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Under a Thatched Roof in a Brazilian Jungle



A MISSIONARY STORY

By
Mrs. Rosemary Cunningham

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FORWORD

LET NO ONE GO as a missionary before reading this book. It tells the story of the first woman to live among the wild Cayapo Indians of Brazil. From the time of the blood-curdling massacre of the Brazilians to the last triumphant scene, the reader is held spell-bound.

Little did we think when Rosemary, as a new recruit, assisted in the Exhibit Room during one of our Annual Missionary Conventions in The Peoples Church, Toronto, she would be the first white woman to live among the savage Cayapos of the interior.

Years ago the Christian world was startled by the news of the massacre of "The Three Freds", and now at last we have an account of life among the very Indians who clubbed them to death.

To read about her experiences with snakes, bats and mosquitoes is to realize something of what a missionary has to face in the jungles of Brazil. In her bedroom she found snakes, four feet long, bats with a wing-spread of two feet, huge spiders and cockroaches—hundreds of them, tarantulas and scorpions, and insects of all kinds.

But worse still were the untamed Indians. Will she ever forget the day that one of the most dangerous of them broke into her house when she was alone, or the day she saw an Indian mother slashing her head till the blood poured on the body of her dead child, or her entertainment in the home of a leper. Yes, and the horrifying wreck in the rapids that nearly cost her and her husband their lives. And then the Indian massacre, so cruel and heartless, the episode with Topsy, the delight of even the children in causing suffering and pain, whether in animals, birds, or human beings; last but not least, the drowning of her own child in the angry waters of the Zingu River. There are experiences she will never forget.

Her picture of life among the painted Indians, none of whom wears a stitch of clothing—men, women or children, is so graphic that the reader can scarcely lay the book down.

As to the spiritual results, the Day alone will declare it. The work has been slow and discouraging from the standpoint of numbers. However, the Indians have now heard; some have shown keen interest, especially the boys; a few have been saved. One has most certainly gone to heaven. The seed has been sown. Today the "Sky Songs" are being sung by those who formerly had never heard the Name of Jesus. Some day there will be a glorious harvest.

The blood of the martyr is still the seed of the church. "The Three Freds" laid down their lives, but surely not in vain. The Cayapos, their murderers, like Saul of Tarsus, are now responding to the Gospel appeal.

Perhaps the saddest picture of all is that of the Home-going of little Robbie. It is but another example of the fearful price that sometimes has to be paid by the missionary in order to take the Gospel to those in far-off places.

I have read many a book of missionary adventure but none more thrilling than this. All that David Livingstone, Robert Moffat, William Carey, John G. Paton, and others experienced, missionary pioneers of today are also experiencing. Angus and Rosemary Cunningham, along with Charles Sarginson, Horace Banner, Douglas McAllister, Frank and Dulcie Houston, and other trail blazers, will go down in the annals of the history of this generation as pioneers of the first rank.

This book should be read by Christian workers everywhere. It will stimulate missionary interest, consecration, and sacrifice in the cause of Christ and will inspire numbers to go. How any young man can resist such a challenge I cannot understand. This is life—life to the full, life with adventure, life that counts for God, for souls, and for eternity. May it be the call to hundreds of young men and women to leave the comforts of home, and like David Brainerd, face the dangers and opportunities of the howling wilderness in order that the savage Indians who still roam the dark interior of the jungles of Brazil may hear the message of God's salvation.

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CHAPTER I

River Travel Into The Unknown

DEEP, DENSE DARKNESS blanketed the little interior Brazilian town. The Sunday evening service in a mud house had just been concluded when wooden sandals clacked just outside the door and a voice called loudly, "Let's go! The launch will depart right away!" Hurling the portable organ was folded up and carried off on the shoulder of the one who had come to summon us.

We had been waiting for some weeks for a launch on which to journey farther up the affluent of the mighty Amazon River into more isolated jungle fastnesses to the Cayapo tribe of Indians. We stumbled through the unlit streets to the river, down the slippery bank and across a narrow plank. Brazilian friends standing on the banks were hidden by the darkness, but their voices reached the tiny launch we had just boarded. The plank was jerked aboard, and we pushed away from shore into the night. The calls of "goodbye" faded away. The chug of the motor drowned out the lapping of the water.

The launch was so low we made our way about with heads bent so as not to bump them on the top. Those on the shore were able to follow the boat's movements only by the two small storm-lanterns flickering—one over the engine where the engineer was at work—and the other over the hold where we found a box and sat down. The cool night breeze fanned our faces, but I felt strange. Perhaps it was because the launch seemed so small and lost in the blackness, or perhaps it was the strangeness of there being no other woman on board. Our hammocks were slung from the top of the launch, and I was thankful that at least there would be a mosquito net while sleeping to provide a little privacy from the person in the next hammock.

After travelling for little more than half an hour the launch was stopped at the side of the river and tied to the overhanging boughs of the jungle trees which reached to the bank. Armies of hungry mosquitoes swarmed out of the damp forest on to the open launch to feast upon our arms, legs, necks and faces. We crawled into our hammocks under the shelter of mosquito nets, stinging and burning from mosquito bites.

To us the late departure at night seemed without reason. The crew explained, however, since the almanac stated that the following day would be an unlucky day to begin a voyage, so a start was made on the night before, and we would be able to continue early the next morning. The almanac, to the interior people, is truth and verity, and one of life's few essentials.

Lying in our hammocks with the humming of hungry mosquitoes in our ears and the haunting call of howling monkeys sounding through the forest, I contemplated what might lie before us. My husband had been living for two years with a senior missionary among the wild Cayapo tribe of Indians, whose cruelty and barbarity had for a long time spread terror in that region. At last it was permitted that a woman missionary might go to that tribe and, having been married a few weeks before, I was, with my husband, returning to the place he had prepared.

In the dimness of dawn the next morning, the bell on the launch sounded, and we pulled away from the jungle-bordered river bank to begin the perilous journey up the Xingu River, which is well known for its treacherous rapids. At intervals we sighted mud and thatch huts along the river. There the launch stopped to receive balls of rubber for which were given in exchange bullets, soap, kerosene, sugar, cloth and "cachaca", the intoxicating drink responsible for so many knifings, deaths, and untold sins. During these transactions we sought shelter

and conversation in the houses. Tired-looking women, showing in their faces the extremely rugged life they had lived, were curious and kind.

"Where are you going, Dona?" they asked. When they found out that I was accompanying my husband who was returning to the Indians their indignation and horror were expressed in no uncertain terms.

"As for me," one said, "I live in constant fear of those savages; they are devils! They are animals without any soul! I would to God that every one was drowned in the middle of the river. Kill them all—that's what to do! You talk of taming them? Never! We know them better than you do."

We felt humbled. Yes, they did know them better than we foreigners in this wild, far-off, uncivilized place, but to us had certainly come a clear call to "Go . . . and preach the Gospel to every creature", and "To declare His glory among the heathen". We sympathized with these whose hearts were filled with bitterness towards the murderous savages who had slaughtered many of their loved ones in Indian raids. We remembered, too, the first three missionaries who had gone to the very tribe to which we were now on our way. They had met with cruel death at the hands of the merciless Indians. They had been clubbed to death by the very ones to whom they had so sacrificingly gone to take the Message of Life.

One of the women taking part in the conversation shivered: "Every time a dog barks in the night I am filled with fear, for it may be the redskins creeping up on us and I vision their hideous, painted faces and naked bodies appearing 'round the door to arrow us. My own daughter I have sent away to live in a place where she might be out of danger, in the fear that the Indians would kidnap her. You'd better look out," she said to me, "they'll kidnap you too."

Another dear old woman embraced me and prayed to her saint that I might be protected, but ah, our confidence was not in her saint, but in the words of our Commander, who said, "Go ye into all the world—and lo, I am with you always." We regretted that the difference of our feeling towards the Indians seemed to put a barrier between us and the Brazilians, who so feared and hated them. A common hatred often draws people together and in this case it united the Brazilians against their common foe.

As we travelled on I wondered how the Brazilian people could endure the squalor of their homes. Any little mud house can be made pretty with a small mat on the mud floor, a curtain, a table-cloth and a flower-vase, but those who have lived all their lives in the forest do not understand, much less appreciate, these things. The mudded walls were drab and crooked. When the palm thatch becomes old and dry it is no longer green and cool and sweet-smelling. The insects chew it and a breath of wind sends flurries of dry straw, dirt and cobwebs over the house. It falls into the plates of food which the inhabitants are devouring as they sit on the ground. The furnishings of such a home are an unpainted table, a box or two on which they lounge or which is to be offered to visitors, an earthen pot for water and a stove made of mud and stones. At night hammocks are swung from the wooden beams.

In the poorer homes there are no walls—only a roof. A hollowed gourd takes the place of the earthen water-pot and three stones on the ground support a pot of rice or beans over the wood fire on the mud floor.

Black-eyed babies dressed in golden brown skin crawled on the ground sucking with relish a peeled orange discovered on the earth, its juice mixed with dust and the germs which cause so much illness.

As we continued on our journey day after day the hot sun and hordes of insects began to cause the glamour of such an experience to wane. Mosquitoes were myriad, and at night they gathered hungrily about the mosquito net investigating it for some tiny opening. Small biting flies attacked us whenever the launch came to a stop. They marked our skin like German measles and the newcomer found that the bites swelled and hurt, each bite having drawn a drop of blood. Meals of rice and beans served on top of a box or trunk were at the best irregular. My husband had one bout after another with malaria fever. He lay hour after hour in his hammock burning with fever, while the sun's merciless rays beat down on the covering of our small bark.

At one place canoes, one after the other, emerged at the mouth of the jungle-bordered river "Triumpho" where it joined the Xingu. Grim men, weeping women, frightened children, whining dogs, squawking fowl, hammock sacks and bunches of corn filled the canoes. Their explanation they cried in two words: "The Indians!" The cry seemed to freeze the blood in their veins.

Their story was a sad one. What might account for the hideous murder which had been committed could only be the innate desire of the Indians to kill, or perhaps some grievance against the Brazilians had been long harboured among the redskins and this had been their vengeance. Far up that tributary of the Xingu River a merchant had a large stock of supplies of cloth, tobacco, sugar, coffee, etc., for the rubber gatherers in that region. This was in charge of a local man who received the rubber and gave out payment. One morning a group of naked savages arrived at his house. They pretended to be friendly but demanded that he give them many things. In order that they might have no excuse for treachery, he gave to them freely such things as food, tobacco, fish-hooks and combs. They came in and out of the house at

will. It would have been difficult to have kept them from doing otherwise, for interior houses are very insecure, especially since the roof is of thatch and could easily be set on fire by savages resenting the restriction of their presence to the outside of the house.

The neighbours entreated the owner of the place that he take his family and flee from the place, but he remained guarding his property as best he could, and treating the Indians well. One morning the Indian warriors filed into the house alone. A glimmer of evil filled their eyes, which were wild with the greedy anticipation of the killing they had planned. The Brazilian woman of the house felt fearful: "Where are the woman and the children of your tribe?" she asked in Portuguese. The Indian men grunted and pointed off into the forest.

"What do you want?" asked the owner, hoping that a good offering of hampers of grated manioc root or corn would inspire a greater feeling of amity. The naked, painted savages, their bows and arrows and cruel clubs in their hands, pointed to their long, black hair. They wanted him to cut it for them. Desirous of obliging, he began to do as they requested. While he was thus engaged, one of the Indians who was standing behind him dealt the first terrific blow with his cruel club; this was followed by blows from the great clubs of the others, and while he was dying they began the torture of his wife.

Rubber gatherers arriving late in the afternoon to make some purchases saw Indians departing and found the slaughtered victims. The woman had fallen beside the water-pot. The bloody marks of her hand stained the wall for in her blind agony she had groped for the water to quench her thirst when the Indians had left her. Her baby, suffering from cruel blows, died beside her. Two other children, a boy and a girl, had been carried off to suffer death at the hands of their captors

later on, or, if lucky, to be at best the captive slaves of the people of the forest.

It is small wonder that as the news spread from one dwelling to another on the river each family, in the fearful panic of wondering if they should be the next victims, threw what few belongings they could hastily gather into their canoes, leaving behind the crops ready to harvest for which they had laboured so hard. They abandoned chickens, ducks, homes, even the dogs which were stubborn when the time came for them to embark in the canoes.

Our launch stopped and we mingled with the frightened people as they gathered together in the houses telling of their fears and losses. Some wept for those who had so ruthlessly been deprived of life. And the threats—ah, the threats and loud accusations against all Indians everywhere were many! In the face of such a calamity, we certainly had nothing to say in favour of the blood-thirsty savages whom we longed to reach. The owner of our launch seemed to lose his desire to even continue the trip up river to our station, and we wondered if we, with all our baggage, were to be abandoned there and then. Finally a smaller launch was dispatched to investigate the recent slaughter and we prepared to go on.

It was a grey day. The rain fell in an incessant drizzle with occasional terrific cloudbursts, as though the sky were weeping with the sobbing fugitives. We two went and sat down on a box in our launch, waiting for it to move on. Certainly my first trip to our station among the Indians had not begun very promisingly.

Three ducks, swimming about in the river, alone seemed unmindful of the tragedy and were revelling in the rain which dappled the water. "I have been watching your beautiful grey ducks," I said to the woman who owned the house.

"Oh, Dona, do you like them?" she asked with a pleased expression.

As we were about to leave she brought a box with a beautiful pair of ducks. "Here. These are for you as a remembrance of us." Her eyes glowed. "They are nice and fat, and this one will soon be laying eggs. In a little you will have many ducks. Take them 'as remembrances'." The light of her friendship manifested by her gift brought a glow into that sad grey day. It was the portent of cherished friendships in the land of our adoption which should glow through many more grey days of difficult experiences.



An Indian Warrior



Our Thatched Roof House

CHAPTER II

Arrival At Our Jungle Bungalow

ON THE TENTH EVENING the launch stopped at the side of the river. "This is Nova Olinda, the last point on the Fresco where Brazilians live," was explained. One could see nothing but forest on one river bank and brush on the other, but a narrow path through a patch of tall sugar cane led to an open place with two rows of houses facing each other. This was the last outpost of civilization.

"Tomorrow we will continue up the Little River, which branches off from here," said the pilot. The Indians were situated on the missionary post some five miles from this small villa. Angus greatly desired to reach the station that day since it was his fellow-missionary's birthday. How wonderful it would be, we thought, to be able to arrive with his mail which had accumulated at the last post office five hundred miles down river, and with news and the year's supplies. So we appealed to the pilot: "Can't we go on? It is just one hour's journey and it is still light." Angus explained that he felt some concern for his beloved fellow-worker. The reply was, "Senhor Horacio can take care of himself. He can speak to them and understand them. That is his protection. We—we don't understand the devils!" I winced at his expression; it was plain that nothing would persuade him to continue the journey and spend the night on the Indian station.

Far up the river the Indians declared to the lone missionary that they heard a sound like the "canoe with the big noise". Yes, the chugging came nearer and nearer. They all heard it. As it came closer and the motor sounded louder the Indians manifested great ex-

citement in anticipation of Angus' return. The missionary, a cordial host to anyone, and happy over the prospects of news and letters after such long isolation, gathered the Indian boys around and planted along the bank fire-crackers, which when lit would spin around and illumine the bank in the dusk.

But through the forest sounds are deceiving. In reality our launch was just pulling into the port at Nova Olinda where we were to stay the night, while the waiting ones thought it was about to round the bend in the river and come into full view. They lit the fireworks which spun about showering blue sparks along the bank amidst the hilarity of the Indians. Then the motor's chugging stopped. They listened again—no, it could not be heard. Where was it? Was it near? Was this a joke? Then the truth dawned: the preparation was in vain. They had been deceived into thinking the motor was nearer than it really was. They returned to their campfires disgruntled and disappointed.

Morning dawned and we struggled into our clothes in the small space and meagre privacy which our mosquito nets afforded. Our launch left the tiny Brazilian settlement to take us the remaining hour's journey to the station. In the early morning all was enshrouded in a silvery veil of mist. The launch travelled smoothly against the swiftly-flowing current. The dew was still shimmering upon the leaves of the forest when the station, built in a picturesque, strategic spot, burst into view as we rounded a bend in the river. Beyond a long, smooth stretch of water, the houses stood in full view.

The narrow plot of earth in front of the houses, as well as the bank's ascent, was crowded with painted Indians—that is men and boys, for the women did not appear. Their naked bodies were black with painted designs; the upper half of their faces were coloured bright red so that their black eyes, shorn of eyebrows and lashes,

appeared to be peering through red half-masks. The huge wooden disk in the lower lip and great gaping holes in the ear-lobes added to their savage appearance. Their long, jagged hair was black and glossy. The men held clubs or bows and some rifles. But they grinned a welcome to my husband.

Now I would like to be able to say that after looking forward to and preparing some time for the hour when I should arrive with my husband and see the Indians, I arrived with appropriate poise and calm. Years afterwards, however, when the Indians had long been a part of our very lives, I was sitting at the sewing machine one night while some of the Indians sat on benches around the room talking. I heard them mention my name and thought I would listen, for they notice any peculiarity in a person and accurately size us up. For instance, if a person comes among the Indians who may have a habit of squinting, he will soon notice that the Indians are all squinting at him in imitation. If one has a habit of smoothing down his hair the Indian will often employ the same gesture in mimicking him. So on this occasion I took my foot off the pedal of the sewing machine—then they knew I was listening.

"Were you afraid of us on that first day when you saw us?" they queried.

"No," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"When you got off the big boat and came among us on the bank you were green," (this being their way of expressing pallor) "and you held on to your husband's arm for dear life."

Well, I still do not think I was afraid. However, I leave it to the imagination of our readers to think of what their feelings might be, coming from civilization to step for the first time among painted, armed, strange-talking savages, who boasted not even a fig-leaf as a covering.

The Indian men in particular bear themselves with a proud self-possession and poise, void of all self-consciousness, which makes the outsider feel that all his etiquette and courtesy, learned in civilization, is quite superfluous and useless to him now, and he may feel awkward in the presence of their frankness.

