bible you gave has proved a great blessing. He read it constantly, and on Sundays to his neighbors; but my poor brother-in-law took suddenly sick and died the other day. Just before his death the neighbors came in with lighted candles to hold them in his palms, according to their custom; but he firmly refused. Then, with one hand placed on the Bible and the other pointing towards Heaven, although he was not able to speak, they all understood that he wished to say,

"I have no need of these material lights. God's word is my light. He is with me; I am safe."

And my visitor went on to say that a smile and light shone on his face.

It made a deep impression on the whole village and his family want to confess their faith.

I called Mrs. McEwen and said:—"Please tell this to my wife." When he told it the second time I said,

"We would be glad to have Brazil just for this; wouldn't we?" Then I said, "Who sent the north wind horseback who guided me to that hour?"

CHAPTER XI.

TROOPERS AND THEIR MULES.

I was going along at midday through a scorching sun. There was a great hill lying before me, and I did not know of troopers resting on the other side. To keep up courage, I began to sing. Coming around the curve at the foot of the hill, I was at the chorus,

“Will you go,

Will you go,

To the Eden above?”

To my surprise, a great row of cargoes piled up, droves of animals in the long grass, and a group of men sitting around a fire roasting their meat, met my gaze. The men were listening with, hands up, in open-mouthed astonishment. Even the mules had ex-

tended their long ears in attention! Not a little surprised, I said to the leader. "Excuse me, sir; I was just singing to entertain myself; but do you know the Gospel?"

He replied, "No, sir, I don't think I do; who is he? Where does he live?"

"Ah! you don't know the good news, how God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, and the Son so loved that He came of His own free will. He loved the Father, and the Father's house, and the society of heaven; but He denied Himself of these and came down to this sin-cursed earth and dwelt among us and at last He died on the cross that we might not perish. There's a hell, man! and Jesus Christ came to the world that you might not go there, but pass through the gates into the city. There's a heaven, man! and whosoever believeth in Him, not now on the cross, not dead in the grave,

but *arisen*—ascended up to heaven, alive for evermore, whosoever believeth in Him, shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life.”

The leader cried out:—“What’s that you are giving us?”

I said:—“That’s the Gospel!”

He replied:—“Do you believe that?”

I said:—“Of course I believe it; I left my home and country and am riding under this impossible sun, because I *believe* it.”

Then he said in an underbreath:—“*Isto é uma boa creença.*” That’s a good creed.

There are tens of thousands in Interior Brazil as eager to hear the—to them—new, new story as this trooper.

I sat down to dine with them. What if the sun did make the thermometer ninety-nine in the shade? Cordial hearts made it “a table in the wilderness.”

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEYS WITH MR. BUTLER AND MR. BUTLER'S ROMANCE.

On my arrival at Ciego Grande I at once entered into the work. Let me recount a few visits I made with Mr. McEwen. Some four miles from here we came to a house made of mud and sticks and a thatched roof. There were no chairs, so we sat on logs. At first all the inmates remained standing whilst Mr. McEwen talked. Presently, however, one after another began to sit down. Yet one man remained standing, sewing a saddlebag. Mr. McEwen was telling of one man who was converted through reading the Bible. Gradually the man became greatly interested. He was now sitting on his heels with his back against the wall;

his hands stopped work and he was all attention. Mr. McEwen sang a hymn, to which they all listened eagerly. Another man came in, and hearing of the hymn, at once wanted it repeated. They offered us coffee and urged us to come again; indeed, it was hard to get away. The next time we visited that house was by appointment, and we found quite a number of relatives and neighbours gathered.

Another day we visited one of the largest farms in this country-side. The handsome house with verandah was surrounded by fine pasture. Here there is no lack of furniture and good hand-paintings. The widow was pleased to see us, and presently the two eldest sons, whom we had met on the road, arrived back, and as the eldest tied up his horse he called to Mr. McEwen, "Have you sung yet?"

A good meal was soon prepared, and we felt refreshed after our ten-mile walk. Mr. McEwen told one or two stories and sang a short hymn. They all crowded round and asked us to sing again and again. Some twelve or fourteen of them were visitors, and had never heard the gospel before. So eager were they that we bade them good-night several times before we could finally retire. Mr. McEwen had read the story of the Prodigal Son, and after he had left the room, the widow explained it all over again to her visitors and family still crowding around the great table.

Ready to depart at the dawn, we were not up too soon to escape coffee, with which, and other dainties we were refreshed.

We went to a family near Orobo. The moment we came to his palm-leaf cabin the father greeted us most heartily, and

ordered three little square blocks stood up that we might sit down. No end of urchins came out, one by one, to salute us. Soon we were in the deepest interest over the Prodigal Son; the father's love in keeping the door open, in not hearing the penitent's story through, in calling for the best food and best clothes, in admonishing them all to rejoice together—appealed to our host, as he wonderingly said:—

“The father might well have turned him away, the unthankful boy!”

He also appreciated and made the application when Mr. McEwen spoke of the father that struck his wife, that pounded his children, and was a terror at his return every night. But he has repented; his children now scream with delight:—

“Papa, papa!” running out to meet him; as the angels also rejoiced, yea, and do rejoice, as that man continues his changed and useful life.

The most informal spirit was evident. It seemed as if the very old mountain of Orobo, in the early morning sunlight, was looking down in complacency and tenderness upon us. We had no pulpit, no choir; but we were radiant with gladness, and after making another such visit, where the head of the house followed us to the broken-down bar-gate, bowing his thanks for our coming, we returned with keen appetites for our breakfast.

Another Sunday, we found a group of eight houses of the most primitive style: bark roof, walls of poles; no windows were needed, entrance was simply two or three poles left out. Chairs were pieces of wood lying about. The visitors' bench consisted of a great tree that fell exactly in front of the hut. We were guided here by a naked boy of eight years. We found three widows; a woman of

forty; one with three little children; another with four as black as ebony running about quite naked. At the bidding of our host we sat down on the great fallen tree and talked to the women behind the bars. It was pitiful to note their listless, hopeless spirits, although they were quite ready to listen while we told them of Jesus and the home above.

We next visited a man who had often passed our mission quite intoxicated. Once, when the bell was ringing, he expostulated with stick waving in the air, "You may ring that bell when I am going into town, but not when I am coming out." Well, this is the man that we visited, and he received us right royally. We sat and drank water and sang the Gospel and explained it to him and to his family. With a frankness and a simplicity of manner they listened to us. Departing, we looked back on those smoking.

dilapidated huts, containing more than fifty people, remembering that there are not only tens and hundreds of such localities—but thousands and thousands of them in inland Brazil—never visited by missionary, or minister, or any ambassador of Christ.

How long will the Church of God not take this great interior into her bosom? How long shall we continue to play with the “go ye” of our Lord Jesus?

My lantern has proved of great service. Several times it has been exhibited at the school, and on journeys. One day, mounting my horse, I went to a believer's, eight miles distant. The members of the large family themselves explained the pictures to the visitors present; and Mr. Honorato, the father, made a strong appeal for decision for Christ. A deep spirit of prayer took hold upon all present. Next morning, six of us mounted

our horses and rode fifty miles to the home of one of our scholars.

Here we stayed for St. John's Day (June 24th), a great day in Brazil. A huge tree is cut in the forest and carried to the front of the house, where it is loaded with fruit and flowers. Then it is hoisted into a hole and great logs of fire-wood piled around the trunk. At night the wood is fired and as the fire creeps up the fruit begins to roast. Gradually the fire burns through the trunk until the tree falls, and a rush is made for the spoils. All this while rockets, etc., go off.

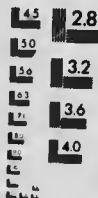
These feasts, celebrating the anniversary of John the Baptist, contrary to his whole teaching and example, are nearly always accompanied by revelry and dissipation; but in this case, as in many others, we are glad to say, the merriment was under restraint of the Gospel.

This night I was invited to show my lantern. Some fifty or more were present. The subject was again, "The Life of Christ," and the interest manifested was wonderful.



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MR. BUTLER'S ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

Mr. Percy Butler came to Orobó in 1906. He was consumptive and the doctor told him he could not live in England, his native country. He found the dry, hot climate of Brazil congenial. His hemorrhages ceased. He became ruddy and well, not robust but had, apparently, good average health. So much so that after three or four years with us, he fell in love with Dona Arthemiza Perreira, the eldest daughter of my first convert. But courting in Brazil is not done like courting in this country.

There are ideas of propriety there far stricter than here. A man, for instance, wishes to take his sweetheart for a walk, "certainly," but she must go attended by a train of friends. He wishes to have a private interview, "certainly not," for that

would not be Brazilian etiquette. He wishes to go to church with her occasionally. Of course, but again she must be attended by more than her beau.

Butler, being of a meek and mild disposition stands it patiently for they are all kind to him and very pleased with the coming match. D. Arthemiza's large family circle make it very pleasant for Butler when he "calls." He is fond of music and they also. They sing much together. Butler teaches them new hymns. They teach Mr. Butler many valuable things as to customs and habits Brazilian.

The wedding day comes at last. The bride is attired very prettily with becoming white, the gift of a London lady. She is a prepossessing looking young woman and of a disposition very pleasant. Mr. Butler is very fair and of good height. He is every inch a man! a good man! a

brave man! He takes his bride to a plain but neat home with a nice garden.

Mr. Butler, who knew drawing, some carpentering and was a good typewriter, taught this to the boys of the school. He had pleasure in it though he did not teach long. He was a good accountant and helped much for some eight years in this. He got a lantern and gathered people frequently to see "the Bible illustrated." He would go with me on early morning evangelistic "tramps." Sometimes, in climbing the mountain, he would tire half-way up. We would then sit on a log perhaps just as the sun was rising. We would sit and read. Poor Mr. Butler panted a little but, after a moment of rest, he would take his turn reading. Perhaps it would be Revelation, Chapter 22. The gurgling, crystal stream rising farther up in the hidden depths of Orobó and passing at our feet made very real that river flow-

ing out from the throne of God and of the Lamb. And as we drank of these brooks by the way we soon lifted up our heads and went forward with gladness.

Mr. Butler's tact was of God. He was so wise, so unobtrusive, so very pleasant a companion.

Returning after some leagues of tramping and from two or more meetings, we would be ready for a rest and steaming cofffee. His humor then was resistless. He was an inimitable entertainer, while his wife, and others present sat and almost split their sides with laughter.

After over eight years of noble service in self denial, and abnegation, and joyous activity, Mr. Butler succumbed to consumption. He lies under the shade of same Brazil nut tree that shrouds my wife and eldest daughter, a trio of graves speaking to thousands of passers by—

speaking to us, up out of the depths of tragic experiences—speaking with ringing triumph from the tomb.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH DR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Urging Dr. Chamberlain living near the coast, I got him to take a trip with me. It was on this trip that the baptisms referred to at Snr. Honoratos took place, the breaking of the idols being before the baptisms.

Well, we started 100 miles away up the interior on horseback from Orobo.

We had a fine outfit of mules. They were young and sprightly and we had army saddles. We arrived at Ponte Nova, a farm of Snr. Luiz Guimerães, 60 miles from Orobó. Here I sold Snr. Guimerães the first Bible he possessed. We had meetings in this neighborhood, the first Gospel meetings there.

On we sped to Lencoes, meaning "sheets." It is a uniquely situated city of considerable importance, and a big diamond district. At its approach you see the mountains stretched out about the city like great sheets(and the town itself nestling, as it were, beneath them.

Chamberlain and I were deeply impressed as we held in our animals to behold the city. We stood our mules side by side and right there in the stirrups we claimed the city in prayer. I shall not soon forget the clasp of my friend's hand as we in the shade of trees on the brow of the hill, looking down at the quaint houses, pled with our Father to give us the "open door."

We were received right royally. The "Camara," town hall, was opened. The people crowded in and filled it right up. Chamberlain was a splendid Portuguese speaker. His accent and delivery, when

he waxed warm, were equal to the Brazilians themselves.

I recall that we visited the priest. He took us for two different "brands" of Protestant Priests. You see, Dr. Chamberlain was an old man with long, heavy white whiskers, and I was a young man with no whiskers. The priest was sure he had made quite a discovery. Two types of priests and belonged to two different "orders." Dr. Chamberlain assured him that he was quite mistaken. But he would walk up and down in his "Presbytery," slap his hands to his skirts and laugh and laugh most hugely.

We sold a large number of Bibles in the store and went off with the best of cheer on the part of the people.

We came to Villa Bella de Palmeiras or Beautiful Town of Palms. Here we found our host had a Bible which he got at the Baptist Mission at Bahia City. He

was the President of the Council in that municipality. He was eager for meetings. He made a speech himself in the town hall recommending that the people would all receive cordially those two first propagandists of the Protestant religion to hold meetings in their town. This man, named João Capistrano, made a deep impression by confessing Christian. One or two others followed him, and today there is a Protestant Church prospering there. The man paid on the spot for some \$40 worth of Bibles. We marched on to São João de Paraguassu. This city is situated at the source of the Paraguassu River. Even more Bibles were sold here than at Palmeiras:— 4 boxes, each containing some 200 volumes of Bibles and bound portions. A school of importance was organized here.

Also the farm of Luiz Guimirães was sold and today it is the normal school of

the Presbyterian Mission in Bahia State.

This was the last trip Dr. Chamberlain ever made in interior Brazil. I felt honored that he made it with me. He died of cancer.

He was a good man and of splendid pioneer ability. It was a perfect feast to ride with him. We made the long forests short with his stories, so irresistibly laughable. He was as pleasant to work with in meetings as he was agreeable in journey.

CHAPTER XIV.

CURED OF FEVER.

I went to Sitio Novo, some 50 miles from Orobó, to meet the native teacher at close of long vacation in end of January, the hottest months in Brazil being December and January.

At the "halfway" town we arrived drenched with torrential rains about 9 p.m.

Our host said, "I have just one bed." I said, "All right, it will do for the girl and I will hang out anywhere." He could only offer me the counter in his little shoe shop near by—I lay with wet clothing on that plank. At 2 a.m. I awoke feeling fever. At dawn I awoke the teacher saying, "we must hasten on."

Arriving in Orobo I told Mrs. Mc-

Ewen to direct the boys as to putting away the animals and I crawled off to bed.

For three days I burned with fever. The evening of the third day, at 8 p.m. I became delirious. Mrs. McEwen heard me say:

"I see the carriages! They are coming."

Now in Orobo they never saw a carriage and horses hitched. My dear wife feared I was going to die, and was seeing the chariots of angels. In her distress she went to our little office and wrote brief letters, one to a friend near London, saying:

"Dear Mrs. D——,

"Do pray for Mr. McEwen. I hope he will be alive when you get this."

I had other dangerous symptoms and could retain no nourishment. But now, at 8 p.m., I dropped off into a sweet

sleep. I awoke asking for gruel. I began to mend from that very hour.

Now, Mrs. McEwen received a letter from Mrs. D—— about the same time that Mrs. McEwen's letter would arrive in London, saying, "Do tell us what is wrong. All day yesterday I was distressed about you; last night I could not sleep. At eleven o'clock I awoke Mr. D—— saying, 'We must get up and pray for the McEwens, for I feel they are in trouble.'"

Mrs. McEwen looked at the date of Mrs. D's letter and found it was not only the same day that I had the fever crisis, but the same *hour*. For when it is 8 o'clock in Bahia, Brazil, it is 11 o'clock in London, England.

God put it into the heart of that woman to awake her husband to pray, when I was in great crisis of death, and wafted the message across the sea with healing in his wings.

CHAPTER XV.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Embarking for Belmonte, a coast city in the south, we had a small sailing craft. Things went well, till nearing our destination, when a terrific storm arose.

Again and again the captain tried to cross the bar but was driven back by the fury of the waves. We could see Belmonte lighthouse standing high above the city and the waves seemed to climb up to it and break their fury.

No life nor tug boat could live in that gale. For three days we were tossed up and down—but the captain, fearing we might be swamped, decided to risk putting his little vessel into the teeth of the sea. He ordered all to go “below” and fastened us there.

Four screaming women were calling on the saints for aid. The wind whacked against the canvas making them crack like pistols.

