

Light Bearer to the Amazon

Thrilling Stories of Missionary Labors among the Perils of Venomous Snakes, Man-eating Jaguars, Vicious Alligators, Deadly Malaria, Dangerous Indians, and People Dying of Disease and in Need of God

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Above—The Luzeiro I was built in 1931 for missionary service on the Amazon. Below—The Luzeiro II is a companion to the other vessel in medical missionary work. It is hoped that more of these vessels can be built. (Photos by the Author)

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MAP



"The width of the mouth of the monarch river is usually measured from Cabo do Norte to Punta Patijoca, a distance of 207 statute miles; but this includes the ocean outlet, 40 miles wide, of the Para River, which should be deducted, as this stream is only the lower reach of the Tocantins. It also includes the ocean frontage of Marajo, an island about the size of the kingdom of Denmark lying in the mouth of the Amazon." -Encyclopedia Britannica, eleventh edition, Vol. 1, p. 789, art. "Amazon."

Foreword

THE MIGHTY AMAZON

THE AMAZON is the greatest river in the world. It rises in a chain of glacier-fed lakes lying just east of the main range of the Andes Mountains, at a point not more than 85 miles from the Pacific Ocean, and flows eastward across part of Peru and northern Brazil—a course of nearly 4,000 miles to the Atlantic Ocean. This mighty river was first discovered by Vicente Pinzon in 1500, and as he sailed up the stream only a distance of about 50 miles, he called it El Mar Dulce (The Fresh Water Sea). Francisco de Orellana was the first white man to sail down the Amazon. He came in from the west, traveling over the Andes, reached the Amazon by way of the Napo River, and went down the entire river to the Atlantic in 1541. It is generally agreed that the name "Amazon" was given to the stream after Orellana's force fought a bloody battle with the Tapuya savages, for he believed that women had fought side by side with the native male warriors. Hence the stream was named Amazon, because the battle recalled the Greek legends of a nation of female warriors.

The Amazon carries about one tenth of all the running water on the entire globe, and discharges it into the Atlantic Ocean at the rate of nearly 5,000,000 cubic feet a second. It is 207 miles wide at the mouth, * and you may be surprised to know that one has to go up the river 2,800 miles before he finds it as narrow as the Mississippi is at its mouth. It is navigable to trans-Atlantic steamers all the way to Iquitos, Peru, a distance of about 2,300 miles; and at the city of Manaus, Brazil, more than 1,000 miles up stream from the sea, it is 300 feet deep in some places in the channel. As most of the Amazon valley is flat, the average speed of the river current is about three miles an hour, or a little more rapid during the flood season. The Island of Marajo, located at the mouth of the stream, has an area of 18,000 square miles. By way of comparison, we may say that it is about as large as the three states of Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Delaware. It takes a great volume of water to make that much territory an island.

The water in the main river is of a light color, due to the clay that it holds in suspension. Some of the tributaries, such as the Negro, the Tapajos, the Xingu, and others, have dark water; and where they issue forth into the Amazon a distinct line is visible for a great distance, showing where the white water makes contact with the black.

There are no roads in the Amazon Valley other than the 40,000 miles of navigable streams. Hence all travel is done by boat or canoe. Most of the 2,000,000 people of the Amazon region live along these streams.

On account of the dense jungle and the great amount of rainfall, there are myriads of mosquitoes to transmit the malaria fever. So with this and other tropical diseases, many of the people are sick. As one report puts it, when the Madeira-Marmare railroad was

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built around a falls on the Madeira River, for every crosstie that was put into the railroad, the fever took one human life.

Brazil is the largest of the South American countries, and has an area a little more extensive than that of the United States of America, not including Alaska. As it was discovered in 1500 by Pedro Alvares Cabral of Portugal and later settled by the Portuguese, the language spoken by its 45,000,000 inhabitants today is the Portuguese, and not the Spanish, as many suppose. Rio de Janeiro, a beautiful city with a population of almost 2,000,000, is located at the very edge of the southern temperate zone. This metropolis is the federal capital of the 20 states and five territories that make up the republic of Brazil.

Seventh-day Adventists began to work in this great country about 50 years ago. Their work began in the southern part, and from there branched out toward Rio and the north. At the present there is one union conference, known as the South Brazil Union; and two union missions, which are the East Brazil Union and the North Brazil Union.

The North Brazil Union is the baby union of the South American Division, and is made up of the five northern states of Brazil and three territories. First, it was organized into a mission in 1927, as a part of the East Brazil Union. In the same year Elder John L. Brown and two colporteurs, Andre Gedrath and Hans Mayr, moved there from southern Brazil and began the work in this newly organized field. Elder Brown made a few trips over the field, and after the first year he returned on furlough to the United States and was then called to the South American Division as publishing department secretary. In 1929 Mrs. Halliwell and I were asked to go to this district, which was then called the Lower Amazon Mission. At that time there was not a baptized Seventh-day Adventist, except the two colporteurs, in the whole Amazon Valley in Brazil.

In 1936 the Lower Amazon Mission was organized into the North Brazil Union Mission, with headquarters in Belem, a city of more than 300,000 inhabitants located on the south bank of the Amazon about 70 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. As Belem is less than 100 miles south of the equator, the climate is about the same the year around; but to the people who live there the rainy season is winter and the dry season is summer. To us it is just six months of summer and six months of really hot weather. In what the natives call summer it rains nearly every day, and during the winter months it rains nearly all day every day. The custom is that when someone invites people to call, they generally inquire: "Shall we come before the shower or after?" The shower almost always comes at the hour of the incoming tide, and thus falls later each day. The humidity is extremely high, and though the thermometer seldom registers more than 95° Fahrenheit, still the heat feels very intense. The average rainfall at Belem is approximately 180 inches annually.

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As the population of Brazil is mostly Roman Catholic it is often difficult to begin work by holding meetings of an evangelistic nature in a public place, but more results can be obtained by personal work from house to house. Also, because the Lord has told us that the medical work is the right arm of the message, we began to visit the people and to use simple treatments for the sick as a means of getting started in this new field.

Since most of the 2,000,000 people living in the Amazon region dwell along the rivers, we came to the conclusion that it was necessary to have a motor boat for transportation in this field.

In 1931, with money received from the young people in the United States, we built our first power boat, and named it Luzeiro (pronounced Loo-zay'-roh), which means "Light Bearer" in Portuguese. This little boat is 30 feet long, with a 10-foot beam, and has a displacement of seven tons. It was at first propelled by a 20-horsepower, German Diesel engine, which served us well for nine years; but this was then replaced by a motor of American make. The craft has a speed of about nine knots an hour, and because it draws only a little more than two feet of water, it can travel on all the small streams. This boat was all made by hand, for we had no machines to help us cut the timber. The hull is made of itauba, a wonderful Amazon hardwood, that will last for 30 years under water although it is not painted. It is planked with boards about an inch thick, which were sawed from the logs by hand, for this wood cannot be cut with a power saw. The wood seems to be full of very fine emery grains, which burn up the saw. There are 400 different kinds of wood in the Amazon Valley, most of them being very hard and heavier than water, so that they will not float.

Knowing of so much sickness among the people of the Amazon region, we fitted out our little boat to serve as a floating clinic as well as for the preaching of the gospel of Christ. Practically every door along the river for a distance of over 1,000 miles is now open to the preaching of the message of truth.

Chapter One

THE LUZEIRO GOES FORTH

EARLY in 1943 the late Elder J. F. Wright, of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, made a short trip with us on our boat. We arrived at one little town about one o'clock in the afternoon, and went ashore to visit the mayor. After we had visited with him a few minutes, he invited us to conduct a religious meeting that evening. I had never held a meeting there, but we had treated the sick people there many times. He called in the chief of police for consultation. We were informed that there was no hall in town large enough to accommodate all the people, but the chief suggested we could hold the service in the open air in the little park in front of the town. We thanked them

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and started away. But they called us back and asked how we planned to invite the people to come. I explained that I would extend the electric-light wires from the boat and hang up a screen on which to show pictures, and then go out and invite in a few persons, and they would tell others. The chief said, "I will invite them for you." So he called one of his policemen and instructed him to go out and invite every man, woman, and child in the town to be present at the meeting.

Our vessel is equipped with an auxiliary electric-light plant for charging batteries as well as for illumination. Wherever we hold a meeting, we put up our wires from 200 to 300 yards away from the boat, and have good lights and power for our picture projector.

At about five o'clock the policeman came back to the boat and informed me that the people had been invited. After our evening meal we left the boat, and the policeman was already there waiting to escort us to the place of meeting.

Elder Wright turned to me, and said, "Ask him how many people there are in this city."

I translated his question into Portuguese for the police, and he answered, "Tell him he can count them when we get there, for they will all be there."

They were nearly all there, for I think that only six did not come out; but they were sick and could not attend. After the meeting several of the leading men came to us and begged us to send some one to come and live among them and teach them more about our Lord's return to this world.

When we were back at the union office in Belem, we had a committee meeting. Elder Wright suggested that we ask for an appropriation of money to build 10 little mission boats, so we might have workers laboring in many of these places. We passed on the call, and were given funds to build three more vessels.

Then began the task of finding the needed motors for the boats. In time of war it is nearly impossible to get what one wants, and we were unable to obtain engines anywhere.

In 1941 we had given the Luzeiro to Brother and Sister Pritchard, both trained nurses, who had come to our field to work in the Central Amazon Mission, from the city of Manaus on up the river. In the same year we built the Luzeiro II with funds we had received from a Thirteenth Sabbath Overflow. This is a beautiful boat 36 feet long and with a 12-foot beam. It displaces 22 tons of water, is powered by a Diesel engine, has electric refrigeration, and is equipped with an Edison storage battery of 32 volts and a capacity of 300 ampere hours. While we travel, the Diesel motor runs a generator and thus charges the battery. When we are in port for more than a week, we run our auxiliary plant and charge it again.

One Sunday morning we got into our new boat and drove it around the bend of the river to the American Rubber Company. The man in charge of the place happened to be there

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that Sunday, and came out to see our boat. He looked it over, and said, "I'll give you \$8,000 in cash for this boat."

It had cost us only \$4,000, but I at once informed him that it was not for sale, and that we wanted to build three more but were not able to obtain the motors needed for them. He looked at me, and then he asked, "What kind of motors are you looking for?"

I gave him the specifications, and then he said, "You haven't asked me for the motors. But I have just the ones you want, and will make you a present of them."

You cannot imagine how joyfully my heart beat as we tied up to his landing platform and loaded on those engines. With them we were able to build the three little boats.

Later we wondered what had so impressed that man, who was a stranger to us, to make us that valuable present. So we invited him to have dinner with us on the boat. As we sat around the table in the Luzeiro II, he informed us about the work he formerly had done in Africa with the Goodyear Company. He told us how that in those days his wife became very ill, and if it had not been for the Seventh-day Adventist doctor in a near-by town she would not be alive today. And thus again we were reminded that the medical work is indeed the right arm of the message.

Every year we make one trip of from five to six months' duration along the river, and usually cover a distance of 10,000 to 12,000 miles during this time. The best time of the year for this trip is from February to August, for in this period the river rises and reaches flood stage in May and June; and there being plenty of water, we can reach nearly every home by boat. Too, at this time of the year the trade winds that always blow in from the Atlantic Ocean are not so strong as at other times, which means it is not so dangerous to travel by water.

It is no small job to make preparations for such a long trip, and if we forget anything, it will be a long time that we will have to do without it. Our first consideration is the medicine needed for the trip. To help get this ready, we enlist the assistance of our Missionary Volunteer Society in the Belem church. These young people have a very happy time as they sit around a long table and wrap up more than 100 pounds of Epsom salts in brightly colored packages. Each package is wrapped in a distinctive color so as to indicate whether the dose it contains is for a child, or a young person, or an adult. Another evening is given to the task of preparing the quinine for treating the malaria victims. This medicine comes to us in bulk, and must be put in seven grain capsules for adults, and in three-grain ones for children.' It takes very many capsules to hold the quinine powder, but many willing hands make light work of the task. Hence in a few evenings we have all our medical supplies made ready for the trip.

Mrs. Halliwell has charge of the buying of the groceries necessary for the trip. This would be a pleasure to perform in the beautiful grocery stores in the United States, but in Belem it is a very difficult thing. Usually, after visiting every store in town, we have to

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decide to use some substitute for some very important articles of food. For the past several years potatoes have been so scarce that we have had them for Sabbath only, and last year we were not able to get any for our trip. In the north of Brazil very few vegetables are available, and they have no canneries there. Hence all the canned foods that we are able to obtain are those that come from the United States or from the southern part of Brazil, which is even yet farther away. Before World War II broke out, our potatoes, carrots, and cabbages came across the sea from Portugal.

Then the boat must be gone over and made shipshape for the long voyage. As there are no machine shops accessible at any place less than 1,000 miles up the river, we make sure that the engine is in good condition, with the valves ground, and the bearings and piston rings well adjusted. The Luzeiro always wears white, and just before each trip we give her a new coating of paint. Drydock privileges are secured by pulling the vessel well over to shore when the tide is high; and as the water recedes, the boat settles down on dry land and thus affords us several hours to work on it before the incoming tide floats the craft again. The bottom of the hull is usually painted with copper or arsenic paint to protect it from the turu, little creatures that bore into the planking and cause serious damage; but the part above water is always painted white, with only a narrow black stripe for the trimming.

Finally everything is shipshape, and we are ready to receive the supplies, which are transported to the river's edge in a large caminhao, an auto truck, whose driver has with him six helpers to carry the luggage. A board walk leads from the unloading zone to the boathouse where the Luzeiro lies, tugging at her moorings, as if anxious to be on her way. Then starts an interesting procession, for the helpers, each bearing some article of luggage on his head, start one after another down the gangplank to the boat. From years of work of this kind they have developed strong, thick necks; and some of them can carry as much as 200 pounds on the top of the head. Of the medicines and personal luggage, the electric refrigerator is the last piece to go aboard. As this article of furniture is used in our home in Belem as well as on the boat during the trip, it has halted a moment before going on board, in order that we may substitute a direct-current motor for the alternating current one used in the city. Two men then take this on their heads, not because of excess weight but to make sure that it does not fall. Finally the supplies are aboard and arranged in the proper order. The medicine chest is so full that the door will hardly close. The cupboards are full, and some of the canned goods are stacked in the corner. The boat is so loaded that it is pressed down almost to the water line.

The very last thing to come on board is the fuel oil. For this we drive around to the oil docks, and with our license visible in hand, we receive signals from the guard, who tells us to come alongside. Then 500 gallons of oil are rolled out to us in 10 iron drums, and our electric pump loses no time in transferring it to the fuel tanks of our ship. Now we

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are ready to ask for our clearance papers from the authorities, after which we start off on our six months' trip on the river.

We leave with the incoming tide, and within an hour the skyline of the city of Belem disappears as we round Parrot Island, an islet in the middle of the river. Thousands of parrots make their homes there. As we pass by the island, the parrots fly up into the air, always in pairs, and their frantic screams can be heard above even the noise of the boat's motor. Another hour passes, and we turn to the right into the Muju River, and start westward toward a canal that was dug a long time ago, when Brazil still had slave labor. It is about a mile long, and was all dug by hand. It connects the Muju with a tributary of the Tocantins, and by taking this route small river boats can avoid crossing the large bay, which is about 60 miles wide, is nearly always very rough, and due to rocks is very dangerous to navigation.

A few hours more bring us to the main stream of the Tocantins River, which is about 20 miles wide at the point where we make the crossing. As the tide has almost reached its highest level, the water calms a little, so that we set our course by compass to go due northwest, and are off for the other shore, even though at first we cannot see the trees on that farther bank. Although we have traveled over this great expanse of water many times, we still cross it with a prayer in our hearts to God that He will protect us and not let us be caught in a storm. He has always heard and granted our request.

Once across the Tocantins, we head westward up the Para estuary, that part of the Amazon that encircles the island of Marajo to the south. A few hours more, and we enter the Straits of Breves, where hundreds of islands divide the wide river into a labyrinth of small streams. As the Luzeiro sails into one of these narrow channels, the waves die out, and we glide along as smoothly as an automobile does on the paved streets of a city. Being close to the shore now, we can hear the shrill cry of the araras, which are large, brightly colored birds that fly back and forth among the tall palms. Occasionally a large, white heron skims across the water in front of us, or a toucan, with his enormous beak, flies clumsily across the narrow stream to the other side. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a band of monkeys which, frightened by the noise of the engine, scamper away to safety through the underbrush.

After a few more hours of travel, we arrive at the city of Breves. As we round a bend in the river, we see the smokestack of the once busy sawmill towering above the trees. And as we get closer, the jungle seems to recede, and there before us are a number of tile-covered houses that surround the big mill. Before the war, a stream of black smoke poured out of this great stack day and night, and the engines chugged away at the task of cutting big logs into lumber for Germany. But now their wheels are still, and on account of the lack of transportation facilities the mill has closed its doors. But the city is still busy, for it is the center of the rubber industry. The trees supplying the raw rubber, which for many years had been untouched, are now being tapped again and produce

many tons of natural rubber for the United Nations' war effort. On the main street of the port, beyond the municipal building, is a beautiful, new 50-bed hospital sponsored by the United States Public Health Service. It is only one of 12 being built to combat malaria and other tropical diseases, and to aid in achieving a greater rubber production.

After two days of travel from Belem, we pass the last island of the straits and leave this rich island district behind, for we now sally forth into the main stream of the mighty Amazon.

Chapter Two

BATTLING THE DREADED MALARIA

TO RECEIVE an idea of how our work is done on the river, imagine yourselves with us on the Luzeiro one, beautiful Sabbath morning. We had come about 700, miles. We never travel on the Sabbath except it be to visit the home of some sick or suffering person, or to reach the home of some believer close by, when we are not able to reach such places before the holy hours of the Lord's day, come. This morning we were anchored on the peaceful waters of the Trombetos River. As there were no interested ones close by, we started our little Sabbath school on board the boat. While we sang the first song, we looked out and saw a man in a canoe coming toward us. As he came along side, his thin body and drawn, pale face showed unmistakably the signs of sickness and suffering. He listened until we finished the hymn, and then excusing himself for interrupting, he told us that his family were sick with the fever, and begged us to come to his home, where other sick people were gathered to await our arrival. He explained how he had recently lost his little child. All the other folk were sick, and he was the only one able to take the little one out and lay it to rest in a little grave under a mango tree.

I told the man to go back home, and that after our worship and noonday lunch we would come on to his home and treat them. As he started off, he turned and asked, "How will you know where I live? How will you find my house?" I told him to go on home, and when he should hear the noise of our vessel's motor, to step out in front of his house and wave a white towel so that we would see him and stop. We ate a light lunch after the Sabbath school, and then pulled the anchor and started out to find a man waving a towel. However, he was not in front of the house with a towel; but was out in the middle of the river in his canoe, waving a bed sheet with both hands so that we would be sure to see the sign.

I shall never forget what we saw when we entered that home. It was one large room with a pole in the center to support the thatched roof. The walls were made of poles stuck in the ground and plastered over with mud. And stretching out from the center pole to the side walls, like spokes in a great wheel, were hanging 22 hammocks, in each of which lay a sick person. Some were shaking, as the chills came on them, until it

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seemed that the whole structure was quaking. Others were burning with high fever, and still others had broken out in cold sweats, showing that the fever had started down, for that day at least.

We lost no time in sterilizing our injection needles, and one by one we gave each of them a shot of quinine and methylene blue. In addition, we counted out a sufficient number of quinine capsules for them to take by mouth as a follow-up treatment. They felt much better at once, knowing that they now had medicine for this terrible malady, and that the fever would soon subside. Then our friend begged us to sing the hymn that we were singing in the boat when he visited us that morning. We sang to them, read to them from the Holy Scriptures; and after we had prayed, they begged us to visit yet other homes where people were sick, and where many loved ones had been laid low with the terrible, malignant fever. So the rest of the Sabbath we spent going from home to home to treat the sick, and to sing and pray with them, thus trying to speak comforting words to the bereaved who were mourning their loved ones.

Late that evening we crossed to the other side of the Amazon, and a young man came to the boat and begged us to come with him to a beautiful lake where the epidemic was raging, and help his people. He was the leader of a little group of Baptists there, and invited us to use their church building as a temporary clinic. Conditions were terrible in this place. The epidemic had been raging for over two weeks, and they had no medicine with which to combat it.