The men crowded about my husband and some of the warriors, with their huge lip disks distending their mouths, said, "How are you?" in Portuguese, and extended their hands in true Brazilian fashion. The year's supply of staple foods was unloaded along with our baggage and some Brazil nuts and rubber were loaded on and the launch prepared to leave. The launch owner said to me, "Look here, don't you want to change your mind about staying here? Come on! Come back with us!" I said, "No."

The starting of the motor also started a queer feeling inside of me. There was only one tie between a life in the jungle among Indians who still had not been able to win the name of being "tame" (as following chapters prove), and civilization! That tie was severed as the launch pulled away from shore, made a wide circle in the river, churning the water behind it, and went down stream leaving the water to glide in waves to shore and lap the bank. It rounded the bend and was out of sight, the chugging of the motor becoming fainter in the distance. We had been standing on the bank watching its departure. The Indian boys stood close, examining my arms and gingerly pulling the pins from my hair to see, I suppose, how it was held together. We turned around and I placed my hand on my husband's arm to feel the more certainly that I wasn't alone. At this gesture some of the warriors crowded around us and began in their strange language to remonstrate hotly with Angus. One firmly took my arm, albeit in a very brotherly fashion. "What *are* they saying?" I asked. My husband replied,

"They are saying that it is a shame for a wife to touch her husband's arm in public and they don't want you to do it."

A Cayapo husband and his wife claim no love toward each other. It would be a shame to do so. Nor is one to mourn when the other dies. Thus may be understood the difficulty of teaching the men and women faithfulness to marital ties when tribal custom ordains that no love is to be shown one to the other.

The launch being out of sight and sound, we began the furnishing of the new house. Our thatch-roofed house! The low, gold roof of thatch spreading its canopy over us began to mean "home" to me in the truest sense of the word. The house had been all finished except for the whitewashing on the inside when Angus left to be married, and when we arrived it was lovely. Colouring had been added to the whitewash and we found the mud walls of the dining-room to be rose-colour, the bedroom was pale green, and another room blue. There were even flowers planted along a stone path between the two houses. I loved our mud house with its thatch roof as much as any American bride loves her modern bungalow—until—well, at least a year later, when a nest of poisonous snakes came to make their abode in our wonderful, thick, thatch roof and made their appearance too frequently in the house for one's own peace of mind.

After supper, when the dishes were done, we watched the sun's regal departure behind the forest on the other side of the river. Then the Indians, men and boys, gathered in the darkness in an open front room. A few women lingered at a distance. They were allowed to listen to the songs from their huts and the men would tell them anything they esteemed fitting for them to know. The gasoline lantern cast its blue light upon the charcoal-painted faces and bodies of those who were crowding nearest, while the others sat or crouched in

the shadows. Indian men didn't walk unarmed; they came with their long clubs in their hands, or with rifles slung over their shoulders. Some ceremoniously placed their tall bows and arrows in a corner.

The little twinkling-eyed boys with painted skin and tiny wooden plugs in their perforated lower lips, not yet greatly deformed, sang enthusiastically, poked experimental fingers at the organ keys and the stops on the missionary's concertina, or scurried out of the way at a word from one of the men. The chanting song is as much a part of the red-skinned Indian as beautiful spirituals are a part of the dusky negro. They loved to come and hear the new songs, translated into their tongue by the senior missionary. They were the first of any songs which spoke to them of Jesus, of heaven, the first, indeed, to speak of a sinner's need.

The warriors asked questions and commented: "If heaven is up in the sky, why doesn't everyone fall down?" "Is there plenty of hunting there and meat to eat?" "Does Jesus get wet when it rains?" asked one little fellow. "If God is alive, tell Him to come here so we can see Him."

Questions went further than that: "Why did the men kill Jesus?"

The missionary explained. "He died in our place to save us from God's punishment because we are bad people."

"Why do you say that we are bad?"

Then God's schoolmaster taught them: "Don't kill. Don't steal. Don't covet another man's wife. It is bad to kill and to steal!" There were few, if any, of the men in the gathering who had not, at some time, committed murder. Some of them were those who had taken part

in the killing of the first three missionaries who had gone to reach the Cayapo with the Gospel of Christ.

Even the savage heart is prone to pass condemnation to the next person. At this point they said: "This counsel would be good for the women. You can tell it to the women; they are the bad ones."

When this most informal of meetings was over, Angus and I went back to our house, where we lighted a kerosene lamp, set it on the dining-room table, and sat down to read. But, oh! The mosquitoes assembled themselves about us, biting even through our clothes, and my legs, thoroughly bitten, seemed to be on fire. In our bedroom we had left a small kerosene storm-lantern alight, but burning very, very low—just so that it would not go out. Going to look for something to wrap about me as some protection against our tormentors, I stretched out my hand to turn up the wick of the lantern. Something hissed loudly at my finger tips in the darkness, and jerking my hand back I got out of the room.

"Angus, there's a snake in the bedroom," I said.

"A snake!" he reiterated. "There are no snakes in the house. Now, look, right from the start you've got to make up your mind not to let your imagination get the best of you! If you don't, you will be imagining all kinds of things, and you might as well go right on back down river, for you'll never stick it! But, come on, we'll go and look, just to prove there is nothing there."

Just to show some spirit of bravery I took the lamp and went ahead of him into the room. We looked around and saw nothing. On the bed was a beautiful bedspread which had been given me by a ladies' society at home. It hung down low over the sides. I stooped down, shining the lamp under the bed. There it was! A four-foot, poisonous snake—slithering along the floor. I felt a bit triumphant at having some justification of my fear.

but I got out of the way while my husband killed it and called the Indian boys to have some sport stretching it out on the stones outside our door, laughing and jumping back as it continued to wriggle and coil even though dead.

We might wonder why that snake had not coiled itself around my arm when I had startled it by almost touching it in the darkness. For me the explanation is given in Luke 10:19—"Behold I give you power over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

It was a coincidence that on the night following that experience (my second night on the Indian station), we had another interesting encounter. While we had been talking to the Indians after supper darkness had fallen. We came into the house to wash the dishes by the light of the kerosene lamp. Suddenly a huge, bird-like creature flitted through the low door and like a great phantom shadow it darted and circled about the kitchen. It rose to disappear in the gloom of the peak of the thatch roof and then dipped to skim about our heads. It seemed to me to be the largest pigeon I had ever seen.

As it flung itself at our heads time after time, missing us only by a hairsbreadth, my husband began to slash at it with a dish-towel. "Get out of the kitchen," he said, "it's a bat."

In the year and a half I had been in Brazil the nocturnal visits of bats had become a common sight. "That's no bat," I said, "it's a pigeon", and remained at my post trying to watch this one's strange flight. It swooped then, its huge wings almost slapping my face, and I ducked into another room, but the mud walls did not rise to the roof and he descended into that room also.

The creature then lit on the rafter-like poles to which

the thatch was tied—that is, he hung there head down, and for the first time I got a good look at him. Its head was as large as a small cat's, with great pointed ears, and it showed its long, sharp teeth. A fleshy horn protruding upward from its nose marked it as a vampire bat. These vampire bats, though usually smaller than this particular one, will attack any living thing at night while it sleeps, to suck blood. It will return night after night to the same human being or animal until the victim, weakened by loss of blood, dies.

"Come on, fellows," Angus called out the door to the Indian boys sitting beside a fire on the river bank, "Here's something to kill!"

"Something to kill!" What could be more exciting and more thrilling to an Indian boy, for they are brought up to love the torturing of any living creature.

"What is it?" they cried. "A bat!"

They trooped into the house with their tiny bows and arrows. With a half-dozen small arrows in its body the monstrous bat still would not let go of its perch. It twisted its head about, tearing at the arrows with its teeth trying to pull them out, its eyes glaring, although they must have been blinded in the light. While still alive the boys pulled it down by gripping the feathered ends of the barbs they had shot; the bat proved to have a wingspread of two feet.

In our houses there is a space of about four inches between the walls and the overlapping thatch roof, therefore, bats enter freely. I learned that mosquito nets afforded protection from them as well as from the insects, great spiders and cockroaches, which emerged from the mud walls at night. Tarantulas and scorpions also made their appearances.

As a little girl I had a deathly fear of spiders, even those which were ever so small. Often during house-

cleaning I would call my small brother to kill some who had spun their webs in dark corners. Now in the crevices of our mud walls and in the thatch roof, hundreds of spiders made their abode, and at night the large ones came forth to feed on insects and mosquitoes. They could be seen on every wall as we prepared to go to bed. At one time to sleep in the same room with one of them would have been a horror to me, yet now in this place of God's choice, He gave grace which sufficed for every occasion and circumstance, and the presence of those ugly spiders occasioned very little concern.

In many small and great ways He proved the verity of His promise: "My grace is sufficient for thee. . . ."

CHAPTER III

Primitive Domestic Science

THE OLD INDIAN MEN, their painted faces distorted with the huge lip-disks inserted into the lower lip, would stand, along with the boys, at the door and sing their songs over and over again. Due to the kindly counsel and coaching of the senior missionary and their friendship for my husband who had been with them for two years, the Indians made me feel welcome.

*"Hai me-me tem eray
Hai me-me tem eray
Ha ha ay
Hai mem o ree-o-ree
Ha ha hay auri"*

they sang over and over again, while we listened and smiled with appreciation.

As for the women with whom I longed to be friendly, they appeared casually in small groups with little display of interest, which is becoming, since their proper place as those who performed most of the work of the tribe is squatting beside the fire preparing food. I was a queer specimen to them, even if they tried to overlook my unreasonable stubbornness in not removing my dress at their insistent demands—emphasized by forceful tugs at my clothing. The Indians were never concerned with any regard for politeness or courtesy and sometimes their crude manner made me think it might spring from ill-will. One woman yanked at the neck of my dress—"Take it off!" she commanded, "hurry up about it, too. Take it off and give it to me. Why should you go around in nice clothes when here am I, poor, without even one. You have lots of them." And she yanked the harder.

Our senior missionary had made several attempts to get the women to wear dresses, even cutting out coarse cloth and laboriously sewing them by hand for them. But they never wore them, and upon questioning the boys he found that the women had ripped the dresses into small pieces for the purpose of squeezing the juice from the manioc. If they wanted a dress, we explained, they must bring us some roast potatoes, or Brazil nuts, or perhaps some fish to pay for it. No, they did not want them that badly. "You're stingy," they declared. "You want payment for things." The Indians have always obtained what they wished from the Brazilians by stealing—even if they sometimes had to kill the Brazilians to obtain possession of what they wanted. They felt that a scowl and threatening look should cause anyone to hand over what they demanded.

At first we did not understand why the women seemed to hold our house in dread and the young ones would cast fearful glances in the window as they passed, but would not enter. We invited them to come into the house and see our things. This tempting offer was irresistible to them. There was a set of half a dozen enamel bowls and we had six yellow-handled, stainless steel knives. All this was far too much for one woman to possess, and many were the efforts to purloin them. But the story explaining to us the reason for their dread of our house was told to the missionary one day. During its building some of the Indians slept under the thatch roof of the house. There had not yet been any walls. One woman had a tiny baby whose constant crying irritated one of the callous warriors.

"Who can sleep with that thing making such a racket?" he blurted. "Somebody kill it!"

One of the younger fellows heard this. In order to become a full-fledged warrior one must commit or take part in a murder. This the aspiring young warrior recog-

nized as the opportunity to display his prowess. Seizing the baby he slung it against one of the centre posts in our house, killing it and then disposing of the body. How true God's word: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Ah! what a terrible sin to be stamped upon the life of a youth so young! And the heartache of the mother so suddenly bereft of her baby, but she was a woman without relatives and therefore of little account in the tribe. Thereafter the Indians left the house, for the spirit of the murdered child, according to their belief, would return to haunt the place. This fear of the child's spirit was ample reason for the women avoiding our home.

That first day when the launch unloaded our luggage and the year's supplies, loaded on some Brazil nuts and pulled out into the river again and away, was the beginning of many strange things for me. It seemed the doing of the simplest things needed to be learned over again. There was a troop of charming little Indian fellows who were willing, even eager, to help in the kitchen for the joy of getting an extra banana or the insides of the turtle to roast. They scaled fish, peeled pumpkins, stole kitchen knives and washed pans, that is if they were sent back to the river again and again with the same pan, in the end one might say it had been washed. They split wood, fanned the fire, clandestinely slipped morsels of food through the fence to their friends, spilled water on the mud floor, and enlivened the cook-house generally by their presence.

Our main foods were beans and rice along with meat from the forest or fish from the river—simple enough things to cook anywhere. There was, of course, the grated and roasted manioc root which, in the interior Brazilian's diet, takes the place of bread. This looks much like sawdust and to me tasted like it too.

Our menu, like that of the Brazilians, was mostly like this:

- Breakfast—grated manioc root, and coffee
- Dinner—grated manioc root, beans, and rice
- Supper—grated manioc root, rice and beans

The cooking of even these simple things had a difficult aspect. The native stove consists of only a few stones set on an elevated foundation made of hardened mud and sand. On top of the stones we had an iron plate with holes in it where the pots and pans sat while the wood fire burned just beneath them. I did not know the difference between good and bad wood. The beans must go on the fire very early and cook steadily until dinner time. But often the wood was the kind that stubbornly refused to burn; then I would employ the fan made of palm-leaf and fan the flickering flames perseveringly while the smoke billowed upwards, stinging my eyes to tears and smearing my face with soot. If the fire wasn't good, the beans were still hard at noon time.

Sometimes the boys brought wood that burnt up like tinder and by the time I'd left the cook-house for something and returned the fire was out. At the same time a pot of beans big enough to feed thirty or more hungry boys (for their help on the plantation) besides ourselves, went dry amazingly soon, and the boys left to watch it were prone to become intent on the ear of corn, or the mouse they were roasting at the fire's edge. Then the smell of something scorching floated out the cookhouse and smoke drifted from beneath the pan-lid and the beans had become a hard, black mass of charcoal. I had to be taught to roast coffee and to make milk from Brazil nuts.

Our meat, which was wild pig, deer, or other small forest animals, had to be well salted and dried to be kept from spoiling. Then to be made edible it was neces-

sary to wash it, cut it, and continue to scald and wash it until much of the salt had been removed, and then to cook it for several hours. We often had turtle for the noon-day meal. The only way to kill it was by hacking at the living thing with an axe or huge bush-knife until it was dismembered and dead. The disconcerting part to me was that the turtle's heart continues to contract and expand, though separated from the dead turtle, until the heart begins to cook. Washed, scalded, skinned and boiled it was ready to go on the table.

Washing clothes was another venture. The Brazilian women's washing machine is the river. She crouches on a board or a rock at the river-side soaping the cloth. She then lifts the dress or shirt high in the air and swings it with all her force on the rock repeatedly until she has pounded the dirt out, then stretches the article in the sun for its blazing rays to finish the work of bleaching out the stains which remain, incidentally bleaching out all the colours of the material, too. But there was no Brazilian woman with us to do the washing and I soon felt exhausted at the river side. The blazing sun was like a fire, and the tiny biting flies swarmed at the river's edge covering us with bites.

The Indian women could not help, for they were kept busy cooking for their husbands, and then too, they used a half-bar of soap to wash one article! So the happy idea came to me of teaching the little boys to do it. At first they rebelled—the idea of handling dirty clothes seemed obnoxious to them, although in the Indian huts they lived surrounded by filth which we could not endure. Bribed, however, with the thought of getting some delicious bananas and even some of our treasured soda biscuits for payment, they agreed to help us.

The second week of their laundry service they had not been at the river-side long with the clothes when some more of the boys clamoured at the door. "Haven't

you any more dirty clothes to be washed?" they asked. "We'll do them for you!"

I was delighted. "They are even learning to enjoy helping us," I said to Angus, and we found some more clothes to be washed. During the ensuing weeks there was no difficulty in getting them to help us, although some of the clothes did come back torn and sometimes not quite clean. One wash-day our senior missionary asked, "Have you noticed how the boys are washing your clothes?"

"No, we haven't noticed."

"Well, you had better go and see."

We went to the front door to watch. Each boy had donned a piece of clothing. One had on a long night-gown which dragged on the ground, another a pajama jacket, others wore my dresses. They then splashed water on themselves and taking in their hands their piece of soap they soaped all over the clothes which they wore. Then with a whoop of joy they dived off the bank into the river, swimming and ducking while the dress, or whatever article of clothing they wore, trailed along behind in the water. What sport it was! Each boy tried to grab what was worn by another while they shouted, disappeared under water and performed no end of acrobatics in the water. It may have been a bit hard on the clothes, but it ceased to be work and became play for them, whereas the work itself would have been abandoned.

In the afternoons we went around the long communal houses into which the Indians packed themselves, only a fire separating the tiny space in which each family slept. At our approach scores of snarling, mangy dogs rushed at us, but were intercepted by the men, who drove them away with their clubs.



They consented to our feeding her



"He silently confronted me!"



The clearing rang with their laughter



Singing gospel hymns, with motions

I crouched on the ground beside the women who were grating manioc root and wrapping it in banana leaves to be roasted among hot stones. Seeing the banana leaves we wondered if they had been able again to get over the fence and strip the trees we had planted.

"Oh, no," they said, "we wouldn't kill your banana trees by stripping the leaves from them. These are from wild banana trees which give no fruit in the forest. Now sing to us."

Some of the women were sitting on the ground pounding corn in small hand mortars. The men lay on their grass mats. When the mat becomes dirty they turn it over, and when that side becomes dirty they turn it back again. They offered me a flat piece of wood used by them as a head rest, and I sat on the bit of stick with my feet and legs curled under me. The dear little boys crouched close by, their fists closed on roasted sweet potatoes which they shared with us. Their hands stroked our white clothes which became streaked with the black charcoal with which they were painted. Tiny children lay sleeping through the heat of the day while their mothers painted intricate, perfectly-spaced designs on them. The well-groomed Indian women have their hair shaved off from forehead to crown leaving a fringe of jet around the back and sides. Though it may sound ugly, it is a great improvement over having shaggy hair falling over their faces.

Coming back to our thatch-covered house we went to examine again the banana trees planted inside the fence. Yes! They had stripped the banana patch again, somehow reaching the leaves through the fence and cutting them off with bush knives. The work of planting had again been in vain. We looked down at our hands full of roasted sweet potatoes, gifts from the Indian women which we had borne away from our afternoon visit. Well, how could we go back and scold them again, and what good would it do if we did?