I remembered the one who was asleep in the midst of the storm and how He awakes and said to the wind:—

Be quiet!

and to the waves,

Be still!

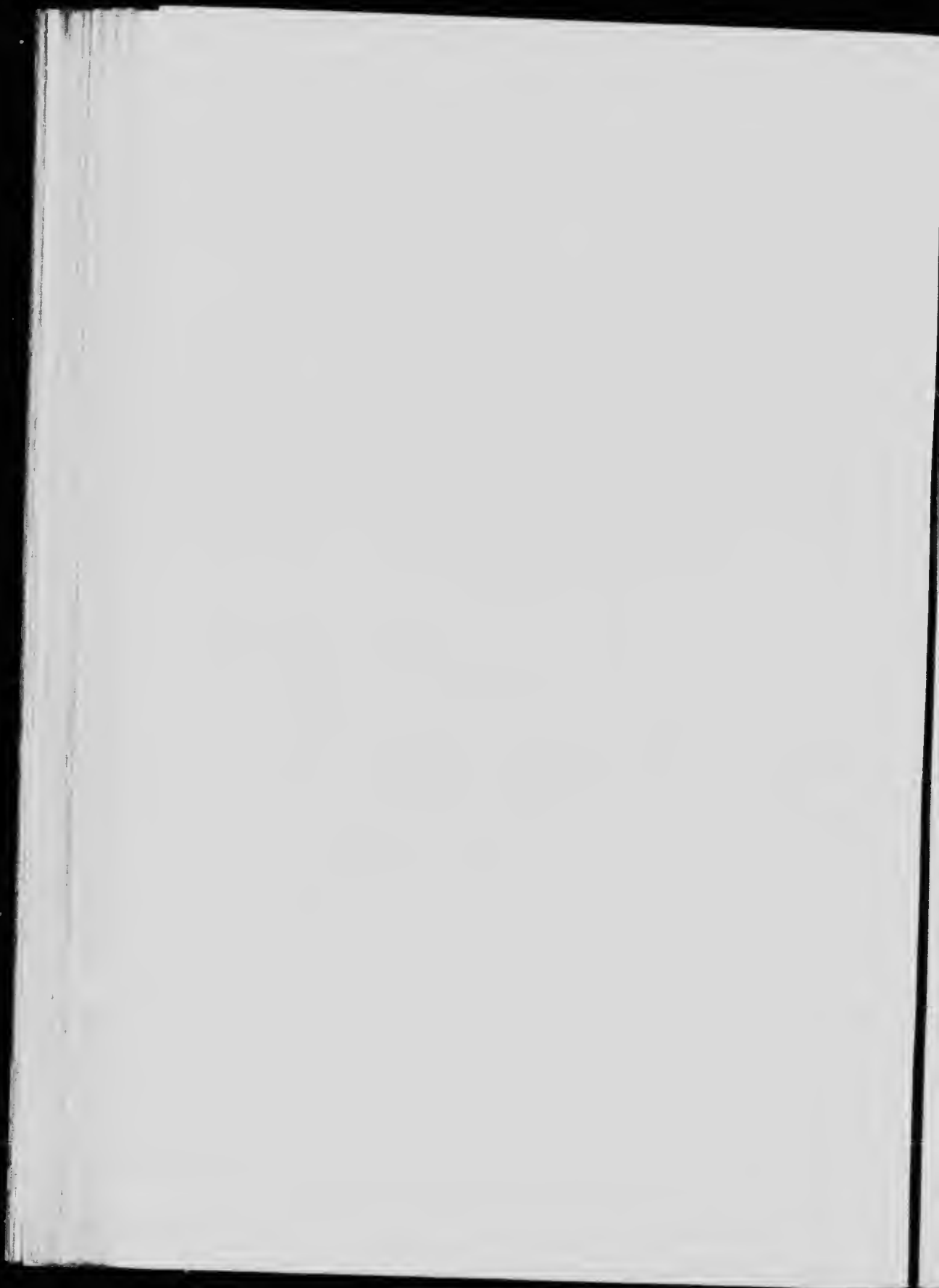
and they obeyed.

"Do this again, Oh Lord," I earnestly prayed. The tossing of our vessel, its creaking and plunging and the crash of the terrible waves made human help of little avail.

Suddenly it grows quieter. With an awful plunge our craft leaps down into the peaceful river at the harbor's mouth. We crossed the bar. We were safe in port.



A QUINTETT OF McEWENS—THE JUNIOR QUARTETTE BEING BRAZILIAN BORN.



CHAPTER XVI

THE STORY OF CANUDOS.

About the year 1897 there occurred a family tragedy in the interior of Bahia State, which tragedy grew into a war. A certain Antonio Conselheiro was advised by his mother that wife was unfaithful to him. Antonio, not wishing to believe the allegation, was urged by his mother to watch and see. This he did one evening as he started on a journey. Instead of proceeding, when he had made ostensible adieus to his household, he hid in the woods nearby. At twilight Antonio was amazed to see what he supposed was a man walking toward and entering the house. Grasping his double-barrelled gun he ran home, rushed into the house and without waiting to investigate a moment, dis-

charged the two shots, one in his wife and one in the feigned man, who was really his own mother, in man's clothing. No doubt malice and wickedness prompted this mother to such hypocrisy; but Antonio realizing now his crime becomes in a sense beside himself. He dons a friar's gown, starts away and reports the matter to everyone he met.

Little by little the news spreads far away up the Great "Sertão," the half or sparsely inhabited interiors. The ignorant and superstitious catch it up, and stretch it out, and Antonio really becomes a sort of local hero. He now has a horde of followers who think him a demi-god, women weeping and men of the more fanatical sort gather to his standard. They form a village at a place called Canudos. I understand some priests sympathized and joined the ranks of Antonio.

One irregularity leads to another until this suddenly sprung-up village refuses to pay taxes. They utterly deny allegiance to the civil authorities. It ought to be here stated that in 1888 the monarchy was destroyed, and with the new republic great liberty of religious denomination was secured, and the church disestablished.

The priests that up to now received their stipends from the State Treasury, felt sore. They thought that restoring the monarchy would restore to the church her ancient prestige. Whether this thought animated the priests that joined Antonio's people I do not know; but, at any rate, there ensued a most serious local war. When the state officials went to demand the just and regular taxes imposed on Canudos they were shot down. A group of soldiers were now sent and they were shot down. These Canudos rebels know-

ing every nook and crannie in the approaches to their village took unawares the soldiers sent. The matter was reported to the federal authorities at Rio. They sent a noted general with a large contingent to join the state forces. The whole country is startled at the news that their general is killed. The war that now followed was terrific, but of short duration.

Be it said to the credit of Brazil that they are not a war loving nation. Brazil achieved signal victories through diplomacy; she abolished slavery. She disestablished the church; she changed from monarchy to republic, all without war. But to return to Antonio, he inspired his followers to think they would conquer. He told them that though he himself might be killed in battle that he would certainly rise again from the dead. This was believed by his followers, and long after the

Canudos war was quite over the simple "Sertaneichans" had all kinds of tales told about Antonio's appearing here and there in one and another form.

The war was over a long time when there was an awesome feeling as to Antonio's appearances. For instance, in 1901 I was riding along alone with my mule and a nice little grip with shining brass fixtures I held in front of me on the saddle. I came to a small clearance where a man was hoeing his patch of tobacco. He immediately showed a sort of distant curiosity. (At that time myself knew nothing of this Canudos and Antonio affair.) The man kept asking me:—

"Who are you?"

"Are you buying gold or diamonds?"

"Are you selling 'santos (images)?"

"No, sir, I am not buying anything or selling anything. I am a propogandist of the Gospel."

‘What’s that?’ he said, with his mouth wide open.

I replied, “I am a preacher,” and I took a Bible out of my grip and read him a few verses from the first chapter.

Looking around at the great forests and the beautiful hills in the distance, I said:—

“In the beginning of the world those trees and mountain sides were not seen at all. It was water, water everywhere, and it was dark.”

He gazed, with his elbow on the hoe handle, at his wife at the door of a little straw cabin on the hill.

I explained about the chaos at the beginning of the world, saying that over the darkness, God brooded until nature was rife with His spirit. Then God said, “Let there be light,” and there was light.

Then God made separation and divided the waters so that the dry land appeared,

and after that came up these beautiful trees of the forest.

Like as it was in the beginning in nature so it is until now with your heart and mine. I went on to say, "We are in darkness till the Spirit of God broods upon us, and He gives us light; till then our lives are in disorder, and sin and darkness; but when His light comes we bear good fruit, we let go our evil ways, we turn 'right about face.'"

I then to emphasize the matter began to sing, choosing a song with martial music. The man, now looking as if he at last discovered who it was, dropped his hoe and lifting up his arms exclaimed:—

"Now I know who you are."

"You are Antonio of Canudos."

"You are conscripting for his war."

His wife, hearing a word about the war and fearing her husband was going to be drafted, found a "Poreite," a big over-

grown cane, and ran down the hill and stood beside her husband, facing me, silent but saying:—

“Now you be careful.”

“There are two of us.”

It was by dint of patient calm that I was able to quiet them sufficiently to tell the Shepherd story of peace and goodwill.

Having given journeying experiences let me now in the following chapters treat of Brazil's natural resources.

PART II.

Products and Material Things of Brazil

CHAPTER I.

THE BREAD OF BRAZIL.

Mandioca is the bread of Brazil. This plant grows to about eight feet high; but the edible portion is the root. Manioc is the English word for "Mandioca," which is the small tree of most service in Brazil.

It is propagated by cutting small bits of the branches and planting them about five feet apart. After a year's growth it is ready for manufacture. The plant is pulled and a large root, something like the parsnip, and often a clump of roots, comes to view. The roots are put in a farinha house, some sort of covert, while the whole household and sometimes a group of families, gather to help.

They scrape the rind off with knives, or any old scraper thing, and then a wo-

man, squatted, holds this "rinded root" near a fast turning pulley which has little iron points. The pulley is propelled by a large wheel joined with rawhide belt. Two men, one on each side of the large wheel, turn it with a crank, and often sing as they turn. I have heard them as I travelled at night chanting a wierd, quaint song that sounded like one "Oh!-Oh!-Oh!-Oh!" with a doleful cadence, the whole crowd taking up the chrorus, which seemed to me like the verse itself. Later, I learned they have quite a variety of songs for such occasions. One chorus is translated thus:—

"If I only had the rum
I would drink it, drink it well,
I would drink it, drink it well,
If I only had the rum."

The pulped material falls below the grater into the trough. When full a press is put over the trough and there is ex-

pressed a poisonous liquid. The pulp is then removed to a drying furnace, fire being under cover of iron or clay on which cover the pulp is placed and stirred continuously for several hours with a long wooden hoe.

Can I ever forget that picture! A woman squatted near the pulley, diligently applying the root, its swish as it encounters the grater, the crumbling pulp falling into the trough below; the noise of the big wheel, and roar of the men as they turn and sing, their dark, perspiring bodies bare above the belt, the groups sitting around the baskets of mandioca scraping away and chiming in the chorus, and last, but not least, "the man with the hoe."

The pulp is now farinha and ready for use. It is found on every Brazilian table, rich and poor alike. They eat it mixed with meat and gravy; they eat it alone. That is, the poor, wayfaring man, and the

Indian on his tramp whips it out of his little knapsack and with thumb and three fingers thrusts it into his mouth. So deftly will he do this that not a trace of the "farinha" appears on his face; but let a foreigner try and his face would soon be a perfect valentine. They make "pirão" of it, too, pouring hot water on a half bowlful and stir till thick as porridge. It is strong food and very nutritious, and when you learn to like it, very palatable indeed. This farinha is sold at local markets for about ten cents for twenty quarts.

There is a sediment found at the bottom of the, already referred to, pressed-out poisonous liquid. From it tapioca, used on many a table in other lands, is made. It also makes excellent starch. It costs much more than the farinha. The Brazilians dry this sediment and then it makes drinks for infants and invalids and all sorts of nice confectionary.

Another branch of the mandioca family is called "ipim." It looks exactly like the farinha producing tree except that the initiated note a difference in the leaf. Its root is pared and boiled like potatoes and is not unlike them in taste. I doubt if our own dearly loved potato equals this root for palatable *par excellence*.

The whole land will produce this wonderful mandioca, though little of the ground yet grows it. Its products are susceptible of an export value not less than the rubber itself.

importance perhaps than the rubber tree

Having spoken of the bread of Brazil let us now speak of the beef.

CHAPTER II.

SUN DRIED BEEF.

First, the ox being raised.

Second, the ox going to and in the pasture.

Third, the ox in the slaughter house and hung
up to dry; and fourthly,

The ox at labor.

First, then let us see the little calf. He is born in the "catingas," i. e., the parts which have little woods and much open space—a sort of wild, half-desert looking region, with rocks, ravines and streams of water or, lacking streams, natural tanks often found in great hollows in the rocks. These the rains fill in the wet season and keep water for months during the dry season.

Or it may be the calf and his mother drink water from tanks dug in the earth.

It basks in the sunshine or under the shade of some spreading tree and roams about with its mother, finding tiny green twigs, various plants and some grass here and there, withal having a thriving atmosphere where it grows for two or three years.

Then comes the drover and buys bunches of young steers. Cowboys round these up and get them branded and ready for the march to the place of luxuriant pasture.

While the "catingas" are parts, "boas de criar," good for "raising" cattle, they do not "engordar," i. e., fatten sufficiently. The "bush" regions are where the tall grass grows. After the woods are cleared and grass sown, it grows sometimes as tall as a man on horseback.

Thither the oxen come driven in great droves, or rather led, by the cowboys and the cattle dealer in charge. They pass in

procession, often in single file. One cowboy ahead in his saddle, chanting a song which the oxen understand, and they follow him as the sheep their shepherd. Another cowboy walks or rides at the head of a contingent of some fifty, and so on until sometimes five hundred oxen pass before you as solemnly and as steadily as if keeping step at the funeral of a sovereign. On and on they go, perhaps for one hundred miles to the pasture zones.

The cattle dealer sells his herd outright to the pasture owners. They will buy these thin-fleshed oxen at an average of forty milries each, equal to thirteen and a half dollars. After they are six months pasturing they look sleek and fat, having improved so that they sell for sixty or more milries, say twenty dollars. Here is a profit of fifty per cent. in an investment of six months.

Sometimes the cattle dealer, not finding a purchaser for his oxen, will value them at so much each, put them in the pasture and, when fattened, share equally in the profits and losses with the pasture owner.

If you went at dawn of day to the corals at the edge of any interior town you would find oxen, having just slept their last night on earth. Often before sunrise they are being flayed, glazed and cut up into quarters. When this is done a short pole is run through the leg of the hind quarters and a slit having been cut under the last rib of the front quarters and a pole slid through the slit, one man at each end of the pole carries the meat to a convenient place to hang up. Then a "fit" man carefully and skillfully cuts long layers, perhaps over a yard long, until all the meat is nicely peeled off and nothing is left but the skeleton. Each

layer is sprinkled with fine salt, allowed to stay a few minutes in a heap in a large tub or tureen, then hung up on a pole to sun itself for several hours. It is then taken under cover, and put back in the sun for a few hours two or three days. If it is left in the "sereno" (the dew), awhile one night, this meat will taste most delicious. It is now cured and ready for market. Millions of people buy this meat. It is sold for 16 cents a lb. The skeleton, or bone pieces, of course, are sold cheaply.

When thus cured it weighs much less than "green" meat, which is sold "off the bat" for 10 cents a lb.

"Jerked Beef" also comes from the same ox, only it is dealt with differently.

Now, a word about the ox at labour. He is often at market with a wooden saddle, carrying loads for his owner. He "snakes" small timbers out of the woods

and sometimes yo usec them "hitched."
In the following chapter let us see the
cart and ox together.

CHAPTER III.

A PRIMITIVE OX CART.