In one home at which we stopped, we found a little girl about 10 years of age there alone. The fever had taken her father, her mother, and an older brother. She had tried to bury them, but as she was too sick and too weak to dig very deep to bury them, the dogs had dug up the bodies and were dragging portions of them about the yard. In another home we found two little girls, whose ages were probably four and six years, left alone in the house with their parents dead and no one to bury them.

Early the next morning we set up our clinic in the little church building, and all day the people brought in their sick, for the news of our arrival had spread about. All day long we treated them, stopping only long enough in the evening for Elder J. L. Brown, then the Sabbath school and home missionary secretary of the South American Division and our guest on this trip, to preach them a sermon.

Because the quinine injection is extremely painful, many of the little tots, already weary from the fever, would cry when they received the injection. Their cries sounded something like this, "Doeu! Doeu! Doeu!" (pronounced do-way'-o), which means, "It hurt! It hurt! It hurt!" Elder Brown had a very tender heart, and, not wishing to hear the cries of pain from those innocent little children, he stayed out in the Luzeiro so he could be away from the scene of suffering. It was about eleven o'clock that night when we

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finished treating the last patient, and our records showed that we had treated almost 300 persons that day.

We then crossed over to the other side of the lake and dropped anchor for the night, stopping under an overhanging limb of a big castanheira, a Brazil nut tree. All was peaceful now, the only sounds being those of the song of the frogs along the bank. Occasionally a fresh-water dolphin would come to the surface and spout near our boat.

Near the equator the day is the same in length all the year around and never varies, the sun coming up at six o'clock in the morning and setting at six o'clock in the evening. When one of our Adventist brethren there is asked when the Sabbath begins, he always replies, "Six o'clock!" And that is true on the equator. If a person's watch should stop during the day, he just waits until the sun goes down and then sets the timepiece at six, and it is correct. Another interesting fact is that there is practically no twilight in the tropics. As soon as the sun disappears in the west, the light at the horizon rapidly fades away, and it is as dark as at midnight.

After a peaceful night that had passed all too soon, the sun appeared in the east, and the birds began to sing. Most of the tropical birds have bright-colored plumage but are not very good as songsters. Just above our boat a large bird on the overhanging limb began to sing his morning song, which sounded as if he were saying: "Doeu! Doeu! Doeu!" Elder Brown jumped out of bed and said, "Brother Halliwell, get up quick, and let's get out of this lake, for all nature seems to be crying out against this terrible fever."

Yes, as we travel from day to day and see the terrible effects of this fever, and the suffering that it causes, surely it hurts, and hurts much. We are glad that we have been privileged to work for the fever's victims and not only to treat their physical infirmities, but also to point them to Jesus, the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world. It is comforting to them to learn that He is coming back soon to this sin-sick world to take His faithful children to a land where there will be no more sorrow nor sickness nor suffering nor death; but where we shall live and reign with Him for evermore.

The Amazon is a very deep river, and we carry 100 feet of chain on our anchor, and must get very close to the bank before we are able to touch the bottom. As the river is fed from melting snows in the Andes, as well as by the heavy rainfall in its basin, there is both a flood season and a low- , water season. The Amazon is at its lowest level in October or November, and then it begins to rise and later reaches its highest level (flood stage) in June. In some years it rises as much as 45 to 50 feet at Manaus, which is 1,000 miles from the sea. It then overflows all its banks, and forms great lakes, flooding the forest to a depth of 20 to 25 feet.

The homes of the people are usually built upon stilts, but despite this in some years the water reaches their houses. Last year the water reached a level that was the highest in 22 years, and many homes were flooded with several feet of water. We stopped at the

home of one of our believers, and saw about four feet of water flowing right through the whole house. It had washed out the mud from the side walls, but the men had cut logs and placed them so as to form a new floor a little above the surface of the swirling water.

Most of our people have the habit of reading the Bible through once annually, and as we visit them only once during the year, they always take note of the difficult passages they find in the Good Book. When we arrive, the first thing they do is get out the family Bible and their list of verses, and sometimes they have some that are hard to explain. In this particular home they had fixed up a table on the logs, and placed boxes for us to sit on; but even then when a wave caused by a passing boat came in, we got our feet wet. As we sat there Mrs. Halliwell nudged me, and said, "Look over there in the corner."

I looked, and there sat a little frog that had jumped from a hole in the wall and was squatting there on the log floor. Just as we were looking at the little creature, a snake stuck its head out of the wall and gobbled the little frog.

In the north of Brazil the people sleep in hammocks. They are made of heavy, cotton thread, and being of a loose weave, they are cooler to sleep in than are beds. Even in the large cities the houses all have hammock hooks fixed in the walls for this purpose. In parlors, in dining rooms, in bedrooms, in kitchens, on porches, and in every other place, may be seen such hooks, one on each wall, usually in the center of it and about five feet from the floor. If company comes, they always bring their own hammocks, and all that is needed is to show them a room where they can hang them. Thus they are ready to pass the night. The same is true of the hotels, and none who knows the customs ever travels in this part of the country without taking along his hammock. They are for sale in nearly every store, and can be had in three different sizes: for children, for one adult, and for two adults. Considering the great number of diseases that exist in the tropics, it is a very sanitary practice to take one's own sleeping facilities wherever one goes.

Chapter Three

MAN-EATING ALLIGATORS

CATTLE raising is one of the common occupations of many who live along the Amazon River. However, it has its problems. Many farmers do not have any high land on their place, so when the river overflows its banks, they have to make provision for the safety of their stock. If the animals stand too long in the water, their hoofs get soft, infection sets in, and they die. Hence the people build platforms that are above the water, and the cattle stay up on them during the time that the river is out of its banks, which sometimes continues three months. Some of the platforms are built on large cedar logs, and float as the water comes up. Others, built upon stilts, are above water.

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When the land dries after the flood recedes, it is covered with a rich loam, and the grass grows up quickly and becomes very dense. It mats together around the drift wood, and when the water comes up again, it pulls up the grass by lifting the wood, and great masses of wood and grass come down the river as if they were big floating islands, sometimes being almost a mile long. While the cattle are up on the platforms, the farmers must go out each day and cut the grass and haul it to them in canoes. Sometimes may be seen a dog or two, some cats, and several chickens all huddled together with the cattle and hogs up there on one of those strange platforms. Conditions are not much better in some of the homes of the people, as they build up platforms only in part of the rooms. One of our sisters told me last year that one night her little baby fell out of the hammock, and she had to get up and rescue him from about four feet of water.

While the flood season brings many hardships to the people, yet there are some advantages. In 1944 the river was very high, and in the month of June, after our annual meeting in Maues, we stopped on our way home to baptize some folks near the town of Barreirinhas. Elder Santiago Smith, the Sabbath school secretary from the South American Division, was with us, and he consented to do the baptizing. A brother had built a platform of logs in front of his home, and put a ladder from it down into the water. The Luzeiro was moored beside this platform. After the preliminary exercises, the minister went down the ladder with the candidates into the water, and baptized them there in that brother's front yard in water about four feet deep.

One day we arrived at the home of a tanner. He had a little house built on cedar logs so it would float when the water should come up. He used this in connection with his trade, and his family used it for washing clothes as well as for bathing. This man had a large family, but only the mother and their daughter Rachel had been baptized.

On this particular morning Rachel had just taken the baby down to this floating bathhouse, and, after bathing her, was sitting there by the water's edge rubbing out a few clothes. A large alligator came to the surface, with his big mouth wide open, and grabbed Rachel by her hip. He opened his mouth so wide that in closing his jaws his upper teeth sank deep into her flesh, but the bottom ones bit into the plank floor of the bathhouse. Hence he could not pull her away into the water, and feast upon her body.

Rachel screamed, and her little brother, Pedro, who was playing close by, came with a big club and hammered the reptile over the head until he released his hold, but only after he had torn her flesh terribly.

Later this little Pedro, then about 12 years old, came to the boat and asked if we had brought his certificate for having read the Bible Year. At that age the little fellow had read his Bible through twice. Last year he was baptized, and his sister Rachel is now one of our magazine workers.

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On another occasion one of our brethren, who is a farmer living by the river, sent two of his men after a canoe load of corn a few miles down the stream. Because they tarried along the way, they did not reach home before nightfall. So they stopped in front of a country store by the river bank. As it was late, they decided to sleep on top of the corn in the canoe. In the night one of the men stretched and turned over, but in so doing he stuck his foot out over the edge of the canoe. A large alligator, that was waiting close by, grabbed him and cut off his right leg at the knee. The boat turned over, and as the other man fell into the water the reptile snapped off his left leg at the knee.

Their screams brought rescuers to the scene, and they soon pulled the two men out of the water. Just then a river boat en route to the city, came by and took them where they could get medical attention. The next morning this alligator was still there in front of the canoe, angry because his prey had been snatched away from him. At first the owner of the store tried to shoot the enraged creature, but was not able to kill him with a shotgun. He called a fisherman, who went out in his canoe and threw a harpoon into him so they could pull him to the shore and chop his head open. As soon as the harpoon entered the alligator's flesh, he turned on the man instead of diving to the bottom of the river, as the reptiles usually do in such cases. He climbed over the edge of the canoe and overturned it, and the fisherman swam for his life toward the shore. If the cord of the harpoon had not been fastened under the seat of the canoe, the brute would have succeeded in getting the fisherman. Finally the alligator became exhausted from struggling with the canoe. The fisherman got a rope on the boat, pulled it to shore, and finally killed the alligator. When they measured it, they declared that it was the biggest they had ever seen, for it was a little over 20 feet long.

There are many alligators in the Amazon basin. The fish in the rivers provide them with ample food, and they multiply very rapidly. The females lay as many as 70 eggs at a time. They do not build nests, but lay the eggs on the sand in the sun, and then scratch a few leaves or twigs over them and leave them to hatch. When the eggs hatch, the young take to the water and care for themselves.

Until recent years alligators had no commercial value, and so multiplied almost unmolested. But now there are several tanneries that prepare alligator hides as leather for shoes, belts, ladies' purses, and many other things. Today a raw skin is worth two dollars in United States currency, and one of the merchants that deals in them told me that he had bought 80,000 hides in one year. That evening as we pulled away from his place, and sailed down the river, we counted five ugly alligator heads protruding from the water almost in the shadow of his store.

The waters of the Amazon literally teem with many kinds of fishes. They range in size all the way from the big ox-fish and the piraracu (the redfish) to the little piranha, sometimes called the man-eating fish. The former weighs as much as 400 pounds, and the piranha never weighs more than two.

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When someone falls into the water, and happens to scratch his flesh so that it bleeds, the piranhas in great numbers, with their vise-like mouths literally devour all his flesh.

Then there is the tambaque, that is sometimes called "the vegetable fish," because it eats neither other fish nor animal flesh, but lives on fruits and nuts. With its powerful jaws it can easily crack the hard Brazil nuts, of which it is very fond. It spends most of its life out in the submerged forest, under the trees that produce the fruit it likes to eat. When the monkeys come chattering to one of these trees, they r, knock down the ripe fruit. Hence the fish learn to know the', chatter of the monkeys, and follow them from tree to tree. Fishermen take advantage of this fact, and ride in their canoes to these fruit trees, and there imitate the chatter of the monkeys, and with a ball of lead on the end of a string they imitate the falling of the fruit into the water. In a short time they catch with a hook and line all the fish they desire.

On one of our trips we were moving along not far from the bank of the river, when we ran into a school of fish, and 28 big ones, weighing about three pounds each, jumped into our boat at one time. Mrs. Halliwell was washing her hair then, and had a bucket full of hot water near by, and one fell right into the pail.

Some time later Elder N. P. Neilsen, then president of the South American Division, visited us and made a trip on the boat. We told him about this and he said: "Brother Halliwell, that sounds like a fish story!"

Not long afterwards he was sitting at the breakfast table one morning, and I turned the vessel a little out of the course to get into a school of those fish. One of them did just what I wanted it to do. It jumped into the boat, landed beside the elder's plate, and then fell down on the floor. He said, "I believe every word of that fish story now!"

Chapter Four

PERILS OF DEADLY SNAKES

SNAKES are other enemies of man in the Amazon jungle. In Brazil there are 22 different kinds of poisonous snakes, which include rattler, coral, bushmaster, and many others. The Brazilian Government has established an institution in the city of Sao Paulo, in southern Brazil, where they have made a very close study of the Brazilian snakes. They receive reptiles from all the states of the union, and put them in a pen, where they have little cement houses prepared for them. The snakes are never given anything to eat, for their caretakers say that the reptiles use their venom as saliva when they eat. They live from 12 to 14 months without food. At intervals of two weeks men go into the pens and catch the snakes by the necks, and using little instruments, they pry forward the fangs, which are hollow like an injection needle. Attendants place small glass dishes under the points of the fangs. As the top of each snake's head is pressed above the poison glands,

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the amber colored venom comes out into the little dish. This poison is then mixed with certain substances and injected into the blood stream of strong draft horses that have been imported from Argentina for this purpose. The horses at first become very sick, and if the doses are too strong, they die. However, with increasing dosages by injection, the animals build up resistance to the poison. Finally, each horse becomes immune to the bite of some particular snake. Then some of his blood is drawn from his body to make a serum that will, save the life of a person bitten by that species of snake. By this means thousands of lives have been saved in Brazil. We carry this medicine, called "antivenin," on our boat.

Many times while traveling on the Amazon we meet people with one of their feet missing. One man told me his sad story. He was bitten by a bushmaster, which is considered the worst snake in Brazil. It is called the surucucu in the Portuguese tongue. As they had no antivenin there, they built a very hot bonfire, and then tied a rope on the foot that had been bitten and pulled it over the flame until it was completely charred. That is a common treatment for snakebite among some who live in these faraway places. If the victim does not die of shock from the burn, he feels no more effects of the poison.

One evening I was holding a meeting in a small house close to the Amazon. There were perhaps 100 people crowded into the small parlor. I had just started to present my subject when I saw a man come hurrying in, come down to the front, and sit quite close to me. He seemed worried about something, and I could see that it was hard for him to sit still while I was preaching. Finally, after my rather lengthy discourse, we sang the closing song and were dismissed. Then I announced that we had some medicine with us and would now treat the sick. The man already mentioned was the first to rise to his feet and asked if we had anything for snakebite. I told him that we did, and asked him who was bitten. He said, "My brother has been bitten by a big bushmaster."

I asked him when it happened, and he replied, "Just when I came here to your meeting."

I then inquired why he had not told me at once, and he said that he did not wish to disturb a religious meeting. We hurried to treat the unfortunate man, who was by this time terribly sick. God helped us to save his life.

One evening I went with one of our national evangelists to a meeting that was held at the edge of a small town. The room was small, and many people were crowded together to hear the word of God. The house was covered with a thatched roof. The open rafters were not much higher than a man's head. The audience was made up of farmers and their wives, and they had come armed with big knives they use when they travel through the forest at night. Out of respect for the religious meeting, all the knives were stacked in a corner of the room.

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When the evangelist arose to begin the service, he stood over near the wall, and his head almost touched the straw of the thatched roof. The subject of the evening was spiritualism, and the minister was making it so plain and interesting that every one was sitting on the edge of his seat, trying not to miss a word of the talk. When he was at the point of proving from the Sacred Scriptures that the dead are in their graves and know nothing, and that the spirits of devils are the ones who appear and pretend to be the ghosts of the dead, we heard a noise in the dry straw forming the roof. Looking up we saw a big, poisonous snake stick out its head right in front of the speaker, and dart out its tongue right in the minister's face.

There was a scramble as the men jumped toward the corner to get their knives. In the meantime the snake disappeared into the thatched roof. It almost broke up the meeting. But we sang a song, and after a little while we got the people quieted down, and went on with the meeting. After a brief review, the speaker started to continue his important subject, and again all present were so interested and quiet that when the speaker paused, one could hear a pin drop. Then we heard a rattle in the dry straw in the roof, and again the reptile's head appeared. This time it was not more than six inches from the speaker's face. One of the men on the front row jumped from his seat, with his knife in hand this time, and cut off the snake's head. Everyone scrambled to get out of the way as the blood spurted out over the room. Then the dead body of the snake fell down to the floor. It was almost six feet long. That broke up the meeting for that night.

There are two kinds of constrictor snakes in Brazil. The larger species is the anaconda, which is called *sucuriju* in the Amazon region. This snake lives along the rivers. Many times, with its tail wrapped around the root of a tree that is in the water, it lies hidden in the dense foliage of the jungle, waiting for its prey to appear. When a deer or a tapir comes to the bank to drink, the reptile strikes and catches the animal with its two large, hook-shaped teeth, which it imbeds in the victim's skin, to hold the catch until it succeeds in getting its body looped around the prey. Then it continues to wrap itself more and more around the animal, until every bone in its body is crushed. Then the snake covers it with saliva, and swallows it whole. After such a repast the reptile usually lies dormant for a month. Hunters have told me that sometimes when they shoot a tapir, they find a piece of one of these snakes hanging to the animal's skin. The tapir is strong, and has a very thick hide. Hence the snake is not able to let go once it strikes, and some of the smaller reptiles are literally pulled in two before they succeed in getting their bodies looped around their victims. These snakes rarely attain a length of more than 30 feet.

The other constrictor is called *giboia* in Brazil, but in English it is known as the boa constrictor. It is a very beautifully colored snake, and is not so large as the anaconda.

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Neither of these big snakes is poisonous, but they catch their prey and kill it by squeezing it to death.

In 1943 Mrs. Baerg, the wife of Elder John Baerg, our union evangelist, wished to make a trip with us on the Amazon. As it was her first trip, she desired to see a big snake. So everywhere we stopped Mrs. Baerg would ask the people if they had seen a big snake. Later we entered into a large lake, and went across to the other side to visit some of our people. We stopped at a farm house, and the woman and her little grandchildren came out in a canoe to visit with us in the Luzeiro, which was close by. Mrs. Baerg asked the woman if she had seen a big snake. The woman said, "Why, yes, we have one in the house!"

Mrs. Baerg asked if she might go and see the snake. The woman sent her grandson to hunt for the snake. He disappeared into the big house, and soon came back to inform us that the reptile was out in the kitchen.

So we all went into the house to see the snake. It was a large building, and although covered with tile, it was not ceiled. When we entered the kitchen, there we saw a big roll of snake, a pile about two feet in diameter, all coiled up on the rafters. The creature was about five inches in diameter. The woman informed us that it was her "house cat," and that it kept the rats out of the building. I got a stick, and wanted to poke the snake, but she told me not to molest it, because it was getting old and cranky! It had been in her home over nine years. She added that sometimes when her grandchildren ran back and forth in the halls, and made too much noise, the snake would stick its head down about a foot and make a noise, "Si-si-si!" which sounded like air blown through the teeth.

Chapter Five

GOD WORKS IN STRANGE WAYS

IN 1931 one of our members came to me, and said, "Brother Halliwell, I don't know what I am going to do for I have lost 31 head of cattle this year on account of the, puraque [electric eels]." These eels live in the small streams. They are from six to eight feet long, and can give an electric shock strong enough to stun a cow. The farmers along the river say that when a cow goes down to the water to drink, an eel, lying in wait, strikes her. If she steps into the waters with her front feet, the shock has no effect on her; but if she stands on the bank and puts only her nose into the water, the eel strikes her on the nose, and she falls, stunned, into the river and drowns.

Our brother had lost 31 head of cattle in one year. I asked him if he had been faithful in giving his tithes to the Lord. He confessed that he had given only what he thought was a tithe, but had not been very careful about keeping his accounts. Well, we studied the

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subject of tithing, and he got a book to put down in it everything that went out and came in, and he began to pay a true tithe to the Lord.

The following year, when we arrived, he came down to the boat, and said: "Brother Halliwell, it works, it works!"

"What works?" I asked.

He replied, "The tithe! The tithe! Since I began to pay a true tithe, I have not lost another head of my cattle!"

This brother is now a member of our union committee. He has three children in our training school in Santo Amaro, and last year, as we sat around the table in our union committee, he told us that since the day that he began to pay a true tithe to the Lord, God had kept His promise and rebuked the devourer. (See Malachi 3: 8-12.) He had not lost another cow on account of the electric eels.

One evening we were having a meeting with the brethren, and as they came through the woods many of them carried little, open lamps that are nothing more than wicks, for they have no glass globes. That evening the Bible study was about tithing. We made it plain that the Lord blesses us with temporal things as well as with spiritual blessings.

In that district most of the brethren grew cacao (the plant that yields chocolate beans). In English we call it the chocolate tree. The cacao grows to about the size of an orange tree. The flowers come out on the trunk and not on the small branches. Pods form later from the flowers, and hang down around the sides of the trunk. They grow to the size of large pears, or larger, and are almost oval in shape. When they are ripe, they turn yellow, and inside have quite a number of beans about the size of big lima beans. The beans are pure bitter chocolate, and contain a rich oil which must be extracted before the chocolate is ready for use.