How many times, too, after the missionaries had toiled to plant the manioc with the help of the boys, the older ones in the tribe had pulled it up on the sly while it was only a twentieth of its mature size. They had consumed in a few meals what might have fed many of them for months if it had been left to have its full growth! Such things were discouraging indeed.

But the Indians are far from dull and are in some ways clever.

On one occasion one of the warriors came with a nice big turtle for us. He must have two bullets for it, he declared. The next day he would take the bullets and go into the forest to get some meat. Shortly after he had received his payment, another warrior came with another nice big turtle. We could not justly refuse him the same payment for his. That day we received five good turtles and felt that this would provide good dinners for us all for several days.

The next day we searched the yard but could find only one of them. Then a log was discovered leaning against the fence on the other side. The Indians had used it to get over the enclosure, steal the turtle again, and had sold the same one five times to the missionaries!

Thus the days passed. There were lovely birds that sang from the brush which hugged the high, spiked fence encircling our house. Parrots and toucans screeched from the top of the tall forest trees where the clearing ended; hawks hovered over the chicken yard. One day the tiny tip of a snake's tail appeared from under a box in the kitchen. I bravely cut it off and then found that it had belonged to a very long reptile whose intent eyes were staring inquisitively and very resentfully at me from around the other end of the box. I fled the scene and called the boys to my rescue.

Sometimes we wondered what it would be like to be

walking down the main street of a city at home again, or seeing people, dressed in their best, hurrying along quiet streets on Sunday morning to churches where their voices joined with a great congregation in singing of and to the Lord whom we in the jungle served and worshipped. As months went by our home-land seemed very far away.

In such surroundings it was good not to be dependent on church bells and painted windows to create an artificial and temporary sense of peace, but "to have the peace that passeth all understanding" in our hearts in any place.

*The organ and the white-robed choir—
I choose them not for thee.
Only a song within thy soul!
Come, wilt thou follow Me?*

One of the most wonderful things I witnessed while living among the Indians was a tribal chant performed by the men of the tribe, which no woman—not even their own—had ever been allowed to hear.

One night after the short, tropical twilight had faded completely away the Indian men gathered in full force at the door of the house. The chief voiced the proposal with which they had come: "We want to come into your front room and lock ourselves tightly in. We are going to sing."

"Why do you want to lock yourselves in? There are so many of you to crowd into this room. Why do you not chant in the clearing, or as you usually do in the Warriors' hut?" he was asked.

"None of our women have ever heard or ever may hear this chant. We usually go into the forest for it, but this room is new and we like it. We want to sit on the clean floor and lock ourselves in and we shall chant here."

Permission having been granted, the missionaries advised me that maybe I should make myself scarce, since it was against Indian custom for a woman to be present, so greatly disappointed at not being able to take advantage of the opportunity to witness such a performance, I went to the kitchen. The Indians filed into the room following the chief, whose powerful muscles and strong physique made him prominent even among the many other tall, well-built warriors. As they began to take their places seated on the floor, one of the old men, who called me his sister, suggested that I might be allowed to come and listen to this chant as I had so manifestly expressed my appreciation and admiration of the songs he had sung over and over for me during the afternoon. The murmured assent of the others resulted in my being allowed to stand at the door which divided the front room from the rest of the house, the bottom half being locked to insure privacy, and the upper half open.

The chief, with his right-hand man, sat in the middle of the room crossed-legged, with their great cruel clubs held loosely by both hands. Around them was seated a complete circle of warriors. The warriors were encircled by the boys between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. There was yet another circle of warriors and old men and the younger boys, awed for once, sat at the periphery of the circle and filled in the corners of the room.

Suddenly the chief's right-hand man uttered a single tone. On the very next rhythmic beat every warrior, man and boy, joined. The melodious chant proceeded in perfect unison, equalling, if not surpassing, the unison of any highly trained choir I have ever heard at home.

The chanting began reasonably fast, became slower and slower as it continued, and their perfectly blended voices dropped lower and lower. At every pause, every single voice stopped together as on a staccato note. At the beginning of another phrase, all began at the exact

second, with none jumping ahead of the rest and none straggling in after. I stood breathless and trembling with the wonder of it.

When an unusually long pause ensued, evidently indicating the finish of one subject and the beginning of another, the chief or an outstanding warrior would strike the first note and everyone in beautiful unison would join on the second. Lower and lower they chanted; lower than any bass voice I'd ever heard at home. The whole room seemed to be filled with a rich rumbling as of far-off thundering which swelled, then faded and swelled again in even a lower and more thrilling rumbling; then—it suddenly ceased. There was perfect silence. The men arose. It was finished.

The perfection of the performance we had just witnessed would have stirred any appreciative listener. Yet I thought of how often on our journey up river the Brazilians had over and over again declared, "Those Indians are as beasts. They have no souls. They are like animals."

Ah, that they are savage and murderous may easily be seen and has been continuously proven, but that they have souls cannot be doubted! Even in Christian nations there are incidents of savagery displayed, and how could anything else be expected from a people who have lived and died for centuries without a ray of Gospel light or any knowledge of God?

How great then is their worth, since Jesus came ". . . not to condemn the world but that the world through Him might be saved". "For He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." Shall we not all share in the ministry of prayer that in the Great Day many of this tribe shall join their voices with ours in singing "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation . . ." (Rev. 5:9)?

CHAPTER IV

A Deliverance

THE MORNING WAS STILL COOL when Angus, with his fellow-missionary and some of the Indians, paddled the canoe away from shore and waved good-bye to me as I stood on the bank watching. They were going some miles up river to one of the plantations to get some corn and bananas. "Good-bye, we'll be back before dark," they called as they paddled away and the brush and jungle hid them from sight.

A long day of solitude stretched before me. All of the Indian tribe, excepting some of the boys and a few of the older Indians, were sojourning somewhere in the forest. I turned and went back into our house. It was early yet and there was work to be done, so I locked the back door in order to be undisturbed by the one or two Indians who were about. While washing the dishes I glanced into a mirror hanging on the kitchen mud-wall. This reflected the window covered by cheese-cloth for the purpose of keeping out the biting flies which swarm about by day. Just at that minute the mirror reflected also the painted face of an old Indian with his huge lip-disk grotesquely protruding as he pressed his face against the cloth in an attempt to peer inside.

This fellow, Long-Stinging-Arrow by name, was of ill-repute. He had very recently stolen one of the Brazilian's rifles, and bullets from another, and in several ways had proven himself to be a bad character. I somehow felt uneasy knowing he was about while everyone else was gone and I was utterly alone. Then I heard him trying the door which was locked, to see if he could get in. "If he wants a fish-hook or something, why

doesn't he call?" I thought. "He knows that I am here, and he shouldn't try to force the door open without calling."

He went away again and I continued about the work. Some minutes later, while drying the last of the dishes, there was a sound at the front door which opened into our dining room. This door was divided into an upper and lower part, being cut in the middle so that the lower part might be locked, preventing the Indians from taking full possession of the house, and at the same time enabling them to see us and talk to us whenever they wished. On this occasion the top half was open as always and the bottom half locked. Hearing something at the door I believed Long-Stinging-Arrow must be there to ask for something, and stepped to the door of the kitchen just in time to see him climbing swiftly and cautiously over the locked half of the door. He silently confronted me—a shaggy-haired, wild-faced, naked savage. There was an uneasy and wily expression in his eyes. His intentions were not good, or he would have asked for what he wished.

How glad I was to remember at that instant the words of the Lord, "I will never leave thee". Pretending to be calm I walked toward him with the dish-towel in my hand and looked at him quietly but sternly. "Is that the way we've taught you to enter nice people's houses? Do you think you are a monkey in the forest? . . . Well, you climb over this door like a monkey who climbs trees! When Angus knows you came in this way he'll be ashamed of you. Now you walk right out decently and don't climb over the doors again."

But then I realized that the door was still locked, and after just reprimanding him for climbing over once, I couldn't tell him to do it again. The keys lay behind him on the table.

He, however, was not going to be so easily dealt with. He stood his ground stubbornly. His huge form seemed to fill the room. Then his lips parted as he spoke in his language, "Your husband isn't here, and he won't be here either until the sun is going down."

His eyes, searching the room, fastened themselves on the trunks placed on a little loft above the kitchen. That was where all the bullets were kept, also the bush-knives and axe-heads for the work on the plantation. How easily he might rob us of the whole year's supply of ammunition we kept for hunting. He made an involuntary movement towards it. I reached my arm around him and clutched the keys on the table before which he stood. "It doesn't matter if my husband isn't here now. He'll still be ashamed of you when I tell him."

I unlocked the door. "Now look! Walk out in a decent fashion. Don't ever climb over doors again as though you had never seen a nice house and a door, and as though, like a forest animal, you did not know how to use it."

He was an Indian of such ill repute that the realization made me feel faint in the stomach, but "God giveth power to the faint". He didn't want to go, but looking at me over his shoulder with that wary look, he brushed past me as I held the door open, and went out. Surely God had been my Defender.

A sequel to this incident occurred the next year. A little daughter was born to this Indian's wife. He had become one of our best friends, and to prove that he truly counted me as his sister, the little daughter was given my name, "Ron-je-may". Ron-je-may's mother was ill and the little one was about to die when they consented to our feeding it from a bottle with a mixture of powdered milk, water and sugar. This saved the life of the child of Long-Stinging-Arrow and she became as round and as fat as a little pumpkin.

When our Robbie was a year old we had a little party for him, serving cakes and coffee to the Brazilians and Indians who were with us. On the night of the party one of the boys came with a message from him that he wanted us to come to his hut and bring Robbie to him. As we entered the hut where he sat in his hammock only a few glowing embers lighted the dim interior. "What do you want, my brother?" we asked.

"My daughter bears your name, and so I must also put all of my names on to your son. Put him here in my arms!"

Robbie cried, for it was dark and gloomy, but we laid him in the old fellow's arms. He passed his hand over the babe's head and said, "You also are now Long-Stinging-Arrow . . ." and many other of his names he passed on to the little fellow.

As we received Robbie again from his arms we remembered that day long past when this savage had crept into our mud house, filling my heart with fear. Now we appreciate his proffered kinship, but, oh, that the darkness and superstition of ages might pass from his heart and that these who "were without Christ . . . having no hope, and without God in the world", may be "made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. . . ."

CHAPTER V

Death In An Indian Tribe

A SHRILL, HEART-CHILLING SHRIEK pierced the compound and echoed through the jungle which bounded our clearing. Another shriek and another were followed by an unearthly wail. That first awful blood-curdling scream benumbed me, but the next made me leap to my feet. It had come in the midst of our noon-day rest when the sun was too scorching for us to be out or around.

It was such a heart-rending wail! As though some poor, lost soul were calling for help. I thrust my feet into a pair of sandals and hurried after my husband, who was already at the door. When we reached the low Indian hut from which the shrieking was still ascending, an Indian mother was seated on the ground holding across her knees the little one, her youngest son, whose soul had just departed into another world. Blood streamed from open gashes in her head, flowing over her face so that she could hardly see out of her eyes. The blood fell upon the dead body of the little one whom she wildly clutched and caressed, though his glassy eyes stared unseeingly into the world from which his soul had gone.

Even as the tears streamed over our faces at the sight of the agonized mother heart and the dead little one, she reached behind her where a row of bush-knives had been placed against the crude wall. Seizing one of the knives with both hands she again slashed her already bleeding head with the long sharp blade. The repeated dull thud-thud of the blade hitting her skull filled my being with horror. I longed to wrest the cruel knife from her and lock the other knives away, but realized that this was one of the awful tribal customs which nothing would keep her from fulfilling. Standing in

mute sympathy, we mingled our tears with hers while she expressed her agony and suffering by cutting herself.

Oh, the horror of heathenism, which holds beyond the grave no hope, but which can look forward only to the state of a lost soul! They themselves never doubt that after death they become lost souls. The name of the little child who had just died would be avoided from then on, or his soul might return to persecute the one who mentioned him, even though it were his own dear mother. The agony of the mother as she realized that her little one was lost to her forever could find relief only in the torture she inflicted upon herself. The father, who was blind, likewise wept and wailed.

After the body had been painted it was wrapped in a grass mat and carried to the little round hole which had been dug in sandy earth. Accompanied by the death wail of the women it was placed in a sitting position in the small grave, and the boy's few possessions laid beside him—the tiny bow and arrow with which he had imitated the archery of the warriors, tiny beaded arm bands, and a little cloth bag we had given to him to get from us his portion of grated manioc root at meal time. The grave was then covered with sticks, a grass mat, and then a mound of earth was heaped on top to mark the spot where he sat. For days the horror of the agony and hopelessness I had witnessed clung to me. Even at night we could not forget, for at midnight we were awakened by the piercing wail of the mother, who made her way by moonlight to the sandy mound which marked the grave of her little loved one. There, crouching in the rays of the moon which filtered through the forest trees, she gave vent to her suffering and loneliness by shrieking and crying.

We have witnessed many times since then the death of those to whom Christ sent us to proclaim His message of eternal life, and each time our hearts are stirred with

a new resolve of consecration to His service—that some of this tribe may be found in God's home above.

A contrasting picture is that of little "Pot-tikre". He was one of the boys who some time later the chief of the tribe left on the mission station when the older Indians went off into the forest. Pot-tikre was one of the brightest and most loving of all the boys. We were all saddened when some time later a strange illness came over him. His face swelled and his body became thinner and thinner. Then he lost his sight and would grope his way about no longer able to take part in the games and work of the other boys—a pitiful sight.

When an Indian is ill his chief desire and cry is, "Oh, I am hungry to live". His fear of the beyond knows no bounds. When this little fellow knew he was dying he looked up into the missionary's face and said, "I'm not hungry to live longer".

"Why, Pot-tikre? Why do you say that?"

The little fellow answered, "Because I am hungry to go and be with Jesus". Pot-tikre had learned of the Lord Jesus, of His home in Heaven, and of His love for all.

How fully and freely the wonderful, hope-giving message of Eternal Life is proclaimed in our home-lands, and how many men and women daily turn themselves from it, while in heathen lands hundreds have never had the chance to hear!

Epidemics and inter-tribal warfares are daily taking heavy toll from the numbers of wild Indians still roaming the vast jungles of Brazil, and many of them are as without hope and light as they were a hundred years ago. Surely the Lord would that many of us might have a part in their evangelization. "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

Captured

*Pale moon shining on the jungles over there,
Shine upon the Indians' haunts—on the savage lair;
Round the glowing campfires they their song and dancing
share—
And my heart is strangely captured by that people over
there.*

*Red skins painted black—they're a capricious race;
Thick, black hair falling wildly 'round the face,
Rhythmic stamps and swaying as the dancers keep their
pace—
And my heart is strangely captured by that fitful, moody
race.*

*Dark-skinned babies crying sharply in the night—
Dressed in strings of beads binding arms and ankles tight,
Shiny bits of fin'ry watching flashy eyes so bright—
And my heart is strangely captured by a babe's cry in
the night.*

*Indian mother crooning her enchanting lullaby,
While the young one's father keeps a brooding watch
near by—
Chanting, humming, listening to her baby's sleepy sigh—
And my heart is strangely captured by an Indian lullaby.*

*Now a warrior's challenge sounds its daring message
clear;
In the deep, black shadows—enemies perhaps lurk near;
But the fearful speech so wild may fill the lurkers' hearts
with fear—
And my heart is strangely stirred by a warrior's challenge
clear.*

*Pale moon, riding lower o'er many a sandy mound,
See the lonely figure crouching near it on the ground!
Tremble at the wailing and the knife's slash sick'ning
sound—*

*Ah, my heart is torn to breaking by a new-made sandy
mound.*

*For I've sat beside their campfire in the night's chilly
dew;*

*I have held the dark-skinned babies: I have loved their
mothers, too;*

*I have stood with tearful eyes beside a mound so very
new—*

*And my heart is pledged to teach them of the Saviour
true.*

—R.A.C.

CHAPTER VI

Shipwreck

ON THE DAY THAT ANGUS received his call from the Lord to take the place of one of the three martyred missionaries in continuing the work from which they had been called, he asked that God would give to him some very definite promises from His Word which might be his assurance when he faced perils and evils in the Brazilian jungles. One of the promises given to him was this: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee . . ." "Through the rivers!" All of our travel was done by water, for there were no roads. The river was filled with rapids and treacherous whirlpools, and even where the waters seemed the smoothest the canoe might run on to a "dead stone", that is a rock lying just beneath the surface where not even a ripple betrays its presence.

During the rainy season the river is very deep and the rocks are covered by many feet of water, but are nevertheless marked by swirling, turbulent waters whose force repeatedly proves too much even for the motors of the launches ascending the river to get Brazil-nuts or rubber. When this happens the crew of young men with much shouting to encourage themselves seize their long, strong poles and thrust them into the water, reaching the rocks below and poling with all their strength. The launch inches its way along, sometimes, in spite of all effort, carried back or sideways towards places where treacherous rocks lay hidden. The skilled pilot edges the little bark back and forth, at last striking a current which helps it through.

In the summer time, however, travel is difficult and dangerous. Low water reveals huge rock formations, and launches must follow the narrow channels among the great stones. The water, forced into narrow passages, has tremendous power and rapids are passed only with the aid of stout ropes and steel cables fastened to a rock farther up and wound up inch by inch. With cables, motor and chains, the ascent of the river becomes a possibility. To descend is even more perilous and wrecks are frequent.

The river was in full flood when Angus and I, feeling the need of some kind of change, felt that we should make a trip to a rubber settlement about a hundred miles down river to have some meetings there and in the dwellings along the way. I was especially glad for the change as it was over a year since we had arrived on the station and the first year in any environment may be the most trying.

We departed from the station about one o'clock in the afternoon with one Indian boy as a companion and helper. Our canoe was not heavily loaded. A canvas covering was fastened to a curved bamboo framework on the boat. The men looked upon this as a real masterpiece. It partly sheltered us from the sun and gave some shelter from rain.