The ox-cart is coming. You hear it perhaps a mile. In the dim distance the sound is a cross between a moan and a protracted pig squeal, with charming variations. Nearer, you see quite an impressive procession of from two to five yoke of oxen, the larger span fastened between the pole of the cart and the others at a convenient distance apart. The cart itself has wheels some six feet in diameter. They are solid, without spokes, and of thick, very tough hardwood boards, grooved together. This wooden mass has a rim two inches wide, shod with an iron tire. The axle is firmly fastened in the centre of each wheel and turns with the wheels. A frame is put down and

fastened to the axle. This frame has a platform extending before and behind far enough to carry long logs, and with a row of stakes on each side of the frame a big load can be piled up.

The driver sits on the cart and a guide walks in front of the oxen, both with long goads.

I asked, "Why don't you grease your cart and stop that noise?" They reply with one voice, "Nao Senhor." "No, sir, if we did that the oxen would stop short, look around and say, 'What's wrong now?'" So to prevent a strike they let the music continue.

CHAPTER IV.

BRAZILIAN COFFEE.

Coffee is the beverage of Brazil. A nice little cup the size of an egg shell is offered to the traveller. It is as black as ink, as strong as lye and as hot as fire, but my! doesn't it taste good! No chickory there. Mixed with rich milk many a man thinks it the acme of deliciousness.

About two-thirds of the world's supply of coffee comes from Brazil. Their greatest revenue lies in the exportation of this product. In one year the exports of Brazil were \$180,000,000 and \$140,000,000 of this was coffee. The largest coffee plantation in the world is in the State of São Paulo, about three hundred miles from the city of São Paulo, the State capital. This estate has thirteen thou-

sand acres of coffee fields and twenty-five hundred acres of pasture, and the estate is kept in excellent order. It has a circumference of 40 miles. Here live five thousand people in different colonies. It has great stores, a bakery, drug shop, saw and planing-mill. It has immense factories for treating the coffee for market. A minute itemized account is kept so that the exact standing of the company may be referred to, and what each tree produces.

The best beans are selected for seed. When the plants are eighteen months old taken and planted, the tender new plant covered from the sun by leaves, upheld by sticks. They grow very fast. When three or four years old the trees begin to yield. They blossom in September and bear fruit in May. The average tree lives thirty years and produces four pounds of

coffee annually, which, on this plantation, would mean twenty million pounds a year.

CHAPTER V.

JOAO BAPTISTA AND NUTS.

There was a man in the neighborhood of Orobó, clothed in a bundle of rags, coming almost daily into the village loaded with great clusters of luscious looking nuts; one bunch, fastened to another, hanging on both sides of each shoulder and one on his head. He moved slowly along, almost imperceptibly, his long hair neither cut nor combed for years, a sharp, unsheathed knife in one hand and a dimly burning torch in the other. I can see now—the bare feet, and holes all over his salt-sack suit fastened on him with small withes.

They called him "John the Baptist," for, much as his character did not resemble that great prophet, yet he lived so

secluded, so simply (existing almost exclusively on nuts) that the children spontaneously dubbed him "Joao Batista."

He lived in a little palm-leaf house by a stream of water. The girls of our school sometimes did their washing at this stream before they knew that hard-by was John's hut. Emerging from among the rocks one day the weird-looking man frightened the girls so that they frantically fled. But he was really not a bad man.

I bring him in here chiefly to call attention to the nuts. There are hundreds in a single cluster. They are, in size and shape, about like grapes, but their color is yellow when ripe. Inside a hard rind one is struck with the very meaty and delicious kernel, which is in taste like the essence of cocoa-nut. This poor man exchanged his load of nuts in the stores for tobacco, pipe, matches, etc.

But the nuts have value. It is reported that a man made a fortune exporting these nuts called "Oricori," which really are miniature cocoanuts. When ripe they fall from the clusters one by one till all around the foot of the tree you see a bed of nuts.

The well-known "Brazil nut," sold at all grocers, grows encased in a large "Casca" or hard shell. Possibly the shell is as big in circumference as two feet and diameter in proportion. Inside this hard, big shell are many, many little nuts, each lying in a bed of its very own, a nice shroud about each nut closing it away, and the tiny cot or bed making a network of beds, but all separate while joined together. A sort of village, independent and interdependent, too.

These great shells are struck open with a "facão" or big knife, and the "nigger feet" then appear in layers so neat and

restful. They are taken out and dried and made ready for shipment.

The "cacao" or cocoa that we drink grows in shells like the "Brazil" nuts, only this outer shell, though hard, is not large. It is about the size of an orange when ripe and ready to strike open with the "facão." I saw great canoes full of the little cocoa nuts going down the river to be spread out to dry at the graneries by the ocean shore. They are embarked by big sacks in ton loads for foreign lands.

CHAPTER VI.

SUGAR CANE.

Sugar cane is cultivated in damp soil. It grows only a few months when the cane is cut into sticks from one to some three yards long. These divided into four or five inch bits, then split into quarters, make a sort of candy that children and older people suck.

For manufacture, the cane is put through a press and the juice boiled down in large kettles like old-fashioned maple sap boiling. The liquid, when thick and cooled, is a kind of hard brown substance resembling maple sugar in hardness and color. This is sold in "bricks" at local markets for five cents a pound. It has a strong, coarse taste, but very sweet.

The dregs of this liquid make the rum of Brazil. It is drunk by the common people everywhere, at the coast and interior.

Large sugar factories are established in Jaô Amaro and other Coast districts in Brazil. The output of refined sugar in such locations is very large. Hundreds of men are employed in factories in the midst of great areas of sugar cane.

I have held meetings in these factories when the army of employees would be some standing around and some sitting on the sacks of sugar.

At the close of one meeting, where the manager presided and listened intently as I sang and explained the good news, one big, bloated looking negro ran up and down, exclaiming as he flapped his hands on his sides, "Que padre bom! Que padre bom!" "What a good priest! What a good priest!"

CHAPTER VII.

PRIMITIVE OIL MAKING.

The castor oil plant grows about seven feet high, has large, glossy, five-pointed leaves and on its wide spreading branches grows the castor oil bean in prodigious quantities. These beans are enclosed in a little burry shell. When ripe the shell is removed and the beans pounded with a mortar and pestle. When strained through cheese or some such cloth there oozes out the crude castor oil, sold locally for ten cents a quart. It is called "Oleo de' mamona," probably "mother of oils," due to its extensive utility.

Besides its medicinal purposes, it makes light with a cotton wick dipped in a saucer of oil, a "dim, religious light" it is true.

This oil could be used for machinery and, when modern processes are employed in its manufacture, large shipments will be exported.

CHAPTER VIII.

RUBBER AT HEADQUARTERS.

Rubber is of universal use. It forms the tires of our bicycles and automobiles. We use it in our attire, in our raincoats, rubbers, and elastics. It is indispensable for surgical and medical purposes and there is hardly an industry or art in which it has not a part. The demand for rubber will be increasingly enormous as no substitute for it has ever been found.

Two hundred years ago it was discovered in India, hence its name Indiarubber, and for many years it was only used for pencil erasers. But the main source of this commodity is the Amazon valley.

The rubber seed is not unlike the large Scarlet Runner bean. It is planted in the "Trovodas," the thunder rains, of

October and November. The rows are ten palms apart, and so is each "pe," plant, making the trees equidistant and the rows present a beautiful symmetry. These plants must be cultivated for seven years, before they yield the rubber milky substance, but maize, beans and other quick crops, especially Indian corn, are raised between the rows, thus serving the double purpose of shading the young rubber plants and giving the planter some immediate return.

The rubber trees blossom in August. In December and January, the shells which enclose the seed burst like a torpedo.

The tapping is done with a small hatchet; the gash being made eight feet high and just through the bark without cutting into the wood. A new tap is made every few days until they have a row to the bottom of the tree. The tin

cup is attached below each new wound. Another row of taps is made an inch and a half from the first and so on till the whole tree is girdled. Long before you have encircled the tree the first rows are quite healed. About a spoonful of milky substance is gathered every morning out of each little cup to convenient centres and turned into "new rubber" in the following manner:—

Fires are built near the great cans or troughs containing the liquid and wooden ladles dipped; then the ladle, with liquid adhering to it, is held over the fire and turned round and round till in a little while there is a dark, solid coating, when the ladle is again dipped into the milky substance and again held over the fire and so on till there is adhering to it a hardened substance something the size and shape and even smell and colour of smoked ham.

This is the crude rubber and these hams are carefully examined, weighed, boxed and shipped.

CHAPTER IX.

FLORA AND FAUNA.

You will inquire of Brazil for some of its flora and fauna. Travelling through the great interior, you are first impressed with the forests. There are vast distances, sometimes fifty miles of practically pure woods. The trees are mostly medium sized and none of them like our tall elms and pines, but the average height and girth are about our average maple. They are mostly hard, very hard wood and of a variety that no other country can equal. Being down in the city of Bahia about the year 1908 I saw some hundreds of little oblong blocks. Each was stamped with the name of its tree. Some of the specimens were very valuable cabinet woods. Brazilian authorities tell us that

they can exhibit one thousand varieties. Railroads penetrating the interior will soon enable these woods to enrich the world's market.

The names of the trees are not familiar to you and, excepting cedar and a few others, have no English equivalent.

But timber limits in Brazil will have increasing values.

There is a great profusion of flowers and the blossoms are exquisite in shape and color. During some seasons of the year the woods themselves are suggestive of our orchards in flower.

A man sent home to the United States orchids from Brazil and got enough money to build a church.

There are pine apple, pomgranates, mangas, a very favorite fruit, tamarinds, figs, caju, pinho, unbu, the plum of the country, oranges, grapes, lemons, pine apple, golden banana, silver banana,

apple banana and bananas bigger than the rest called "banana da terra," but although all these abound, there is no apple tree in Brazil except, perhaps, in the south. The apple banana, however, has a keen suspicion of that taste, and, probably was intended by the Creator to take the place of apples in Brazil. Though so keen and universal is the taste for apples that those imported sell quickly and at a high price. (From the land of Evangeline they have already begun shipping apples to South America..) I paid fifteen cents for an apple at the coast.

That is suggestive of the price of butter, which is imported from Denmark and sold for a dollar a pound. You may be sure this is the land of "spreading it on thin."

Mule loads of bananas are sold at local markets, loads of hundreds of bananas for a dollar, and sometimes fifty cents.

You may expect to meet some wild animals in travelling, an occasional deer just like our own, a wild cat whose skin is found in almost every house, the larger "tigers" whose skin I only once saw. It was dark red with small white spots, and from the tip of the tail to the nose it was eight feet. The wild cat's skin varies from two and a half feet to a yard long.

Strange as it may seem you can travel for months and not meet a snake, but then you might meet one at any time. I took home the skin of a giboia, or boa constrictor, which is from tail to mouth, quite 14 feet.

A native was guiding me to the Covão, a distance of some seven leagues from Orobó. I saw him spur his mule and she fairly leaped over a little stream in the path. I did not spur mine but held her in to see what it was, and there right in the path this side of the stream was a

snake's head, but its body was up a tree and away in the branches, the tip of the tail.

"Ache um pau," "Find a stick" I called to the guide. He found a dry, long tree limb about nine feet. He drew on the snake. Where do you suppose he aimed his blow? "On the head!" a little boy in Sunday School says.

"Of course," we all say, but not the keen, tropical native. He knew that if he aimed at the head, and missed, the serpent might give one swift strike at him. But if he struck somewhere at the body he would be sure not to miss, and the reptile came down with a thud.

He whacked it and whacked it off, and then bruised its head. He took the thing by the middle on the point of his long stick so that the tip of the tail and the head just touched the ground. It was about eigh-

teen feet long, but its body was not more in diameter than a farm fork handle.

The following is from a farmer in the woods of Bahia State:—

“The boa constrictor will fasten its tail around a small tree by the path, coil itself up and wait for its victim. It will swallow a man, or a good-sized heifer. It will give one thrust at its victim which stuns him, but then he would not try to swallow him, but coils himself around and hugs and hugs until his very bones are crunch-ed, but then he would not try to swallow his prey but slimes him over and over with an abundant saliva. When he is thus sleek and slippery, he swallows him and will exist for weeks and weeks on that food.” The farmer told me he saw just the horns of a steer protrude from the mouth of one of these monsters.

As cultivation and fires clean up the land and regions become inhabited, rep-

tiles and wild beasts disappear. This is already true of many parts of Brazil as it is longer true and almost universally now in North America where once the wolf and the bear menaced man and beast.

The birds of Brazil have rich and brilliant plumage and the farther into the woods the richer that plumage becomes. I recall going along to "Fazenda Lion" getting off the track and wandering around several hours in some of the finest virgin forest. I suddenly heard, echoing in the woods, and thrilling my soul, the most exquisite music. I paused. The horse himself seemed eager to stand and listen. It reminded me of a blacksmith's anvil in the distance with an echo that gave a never to be forgotten impression. I peered in the direction of the sound and lo! not more than twelve yards away, perched on a tree branch, was the most beautiful black bird. Its gloss was richer

than I had ever seen. Its neck was long and charmingly curved, and its body and tail well proportioned.

This bird, called "Aropanga," is very rare and brings a high price in foreign lands.

Monkeys, parrots and many birds common to the tropics are also found in Brazil.

CHAPTER X.

PRIMITIVE SAW MILLS.

They fell the tree in the orthodox manner, and not like my grandfather who hacked all around it and the tree of the forest fell "unwittingly" breaking the oxen's back; by the way, the first he owned after arriving from Edinburgh, Scotland.

They hew the tree and then hoist or slide it up on a frame about seven feet high. One man stands on the hewed tree and the other on the ground immediately below. Then, with the old cross-cut saw, they whip out, by dint of much sweat, about twelve boards a day. This is the sawmill of Interior Central Brazil. If the boards are good, sound cedar, twelve

feet long and eight inches wide, they will sell for thirty cents a board.

The mode of conveying them to market is not less primitive than their sawing. A padded, wooden saddle is placed on a mule. From three to six boards are fastened with *withes*; then slung on each side of the saddle, making about twelve boards to a mule load.

How they manipulate these packs on each side of the animal and how the mule handles herself, worming her way to market sometimes on the edge of an abyss, sometimes up great mountain passes and down steep, sharp ravines is as curious as it is admirable.

In building the best houses in the interior comparatively few boards are employed. The walls are of adobi and the roof of tile; but boards are used for doors, ceilings and windows. For inside walls and partitions it is the great oblong adobi

bricks made from the red clay and dried in the sun. With a good foundation and careful building, they make a fine, durable wall. When glazed and properly painted the house looks splendid.

The ordinary shack is made of poles struck in the ground and mud-clammed in from both sides. They last well but are weird and uncanny. Still it is an improvement on the bark hut or straw cabin found frequently in the woods as you travel.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WATER PROBLEM IN INTERIOR BRAZIL

The water is abundant in most parts of Brazil. During the month of April and until June there is a daily cold drizzle. This is the winter season, and the snow comes down in rain. There is now no thunder nor heavy showers. In October and November thunder storms are frequent; the rain then falls in great torrents. The rivers rise to overflowing proportions. It is at such times one sees the need of bridges. It is not infrequent to see troopers ranched a week or more beside a river awaiting the fall of the water so as to cross with their loaded mules. No country offers greater inducements to engineers. They would have bridges

galore to construct, as well as other engineering enterprises, as, for instance, water works in all considerable towns.

At Orobo Grande we have water rising out of the mountain. The main spring that supplies the town comes out of our mission estate. Through this and other springs the Saraenra River is formed. This river passes along near Orobo; but the water is supplied to the town by means of small barrels, two on each side of a mule's back. From door to door the water is sold at 7 cents a load. They also carry the water in clay pots on their head; but this latter method is wearing out and the mule method will wear out also as enterprise will secure their water pure from the mountain springs by means of well-laid pipes and modern water works.

The altitude in this case is high, the water fall great, and distance to the town a little over a mile. Think of the boon to

public health of such pure water; think too of the swimming baths that could be provided.

The people are ready for these sanitary reforms, and will welcome the engineers who could carry them to working actualities.

The death rate from bad water must be far greater than the people themselves have yet realized, though they have in recent years been greatly awakening to the need of better sanitation.