One of our sisters, who had a large plantation of cacao, was building a new home. While it was under construction she lived in a little hut that had only two rooms with dirt floors. After the meeting mentioned above, she started off through the woods with her little lamp, and when she reached her home, she saw something black stretched out on the floor. By the dim light of her lamp she mistook it for her son's black necktie. She stooped to pick it up, and to her surprise it was a poisonous snake, which almost struck her. She jumped back in fright, and called in some of the neighbor boys to kill the snake for her. When they arrived, they searched everywhere but could not find the reptile. They concluded that he had fled outside.

So after thanking them and telling them good-night, she retired to her bedroom. The door opened toward the inside, and behind it was a little shelf where she had been accustomed to put the little lamp. When she reached up to put the lamp in its place, there was the snake on the shelf. Again, it almost struck her. Now she was afraid to

leave through the door. So with difficulty, because she was rather stout, she crawled out through a small window. Again she called in the neighbors, and this time they killed the snake.

The next morning, very early, I was still in bed when a boy came, knocked at the door, and woke me up. He asked me to get up and go to the home of his sister at once, for she was very anxious to see me. I asked him what she wanted at that hour of the morning, but he said that he didn't know, only that she had been up most of the night and was figuring up something. I arose, dressed, and went through the woods in the direction of her home. But she came down the path to meet me, with her hands full of bills. "Brother Halliwell," she began, "I've robbed the Lord, and two times last night He spared my life. I've figured up my tithes, and I want you to take this money at once. I don't want it in my possession any longer. It's the Lord's, and I want to give it to Him."

I took the money to the mission treasury. She showed me the snake that they had killed. It was about six feet long. The Lord sometimes uses strange ways to call our attention to our moral obligations.

Chapter Six

JAGUARS IN THE JUNGLE

WE travel upstream we always go as close to the bank as possible because the current is not so strong there, and we are able to make more speed. This gives us a good opportunity to observe the many beautiful birds as they jump from limb to limb of the giant trees that line the edge of the jungle, their forest sanctuary. Parrots always alight in the very tops of the tallest trees, and would be very difficult to see, as their green color is a perfect match with the green leaves, but their shrill cries always help to find them. The beautiful macaws also sit in the very tops of the tallest trees, but due to their bright red and blue colors they are easy to see. The toucans are very interesting birds with long beaks, the larger ones having bills more than five inches long. They are very clumsy birds, and many of the people along the river say that these creatures cannot fly when the wind blows hard against their big beaks.

The japhims are beautiful birds, black with golden yellow on their wings. They belong to the oriole family, and have many interesting habits. They always build their nests near houses. Many times we have seen fruit trees in front of a house literally full of their hanging nests, and it is no uncommon sight to see the limbs just above a hornet's nest covered with these interesting bird nests. The reason for this is that when small animals try to come up the tree to get the eggs or the young birds, they have to reckon with the hornets before they can reach the nests of the japhims.

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Most of the water birds are seen on the shores of the lakes. There are many kinds of herons. The large white and grey herons have very long legs, and wade along the shore, where they catch small fish. During the mating season the males have beautiful long plumes on the top of their heads. Later in the season these are shed on the lake shores.

At certain seasons of the year the lakes are covered with wild ducks. The marecas are small ducks that resemble our teals. They feed on plants and seeds along the banks and in the lake during the daytime, but roost in the trees at night. They lay their eggs on the shores of these lakes; and after they hatch, and the young ducks are big enough to fly, the lakes seem to be alive with them. When a hunter startles q them, they always make for some bare tree that stands out in the water where they can see in all directions. The hunters always work in pairs. One hides under such a tree, and the other scares them up, and they come directly to the tree where the other man is waiting in hiding.

Tapirs are the largest animals that inhabit the Amazon jungle, the large ones weighing as much as 1,000 pounds. They always live along the banks of the river; and though they are very fond of the water, I have been told by many of the cabocolos (the natives who live along the river) that they do not swim but wade on the bottom, and can stay under the water for several minutes. They live on grass and shrubs, and the natives hunt them for food. But according to the Bible they are unclean, for they have three toes on each foot, and do not chew the cud.

One of the animals most to be feared in the jungle is the jaguar. These are fierce animals, and will attack men if hungry. They also kill the farmers' stock along the river. Usually a jaguar picks out a half-grown calf, pounces on its back, and gnaws at its neck until it kills it. There are two kinds: the common onca, which is striped; and the onca preta, or sussurrana as it is called. The onca preta is the larger of the two kinds, and is of a dark red color, with darker stripes that can faintly be seen.

On one of our trips we had to make a long journey through the woods to reach some of our believers. After a few hours of this wearisome travel, we came to a large opening, where we stopped to rest a few minutes. We could hear something stirring in the dead leaves behind us in the forest. The guide told us that it was a jaguar. We finally started on our way, and as soon as we got out of sight in the dense woods, we stopped and looked back to the clearing. We saw two big, dark objects come out of the woods, run across the clearing, and disappear in the timber to our right. Our guide informed us that these two animals had been following us for some time. I asked him to take his revolver and shoot in the direction we had seen them enter the woods. He said that would be dangerous to do.

On one of our trips before we had the Luzeiro, I was coming down a river one night in a native canoe with three natives rowing for me. When we started on this trip, it was a beautiful moonlight night; but we had not gone far when the sky clouded over and grew

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very dark-so dark that we could not go on our way. We pulled over to the bank, and one of the boys put a long pole down in the mud, and with it vaulted far over to the shore. Just as he landed we heard a shot from a gun, and he began to cry out with pain, saying that he had been shot. We lighted our pressure lamp, and when we could see what had happened, we found there in the woods a rifle aimed toward a path where the jaguars came out of the woods to the river. It had a string tied to the trigger and stretched across the path. When our companion had jumped, he lighted in this path, and his foot touched this string and fired the rifle. Fortunately, the bullet only grazed his ankle and burned him a little.

We stopped there for the night, and made our beds on the shore under a large tree. I had a folding cot, but the others put their blankets down on the ground. We thought to build a fire; but as everything was green, we had nothing dry with which to start it. We then decided to put our Petromax pressure lamp between us and the woods, and soon we were all asleep. The sun was up when we awakened. One of the men looked in the woods, and called us to see the tracks all around us where a big jaguar had walked back and forth but because of the light had been afraid to pounce upon us. As I stood there and gazed at those tracks, I thanked the Lord that He had protected us, and that the kerosene lasted so that the lamp did not go out until the dawn came. Many times since I have been thankful to the Lord and to our brethren who have so faithfully contributed of their means and made it possible to build our wonderful boat, so we can travel in comfort and are protected from these dangerous beasts of the Amazon jungle.

Deer are very plentiful in the jungle. They are small red deer. The bucks do not have very long horns, which contributes to their safety in running through the jungle.

Last year when we visited the home of one of our baptized brethren, his family were cutting rubber and doing their bit toward furnishing the government with the much needed material for the war effort. As every one else was following this lucrative employment, no one was left to plant, so vegetables and cereals were scarce. The boat bringing in supplies was late; so this family were really hungry. As we were on our way down the river and nearing home, we had few supplies left; but we shared the little we had with them, and the following morning we started down the little stream on which they lived, and were soon out in the wide river.

We had not gone far when I sighted something out in the middle of the river, and it was headed for the bank that we were following. This branch of the river was about a mile wide there, and whatever it was swimming in the water, it was doing its best to reach the bank. I speeded up the boat a bit to head it off, and it turned out to be a deer that was coming across the river. As the boat came close, it turned and started back, and the chase began. Our boat boy got a lasso rope, and we tried to catch the animal. A boat cannot turn in a small area. So when we would get close, the deer would turn at a right angle and start in the other direction. After some time he became tired, and finally the

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boy succeeded in getting the rope over his head. But as the noose was too large, the deer would put his front legs into the loop and go on through before the boy could tighten the rope. We started all over, but soon we caught him again, this time with a smaller noose, and pulled him up on the boat. He was exhausted at first and lay still on the deck, and we tied the rope to the handrail. But before we could get his feet tied, he got up and wanted to fight. He tried to rip us open with his sharp hoofs, and it was hard to keep out of his reach. Then he jumped in through an open window to where Mrs. Halliwell was sitting. She moved out of his way just in time. This jump proved his undoing, however, for he broke his neck. So we pulled him out, cut his throat, and took him back to our friends who were without anything to eat. They declared that it was sent of the Lord to tide them over until the boat should arrive with supplies.

One morning when we were anchored near the woods, a native came to the boat and asked to borrow my shotgun to go into the timber and get a deer for his family. I hesitated a little but finally let him have it, for he said that he was without supplies, and his family were hungry. He had not been gone long when we heard a shot, and some one remarked, "The cabocolo has got his deer!"

We waited a long time, and he finally came out of the woods; but instead of bringing a deer, he was dragging a big jaguar.

I asked him how he killed the beast with only a shotgun, and he told me just how it came about. He was going down the little path in the woods, listening to the chirp of a sort of cricket that they call cigarra. It makes a very shrill noise. He said that as he walked along the path, he noticed the insect was chirping; but when he came near, it stopped. Then when he had passed a distance, it began to chirp a few times, and then stopped again. He suspected that something was following him. Turning his head a little, he saw this big jaguar sneaking up on him as a cat creeps up to a bird. He stepped lively until he reached a big tree. He turned as he stepped behind the tree, and shot the jaguar in the face, killing it instantly. We may feel sorry for these poor cabocolos because they have had no opportunity to learn to read and write in good schools like the ones we have; but their time has not been wholly wasted, and in things pertaining to life in the jungle their ears are alert to sounds that would mean nothing to us, but to ignore them would cost us our lives.

On our way back down the river once, we felt impressed to enter a narrow stream that connects the main stream of the Amazon with the big lake known as Lake Monte Alegre. A river rises in this lake, and flows out past the foot of a high mountain and a little city by the same name, which means Happy Mountain. We had gone into this lake a few times before; but it is so large, and has so many islands, that it is very easy to lose the way and not find the mouth of the river that leads down past the city and back into the main stream of the Amazon.

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We hesitated a few minutes; but as we felt the urge to go in, we finally moved into the peaceful waters of the little stream. As the current was flowing in, it helped us to move quickly into the lake. We set our course across the lake by compass, as the body of water was so large that we could not see the other side. We had plotted the course on a previous trip. The sun was setting when we reached the other side and found the mouth of the river that we had planned to go down, but to our dismay the opening into the stream was closed by a large grass island that had been floating around in the lake and was now lodged in the entrance to the river. What were we to do? We had felt impressed to go down this little river to hold a meeting in the small city there at the base of the big mountain. It was too late to go back, and so we dropped the anchor until morning.

About eight o'clock that evening I turned on our big headlight, and to my surprise I could see the eyes of several alligators, which we call jacares in Portuguese. As they reflected the light, those eyes looked like balls of fire shining in the grass. We pulled up the anchor, and with Mrs. Halliwell at the wheel, and the boat boy at the headlight, I handled the harpoon, and for about an hour we hunted alligators.

Before retiring we had our worship, and we asked the Lord that if it was His will that we should hold a meeting in the little city, He would remove the obstacle that was obstructing the entrance to the river. In the night a terrible windstorm came up, the waves rolled high, and we feared; lest our little anchor would not hold, and that we would be swept out into the angry waters of that big lake. With the coming of dawn the wind subsided. And as we looked out, the mouth of the little river was clear, for the wind had blown the grass island far out into the middle of the lake. We knew then that it was God's will for us to hold a meeting in the city of Monte Alegre.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when our little boat came alongside the landing platform at the town of Monte Alegre. A man dressed in military attire was there waiting for us. As we put down the gangplank and stepped ashore, he invited me to hold a meeting in his home. I went with him to see the place; but as it was too small, he suggested that we try to rent the motion picture house. But, the owner informed us that he had a show only two times a week, and that was the night for the show. As a last resort, we visited the mayor and asked permission to hold an open air meeting in front of the public market. He consented. So we visited the chief of police and asked him to send a policeman to keep order. He proved to be a friend, and said that he would be there and would invite his friends.

We then visited a doctor whom I had known in the city of Belem, with whom I had visited many times. We had talked about things on the Amazon. He was happy to see us, and gave me a big Brazilian hug. Then he told me about a trip he had made the previous evening to his ranch out along the shore of the lake.

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He said, "I have always told you that there are big sea serpents in the Amazon and in these lakes."

He continued in a very excited tone of voice, "And now I have the proof. Last evening I was out at my farm, and three of my men were with me. I was in the house at about nine o'clock, and the men were resting on the boat. Suddenly I heard them yell, and they all came bounding into the house. They said, 'There's a big serpent out in the lake. It has one big eye in the center of its head, and it swings back and forth as it goes about in the water. It has a red eye on one side and a green one on the other!'"

He added, "I went out with them, and we watched it for some time, and then it dove under and the eyes disappeared. You'll never convince me again that there are no big serpents in the Amazon!"

I let him conclude his story, and then I said: "Now, doctor, don't get too excited! The serpent that you saw last night was only the Luzeiro catching a few alligators out on the lake. The big eye was our headlight, which the boy was swinging around in the alligators' eyes; and the red and green lights were our navigation lamps."

Although he was taken aback with the explanation, he sent at once for his three men and asked me to explain the matter to them also, or else he would not be able to get them back on the lake again at night.

That evening we had a wonderful meeting in the city, and more than 1,500 people came out to hear our explanation of Daniel 2, listening eagerly as I explained the rise and fall of world empires while I projected a picture of the great image on the whitewashed walls of the little market building. After the meeting Mrs. Halliwell went back to the boat, but it was long after midnight when I finished answering the questions of the many interested persons.

What about the picture show? The next morning the owner was lamenting that he did not rent his hall to us, for not a soul went to his show. I was rejoicing, because the hall would not have held half the crowd at the meeting.

Chapter Seven

SUPERSTITION AND DISEASE

THE PEOPLE along the Amazon still cling to many superstitious beliefs. One day we were going through a narrow channel that connects the Tocantins River with the Para estuary of the Amazon. In some places the channel was so narrow that our launch could not go through without rubbing on the trees growing on the shore. As we approached a very sharp bend in the river, we noticed to the left a tree that was literally full of old clothes and rags that had been hung on it. We wondered what it could mean, for there were no

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homes in that part of the country. We were sure no washwoman lived near by. Washwomen never hang clothes on trees to dry, any way.

In this region the washing is usually done along the river, where there is some open plot of grass upon which they can spread out the clothes to bleach in the sunshine. The women sit along the bank, and first wet the clothes, and then rub on a little soap. After this they lay the clothes on a board or a smooth rock and pound them. Then they add more soap, and pound the clothes again. By this process they succeed in beating loose the dirt as well as most of the buttons.

So we wondered, as we passed by that strange tree, why all those old rags were hanging out. Finally we came to a house, and stopped to inquire about the matter. We were told that one night a large canoe was slowly making its way up the stream in this channel, and when it passed under this tree something seemed to stop the boat. It appeared to be grounded, for it would not move either up or down stream. The men got their long poles and thrust them into the water, and found that they were not grounded, for they could not reach the bottom even with them. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, according to the tale. They looked under the trees, and there they saw several yaras (Amazon mermaids) begging for clothes. The men awakened the owner of the canoe and told him what had happened. Opening his trunk, he took out some old clothes for the yaras. And then, according to the story, the canoe glided smoothly forward up the canal. Now nearly every native who goes up that stream throws some piece of old clothing upon that tree. They say that if one does not have anything to throw, he must take off some article of clothing and turn it inside out so the boat will go past the place. The name of the place is "Volta da Vira Said' (The Curve Where You Turn Your Skirt).

The rubber cutters are very superstitious about going into the woods after the latex, the rubber milk. When the Japanese seized control of the rubber supply in the East Indies, the United States Government turned to Brazil for natural rubber. Most of the rubber in the Amazon region of Brazil grows wild. Henry Ford has large plantations there, but as the trees are quite young, they are not producing very heavily yet. Hence most of the rubber is obtained from the wild trees.

One man can cut or tap about 120 trees in a day. The trees grow anywhere in the woods. The laborer first cuts a path from tree to tree, usually in a circle and in such a way that when he has come to the last tree, he is back at the place where he started to work.

He starts out early in the morning, before sunrise, and follows his path, which he calls an estrada. He cuts a groove in each tree. For this purpose he uses a knife with a curved point. As he pulls it across the bark of the tree, it makes a deep groove in the bark. Then he puts on it a little tin cup with a sharp edge that cuts under the bark at the bottom of the groove, and it remains there in that position to catch the latex as it trickles down.

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Each morning thereafter he makes an additional groove. The same trees are cut year after year. At about 10 o'clock he makes the rounds again, and collects the latex that has run into the tin cups. From the trees under his care he will collect about 10 or 12 quarts of rubber milk a day.

Next he builds a fire, using nuts from a certain palm tree to make a very dense smoke. He puts a funnel upside down over the fire so that the smoke will come up in a more concentrated stream. Then he pours some of the latex on a paddle and rotates it in this dense smoke, which makes the milk coagulate and become solid. This process is continued until the ball of rubber may weigh as much as 120 pounds. The paddle stick is then cut out of the center, and the crude rubber is ready for export.

As the men go through the woods they often meet wild animals and snakes. Each man always wears a large alligator tooth, which is tied by a string around his ankle or is hung from his belt. They believe that the teeth protect them from attack by wild animals and from snakebites. They always say that the only time any one has been bitten by a snake was when he was working around the home or in the garden and had not put on an alligator's tooth.

In most of the little stores along the river a box is kept sitting over in one corner, usually on a little shelf behind the counter. The front side of it is covered with chicken wire, for inside the box is a big boa constrictor. If any one should ask why they have the snake there, he will be informed that it attracts customers to the store.

The people are very superstitious about taking medicine. One day a man came to the boat, went up the gangplank, and looked down where I was writing some letters. I noted that his beard was very long and black. After he had looked at me for a few minutes, he said, "Sir, I would just like to ask you a question."

"What is it?" I asked.

He said, "Can I shave now?"

"Why don't you shave?" I queried.

"Well," he replied, "it has been two weeks since I took castor oil."

One evening we were driving our vessel in a place known as The Islands. For a distance of about 100 miles in the lower Amazon there are thousands of small streams and islands. All of these islets are inhabited, for there are rubber and other valuable trees in this district.

As we came around the point of a small island, we saw a big, new, three-story house in front of us. We stopped to visit the owner, and he invited us to hold a meeting in the big house, which he was just finishing. He asked us to have the meeting on the top floor, for it had no partitions as yet, but was all one large room. We strung up our electric light wires, and he sent two men out in canoes to invite the people to come. By seven o'clock

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the big room was full. As the stairway was not yet finished, he took some boards and put them over the hole so that no one would fall down and kill himself.

This caused us to recall the story of how Paul once preached on the third floor and the boy Eutychus fell from the window and was taken up dead. (See Acts 20: 6-12.) I remembered that Paul had preached a long sermon. Hence I was careful not to speak longer than one hour. I showed pictures of the life of Christ, and appealed to the people to buy Bibles and read the story about the Saviour.

After the closing hymn and prayer, the owner of the house arose to say a few words. He informed us that the house was now dedicated by this religious meeting, which; he declared was a very fitting dedication. He said there would be no dancing, nor beer drinking, nor any such thing done there; but that every time the Luzeiro should stop at his home, it would be a sign for the people to come and attend a religious meeting.

As we were taking down the electric wires and the people were getting into their canoes to go home, we looked out on the river and saw four men coming downstream in a large canoe. They came straight to the boat and told us that a man by the name of Cornelius was very sick over on another island, and they begged us to go that very night to see him. We tied their canoe behind the Luzeiro, and soon arrived at the home of Cornelius.

When we entered that home, we saw a very saddening sight. There were his two sons and their wives and children-12 persons in all. They were all nearly blind with trachoma. They begged us to treat them. The very sight of those 12 persons, all with swollen eyelids and nearly blind as a result of that terrible disease, pained us very much. We had never treated people sick with this disease. I advised them all to get ready as soon as possible and take the steamer down to the city to see a good eye doctor and be treated before it should be too late, or they would all go blind. I then looked into our medicine chest, took out a bottle of sulfathiazole tablets, and counted out some for each one to take until they could reach the city. Leaving them, we went on our way.