With a feeling of festivity we waved goodbye as the outboard motor began to purr and our canoe sailed out into the river. It was a great start, but we had gone only a mile from the station when the motor coughed, sputtered and died. Angus spent hours working on it as we drifted on and on down river and the blazing sun transformed our bark into an oven. Reaching an affluent from which water was pouring into our river, Jo Moo, the Indian boy, and I clung to the branches along the bank so the canoe would not be swept away in the strong

water, hoping against hope that the motor would start. Suddenly I screamed and let go my hold on the branches, and the boy let go likewise, for fire-ants had been on the tree and had come off the leaves on to our arms and hands and were stinging us like so many firebrands wherever they bit. If Angus had not suddenly gripped the farthest protruding branch from the back of the canoe we would have swung down into dangerously turbulent water.

As night was coming on he and Jo Moo, by keeping the canoe close to the edge of the river, were able to paddle it up the small affluent, though the force of the water was great, to a house where we found shelter for the night.

It was a bad beginning to our holiday but after working on the motor for some hours the next morning, it again began to work, and we made a second start on our journey. Again and again during the ensuing days the motor, which had already seen its best days, would stop just when we were in a dangerous spot or not quite out of one, but by manufacturing a new pin out of an iron nail, and by continuous cleaning of the old spark-plugs, we went along. At night we slept in dwellings along the way where the people welcomed us with true Brazilian cordiality. As the portable organ was unfolded and we prepared for an evening meeting in their homes they showed real delight.

In one little settlement lived a man who always showed us the greatest hospitality. Upon this occasion he welcomed us into his little mud home and himself carried our hammock-sacks to his own room. After serving us a good meal he took down his own hammock and put ours in its place so that we might have the room he always occupied. It was not until some time later that we learned that the man was a leper.

On another occasion I was seated in a Brazilian home talking with the occupants when a very poor and ragged old woman entered the house. Her forlorn appearance aroused my sympathy and I rose to my feet and extended my hand to her. When she took my hand I noticed that hers was bound with a dirty cloth. Afterwards they told me that she was a leper and lived across the river, only visiting this house to get some food for herself and her leprous husband. Such experiences cause us to depend upon the Lord who has called us, to keep us and to guard us. "The Lord is thy keeper; He that keepeth thee will not slumber. . . The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in . . ." (Psalm 121).

The trip had been well worth while for the visiting in the homes, the good attendance at meetings, and the change had been enjoyed. We were happy to begin the trip up-river to our thatch-roofed home. On the second day of travel a heavy thunder shower caused us to stop in an abandoned hut at the river side until the rain passed. Continuing, we entered into a very dangerous length of swiftly-flowing water. Trouble came when, somehow, we missed the right channel. In a turbulent, rushing tongue of water the progress of the canoe was stopped. It began to slip backwards to places where submerged trees were showing only their tips but where the branches might at any moment overturn the overpowered boat. My husband motioned to me to hand the paddle near my hand to the Indian boy sitting ahead of us, that with the added power of his paddling we might get out of the dangerous spot. I called him and held out the paddle. But he shook his head:

"No, I don't want that big paddle," he said. "I'd rather have the little one."

As he said this he jumped to the front of the canoe after the smaller paddle, to satisfy his own whim. His

weight in the front lifted the propeller of the outboard motor out of the water at the back end of the craft. There was a terrific roar as the canoe, now at the mercy of the turbulent whirlpools, was in an instant flung backwards, crashed against the submerged branch of a tree which we could not see. The water came pouring over the side.

Angus jumped to the other side to try to level it off, and I jumped too—if I hadn't I would have been imprisoned beneath the canvas covering. As the canoe sank my husband leaped towards the tops of the branches of the tree, which were just showing above the rushing current, and seized a submerged limb. He gripped my arm with the other hand. I thought I was swimming, but it is almost impossible to swim in water like that with currents pulling in every direction, besides being fully clothed in a long-sleeved dress and heavy oxfords. Angus dragged me on to a submerged limb of the tree where we sat clinging for dear life, only the upper part of our bodies out of water, while the river churned about us. Jo Moo, too, had got hold of a branch to which he was clinging while haunting fear filled his eyes.

Under the water we could just see a part of the canvas covering of the canoe. What cause for thankfulness that one of us had not been pinned beneath it!

"Do you think you could get the organ out, Angus?" I asked.

"Why, it's gone," he said. "Everything is gone; it all went in the instant that the canoe turned over." I turned my head in time to see our trunk, some kerosene tins and other parts of our cargo far downstream. Everything had happened so quickly there had not been time even to feel fear. Now nothing seemed important except that we were alive and Jo Moo was safe with us.

We do not know how long we might have sat there in the river, shivering with cold, if it had not been that the little shower preceding our shipwreck had caused the rubber-gatherers in a nearby house to remain at home instead of going into the forest. They could not see us, but had heard the motor, then its roar, and the stillness which told them that we had gone down. We shall always be grateful to the man and his wife who endangered their lives to enter that treacherous spot in their tiny canoe, which nearly tipped as the whirling current caught it. They took us one by one to shore and then to the house to dry our clothing. The men went down river in a boat gathering up articles which were still afloat or had caught in the bushes. They retrieved the water-soaked trunk which had ridden the waves. The organ had caught in some branches but was so wet that the weight of the water made it difficult for them to lift it into the canoe. We unfolded it in the sun, but its thorough soaking had so caused the wood to swell that no amount of pressure would make the keys go down. The tins of lard and canned corn-beef we had bought to take back with us as a special treat, also the pots and pans, lanterns and other important articles, had sunk to the bottom.

The next day a launch happening up river to get Brazil-nuts took us as far as the last Brazilian settlement. From there on we planned to make the short trip up to our station by canoe and paddle. But our experiences were not yet over. At this settlement we found some Indian boys, whom we were glad to have help us paddle the rest of the way. In order to avoid the heat of the sun we decided to start the journey to the station about five o'clock in the evening. We had been paddling for an hour when the sky began to blacken.

"Look over there," one of the boys said. "There is a lot of rain in that big cloud." Yes, there was, and the

wind was blowing it nearer every minute. It seemed that in a matter of only a few minutes a terrific thunder-storm was on us. The sun had gone from sight and darkness turned to complete blackness. The wind whipped the water into furious waves, the cloud above us burst open, and torrents of rain beat upon us like lashes. It was impossible to continue to paddle especially as we had reached a long, swift-flowing place. The Indian boys, always subject to caprice, lost their mood for paddling and would do nothing more. We nosed the canoe into the black jungle which edged the bank and clung to the branches, with greatest difficulty keeping the boat right side up as it swayed and lurched from the impact of the rushing current. Streams of water poured from our drenched clothes as we crouched in our open bark shivering and with our teeth chattering, bailing out the water while the deluge descended upon us.

The boys' good humour only returned when, it seemed hours later, the storm abated and the moon peeped through the mountainous clouds. They paddled swiftly home.

How wonderful it was to see the light of the kerosene lamp burning in the window of the mud house as we neared the station and to hear the voices of the Indians conversing on the bank. They knew by the paddle stroke that there were Indians in our canoe and, always on the watch for enemy tribes, they were fearfully wondering what Indian party might be arriving at that weird hour of the night.

I felt "prone to wander" no more as we resumed our daily routine on the station.

God had fulfilled His promise: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." We had been in them all right, but they had not overflowed; danger there had been, but He had kept us.

Some months later, when the water was low, we were on our way down the river again. This time it was for the purpose of getting to the coastal city to await the arrival of our baby son. We stopped to chat in the house of those who had rescued us on the day of our shipwreck.

"There is just one thing we lost that day that I still miss very much," I said.

"What was that, Dona?" asked the woman.

"It was a pen. That is a little thing that is used for writing," we explained.

"Well, there is a little 'animal' here that I found one day among the rocks. I was walking about there the other day, now that the river is so dry, to see if we could find any of the things you lost that day. This 'thing' looks as though it might be for writing, although none of us here knows how to write."

"Let me see it," I said. Sure enough, it was my old fountain pen that I had used in High School and Bible Training School and that had lain for many months among the rocks at the bottom of the river. We took off the cap; it still held the ink and was as good as ever. As we tried it out on a piece of paper the words which came to us were, "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side . . . the waters had overwhelmed us" (Psalm 124:1, 4).

CHAPTER VII

Topsy

SHE CAME TO US unexpectedly and unbelievably. Of the whole Indian tribe the little girls were the most wary of us, and of all the painted, wild-faced little girls, she was the wildest. (They are given over at about the age of seven to the man who has chosen them.)

When first I arrived at the lovely home which had been prepared on the station the Indian women seldom appeared. They were by the fire cooking, or scraping the manioc, or wherever the most work was being done. Later they came in groups of five or six, warily, with their little hollowed gourds, the shape of an empty half grapefruit, on their heads, some with their painted body decorations newly done, and others with the black paint half worn off. They seemed shy (though really they are bold enough in some ways), and the fact that we spoke different languages didn't help much. They laughed at my clumsy repetition of their words, and weren't backward about begging for every bowl and knife they saw. There was a set of six dinner knives with yellow handles brought from home, and a set of eight enamel bowls which they very evidently thought too much for any one woman to possess.

Topsy never came to the house. Her name wasn't that, but in some respects she resembled that famous little character. The rumour that our house was haunted was enough to make all wary of the place, and fearful Topsy gave it a wide berth. On our first trip around the six long houses where the Indians had settled we hadn't noticed her, although her very curly hair plainly indicated she was not an Indian. She had been taken captive when a baby after the Indians had murdered the rest of her family.

When asked by the missionary if she wouldn't like to come and live and help in the new house, sleep in a hammock instead of on the ground by a fire, and have clothes, she was indignant—"Of course not!" Nothing in her, though born of civilized parents, responded to the pretty things she saw. Our lives were so different and it was plain that she preferred the only life she knew—that of the forest.

The next time we went to this Indian house, picking our way around and over the fires, which alone separate one family's grass mat from the other, we took care to find her. She must have been about eleven—an Indian has no way of knowing his age. She was holding the baby of the captain's wife, supported in the customary way by a cotton bandolier slung over one shoulder.

She looked disinterestedly at us. "Is that your baby?" we asked. "Yes, it's mine," she dryly lied.

We squatted by the other smiling women, some pounding corn, some wrapping it in banana leaves to put on the hot stones, some painting each other's naked bodies in perfectly spaced designs, some painting the little children as they slept.

About a month later the Indians decided on a long journey in the forest, and the women stacked huge hampers with corn to be carried on their backs supported by a strong creeper passed around their foreheads. Never have I seen any human being carry such a load, for such long distances, as were stacked upon those backs. On top of the loosely woven baskets laden with corn were good-sized bundles of dried bananas and manioc tied securely in banana leaves, to feed them on their journey. Each had a highly prized, small tin box carefully wrapped in a piece of cloth and wound around tightly by fishing cord again and again. That box contained their greatest treasures; a pair of scissors to take the place of

the old, crude split cane to crop the hair closely for festivities, the loved beaded ornament to be donned for dances, fish hooks, matches, a knife, and perhaps a tiny mirror.

This load is always covered by the sleeping mat, and in her hand she carries a huge bush-knife and perhaps her cooking pot (earned from the missionaries). Hanging at her side is a bandolier made of a wide creeping vine, in which the baby jolts limply along as the woman jaunts steadily down a narrow and at times almost obscure trail, over fallen logs, under thorny branches, and through streams, her husband leading the way free of luggage except for his bow and arrow and club or gun—if he has been successful enough to gain possession of one by fair or foul means. His duty is purely to clear the way of any possible jaguar, wild-cat, snake, or other enemy which might be lurking about, and to kill anything which might serve as meat.

We saw Topsy getting ready to leave with them. One of the warriors had for sport shaved the hair of her head in horizontal lines, and her little cranium looked like a striped, shiny ball.

Very few Indians stayed behind; none of the women stayed. Some of the boys hid in the house, loath to go, but after a few days the warriors came for them, and finally we were left with only a couple of boys and a big husky Indian. We learned a little later the reason for his staying was that he feared some reprisal for having clubbed to death two Indians recently. His judgment came in the form of pneumonia, so fatal to Indians. He was put on a camp cot in the front room of the house. Chest plasters, injections, pills, covers, all were useless. He repeatedly escaped to the cold water of the river where he would sit for hours to cool off the raging fever.

The station seemed very quiet with the going of the

lively, ever-demanding crowd. All that was left in the Indian houses were piles of rubbish and the little heaps of charred wood and stones marking the places of fires. It was hard to believe that only a few days before it had been such a lively scene—women grating manioc, men putting fresh tips on arrows, boys diving, splashing, yelling in the rivers, hunters arriving with wild pigs, dogs barking, pet parrots squawking. The silence of the forest pressed around us.

One afternoon Topsy appeared. Our senior missionary was busily writing when he heard a sound at the door which was divided in the middle, the top half usually being open. There were two black eyes peering from a face as black as coal topped by short black hair. The customary warmth of his welcome encouraged her cautiously to enter the room. An Indian has an inimitable way of casting his or her eyes about a room the moment that he enters, and very little, if anything, escapes his bright eyes, particularly if there should be such a desirable article as a knife, a box of matches, or a fish-hook.

She was utterly fatigued.

Where were the others? In the forest, he was informed.

She hadn't come alone, had she? Of course she had—two days and nights through the forest. Every inch of her body was blackened to keep away the spirits. She had smoked so furiously at night to protect herself from bad spirits that her mouth was well burned. Her aching legs seemed wobbly.

A little dress was offered her. "What's that for?" she said disgustedly. On being told that it was to keep off the mosquitoes, she donned it.

Didn't she want to come over to the new house? Of course she didn't, it was haunted by spirits.

But she came and, resting her tired little body on a chair, she talked of those she had left in the forest. Some days' journey away many had taken sick. Catarrh is one of the Indian's worst enemies. It is a kind of 'flu which he has no resistance against, and it spreads among them like wild fire. The others being "hungry to live" had abandoned the sick ones—relatives or friends—whatever they might be, leaving the dead unburied, and the sick close by to die alone. They were unashamed to move off and leave their own kin helpless and forsaken.

"Why have you left your friends and come away all alone?"

"My legs are full of sores and I couldn't work so they said they'd kill me!" She knew them well enough to know the threat might readily be carried out.

A hammock was slung for her in our house. She ate some Brazil nuts and corn. Her eyes were filled with fear: "Lock the window tight so the spirits can't get in."

"There are no spirits here. Look, we'll put the lantern here to give light all night."

We put a blanket over her and tucked it around her feet. She had been stolen when she was a tiny baby and had never known a father or mother, but she took our attention calmly. "Cover my head up, too," she said.

At midnight we heard her whimper, then call our names loudly, then her screams: "Spirits!" We struck a match and found our way out of the mosquito net and to the room, where she was sitting up straight with terror in her eyes. She was re-assured and told to sleep. "I can't, my legs ache." We lit a fire, heated some water and bathed her legs and feet. She fell asleep almost immediately.

This experience was repeated several times through the first weeks she was with us.

The larger part of the day, as well as the night, she spent sleeping, being utterly fatigued. I should think it would have seemed like heaven to her, after the treatment she received among the Indian tribe—being a captive and valued merely for the work she could do. But she accepted all kindness with absolute indifference and, in fact, with an open attitude of scorn.

The only discipline she had ever known was to do what she was told for fear of her life, and she regarded us as weaklings and unworthy of respect because we did not freely deliver cuffs, kicks, or clubbings.

We attempted to treat the sores on her legs and body. Our method of treating sores was not that to which she was accustomed. Many times just after cleaning them out and carefully binding them to keep off dirty flies, she would rip every bandage off and throw them on the ground, then proceed to spit on her dirty hands and rub it over her arms and legs, followed by puffing on her pipe and blowing the smoke on the sores, spitting and blowing smoke alternately.

When her legs ached very much she'd say in the approved Indian fashion: "Hurry up! Come here and put some of your medicine on my sores. Don't you think they hurt?"

"You won't take the bandages off again and throw them on the ground, will you?"

Angered by such slight reprimand, "Well, I don't want your ugly medicine anyway. It doesn't do any good. The smoke of my pipe is the only thing that helps."

For the first months, when offered any of our food, she would refuse, or would ask to try something we were eating—either to throw it on the floor upon close examination or, if she ventured to put it into her mouth, to spit it out with great spluttering.

I have always loved and enjoyed children; but never before or since have I known one like Topsy. Indian boys and girls have shown their affection and delight at being with us, but Topsy was beyond my comprehension—the combination of one born by civilized parents and brought up by a savage tribe. Trying to initiate her into rendering any service was a test of patience. Upon gently telling her to dry some dishes or sweep the floor, she turned a look upon me so full of indignation, wrath and hatred that one would think I had insulted her to the last degree. These things were almost forgotten when later she would often post herself so close to me in the kitchen while I mixed some buns that there wasn't elbow room, or tried to crowd herself on to the box where I sat when we went visiting in Nova Olinda.

In the absence of the tribe from the station we decided to move to the nearest Brazilian settlement to tell of the Gospel to the people there. So one memorable day, in the canoe overloaded and top-heavy with household goods, we arrived in Nova Olinda—Topsy and the two Indian boys with us.

Topsy had changed so much I believed she would never leave again. We used to play together, sing together her tribal songs of birds and fishes, and at night we sang hymns and prayed with her.

Typical of people who never stop eating as long as there may be a piece of wild pig or a roast potato to be had, she had a very distended stomach, but she began to change. Her arms and neck rounded out and beautiful curly hair grew down over her ears. Her slender, tapering fingernails often caused us to wonder about her parenthood. Her old-womanish ways were gone and she was a happy little girl. Even her fear of spirits almost vanished and she seemed like a real daughter.

The already scant population of Nova Olinda diminished more and more, families leaving in fear of the

Indians. Once we were left there alone with our Indian boys and Topsy when all the Brazilians except two men fled in terror. No matter how few there were the Sunday evening Gospel meeting was held and some years later there was fruit from this sowing.

One afternoon as we were taking a short rest in the heat of the day, we heard someone calling at the closed window. It was unlatched, and opened to reveal a dozen painted faces of Indian warriors.