I visited an interior town: a river runs through it, the entrance to one side of which is by a gateway of two large rocks. I was charmed by the lovely river gliding along and the city situated on its banks. It was just noon and washer-women were getting ready to go home; they were there in the midst of a stream doing their laundry. I saw one and another mulatto scuff the

surface of the water to get the soap suds a little away, and then dip her earthen pot and lift it full to her head. That unsanitary water served for all purposes in the house. Was it any wonder that a plague had shortly before that date visited their town, and that the chief showed me whole rows of empty houses whose inmates had been carried to their graves. The cause of much fever must be contaminated water. The "tanque" on some farms serves for man and beast. The site of this "tanque" is some big hollow, then the hollow is dug deeper and wider until a large reservoir is made. In the wet season it fills. This "tanque" will furnish water for a year. The cattle come to drink, crowd each other, walk about, stir up the muddy bottom, and leave the water contaminated and unfit for human consumption, nevertheless the people in many cases use this same water for drinking and

other household purposes. In addition it is a bath and swimming pool.

These unsanitary conditions above described speak for themselves. Yet it may be added here that the tropical sun must have a healing influence upon the stagnant water, and possibly by continued use the natives become to a certain extent immunized, else fever would be far more rife than it is. Yet one cannot but feel the importance of sanitation in this case. Indeed, modern wells where no water springs are near, must be dug or bored.

The scum on the surface of the tank leads one to believe that in spite of the sun and other climatic favorable conditions, the ideal water supply has yet to be introduced in Interior Brazil.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

A CHAIN OF PROVIDENCES LEADING TO, AND IN BRAZIL.

Obedying a telegram "Come" from a church by the sea in Nova Scotia, I took train to Boston, embarking on the Steamship Yarmouth to cross the Bay of Fundy. It was my first experience at sea. Qualmish before the harbor was past, when the rough Fundy we entered I started on a fish-feeding which lasted during the voyage of seventeen hours.

A short visit at the manse in Yarmouth town restored me. I then took S.S. "City of St. John" for Liverpool, across the harbor from which, were my expectant people. This steamer was, literally, an old tub. She creaked and strained and shook as if ready to fall to pieces. (She did, disastrously, later.) A seasick

sailor and such a ship! I resolved, if I reached land at least able to preach, I must quit the ship. I did so at Lockport and took stage. A tall, lean, pale and gaunt-looking man arrived Saturday noon at Brooklyn by the sea.

Sunday morning dawned with a mist over the harbor, dotted with dozens of vessels, little sail and big craft, mostly American fishermen, bound for Newfoundland banks, lying at anchor in a water as peaceful as a sleeping babe. Long before church time the sun shot out through the fog, presenting the most promising day.

The church bell called at ten. I stepped in about the middle of the school hour. Midst the hum of the classes, walking up and down the aisles, was the librarian. She was a maiden of some eighteen summers. Her hair of rich auburn hung in a braid. She had a white muslin dress,

simply trimmed with blue. She was neither short nor tall. Her face was chiseled after the manner of the Greeks. Her forehead was full and round and her eyes of matchless blue. The mouth and chin had strength and firmness, and a certain serenity marked her manner, and shone through those deep, fascinating eyes.

The other young people came about to shake hands with the new student; but not this young lady. She paid not the slightest attention. I hardly noticed this, as pressure of preaching, and other church duties, kept me quite sober as to the feminine charms.

Calling, some weeks later, I lighted on a house fronting the harbor. It had trees by the street, along a sloping, front lawn. Vines clung about the door. The echoing ring soon brought a happy, neatly dressed

woman who invited me into her parlor with dignity and grace.

In a scattered parish of, perhaps, two hundred families, a new man took time to get acquainted. But every home had its deep interest. During the years, one and another, and, sometimes, whole groups were lost at sea. Habitually, I began to look on the walls for the evidence of lost ones. Usually, before I finished my call, the mother would unveil one or more enlarged photograph of family connections who went out to the "banks" of Newfoundland, or the West Indies, never to return. My emotions were deeply stirred. Here were wives, mothers and daughters whose husbands, sons and fathers were buried in the "mighty deep." Here was tragedy! Noble, brave, sturdy men who faced death year on year to take up out of the ocean a living for their

families, often losing their own lives in the cruel seas.

But not less noble were those who staid at home, "held up the slack," "tarried by the stuff" in the garden and the home, toiled with deft hands and plucky patience and, at the same time, an intellectual atmosphere was fostered until the children of Canadian Maritime peoples are noted, and have made their mark in the world of politics, of law, of finance, of education, of religion and of toil.

But, to return to this particular home, rising to withdraw, after a most pleasant half hour getting acquainted with the hostess and, taking leave at the door, who should be coming up the lawn but the young lady whom I noticed first morning in Sunday School. She looked taller and wore a light raincoat. Her bow was not brusque but severely distant. She did not know I was in this house for she was the

school teacher and school was "in" when I entered.

Again parish duties sobered me. My spirit was stirred to new depths as I learned from house to house the tragic story of the boy who never came back.

The Word, too, had new meaning. How much better now could I understand such passages as "Deep calleth unto deep," "All Thy billows and Thy waves have gone over me," "They that go down into the sea in ships," and "He commandeth and raiseth the stormy sea." I could understand better also the meaning of "waiting, watching, longing" for news; and garnered new sympathy and admiration for these brave peoples.

Local revivals broke out, I being greatly assisted later in one of these by dear Brother A. W. Main. God's word was sweet and strong. I got into the habit of

seeking out the passage which suited this, that or the other case.

The tearful "good-bye" and "come again" assured me that it was the Master's errand—those never-to-be-forgotten pastoral calls.

CHAPTER II.

PROVIDENCE IN MATRIMONY.

In school vacation, while musing on the nicest way of inviting "my lady" for a carriage ride, behold she is off to visit her sister. "But all things come to those who wait." "The stars in their courses" are fighting to bring together the two destined for each other. Nothing shall keep them apart.

There was a brief church ceremony, a happy gathering at the home of Captain James McLeod, her father, and a long train of carriages accompanied our exit part of the way to the railway station.

Returning from the honey-moon, which included a visit to my dear home in *famous old Glengarry*, (where I was brought up between two manses—the Congrega-



MRS. EDITH MCEWEN.

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tional on the one side and the Presbyterian manse, the world-renowned Ralph Connor's birthplace on the other), we spent the week-end in Montreal, I conducting the services in Calvary Congregational Church. We were guests of the Macaulays of "Sun Life" fame.

On our arrival, a fire which was started in the parlor hearth, blazed and roared up the chimney so that the brigade was summoned. They came, rushing and trampling up Sherbrooke Street, attracting a crowd in front of the house. The fire was quenched without damage.

I was going to forget to say that Mr. T. B. Macaulay on Monday, before our embarking on the Maritime Express for St. John, N.B., where we were to take the Annapolis train and go home through the beautiful land of Evangeline whose orchards were then loaded with the rosiest apples—Mr. Macaulay took us away up

Mount Royal, passing McGill, the Royal Victoria and other historic buildings until we beheld away down and over the city, in the dim distance, the majestic River St. Lawrence.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE MANSE.

Arriving at our new home in the parsonage, we found it furnished, a feast spread with waiting friends.

Five happy years! The church had two stations, one at Brooklyn Harbor, and the other at Beach Meadows by the open sea. This entailed a great deal of travel and much visiting. But it prepared for future service in far-off Interior Brazil.

I had joined the Student Volunteer movement, being at its initial meeting, July, 1886, in Mount Hermon, Mass., Museum, with R. P. Wilder, the missionary from India, leading. I was one of the eighteen charter members who signed the following cards:—

"I am willing, and desirous, God willing, to go to the foreign field."

This resolve was known to Mrs. McEwen. She, herself, was keen on missions. One of her childhood impressions was made by Thomas Hall, the Missionary Superintendent. He depicted graphically the needs and she was so touched that, having no coin with her, she threw her ring on the plate. It was prophetic of her whole life. She gave, never half-heartedly, but always generously, and cheerfully.

A call came to us from Stouffville, Toronto. There were a thousand ties to keep us where we were. It was my maiden church. Here I was ordained by the laying on of hands. Some wonderful revivals were graciously vouchsafed this church during my pastorate. A new, handsome edifice was also built and dedicated free of debt, due to the splendid

pluck of the people themselves and generous gifts from abroad. It was here I solemnized marriages, performed baptism and buried the dead. It was here, too, I found her who became part of my being and an inspiration in my life. It was here our first two children were born.

But these joys and sorrows, enthusiasms and deep experiences, did not interfere with the call of duty.

CHAPTER IV.

STOUFFVILLE.

At the dawn of a cold and beautiful morning in the spring of 1896, we took our departure. It was the beginning of the wrench which was to finally sever her forever from the home of her childhood, and comrades of her school, from the church of her home and people, from family and hosts of friends in dearest social circles.

Our eyes were, however, on the foreign field and we were listening for the sovereign voice of Him Who says, "Come" and "Go."

Stouffville was a compact church; much more time was here possible for study. We were exceedingly happy with a loyal and noble people. But an incident

occurred in 1898 which finally fixed our purpose to go to South America. It was the erection and establishing of a new chapel.

We had already the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church, the Congregational Church, the Baptist Church, the "Christian" Church, the Mennonite Church, and the "Disciples of Christ." These seven churches had men and manses and church buildings either owned or rented.

There really was room in that village, near Toronto, for one powerful progressive Protestant Church: about one-seventh of the buildings would suffice and about three-sevenths of the money to sustain the local gospel and the rest of the force, both money and ministers, would be abundantly better spent *elsewhere*. I don't know that I believe in *organic* union of the great denominations, I believe,

rather, in spiritual union and with such spirit of love; contemptible crowding and sinful overlapping would stop.

Well, in this town there resided a Miss So and So, an elderly, unmarried maiden who had money. She must needs buy a site for church and cemetery. I did not object to the cemetery site, although Stouffville had already fine, well-organized cemetery grounds. But that lady had as much need of a *church* site as of two husbands.

However, the little church went up, a really beautiful and cosey little chapel. Up it *went*. The Sunday was set for its ordination.

Calling at the home of one of my deacons, his wife asked, "Have you seen Joe lately?" I said, "No, is there anything?" "Well," she replied, "they are opening the new chapel, are going to have a junior surplice choir and, they are after Joe."

I bowed and smiled thanks to my parishioner for timely confidence. I went to the manse and talked it over with Mrs. McEwen. I found that a wise thing to do in all perplexities.

With feminine wit and quick as a flash, she said:—

“Let’s have a Junior Missionary service that same night; let us have Junior choruses, a tableau or two by them also and let the boys take up the collection and let Joe be one of the deacons.”

I ran around and saw the deacons, getting their consent to this and permission for the boys to act as deacons with the collection plates. Then I saw the choir leader and obtained his consent that the juniors would emphasize the music that Sunday night.

The fat was now fairly in the fire. Mrs. McEwen had invited a swarm of little ones to the manse and she “drilled”

them with skill. Her enthusiasm was contagious. An optimist to the limit, she made the Juniors thrill with song and dialogue. Joe, of course, nor any of the children, new anything of our design.

The Sunday night arrived, properly announced, and the juveniles themselves spreading the news like wild-fire, we had a fine meeting, all our people in their places, and a lot of strangers present, which meant people from other churches. Joe was one of those "charged" with the collection. I can see him now, returning to the pulpit, walking up the aisle with his laden plate, looking like a soldier-in-arms.

At the close of the services the officers all congratulated me on our success. But I hastened to the manse, got behind the large curtain, which hid my study, sat down, put my head on the desk and brooded over the events of the evening.

When Mrs. McEwen arrived she looked in the usual Sunday night places to find me. At last, with my head still on the desk, she found me in great distress of mind.

"What in the world is the matter?" she asked.

"Because it's all wrong," I answered.

"What?" she said, eagerly.

"The meeting," I said. "The meeting."

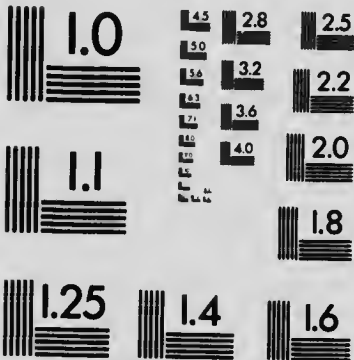
"Why, everybody says it was just fine and I can tell you that you presided and conducted every part of the programme like the President himself, and Joe acted like a birch."

"Yes, the meeting was an outward success, due not a little to your splendid help; but don't you know that, at the bottom of it all, there is an ungodly rivalry about *another* church in a village already cursed with too many.



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Do you know what the great commission is? It's this, "Go ye into all Canada, and all the States, and put down in every hamlet and village from the Atlantic clear across the thousands of miles to the Pacific—put down the Methodist Church, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Congregational, the "Christian" Church, and the Episcopal Church because the people will starve if all the "isms" are not in?" Can you imagine a huger farce?—a more gigantic travesty of the "Go ye" of Mt. Olivet, of the departing words of our Lord Jesus?

Of the sixteen and more hundred millions of the world, only a tiny fraction of the m ever heard the gospel at all and here we are, God's ambassadors in all the Protestant churches, just straining our necks to keep "flourishing" the work of the church when everyone knows one good-sized church would hold every last

man, woman and Protestant child in this community.

The waste of men and money in this, must make all the angels of heaven look down in utter dumbfounded incredulity of us all.

Is that the "Go ye" of the Lord Jesus "and tell every creature?"

You know we have talked it all over so often, you and I. Now this event has brought our conviction to a climax. Let us go."

CHAPTER V.

SAYING GOOD-BYE.

With the full approval of my precious wife, I declared the next Sunday my intention of going to South America and my resignation to take effect at the end of so many months.

This step did not meet the approval of my church at first, but when they saw we were determined they helped in every way to make pleasant our parting, and presented documents of confidence in us, and affection for the minister and his family.

In the spring of 1899, at a farewell meeting in Stouffville, at which all the ministers, and a large gathering of citizens were present, we said good-bye. The next morning, at the railroad station, there were tears and tenderness, Stouffville

people seeing the three bairnies, Ernestina, five years of age, Pearle three, and Keith one.

We came to Maxville, Glengarry, the place of my birth, boyhood and young manhood. It did me good to visit the old farm and see it going on with increasing prosperity. The dear old homestead to which we came when I was ten, and where I kindled the first fire. What pathos! what sighs and tears! what gladness and glory cluster around the old farm. It was not easy to say good-bye here.

Not only was there "Home," but little boys and girls in the infant class, which really called me to the ministry and not simply one class but several little "out-of-the-way" schools I had the honor of conducting. How they all come back to-day.

One of the greatest luxuries of my life is to meet those old infant classmates, now grown up, and hear them say:—

“Mr. McEwen, I never forgot that Golden Text you taught me.” A dear fellow told me, “You taught us ‘He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taken a city.’” You told us,” said this fine young man, “That even he that captures a city is not so great as the boy who masters himself.” God bless the dear boy who learned that magic truth.

“You taught us the twenty-third Psalm,” said a fine, well-dressed, business-like young man in the hotel to me. “I won’t say that I repeat it every day since but I will say, nearly every day. Glancing at his watch, he said:—

“I must go, but I did want to tell you this.

Then, as with his strong, right hand he held me, he said:—

“We’ll meet again, Mr. McEwen,” and the tears explained.

“I don’t mean down here. We might meet again, of course, but we’ll meet over yonder.”

Oh glory! glory to God Who makes the seed to grow, and us to find it after many days.

A splendid Glengarry boy is fallen in France, Lieutenant Douglas McColl. He was one of my boys in the infant class. He grew sturdy, strong in faith and action. He was one of the grand Canadian men who downed many a foe and stood like a stone wall and, as General French declares, “Saved the Empire!”

But to hasten on. We visited the home of Mrs. McEwen. After tender farewells and difficult partings, we crossed

over to Boston. My wife, always a good sailor, enjoyed hugely the ride across the Bay of Fundy where I got "broken in" myself.

A few hours before sailing I had a message from Dr. Devons of the New York *Observer*, to meet him in his office. There I met Dr. Chamberlain, a missionary from Brazil, who had corresponded with me and urged me to go to the interior of Bahia State, but a cable was in Chamberlain's hand. The cable read:—

"Yellow fever, Christine, Daniel and native worker dead."