About four months later, when on our way back home, we stopped at the big, new house for another meeting. Again we extended our wires up to the top story, and many people gathered to hear the sermon. Again, as we were finishing, we looked out over the river and saw a boat coming toward us. Soon we saw that it brought those same four men who had come for us before. And again they said, "Cornelius desires that you come over to his home."

We waited until the following morning, and when we arrived there, we found them all recovered from the terrible disease. Now they were all very happy. I asked them if they had gone to the city to be treated, and they replied that it was not necessary, for the medicine that we left had cured them all. They were very grateful, and begged us to spend the day with them and hold a meeting in their home that night.

During the entire day the sick came to this house for treatment, and by night there was a large group gathered to listen to the preaching of God's word. As we turned out the lights, and started the projection of the pictures, three young girls went out into another room and sat there in the dark. Mrs. Halliwell asked them why they did not come in to see the pictures. They answered, "We didn't get any of those pills when you were here before, and our eyes are so sore that we can't look at the screen."

After the meeting was over we treated those three girls and many other persons who were almost blind as a result of the terrible tracoma.

Chapter Eight

PROVIDENCE OPENS DOORS

EARLY every evening we hold a meeting somewhere along the river, either in some country store, some little town or village, or at some farmhouse. One evening we were to have a service in a home, but after we had the wires put up in the house, so many people came that all could not get inside. They asked that we have the meeting outside under a big mango tree. We did, and after the meeting we treated the sick.

As there was an epidemic of smallpox raging not far from there, we vaccinated the people against this ruthless slayer of men. We had the people form into a long line, each one with his right arm bare. One of our helpers washed each arm with alcohol, another put on the vaccine, and a third scratched the arm. In a few minutes we vaccinated over 250 people.

It was 11 o'clock when we had treated the last person. We took down our wires, and got in the boat to start down stream. The people all crowded together on the bank and asked us to sing one more song before leaving. From the bow of the boat we sang "God Be with You Till We Meet Again." There were tears in many eyes as they said goodbye, and as our little boat was gliding out into the stream, we could hear them crying after us, "Nao demore! Volte logo!" (Don't delay! Come back soon!) And so it is that all along the great Amazon doors are open everywhere, and people are saying to us, "Don't delay! Come back soon! We wish to hear more about the blessed message!" Surely the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few.

On one trip we made several years ago we stopped at the city of Santarem, at the mouth of the Tapajos, where it flows into the Amazon. It is on this river that Mr. Henry Ford has his rubber plantations. The water is clear, but where it is deep, it has the appearance of being black. Where it meets the yellow, muddy water of the Amazon, for a long way the line dividing the two kinds of water can be seen.

At this time we had no believers in this city, and so had no one there with a home in which to hold meetings. One evening I held a meeting in one of the back streets. A large

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crowd came out and paid very good attention to what I said. After the meeting a well-dressed woman came to me, and told how she had enjoyed the message. She informed me that her father was an American, and that she had two sisters in the town. One of them had a large home. So she invited us to hold a meeting in her home the next time, and not to speak in the street any more.

A few months later we returned to this place, and I went to their home to make arrangements for a meeting. The father was from the southern part of the United States. He was a boy when his parents with hundreds of others left the South because of the abolition of slavery, and settled here in Brazil. Although the father was a member of another Protestant church, they received us very kindly. So we soon made the arrangements for a meeting to be held that evening. While we were still visiting with them, the minister of the man's church came in. He was very much excited. Slamming his fist on the table beside which he was sitting, he said, "The Adventists can't hold a meeting in this home. I protest!"

The lady, who was the owner of the home, arose and hammered her fist on the table, saying: "This house is mine, and they are going to hold the first meeting tonight, and you are the first person to be invited!"

Well, we held that meeting and many others, and those three sisters are now baptized Seventh-day Adventists. We have a fine little group of believers in that city.

Some time later one of our colporteurs, who was working in that city, sold a book to a family in which was a son who was infected by the leprosy. This young man and his mother both accepted the truth, and when we had the baptismal service he had to go around by a back street to get to the river, for he was not allowed on the streets of the city. He came into the water with his poor face disfigured by that dreadful disease. His body also was spotted with many large sores. I well remember that when he came up out of the water, he said, "Elder Halliwell, pray for me. Some day I shall be a worker in the Lord's cause."

He went back to his home, where he lived in a room separated from the rest of the family. One of our friends in the United States had sent us a little money to buy medicine. So we bought some chaulmoogra oil, and began treating the youth. He did not waste any time, but began at once to work for souls. His sister, who is not an Adventist, would invite the neighbors into the parlor, and he would stand in the door of his room and explain the prophecies to them. He would draw maps and charts, and thus explain, the 2,300 days of Daniel 8: 14. Soon he had created a good interest among his hearers. The following year I baptized nine persons won to Christ as a result of his work in spite of the fact that he could not even go outside of his room. Surely this is a challenge to the young people whom God has blessed with a good education and a sound, healthy body. That boy has now taken well over 200 injections, and his body has not a sign of the

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terrible disease. Two examinations have produced negative results, and he is at liberty to walk the streets again. He now works for others who are suffering from the same affliction, and is giving them injections as well as working for their spiritual welfare.

Some years ago I visited a city that is situated on the Amazon below Belem. We had never had a meeting there. So we went to the mayor of the place and asked for a hall in which to hold a meeting. He did not receive us very kindly, and flatly refused to let us use a hall. And when I suggested that we might hold the meeting in the street, he refused to let us hold it anywhere. He stated that the people were all Roman Catholic and were satisfied with their religion, and that there was no need to change for another about which they knew nothing. I reminded him that the federal constitution of Brazil guaranteed to all religious liberty and the right to any one to preach whatever religion he might desire. He said, "Yes, that is well and good, but here in this city I will not assume the responsibility of protecting you if you attempt to preach in the street."

While we were talking, a man came running up and told him that the governor of the state had just arrived by automobile. Nearly every one left at once for the place where the governor had stopped. My first impulse was to approach the governor, for he was a friend of mine. But I remembered that if he should return to the state capital, I would still have to deal with the same mayor and the police force. While I was there wondering what course to pursue, a young man dressed in white stepped up to me and asked me to serve as witness to his wedding ceremony. In Brazil all marriages are performed by civil authorities. A religious ceremony is not recognized as legal. Hence all must be married by judges. There was the young man with his bride-to-be in the courtroom, but his chief witness had gone with others to see the governor arrive. I consented to help him out, and the judge pronounced them man and wife. I then signed my name, as a witness, on the dotted line. The bridegroom then invited us to his home to drink orangeade and eat some sweets, as it is customary to do in north Brazil on such occasions.

While we were sitting there in that home, a well-dressed man came in and thanked me for taking his place at the wedding. Then he said, "Perhaps you would like to know who I am. I am the chief of police here, and this boy that was married is my brother's only son."

Then he asked what we desired that morning when we were talking to the mayor. I told him, and added also that he had refused to grant us permission to hold a meeting in the town. Then he said, "Bring your boat over here in this river in front of my home, and you can hold the meeting in my parlor. I will have all the police in town here to protect you if anyone should try to interfere."

We did as he said, and that night we had to hold the meeting out in front of his home, because his parlor was not large enough to hold all the people who came.

Chapter Nine

THE BOOK THAT FLOATED

ONE THING that characterizes all our brethren in the Amazon region is their desire to work for others. I remember a rather old man whose name was Candido. He had studied the Bible and read our books for a long time before he finally saw the truth, but when he did see it, he wanted every one else to be converted and see just as he saw. He never made a trip in his canoe without taking his Bible along. He was always looking for an opportunity to give a Bible study.

One evening he arrived at the home of friends, tied his canoe to the shore, and went in for a little visit, planning to approach the man of the house for permission to give a Bible study. He had planned to spend the night with them, and so had brought his hammock and some other baggage along. A half gourd is an essential part of the equipment needed in any canoe, for the boats always leak. The gourd serves to bail out the water. He had taken one along.

Our brother spent a lot of time preaching against alcoholic liquor, and from lack of tact he had made many enemies. Now while he was in this home conversing with the family, one of his enemies, who drank liquor, came along and noticed that a big rag was stuck in a hole in the bottom of Brother Candido's boat. There in the canoe was his Bible and all his baggage, and this enemy very maliciously pulled out the rag and went on his way down the river. When our brother had finally arranged for the study and to stay all night, he came out to the boat and found to his dismay that it had gone down to the bottom of the river, and that all his baggage was lost. His first thought, however, was of his Bible. He could get another hammock, for he could borrow one for the night if necessary; but there were no more Bibles like that one for him, as he had studied it for a long time. All the principal verses he used were marked in it.

As night was coming on, there was nothing he could do about it. So he went back to the house and gave the study as best he could from memory. Some one loaned him a hammock for the night. But with all this he really was disturbed about the loss of his Bible.

Very early the next morning he arose, and went out to try to pull his canoe out of the water. He looked downstream and he saw there, caught under a willow, something still floating on the water. Wondering what it might be, he went closer to see. To his great surprise and joy there was the gourd that he had used to bail out the water, and in it was his Bible! The gourd containing it was floating on the water. Surely the Lord had performed a miracle for him, and there was his much-prized Bible safe inside the gourd. He was a very happy man.

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As he went on his way that morning, he praised the Lord for turning into a victory what his enemy had planned as a defeat. The word spread over the whole neighborhood, telling about the Bible that floated; and for days people came in their canoes to see the Book that would not sink.

The first series of meetings we ever held on the Amazon was in the little city of Maues, located on the river by the same name, which flows into the Amazon about 900 miles above Belem. Providence seemed to open the way, and our first baptismal service in the whole Amazon valley was held in the country near this place.

It was in 1931 that we made the initial trip with our little boat Luzeiro up to that city, and one of the brethren there had erected a little straw-covered shed behind his house. It was fenced in with high stakes. It seemed strange to me to have to preach the gospel in that out-of-the-way place, with us so well shut in. But our brother knew those people better than I did. The first evening when I stood up to preach, stones and chunks of dirt began to fall in the hall, and a large clod struck me on the head. Some one ran out and called the civil authorities, and we went on with the meeting; but several times during the series of meetings stones struck the roof of the shed and rolled off or else fell through the straw into our meeting. We knew at once that there were faithful souls in that town, and that the devil was wroth about our meetings. As a result of those meetings, two of the most influential men of the town were baptized, one of them being the brother of the mayor, and the other being a brother of a state representative.

Many times we are asked if those people become truly faithful Seventh-day Adventists. One of the two men referred to above was in charge of dispatching all the boats that came into that little city, passenger as well as freight carrying craft. If a boat should arrive on the Sabbath, and wished to leave before it was ended, it would have to wait until after sundown, for he would not dispatch a vessel on the Lord's day. Many of the operators of the boats, knowing about this, would plan their trips so as to arrive at Maues just after the Sabbath had ended. Some of them complained to the higher authorities about it, and finally it came to the attention of his brother, the gentleman already mentioned as being a member of the state legislature. He made a trip at once to Maues to try to persuade his brother to give up what he called a foolish religion. At first he offered him a good job with a high salary if he would forget this matter of the Sabbath. Then he used threats, but the only reply that he got from this faithful Sabbathkeeper was this: "John, I am surprised at your lack of character!"

Indignant at this reply, his brother ordered carpenters to build a big platform out in the street, and he invited the whole city to come and hear his speech. He spoke at length about Seventh-day Adventists, and finally finished by saying that he would run every Adventist out of the whole state. When he was finishing this speech, he was suddenly taken ill and had to be carried off the platform. A special boat was hired to take him back to Manaus, the state capital, where he underwent an operation. But in three days

he was dead. Today we have a large church in this district, and to our general meeting, which is held in this city each year; about 400 Seventh-day Adventists come.

One day a few months later the brethren had closed the Sabbath school with the song "Open Wide Your Heart, and Let the Blessed Sunshine In." As they came out of the church and started down the street, they saw two young girls and an elderly woman leaning out of their window and making fun by saying, "Open Wide Your Heart, and Let the Malaria Come In." Our brethren went on to their homes and paid no attention to them. But not so the Lord, for in a few days the old woman and one of the girls contracted malaria, and in less than a week both were dead. We were reminded of judges 5:31, which reads, "So let all Thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

Chapter Ten

OPPOSITION THWARTED

IN 1938 we were expecting Elder William Butler to arrive from the General Conference to visit us. So we built a new, thatched-roof tabernacle for our annual meeting in Maues. While we were erecting this building, some one sent a telegram to the governor of the state to tell him that the Adventists were putting up a building and planning to hold in it some Communistic meetings against the government. After the structure was completed, we went on to the capital to meet Elders William Butler and J. L. Brown. While there we visited the governor and asked him for an Ingathering offering. He received us very kindly and gave his offering, but never mentioned anything about that telegram. When we returned to begin our meetings, we learned that the governor had sent two telegrams to the civil authorities in Maues, one to the mayor and the other to the chief of police, asking them to show every possible favor to the Adventists assembled in the city.

Many times our work has been greatly hindered by religious fanatics, and often the Lord has allowed it to bring sincere souls to a decision. In the little town of Curuca, located on the river of the same name, there lived one of our faithful brethren. He had written several times inviting us to visit him and hold some meetings in his little town. As that river is not a tributary of the Amazon system, but flows into the Atlantic Ocean, it was necessary for us to go down the Amazon, in our little boat, to the ocean and go around a very dangerous point, then turn up into that little river. Because there were many rocks and sandbars, navigation was more dangerous than on the Amazon.

Our brother has a very beautiful place, on which he had planted more than 600 coconut trees. A coconut palm grows about seven years before it begins to produce. In this area a healthy tree will produce approximately 120 coconuts a year. On account of the little river's being in the tidal basin, it rises about 20 feet when the tide comes in, and later

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falls 20 feet at ebb tide. The river is shallow near the bank, so that when the tide is out, a great stretch of soft mud is left between the channel and the shore. If a boat should arrive when the tide is going out, it would have to wait sometimes as much as six or eight hours before enough tidewater would return to fill the river so that a boat such as ours could get up to the shore.

When we made our first trip, we arrived at low water, and thought we would have to wait until the tide should come back in. However, two boys rolled up their trousers - above their knees, and pushed a flat-bottomed canoe out over the soft mud, and came out to get us. That was the first time we ever had taken a boat ride on mud.

When we had visited a while with our brother, he suggested that we go to the city and make plans for holding a meeting. The town was not situated on the main river, but was located on a little branch of it, and we could reach it by boat only when the tide was high. When we arrived at the city, we anchored in a spot where they told us the bottom was level. We waited until the tide went out, which lowered the level of the river, and saw our little Luzeiro left sitting in the mud without a drop of water around it.

During the rest of the afternoon the people brought in many sick to be treated. I remember a little boy about 12 years old who was suffering from a tropical ulcer. It had eaten away the whole top of his foot. As he came hobbling down the plank that connected our boat with the platform extending from the shore, we saw that the toes on his sore foot were tied together with a piece of brown cord to keep them from spreading and causing the sore to hurt. He had a very pitiful look on his little face as he told us that for over two years he had been suffering with this foot, and that it was very painful when he walked. These sores respond well to treatment, and we treat them externally with hot and cold water, and internally with hypodermic injections. Most of the people in northern Brazil are afraid of hot water. They think that water is so common that there are no healing properties in it, be it hot or cold. Hence, it is very difficult to get them to use the hydrotherapy treatments. When we want them to use hot foot baths, we give them a few crystals of potassium permanganate to put in it, which colors the water a little. Then it is medicine to them, and they will soak their feet all day if you so order.

We started to treat that poor little fellow who had come to us, giving him an injection for the disease. Then we sent for his mother to teach her how to continue the water treatments. She came to the boat and was furious with us because we were treating her boy. She frankly told us that she didn't want that sore cured, for it was their only means of livelihood. With it the boy could successfully beg for their living. So she refused to cooperate in his treatment. I finally had to go to the civil authorities, and they at once obliged her to let us treat the boy. In a short time the little fellow was well, and could run and play like other boys. He could work now and earn something, which was much better than to beg; and the mother was grateful.

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While we were in this city we went to talk with the mayor and chief of police about holding a meeting. There was no hall available, so we tacked our screen on two royal palm trees in the park, and invited the public to be present that evening. In the little towns the electricity is usually of a different voltage from that which our projector uses, so that we always put up our own wires from the boat and use our own electric power. Our lights are always much brighter than those produced by the little city plants, which are usually overloaded or for economical reasons have low voltage. About seven o'clock this evening we started our meeting by singing a song and quite a crowd had gathered.

After the first song was sung, I noticed two long-robed priests coming across the park. They came up to me, and asked what I planned to do there. I informed them that I was going to hold a religious meeting, and teach the Holy Scriptures to the people. They were indignant and, as if they were the only ones that had a right to preach, they asked me who had given me authority to preach in that city. I assured them that I had gotten the consent of the 1 proper officials and planned to go ahead with the meeting. Then one of them got up on the sidewalk and called out to the people in a loud voice, saying: "Every Roman Catholic leave this place at once!"

Then I got up on that same walk, which was about a foot higher than the park level, and I reminded the people that in Brazil we have religious liberty and that no one was obliged to leave, for all have a right to hear and to decide for themselves what religion they shall follow. Perhaps one half of the crowd slunk away, but the rest stood their ground. So we proceeded to hold the meeting.

After the singing of a few songs, I turned on the projector and began the study of the evening, which was on the life of Christ. I had just gotten well started when the priests came back, this time greatly excited because so many of the people had dared to defy them. They began to grab the people by the arm and literally to drag them from the place. Well, that was too much. So we turned on the lights, and I went across the park to the home of the mayor. The priests went also, and there was the mayor in the door of his home: He had been watching the whole performance. I briefly stated my case, and they replied that the people of the town were all Roman Catholics, and we had no right to preach anything different. To their great surprise the mayor took our part in the matter and told them that if they should disturb us once more, he would be required, according to the laws of Brazil, to arrest them, for the law of the land makes it a crime to disturb a religious meeting, be it Roman Catholic or Protestant. I returned to my meeting, and they called their followers into their church and there held a crying ceremony. First one would go up behind the altar and cry, and then the other would follow him. They said that they were crying because people were being "deceived" by the Protestants.

After the meeting we waited a while until the tide was high, and then our boat was afloat again, so that we could return to the main river and to our brother's home. Very

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early the next morning a fine young man came out from the city to see us. He was employed by the federal government. He told us that he had always been a very devout Roman Catholic, but after what he had seen the night before, he was determined to examine the Sacred Scriptures and seek a better way of life. After a few weeks of Bible study with our brother, he came to the city, and after some more study, he was baptized. Today he is one of our faithful members in the central church in Belem.

Just before leaving on furlough to the United States I performed the religious ceremony confirming his marriage to one of our fine young girls in that church. In Brazil a marriage ceremony must be performed by a judge of the civil court in order to be legal, for the law is such that the state does not recognize a religious ceremony. After the judge has pronounced the couple man and wife, we have a confirmation ceremony, by which we present the religious nature of marriage and invoke the Lord's blessing on the union.

While visiting with Elder R. A. Wilcox in his field, which was the North Coast Mission, we obtained permission from the mayor to hold a meeting in a small town far back in the country. He freely granted us the privilege, but limited us to speaking about Christ only and nothing else. We consented to this limitation, and he offered as a place for the meeting the public square in front of the city hall. As the building was painted white, we did not even put up a screen, but used the wall for that purpose. About seven o'clock Elder John Baerg, who accompanied us on the trip, and Elder Wilcox began to play their comets. Soon a large crowd gathered, and we began the meeting. I was standing in front of the building and was explaining the pictures of the life of Christ as they were being projected on the wall. I had not spoken long when some one came running up on the sidewalk, put his hand over my mouth, and commanded me to stop at once. I was somewhat overcome with surprise, but when I looked, it was the mayor himself.

"You just gave me permission to hold this meeting. Now a why do you ask me to stop?" I inquired.

"The priest doesn't want you to continue," he replied. Then I asked him who was mayor of the city, he or the priest. He stated that he was mayor of the place, but had to do this because the priest demanded that he do it. He was insistent, saying that I could not continue the meeting, and stated that if I did not stop, he would have to arrest me and put me in jail. So we were obliged to stop our meeting in this public place, and hundreds of people who had gathered to hear the message protested; but it was of no avail, and we were not able to continue. We went back to the hotel. Many followed us, and we had a little meeting there; but the most of them were not able to get in, and the owner of the hotel was afraid of the authorities.