Already news had come of the recent killing they had committed, having attacked another small section of their own tribe. Knowing the fickle, undependable nature of their own people, the two boys and Topsy were filled with fear. Topsy hid herself. The warriors sat in the small dining room and recounted the sickening slaughter, tracing on our mud floor a pattern of where their victims had been lying when they had sounded their war-cry at the dark hour before dawn. That day the song of the birds which greeted the dim light of dawn had sounded upon a scene of horror. They described to us the short distances the frantic ones had been able to run before they had thrust them through with lightning arrows, of the places where they had dashed the babies to death against wooden beams.

Though it had seemed some conscience had been aroused in them against the taking of human life, this murder, they told us, had been done as a necessary prevention against continued deaths in the tribe, all attributed to the witchcraft of those killed.

We went back with the warriors to the mission station and began the work of seeding the plantation in the hope of the Indians' return. The very sight of the old Indian dwellings had its effect upon glossy-haired Topsy. They brought back vivid memories of the life she knew—fires



Symphony in black and white



A bundle of babyhood



She crooned an Indian lullaby

glowing in the night and the singing of men, women and children circling around the moonlit clearing, stamping bare feet in rhythm to haunting chants.

Topsy and I watched the hunters arriving with wild pig, building their huge wood fires to heat stones, in the midst of which the fresh meat was placed and covered with heated rocks, banana leaves, and over all a layer of earth to tightly seal the crude but efficient oven. In the village this is the women's work; it brought back memories of the busy activity amidst talking, laughing and general quarrelling. When the meat was roasted Topsy would begin to tear away the covering and push aside the heated stones. The hands of Indian women are so hardened that they sometimes pull the sizzling hot stones away with their bare fingers.

While the men were clearing brush in the dewy, early morning we picked cotton from the plants around the houses, and thereafter she spent her afternoons quietly and thoughtfully spinning it into string by whirling it around a little loom—a smooth stick thrust through a rounded piece of turtle shell.

Every demand made by the warriors in their usual imperious and often unreasonable manner was quickly reiterated by Topsy who, although a bit fearful of them still, treated them as lords of the universe indeed, and we who had the misfortune of not being born Indians as distinctly inferiors. At the bidding of the captain she unquestioningly sat down before him to pluck out his eyelashes, blowing them off her fingers in the approved fashion of Indian women.

One warm morning we entered the cool of the forest to go to a plantation which had been made about a mile's distance from the house. Topsy tripped through the overgrowth on the narrow path, her laughter at the awk-

ward way I picked up my heavy shoes alternating with sharp phrases when the thorns pricked.

She expertly dug a pile of sweet potatoes, not seeming to mind the stinging of tormenting gnats. We went home laden with potatoes and bananas carried on the back in little baskets woven of grass. There was none of her customary protest at work when the chief summoned her to carry a load three times as heavy as I could have borne. She struggled home with it, her knees seeming about to give way—the thorns tearing at her dress. We suggested to her that since she was not really a born Indian, would it not be better for her to always live as civilized people and not return to the very hard, wild life, but the mere mention of her not having been born an Indian brought deep resentment.

The day came for the men's departure. The canoe load of warriors pulled away from the shore out into the river on their way up-stream to the camping place of the tribe. We turned and climbed the bank to the house—but where was Topsy? An empty hammock hung from the front room beams. We hurried again to the river bank, and followed along the margin of the water for some way, over rocks and through bushy growth, but she was gone, and she had chosen to go. Her swift feet had carried her a long, long way where she would wait to be taken into the canoe. She had answered the call of the wild.

*She went away—
The woman at the well
Had talked with Jesus—
And she went away.*

*Back to her town, her home,
And to her friends—
She talked of Jesus
When she went away.*

*But came again—
The woman to the well,
And brought to Jesus
Those for whom she went away.*

*Another went away;
She heard of Jesus,
But "I know Messias Cometh"—
This she could not say.*

*Back to the tribe, the forest,
And her friends.
Talked she of Jesus
When she went away?*

*And will she come again
To Him who loves her?
And may she bring for Jesus
Some to whom she went away?*

CHAPTER VIII

What God Hath Wrought!

THE FORERUNNERS who announced that the Indians were returning were a group of warriors. Horace Banner and Charles Sarginson had returned from a journey in search of another section of wild Indians and settled themselves again on the station. When it was necessary a few weeks later for Charles to make a trip to the coastal city to get supplies for us all, Angus and I also left Nova Olinda to return to the Indian post.

The tribe made its attractive encampment this time in the clearing of the old plantation, and the old communal houses, with their memories of the many deaths which had occurred there in past years, were abandoned. Their low, speedily erected shelters of cool, green palm branches (the work of the women) formed a great circle with the warriors' conference house in the centre. There was a great dancing ground where in the moonlight the dancers circled about, the glow of their wood fires illuminating the carefully patterned paintings on their dark bodies.

We rejoiced that this nomadic tribe had again voluntarily returned to the place where they had first heard the Saviour's name and been told of Him. But "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Satan continued to lay his subtle plans for the defeat of Christ's witnesses. He who for centuries had kept this primitive people under his complete control would do all he could to hinder the Light of Life from shining upon them.

The blow which struck was an order from the Indian Protection Society of Brazil that the Indians should not be allowed to remain any longer under the "foreign" influence of missionaries. The inspector, who declared that he would sooner see even the young boys living in the forest in a savage state than to be under the missionaries' influence, had brought with him a large supply of kettles, bush-knives, tin-cups, axe-heads and other things supplied to him by the Brazilian government for the taming of wild Indians.

"All these things," he said to the Indians, "I will give you without wanting any payment if you will leave these white people, whose teaching is only witchcraft anyway. These white people are only orphans in this land. I will build for you a big place where you shall have everything you wish. These stingy white people never give you anything unless you pay them something for it."

The promise of being given so many worldly possessions was a bright one to the Indians. Finally the chief told us that they were leaving, but that some of the tribe would remain with us, and that they would all return again. Our hearts were moved with sorrow to see them go, nevertheless, through this seeming defeat, God brought to pass a miracle in answer to one of our most fervent prayers.

The young boys of the tribe loved to be with us but during the most tender and impressionable years of their lives were being taught by the older men in the evil and immorality which exudes from the core of the tribal system. Our efforts to teach them in a better way seemed futile. We encouraged the young ones to help in the plantation that they might learn to work for what they ate. We rewarded each of them for their efforts with a nice new pair of blue, short trousers and encouraged them to bring fish they arrowed in the river to receive a

comb, matches, knife, or whatever they desired. The old men then seized whatever payment the boys had received; they could not even keep their hooks and lines with which to get more fish. The women demanded the young ones' trousers and tore them up for cloth through which they might squeeze their manioc root. This made them lose incentive to help us or to work.

When the little fellows gathered around to sing and the missionary began to tell them the Gospel, the old men repeatedly called them away to go with them into the forest hunting, or the women called them to eat sweet potatoes which had just been roasted. So it was that we prayed to the Lord who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me" that somehow we might be able to have them, at least for a time, away from the older Indians who held them back. Among ourselves we discussed how such a thing could ever be. In spite of the callousness which Indians display at times they love their children, and separation from them would be much to expect.

On one occasion some Roman Catholic nuns and priests in another state of Brazil had separated the younger Indians of the tribe from their parents. Although that section of Indians had been already domesticated, tragedy ensued. The Indian parents demanded their children back after they had been for some time in the school. The nuns, who had spent much time teaching the children and had fed and clothed them in the convent, refused to release them.

According to Brazilian lore, for this is one of the favourite stories told and re-told by the interior Brazilians, the next day the warriors attacked the school in full force. They murdered every nun and priest. One "Sister" had been a special friend to a certain old Indian. As he approached her with a knife, she cried, "Why, you and I have been friends for a long time. You would not kill me, would you?"

He replied, "Do not fear. For though I must kill you I will kill you very slowly." Which he did!

So although it seemed impossible that the boys might be separated from the tribe, we continued to pray. Ours is the God that doeth wonders!

The Indians' removal from us which seemed defeat, turned out to be another way in which our hearts' desire was brought about. As the tribe was preparing to take to the trail again the chief came to the senior missionary. "We are going off a long, long way. There are thorns on the path, and dangers in the forest. We are going to leave the boys with you. You may teach them in your way and they will be your children."

It sounded wonderful, but we of little faith doubted whether this might really be true. Was it a false promise made in the hope of obtaining some desired object? The day of departure came. The Indians began to move off down the trail. The boys brought handfuls of roasted sweet potatoes and manioc cakes wrapped in banana leaves. These were given them by their mothers, who wailed at the parting from their sons as they left the clearing with their loads on their backs and entered the trail in the green gloom of the jungle.

The jubilation of the boys knew no bounds. The clearing rang with the laughing, dancing, chanting and conversation of between twenty-five and thirty little fellows full of mischief. They each donned a pair of short trousers. From the chart which hung on the wall they began to learn about the letter which looked like a new moon—called C, and the letter which looked like a fish-hook—called J. They gathered together to sing the hymns translated into their language and to hear the Word of Life.

Some twenty adult Indians remained. They carried on their ceaseless activities, the women coming laden

with sweet potatoes from the plantation, grating and drying manioc root in the sun, roasting wild pig in sizzling rocks heated in huge fires. The remaining warriors, returning from their hunts, sat in the shade of their palm house, lovingly polishing their formidable array of clubs and spears, putting new, strong, bone tips on arrows, and tightening the strings of bows which range from five to six feet in length. At midday when the scorching sun blazed hottest, the women wound their cotton by hand or painted intricate designs on their sleeping babies. On moonlight nights the hard clay in front of the houses resounded with the perfect timing of thudding feet on hard earth as the boys circled and wound, back and forth, up and down, their songs punctuated at regular intervals by the shrill screeches of one, and the guttural response of the others, as practised by the tribe.

Many routine tasks, daily school and regular meetings for the Indians, as well as the continued Sunday trips for services in Nova Olinda constituted for us a busy life. Most of all we rejoiced in the presence of the boys. They were truly as our own children now. Seeing the answer to our prayers we again and again exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"

CHAPTER IX

Hour of Longings

FROM THE TIME an Indian boy is old enough to run with the other boys he does pretty well as he likes, and the older he is the more his independence grows. His discipline consists of the occasions when for a misdeed the chief may inflict a clubbing, or when, for the purpose of giving him a wilder nature, one of the older men inflicts pain upon him. The flesh of his arm may be torn with fish teeth or scorched by a caterpillar of the species whose fur is a poisonous fire, and he rolls on the ground in torture.

The rest of his training is the learning of the songs and chants and of the wildness and wickedness of the older men by listening and observing. He encounters exciting adventures in the forests, swims and plays. His mother or sister prepares his food and he eats what he likes when he likes, meaning that he eats from his waking hour until the time he falls asleep. Their irresponsibility to maternal reprehension is revealed in a conversation held among the younger boys: "When my mother hit me, I turned and gave her a hard blow, so when I'm a man and remember her hitting me, I won't feel ashamed, for I hit her too." They all declared like feelings.

One of a young boy's chief sports is the torturing of some wild thing. Nothing is funnier or more amusing to these Indians than to see someone or something suffering. One day, after wounding and capturing a vulture, they burned his eyes out, then let him stagger about to the hilarious accompaniment of laughter and the enjoyment of all. Our remonstrance because they roasted their turtles alive caused much mirth. When a huge tree

lizard was spied, after it the boys would go with sticks and arrows. It was beaten, arrowed and captured; if it didn't of its own free will shed its tail, they cut it off and screamed with laughter to see the suffering thing try to escape into the water. When almost into the river it was dragged back to afford more amusement by being allowed to crawl painfully to the edge of the water again where escape seemed near; then it was recaptured and beaten again.

It cannot be wondered at that such amusement, as soon as a little fellow can wield a stick, makes him later a man to whom killing is a wild delight and makes him capable of the horrible murders which they themselves describe. It also helps us to understand how the crucifixion of the Saviour, so precious and heart-stirring to us, if not carefully and prayerfully presented, might be regarded as a joke by them.

Sometimes it pulled against their own independent little wills to be expected to come and sit down to write at the same hour every day. But if they are to be "doers of the Word and not hearers only" they must learn some form of obedience in at least one small thing, and that was to come to school, which lasted only a scant hour and was made lively and interesting. When the school bell rang they came: many dripping wet from a duck in the river, others wet with perspiration from playing in the hot sunshine. Some who had been brought from their fishing lines or play squatted sulkily in the corner and refused to do anything at all. Others waded in on the strong smell of fish which they had been roasting and brought with them in mouth and pockets, wiping greasy fingers on the tables and benches. A few had even purposely "lost" their trousers temporarily so they could not come.

Wo-tee-may, five years old, was the youngest of the boys left with us. Sometimes the warmth of the

afternoon sun made him drowsy; his head nodded slowly and the pencil slipped from his fingers to the table, making the others laugh.

One of the old men often put his head in the window to observe the little fellows in this "new-fangled" invention of school; his huge lower lip with its wooden disk almost touched his nose.

The savage spirit manifested itself in the schoolroom one day. The school-bell tinkled and the boys, divided into two classes, came to study. A heated discussion arose when one little fellow resented another's elbow getting in his way. He rudely shoved the offender. In a flash the little fellow was on his feet. Against the wall leaned the pointer, which was used for pointing out on the chart the new-moon called C and the fish-hook called J. Whack! Whack! Whack! and the pointer broke in two. One boy, his face distorted with anger, held the stump of the stick in his hand. The bare, brown back of the other was striped with three livid streaks which rose in painful welts. How clearly was seen in the wild, angry eyes, the tense muscles, and short breath of these young ones, the spirit of the wilds!

In spite of these not infrequent little upsets, there were signs of encouragement. It was wonderful to hear these little creatures of the forest learning and daily quoting from memory in the class the Words of Life which had been translated into their own tongue.

Almost every afternoon after school the boys would clamour for Angus and Charles to play with them. Then they would take a ball and swim to the other side of the river where there was a sandy beach. Divided into two sides, each tried to pelt the members of the opposite group with the ball as hard as they could, dashing and swimming after and away from each other. There were

hard-hit heads and black and blue spots, but the rougher the game, the better they liked it.

After supper, when each of the boys had washed his spoon and enamel plate in the river, scrambling back up the bank with it to be counted and put away, they gathered in front of our houses.

A few rays of light glinted on the river as the sun disappeared behind the forest, which reached to the very edge of the waters of the "Riozinho" (Little River). Overhead flew a band of parrots, the males and females calling to each other, one reminding the other not to get separated from the flock. The Brazilians call this hour of twilight the "hour of longings".

A large fish jumped in the water and the splash startled the tiny ones near the shore. An excited group of Indian boys hurried to the river bank with their little bows and arrows in their hands and pointed out what appeared to be a piece of a grey log floating lazily downstream far out in the water. The discussion as to who should shoot first was interrupted by the arrival of one of the warriors with his bow, which stood as tall as himself. He took careful aim and twang!—the arrow left the bow like a sudden flash of lightning and embedded itself with terrific force in what proved to be the back of a crocodile. It leaped into the air, fell into the water, floundered, then was lost to sight. The boys, always ready for any excitement, jumped into a small canoe and went in pursuit, but the crocodile never came in sight again.

On the river bank, laughing and calling to the boys, stood some of the Indian women. Their very brown bodies, newly painted with black fruit juice, made them look like trapeze performers from a circus dressed in striped tights.

The boys came back to shore, some of them jumping into the water from the canoe for a last cool dip. The parrot's cry was no longer heard. All light had faded. The forest across the river and surrounding our clearing was now a great, black shadow. An older lad arrived with a few red embers and piled them on the clay near our chairs, and the others grouped about the red glow. One of the Indian women arrived with her pipe and squatted cross-legged on the ground, looking off into the shadows. A night-bird flew over us, calling shrilly. "There!" said one of the old men standing near. "The bird is saying that tonight the enemy tribe will come. Some of the warriors must keep watch." The women shivered and moved closer to each other.

"Did you not say the enemy comes when the sky is full of clouds?" we asked. "Look how clear it is above, tonight!"

"Aren't you afraid at all?" they queried of us.

"The Father in Heaven, of whom we tell you, protects us and takes away fear."

The boys were chanting softly around the glowing embers. There was the sound of their hands slapping mosquitoes on their bare arms, legs, and backs. The older Indians began to disperse, going back to the woodfires in their huts. We groped our way into the darkness of our cozy mud house and lit the kerosene lamp. The room began to fill with boys clamouring for iodine to be put on cut feet and fingers, bruised legs and noses, marks of the day's activities and casualties. Some of the boys began an Indian chant, and they marched about the room chanting and stamping their bare feet on the floor in rhythm, then wound out the door.

"Come on, it's late. Time to get into your hammocks," we called.

A little fellow with shrill voice piped up: "I don't have a hammock." It was Wo-tee-may.

"You've all been given hammocks. What have you done with yours?"

"One of the big boys stole it."

"I'll go and see." The little fellow still hung back, then whispered, "I'm hungry. Give me some Brazil nuts."

"You all had lots of Brazil nuts with your supper; how can you be hungry?"

"Just two; give me just two," he entreated.

"All right, here you are. Don't let the others see them; we can't give all of you nuts again; they're nearly gone. Go to sleep now."

Off he pattered into the darkness after the others, one hand clasping the nuts and the other holding up his little short trousers. They never could get properly "hitched" over the fat little tummy, which crowded out the waist-line.

One of the old men was shouting his war talk to the warriors from the clearing in front of their palm leaf huts, stirring the young men to fight and to kill. A dog, startled by a scurrying rabbit, barked excitedly in the darkness. A big fish jumped and splashed again into the water and the sound echoed on the other side of the river. Only the tall tree sentinels which lined the bank were visible in the darkness.

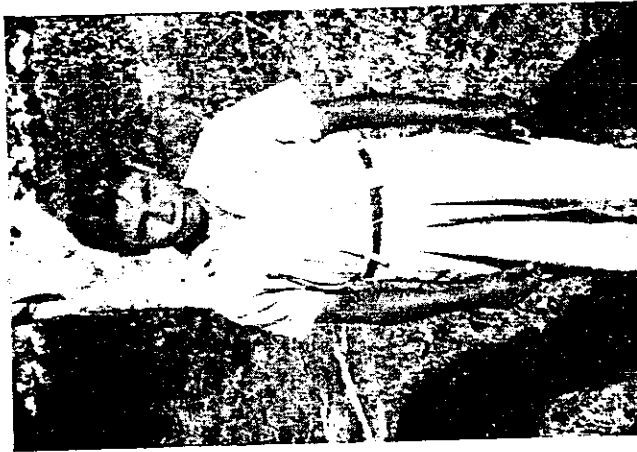
Sometimes the dimness of twilight conjures before us a little figure, one hand clasping two Brazil nuts and the other holding up his little, short trousers—a little figure pattering off into the darkness. Then twilight to us becomes "the hour of longing", for Wo-tee-may was taken away—back into the forest. There he died from the bite



Horace Banner and some "raw material"



Dressed in their Sunday best!