They were Dr. Chamberlain's daughter, who was a teacher, his youngest son and a prized native convert.

The father was sobbing and Dr. Devons said:—

"Mr. McEwen, we think you had better go forward alone. The fever is rife there now. You are not used to the cli-

mate; and your wife and children would run great risks while you are getting initiated."

"But we are embarked; we are on board the boat for Brazil," I said.

"Yes, and you must decide this grave matter; what will you do?"

I said:—

"I would rather be in a bark hut with my wife and children than in the finest palace the earth can offer without them, but there is one thing I love more. If, if it's God will, I'll go alone."

Chamberlain hastened down to the boat with me. I left him on the wharf and found my wife and said:—

"They're saying we had better part."

She looked bewildered. Then I explained about the cable. There was just a moment's quiver and hesitation, and I recall a tear that gushed up. Then, with

her usual calmness and sane judgment, she said:—

"I see! It is best! We'll do this for His sake and the children's."

A few minutes later and the crane was hoisting on dock trunks that contained the "things" of wife and little ones. A few minutes more found me standing on deck, clinging to the rails with one hand and with the other waving my handkerchief to wife and bairnies standing on the dock.

They took ship to Nova Scotia, I to Bahia, Brazil.

A letter given to the pilot to mail my wife and a wire to meet her on arrival in Halifax were all the "human" things I then could do for those dearer than my life.

CHAPTER VI.

EN ROUTE.

Sunset on the Equator.

Going south for some thousands of miles, the sea was smooth at the equator. It seemed that the waters were one great sheet of shining gold. The sun was yet visible on the western horizon. The evening star appeared and behold the full moon rising. I was spell-bound. Certainly never till then had I beheld the sun, moon and evening star together; while all around, and far away, the sea reflected rays of matchless glory and was as calm as the sun itself. You saw also the sun sink out of sight and it leaped into the dark, and the moon rise likewise with a bound, up out of the mighty deep.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVED.

First Impressions on Arrival.

Our approach on December 22nd, 1899, into the Bahia harbor was the climax of a long voyage. It is one of the largest bays in the world. The city of Bahia looked quaint as it lay for many miles around the Coast and the upper city romantically situated among the mountains and half hidden here and there with great palms. The houses were covered with tile.

On landing I thought I would swelter in the elevator rising about one hundred feet to the upper city. The old lift squeaked and the rusty cable strained and now and then the conductor stopped, I suppose to rest. But it was a very "hot air" box. I wiped the rolling perspir-

ation off my brow; but finally we reached the top. (To-day there is there one of the finest elevators.)

Away up there the sight is glorious. You look down and over the harbor with ships arriving and going out and many big and little vessels at anchor, and away out to sea gaze with a sigh of relief that you are safe in port.

But, turning to things nearer at hand, here are objects which strike the stranger as curious and fascinating. Three donkeys pull a small street car. They stretch and struggle to start the car. They go a short way and meet another. Six donkeys abreast now meet in a narrow street. The conductors howl at the animals. The little beasts pull and, passing, get their traces tangled. The conductors swear and tear to decide who is to blame for this tangle and lose perhaps twenty

minutes, while the passengers sit like "Patience on a Monument."

Then you come to the large theatre square and behold a mixed crowd!

Sitting in bunches are great thick-lipped, wooley-headed negresses with strings of beads around their glossy necks and their feet and head bare as they cry out their wares, some selling caju, a juicy fruit, some cangica, a nourishing drink, bananas, oranges, grapes, mangas and other fruits and confectionary.

There goes a tall mulatto with a pot of tropical flowers on her head, with their long, green branches waving in the sunlight. Well-dressed men and women appear on the street cars, or on the sidewalk. There is a leisureliness about them.

Now and then the air is rent with the shrill call of the ware-cryers. I go along quietly, seeing what I will see.

A prim-looking man is walking a few yards ahead. A woman opens a window of a third flat. Without even looking down she dumps a pail of slops on the street. It happens to come down on the head and shoulders of this man. I stand still, indignant, waiting for a scene. But no! He hardly looks up and, taking it as an ordinary matter, shook himself like a duck getting a plunge in a pond.

In a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, with no sewerage whatever, and no frost, was it any wonder that yellow fever, and bubonic pest were rife. It is a wonder that there was anyone left to have fever.

Sanitary conditions there are greatly improved. Yellow fever is hardly mentioned now, and street cars as modern as at home.

Sauntering back and forth, I heard the shrill, loud cry of the venders as they

crossed the square or squatted under the shade of a wide, spreading tree convenient to the passersby, groups of whom paused to refresh themselves.

Hello! here comes a procession. There is a canopy carried by four men, arrayed in gorgeous gowns of divers colors. Underneath this canopy were prelates and potentates of the church. Then came another vehicle. It also was borne of four, but it contained images. There was Joseph, a bald-headed, venerable-looking man with Mary, the mother of Jesus, dressed in most fantastic and gorgeous apparel, a great, glittering crown on her head and little Jesus in her arms.

Here were also other "Santos," saints. The thronging procession knelt and sang or chanted weird words of devotion. It was then a man came rushing up to me and demanded that I uncover my head. I gave my firm refusal as the law of Brazil gave

me liberty to refuse. Then, besides, I did not hear that the second commandment is dead. There was much band music as they again marched on.

Another day I came to the palace of the Archbishop. Bahia is the Ecclesiastical capital of Brazil. The palace is a great structure with very heavy and high walls. The Cathedral is adjoining it and it happened that the Primate of all Brazil was just finishing mass. He had a rich purple gown with long train reaching from the altar almost to the front door. Half a dozen acolytes held it from trailing as the ruddy bishop walked out smiling and bowing along the aisle.

It was now Christmastide. I settled for a few days in the "Americano Hotel" I was startled one morning at breakfast by a nice little man approaching and bowing with sweet grace, giving me a parcel. I opened it and found a handsome Portu-

guese Bible with "Kolb," Christmas, 1899, written under "A Merry Christmas, Mr. McEwen." The smiling man departed but his blessing remained.

CHAPTER VIII.

PROVIDENCE IN THE PORTUGUESE LANGUAGE.

After getting my things out of the "Alfandega," customs, it was necessary to apply myself to the language of the land. Portuguese is spoken in all Brazil, that is by half of the people in South America, Spanish in all other parts of the continent except among a few Indian tribes.

There is a quartette of tongues, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. If you learn one well, you can translate the other three with little trouble, as they are all derived from the Latin and are very similar. The beautiful Portuguese language, however, is the eldest daughter of the Latin and most akin to it. It is very euphonic and our guttural English seems strange at first to Latin ears.

It was my lot to get into a "Republica" or "Club" of law, medical and engineering students. Their President, Dr. Methodio, was a young lawyer of rising fame in the city and editor of the daily paper called "A Bahia." All the rest of the club were college students. This Dr. Methodio desired English and I Portuguese. It was easy to make an agreement to "swop" languages. This we did at breakfast many and many a morning. It was to me intensely interesting. I was thirty-six years old. I knew not a word of this strange tongue which I heard everywhere; the very air resonant with sounds so strange to me. But "Necessity is the mother of invention." I *must* learn it. To eat, it was urgent that I know the names of foods and how to name the dishes, as well as food and drink, I cared to ask for. Many a laugh was mixed with my woeful and futile first lessons, but

"Fortune favors the brave." I was not discouraged, though often cast down.

Our good family doctor, Munroe, indeed warned me on leaving, saying there were linguistic cells in the human brain which are closed at my age unless I had already practised talking a foreign language. "Well," I replied to him, "If they are closed, I'll crack 'em open, Dr."

But in the quiet of my room I would try to trump up things in my favor. I was healthy, really strong. I had studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew; but they were not living languages the devil would put in. Well then they were praying for me at home. Ah, *that* gave me *comfort*. The devil fears *that*. Yes prayers, not a few, from dearest hearts.

But I, too, had a good teacher. Dr. Methodio was eager himself for English. He had studied it theoretically in his preparatory studies but it was like Latin and

Greek to him. The doctor made attempts at pronunciation of our really difficult words. We had much *here* in common and *this* made us kind to each other's errors.

But one morning it came to me like a flash from heaven. "Your linguistic cells *are* open. They were open ever since you were a little boy.

"How is that?" I asked. "Why, don't you remember that you did not know a word of English till six years old?"

"Your granny only knew Gaelic and, in deference to her, it was spoken at home entirely, even the worship, reading, prayer and Peter Grant's hymns *all* in Gaelic."

"There you are! I fairly shouted. You learned English as really a foreign tongue. Not a word of English was heard as a rule by your childish ears till after the death of grandmother."

"Viva!" I shouted, and danced a little bit around the room too.

'This leads me to speak of "Providence" in our lives. Providence means seeing beforehand not only, but *providing* for the future.

Now God does that. He was getting me ready for South America when I was six years old, making it necessary for me to learn to speak this complex English language after I had already spoken for years the good old Gaelic. There were the cells opening of their own accord in my plastic, formative years.

Many a walk and talk Methodio had with me and, little by little, we improved each other's tongue, until to-day Dr. Methodio speaks English splendidly.

At last, after 7 months, I ventured to preach. I asked the doctor to come. He kindly consented, and cheered me. A short time later I was mounted on an old grey

horse, travelling in the woods, preaching in the towns and at hut doors as I passed along.

But, before leaving the language, let me give some mistakes I made in public. I was telling about the miracle of the five loaves. Now the plural of bread in Portuguese is exactly like "fathers," but the *accent* is different. There was a little Scotch boy in the audience and I noticed him shake with laughter. At the close of the meeting, drawing him aside, I asked why did you laugh? "Oh," he said, "you told us that they ate their fathers and got gorged."

The word for "fear" and the word for "saucy" have also a close similarity in pronunciation. The leader of a meeting, a short, stout man, and another tall, big man, and myself were on the platform. As we three faced the audience, I and the other big fellow, one on each side of the

short man, singing "Fear not for I am with thee," I found that I had been saying, "Oh do not be so saucy."

But you soon learned to avoid these mispronunciations.

CHAPTER IX.

PROVIDENCE IN PEOPLE.

In the following chapter I will describe some circumstances of my life and persons who had providentially to do with my being a missionary.

I already mentioned Mr. Wilder, founder of the great Student Volunteer movement, and how I signed the volunteer card at the first meeting of the movement.

But how was it that I was present at that meeting in Mt. Hermon Museum? Because I had just come as a student to Mt. Hermon through Moody's great reputation as a student of the Bible, and the fact that Mt. Hermon, besides teaching a classical and scientific course, teaches the Bible as a text book. Well, I hap-

pened along two months before Wilder called the museum meeting.

There was a July Conference of students from all parts of the world. This was the first of what became a world wide factor in Bible study and missions. Here I heard the great men of the earth. I think the most impressive, apart from Moody himself, was Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston. He held the boys with, apparently, no oratorical effort. He just stood behind the little Mt. Hermon Chapel pulpit and explained the Bible; but, while he had no effusive oratory, he had a most winsome self-unconsciousness. Indeed, he never seemed to think of himself at all, and he compared scripture with scripture with unique authority and grace.

Dr. A. T. Pierson was another who had much influence with the boys. His expositions of the Bible were brilliant and he had a most original way of finding illus-

trations of his subject in other parts of the Bible.

Another man who influenced me was Dr. Henry Drummond. He was a great favorite at Mt. Hermon. Whoever can forget that tall, slight figure; those small, piercing blue eyes, and that high forehead? There was something striking about his bearing. It was so gentle, so tender, so confident and strong.

I heard him give his thirteenth of First Corinthians' talk. This lecture went clean around the world.

Love contrasted,

Love explained,

Love enduring.

But, while his discourse on this love chapter was a matchless bit of literature, you were most impressed with the fact that the speaker was himself an incarnate example of the chapter. Dr. Henry Drummond loved, perhaps as few men loved, both

God and man. It is needless to say that he was courteous and kind. No man can live in I Corinthians, 13, and not be.

I remember the first time I saw Moody and Sankey. We were at regular chapel prayers about nine a.m. The Mt. Hermon faculty always came up by the platform steps while the students marched two by two up the regular stairways to the audience room.

Suddenly there appeared a big, full-whiskered, exceedingly stout man and, after him, a tall, large man with chin shaved. Without any delay, or formality, Mr. Moody took his seat in the little pulpit chair and seemed to squeeze it out to fit his great body. He said, "Mr. Sankey will sing." The tall, chin-shaved man sat at the little organ. He threw his head back and the music rose from the instrument as spontaneously as from his own throat. He sang "When the mists

have rolled in splendour." His voice was not perfect, but the energy, the pathos and the thrill was felt by the 400 students as we got a glimpse of that glad day when we shall know one another really and love one another perfectly.

I was led to climb Northfield Mountain on Sunday, instead of going over to the great gathering. I found a woman picking raspberries with two little girls away up on the top of the mountain, some four miles. She said, "Why don't you Mt. Hermon boys come up here and open a Sunday School?" I said, "Why don't you go down the mountain and attend Sunday School at Northfield?"

"Because," the woman replied, "they don't want us there."

"Yes they do," I said, "and Mr. Moody has a big wagon go along the valley below here every Sunday morning to pick up people who want to go to church."

"Yes," said she, "but there are lots of people in this mountain without suitable attire, but open Sunday School in the school house and I warrant they will come."

I said, "If you get permission from the trustees I will be here next Sunday at ten-thirty."

"It's done," said the woman.

I found later that this was really a leading woman on the mountain, whose husband owned considerable property, and who was respected by the mountain people.

With permission from Mt. Hermon authorities, I took one of the boys and climbed the mountain to the "little school house on the hill." It was some climb, and the July sun made us perspire; as the steep ascent tested our walking ability and lung power.

Behold the shutters wide open and the door inviting us in! Promptly at ten-thirty I opened the meeting.

The woman, her two little girls, about eight and ten years, and a bunch of plainly-dressed mountaineers, were present. I gave the big ones to my companion and I took the tots to teach. We had the International Sunday School lesson. We had a short school hour. I announced Sunday School at the same time the following Sunday.

At a place called "The Farms" another regular service was established. I asked Mr. Moody if he and Mr. Sankey would come to "The Farms" meeting. They consented. The simple announcement of Mr. Moody's coming filled our little hall so that when he and Sankey came they had to crush through to the front. As Sankey was singing a solo, I whispered to Mr. Moody,

"Please let me announce you for next Sunday."

He did so, and again the crowd surged to hear the world's greatest evangelist. Mr. Moody deeply appreciated an effort to save his mountain and valley neighbors.

Our studies and work at Mt. Hermon itself entailed much time and my companions in this Sunday work, and myself, had to deny ourselves many a social function.

On a "commencement" day when the dining hall was crowded there was a large table specially for the mountain guests. It was with not a little pleasure I waited on that table.

The results of this district work began to be evident in getting them stirred up to send their sons to Mt. Hermon. I recall how the first one, a neat little fellow of about fifteen, came with me to be introduced to Prof. Sawyer, the then principal. The boy was admitted

that fall. He took his course with distinction. He developed splendid ability as a public speaker, went to Boston School of Oratory but, alas! was suddenly taken home by illness and died in the bloom of youthful enthusiasm. He was an earnest Christian and all Mt. Hermon felt his influence. Others, quite a number, availed themselves of Mt. Hermon and also mountain girls, attended Northfield Seminary.

But these experiences at Mt. Hermon and this pioneer work, only intensified my desire to go to the foreign field, and they are mentioned here as influences leading me there.

About the time of the already-mentioned new church built in Stouffville in '98, Mr. Moody was announced to speak in Massey-Hall, Toronto. I went over from Stouffville to the meeting. Could I ever forget that scene—the hall filled with

thousands of people, the great platform occupied by a large choir and a few dozen of Toronto's leading divines. Rev. Dr. John Potts stood up behind D. L. Moody and spread his hands over Moody's bent head. Dr. Potts prayed, his great arms still over the evangelist. He prayed with great fervor that God would once more endue His dear servant with the power of heaven. Moody rose and asked us to consider the seven "I wills" of Psalm 91, vs. 14-16.