The next day we went on to another town, and there also had trouble in getting permission to preach the Divine Word. The mayor being a lawyer, we appealed to his knowledge of the law, and finally he said he would consent if the judge would give his

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consent. We visited the judge and he at once told us that we could hold our meeting, and that he would be present in person to see that there would be no trouble. We then visited the chief of police, told him what we were going to do, and asked his opinion about where would be the best place to hold the meeting. He at once suggested the jail, saying that the walls were white and would serve as a screen. Then he added: "I have two police there, and they will protect you against fanatics!"

So we went over to the jail and set up our little portable electric-light plant, and arranged the projector. As evening came on, we turned on the bright electric lights.

At about seven o'clock Elders Wilcox and Baerg began their musical concert with their horns, and a large crowd gathered. That night we projected pictorial views of Bible prophecies, the prisoners listened from their cells, and hundreds of people in the street heard while two policemen stood guard over us.

Chapter Eleven

COMPETING WITH A SHOWMAN

I WAS alone on a trip into the interior. One of our believers had written me, asking that I arrive by a certain night, for he had arranged for a meeting to be held in a large hall in a little town where we had never preached before. I was not able to be there at the appointed time, but arrived a few days late. We went over to see the mayor, the official in charge of the city. He told us that he was sorry to say it, but it was impossible for us to have the hall that evening, for he had promised it to a man who was touring the country with a show troupe, and they were going to put on a program that night. We asked him if we could hold our meeting out in the open, saying that we would begin early and finish before the time for the show to begin. He invited me to go with him to the hotel and talk it over with the owner of the show. The man received me very coldly, and when the mayor asked him if he would be willing to start a little later, the showman looked at me and inquired about the nature of my meeting. I told him that it would be a religious service. He turned to the mayor, and said, "Let him have it at any hour that he wishes. I have never known of a religious meeting taking any one away from my show!"

The official then turned to me, and assuringly said; "Go right ahead with your meeting at any hour that you like!"

The only building in the city that had white walls was the Roman Catholic church. It stood there, with its high, towering steeple, in the middle of the public square. I got a box to serve as a table for the projector. As soon as it was dark I turned on the lights, and began to project on the white wall of that church some colored views of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil's beautiful federal capital. Children soon collected in numbers and asked what we were going to do. I told them we were going to take them all on a trip to the

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nation's capital. Several times they came to us and begged that we wait until they could call their families. Four times I started over, and each time the crowd seemed to double. Finally, by eight o'clock we calculated that about the whole town had come out to see the pictures. Then I told them I was going to stop the pictures and speak to them for 30 minutes, after which I would show pictures until 10 o'clock.

Not a person left the place while I gave them a short sermon on the signs of our Lord's return. Then I turned on the projector again, and reviewed the subject with many pictures of the war as well as of the Bible prophecies. When I ran out of such pictures, I gave them an illustrated lecture on what we call "The Triplets"-drinking, smoking, and gambling. Each year Brazil decrees that one week in October be regarded as Anti-Alcohol Week. As it happened to be that very week, the mayor was much pleased with this lecture.

While I was showing some slides on the subject, one picture showed a big snake crushing a young man, and by comparison it showed that strong drink would do likewise.

A middle-aged man, who had taken at least one drink too many to control himself, stepped up in front of me, and said in a very rough voice: "Sir, whisky is good for snake bite, isn't it?"

Everybody laughed. Before I could answer the fellow, the mayor called out to a policeman who was standing near by, and ordered him to take the man to jail. As we continued with the meeting, I observed that the whole show troupe was in the audience.

When I had finished, the mayor came up, shook my hand, and thanked me for holding this meeting. The owner of the show also came forward and complained to the mayor, stating that he didn't know I was going to show pictures and hold a meeting of this kind. The mayor told him very emphatically to keep still, or he would arrest him as he had done with the drunkard. As a result of this meeting, many sincere persons became interested in the message of Christ.

I held a series of meetings once in the suburbs of Sao Luiz, a city in the state of Maranhao. Some one came to me during the meetings, and requested me to visit a place, about 20 miles out in the country, where there were a number of people keeping the Sabbath. There were only two trains a week. We went out on the train, but planned to walk the 20 miles back to town. We found several interested persons there, one being a very old man. He had been keeping the Sabbath for some time, and was very anxious to be baptized. We studied with them nearly all points of doctrine. The old man, whose name was Emidio, was found to be very well instructed and very sincere in obeying the truth. He was so anxious to be baptized, that we invited him to come on into the city at the time of the first baptismal service there.

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It was a long walk, those 20 miles back into town while the tropical sun beat down upon us as we trudged along, sometimes in the dusty track of the oxcart trail and some times down the middle of the railroad track. We stopped several times to quench our thirst by eating oranges, for the water that we could find was taken from puddles along the road or from shallow wells, and it had more of the color of dishwater than of drinking water.

When the day finally arrived for the baptisms, old Brother Emidio was the first person to arrive. He had left home at midnight so that he could arrive in time for the service. When I asked him his age, he replied that he was 23 years old when the war with Paraguay broke out. I had to get a history book and find out when Brazil had been in war. Thus I discovered that Brother Emidio was 99 years old. He had walked those 20 miles to the city to be baptized!

After the ceremony, we returned to the rented hall, and began to make plans to build a little church building. Each one in turn offered to do something or to furnish some material for the project. Brother Emidio had his hand held high. So I said, "Brother Emidio, what can you do to help build this church?"

He arose, and came forward, so that all could see him. Then he began, "I have cut the timbers for three Roman Catholic chapels during my life, and if the Lord will give me the strength, I will go out in the woods and cut the timbers for this Seventh-day Adventist church."

He went back home and went out to the forest, and cut out the beams for the frame of that little Seventh-day Adventist church. However, the Lord did not spare his life to worship in the building, for he was taken to rest in his hundredth year, just before the structure was complete. But many souls who were interested through his efforts are worshipping in that little building today. In this city we now have an organized church of over 100 members as well as a fine church school for our Adventist children.

Chapter Twelve

CRYING MEDICAL NEEDS

AS THE result of the medical work, we find doors open everywhere in the whole north of Brazil. We receive many letters at our office, calling for some one to come and teach the people more of the truth. As most of the medicine is furnished us free of cost, we never make a charge for the treatments. Many times these dear people are so grateful for our ministry that they offer us the last thing they have in the house to eat. Squashes are the most common present given to us. They grow in abundance all along the Amazon, and Mrs. Halliwell says she knows how to prepare squash seven ways for seven days. It is one article of food that we do not touch while on furlough in the United States. Many

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times they offer us just one egg, as that is probably the last thing they have to eat in the home, but often it is a bunch of bananas or a gift of some other tropical fruit.

Once some one gave us a piece of deer meat, and at the . next place we stopped we saw a good bunch of yellow bananas in a canoe. We called to the woman in the boat, and suggested that we trade the meat for the bananas. She was delighted, and hurried to her home to call her children for us to treat. After we had treated them all, she hurried back across the little stream and was soon back with a dishpan full of fresh fish as a present for us.

Some may wonder where we get the medicines for treating these thousands of people each year. The governments in the states of Para and Manaus furnish us with a good amount each year through the Public Health Department.

Several years ago I went to the man in charge of this department in Belem, and asked him for medicine for our annual trip. He was influenced by religious prejudice, and was not favorable to giving us medicine. He said that he would have to ask the governor of the state, and that I should come back the next morning for the answer. I well knew that I would be refused, for he would not ask the governor, who was a good friend of mine.

When I returned, the man said that he was very sorry, but the governor had refused to help us. After much time spent in prayer, I visited the governor and asked him for the much needed supplies. He was glad to help us, and in his own handwriting he gave me an order to the Public Health Department to furnish us the medicine. When I returned with this order to the man in charge, he frowned a little and thundered out, "What do you want?"

I put my hand into my pocket, and pulled out a long list that I had previously prepared. He looked it over, then thought a minute, reached for a red pencil, and began to scratch out the most important items, saying, "We're out of this. We don't have this."

And so he went down through the list. When he had finished, there was little left. Then he turned to me, and said, "Come back tomorrow and get these few things we have upstairs in the depository."

I was very much disappointed. But again we prayed over the matter, and the next morning I went back to the depository. A very fine doctor, who was in charge of the state medicines, was there. I told him who I was, and that I had come to get the medicines that the state was furnishing for the Seventh-day Adventist launch, Luzeiro.

"Oh, yes!" he said, "I have an order that I received yesterday for your boat."

He then began to look through the many papers that were piled high on his desk. Finally, he confessed that it must have been lost, for he was not able to locate it. I suggested that he call the doctor downstairs to duplicate the order, but he emphatically said he didn't dare to do that. Then he looked at me, and asked, "What is it you want?" I

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reached my hand in my pocket again and got out a copy of the long list that I had presented the day before. He looked it over, and then said, "Yes, I have everything on the list."

He gave me everything I asked for. I had to get an auto truck to haul it down to the boat. The year before the United States entered World War II, I went to Argentina to attend the division committee meeting. One Sabbath I was invited to speak in one of our churches in the city of Buenos Aires. I related experiences that we had had on the Amazon, and told of treating the sick people. The man that translated from English to Spanish for me was very much impressed with the story of the suffering among the people living along this river.

After I had returned to my field of labor in Brazil, my interpreter met an American business man who deals in wholesale drugs. He also operates several copper mines in Chile. So he related to this wealthy man the things I had told about conditions among the people living along the Amazon. The man wrote me a letter inviting me to visit him in his office the next time I should come to Argentina. The next year I wrote him to tell him when I would be coming, and promised to visit him. When I went to his office, he was out of town; but his secretary was there waiting for us, and I told her many of the experiences that we had had in treating the sick along the river. Then she invited me to go down to the basement. There in a large depository she showed me several kilograms of quinine. She said, "That is all the stock we have in this great city. Because the Japanese have taken the East Indies, there will be no more for us." Then she said, "Look closely."

I looked, and to my surprise there was my name written across the wrapper of all that quinine, for this friend had separated that valuable medicine and reserved it for our use in treating the sufferers living in the Amazon valley. Last April, while we were on our annual trip in our little Luzeiro, I received a letter from this friend and he told me that he was authorizing the biggest drug company in Brazil, which has two branch houses on the Amazon, one at Belem and the other at Manaus, to furnish us without limit all the medicine of every kind we should need.

All I have to do is make up the list of what I need, then sign the bill, and then it is charged to him, and he pays for it. I wrote him a letter expressing our heartfelt gratitude for this great kindness, and he answered: "You don't need to thank me, for I get just as much satisfaction from furnishing you this medicine as you do in treating the sick."

The United States Government has given liberal sums of money to north Brazil for promoting public health work. They have distributed many millions of atabrine pills and other medicines in the effort to control the malaria among the rubber cutters. They have built eight launches after the plan of the Luzeiro II, but it is hard for them to find a

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doctor to work out in this faraway place. During most of the time those boats remain in port in Belem, and are always in good shape for a Sunday picnic.

For many years we have felt the need of establishing our medical work in the big centers of our Brazilian field. We have been working for several years in evangelistic efforts, and have built up strong churches in most of the big cities. In Belem, a city of over 300,000 inhabitants, we now have a beautiful church building and nearly 300 baptized believers. This is where the union office is located. We also have two fine church schools in this city.

In 1941 our committee decided to call Elder G. S. Storch, our union evangelist, to Belem to hold a series of meetings. Many times we have had evidence of how the Lord prepares the way for our consecrated workers to reap a harvest of souls. There was an American living in Belem at this time. He was married to a Brazilian lady, and his work was in connection with the Public Health Department. His wife, being taken suddenly ill, was rushed to the hospital for an operation. As she was a very devout Roman Catholic, she spent much time in prayer. The doctor, after a complete examination, informed her that she had only a slight chance to live.

Most of the hospitals in Brazil are in charge of Roman Catholics, so the nuns came and prayed with this woman, and had her confess to the priest, and prepare herself to die. They fixed her up for the night, and early in the morning she was to undergo a very serious operation. According to her story, which she later confided to us, she could not sleep much that night, but spent the greater part of it in prayer, asking the Lord to spare her life until she could get ready to die. In the early morning she fell asleep and had a very pleasant dream. When the nurses came to her room to get her ready for the operation, she informed them that she was not going to die, but that the Lord had heard her prayer. She felt that she had the assurance that she was not going to die. In her dream she saw a large hall full of people, and while they were sitting there, a man came in with a black book in his hand, and began to explain to them what was written in the volume. She had the assurance that she would attend the meeting that she had seen.

She was taken to the operating room, and after a successful operation she soon recovered. Some of the Protestant churches heard of her dream, and told her that the Lord had spared her life, and that the hall she saw was theirs. As soon as she could go, they took her to one of the popular churches near her home. When the minister came in and stood before the people, she shook her head, and said to herself, "That's not the man I saw. This is not the place."

Then they took her to another church, and again she shook her head, and said, "That is not the man!"

Six months later Elder Storch moved to Belem, rented a large hall, and got ready for his public meetings. In the upper corner of the handbills he put out was his picture, and

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down below was the announcement of the subjects to be presented. When one of these bills was left at her home one Sunday morning, the lady laid it to one side. But taking a backward glance at it, she saw the picture in the corner. She picked it up again, and looked. There was a picture of the man whom she had seen in her dream!

She went to that first meeting; and as she entered the hall, it all came back to her just as she had seen it in her dream the night before her operation. As she later told us, it was the same hall, and the people were the same as those she had seen in the dream. And when Elder Storch came in to begin the meeting, he was carrying the same black book and was wearing the same suit she had seen in her vision.

Not one meeting did she miss during the whole series. She, together with her husband, as well as her mother and a girl who lived with them, accepted the message of truth.

Her husband had been a very heavy drinker, but as soon as he was instructed in the word of God, he left off strong drink, gave up smoking, and began to walk in all the light of truth. As he was quite sickly, and was so dominated by these enslaving habits, he was not able to stand the strain. His heart gave way, and the day before the baptismal service he passed away. So he was buried at 10 o'clock in the morning, and at eight that evening his wife was buried with her Lord in baptism. She has been a very faithful sister in the church, and at the present time she is serving as a deaconess in it. As a result of that series of meetings, 72 persons were added to the Belem church.

As we are sure that the medical work is the right arm of this message, we have felt for many years that we were working in our cities with only one arm. So we began to make plans for a definite medical work in Belem. In 1942 we placed a call for Dr. Antonio Miranda to come to our field. Thus we began to work in a small way in that great city. In rented quarters we opened our clinic, and the results have been really gratifying. Some very influential people have been brought into the church through this means, who perhaps would not have been won otherwise. However, we feel that a mere clinic does not meet our needs. Hence we are looking forward to the time when we shall be able to build a sanitarium of our own.

Brazil does not recognize foreign doctors, and will not allow them to qualify for practice in that country, although they should pass the examinations. For an American doctor to practice here, he must become a naturalized citizen of Brazil, and take his medical course in Brazilian schools. We already have purchased a beautiful piece of land near the edge of the city, and we have some money in hand for the erection of the buildings.

Chapter Thirteen

A MAYOR TURNS MISSIONARY

ON OUR trip up the Amazon last year we anchored in front of one of the river cities, and noticed that a small canoe was coming out toward us. There were a man, a woman, and a girl in the boat. They came straight toward our vessel. As they came nearer, I saw that the man was the mayor of the city, a place of approximately 10,000 inhabitants. I had held meetings in his home on two occasions, but had not seen him for some time. As he drew near to the boat, he greeted us, and then said that he was hunting for light on the Holy Scriptures. We invited them to come into the Luzeiro, and they spent the rest of the afternoon studying the Sacred Scriptures with us. After a hasty dinner on board the Luzeiro, we all went ashore and I gave the people an illustrated lecture on the subject of the sanctuary. After the lecture, the official came forward, and shook my hand, saying: "I have decided tonight to keep the Sabbath and be a Seventh-day Adventist.

As we were on our way up the river, we gave him the address of our workers in Belem. He and his family took the first boat down to that city, for they wished to put their daughter in a school in Belem. He got in touch with Dr. Miranda, and they studied the Bible almost day and night for three weeks. He accepted all the points of doctrine, and just before we left Belem on furlough to the United States both he and his wife were baptized. This man is a good physician, a medical doctor. He gave up his job as mayor before the baptism occurred, and he has now gone on south to Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo to study and to get some help from Dr. Schneider on the use of hydrotherapy. So again the Lord has prepared the way, and has given us a second doctor, thus making it possible for us to work on a bigger scale in the city of Belem.

The people who live along the river are often fanatical, and are afraid of hydrotherapy treatments. It is very difficult to get them to carry out instructions in the use of hot and cold water in treating infected sores. They are very skeptical about the use of fomentations. They have become accustomed to the use of drugs, and it is hard to teach them to do differently.

One evening some one sent for us to treat a little boy who was suffering from an acute attack of nephritis. His mother was very much disappointed when we began to treat the boy with fomentation instead of giving him a lot of medicine. In a short time the boy was much better. In this small village, everybody was talking about it.

One man, who had been present when we treated the boy, came to the launch and asked to buy some of the medicine that we used in those cloths when we treated the lad. We told him that we had used no medicine of any sort, but that the results were produced by the reaction of the body to the heat. He went away very sad and unconvinced by our explanation. The next day we learned that he had told it around

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that we have a secret medicine that we use in the cloths and that we will not tell what it is. Woolen cloths, when rung out of boiling water, have a strange odor, and he had mistaken it for some kind of medicine.

When we do leave medicine with the people, we are always careful to make the instructions very plain. One evening we arrived at a home where the husband was very ill with malignant malaria. We gave him an injection of one half of a gram (7 1/2 grains) of quinine. Then we counted out nine half-gram quinine capsules, and explained to the wife that she should give him three a day, one in the morning, one at noon, and the other at night. We promised to be back after three days to see how he was getting along. When we returned, he was gone, and we asked his wife if he had taken the medicine.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "He took them all at once!"

He had taken over 67 grains of quinine at one time!

"Is he dead?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," she answered; and pointing toward a small clearing in the woods, she continued, "His ears rang a little, but it cured him. He is out there in the field working!"

They reason that if a little medicine will do good, a lot of it will do more good.

One morning someone had waved a white towel at us to stop at his home, and when we had treated several sick persons there, a middle-aged man came into the boat. He was very weak from a severe attack of fever. He was still trembling, and his long, drawn, pale face told us that he had been sick for a long time. As he sat there in the chair, Mrs. Halliwell gave him a shot of quinine in the left arm. He got up, and we thought that he was going to leave and go home; but instead he walked around the chair, sat down again with his bared right arm stuck out, and said very seriously: "Please give me another shot, for I am very anxious to get rid of this fever."

At this same place a very old man came up the plank. After watching the others receive their injections for the malaria, he came in, sat down in the chair, and said, "Please give me an injection also." We asked him what his trouble was, and if he had been suffering from a fever. To our query he responded in the negative, but said that his trouble was old age. At a glance I could see that his trouble was also a bad case of hookworms. While we prepared for him a big dose of medicine for this trouble, I carefully told him how to take it, and that if he would take it as directed, it would make him feel 10 years younger. When we returned to this place after an absence of a few months, we stopped to visit, and he came to the boat again, and asked for more medicine, saying that the other dose had made him fully 10 years younger!

Chapter Fourteen

WHAT WE EAT ON THE AMAZON

THERE are many large estates on the shores of the Amazon. Some are large rubber estates, others are large plantations of sugar cane and have either a sugar factory or a whisky mill, and still others are devoted to farming or cattle raising. Frequently these estates are separated by only a narrow river or channel. On a recent trip we stopped at one of those estates, and the owner asked us to treat those of his laborers who were incapacitated for work on account of large ulcers on their limbs. As many were so afflicted, we worked most of the day in treating them, and that evening we held a big meeting. We also invited the owner and the workmen of the estate on the other side of the river. After the service, we started to treat others, who had not come in during the day.

While the owner of the other estate was there by my side, I asked him about his men and if they needed treatment also. To my surprise he responded, "My men are not sick. They don't have these ulcers. I don't allow them to eat unclean food."

This man was not a Seventh-day Adventist, but he had been a subscriber to our health magazine, *Vida a Saude*, (Life and Health) for many years, and thus he had learned the difference between clean and unclean foods. Then he explained that his men did not eat the tapir, which is a three-toed animal that divides its time between the water and the land. Neither did they eat the wild hogs, nor the monkeys, nor the alligators, nor the skinfish and many other unclean creatures which other men ate. There was a striking example of the results of obeying the Lord by not eating those unclean foods which He has said are unfit for food. On one side of the river those who ate such things were full of horrible, painful sores, and on the other side those who did not eat such things were enjoying perfect health.