Samuel



Curvank was well again

of a poisonous snake. But another of the last memories we have of him is that of one bright morning. My husband had gone to the plantation with the other young boys, to clear away the growth which was threatening to choke the manioc root. While they were working he heard a childish, piping voice singing as someone marched down the path closer and closer to the place where the others were working. Angus straightened up to look and there was little Wo-tee-may, a huge bush knife over his shoulder, marching along and singing as we had taught them in Portuguese:

*"E so Jesus, que salva o peccador,
Que da lhe paz e luz, Que tira o seu temor."*

He sang:

*"It's only Jesus who takes away my sin,
It's only Jesus who gives me peace within."*

The boys had been with us for almost two years when a few of the Indian men and women came on one of their periodic visits to see how the young ones were getting along. The older ones brought with them stories of their having met another section of their tribe of Indians near the fields in Matta Grosso where they had made an encampment. They sang for us a new song that they had learned from the other Indians which was heard enthusiastically by the boys. Back and forth the painted men and women tramped, chanting their new melody and words. We, with the boys, sat by the glowing fire, looking and listening.

Then they in turn seated themselves on the ground by the fire. One of the old men turned to the boys: "Now," he commanded, "you boys have been away from us for a long time. We want to know that you have not forgotten all the songs and chants of the tribe. Stand up there together and let us hear you sing once again."

The boys seemed loath to do it and stood back, embarrassed and shy, but they must obey the older ones' command. They stood together in a straight line, with arms linked in the position which is assumed for dancing. They looked at one another and at those who were usually the ringleaders of the group. We waited to hear which tribal song or chant they would choose first. Then one began and the others joined in unison. What were they singing?

Their childish voices rang out in the night: "What wonderful love! The love of God for me." When they finished, the older folks sat in silence. Then the old men called for another song. The little fellows sang in Portuguese the translation of "Safe am I", and "Count Your Blessings", winding up with the Brazilian national anthem and song to the Brazilian flag which they had learned in our daily school.

The older Indians appeared much impressed and the boys were pleased that their performance had been so acceptable. But the deepest emotions were felt in the hearts of the missionaries as we stood there in the night among the group of painted warriors and women who had just come from the forest. The light of the kerosene lamp in our mud house shone through the open door on the figures of the boys as they sang to their elders in Portuguese:

*"Just lean upon the arms of Jesus,
He'll help you along, help you along,
If you will trust His love unfailing
He'll fill your heart with song."*

Three of the boys were the sons of men who had an actual part in the killing of the "Three Freds". Surely "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

CHAPTER X

Cayapo Women

A YEAR HAD PASSED since the day we had stepped down the narrow plank from the launch to the clay bank lined with Indians. The work with the women was different from anything we had thought of or even learned about in Bible School. My longings were to gather them together, to see eagerness and hunger in their faces and the light of comprehension dawning in their eyes as we might tell of Jesus' salvation. That was the beginning as I pictured it. In reality it turned out to be quite different.

At first the women feared to come to the house at all because of the murder of the baby which had been committed there unknown to us. Afterwards they came more, often stopping when on their way to the plantation or to chop wood. There is no word for "Hello" in their language. "Is that you?" they would say to me.

"Yes. It is I," I replied.

"Who is that girl in the picture on the wall?" they asked, pointing to some pictures taken from Sunday School picture rolls sent from home. It was the picture of a little child saying her prayers beside her bed.

"It is just a little girl," I said. "I don't know what her name is."

That was the silliest thing they had ever heard of: I had the picture of a girl there and didn't even know her name! After that if they asked the names of even fifteen people in a pictured group, we manufactured titles for them all.

"And who is that man?"

"That is Jesus."

"Is He that little girl's father?"

A few such sentences were all that could be exchanged before one of the old men would pass, and two words from him sent the women scurrying off to their fires, leaving my sentence unfinished and unheeded and my words hanging in mid-air.

When we went about the Indian communal houses from one family mat to the next, the women were talkative and very friendly. When a baby died we offered words of comfort and mingled our tears with their cries of sorrow, but they found their comfort in the sickening slashing of their heads with long-bladed bush knives while the blood flowed. A gourd of the mother's milk was put in the baby's shallow, round grave for the spirit to drink so it would not cry at night.

It was disconcerting when visiting in their homes and not in the least unusual on approaching an Indian with a smile to have him or her look up dryly to say, "What are you coming empty-handed for? Where's some cooked-stuff for me to eat?" Not that they were particularly hungry but they loved to demand something. In their own way they were loving and generous to us. We often came back from their huts with sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and manioc-bread which they roasted in hot stones and offered us proudly.

On one of the first visits we made them, since I could speak very little in their language, I thought it would be a help in making conversation to wear a string of beads which I knew would attract their attention. But in every hut it was taken from my neck and tried on by men and women alike. It was made of many very tiny beads of just the kind they like for making the warriors' arm bands and decorations for their babies. Several times it almost slipped out of sight in being passed from one hand to another and was retrieved with the greatest difficulty. It was promised to anyone who should bring

enough Brazil nuts to pay for it, and I never chose that method of providing a topic of conversation again.

With the going of the majority of the older Indians, the women who remained came often to the house. They liked the Bible pictures on the wall, although they thought the characters to be very ugly with their long beards and long robes, but it opened the way for telling and explaining Bible stories.

One very hot morning one of the Indian women was helping me roast the coffee. She had quarrelled with her husband and had temporarily absented herself from him. He was blind in both eyes, but was feeling his way about the yard in search of her while his right hand viciously gripped a club with which he was prepared to mete out punishment when he found her. She stood beside the stove of cement and stones in our kitchen stirring the coffee beans which were roasting inside the black cauldron. The dress given her to be used while in our house had proved too uncomfortable beside the wood fire and was discarded again. One foot was planted on the floor and the other elevated to rest on the ridge of the stove, that knee forming a resting place for one elbow, which she raised at intervals when removing her pipe to blow a puff of smoke which mingled with that of the wood fire and spun slowly up to the thatch roof.

Just then her husband called, having heard her voice, and she abandoned the steaming coffee beans to find another hiding place. She promised, however, to come in the afternoon and bring the other Indian women to sing. But when afternoon came she was busy grating her manioc with the other women, for one of the missionaries had been able to bring about something of a reconciliation between the man and wife. When that was done they promised they would come. But then some were spinning their cotton, and others were off getting wood to keep the fires going all night. Persistent calling won

out and at seven o'clock they were finally gathered together for the first women's meeting. At that late hour we had almost despaired of their coming and were just about to sit down to supper, but we all felt it was worth postponing the meal for such an occasion.

One of the old men said, "I'm going along to see what they do and to hear what is said." He sat on a bench by the door and punctuated the lesson with his ejaculations and comments. Much to my disappointment one of the warriors sprawled himself out on the meeting-room table to listen, insolent to our remonstrations. His latest girl-wife, about nine years of age, was younger than his own small daughter who sat next to her on the floor.

Two of the women brought dresses which had been given them. We suggested that they put them on before the singing of the first song.

"You've got the dress on backside foremost," commented the old man, "hurry up and put it on right."

When the change had been effected one showed great concern: "How can I sit down with this dress on?" The other proceeded to demonstrate the correct method, lifting the skirt up to the waist before sitting reluctantly on one of the benches.

After the first song one of the women said, "Hurry up and give me some hair oil to anoint my head with, so I'll smell nice while we're singing." This idea was contagious and refusal was met with great disappointment. They listened with interest to the Creation story, even though half-way through the lesson baked potatoes were produced out of their gourds which they ate blissfully, throwing the skins on the floor. The undesired meeting concluded after all the hymns had been sung, some of them over and over again. The old man declared that the meeting had been good and the audience all requested that they be given some grated manioc root as payment for having come and listened!

"Is it all right to take our dresses off now?" asked the two clothed women.

"Why don't you keep them on and wear them all the time like I do?" I suggested.

They hung their heads. "We Indian women don't decorate ourselves with clothes like you do. We decorate ourselves with paint. We are ashamed to have others see us in these strange clothes. We'll take them off now and keep them safely and bring them with us the next time we come to sing." They struggled out of their "strange decoration" (as they termed the frocks), and carried them away in their arms.

That they enjoyed the meetings one could not doubt, but what new thing had penetrated heart or even head we could only wonder, and trust that something might have done so. The spirit world was real to them; but it was the world of evil spirits who came to terrify them at night with strange noises, to chase them when they were alone, to make them sick, to haunt them when someone died, even to kill them by strange diseases and maladies. They have no word for peace, pardon, love or salvation, and no comprehension of their need of a Saviour. Brazilians call these creatures animals. Can it be that Christ's salvation is for such a people?

Did God not make the wild animals of the forest for their meat, the trees which drop Brazil nuts and the rivers of fish for their food, the tall palms from which fronds are cut to make shelter from sun and rain, the trees from which strong bows are cut, and the bamboo from which arrows are made? If He has provided all these things for them, is it not evident that He cares for their souls?

There where God's sun wraps day in gold, where God's moon wraps night in silver, surely there also His Spirit calls them to His love. And He (Christ) said . . . "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. . . ."

Acervo
ISA

CHAPTER XI

Tribal Treachery

SHORTLY AFTER we had had our coffee one morning a long-haired warrior came out of the forest into the clearing. His gun was slung over his shoulder, his eyes were wide with fear, and his lower lip, with its disfiguring disk, quivered with excitement.

He was one who had left with the tribe.

"Is my wife here?" he demanded, out of breath from his quick journey through the jungle.

"No, she hasn't come here. Why should she?" answered the other Indians.

He poured out his story in a quick rush of words which were hard to follow. He was telling of murders which had just been committed in the tribe, telling of the victims in a roundabout way so that he would not recall their spirits to persecute him by mentioning their names.

Some of the warriors of the tribe had conspired against the chief. It followed that they must kill every one of his male relatives to insure themselves against being victims of vengeance. They had killed his handsome young brother, the "chief-to-be", and then surrounded the place where the chief's right-hand man was sleeping and arrowed him also. The next step would be to search out all the male relatives still remaining and finish them off. Those related to the murdered ones, of whom the story-teller's wife was one, had fled.

"I thought they would have come here," panted the warrior, "for last evening as soon as they heard that our

men were killing each other again, the relatives of the dead seized a few things and ran swiftly into the forest."

When the messenger found that he had somehow missed his wife, whom he supposed would come to the station, his departure was as hasty as had been his arrival. We all stood huddled together at our door trying to decide whether or not such a horrible story could be true, for since the time the Indians had come to live on the mission station no such open slaughter had occurred. What tragedy, if now that they had been removed by an inspector of the government the first thing to happen should be such a horror!

We still were conversing together when from the older Indians' huts came agonized shrieking and the shrill death wail of not one, or even two, voices but of many, as cries pierced the compound. We ran to the Indian hut. Crouching there on the ground were the relatives of the murdered ones, who had emerged silently and swiftly from the jungle path and racing into the crude shelter inhabited by the Indians who had remained with us they cast themselves on the ground beside the few gourds and things they had hastily gathered.

The agony of their souls over the death of their loved ones and the fear that they would be the next ones to die expressed itself in their despairing shrieks, while tears coursed down their faces, blackened with charcoal paint. Their naked bodies were bruised and torn by the thorns which had caught them as they ran through the forest, a distance of about ten miles. Two of the fleeing women were expectant mothers.

We thought of the chief, whose soul now was in eternity. Only two nights before, he had come back to our station for some matches and other small provisions. We pictured him as he had sat in his customary untalka-

tiveness watching the boys play. He had held in his hand the first few fresh cobs of corn of the season which his wife had roasted for him in the fire. As a special concession of friendliness he broke the cobs in pieces, giving some to Angus and me. The boys, afraid to ask corn from the chief, hung on our arms begging us to let them have bites from the pieces of corn we held.

The chief had been tall and strong, with wide shoulders—the picture of physical power. He had enforced his stern rule over the tribe with a strong arm and cruel club and never had we heard even a whisper against him, but evidently angry hearts brooding over his tyranny had at last taken their revenge. Some have suggested that this crime which took place so soon after their being led from us was planned by the one through whom their removal had been accomplished, for he resented the chief's decision to leave the boys with the missionaries.

The Indians voiced their fear, "The killers will pursue those who have fled. They will soon be here. We must get ready for them."

This was true, especially since the chief's old stepfather had arrived, and between his loud wailings was vehement in his threats of vengeance upon those who had taken the life of his loved-ones. Then, too, one of the younger boys with us was a brother of the late leader.

About noon some older boys who had been with the main tribe emerged from the forest. They brought with them a note from the Government inspector expressing to the missionaries his regret over what had happened and saying he guaranteed that no more deaths would occur. The contents of his letter written in Portuguese was somewhat belied by the story of the boys who had brought it and who were returning immediately.

"The warriors are getting ready to come and make an attack here. They were putting new tips on their arrows as we left."

Some of our Indians spoke to us. "If they come they will kill you, too."

"But, why should they kill us?" we asked.

The boys who had brought the message spoke. "We have heard that you white people are only orphans in our land. And if you were killed no one would take vengeance for you."

It was plain that this had come from the one who had proven himself such an enemy to the Gospel we proclaim.

If one did not realize the changeable nature of these wild Indians, we could have laughed at the idea of treachery from those whose good-will seemed to be assured. But the fact that those who had apparently eagerly served and supported the chief for years could in a moment turn and shoot him in the back and bury his body in a shallow grave in the sand with no compunction, was only another example of their fickleness.

We could only wait. The Indians on the station gathered their belongings: kettles, bush-knives, straw sleeping-mats, arrows, bows, clubs and spears. They crowded through the gate into the forbidden precinct of our yard and into our two houses. At this time we had to afford them all the protection available.

The women coaxed their pet birds and parrots together, and ensconced them in our kitchen. They speedily gathered their grated manioc drying in the sun and brought it to spread out in the once so orderly yard.

The men herded together their everlasting, innumerable dogs and those that did not respond readily were kicked and pulled by the scruff of the neck, yelping, into the enclosure: black dogs, brown dogs, diseased dogs, flea-eaten dogs, dogs with ears chewed off and limping

as the result of their encounters with wild pigs on hunting trips. There were surly dogs, snarling dogs and friendly dogs, who insisted on hugging their sore-covered bodies close to one's legs or to lick our hands.

Our jungle bungalow was not a dainty sight any longer. The Indians after chewing a piece of wild pig wiped their greasy hands on the whitewashed walls. The rooms which had been so prettily tinted were blackened with smoke from fires lit on our much-prized stone floor and with the choking smoke of the Indians' pipes. Sleeping mats were everywhere. When meal-time came I had to step over sprawling Indians to get to the stove. We would stumble over the clubs and guns.

Under the strain of expecting gunshots at any minute husbands and wives scolded each other, the bereaved ones punctuated the hours with their wails, and the men who had taken their stands at various strategic points about the house with their guns, avowed their ability to kill the attackers.

The gates were locked but the high wooden fence, topped by barbed wire, which had seemed so secure, now seemed inadequate. The night was a restless one. The Indians declared the method of the attackers would be to attach live coals to arrows and shoot them into the shraw roofs to set the houses on fire. The next day the men cleared the brush from about the fence so that the arrival of the enemy would be exposed, and strung barbed wire around the houses as a surprise to night attackers. The women began to demonstrate how they could roll under the barbed wire speedily in case they had to get away. One, in the enthusiasm of her demonstration, under-estimating her bulky size, went rolling under the wire to emerge with bleeding cuts from the points, amid much hearty laughter by the onlookers, even in the atmosphere of expected danger. For nothing is funnier to an Indian than to see someone hurt himself.

That night we resolved to shut the dogs out of the house. The result was a night of agony when we longed for sleep and the dogs howled unceasingly; some jumped wildly at the door and clawed furiously. The dread hour before dawn, the hour usually chosen for attack, passed; day dawned with everyone still sleepy. One look at the doors, already ruined by dogs' claws, made us decide to give in and let them sleep inside thereafter.

For five days and nights over fifty Indians, with all their paraphernalia, crowded with us into our two houses. Then we realized that something must have happened to intervene. The relatives of the murdered ones asked to be rowed across the river where they might begin their lonely "sojourn" through the forest seeking freedom from their pursuers.

Some weeks later a delegation of warriors stepped out of the forest into the clearing. Their eyes were unsmiling, their mouths still grim, having seated themselves they laid aside their weapons and accepted the cups of coffee offered to them. Conversation was led into friendly channels. The newly bone-tipped arrows with bows, whose strings they had freshly tautened for new combat had not been used. Cruel clubs, too, had been left unused. It might be easy to say now, "Their anger must have just died down." But Indians, once thoroughly aroused to anger, are not easily appeased. Many times similar circumstances have led to bloodshed and hate among tribes which had been united. Great and strong tribes have divided and scattered, preying one upon another and living in constant enmity. The Cayapo tribe itself is divided into many sections scattered far apart in the depths of the immeasurable Brazilian forest, though they were once one mighty nation.

There is one answer to our deliverance, and that is "The Restraining Hand", which brought their counsels to naught.

"Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly. . . . Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies and thy right hand shall save me" (Psalm 138:6-7).

The anti-climax to those trying days came when we felt that the danger being over, the Indians should return to their own huts in order that we might restore our houses to some semblance of liveableness again. Just there we encountered a snag! Instead of the Indians expressing any appreciation of the fact that we had taken them into our home for protection, they were now filled with indignation that we should even tactfully suggest that they leave these comfortable quarters and return to their own huts.

"You stingy people!" berated those whom we had befriended. "Are you the only ones who want to live in a nice house? Do you think we are going to go back to our old huts? Never!"