"I will deliver him.

"I will set him on high.

"I will answer him.

"I will be with him in trouble.

"I will honor him.

"I will satisfy him with long life.

"I will show him my salvation."

The wonted power swayed that multitude. A deep and prolonged hush, after the benediction, spoke, saying, "How

good to be here." I found my way to the platform with some tremour, as Moody had not seen me now for seven years. "Mr. McEwen! How do you do? I just had a letter from Northfield to-day, saying that two of your old Sunday School scholars came down and joined the church last Sunday. Then he looked at me with his matchless smile and said, "That handful of corn you sowed up there on the top of the mountain is beginning to shake like Lebanon."

It was most thrilling news to me. (By the way, these two who joined the Northfield church were the same little girls who were picking berries with their mother. led to starting the S.S. in the school house). Then Mr. Moody said to S. H. Blake, and one or two others near, "This is one of my Mt. Hermon boys." Was I proud of that introduction? Of course I was! I went home and said to Mrs. McEwen: "Now, I

know we're going to South America." I let this matter rest for a few weeks.

Moody went to Winnipeg and across to the States. When he returned home to Northfield, I took the train and went straight to him. I found Moody at the door, going off to get garden things for dinner.

"Mr. Moody I came to get you to send me to South America," I said almost in the same breath with saying "Good day."

"Well, I can't send you now," he retorted, "for I have to get the dinner things. You can't go to South America without dinner, can you?" he said, now smiling in his unique manner.

"My errand is more important than dinner, Mr. Moody," I fairly shouted, for he was already off in the buggy.

When Moody returned, he found me still at the door. He quickly handed the horse to a stableman and said to me:

"Come in!" He took the silver teapot, which was waiting on the table, poured out two cups, then said to me, "Sit here." His own chair was as big as a giant's. I sat at the table beside him. He pointed out the clock and said, "There are just twenty minutes till I must be at the meeting. Then he said, with a tenderness it were well that all Christians possessed, "If you have come for advice, it is too sacred a matter to advise you; but if you have come for co-operation, you can count on me."

"That's it! Mr. Moody, your co-operation!" He broke a bit of bread and buttered it, and I did the same and in less than ten minutes we rose from the table. Then Mr. Moody said, "You come over to the Conference, and come back to dinner, and I will have you meet Dr. Torrey." It was an honor to dine in the home of that mighty man and note his dignity, mixed

with matchless simplicity and earnestness. Mr. Moody asked a question. This would start somebody talking; then another question till the ice, if there were any, was quite broken. His keen humor and optimism were contagious.

After dinner I had a short talk with Dr. Torrey, and then Mr. Moody appeared with a letter which he asked me to take to the then pastor of Northfield Church, Dr. C. I. Scofield, now famous for "The Scofield Bible."

CHAPTER X.

PROVIDENCE IN CIRCUMSTANCES.

This day at Moody's home led to an article in the Record of Christian Work of June, 1889. D. L. Moody was quoted blowing me up to the stars and saying Mt. Hermon had known him for thirteen years, and proposed to the readers that they take an interest in this new recruit for the foreign field.

Mr. Moody believed that arrangements could be made for a Board taking the matter up. But I found, however, that I must go to Brazil trusting only in the Lord Almighty. Wide interest was, nevertheless, aroused. Money came in from Maine to California and Canada.

Dr. Campbell Morgan gave at Northfield Conference a lecture on the Music of

Life. The proceeds of \$248 went to my work. During the short period that the magazine received money for my work in Brazil considerable money was collected. Mr. Moody kept urging his readers to pray for me. This, no doubt, many of them did and no little benefit to me, personally, as well as to my work, came through their prayers.

I have pled. I have craved and implored God's people to pray for me. I remember, just before embarking for Brazil, I ran over to say Good-bye and to get Mr. Moody to pray. He was just starting for Mt. Hermon. He told me to jump in his buggy. At his request I drove while he glanced at his heap of letters.

On arriving at Mt. Hermon, three miles from Northfield, at exactly chapel hour, Mr. Moody said, "Mr. McEwen is here. He wants to go to South America. I want him to address you."

I said, "Of all the spots I love most in God's earth, it is my dear old home in Glengarry and then this Hermon Hill. The splendid faculty and dozens of fellow-students that inspired me come up to memory now. I will appreciate more than I can tell you Mt. Hermon's prayers."

Mr. Moody rose and, putting forth his great right arm, he said, "Oh God, if McEwen is not called to South America, shut the door so tight that he can't go. But if he is called send him and give him thousands and tens of thousands of souls for his hire." I said "Amen!" to both halves of that prayer.

On arriving in Brazil, December 22nd, 1899, that same day Moody died. His feet first touched the golden streets the same day as mine first touched the very earthy city of Bahia.

On hearing of his death I said:—

"Oh Lord, Thou didst not shut the door so tight that I could not come. Now, the other half of Thy servant's prayer must be answered too."

It is being answered. Of the 50,000 volumes, some entire Bibles, more New Testaments and many more bound small volumes of Acts, John, Psalms, etc., that I was able to distribute in Brazil much fruit already is brought forth, and much more to come.

Then, besides, the many "open doors," doors once shut tight, and marvellous conversions and adhering on the part of the people, is in answer to prayer.

CHAPTER XI.

INTO THE HEART OF BRAZIL.

After the already referred to experiences in Bahia city I bought an American saddle and spent somewhat over a year in the Interior before getting my family, who were still in Nova Scotia.

I found at Orobô, a distance of 200 miles from Bahia City, straight west, or rather north west—I found a great mountain and approaching it for more than twenty miles can see its calm summit. Around its base are fertile lands, comparatively well-watered. The Village of Orobó has about seven hundred, with many thousands in the surrounding country who pour into the Orobó market from all points of the compass every Saturday.

They grow patches of tobacco, streams of mule loads of which daily go down to the coast, corn, beans sweet potatoes and mandioca, the "Bread of Brazil," but they do it all with a hoe.

A Perth friend tells me how he saw the hoe. He was visiting Birmingham-England. Seeing in the great factories some hoes bigger than the rest, he said, "These are not like our Canadian hoes. Why are they so big? They were several times larger than ours." "Why," he said, "these hoes are for Brazil."

You see they take the place of ploughs. But little by little ploughs, and all modern farm machinery will enter those vast untilled areas. The Brazilian Government took the duty off all farm implements and off thorough bred horses and cattle imported to Brazil.

Oats and wheat, although they are Argentine products, do not grow here,

but Brazil produces what Canada and the States want, coffee, cocoa, rubber, nuts and oils we can't get at home.

To cultivate these products on any large scale would give work to thousands of natives. It would also teach them to work in a modern way. I know how very deeply Brazilians appreciate any effort to teach their youth. They gave over \$3,000 to our school at Orobó.

Our school was far from ideal. Until we got the new building it was kept in a very indifferent house. Our seats and other furniture would not do for the schools at home. But, we were the first to demonstrate in all that zone that Brazilian school children can be disciplined without corporal punishment; that the Brazilian flag can be a means of great daily enthusiasm for their country as it is hoisted in front of the school by one of their own lads; that not only

physical exercises such as marching and gymnastics can be a pleasurable daily routine, but also we were the first in that zone to demonstrate that Brazilian boys and girls will work awhile each day at manual labor.

The death of Mrs. McEwen in 1912, after ten years directing the school most efficiently, made it necessary to close for awhile a work which appealed much to the people. And not alone the people of Orobó and district, but near the Coast and Bahia City they knew that Mrs. McEwen, a refined and cultured woman, went away in there to live permanently, the first American or English woman to do so and their hearts were touched. They wanted to help a woman like that. They also did it because they heard from travellers to the interior about Mrs. McEwen's charming personality. Thousands of travellers paused at our door every

year to get a drink, to get a Testament or Bible, so to see the school at work, but also to be charmed by that quiet, always even and sunny disposition. She will appeal more and more when other facts as to her brave character are revealed.

To be steadily sunny and strong when all is smooth and easy is *rare*; but to shine with very calmness and confidence undisturbed when bitterest foes assail, that is power.

CHAPTER XII.

PROVIDENCE CONCERNING MRS. McEWEN AND OUR WORK.

It is fitting here to give some of the Providences connecting her with my work in Brazil. The reader will re-call how we said "Good-bye" to each other at the boat in New York, December, 1899.

After two years alone in Brazil, I took ship on a Royal Mail Steamer "Nile," and the boat train from South Hampton landed us at Waterloo Station, London.

The first thing I did on arriving there was to hunt a policeman and ask, "Where is the nearest cable office?" It was just the wee hour of dawn when I sent across to Brooklyn, N.S., "Arrived" to "her."

The next day I sauntered around St. Paul's Cathedral and Paternoster Row

and at noon saw people pour into the Y. M. C. A., Aldersgate Street. It was stormy and wierd. A venerable, grey-haired man, who proved to be Mr. Hodder of Hodder & Stoughton, rose sharp at twelve and opened the meeting. He said:

"If anybody is here who desires prayer, please say so before we join in prayer."

In a moment I was on my feet. "I am from Brazil. I ride in the interior and meet millions who never heard the gospel. I want your prayers for Interior South America." I sat down, not being more than a minute in speech.

A great fat man, Charles Cook of Hyde Park fame, rose and said in a voice deep as thunder, "Oh Lord we thank Thee for the man from Brazil. We thank Thee for his modesty. He did not speak too long."

He, with others, prayed for the great neglected continent. A wave of sym-

pr^{ty} went over the mceting. At its close, the only woman present, came up. The moment she opened her mouth I knew she was Scotch. She said:—

“I was moved to put some money in my pocket. I didna ken what it was for, but now I see its for your work.” The lady then handed me twenty sovereigns. This was the beginning of a friendship which helped Brazil much. It led to many thousand of dollars through Bible Society and private donors for my work. That Aldersgate meeting opened the way for more meetings than I could “do” in the short space until I left for Nova Scotia.

Mrs. McEwen’s mother had died when I was crossing the sea. Her father was now left without wife or daughter at home and was, naturally, loath to let Edith go. But Captain McLeod was a wise and good man and the voyage was undertaken. Before setting out, how-

ever, meetings were held in Canada. At the annual gathering of the Congregational Churches, held in St. John, N.B., 1902, the ministers and friends gave Mrs. McEwen and myself a "God Speed."

At one of the St. John meetings I had a cablegram saying, "Bring family by fleet." The message came from England. I gave it to one of the brethren to read. He said, "It looks as if you have friends on the fleet, and they are offering a passage by the navy."

"No," I said, "it must be a misreading on the part of the cable people."

I hastened down to their office to ask them if they would please look up the words "by" and "fleet." They found it to be one instead of two words: "Bring family Byfleet." Now it was clear." Thus we went to Brazil via England. I addressed meetings in Glasgow in Dr. Bonar's Church and at Edinburgh Y.

M. C. A., and Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, and the Y. M. C. A., London.

At the London Y. M. C. A. meeting I told the following story:—

When in Orobó a few months I saw visions of a school, and wrote home to Mrs. McEwen in Nova Scotia:—

"Get the children praying for forty seats, forty desks, maps, a bell and a clock."

Returning for my family, Mrs. McEwen said to me:—

"You take the children upstairs and let them say their prayers to you to-night." Keith, a tot of three, Ernie of seven, and Pearle of about five, all said together a prayer for papa, mama, grandmas, grandpas, etc. The two first-mentioned kissed me good-night, but Pearle lingered and with her head still on my knee, she said:—

"Oh, Lord, bless all Brazil and all the people of Orohá, and send the money to buy forty seats, forty desks, a bell, a clock and maps for a school."

I tucked the children in and hastened downstairs to ask Mrs. McEwen who taught Pearle to pray for those school things?"

"You."

"I?"

"Yes, don't you remember writing asking me to get the children praying for those articles?"

"And have they been praying ever since?"

"Every night."

"Well, I never!"

The simple telling of this story was more effective than an argued appeal. The child's prayer was answered right there at that meeting. The gold came in to buy a bell, fine and melodious, a splen-

did clock—maps had already been donated—a beautiful portable organ, the second one bought for our work, the first the gift of Cathrine Slip Mission, New York City, being at work in Brazil since my arrival there. Also this led to money to pay for carpentering of seats, desks and other school work.

Mrs. McEwen enjoyed herself to the full with friends and visited London's great historic places. Mrs. T., the Scotch friend who met me first that stormy day in the Y. M. C. A., was intensely interested and visited Mrs. McEwen and the children, and on our departure accompanied us to the boat at Southampton.

She saw the children snuggled away in the steamer "The Magdalene," and was so engrossed that the plank was drawn unknown to us. The boat, indeed, was quite out from the wharf when we, and Mrs. T. realized that she was really "em-

barked." I ran up to the Captain, remembering about the pilot in New York who took messages off the water for me, and said:—

"Captain, is there a pilot aboard?"

He answered affirmatively and I hastened back to tell Mrs. T. that she would be conveyed back to land in the pilot's boat.

Our voyage across the coast of France, Spain and Portugal filled us with wonder. We stopped five hours at Lisbon, where the ship took on coal. Many passengers, literally many hundreds there embarked for Brazil.

Mrs. McEwen took her first lessons in Portuguese, hearing the strange accents and seeing the animated gestures, as the quaint music of autoharp, violin and throats conspired together.

There was a little house about two miles from Orobó Praça. It lay at the north

side of Orobó Mountain. There I put my little store of "stuff," awaiting the coming of the family. We arrived up country and settled here the beginning of 1903.

Mrs. McEwen soon made a little palace out of our plain mud house. Whitewash transformed wierd walls, and goods boxes were changed into cupboards, stands, and even bric-a-brac. Deft hands hung up pictures. Painted doors and shutters enhanced the whitewash effect. The little hand organ gave immediate charm and the camera served a splendid turn. The natives would come in and gaze eagerly at their own photos.

With a native teacher hired from the mission schools near the Coast Mrs. McEwen learned Portuguese. The little ones sponged it in quickly and soon spoke without even the faintest foreign accent. But Mrs. McEwen had to take the more

tedious paths to the language. Dona Penelope, our first native teacher, lived with us, however, she was not only a pleasant companion but a very capable teacher, and both teacher and taught soon became fast friends.

In a small house about two miles from Orobó, in the month of September, 1903, the school was opened with 17 scholars. The following year it had about double that number. There was splendid enthusiasm in all the school exercises. The discipline of a school in the woods of Brazil was work for no mere novice. It was beautiful to see the harmony between director and native teacher; they pulled together, and the result was marching and music to national songs with fine effect, punctuality to the minute, exemplary behaviour on the part of the pupils, and that all the more amazing considering that there was no corporal punishment. The

lessons were studied with great zest. You could hear a voice off under a tree, another on the shady side of a house, and someone else going along reading aloud; while the scholars were requested to study in perfect silence during school hours. In class, however, there was much reading and recitation in concert, and sometimes the old mountain would echo a simultaneous outburst re emphasizing some word or passage.

The three R's were taught, with Geography, Grammar and Composition. Bible had the first place used daily as a text book. An outline of Genesis and John and other books was chapter by chapter required. It was inspiring indeed to note how thoroughly a whole book could be learned.

A dear young girl, partially fitted at our school, went to a neighboring state to open a school, did fine work,

a short period, then succumbed to fever, which took her suddenly.

One girl arrived in destitution, she became clean, neat and prim, taught as pupil teacher a few years, then went off to some distant point to teach. Her father and little brother and herself, well-laden with material things, and she earning a nice salary.

But the influence of the school cannot be tabulated; the improvement in manners and the impulse to higher living will be known better as those boys and girls grow into manhood and womanhood and establish their own homes.

Invited to supper at a home in Ottawa with one of my old sunday-school scholars now a graduate of Queen's University and married to one of my pupils; after a delightful hour at his hospitable table I was ushered to the parlor. The family gathered around the piano, and the sweet-

est tiny tots sang; the father then turning to me said:—

“Mr. McEwen, you taught my wife and me these songs in the Sunday School, and now we are teaching them to our children.”