On this same trip we arrived at a little river town of about 5,000 people. We had never visited this place before, so had no believers there. We left the boat boy in charge, and went to visit the authorities of the place. It was necessary to climb a long stairway to get on the shore, for the river was low and the landing platform for the large vessels was built out level with the top of the bank. When we came back, I looked down into our boat, and saw that there was a Roman Catholic priest sitting in the Luzeiro just as though it were his own. I stood there for a moment wondering what he was doing down there, and he called out in good English, "Come on down, I want to talk to you."

As we came in, he explained to us that he was an American, and that he had been called to Brazil when Henry Ford had begun work on his rubber plantation on the Tapajos River. He was very friendly, and told us that he had just come back from the United States, where he had succeeded in getting a gift of \$50,000 from Mr. Ford for building a

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hospital in a city near the rubber plantation. We talked for a little while, and then he told us he was sick and had been suffering from stomach trouble. He said that the strong, black coffee they served in the hotels had injured his stomach. Mrs. Halliwell gave him a pound of our cereal coffee, for which he was very grateful. Then he asked us what we were going to do in the city. I told him that I had just received permission of the mayor to hold a public meeting there that night.

"Well," he said, "that is strange, since the mayor knows that I am to hold a service in the Roman Catholic church."

He thought for a moment, and then continued, "Well, I'll just cut my meeting short, and let them all come over to hear you."

And so he did. At about eight o'clock the people came out of his church and over to the public square, where we had set up our projector, to listen to a lecture on the life of Christ. A few weeks later we learned from a traveling man that soon after that this priest was taken to a hospital, where he later died of typhoid fever and not from drinking the cereal coffee.

Since the outbreak of World War II the United States Government has been spending enormous sums of money to stimulate rubber production in Brazil. Many of our brethren have left the cities to work at cutting rubber, for it pays well. As a rule, the people who have flocked to the woods for this purpose have been attracted by the lure of money, and have left their scruples behind. To illustrate, not far below the city of Manaus, and almost in the mouth of the Negro River, is a small island. I do not know the official name of it, but everybody refers to it as Conscience Island. The legend goes that as all the rubber cutters went up the river they left their conscience on this island, and have never come back to get it.

Much equipment, such as tools, cooking utensils, fishing tackle, gardening implements, as well as supplies needed for the rubber industry, has been sent to Brazil to promote the rubber production as well as to carry out the United States' good neighbor-policy. One man told me that he had sent as a present 24 new axe heads to one group of rubber cutters. In the short space of only six weeks 18 such axe heads had come back to him inside the balls of rubber which he had purchased at 60 cents a kilogram. I stopped in Belem one day to watch them box up the rubber to ship it up to the United States, and I noted that every ball was cut open and pulled apart to take out the old iron, rocks, and other foreign objects, to avoid payment of freight on these heavy and useless things.

Beans and rice are the principle articles of diet of the people who inhabit the Amazon valley. Fish is usually plentiful, and there is an abundance of tropical fruits. In the woods there is plenty of wild game, but the dried meat the people usually cook with beans is brought in from southern Brazil.

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As flour for making bread comes principally from Argentina, a substitute is provided by making a coarse flour from the root of the cassava plant. This flour is called farinha de mandioca or just farinha. The cassava grows all over Brazil, and is one of the principal crops from north to south. The stalk of the plant grows about eight feet high, and is full of knots or joints. The flour is made from the roots, which are about four inches in diameter. In rich soil the roots sometimes attain a length of almost two feet. The cassava is planted by cutting up the stalk and sticking one of the joints in the ground. It takes about one year for it to grow to maturity.

The mandioca root, as the cassava root is called in Brazil, is poisonous and cannot be eaten either raw or boiled. The people first put the root to soak, leaving it under water for a few days until it gets soft. Then it is put through a sieve to make it fine, after which it is put in a long sack made of braided straw, which they call a tipiti. This bag is made in such a manner that when the two ends of it are folded and pressed toward the center, the diameter in the middle increases. They fill the sack with the wet mash, hang it up, and put a heavy weight on the bottom end, and this pull by the appended weight squeezes the poisonous water out. If an animal should drink this water, he would surely die; but if the water is allowed to stand for an hour, a white substance in it settles to the bottom. This substance is a pure white starch, and from it is made tapioca, by a process of heating.

This wet starch is next placed on a large plate of iron or a layer of clay, about five feet in diameter, that is set over a fireplace. They constantly stir this mash over a slow fire for about two hours, until all the moisture is expelled and it becomes thoroughly roasted. Then they sack it up, and use it to make the substitute for bread. The pearl tapioca of commerce is the finer particles of this dried starch. The Brazilians either mix the starch with beans and rice or eat it dry with fish or some other meat. In southern Brazil the cassava root is not soaked in water, but is ground up on a little wheel with sharp teeth, called a tatu, and is then treated the same as in the other process. When done, this is called farinha seta (dry flour), and the other is called farinha de agua (flour made with water).

In the Amazon valley there are many wonderful tropical fruits. There are 10 varieties of bananas, ranging all the way from the banana de ouro (golden banana), which is a little larger than your finger, to the banana grande (great banana), or plantain, which is sometimes two and one half inches in diameter and 14 inches long. There are the San Thome (St. Thomas) banana, and the banana rocha (red banana), which are very delicious when roasted; while the plantains are usually boiled or else cut lengthwise into thin slices and fried.

The papaya, usually called mamao in Brazil, is known as the golden fruit of the tropics. It grows in clusters under the few leaves at the top of the tree, is very sweet and rich in

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vitamins, and the seeds contain much pepsin, many people eating them for the medicinal effect.

Perhaps one of the most interesting articles of food is the assahy. It grows in bunches high up on a thin, delicate palm tree. When ripe, the bunches of fruit, which are about the size of grapes, turn purple. As the trees are so frail, only a small boy can go up them to cut off the fruit. The seeds are large, having but a little pulp on the outside. These seeds are put to soak in warm water, and after an hour the whole mass is put into a larger pan to be mixed and rubbed until all the pulp is worked loose from the seeds. Then the pulpy material is run through a strainer and made ready for use. Some eat it with farinha, others with sugar, and some eat it with nothing added. It is hard to say what it tastes like, for it has a peculiar savor of its own. Few people like it at first, but after trying it a few times, nearly everybody becomes very fond of it.

At certain seasons there is an abundance of oranges. This is especially true of the region around Manaus. Grapefruit thrives there, and the trees that grow up from seeds produce good fruit. But as most of the people along the Amazon do not appreciate sour fruit, they do not cultivate the grapefruit. One of our American friends in Manaus has several trees on his farm, and he always gives us a good supply when we are there. Mrs. Halliwell never throws away a seed of them, but gives a few to every home where we stop along the river. As a result, there are grapefruit trees all along the Amazon now. The people call this fruit by the name laranja de cavallo (horse orange).

As it is always hot in northern Brazil, because it is at the equator, everything moves slowly. One of the first words that one has to learn upon arrival is paciencia (patience) and amanha (tomorrow). I still remember well how that shortly after we moved to Belem our plumbing system got out of order, and I called a man to repair it. In American style I wanted it done at once, but he very politely, and with a gesture of the hand, said, "Amanha" (Tomorrow).

I insisted, stating that it was the sewer and that it was imperative that it be fixed at once. To this he replied,

"Paciencia, senhor!" (Patience, sir!)

Yes, the Amazon people have learned how to live, and they really enjoy life. In the cities all the stores close at 11 o'clock in the morning, and open again at two in the afternoon. Thus every one has time out during the heat of the day for a little nap, which they call a siesta. Everything - banks, barber shops, all stores, as well as public offices - is closed, and all enjoy a midday rest. It is very different from the hurry and bustle in the United States. Somebody has fittingly suggested that the big clocks hanging on the walls in the homes on the Amazon, with their long pendulums swinging lazily back and forth, are saying, "T-a-k-e i-t e-a-s-y, t-a-k-e i-t e-a-s-y, t-a-k-e i-t e-a-s-y;" but in the United States the clocks are crying out at you, "Get along there! Get along there! Get along there!"

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The most important industry in the Amazon valley at the present time is that of rubber production. There are many other industries that are very interesting. Before World War II many immigrants came to Brazil from Japan, and they began to plant jute. At first they met with many difficulties, but finally they developed a variety that is as good as any in the world. It is planted now along many of the principal tributaries of the Amazon. It requires only four months to grow from the seeds to maturity. It is sown on top of the ground when the flood waters recede, and grows up very densely in a few days. After a few weeks it is higher than a man's head, and soon matures so that it is ready to cut.

Jute is cut with a special kind of sickle, and is tied in bunches and put in water to soak. After three weeks the skin is loosened from the stem. Then workmen, standing to their waists in the water, twist the skin, which is the fiber, from the stalks, and wash it until it is clean. This is very tiresome work, and many times I have seen women as well as men work all day in the water. When they come out, their limbs are covered with large water leeches, or bloodsuckers, about an inch long. It is very dangerous to pull these worms free from one's body, for in so doing the teeth of the creatures remain in the flesh, and soon infect it. So each worker carries with him to work a small basket of green limes. He quickly cuts a lime in two parts, and squeezes this acid juice on the leeches, which loosen their teeth and fall off. However, after long weeks of such work the poor women become very anemic from the loss of blood, and thus become an easy prey to the malaria and other tropical diseases. The wet jute fiber is hung up on long drying frames to dry. When dried, it is a beautiful, long, white fiber. It is not exported, but is all consumed within Brazil for making sacks, rope, twine, and many other products.

Among the trees that grow in the jungle is one called the pau rosa, the rosewood tree. It is valuable for an oil that it contains, which has a very pronounced rose perfume. It is cut down and brought into the factories where it is cut up into four-foot lengths. Then it is bought according to weight. Next it is run through a machine that cuts it into small chips to be put in a large vat for distillation by live steam. This very precious oil was exported to France and to the United States before the war to be used as a fixing base in the manufacture of perfumes.

The guarana plant is cultivated in a small sector near the Maues River, but does not grow well outside of this area. It is a perennial, and like a vine it climbs or spreads over the ground. The vine-like shoots turn into wood in the second year of growth, and they, in turn, send out new shoots. Its fruit somewhat resembles a child's eye.

The Indians have a very interesting legend about this plant. They say that many years ago there lived in the Maues River a little fairy who had power to cure all diseases. She was very beautiful. The pajé (witch doctor) of the tribe was very jealous of this little fairy, and was always looking for an opportunity to get rid of her. One day she was all alone playing in the garden, and he suddenly jumped out from behind a tree, and stabbed her in the back. The other Indians were very sad, and mourned her death for

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several days. Then another fairy appeared, and told them to take out the slain one's eyes and plant them. This they did, according to the legend, and there came up two stalks of guarana. The plant is very beautiful, and its fruit, they believe, is a medicine that can cure all ills.

When the guarana fruit is ripe, it is hulled, and the edible part is dried on the farinha oven. It is then ground in a mill and put in a large mortar made of a hardwood log hollowed out and set in the ground. Another heavy piece of wood is used as a pestle to pound and pound the material until it finally becomes a dough. It is then rolled out into small sticks and put into a smokehouse, where it is cured for several days, and becomes very hard, and thus becomes ready for use. Many people give credence to the Indian legend that it is a cure-all. Hence they use it as a medicine. For a grater to rub it into small particles, they use the dry, rough tongue of the large pirarucu fish, with which they grate it very fine. Then it is dissolved in water to be taken as medicine. Chemical analysis shows that it has five times as much caffeine as does the coffee berry. Hence a strong habit is soon formed, and only the power of God can give victory to one addicted to this drink.

The cashew nut trees usually grow in sandy soil, and thrive better in a dryer climate such as we have in the North Coast Mission, which is south of the lower Amazon. These nuts grow on trees that resemble large apple trees, but their leaves are much larger. Soon after the flowers fall off the nuts form and begin to grow, extending downward. Then the stems on which the nuts grow develop into pear shaped fruits, with the big ends, with the nuts attached, hanging down. The fruits are about the size of a big egg of a hen, or larger. They are red in some instances, and in some yellow, when ripe. They are full of juice, which makes a very delicious drink. The hulls around the nuts contain a very strong acid, and if one tries to peel a nut with his teeth, his tongue and lips are seriously burned.

The guava is a very common fruit throughout Brazil, and is the one most commonly used to make a paste (or stiff jam) which is hard enough to slice, and that is one thing you can buy in cans in any store in the country. No meal in a hotel or a restaurant is complete without a piece of cheese, cut as thin as a wafer, and a slice of guava paste. Traveling men have given it the name of "three hundred and sixty-five," because it is served every day of the year.

Chapter Fifteen

THEY FELL INTO THE RIVER

ON THE Luzeiro we have a volume that we call "Our Visitors' Book." In it we have the signatures of all the distinguished persons who have traveled with us, some from the General Conference, others from the South American Division, and some who are not

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connected with our work. We also register on its pages the interesting things that happen on each trip.

There are so many small rivers that it is hard to find names for all of them. A stream that runs around behind an island and flows back into the river is called a parana. A little creek that rises in some spring and flows into the river is called an igarape. A stream that connects two rivers together is called a furo.

One evening we sailed into a big igarape, and dropped the anchor, for it was a very quiet place, protected from storms. The Luzeiro has beds similar to those in a Pullman car on a railroad. They fold up in the day time, and are put into position for sleeping at night. The captain, besides all his other duties, pulls the beds down each night, and sees that all the passengers are settled and comfortable. After a peaceful rest in this igarape, we were up early the next morning and getting ready to go on our way. The treasurer of the East Brazil Union was our special guest on this trip.

He, with brush in one hand and his false teeth in the other, was leaning far out over the edge of the boat while giving them a good scrubbing in the clear water. His attention was attracted by some interesting fish that played around under the boat, and in an unguarded moment the plate fell out of his hand, spun slowly around in the water, and settled out of sight in the depths of the river!

"Look! Look!" he cried. "There go 600 milreis!"

In Brazil money is spoken of in terms of milreis, just as it is spoken of in terms of "dollars" in the United States. During the rest of the trip he had to content himself with soft foods, because there is something final about things that fall over the side of the boat into the deep waters of the Amazon. From that day forward this particular igarape has had a definite name, and is even registered on some maps as "The Igarape Where Wissner Lost His Teeth."

On another occasion we were returning from our annual meeting and there were 22 persons in our little boat. Being a small craft, it has not much comfort to offer to so many passengers. All had gone well while we were navigating in a narrow parana, where the water was smooth, and the boat was quite steady. But when we entered into the wide river, a storm was threatening, and the waves were quite angry. We had not gone far when the wife of one of our evangelists became seasick, and in her distress she leaned out over the edge of the boat. Besides losing her dinner, she also lost her teeth.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried out. "I've lost my teeth!" Again it was of no avail, for the river at that place is very deep.

One year we had both the Luzeiros, I and II, at our annual meeting in the city of Maues. The city borders on the river, and so right in front lay anchored the two little boats, bow to bow. Brother Fred C. Pritchard had stretched a canvas across the front of his boat,

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the Luzeiro I, to make a shade from the tropical sun for those who were waiting their turn to get down into his craft to have their teeth pulled. Our boat, the Luzeiro II, was full most of the day on account of the sick who had come down from the city to be examined and treated for their ills.

All the week we had been there, and between meetings even our own people came to the boats to get an injection of quinine to ward off a threatening attack of malaria fever. Late on Friday, as the holy hours of the Sabbath drew near, we closed the doors and made all ready for the day of sacred rest. We were still busy in our boat when little five-year-old Johnnie Pritchard came across and began to walk around the outer edge of our boat, holding on with his little hands to the rail around the top. The boat boy, now dressed in his white Sabbath suit, was back in the kitchen giving the finishing touches to the Sabbath dinner that was being prepared. All of a sudden we heard a splash. Little Johnnie went down like a stone toward the bottom of the river. At this place the water was about 10 feet deep. Quick as a wink young Gabriel Hossana, our boat boy, dived in, white suit and all, and brought Johnnie to safety.

Then came the alarm. Somebody in a canoe close by cried out, "Johnnie fell into the river!"

In a flash Brother Pritchard ran into our boat, and jumping out of the window he dived down where his son had fallen. After a few moments he came up all excited, because he could not find the boy. And there was little Johnnie in the window smiling at him. His father climbed out, and changed clothes. Only later, when the excitement had subsided, did he remember that he had his glasses on when he dived into the river. But he did not have them on when he came out. He offered a liberal reward for their recovery, and many expert divers tried to find them, but they were gone to join the long list of things that have been lost to the deep Amazon since we have been traveling on this river.

On one trip we had two very distinguished guests with us, and stopped at the home of some of our believers to spend the Sabbath. Sometimes some of our visitors have a natural fear of the water. They always listen for strange sounds in the motor, and try in other ways to share with the captain the responsibility of navigation. After the Saturday evening meeting one of the guests received a present of two parakeets and a parrot to take to his boys in Rio de Janeiro. They were in a little straw cage, which he put back in the engine room. The next morning it was just getting light when we started out down the river. One of the guests came in from the bathroom and said, "There's a very strange noise in the motor! You had better go back and see what it is!"

I replied, "That was a stick that scraped on the edge of the boat when we pulled out."

"No," he insisted. "It's something in the motor."

I went back to see what the noise in the engine room might be, but there was nothing wrong in the motor. Those two little parakeets were trying to drown out the noise of the motor!

Chapter Sixteen

THE BOAT BOY TAKES A WIFE

JOHN, our boat boy, came to us early in 1934. As he was already baptized, we took him on as the third member of the crew, to serve as assistant cook, dishwasher, and boat boy. At the time of the camp meeting held that same year in Maues he confided to me his desire to marry Raymunda, the daughter of Brother Gil Pereira. Being a bit timid, he asked me to go with him to the father to get his consent. Before joining us as boat boy, John had worked on Mr. Pereira's farm, and they all accepted the truth at the same time.

Mr. Pereira had always been a devout Roman Catholic, and in 1930, after the loss of his wife by death, he remembered that some of his grown daughters had not been baptized. Therefore, at the time of an annual Roman Catholic feast, they all got ready, and he took them to the city of Maues to be baptized. For some reason the priest was not able to come that year, and the baptisms were not performed. Hence Mr. Pereira went over to the general store, where for years he had bartered his rubber, guarana, and brazil nuts for salt, sugar, kerosene, and other necessities; and there he confided his disappointment to Moses, a son of Israel, the owner of the store and also of the farm where Mr. Pereira lived.

"You don't need to be disappointed," Moses counseled. "There are two Adventist priests right here in the city now, and they can baptize your children. Their religion is better than the Roman Catholic, for they keep the commandments of God, and observe the holy Sabbath instead of Sunday."

Mr. Pereira set out at once to find "the Adventist priests," and finally found Elder E. H. Wilcox, then president of the East Brazil Union, and me in the engine room of the Federal Radio Station, repairing the gasoline motor for the operator so he could send a telegram to Rio de Janeiro for us. Mr. Pereira told us that Moses had recommended us very highly to him, and that he would like to have us baptize his girls, since the Roman Catholic priest was not able to come and do it. We explained to him the meaning of baptism, and that it was necessary to be instructed first in the Holy Scriptures, and added that we would be very happy to study with him and his family. Then we took him over to the hotel, sold him a Bible, and studied most of the day with this seeker for light. He became very much interested in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and Brother Michiles, who was perhaps the only baptized brother in that district then, consented to

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leave his farm and make the trip, two days by canoe, out to Mr. Pereira's home to study with him and his folks, and get them ready to be baptized the following year.

Now John wanted to take Raymunda for his wife. So after the evening meeting we called Brother Pereira down to the Luzeiro and put the proposition up to him. He was still for a long time and in deep thought. Then he said, "I will see about this. I'll get the family together and we will talk it over."

So with a promise to let us know later, he bade us goodnight, and went back to his canoe. The days went by, and finally the last day of the camp meeting arrived, and we had no reply. As John told Raymunda good-bye, she informed him that such an important question as this could be decided only after they should return to the farm. And after the last good-bye had been said to everybody, our little boat turned its nose downstream, toward Belem, which was almost 1,000 miles away.

It was two months later when a letter finally came, addressed to me, stating that after careful consideration the family had decided that John could not marry Raymunda. So that was that.

February of the next year found us on our way upstream again, and, according to our custom, we visited all the brethren in their homes, treated the sick, and held meetings with the newly interested people. It was early in the morning when we arrived at the entrance of the little lake where Gil Pereira lived. As there had been a storm with strong wind, we found a large grass island completely blocking the way, and it was impossible to get the Luzeiro into the lake. After working two or three hours trying to open a channel through the grass, we decided to leave the Luzeiro in the river and drag our little canoe, which we pull as a life boat behind the larger vessel, over the grass into the lake and row across to Brother Pereira's home.