We looked about us at the havoc which had been made of our yard. Once it had been neat and clean; now the absolute filth and odour of it was indescribable. Our house we had subjected to airings and cleanings with antiseptics during those five days, but even the strong odour of creoline did not purge the air of all things.

We tried to reason with them. "But look how dirty our yard is now! We want to clean it and clean the house, and we can't do it with your dogs and parrots and mats all over. Now wouldn't it be a good idea if you would go and clean your houses and we will clean ours, and then everything will be nice?"

They all but cursed us for this tactful reasoning. Two particularly obdurate old men with their families had settled themselves in the front room and refused to

budge. We finally decided that since that room was in a squalid condition as a result of the insanitary living habits of those who had been there with their pets, it would have to be whitewashed. Angus prepared the mixture and began to splash the white fluid about the room with great gusto. This clean, but strong odour the Indians pronounced to be vile, and those who had refused to move out, finally pronouncing upon us all the maledictions they could think of, departed to their huts.

We looked at one another in mute bewilderment. Those whom we had befriended to the last degree had rewarded us with insults because we had not left our home in their possession. Such are the ways of savage people who have never known the meaning of kindness or gratitude. Yet as I pondered upon it I thought, had my sins been any less repulsive to the sinless One than the unclean habits of the Indians appeared to me? ". . . . God commended His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." And shall Christ's followers upon this earth expect to receive gratitude when He received none? Oh, that He may receive from us, His redeemed ones, all thanksgiving and adoration.

*"Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store,
Take myself and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee."*

—F. R. Havergal.

CHAPTER XII

Bundle of Babyhood

RAIN! RAIN! RAIN! Not only days of it, but for months the grey sky had spouted torrents of water upon the jungle land. The river swelled nearly to its brim.

"This rain must stop," we said one to the other, "or the river will overflow its banks worse than last year." But even when there were a few days without rain the mighty stream continued to rise as smaller tributaries poured their bubbling waters into the main course.

Our thatch-roofed house no longer shone like gold in the sunlight. The water poured off its drab eaves cutting shallow trenches in the mud. The widening river crept nearer and nearer the front door. At the back of the house the low land became a great lake which was stealing towards the back door as swiftly as the river was creeping to the front step. Water hemmed us in on every side. An army of frogs about the house croaked and whirred so loudly that at times we put our hands over our ears to shut out the noise, which nearly drowned our own voices.

Some of the communal houses of the Indians were completely flooded, and those who had stayed on in them brought their belongings and ensconced themselves in the open meeting room; others crouched by burning logs in their partially flooded shelters. Outside of school hours the boys spent hours each day diving almost from the front door into the river, laughing, shouting and playing.

The dampness softened the cement with which our wondrous stone floor was laid, then the lake itself entered the kitchen and we placed logs and planks about to walk on. We found fun in slipping off our shoes and crouching on the door-sill to wash the pots and pans in the

lake which surrounded our "ark". All it lacked for being a perfect lily-pond was the lilies. Small fish swam about the yard and flashed past the kitchen door. A bold crocodile, in his nocturnal hunt, would venture up to the border of the fence and being unable to get through, slap its tail on the surface of the water and wait for a juicy frog to draw nigh. The banana and other young fruit trees, planted with such care, began to droop from excessive water and then died.

The months passed slowly. We fervently prayed that there would be no epidemic of pneumonia, which had already taken such a large toll of this tribe.

On this day the cold drizzle continued from dawn till evening. Suddenly, in a heavy cloudburst, the rain thundered down on the straw roofs and the accompanying wind ripped the banana leaves to shreds. Turu Marie, an Indian woman, climbed heavily over the chest-high picket enclosure about the Indian hut and made her way through the driving rain to the thicket. A grey sheet of rain drenched the world.

As she came back to the house she bore a tiny brown bundle in her arms. There was a little quiver of excitement in the encampment as she handed it over the fence to someone inside to hold while she made her way through the rain to the cold, flooded river. There was a tiny cry and we looked closer—yes, it was a bundle of babyhood. The helpless little thing was naked and shivering in the cold and rain.

Turu Marie, having bathed in the river's icy waters, came back to the hut. As the opening of the enclosure was shut to keep out the dogs, she climbed over the fence again, took the shivering, unclad, little thing and sat beside the low fire.

"Why don't you wrap the baby up?" I asked. "Look,

there is the cloth you squeeze manioc root in. That will keep him warm."

The women looked at me disdainfully. One laughed heartily at such a joke. "What! Spoil the good pieces of cloth we use for squeezing manioc root just to wrap the baby with? Not much! If you want it covered, go and get something for it yourself!"

I ran to the house for a warm towel and returned as the mother was finishing cleansing the newly-born by scraping it with a piece of bark. What a crude reception for this little, living creature as precious in God's sight as any little babe born in the comfortable and happy surroundings of a civilized home! My heart ached, for it was plain that this mother did not want the tiny child. As none of the Indians could claim to be its father he was scorned. When a mother will not feed her baby how can it live? We attempted to feed him, but our efforts were regarded with general amusement. The other Indians dipped their dirty fingers into the mixture, then sucked them to see how it tasted.

Exposure to damp and cold hastened the death of the little one. He went to be with the Lord who said, "Can a woman forget her child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

To find even a burial place was difficult for floodwaters covered almost every place. When the canoe was rowed away to find a grave for the tiny form wrapped in the towel, I went to meditate on the vast difference between babies born into the world in this jungle land and those born into a world of pink and white blankets, dainty things and kind care at home, and I marvelled that people in Christian lands should have been so slow in bringing Light to these dark places of the earth. Oh, that some might hear God's call to go forth, ". . . to open the blind eyes and bring Light to them that sit in the shadow of death!"

CHAPTER XIII

Jungle Nursery

WE HAD BEEN for a year and a half in this far-off place when we decided that we must begin our trip to the coastal city of Belem, which was a thousand miles away. At the bottom of the suit-case lay tiny garments prepared for the little one we expected to bring back to our forest home. Summer had come as we began the long journey. Every day the river dropped away from the bank a few inches more. We travelled in our small launch which could be dragged through shallow places after the motor had been turned off.

At this season of the year the mighty rapids had become most dangerous; rocks glinted on every side barely under the surface of the mighty flow of water. Sometimes it seemed my hands and feet turned to ice as our small bark entered the turbulent whirlpools and the rushing, jumping, mighty torrents of the treacherous rapids. I admired as never before the missionaries who could work so competently and calmly in bringing our small craft through perilous waters. To emerge from each rapid safely seemed miraculous; continually we thanked God for His protection.

How often we were thrown by the terrific force of a mighty torrent towards a jagged rock just submerged under water, when the poleman standing at the prow would throw his pole against the rock with all the force of his bulging, straining muscles and swerve our launch from disaster. Only a split second later we would have been smashed to bits had his pole erred. At night we slept in hammocks slung from the boughs of trees in the jungle at the side of the river.

Word had come from the Brazilian government that we must no longer live in unpoliced territory. It seemed wise to move the station from the Little River to the small village of Nova Olinda, which was situated on the opposite side of the river from Indian territory. There the Indians often came and would continue to do so. The population of Brazilians there numbers about twenty-five adults and half-dozen or less children. The news of the missionaries' moving to Nova Olinda was received a bit dubiously by the inhabitants.

"If the missionaries come to live here the Indian boys will come, too," they said. "And where the children are the older Indians will always appear. We know those Cayapos! They have always plundered our plantations, stolen our chickens, and taken our canoes. We don't want them here."

But the station equipment was all moved during our absence and when we arrived from Belem the little village became our home. The small settlement planted in the middle of the vast forest rang with the boys' songs and laughter. The Indians received our light-haired baby son with kindness. One old man, who is known to have been one who took part in the murder of the Three Freds and who is now stone blind, held out his arms for the baby that he might feel his head, his hands and his feet.

The Indian boys were a great help in carrying Robbie around in their arms when we were busy, and frequently brought him back to us dripping wet, explaining, "He was hot, so we put him in the river."

We had brought with us a small baby buggy secured at the coast. The boys delighted in putting the baby inside and running with the buggy at top speed, pushing it as fast as it could go, whooping and yelling, while baby clung to the sides for dear life. Of course they

played some pranks. After having had Robbie away from the house for some time one of the boys would come rushing to where we were. He would scream, "Your baby is dead! Come quick—he is lying over there dead!" If they could have thus aroused our fear and caused us to go rushing out to look for him, their delight would have been unbounded. If we looked stolidly unconcerned in the approved Indian fashion and paid little heed to this "joke" they would soon bring him back to us. Sometimes I became impatient and would go out to look for him. Then the boys would pass him from one to the other, hiding him in various places so that I couldn't find him.

There were two Indian girls of another tribe who had been captives of the Cayapos since their very early childhood. We never had a Cayapo girl to live in our house, for they are married when they are still children. But the two captives came to us. They were the greatest blessings to me in helping about the house, washing the clothes in the river and caring for Robbie during our school hours. They became as dear to us as though they had been our own daughters.

When baby cried they clasped him in their arms and, performing the steps of their tribal dances, they danced about the front room with him; the harder he cried the faster they went and the louder they sang, until his tears turned to laughter.

When he was sleepy one of them took him to her hammock where she rocked and crooned an Indian lullaby, until often both of them became drowsy and we would come to find them both cuddled together asleep. All this may not have been strictly according to the modern methods of rearing children; nor could our provisions yield the strained vegetables and other things considered so necessary for babies. Even the powdered milk on which he was raised gave out, but this way of feeding worked in his case.

When Robbie began to crawl and water was spilled on the mud floor, he invariably found the muddy spots and streaked himself with it in good imitation of the fruit-juice painting the boys occasionally decorated him with when we weren't around.

One of the greatest problems came in disciplining the little one God had given to us. Whenever we spanked him an irate old Indian man or several Indian women marched into the house and berated me in the crudest manner. "What do you think you're doing there, hitting our little grandson like that! If you hit him once again we'll go and get clubs and beat you too!" they declared.

There was an old Indian man whose hut was only a few yards from our back door. On his chest he bore the tattoo which the warriors may have only after they have murdered someone. Now he was unable to go off even on hunting trips for his body was full of terrible sores. He used to sit on a box in front of his hut just a few yards from our door, and Robbie would crouch at his feet waiting for the old man to peel oranges for him with his long bush-knife. The old fellow's lower lip, with its huge disk hung down loosely as he concentrated on the fruit-peeling. I wished that Robbie wouldn't get his tiny up-turned nose so close to the knife, but the old man, once a murderer, and now so careful of our little one, treasured his company. His own baby had recently died. Imagine my horror one day when Robbie escaped to the sick old man's hut and, when I followed him, found him trying to smoke the Indian's old pipe!

We often remembered Turu Marie's little one who had gone to Heaven, then looked at our own who had brought a little bit of Heaven on earth to us. How privileged are people born in Christian lands or of Christian parents. Surely Christ has given to us great blessings and therefore great responsibilities! "Go, and teach all nations. . .!"

CHAPTER XIV

Weeping and Reaping

THE LITTLE SETTLEMENT of Nova Olinda, once so forlorn, took on new life with the establishing of our station there. Two mud houses were fixed up and whitewashed for us and the boys to live in, and other mud huts which had been abandoned by the Brazilians were bought for a few dollars and made habitable for the older Indians who wished to remain with us there.

There was daily school, also weekly meetings, teeth extractions, and treating of the sick. Sewing clothes for the children and cutting hair for thirty boys along with house duties and plantation work helped to fill every hour.

Often a little extra spice was added to life when exasperated neighbours came with angry threats because of the boys' misdeeds. However, the boys often lent them a helping hand, too—pounding rice, carrying water, and cutting palm leaves for the re-covering of their houses.

An example of their pranks occurred the day I heard "grandmother" screaming in the street. "Grandmother" was a very old lady in the town: she could not walk without a stick on which to support herself. But, lo, on this day she hobbled down the short street using her stout stick, not as an aid to walking, but brandishing it about the heads of some of our small boys, while she screamed and carried on a tirade against them.

Prancing frantically about the street also was her best rooster. The bone tip of a long arrow was buried in its wing, the other end dragged about on the ground after the poor fowl. The boys had yielded to the tempta-

tion of making a target of her prized fowl. As they ducked into our house to hide, we tried to make peace with her. Her anger was harmless, but that of her sons, when kindled, we feared might bring some harm to the boys.

Sometimes we were saddened by serious misbehaviours. Even the captive girls who were so bright, industrious and affectionate, and whom we loved dearly, had their serious escapades, too, but they all were taught of one true God and Saviour.

We seldom visited the Brazilian homes without some of our young Indians accompanying us. One day a very poor Brazilian woman cooked a large pot of rice, killed a big rooster, and invited us to come to her house for dinner. As we sat about on boxes and logs with our enamel plates in our laps, our youngest girl lifted the hollowed gourd in which the drinking water was kept. There was just a small hole in the top and this she raised to her lips. A snake had been coiled inside the gourd and in the moment she went to drink he popped his sleek head out—almost into her mouth. This was to the boys a perfect joke. Their laughter rang through the clearing and re-echoed against the forest wall.

Our hearts were often stirred within us as we looked at the shining faces of the boys, dressed in their Sunday shorts and shirts, hair slicked down with the brilliantine which was passed around as a Sunday morning treat. To the tune of the Old Rugged Cross they sang the beautiful translation Horace Banner had made:

*"Jam me kotu be Yeyu kuri?
Kwani kwain. Ba Yeyu oama."*

Which is:

*"Will I along with the rest of the people hate Jesus?
No, I'll love Him, too!"*

Since the beginning of the Indian work some years before the missionaries had travelled by canoe and outboard motor to this small villa on Sunday nights to have Gospel meetings. At that time there had been a Roman Catholic chapel in which a plaster saint occupied the altar.

On church holy days the devotees would have considered it a gross sin to do any work at all. During the day they drank a terribly inebriating concoction called "cachaca" and prepared for the procession. Candles were lit before the image and prayers chanted. Then the men, some of them already drunk, carried forth the figure, newly bedecked, mounted on a platform. They were followed by the chanting women carrying lighted candles. Since the length of the street is no more than that of a city block, the procession went back and forth between the two rows of mud houses.

How my soul revolted to see this mockery of the mother of Jesus! An image of her being carried by men so overcome by drink that they stumbled and reeled, and women living lives of shame and immorality offering to God with an air of righteousness these vain repetitions from lips which profaned—from mouths which smelled of drink!

What kind of person can they think God is to be flattered by such sham—to be delighted with a few firecrackers shot towards the sky?

And afterwards what licentiousness followed all during the night until dawn. What drunken brawls! What threats of murder!

As months passed and prejudice against the missionaries (Protestant intruders) diminished, the people would file out of the chapel from an evening mass on Sundays and into our Gospel meeting. When it was over we

travelled by canoe back up the moonlit river to the station, an hour's journey by the outboard motor or three hours by paddle.

Now that we had come to live in Nova Olinda the Roman Catholic chapel became less and less used by the people and the Light of the World which is Jesus dawned in some of the Brazilians' hearts.

One young Brazilian who declared himself to be a believer was accosted by the priest on his periodic visit. "Why do you want to be a follower of the way of the Protestants?" demanded the black-robed "padre". "Theirs is not the way of your forefathers." The young man looked into his face and answered, "I am a follower of Jesus." What more could the priest say to him, though he ranted to others!

On a beautiful sunny day one of our darkest moments came. It was Robbie's first birthday and the Indian boys were gathered with us in our meeting room, which had just been newly whitewashed, to hang up streamers for a simple celebration that night. The two Indian girls were roasting coffee and the few Brazilian women in the town were busy making little cakes of manioc flour for the occasion.

In the stillness of the bright day we heard the hum of a motor which came nearer and nearer. It had been months since any launch had arrived with mail and we gladly hastened to the river's bank to see what merchant might have come so unexpectedly. As the large canoe driven by outboard motor plowed the water and nosed into the bank some strange premonition struck into our hearts. There were three men. One dressed in the olive green outfit of Brazilian soldiers stood up as the canoe stopped. It was the government official who had on a previous occasion ordered the removal of the Indians from our station, which was followed by inter-tribal discontent and murders.

He made his way into some of the Brazilian homes, and the boys who went to the doors to listen were quick to bring us the story. "He has come to take us away," they said.

"Away?" we questioned. "Away? Why? And where?"

We went on hanging the streamers about the room which had been the scene of such lightheartedness a few minutes before. Now our hearts were heavy. The official himself soon came to make known his mission. Word that the boys of one of the wildest Indian tribes were being taught by the missionaries had spread far down the river. The commendation of the Brazilians and their talk in favour of the missionaries' work angered the inspector beyond measure. Was not HE the government's agent to these Indians? Should not HE alone receive credit for anything accomplished among them? His jealousy was as a fire within his bones.

He had secured from the government an order to remove these boys immediately from the influence of the "foreigners". We had counselled our savage-born family of boys to respect their country and the older ones to cease killing and robbing the civilized inhabitants of the same land. In our daily school they learned to sing the National Anthem of Brazil, and the Hymn to the Brazilian Flag. Here they became conversant with the Portuguese language, and had been taught to read and write its letters. Yet now it was intimated that our "foreign" influence was a detriment.

"Where are the boys to be taken?" we asked.

He would take them to a post some distance up river, the place to which he had asked the Indians to go on that previous and fateful occasion. We reasoned that there was nothing for them there. Here we had pro-

vided for them a home, hammocks, blankets, clothing and schooling.

"I would rather have these boys in the forest in their savage state, than to have them with you missionaries," declared the official. He himself had rejected the Light of the Gospel message, and it seemed he would do anything he could to keep others from accepting it.

"We have tried to teach them to be useful citizens of Brazil," we said. "We have taught them to work."

"Yes," he sneered. "You have taught them to work, all right. You have made them work in your plantation and cut straw for the covering of your houses. You have made profit of the boys and paid them nothing!"

What a bitter accusation! Had we not taught them to work in the plantation and indeed worked with them, that they might be fed three times a day? Had we not all worked together in covering the houses that they might have a dry place to sleep and be kept from illness? Could any amount of mere money ever repay all the treatment given them when sick, the care, the teaching, the love we had poured out upon them? He was adamant! He had an order from the government, and take them he would, he said.