I said, “I am being paid my salary to-night.” It was worth a thousand pounds just to see those tots sing.

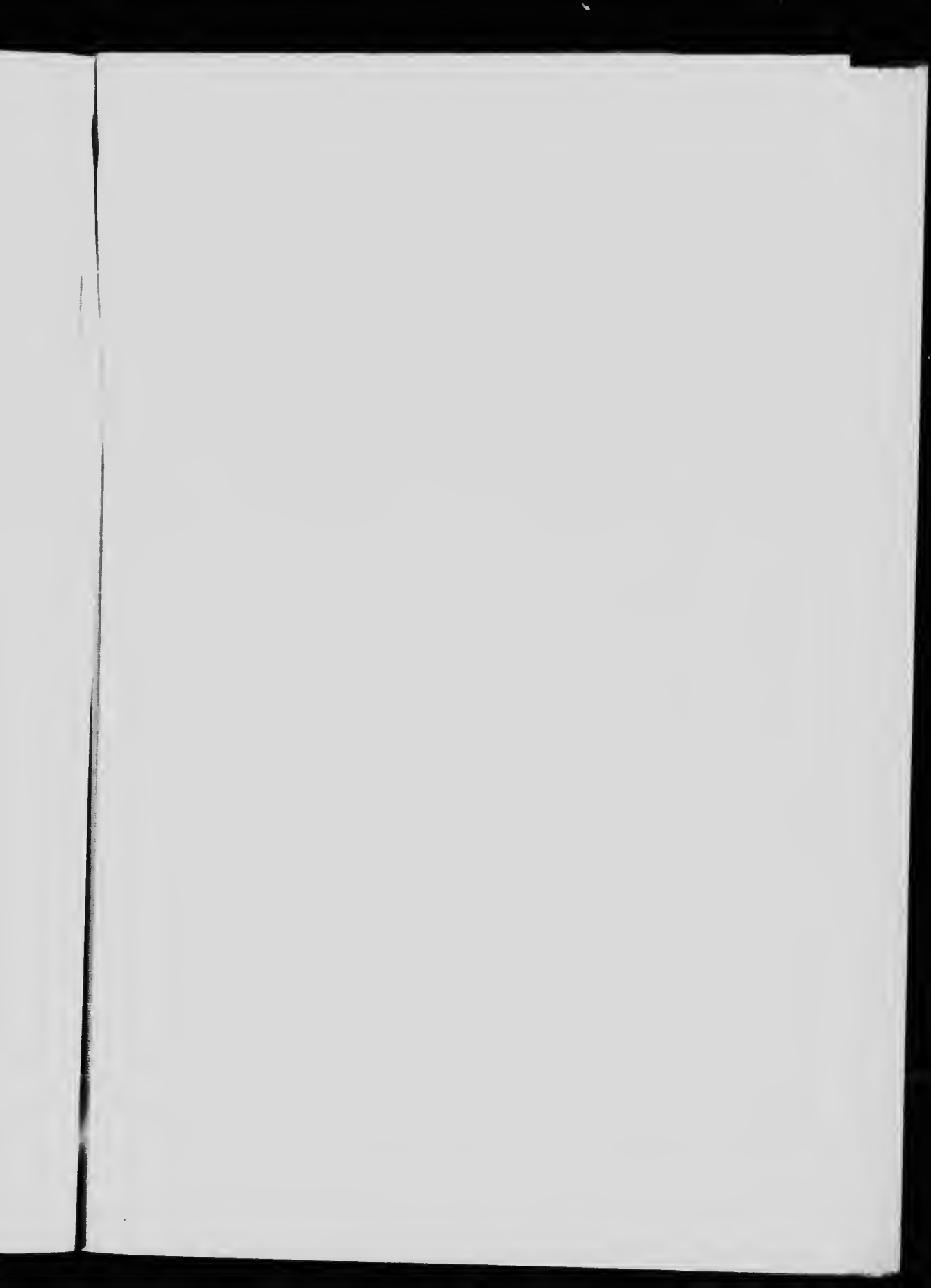
If such results give gladness in this land of privileges, what will be the joy of seeing in the woods of Brazil this home and that home with “sound of rejoicing and salvation” that their parents first learned at school in that spiritually barren land?

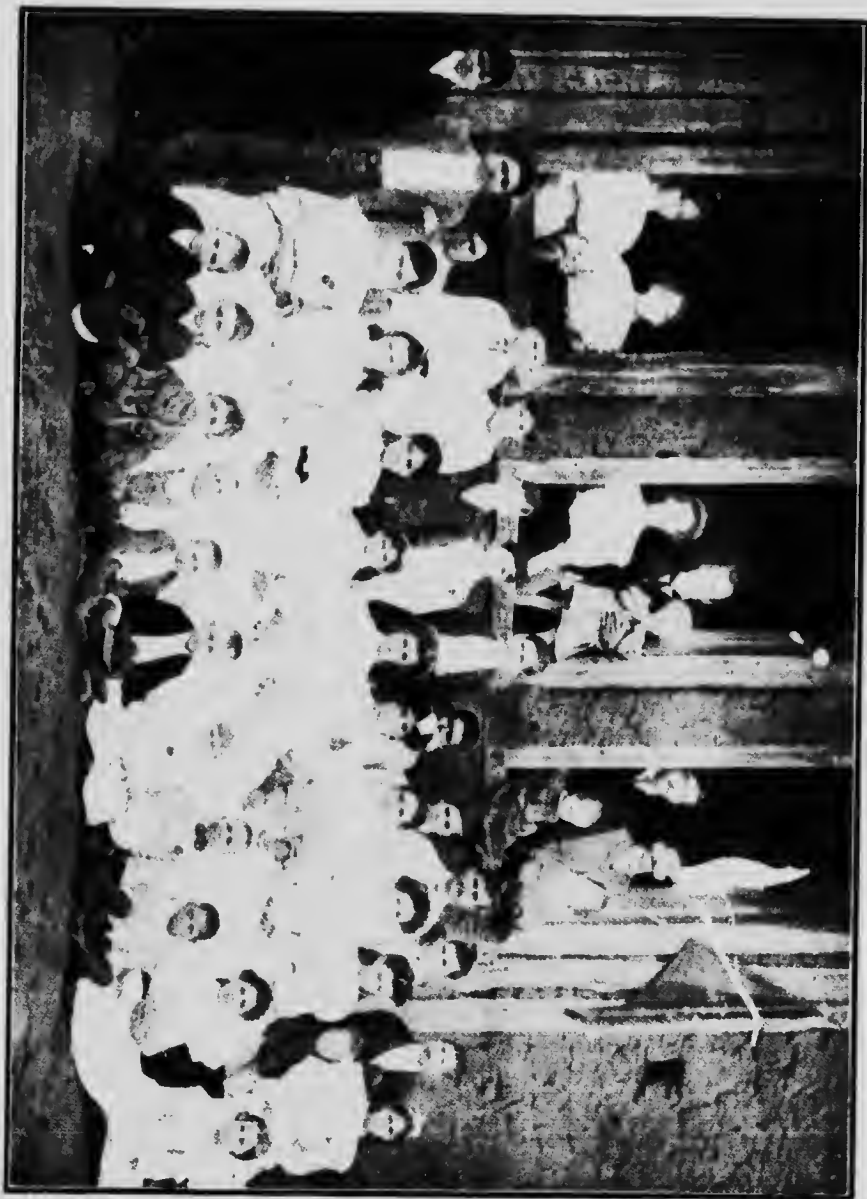
There is nothing that appeals to the people of Brazil more than education; they were duped for centuries by incompetent teachers governed by the priest.

Travelling through a certain interior town I called at the school. I found a

few boys gawking outside at the corner of a little rickety school house. I entered and looked around for the school master, he was not to be seen; a babel of voices was clamouring, it was school hour and I wondered where he was. A group of boys were pulling each other's hair. I asked:—

"Onde Està O Professor," where is the teacher—they bawled out, "Està na taverna." "He is in the tavern." I went in that direction. The teacher seeing I came from the school started to meet me. As he approached I noted a little man with a small black cap and slippers—sort of loose heelless slippers. He had no stockings and somewhat hurriedly coming towards me a slipper would "fire ahead" sometimes quite a yard. Then the Professor on arrival to the slipper, with great dignity, would pick it up and slip it on his bare foot again. He at once in-





EXAMINATION DAY AT GEORGIA SCHOOL.

formed me he was "O Professor." As we walked along, the strong odor of rum gave evidence of his doings at the tavern.

Entering he asked the school to arise and salute the stranger; this they did with promptness saying together "Bom Dia" ("Good morning") with great gusto.

This was not one of their best schools. But it was one.

At the Coast the schools are vastly superior and the people are awakening in the interior to the great importance of reformed schools.

A candle light has little influence in a room already brilliantly lighted with electricity; but put a candle in a dark room and see how it will shine. Now that is why our little school has such wide influence. It was a light in a dark place. That is why a teacher could invest her life, many teachers, to very great advantage, opening schools in Brazil's vast interiors.

There are many of the better homes where a teacher could reside, gather the family which is usually ten to fifteen, around her a few hours daily, and neighbor children would come too. They are off from the main square or town. It is too far to walk daily to school. But think of the influence of a godly whole-hearted tactful teacher. The Gospel Songs would soon resound all over the woods. The Bible, an unknown book, would be discovered, and of a Sunday to the older ones too, and some grounding in elementary knowledge to fit them for this life. There are literally thousands of such places waiting in the woods of Brazil.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "GREAT DOOR AND EFFECTUAL."

Think of what a nurse could do, she could visit the homes of the better people and the hovels of the destitute, and with her spontaneous cheer and deft hands minister to the sick, teach mothers how to care for the babies, and give no end of valuable little health talks to eager listening women.

A doctor would pass the Medical Board of Brazil and then could practise anywhere in the country; he would be the right-hand of a mission station, all the stronger if nurses and doctor worked together.

Think of what a gospel preacher could do. He could go almost anywhere in the interior and find a ready welcome. His

saddle would often be his pulpit, the way-side his church; but in the midst of the wild woods he would meet his congregation. They are troopers resting at noon. They are a band of "Ciganos" or Gipsies, with dozens of men, women and children, and old broken-down horses and mules. There they are squatting about under the "Licori" "trees," cracking nuts and boiling water for coffee. Do you see those men, the perfect picture of laziness? They are trained so generation after generation. Lazy louts! Yes, but nobody loves them, nobody cares! They have never been "wakened by kindness."

Look again. Do you see those women and children. Dishevelled hair, not combed once since it came first to the light of the sun; layers of dirt on pores that never felt the glow and thrill of a brand new bath; troops of babies—the poor little beggars better never born.

A song will arrest them. These poor, benighted, half-clad people are "hearing," probably the first time in their life. More than twelve years of such experience in Brazil showed me the great door and effectual there is for the pioneer preacher.

I have been in the homes of the great and in the hovels of the poor, and testify to the unfailing politeness on the part of a people noted for hospitality and courtesy to the stranger and traveller. In two ex-Governors' homes I have dined and led devotions with the Governor himself presiding. In the palace of the Governor I had an interview and was presented by him to his accomplished wife and other great ones present.

And I hung my hammock Saturday evening until Monday morning in a chief's house, a ragged village surrounding, with not a chair, or a table, or a bed. But then you find the same instinctive

hospitality. Indeed, they gave the best they had—angels could do no more.

It is easy to gather an audience. Now it is in a private house, now in the open air, and now in the Camara or town hall. Not once or twice the mayor himself presiding.

I recall a notice as to a meeting in Illheos, a large city on the Coast, south of Bahia. Their local paper said: "Mr. McEwen spoke on the platform of the Municipal Hall, Tuesday night. At that meeting half of our population gathered together. This visit to Illheos was preceded by others several times in that district, with gracious results. For instance, at Belmonte visit "Crossing the Bar" and almost wrecked, I was received warmly by the people. Boxes and boxes of Bibles were sold. Meetings were held and to-day both the Baptists and Presbyterians carry on thriving work in Belmonte and

country around. I recall the throngs as I faced them away up on the steps of the town hall, two or three friends standing with me. We could not see the outskirts of the crowd. But they kept excellent order and gave most sympathetic attention.

This work must be multiplied a hundred-fold if those vast interiors, those regions beyond, are to be reached. The church has here a great field. The Presbyterians and Baptists of the United States are at work. The Methodists, too, as well as both Bible societies, "but what are they among so many"? There is room, and with a spirit of comity it is easy to arrange that room for all the churches of homelands to have ample and large space to propogate the Gospel with hundreds of ambassadors to build churches, and man them with trained native pastors, to build hospitals and schools that will make this

great southland "fair as the moon,"
"clear as the sun," and "terrible as an
army with banners."

PART IV.

Things Present and to Come

CHAPTER I.

THE CALLS OF OUR KINGS.

King George and King Jesus.

War! war! WAR!!! This is the word on every lip. It consumes every page of the press. The pulpit is full of war. Patriotic funds for Red Cross work, for machine guns, for field kitchens, etc., are constantly before us; but most desperate and tragic is the war itself. Millions of men are over against one another in a struggle never before equalled in the world's history. That there is inflexible determination to fight to a finish is also most decidedly unanimous. The splendid response from all parts has never before been seen, the choicest of our youths have willingly gone to the front. The enlisting must inspire all friends of liberty with great enthusiasm. The surgeons, nurses

and chaplins have gone forth in great hosts. But what has this to do with Brazil—much every way. Brazil has twenty-five million people, and other twenty-five millions are in the rest of South America. They call to us for help. They have been calling long and loud. We did not heed them. The same cry from Africa, India, China and Japan has been in measure, but very meagrely responded to. All Europe cried out for the liberty that only Christ can give. And how have we heeded all these clamouring appeals? We have played with them, nay, we have played with the "go ye" of our King. We have sent out by ones and twos and small groups men and women during the past century. But when King George calls for men they rise up by the million. Billions, not millions, of bullion was burned. More money expended in a few months of war than in

almost two thousand years since our King of Kings gave the churches "one thing to do," gave us our commission to tell every creature the news of peace and good-will to men. If we had heeded the Master in the last fifty, or even the last twenty or thirty years as we heeded King George there would have been no possibility of this war at all. And when all is said and done war is death. Can anything be more horrible than war? Yes, we expect liberty and the overthrow of tyranny and despotism to come out of this; but oh the woe of it all!

Because some missionaries die soon after they reach the field has been urged as a reason against missions, yet the volunteer goes to the front and is shot down perhaps the day after arrival, and we think that is worth while. Another volunteer goes, and is spared to fight on and on and perhaps escapes with a few scars; but

if he escapes he has seen hell, he has been in the midst of death and awful carnage. The ambassador of Jesus goes forth to give life instead of death, light and joy and peace. He, too, may be spared five or ten years or for a long life-time; and let us recall that his life is not lost who dies suddenly and soon after arrival on the battle-field. He has nobly shown his willingness to serve his king and country. his death cannot be in vain. And what of the missionary who dies soon or dies even before arrival? Harriett Newell died at the Isle of France en route to India as a missionary. Her friends said:—

“We told you so. Her life was thrown away.” But now in the course of years what do the American Board find? “What led you to enlist?” The story of Harriett Newell is the answer of many. Her grave is a sort of Mecca where hundreds and hundreds visit, and evidently

she did more for missions by her untimely death than by a long life of service in India. She led hundreds of others to go.

The desolation in Belgium, Servia and France and parts of Russia are said to be so great that it would cost less to claim cultivated soil out of the virgin forest than bring back to tillage those devastated lands; but if this is true of the land, what could be said of the great public buildings, and incalculable other properties, the wail of the widow, the cry of the orphan.

Literally terrible millions of whom are mourning to-day. Not to speak of nearer home, mothers wrenched in agony for loved ones never to return. Our heart goes out to them; but there is something desolate in it all and we are reminded of "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."

I fondly trust that when this struggle is over and a proper peace established that the nations will loath the very name of war.