Mrs. Halliwell stayed with the Luzeiro, to get dinner ready for us when we should return. John rowed the canoe across the lake, and soon we arrived at the Pereira home. All were glad to see us, and we went into the parlor. Soon the father was telling us how the Lord had blessed them during the past year. John was sitting by my side when suddenly the door opened from the kitchen, and Raymunda bounced into the room and stopped right in front of her father. The attention of all was directed to her, and then in front of all of us she asked the following question, "Dad, I want to know now if John can marry me?"

It came as a bolt out of the sky, and was a surprise to every one. After a few minutes of silence, John got to his feet, and in a schoolboy manner he said, "For my part, I call it all off!"

Raymunda, not so calm about the matter, turned from her father, and pointing her finger directly at John, very excitedly exclaimed, "You asked me to marry you, and now you can't back out! You've got to do it! I won't take 'No' for an answer!"

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John very deliberately rose to his feet again, and replied, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, then I'll marry you. But it can't be this year, for I don't have the money now."

As he sat down, Raymunda continued, "That's all right! I'm willing to wait another year; but you promised me, and you've got to keep your word!"

The father finally consented, and they agreed that at the camp meeting of the next year they would get married.

The Luzeiro tarried less than usual on the 1936 trip, for that was our furlough year. April found us back in Belem with our tickets bought for passage on an English steamer, ready for a trip to New York and a visit with our loved ones in the United States. At camp-meeting time Raymunda was so sick with malaria that she was not able to attend, and the wedding was put off for another year.

In 1937, as we were getting the Luzeiro in shape for the trip, John informed me that he did not wish to make the trip this year, and suggested the name of another young man who was willing to go. But as John stood there on the pier, and watched the Luzeiro pull out, it was more than he could stand. So he decided that he would go the following year. Raymunda was very much disappointed, for she was counting enthusiastically on the wedding, and now the Luzeiro arrived with not even a letter from John!

It was late when we got started on the trip in 1938, so that we were well into the month of March when we again arrived at the entrance of Brother Pereira's lake. And again we were not able to get in, because of the grass that the water had brought with it as it rushed in to bring the lake level up to that of the flooding river. This time John suggested that he stay on the Luzeiro and get dinner while we should row across to the Pereira home. Raymunda met us at the door, and inquired at once if John had come. While we visited with the rest of the family, Raymunda got into a canoe and made a visit out to the Luzeiro.

When we came back to the boat, the wedding plans were all made. By the time we returned from our trip up to Manaus the date set for the annual meeting had arrived. John and Raymunda went to see the civil authority about the marriage license. He informed them that notice must be published for two weeks before any one can get married. It must be written on paper and affixed to the courthouse door, where all who desire may read. Upon receiving this information, John gave a sigh of relief, and said, "Then we'll have to put it off another year, for the Luzeiro is not staying long enough for this announcement to be made."

And again John went back to Belem a single man.

But when we returned in 1939, Raymunda was waiting for us, and at once came into the boat and informed John that the wedding could not be put off any longer. John agreed. So we took them at once to the civil authorities, and had the notice published. When we

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arrived in the city, Mrs. Halliwell went to buy the wedding dress and other things for Raymunda. When she asked John how much she ought to pay for them, he replied, "Get them just as cheap as you possibly can."

Finally, after five long years of anxious waiting on the part of Raymunda, the day approached. On the evening before the great day we arrived at the Pereira home, and Raymunda came on board, bringing her hammock and other possessions all tied up in a white sack. The poor girl was shaking all over with a terrible attack of the malaria. We lost no time in giving a heavy injection of quinine, and put her to bed in the Luzeiro. Early the next morning we gave her another, and by noon of her wedding day the fever had passed away. Mrs. Halliwell fixed her up in her pretty white dress, and at four o'clock the judge tied the knot. Raymunda had won the victory, and John had taken unto himself a wife!

That evening the lights were all aglow on the Luzeiro, the table was decorated with a big, white wedding cake, and guests were served ice cream made in our own refrigerator. It was a happy crowd that made up the Luzeiro's first bridal party. It was late that night when out of the Maues River we went on our way downstream. John was taking his bride along for a honeymoon on the Luzeiro. He made one more trip with us, that of the following year. Since then duties around his home have made it impossible for him to continue with us. We asked Gabriel Hossana to take John's place. A little boy has come to bring added cheer to the home of Raymunda. Although they are all very happy, yet each year when the time comes for the Luzeiro to start its trip up the river, John remembers the happy days he spent with us on the great Amazon.

Chapter Seventeen

"WHAT A PAIR OF LUNGS!"

THE NORTH Brazil Union is divided into three mission fields, which are as follows: the Lower Amazon Mission, embracing the state of Para and part of the state of Amazonas; the Central Amazon Mission, including most of the state of Amazonas and the territory of Acre; and the North Coast Mission, which takes in the states of Ceara, Maranhao, and Piauhy.

Elder Roger Wilcox, director of the work in the North Coast, was holding a series of meetings in the outskirts of the city of Fortaleza, Ceara, where the mission headquarters are located. He had rented a large hall with a very large front door. The floor of the hall was on the level with the street outside. One day a certain religious leader possessed with the spirit of intolerance hired one of his henchmen to get his big, white, spirited mule, to ride through the door into the hall, and by using his spurs on the mule, to break up the meeting.

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After the singing of the second song Elder Wilcox arose, and started his sermon, when he saw that white mule coming down the street at top speed, headed directly for the door of the hall. During the day some little children had been playing in the sand in front of the building, and had left an old, enameled coffeepot in the street just in front of the hall door. It just so happened that the mule's front foot struck the narrow mouth of this coffeepot, and as the hoof went in, it wedged tight in the vessel, so that the animal fell and threw the rider with such force that he came rolling right into the hall. He got up, and shook the dust off; and his first thought was concerning his white mule. When he saw the beast's foot wedged tightly in the old pot, he cried out in a loud voice, "Tell the priest to keep his dollar. If I ever get this thing off my mule's foot, I'll never ride him into another Protestant meeting as long as I live!"

Elder Wilcox announced a hymn to get the meeting back to order; and as they sang, the man led his white mule away, hobbling on three feet, to find help to get the coffeepot off its foot.

One Sabbath we stopped to spend the day with some of our brethren living out on a rubber plantation on one of the rivers. On Friday evening we had a meeting, and few people came out, because we had not arrived there in time to invite them in. On the Sabbath we had a fair attendance, and then they began to bring in the sick to be treated. By evening there was a large crowd gathered to see the pictures and also to hear the radio, for most of them had never seen this modern invention. The brother with whom we stopped had not been long in this place, and so had built only a temporary house. It was quite high up on stilts to keep the water from coming in at flood season, and also to keep out snakes, alligators, and other uninvited guests.

At about eight o'clock in the evening I arose to begin the meeting, and took my place over at the far side of the large front room. As the people crowded in at the side nearest to the door, the weight was too great, and the stilts began to sink into the mud. The one side of the house sank down so much that the floor was sloped at an angle of about 15 degrees. Seeing that there was a crack in the floor, just in front of me, which opened wider as the house went down, I was able to get my feet braced in it, and thus I did not slide down on the people while we went on with the meeting.

As I had promised them, after the meeting we turned on the radio, and by means of short wave we could get the world war news in the Portuguese language from Rio de Janeiro. They marveled at this wonderful invention, and many almost doubted that it was real. Some thought that a Victrola hidden away somewhere was producing the sound. Mrs. Halliwell was sitting in the house visiting with some of the women who were more interested in learning about bringing up their children than in listening to this new-fangled invention. After the news I tuned in on a station in New York City, and soon we heard a woman singing a beautiful song. As the voice came in very clear, one of

the women in the house lifted her head and in surprise asked, "What's that? Who is that singing?"

Mrs. Halliwell, trying to explain, said, "That is a woman away over in New York, in my country, far across the sea, who is singing to us."

The native woman thought a moment, and then slapping her hand on her breast, she said, "My, what a pair of lungs!"

Chapter Eighteen

THEY PIONEER THE WAY

THE FIRST Seventh-day Adventist workers to labor in the Amazon region were two colporteurs, who began in 1927 to sell books in the city of Belem and the surrounding towns. Then later in the same year they decided that it was necessary to build boats for themselves in order to sell books along the many streams on which the people lived. So they built two small boats. Because fuel oil and gasoline were so high in price, it was impossible for them to operate these boats without financial assistance from the mission. As we were then only beginning to work at the mission, we could not help them very much. After a short experiment, they abandoned this idea, sold their launches, and went back to working in the cities. However, as the work grew and expanded, it became necessary to work for the people living along the rivers also. Hence we began to recruit men living along the river, men who had been converted and who were accustomed to traveling by canoe. These we encouraged to travel in their canoes and sell books.

In 1938 Elder John Brown, from the South American Division, and Elder William Butler, from the General Conference, visited us. After Elder Butler had traveled with us on our mission launch, he boarded a big English steamer and returned to the United States. When he reached

Belem, on his way down the river, he wrote me a letter in which he said, "Brother Halliwell, you need 50 canoes with 50 colporteurs to help get the work started on this great river."

At our next committee meeting we fixed as a goal toward which to work, "Fifty Canoes with Fifty Colporteurs."

One of our colporteurs of longest time in the work is Brother Andre Gedrath. He was one of the original two who came to the Amazon region in 1927, and has been working in the North Brazil Union ever since. During the Brazilian Revolution in 1930 he was working in the state of Ceara, which lies to the south of the Amazon and is still a part of the North Brazil Union. The newly formed government thought that vigilance against Communism was the price of its safety, and the police were kept on the alert against

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anybody suspected of having ideas that even bordered on such a belief. One afternoon Colporteur Andre was sitting on a bench out in front of the post office, waiting for the mail to be distributed, for he was expecting word from the office concerning some books he had ordered. While he was sitting there a taxi driver came up, got out of his car, and sat down beside him. They began to talk about religion. Andre was then selling a small book entitled Twelve Great Signs of Our Lord's Return. During his conversation with this man, he offered him the book, and was explaining some of the chapters. When he began to explain the chapter dealing with capital and labor, a policeman stepped out from behind a bush in the park, and arrested Brother Andre. He hurried him off to jail, where he was placed in solitary confinement.

The conditions in the jail were deplorable. He had only a hard bench on which to sleep, with no fresh air or sanitary facilities. The food served him was very coarse, and, as he was already suffering from his stomach, he almost died from starvation. For 11 long days this dear colporteur suffered in that jail. There were no Seventh-day Adventists in that town at that time to help him, but the Presbyterian minister sent him a hammock to sleep in, and every day he sent him food and a quart of milk. On Christmas Eve word came to the jail to release all the Brazilians accused of being Communistic agitators. But such amnesty was not extended to foreigners. As Andre is an Englishman by birth, he was not released. And to make his stay even worse, the jailer told him that he had heard that he with the rest would be shot on New Year's Day. During this week Brother Andre spent most of the time in prayer. He later told me that he was willing to die as a witness for Jesus, but was not willing to die falsely accused of being a Communist. God heard his prayers, and the very day he was supposed to be led out before the firing squad he was taken to the court-room, where he met a lawyer whom he had known for some time, and to whom he had sold one of our books. This man used his influence, and soon our brother was set free.

After this experience Andre made a trip into the country of the adjoining state, which is Maranhao. There he was received very kindly and sold a great number of books. About three years later, when this field was organized into the North Coast Mission, I made a trip with Elder Roger , Wilcox, the mission director, out to this part of the state, for we had received many letters telling us of dozens of people keeping the Sabbath as the result of the good books Brother Andre had sold out there. We traveled five days on a launch up a small river, and then hired some mules and started our three-day trip out to the place of the interest.

When we reached the little village of Jeju, we found only one long street with houses built on each side. The street was over three miles long, and was the only one in town. As we rode along through the deep sand, everybody ran to the door to see the strangers who had arrived. We had not gone very far when we saw on the front of a building a big sign that said, "Seventh-day Adventist School." There was a Seventh-day Adventist day

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school away out there in that place that had never been visited by a Seventh-day Adventist worker other than our faithful colporteur.

When we went over to the teacher's home, we were pleased to see how different everything was from the conditions in the homes that had not been influenced by our good books. Everything was clean. There were no images on the walls. The believers were very happy to see us. As I glanced around in the parlor, I noticed a large picture frame about three by four feet in size. There were several pictures in the frame. In an upper corner was the picture of the president of Brazil, and in the other corner was one of the governor of the state. In the lower corner were shown other officials of the government, while in the center of the frame, and mounted on gold paper, was a picture of Andre Gedrath, the colporteur who had sold them the book. He was the central figure and most important to them, for he had brought them the book with the blessed truth.

Several years ago a minister of a certain Protestant church, while visiting in the city of Fortaleza, bought a copy of our good book Bible Readings for the Home Circle. When he returned to his church far out in the country, he began to preach doctrines that his people had never heard before. One of the lay members came to him, and asked where he had learned those new things that he was presenting in his sermons. The minister showed him the book he had bought, and the member became so interested in the book that he wanted to buy it. But the minister would not sell it to him, and even refused to loan it to him when he saw the interest that it was creating. However, this layman was not one to be put off in such a manner, for he had decided that he would find one of these books for himself.

In the fall of the year, after the farm work was all done, that interested layman saddled his mule, and rode off in the direction of the railroad, with no other purpose in view than to find this book. When he reached the railroad, about 150 miles away, he arranged with some one to keep his mule, and he bought a ticket to the end of the line, which was over in the adjoining state. Every time the train stopped, he stepped out to ask who had seen such a book. Finally the train stopped in a small town, and he asked a man in the corner store if he had ever heard of the book. The man answered, "There is a man in town who is selling books, and I am sure he has that one."

The traveler then made a dash for the train, which was already whistling to pull out, picked up his grip, and got off.

Then the hunt for the bookseller began. Somebody told the interested man one thing, some told him another. Finally when he found the place where the colporteur was staying, he discovered that he had gone out into the country and would not be back until the end of the week. He waited, and when the colporteur returned on Friday afternoon, there was the interested man in front of his door waiting for him. He was thrilled

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with joy as he bought the book that had been his one great desire for several weeks. Now he was ready to make the long trip back, and each day of his returning he read a chapter of his precious book.

When the layman arrived at his home, he had already studied the Sabbath question and was keeping the seventh day, even though he did not know that there was another person in the whole world who was keeping it. A few others began to study with him, and finally they had a little group keeping the holy Sabbath. Then one day the minister already mentioned went down to the city, and meeting Colporteur Andre, he told him about that group who had rebelled against his church and were keeping the Sabbath.

As there was no Seventh-day Adventist minister anywhere in the state at that time, the colporteur at once made the long trip out to visit those sincere persons who were anxious to serve the Lord. By this time the government had opened a truck road to a city only 25 miles from their home. The colporteur arrived in that city, and began to inquire where those people lived, and where he could hire a mule to take him out to visit them.

He had not been long in the place when a policeman appeared, and took him over to the mayor. There he was questioned about his work and why he wished to visit those people. He disclosed his identity, and told them that he was going out to spend a few days with them on the farm. The chief of police then warned him not to preach the gospel. He told him that if he desired to go out to visit them it was well and good, but he warned him again that if he should go out there to preach, then he would send a policeman to arrest him and put him in the new jail that they had just built but that had not yet been used. If he wished to be the one to dedicate the new jail, all he had to do was to go out there and preach to those people. To this our colporteur responded, "You may put me in now, for I am going out there, and I am going to preach!"

They replied, "We cannot arrest you before you commit the crime." Again they warned him not to preach there.

While the colporteur was out at that place instructing those who had begun to keep the Sabbath, the Lord sent a storm upon the city and completely demolished the new jail before it could be used. It was the only building that was harmed in the entire place, and it was completely leveled to the ground.

The colporteur studied the Bible with the interested group, and in the following year I visited the place, with Elders Wilcox and Baerg accompanying me. We marveled as we viewed the jail which still lay there in ruins. Then we went out to bury these faithful believers with their Lord in baptism. Some one remarked that as the Lord shook open the jail in the time of Paul and Silas to liberate them, this time He had shaken one down before His servant could be put into it.

In some parts of the union our colporteurs take orders for the books, and later make the delivery; but in some of the places where travel is more difficult they carry the books

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with them and sell them for cash. Two of our boys had been out taking orders, and when the time came to make their deliveries, they received their books from the office and started out to deliver them.

In many places cattle raisers have their lands fenced in, usually with wooden rails instead of barbed wire. Where a lane of travel crosses a fence there is usually a big gate so constructed that gravity causes it to swing shut again whenever it is opened. When these two colporteurs started out to make their delivery, each of them had a heavy pack on his back, and they had not gone far when they came to one of those heavy gates. They gave it a push, and it swung wide open; but for lack of lubrication or something else, it failed to swing shut. When one of the boys stepped into the tall grass by the path to pull the gate shut, he suddenly jumped back, for a big bushmaster snake that lay hidden in the grass had bitten him above the ankle.

Both boys were greatly alarmed, for they had no medicine with which to treat the bite. The uninjured one suggested that they gather some dry wood, build a fire, and burn the limb to a crisp to counteract the poison. The victim, however, did not wish to submit to that sort of treatment, but said, "This is either the Lord's work or it is not. If it is His work, and He desires that I deliver these books, then I am going on; but if He does not wish me to do so, then I am willing that His will shall be done."

They found a stick, and killed the snake. Then they kneeled down there by the path, and prayed fervently to the Lord. They got up, took up their books, and went on their way. The bitten colporteur later told me that the wound did not even swell, and that in a few days one could not see the marks where he had been bitten. As they delivered their books, they praised the Lord for the fulfillment of Luke 10: 19: "I give unto you power to tread on serpents, . . . and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

In the Amazon region all our colporteurs travel in canoes, for there are no roads or other means of transportation. Many times they pay small fees for the privilege of tying their canoes on behind powered boats that are going up to the head waters of some tributary. Then they work their way back, coming downstream with the current, which procedure saves them the laborious effort of rowing upstream.

The canoes they use are usually about 12 to 15 feet long, about half the length being covered with a rounded roof made of two thicknesses of braided palm leaves, with banana leaves in between, so that it will shed the rain. Under the roofs they keep their books as well as other baggage, and under them they also have bunks in which to sleep. In the front of the boats they usually have stoves made from kerosene cans lined with fire clay, and on these they prepare their food, which consists of beans and rice, together with such vegetables and fruits as they are able to obtain along the way. At the time of the year when the river is low, milk and cheese are plentiful. Frequently fresh fish jump right into the canoe, and thus provide food.

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Before nightfall the bookmen usually hunt narrow channels where they can tie their canoes to trees, and where, even though a storm should come up, the waves will not be as high as out on the wide river. Often alligators will come along during the night, attack the boats, and try to upset them. To prevent this we furnish the colporteurs with canoes that are at least 18 inches above the water, for the alligators cannot overturn them.

One night Colporteur Pedro Bernardo was sleeping in his canoe in one of those channels. He had tied his boat to the limb of a tree. But as it was already dark when he stopped for the night, he did not notice that the tree was covered with what are called "fire ants." These insects get this name from the fact that their bites produce a burning sensation that pains for a long time. There is also a kind of black ants that are a little larger than the fire ants, which are the fire ants' enemies; and whenever the two kinds meet, they have a fight to the death, the black ants always winning.

As Pedro slept peacefully that night, the fire ants came down the rope by the thousands, and invaded the canoe. But He who never sleeps, but watches over his faithful servants, caused a slight wind to blow the canoe over to the bank so that another limb touched the back of the boat, and thus formed a bridge for an army of black ants, which do not attack man, to swarm onto the boat. The black creatures met the fire ants at a point not far from Pedro's head. A terrible battle ensued, proof of which was seen when Pedro awoke from a very peaceful sleep and saw a large pile of dead fire ants, while the black ants were leaving the canoe by way of the rope, pursuing the enemy all the way back to their nest in the tree. Who can doubt that the Lord sent those black ants to protect His servant from a terrible scourge after he had done a hard day's work?

Distances are great in the Amazon valley, and often they are not measured by miles but by hours of travel in a canoe or ship. Ask some one where he lives, and he will say that he lives at a place so many hours out this or that river. He may merely pucker up his lips, as if he were about to whistle, and stick them out to indicate the direction.

The city of Manaus is near the mouth of the Negro River, at a short distance from where it empties into the Amazon. There are five rivers that flow into the Amazon not far from this place, and any one of them is navigable for a distance of 1,000 miles, and some for even more. Although our faithful colporteurs have worked along some of the tributaries of the Amazon, many of them are still virgin territory.