It was true that we were foreigners in that land. "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king, as supreme, or unto governors. . . . For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men" (1 Peter 3:13-15). It was plain that there was nothing we could do but watch and pray.

The first day he was able to take away only two boys who had been the most refractory. Whenever he appeared, some hid, others declared they wouldn't go. Then

the inspector talked to one of the old Indian men and used him as his tool to order the younger boys off, for the boys by tribal law must obey the warriors and men. Some of the boys, before leaving, brought their little bundles of good clothing and treasures and handed them to the missionary for safe-keeping. They had learned to read and write reasonably well—very well, indeed, for little savages from the jungle—and they waited their turn to sign their names in a book before leaving.

Only three of the little fellows contrived to stay. Of Samuel, one of our most beloved boys who remained, we will write in a later chapter. We watched the others file down the bank from our home and theirs. Then we went to our rooms and threw ourselves upon our knees to pray for those who were going back to the tribal life, and to seek some ray of comfort to pierce the blackness of night which had descended upon us. As we wept it seemed that I could hear Satan laugh that day, but through the darkness God gave us faith that this had happened only because He who can see much farther than we, permitted it for the best.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you; But rejoice . . . if ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. . . . If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf."

Besides the few boys who managed to stay behind, the two captive girls were still with us; but the adversary's work was not yet done. On the return of the government inspector he demanded that the girls be handed over to him. By this time reports had come to us of the life at the post where the boys had been taken. We had taught

them the wrongs of immorality and had, while they were with us, spent much time with them that they might have clean diversion and that immoral tribal practices might be shunned. We now found that he who had demanded the boys be removed from our "foreign" influence, encouraged them in the grossest sin and wrong. Although this man wore an attractive appearance and had a suave manner, his own immoral life was well known among Brazilians and Indians alike.

With tears I pleaded that the girls should not be taken, but to no avail, and we could not refuse to allow them to go in the face of the authority of this man, no matter how unjust was his action. Sobbing, Ruth and Mary followed him to the launch, and the inhabitants living along the edge of the river told us that all the way downstream the girls had wept bitterly.

It seemed that our sorrow was almost as great as we could bear in the light of all the hopes which had been based upon the future service of these children. But deep sorrow came leading keen joy by the hand, for at that Christmas time the missionaries performed the first Brazilian baptism in the River Fresco, where it flowed past the station. The testimonies of saving grace rang true. Others, too, among the Brazilians, accepted Christ on that happy Christmas Day.

The saint's image kissed by lying lips and cursing mouths has been taken from the chapel and is gone. The place where it was enshrined is abandoned to a clan of bats. The Son of Glory is enshrined in some hearts, and surely others will soon yield to His true Lordship. Will not the waters of baptism some day receive Christ's disciples from this Indian tribe, though it has been a long way from the darkness of the Cayapo to the Light of Christ!

CHAPTER XV

Can You Make Me Well?

CANYONK WAS A LITTLE FELLOW whose entire body was affected with a repulsive skin disease which made him look as though he were covered with rough scales. He had appeared to receive the Gospel with more understanding and readiness than the others. The others nicknamed him "scurvy skin", but his loving nature and winning smile, along with his marked intelligence, endeared him to them and to us. His father, a huge Indian with an enormous disk in his lower lip, was said to have taken a prominent part in the clubbing to death of the three missionaries who had been murdered by the Cayapo tribe. On various occasions he had desired to take the boy from the school back into the forest, but each time prayer had won out and he had been brought back, or else finally allowed to stay.

After the boys had been taken away, word came back that two of them were very sick and Canyonk was one of them. Early one morning the boys who had remained on the station called us to the river-side. There was "scurvy skin" climbing up the bank on all fours. He had been brought in a canoe, and was attempting to get up to the house. As he reached the top of the bank he tried to straighten up, but we noticed then that his body was bent almost double. Something had happened to the muscles in his hip, and he could not straighten himself.

We greeted him with the usual words, "Is that you?" and he responded according to custom, "Yes! It's I!"

"Well, why don't you stand up?"

"I can't. I'm sick. Hurry up and get your liniment and rub me and make me better!"

The boy made his way painfully into the house and stretched out on a bench in our front room. Angus got the liniment and began to massage his hip. This treatment we continued for some days, because we didn't know what else to do. The boy continued to be bent double. One day he said, "I came back here to get well. Can you make me better?"

"Well, we have told you how Jesus can cure sick people. He can make you well if you ask Him to. Do you believe that?"

"Yes, I know that," he declared. Then calling Angus by his Indian name, he continued, "Ange!"

"What is it?"

"I have been very sad."

"Why is that, Canyonk?"

"Because in the place where we were taken the people are wicked." (We had heard of the immoral conditions prevailing there.) "I am not hungry to be wicked! When I am with you I am happy. I want to stay with you."

"Do you want to ask Jesus to make you well?" we asked.

In impetuous Indian fashion he agreed, "Yes, I do. Hurry up and talk to Him! Hurry up about it! Do it now!"

The next day the boy came to the door of the house without the use of his stick. "Where is your stick?" we asked.

"I don't need it; see how I can walk without it!" It was true that he was walking without it, and getting

around better. Within a week Canyonk was running about and the muscle which had appeared to be stiff or atrophied had relaxed so that he walked straight again. What a manifestation of the loving-kindness and matchless power of our Lord! And was God not calling back to us one by one those He pleased to bring according to His eternal purposes!

This faith-inspiring episode was followed by another opportunity to prove His admonition: "Call upon me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not." Word continued to reach us of the other boy who had been taken sick. Nei-com-tee was dubbed by the other boys as "Chief", because he was the son of a chief and was outstanding among them, both for his strongly built body and his handsome face—and also, perhaps, because of his aptitude as a ringleader to devise mischief. Occasional visits from those who came from the place where the boys were, provided a means of news being brought that Nei-com-tee was not as he used to be, that he needed medicine, and that everyone was sad because the little "chief" was very ill. Though we sent him medicines a few times he got no better.

One day we were having our noon-day rest during the scorching heat of mid-day, when one of the boys pressed his face against the cloth which was nailed over the un-glassed window in our room. "Ange!" he called, "Ange!"

"What do you want?" we asked. "Can't you wait until we have had a little rest?"

It was Canyonk at the window. "Nei-com-tee is here. Hurry up! Come and see him!" Some Brazilian rubber cutters had brought him in their canoe as they passed the Indian encampment on their way back from a rubber trail.

We got up and went out into the blinding noon sun. The boys took us into the house where they slept. We had known of Nei-com-tee's illness, but were far from prepared for what we saw. On the floor of the mud house an emaciated figure huddled on a dirty piece of sack. As he lay there on his side, head resting on one arm, he was almost unrecognizable to us. His once husky body was now only a framework of bones covered by discoloured skin. His eyes were closed and through his parted lips his breath came in quick, painful gasps. Worst of all, from the time the boy had taken sick some months before he had not bathed, and the perspiration which came from his body filled the room with a poisonous odour. He had paroxysms of terrible coughing. There was a severe pain in his chest and he complained of the burning fevers which came upon him at intervals. Each breath he drew was an effort. The other boys wrinkled their noses, spat on the floor, and went to stand outside, for the odour was too distressing to bear.

We had seen many healthy, strong Indians become suddenly ill and die in a few weeks of what, as near as we can determine, must be galloping consumption. It seemed that this boy was already beyond hope. A basin full of water was heated, and Angus took the boy to a closed room, bathed him, then hoisted him into a hammock. He wrapped a towel about him and took the filthy, short trousers which we had given him in the days of the boys' school to be washed. But when he told the Indians to go and wash them for the little "chief", they rebelled. They withdrew with wrinkled noses, declaring that they would not even touch clothes with such a stench. Angus washed them in the river himself.

It was clear to us that Nei-com-tee should be isolated, but he himself felt that the end of his days was near and refused to sleep in a room by himself. He was then told that there was one hope for him: that was that the

Chief in the Skies should hear our prayers and make him well.

"We have told you about our great Father who looks down from the skies and sees everything that we do. Now you remember the times you shut your ears against the things we told you from His big book. You remember that you led the other boys to steal our chickens and the chickens of the neighbours to roast and eat at night on the other side of the river.

"You remember the times we called you to hear the words of our Father in the skies and to sing His songs and you ran away to the river to fish. You were taken from us and then took part in the wickedness you had learned was wrong. Has the Chief in the Skies not seen all this? Now because He loves you, is He not hoping that in your sickness you will open your ears to Him? Are you not sorry for your wickedness?"

Nei-com-tee had been looked up to by the Indian boys and petted by the older ones of the tribe. He had a proud, unbending nature. It was hard for him to humble himself at all.

"Are you sorry for your wickedness, Nei-com-tee?"

"Yes," he said.

"Do you want to tell God that you are sorry and want Him to make you well so that you can walk in His way?"

"Yes, I am sorry, and want to be well again."

It was not many days later that Nei-com-tee made his way with the rest of the boys to our house after morning coffee to attend devotions. A few weeks later, as we began our trip down river, Nei-com-tee sat in the prow of one of the canoes helping to paddle. This miracle far surpassed what my weak faith had looked for, but "O

Lord of hosts, thou art the God of all the kingdoms of the earth" and "nothing is too hard for Thee."

This is not a story of something which is past and finished, or of an episode already closed. The enemy of souls is fighting to keep the Indians in his kingdom of darkness and to keep faith in the living Lord from lighting the hearts of these young ones who now know the Word so well; but the Spirit of the Lord is also calling them today. Prayer availeth much! Every reader can have a part in this ministry which will yet bring victory out of seeming defeat. Whether some day there shall be a re-birth of that school, or whether the Spirit of the Living God shall in the forest bring the Word which has been planted in their hearts to bear much fruit remains to be seen. We can leave it all with Him Who knoweth what is best!

CHAPTER XVI

Mail Day

THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN shone through the door overhung by the low thatch roof. The table was cluttered with envelopes, papers and magazine wrappings raggedly torn off. The arrival of mails months apart was always a high spot in our jungle life. Indian boys' grimy fingers pulled at letters and envelopes, and their bright, black eyes examined keenly the writing.

"Who wrote this and what does it say?" they asked.

It read, "You are expected home on furlough."

Thoughts of loved ones at home surged up within us. It would be many months yet before we should see them, for the river journey is long and slow. There was a great conflict away down deep inside of us. Love for these who had once been so strange to us and love for our own people pulled in different directions.

I looked through the doorway. A few yards away another small hut of mud and thatch was glorified in the slanting rays of a golden sun. An Indian woman crouched in the low entrance wrapping fish and grated manioc root in banana leaves for roasting in the already sizzling bed of hot stones. Robbie's old Indian friend squatted on the ground in a shady spot, carefully, almost tenderly, fastening new, sharp, bone tips on his long arrows. His lower lip, distended by the inserted wooden disk, hung grotesquely loose. Robbie crouched on his haunches beside him watching interestedly and trying the old pipe, which lay close at hand.

The boys were still leaning on the table. "What does the writing say?"

"It says we are to go back to our land to see our own people."

"Are you going?"

"Yes."

"Don't go. If you do, you will never come back."

What could we say to cheer them? A thought struck us: "We are going to buy some beads—the kind that you like."

At this one of the men jumped excitedly to his feet, his great, distended lower lip quivering with anticipation. Slapping his upper arm against his bare side, a gesture typical of showing pleasure, he extended his other arm to point to a large trunk standing in the room.

"Do you see that great box?" he cried.

"Why, of course I see it!"

"Do you see how long it is?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Do you see how wide it is?"

"Yes."

He shouted even louder and made a dramatic gesture: "Do you see how deep it is?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, promise right now that you will bring a trunk just that big—full, yes, stuffed full to the top with beads!"

I do not know why I ever promised such a thing, but

something in the lighted eyes and bated breath of the old man made it impossible for me to say no.

The boys then added their requests: "You'll bring a knife for me like the one you have that folds up." He wanted a jack-knife.

"And of course you will bring a dog's eye for me like the one you have." This was his way of asking for a flashlight.

After supper, two of the Indian women were in the kitchen helping with the dishes while we were packing our trunks. Their method was a bit different, but since the two Indian girls had been taken from us, my heart was touched that these women should voluntarily undertake this simple task. One rubbed the plates with her bare hand then dipped them in cold water—that was the washing process. The other vigorously shook the water off the plates, making a tiny puddle on the mud floor, and finished the drying process with a towel.

They came to watch the final packing: "Sit down so we can talk," said one. "Now we're going to tell you something."

"All right, I'm listening," I said.

"Are you really hungry to hear what we're going to say?"

"Yes, I'm hungry to hear what you have to say—what is it?"

"If we tell you what it is, will you say yes?"

"All right, I'll say yes." (Surely they were getting ready to ask for some of the bananas so beautifully ripened in the cupboard.)

One spoke with conviction: "We're going to take a sharp knife and cut you in half. Maybe it won't hurt much."

"What are you going to do that for?"

"Since your husband has to go away, he can take a half of you with him, but the other half of you we will keep with us."

I smiled at this, but their eyes were unsmiling, their faces serious. They had put into expression what I felt and knew not how to say. In the thought of separation, both they and I were experiencing the same tug at our heart-strings. It was needful that I go, but my heart would fain have bound me to remain with them.

In those first days of learning to know these brown-skinned, shaggy-haired, unkempt creatures—how strange they had seemed! In some ways how crude! How utterly different! Yet now a bond of love deeper, far deeper, than such exterior things binds me to them and shall ever do so. Yes, no matter what distance may separate us, my heart is theirs as ever—and forever.

Treasure in Heaven

WE BEGAN OUR TRIP HOMEWARD by canoe. Suitcases and the food, pots and pans necessary for preparing our meals as we travelled down the river, were stored in the bottom of the boat. Another canoe-load of Indian boys and young warriors with two Brazilians accompanied us to the settlement some one hundred miles down river. There we were able to get a launch to take us the next four hundred miles, where a larger boat could be boarded for the last half of the thousand-mile journey to the coastal city.

The canoe trip was finished, and we, with Robbie, crossed the plank and boarded the small launch ready to begin its journey. It was early morning as we waved goodbye to those who had come part way with us. Three of the Indian boys stood together on the steep bank of the river. How dear to us they were! How handsome they looked in their new striped shirts and long, white trousers, for they had grown almost to young manhood!

And Samuel! Dear Samuel! How faithful he had been, managing to stay with us when the boys had been ordered off on that fateful day. Pride swelled up in my heart as I thought of him. He had come out of the forest like a little, wild animal, and he had learned not only his letters and wrote well, but he could add numbers and subtract too. Best of all, he had learned much of God's Word. He was so full of fun, yet so capable. He could fish, and was becoming a good hunter. Of course he had his moods—like all Indians (and many of us) but he seemed the dearest of all to us.

His newly-trimmed hair shone sleek and glossy in the bright sun. A sweet, sad expression played over his

clean-cut face as we pulled out into the river waving goodbye. What visions of the future I dreamed for him as we journeyed down-stream on the silver thread of water which twisted its way through the deep green velvet of the jungle. The crimson sun dropped behind the forest trees and our boat moved on through the waters in the short, grey twilight of the tropics, until we stopped to camp just before the night descended. Our Indian home lay far behind us as we travelled on day after day, but we planned bright things for the future when we should return to Samuel and the others again.

* * * * *

We sat one morning in a nicely furnished room in a city house in our homeland. Our jungle home lay far behind us. Among the mail this morning was a letter with a Brazilian postmark; of course we opened it first of all. It was from our fellow-worker on the field and read thus:

"Write the day in sad, black letters! Samuel is dead. I have just come back from burying him. Here in my own room lie a few articles of his clothing, his bows and arrows, and small treasures as he left them. He had two days of fever and dysentery and was gone, for the Lord took him. Yes, I believe the Lord took him, for as he lay here after death, all marvelled as they looked upon his face. 'What is that glow which seems to shine from his features?' they asked. I told them it was the shine of glory reflected in his face, for Samuel died trusting the Lord."

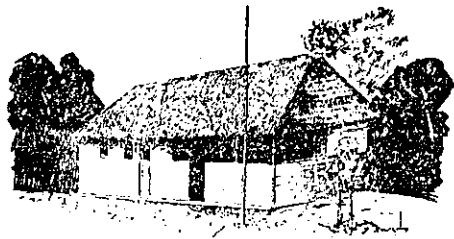
Now in the comfortable surroundings of the homeland we threw ourselves upon our knees in tears. "No, no, it cannot be true. Our most promising boy!

Our Samuel! Why? Why, Lord?" But again through the darkness came the word "He hath done all things well" (Mark 7:37).

Ah, Samuel, now you are in Heaven, and you have made Heaven dearer to us, for where our treasure is there is our heart also. You are one of the first-fruits of the Cayapos. The blood shed by those whose lives were taken by this tribe, and the faithful, persevering labours of those who followed in their train, have not been in vain.

And what of those who yet lie in heathen darkness without a hope beyond the grave? Still there are Indian tribes to whom no messenger has ever gone, and millions wait in other lands for the story of the Saviour. Dear Lord, we give ourselves anew to Thee that those who are yet in heathen darkness may have eternal light and life.

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Epilogue

A YEAR has passed since the going home of Samuel and we have returned to Brazil. Today we stood beside his grave; but beside it is a new grave, and in it we have just laid our own beloved Robbie.

As we recorded the experiences of this book, which he had shared with us, we did not dream that he was to be ours for so short a time.

On our return journey up the Xingu river to the Indians, in the blackness of a starless night, he fell from the tiny launch into the swiftly-flowing water. All our efforts either to rescue or find him were in vain. After days of searching in the maze of waterways, his little body has been recovered and brought here to be buried beside Samuel.

Our eyes are sore with weeping and our hearts leaden with longing for the little one so exuberant with life who has suddenly been taken from us. Great has been the price of evangelization of the Xingu! We cannot understand but we look above to God, whose ways are higher than our ways. Dear Robbie and Samuel await together the Resurrection Call of the Lord.

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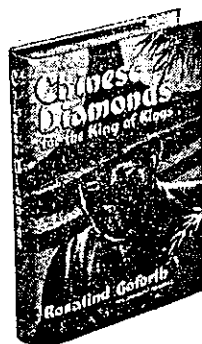
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