The information as to material things given in this book will interest the capitalist, business man and tourist. The journeys and other matter will perhaps give vision to young people asking "where wilt Thou have me serve?" The great yet unexplored interiors of Brazil call you to explore them. Their millions of unevangelized are calling for gospel rough-riders. Their sick and diseased call for missionary Red Cross people—the surgeon and the nurses to establish hospitals and do their gracious work. The whole land is waiting for the sanitary engineer to show again that health is not so much a matter of climate as of sanitation, and to span their streams with his magic bridge.

And the people cry out to the church at home—reach out their hands, their lean, long, thin, imploring hands, cry out so that thousands will go forth to them—cry out so that the whole church will rise up and not send less but more, whole squadrons, to other lands; but give also her adequate share so long denied the interior of great Brazil.

I see 4,000 miles of international boundary without a fortress, or a single gun pointing at them, or at us. I see Continental Europe with fortresses all along their boundaries and standing armies for 100 years watching one another.

Where there is a "spite fence" be sure they will need a spear.

The rather let us glory in good-will and peace with our great neighbor in

"This land of the free,
And home of the brave."

The vision of established and permanent peace let us cherish with eager triumphant longing, and "after the war" spears will be beaten into pruning hooks and swords into plough-shares, for there is plenty room on the land, and then Brazil with the united nations—

"Man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that."

CHAPTER II.

PEN PICTURES OF MEN AND MATTERS BRAZILIAN.

In reviewing this book I find I have not spoken of the geography of Brazil; but that is in the Atlas, neither did I attempt the history of Brazil, that is to hand in any Encyclopedia; but I sought rather to take the reader down there and show him men and things as they are, as I personally observed them in a sojourn of many years among the high and the low.

There is no country in the world perhaps where are such extremes of humanity. "The rich and poor meet together, the Lord is maker of them all," is graphically fulfilled here; but though they meet together they do not meet as equals. No! Slavery was abolished years ago; but dis-

tion is sharply drawn between master and servant, the working man and the merchant, the scholar and the illiterate. In our country the Premier and Prelate, as well as the poor man, may carry grip or valise to the station. There it is the custom to pay a negro for this. The gentry look upon rolling up their sleeves and pegging away as degrading. (The honor and joy and health of work, however, are beginning to appeal to the classes). The poor, bare-footed servant carries on his head the trunk of the rich man, walking ahead of him while the owner comes leisurely along behind with his umbrella. "There is more than honor there." The shrewd Brazilian knows the *importance* of his baggage being before him at the station.

The negress that does laundry is admitted to your home with her bare head and feet; she has a little chat with the

"mistress" before counting out the pieces, rolling them up in a sheet, and carrying them away in a big bundle on her head.

Indeed, sometimes you see strong attachment between master and servant and the formal "Minha Ama" and "Meu Amo," My Love, applied to mistress and master, are in real tenderness.

Abject poverty and affluence dwell side by side. You see it in the villages and towns, you see it in the country—the straw hut and the great house in proximity.

In religion, too, there is sharp distinction between rich and poor. Liandro, a poor sick young man in his later teens, used to visit my house. He would come in about breakfast hour and get a drink of coffee and pick of something to eat, for, said he, "I am so tired of eating bare farinha. A sort of dropsy was slowly but surely taking Liandro to his grave. One

morning he walked up and down after taking coffee, and suddenly was arrested by the mirror that hung on the wall. He was frightfully bloated, but never until then saw his own face, not even in his well days did he have the luxury of a mirror. Gazing in front of the glass he went backwards and backwards, still gazing at the mirror. Then with suppressed feeling, in an undertone to himself:

"Meu Deus, Meu Deus,"

"Nau Sou Eu?"

"My God, My God, this is not I, is it?"

I went on a journey, and weeks later returned, I inquired, "Where is Liandro?" "Oh, he is dead." "And who buried Liandro? Did the priest say mass?" Oh, no. Why then what will become of poor Liandro, I kept asking, for he was a Roman Catholic. Who will take him out of Purgatory? Then they replied:—"You don't understand, Mr. McEwen.

The poor go straight to heaven when they die." Put this in contrast with a large meeting I saw in one of their cathedrals at Bahia City. A black, rich and deep crape hung at the front door. I entered, mass being celebrated. I whispered to a man:

"What is this meeting?"

"It is for a merchant that is dead."

"When did he die?"

"Twenty-five years ago."

"And why have they mass now?"

"Because they have it every year at this date."

"You see," said my informant, whispering, so as not to disturb, "the man himself left a large sum of money to get him out of Purgatory."

DR. RUY BARBOSA.

And now that you are down there let me introduce you to some of their great ones.

Dr. Ruy Barbosa is the Bryan of Brazil. No man of his country, or perhaps of any country, has a greater command of language. Dr. Barbosa attended one of the International Conferences at the Hague. There was some difference of opinion as to the place in the Conference of first, second and third class powers. Dr. Barbosa arose and electrified his august audience by addressing them with great grace and power, and equal fluency in English, French and other languages. He is a lawyer of much fame.

As candidate for President of Brazil he ran against the military man, Marshall

Hermes deFonseca; but the soldier candidate won the Presidency. Dr. Barbosa, though much admired as an orator, will never be President of Brazil, for possibly the same reason that Bryan will never be President of the United States.

EX-GOVERNOR VIANNA.

Another man's name that was on every lip when I arrived in Brazil, 1899, was Dr. Luiz Vianna. He was Governor of Bahia State. It was in his regime that the War of Canudos was settled.

The Governor of the State, while subservient to the Federal President, has nevertheless, great power, his word is practically law, and the people say, his pocket enormously filled.

At any rate I found Dr. Vianna a nice man to meet. I took a river boat at Bahia, and when coming near his estate, they let me out into a canoe, and I was rowed a mile or two, reaching the Fazenda of this gentleman. With a letter from a close friend of his I had no difficulty in getting at him. Indeed, he was most cordial. He took me to an out-

side nook where we sat and talked till tea.

Seated at his sumptuous table he paused and said, bowing to me, "Please do the worship before meat that you are accustomed to." During the meal he poured out wine which I refused with thanks. He conversed in both English and Portuguese equally well. He talked of Europe and his visits there. What country do you like best in Europe? He bowed and said, "England, England! I like Paris, of course, too, for its fashion and up-to-dateness." "But why do you like England?" After a pause, then looking at me with those small bright black eyes, he said, smiling, "I think it is because I have such a sense of safety. The policeman,. The policeman of London just lifts his hand and the crowd stands perfectly still. There is such order, such good order in London."

DR. VIEIRA.

Following the governorship of Dr. Vianna came Dr. Severine Vieira. He met me in the Palace of the State with one or two of his secretaries. I was then about to make a purchase of the first bit of land I bought at Orobo. Dr. Vieira encouraged me to do so as it might in time become a benefit to the State. When the land was bought I wrote advising him of the fact, and he courteously and generously replied, sending a cheque to defray the state impost on the land purchased.

Dr. Vieira's Regime saw a fine iron bridge placed over the Paraguassu River at Sitio Novo, Bahia State. It is a credit to Engineer Webster, who directed the splendid construction of the bridge (and, alas, that he died and few such engineers or, such bridges, are in Brazil), as also an

honor to Dr. Vieira, who was present at the dedication of the structure, witnessed by a great concourse of people.

DR. VELLOSO.

Another of the hard-working men of the upper class is Dr. Glycerio Velloso whom I first met away up the Sertão, 1901. He was sent as Medical Commissioner in time of epidemic. I was translating a little book into Brazilian, and went to Dr. Velloso for his inspection and criticisms. He was a keen critic and very sympathetic. I extracted from him no end of idioms in the language of the land. We parted the best of friends, he in after years, writing me up and calling me the "Apostle of the Sertão."

Dr. Velloso rose in political life until he became private secretary of the Chief of the State.

Dr. Velloso's daughter, educated at the American schools, speaks English charmingly, and carries on a splendid school in the City of Bahia.

ENGINEER ARGOLLO.

Another very pleasant man to meet is Dr. Argollo, an engineer, educated in Troy, New York, as some of the other gentlemen named were educated in Europe.

I was studying Portuguese in the city and teaching English when there called on me one day a fine, portly and polite man. He gave me his card and I noted he was the general director of a railroad, and spoke English almost perfectly. It was Dr. Argollo.

"I want you to teach my two daughters. I'll pay you any price you wish, but I want you to come to my house twice a week." This was arranged, and led to a friendship which was to me very enjoyable and also profitable to my future work



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in the interior. In dozens of ways the doctor gave wings to my propoganda.

One day, I was riding the mule which regularly met me at the end of the street railway and took me out to the doctor's fine summer residence, called "The Coronel." In the midst of a terrific rain and thunder storm the mule kicked and tore, and threw me into a mud puddle. What with rain and mud, in arriving at "The Coronel," the sight was woefully ludicrous. The household all came to the verandah and spontaneously kept repeating in now, commiserating, and now, laughing, tones:

"Ora! Veja!" "Ora Veja."

"Now! see! Oh! now see!"

I was immediately sent to change my clothes and the "change," to my pupils was more ludicrous than my "wet" appearance, as Dr. Argollo's clothes looked on me as if pulled very much too soon.

THE RIO JOURNALIST.

Dr. Carlos Rodrigues is one of the foremost editors in South America. Indeed, it is stated that his paper, "The Journal of Commerce," is the leading newspaper on that continent. This gentleman was a period on the staff of the "London Times." He met me with smiles and quiet manner. It is said that through his influence the "London Times" writes an occasional supplement to their great paper, wholly given to South American matters.

COL. AMARAL LINS.

One day, eager to catch the river boat, I hastily made some purchases in the store "*Dois Mundos*." I expressing *urgency*, caught the attention of the "Dono," who was chief proprietor of the store. His name is Colonel Amaral Lins. Not being one exactly in the store, yet he courteously helped to pack up my parcels. We got acquainted in that way. Later I found he was also the proprietor of the "Daily News" of Bahia. He is a typical Brazilian of the old Portuguese stock, tall, with fine full forehead, large bones and of a sallow complexion. His manner is at once dignified and patient, but when aroused is equal to a house on fire. His newspaper is of leading authority in Brazil; and one of the oldest and best known. It is read not alone by the Coast

people but far in the interior by the leaders on both sides of politics, as it has an independent ring, and is stalwart. (Through the good offices of this paper thousands of dollars came to my school work up country). I can see Amaral now bending at his desk, while the machinery of his new press makes its impressive rounds, people going in and out, but he notices nobody. Nobody, did I say? Nobody but the man with business that concerns *him*. Then he is all attention centered on you. He listens, he asks questions, he makes his own conclusions. When you bid him good-bye he rises and bows you out of his office with true Latin ceremoniousness.

SOLOMON GINSBURG.

This gentleman was born of wealthy Jewish parentage in Russia. Converted to the Christian religion he was promptly rejected by his parents, who disinherited him.

Being plucky and full of faith he found himself down in Brazil, and entered into service among the Baptists. Solomon fell in love with one of the missionaries and married her. They have a clever and godly family. Dr. Ginsburg is the type of man who adapts himself. He is also an indefatigable worker. He can rise at 4 a.m. and work until 10 p.m., with wonderful energy. His talent is most versatile, he can compose music and sit down and play it with consummate skill. As a writer for the "Baptist Journal" of Rio he excels. As a preacher he is one of the

few foreigners who speaks with great power the language of the land. Indeed, the Brazilians, as also his colleagues, enthusiastically admire this man, and refer to him as "Nosso Salamão," Our Solomon. Thousands of Brazilians have been picked up, put on their feet, and inspired to stand like the brave, through the influence of this same Solomon.

One of the sweetest pictures of his home life that he showed me himself is his little girls kneeling at their mother's knee in prayer for papa away off in the midst of danger and trials of the interior. Then Solomon turned to me and said: "Do you know, Mr. McEwen, I think their prayers help me most."

DR. ALVORO REIS.

A foremost Presbyterian preacher in Brazil is Rev. D. Alvaro Reis. This gentleman preaches to large congregations in Rio de Janeiro.

In a controversy between a prelate of Rome and Dr. Reis, much interest was manifested. The priest was a leading orator in Brazil, and exceedingly eloquent, but the press gave the palm to Reis.

It must not be forgotten that a very degraded type of Roman Catholicism during centuries put its iron heel on South American progress—a catholicism that cannot be compared with the enlightened type of this land.

Struggling to overthrow the bondage and break every shackle that menaced true liberty, civil, social and

religious, the people rose up, ablest orators and journalists, and uncompromisingly declared their independence. While with the new Reform Government disembarassed propaganda off her tenets is guaranteed the Church of Rome in Brazil, this was also now conceded to all all others.

Said a Catholic friend to me: "The weakness of our church is the badness of our priests, while the strength of your church is the goodness of her ministers."

Dr. Alvero Reis and the other celebrities here described make seven that Brazil is proud to own.

I shall not soon forget my reception at Dr. Reis' home in Rio. With true politeness and genuine kindness and good cheer, we spent an hour at his hospitable board. At night I addressed his splendid congregation, his paper, "The Puritan," gave me a send-off and bespoke the "preces," pray-

ers of its many readers on my behalf, as I took ship again 700 miles from Rio to Bahia City.

This is a reminder of the courtesies on the part of the press and people, giving me far more than I at all deserved. This also is true of kindness in other lands, in London alone, the "Daily News," "The Chronicle," "The Globe," many weekly journals, and even "The Times," gave interviews that helped my work. But it also incidentally advertised Brazil, and for this, the people of Brazil thank me cordially, so we are all mutually thankful.

CHAPTER III.

LE ENVOI.

Away up and beyond the mountains of Rio, mountains that give the capital itself a very exalted appearance, is the City of Petropolis. It is where the elite of Rio have their summer resorts, and where foreign ambassadors and other people dwell.

En route to Petropolis, from Rio, you take steamer and elevated railroad. The ascent is almost perpendicular in places. Far and away up you go, for miles and miles above Rio. It is on these heights that you get not only cooler air but a vaster view.

From this magnificent promenade let us, you and I, take leave of each other. As we stand up there, and gaze at the distant ocean, and beautiful Rio de

Janeiro, with its matchless Central Avenue, and scenery in between, let us in imagination go over again the journeys we took together in the great interior.. Let us take one more look at the flowers and fruits, the beasts and birds, and other material things considered in this book. Let us consider, too, "the Divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we may."

And now, as we are parting, let me wish my reader the best I can for any mortal—that he will escape Hell and gain Heaven. Brazil means Brazas, coals of fire. There is a hot place, awful and indescribable by human pen, will you and I be wise enough to flee from that wrath to come?

And, shaking hands, I trust we may meet again on earth, but it is better right here and now, to look right up beyond the great altitude of Petropolis away on and up till we view the Celestial City. Get

right with the doorkeeper. Get right with God. Then at the appointed time those gates of heaven shall swing inward at our approach and we will meet again.

THE END

Public Comment

"Glimpses of South America," a little paper covered booklet, by the same author, is now in its third edition of 20,000; reference to it is as follows:

"Very, very interesting."—Ralph Connor.

"Full of valuable information."—Rev. Thomas Bennett.

"A literary gem."—An Ottawa friend.

"A delightful little book."—Rev. J. R. Douglas.

"You will not read it through without tears."—Rev. Mr. Sutherland.

"The intention of the book is of course missionary, but it contains much secular information."—Edward H. Tiffany, K.C.

"It is sure to be read."—Capt. Finley Munroe.

"We want it in our library."—Mount Hermon School Librarian.

"A very popular little book."—*The Montreal Herald*.

"An excellent resume of conditions as they are in Brazil to-day."—Dr. Alguire, M.P.

"I trust it will be introduced widely in Canada, for we know little about a country, the knowledge of which would be of mutual benefit to us both."—Hon. Sir Geo. E. Foster.

"I sat down and could not get up until I read it through."—A little girl.

"Mr. McEwen is a writer of much lucidity."—*The Halifax Chronicle*.

"Mr. McEwen has written a very interesting book about a country that Canadians, generally speaking, know very little."—*The Presbyterian Witness*, Halifax, N.S.

"It has this advantage, that you can read it through at a sitting, and it is not lumbered up with tiresome details."—*The Canadian Commonwealth*.

"I can recommend it to my friends."—Dr. McIntyre, Supt. of Winnipeg Schools.