The Central Amazon Mission includes the region that lies between the state of Amazonas and the countries of Peru and Bolivia. This region has not yet been incorporated as a state of Brazil, but is still called the Territory of Acre. To reach this section of Brazil takes 20 days by river boat. One of our men went up to this place to work, and there met with many very interesting experiences. When he started to work the capital of the territory of Acre, the Roman Catholic priest called the people together,

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and told them not to buy any of our brother's books, saying that they were immoral and taught contrary to the Bible.

The colporteur had very little success in the city. He decided to buy a canoe and start out working among the farmers living along the river. As soon as the priest learned of this plan, he got a motor boat, and went along the river to tell the people the same story that he had told in the city.

The first day our colporteur worked he did not sell one book. As night came on, he had difficulty in finding a place to sleep, for his canoe was not large enough to carry sleeping facilities, and no one wanted to give him a place to hang his hammock. It was late when he finally found a place. As he lay down to rest, he asked the Lord what to do to overcome the work of the enemy in order to place the truth filled books in those homes along the river. He asked God that this long trip should not be in vain. The answer was not long delayed, for he overheard a conversation taking place in the adjoining room. The wife said to her husband, "Surely this is the man about whom our priest told us, and he is selling immoral books. We ought never to have permitted him to sleep in our home."

To this the husband replied, "Yes, this is the priest's man, but we cannot put him out now."

That gave the colporteur an idea, for most of our men are full of thoughts when they are out selling books. Therefore, he thanked the Lord for the answer to his petition, and at once went to sleep. Early the next morning he called the man and his wife together, and asked them if the man about whom the priest had told them had arrived yet.

"Oh, no," they answered, "we thought you were he."

"No, I am not the man," he declared. "I am selling moral literature that explains the Holy Scriptures."

They were glad that he was not the man. At once they examined his books, saw that they were good, moral works, and bought a copy of each book the colporteur had. And so all day long his question was, when he arrived at a home, "Has the priest's man been here yet?" He sold his books in almost every home along the river.

One morning another colporteur started out in his canoe, after having had a pleasant visit with the people in whose home he had slept the night before. They had bought some of his books, and the man had given him information about all the neighbors along the river, telling him who could buy the books and who could not. He had not gone far when he sighted the humble home of a blind man, who, according to the information received, was so poor that he could not buy a book if he had been able to see to read. Our bookman hesitated a moment, for he wondered whether it would be worth while to offer a blind man the book. Then a voice seemed to say to him, "Go ye

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into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Surely this man was one of God's creatures, even if he was blind. So the colporteur decided to see him.

When he knocked at the door, at first he thought no one was at home. But as he waited a moment, he could hear something tapping on the wall. It was the blind man coming to the door and tapping on the side of the wall with his cane. The colporteur did not tell him at once that the purpose of his visit was to sell him a book, but told him that he was engaged in gospel work and had come to visit with him and to comfort him. The man was very grateful. As they visited, the colporteur told him of the love of Jesus for lost sinners, and that He was coming soon to this earth to receive His faithful children and take them with Him to a better place, where there would be no sickness or suffering. He told him that in the better world to come every one would be happy, and then the eyes of the blind would be opened, and that there all would live happily for all eternity. After a word of prayer, the colporteur told the old man good-by, and started for the door.

The blind man was so touched with his words that he asked him to remain a few minutes longer. As the colporteur sat down again, the man asked, "Now what is your real business? I know you did not make this long trip to my home just to speak these comforting words to me. You must have some business or something to sell."

"Yes," the colporteur answered, "I am selling books, books that tell about the home that Jesus is preparing for His faithful children. But because you cannot read, I did not offer these books to you."

Then the blind man said, "Let me feel one of your books."

The colporteur placed one of his books in the old man's hands. He felt it all over, opened it, and felt of the smooth leaves, and then said, "I would like to own such a book. How much does it cost?"

The colporteur told him the price. Then the man called to his wife, who had hidden herself in the other room all this time. She came out, and asked what he wanted. He then told her to open his big trunk that was there in the corner of the room, and to get out the money for the book. Then she told the colporteur that she did not know how to read or write. As the colporteur lingered yet a few moments, the blind man told his wife to get a new towel that was in the trunk, to wrap up the book well, and to put it down in the bottom of his trunk. When the colporteur was about to leave, he said to the old man, "I would like to ask you a question. Why did you have her wrap up that book and put it down in the bottom of the trunk?"

"Oh," he replied, "I have a grandson who is nearly of school age. Today I am going to see the teacher and try to arrange to put him in school, so that he can learn to read. Thus some day he will be able to read this book to me."

When the colporteur got into his canoe, and started down the stream, he decided that never, as long as he should remain in the colporteur work, would he pass by any house, no matter how humble it might appear.

Chapter Nineteen

A MONKEY AT THE MEETING

AS A RESULT of the colporteur work, we now have many sincere persons keeping the Sabbath out in those faraway places. One day we received at the office a letter begging for a worker to visit a group of about 200 persons who were keeping the Sabbath. All of this interest was the result of work done by colporteurs. We were not able to go at once, for the place was more than 1,500 miles away up the Purus River. When we finally visited the place, many of the people had become discouraged and were no longer interested in the word of God. But a goodly number were faithful and desired to be baptized. Our first difficulty was to find a place in which to hold meetings with them, because there was not a room in any of their homes large enough to hold all the people. The river was at flood stage, and many of the houses were completely surrounded by water. Finally, one of the men offered us the use of his home, and said that we could take out all the partitions and thus make one large room that would accommodate all the people. His house was surrounded on three sides by water, and on the other just a little tip of land remained in front.

On Sabbath morning we held the first Sabbath school service ever conducted on that big river. As Mrs. Halliwell arose to lead the singing, a very interesting thing happened.

There was a large, wooden beam extending from one end of the room to the other, and a smaller one ran crosswise near the front. These beams were only a little higher than one's head, the partitions having been fastened to them. Just as we started to sing the opening hymn, a large monkey jumped into the room, ran across the longer beam, and stopped right over Mrs. Halliwell's head. Then he put his long tail right around her neck. Some one jumped up, and drove him away. Then he crossed on the other beam, and, as if attracted by the music, he stopped right over Brother Pritchard's head. He was playing our little portable organ, and the monkey insisted on putting his tail around our S brother's neck. Before we could go on with the school, we had to drive that monkey out.

On the following evening we held our first evangelistic meeting in this place. The electric light wires were strung up from the Luzeiro, and to make it easier for those coming in canoes to get out and up the ladder into the house, we put a large light globe just outside the door. This strong light attracted the insects, and as they flew around this light many would fall down below. These in turn attracted the frogs, and when the speaker got up to talk that night these creatures made so much noise that it drowned out the a voice of our national evangelist, so that our meeting was not a success. The

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next evening one of the young men came to see me and asked for my flashlight, and volunteered to be policeman to the frogs. That night we had a very peaceful meeting, with not a sound from the frogs. After the service, he showed us a pile of 123 frogs that he had quieted, and which would never again disturb a religious gathering.

One of our colporteurs related how a big snake helped to deliver a book, and another how an alligator helped him. In districts that are thickly populated the colporteur takes orders for his books, and later comes back at a set date to make the delivery. But where the houses are widely separated and travel by canoe is difficult, he usually takes a good supply of books with him to sell for cash.

Colporteur Francisco had worked a district near the city of Manaus, and had started back to make his delivery. The river was out of its banks, and many houses were already in the flood water. When he arrived at a home where he had taken an order, he was informed by the housewife that her husband was not at home, and that she could not take the book, for she did not have any money. The colporteur insisted, but she said she did not have the money, and that her husband would not be back for several days.

A little discouraged, the colporteur got into his canoe and started off down the stream. He had not gone far when the woman came to the door and began to call frantically to him to return. He turned around and started back, wondering what she could want. Perhaps she had found some money and was going to take the book. Travel downstream is easy, but to row upstream against a current moving at the rate of three miles an hour takes considerable effort. When he reached the house, the woman told him that there was a big snake in the chicken house eating her fowls, and asked him to kill it for her. The flood had already reached the chicken house, and water two feet deep was flowing through it. Francisco rolled up his trouser legs, got his rifle, and slowly made his way into the chicken house. There was a large anaconda with a hen in its mouth. He took good aim and killed the snake. When he pulled it out on the ground and measured it, he found that it was 18 feet long. The woman was very grateful.

Again Francisco got into his canoe and started off downstream. He had not gone far when the woman began to call again to him to return. And he wondered what she wanted this time. Could it be another snake that she wanted him to kill? When he reached the house, she asked, "How much did you say is the cost of that book that my husband ordered?"

"Only three dollars," he replied.

"Well, I have found the money," she said. "I will take the book."

Another colporteur, whom we will call Jose, had gone out in his canoe to make his delivery. He had taken orders in two homes that were close together. He arrived at the first, and was surprised to find only a little girl about six years old at home, taking care of her little sister, who was perhaps seven months old. He asked for her mother, and the

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little girl told him that she had gone to town and that she would not be back for two days. He was surprised that such a small child was left with the baby.

So he went on to the other home, and at once made the delivery. At this place were two young girls who had come out from the city to enjoy a vacation, and they asked Jose if he knew how to harpoon an alligator. He assured them that he had caught many of them. Then they asked him to harpoon one that was out in a small stream behind the house. He got the harpoon, which was a sharp steel point fitted on the end of a stick. A line was tied to the point. He caught the alligator for them. Then the girls asked him to wire its mouth shut, and tie its tail around to its head, so that they could take it back to town with them.

As he was trying to get the alligator out of the water, he noticed that behind the other house there was a large circle of banana stalks. When bananas are not properly cared for, dozens of shoots grow up from the roots, sometimes forming a circle 10 to 12 feet in diameter. He observed that those stalks moved, and upon closer observation he saw that the woman of the other house, who was supposed to be on a trip to the city, was hiding in the banana stalks. He began to think how he might get her out of there and persuade her to take the book. While he was wondering what to do, the alligator on the end of the line gave a lunge and snapped its mouth very savagely at him. The girls screamed and ran into the house. He also screamed and made for the banana stalks, crying out, "The alligator is after me!"

When he jumped into the cluster of stalks, he saw the woman there and said, "Why, hello! So you are in here? That alligator almost caught me!"

"Yes," she very shamefacedly replied. "Did you bring my book?"

One of our magazine workers in Manaus gave a copy of our church paper, *Revista Adventista* (Adventist Review), to a barber as they were sitting together in the street car. The barber took it to his shop, and during his leisure moments read it. He found in the paper an experience written by a barber in another city, telling how the Lord had blessed him since he had started to keep the seventh-day Sabbath and to pay an honest tithe to the Lord. The article stated that in five days' work the author was now accomplishing more than he formerly had done in six. So the barber began to study his Bible, and finally decided to keep the Sabbath and to separate his tithe, although he did not know to whom he should pay it or that there was a group of people in town who met for worship on the Sabbath.

One day our worker in this city went into the man's shop, and as he got into the chair he noticed the magazine pinned up in plain sight on the wall. He asked the barber where he had found that paper, and he replied that some stranger had given it to him on the street car, and that he had pinned it up on the wall so that the man who gave it to him would see it if he should ever come into his shop. Our worker told him that he

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represented the people who published that paper. The barber was very happy then, and told his story, and said that he was keeping the Sabbath. Then he turned over his tithes to the church. Later he was baptized and is now very loyal to God.

About a year ago Brother Bruno Steinweg, our union treasurer, told me about a group of people out near the ocean who were keeping the Sabbath as the result of literature they had read. This interest came from the efforts of a man who was not a Seventh-day Adventist. We went out on the Luzeiro to visit them. When we reached the place, some of them were down at the river to meet us. They were all very happy. We planned to stay two days to study the Bible with them and hold evening meetings. As they all lived back in the woods, and the wires from the boat would not reach their homes, we were not able to have an evening meeting in their houses and show pictures.

Then they decided to make a tabernacle in the woods. Getting busy with their axes, they began to fell the trees and " clear off the jungle, thus making a smooth place for our meeting. Surrounded by the jungle on three sides, it had the river in front and the blue sky overhead. We tacked a sheet up on two trees for a screen, and with the projector placed on a box, we hung up the light wires on the trees, and thus had a very good place, there in the woods, for our meeting. I gave a study with slides that evening, but when, after the closing song, we dismissed the people with prayer, they did not wish to go home. They wished to have a second meeting. So Elder Steinweg then preached them a second sermon, and again we closed with prayer.

However, before the close of the second meeting a canoe arrived from afar, bringing a number of interested persons, and they begged us to hold a third meeting. So we held a third meeting that night. As they stood there in the woods, many mothers with babies in their arms, not one complained because there were no seats on which to sit, but all were glad to stand and listen to the preaching.

On the following night we presented two subjects. When Elder Steinweg closed his meeting, we sang a song; and then I arose and preached a second sermon. Again they were not willing to leave, but asked for more. So Elder Steinweg preached the third sermon. Then we sang a hymn. And as we took the wires down, making ready to return to the city, they begged so hard for help that Mrs. Steinweg volunteered to stay with them a week longer and teach them more. We waited until she could get her baggage arranged, and we found some short ropes with which to tie up her hammock in one of their straw-thatched homes, where she would have to sleep during the time she remained with them. From the last report I have received of the original 75 who were keeping the Sabbath there, they have a large group preparing for baptism. Thus the literature work is producing much fruit in the Amazon valley.

One morning we stopped at a little store on the river's bank. As we stepped out of our boat, the owner of the store came to us and asked if we could take his subscription for 0

Atalaia (The Watchman Magazine) in Brazilian Portuguese. When we told him that we could, he said, "Oh, I know who you are. You are the same as that colporteur that came by here. You are Seven Days Adventists!"

Well, we rather liked that name, "Seven Days Adventists." We were not only Adventists on the Sabbath day, but, according to this man, we were every day.

Chapter Twenty

HELPING WITH THEIR GIFTS

SINCE our work is becoming better known every year, now that we have six boats working on the river to treat the sick and teach the gospel, the people have become more liberal in helping us at the time of our annual Irigathering campaign. Last year the governor of Manaus raised his offering from 5,000 cruzeiros to 10,000. In Belem the governor received us very kindly, and after our short visit, he too gave us an offering of 10,000 cruzeiros, which is about \$500 dollars in money of the United States. The next day we visited the mayor of the city. He was busy when we went in, and held up his hand as a signal for us to wait a minute. When he was ready for us, he said, "I know what you want." And as he invited us to sit down by his desk, he said, "The governor told me last evening to give you a very liberal offering."

He asked us what the governor had given, and then he said that he would make his offering 6,000 cruzeiros, or about \$300.

As the Luzeiro II is not in use all the year around, we decided to build a boat house to shelter it while tied up in the city of Belem. I arranged with a constructor to build the house for \$200. When it was ready, I put the launch in the little boathouse, where it was very well sheltered.

Then I asked the builder to make out his statement, so I could sign it for him to take to our office and get his money.

Most of our lay members use the envelope system when they do Ingathering work in the residential districts of the city. As almost every home owner has servants, it is almost impossible to gain entrance to speak with the mistress of the house without first telling the servant just what you want. So for Ingathering it is hard to get into the homes. We publish a little folder containing some pictures of our work with the boats and of treating the sick, as well as some of our schools. This appeal, together with an envelope for the offering, is placed inside a larger envelope. As our brethren knock at doors, they ask the servants to please give the envelopes to the lady or the man of the house. If it is a Sunday, and the man is at home, many times they wait for the answer; but more often they inform the servants that they will be back the following day for the offerings.

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When I asked the constructor to make out the statement for me to sign, he at once said, "I have it all ready." He went into his office, and when he came out, he handed me one of the envelopes used in our Ingathering work. I wondered why he had put it in one of those envelopes. With my pen in my hand, I opened the envelope to sign the bill, but to my surprise, instead of a bill, there was a little piece of paper with the following written on it, "A house for the Luzeiro." That was his gift to the annual Ingathering.

Not very long ago two of our American sisters went to the office of the United States Navy, and asked permission to solicit from the officers. They were informed that it is not permitted to solicit in government buildings. The man at the desk was very kind, for he knew of our work. So he gave an offering, and then suggested that he call the Navy chaplain, who is a minister of another Protestant church. The Navy personnel called this chaplain "the padre," which name in the Portuguese means the Roman Catholic priest. Our sisters thanked him, but did not wish him to call the man, for they thought he was a Roman Catholic priest. However, he called him, and the minister proved to be a very fine man. He took the pictures they had of our work, also the list of names of donors, and in a few minutes he came back with an offering of \$53 and some cents.

Last year we took this chaplain out for a trip with us on our boat. He was very much impressed with the work of treating the sick on that short trip, and he remarked, "You are doing more missionary work than any of the missionaries of other denominations down here. I will turn over to your church the tithes and offerings I get from the men. And so he did, giving at that time \$35 in United States money.

When we started our Ingathering campaign last year, that chaplain wished to do his part also. So again we gave him the list and the pictures. He had three outposts that he visited, one each week. It was Friday afternoon when he came back from the first outpost. He lived right across the street from us, and he was so excited with his success that he came over in his stocking feet, with his hands full of bills, and said, "Guess how much I got!"

I could not guess. As he laid the money down on the table, he said, "One hundred and fifteen dollars and 75 cents!"

He went to the two other outposts, and gathered in for us more than \$300 last year.

One year I was working with Elder Wilcox in the state of Piauhy. At that time we did not have a baptized believer in that whole state. It was late in the afternoon when we came to the office of a company that imported coal from the south of Brazil. After a brief introduction, I made known to the man in charge what was the object of our visit. He became very impatient, and told us that he was busy and had no time to waste. Also, that he was not interested in our work. Hence we felt quite disappointed. As a last resort, I pulled out one of the Ingathering papers, and offered it to him. The paper had a

picture of the Luzeiro on the cover. As I offered him the paper, his eye caught the picture of the boat.

"Oh!" he said, "I have followed the work of this boat for several years. I always received this little paper when I lived down south, but have not had it now for a few years."

After a brief pause, he continued, "I have always wished to shake the hand of the man who works on that boat."

I extended my hand and said, "You now have that opportunity."

He shook my hand as if I had been an old friend of his. He invited us into his private office, and asked many questions about the Amazon, then gave us an offering of five dollars and invited us to come and visit him again the following year.

Chapter Twenty-One

THE AMAZON'S INDIANS

IN THE state of Amazonas there are at the present time 64 tribes of Indians. In the state of Para there are 28 more. Most of these tribes are small, the largest probably not numbering more than 3,000 or 4,000 persons. Most of them live on the headwaters of the different rivers, and with the exception of a few tribes, they have had little contact with civilization. Each tribe speaks a different dialect, but generally some one speaks Portuguese.

In 1932 we visited, for the first time, the headwaters of the Andira River, where part of the Maues tribe now live. This is a large tribe and is scattered about on the Maues and Andira rivers. A few years before we had started a school for this same tribe on the Maues River. They seemed very much interested at first in the school and in religion.

The name of the place where we started this work was Cinco Kilos. One of the Indian chiefs, the story says, had collected some crude rubber, and when he took it down the river to the city and offered it for sale, the buyer weighed it, and told him he had cinco kilos, which means five kilograms (about eleven pounds). The old chief liked that, for he got a good price for the rubber. So when he returned home, he changed the name of the village to Cinco Kilos, which is the name of the place now.

Many years ago when there was plenty of money, the Roman Catholic priests built a little church in this place; but when rubber lost its value, and there was little money circulating along this river, they all left, and the little church began to decay. When we started our school, the Indians began to attend our religious meetings. The central church of Seventh-day Adventists in Rio de Janeiro became interested in this Indian work. They sent a leather-bound Bible to those Indians. On the cover of it were the following words stamped in gold letters, "From the Central Church in Rio de Janeiro to

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the Indians at Cinco Kilos." We took the Bible with us when we went up to visit the school, and the old chief was much impressed by the gift, although he could not read very much.

While our boat was on its way back down the Maues River, we sighted another launch coming upstream, headed toward Cinco Kilos and the Indians. It was the Roman Catholic bishop. As the river was wide at this point, being about eight miles across, we started toward the far side from the bishop's boat. It was well that we did, for they soon began to shoot toward us with a high-powered rifle; but we were too far away for them to hit our boat.

When the bishop came to the Indian school and found that Bible there, he became very angry. He opened it, held the two covers in one hand, and with the other he deliberately tore the leaves into little bits and threw them out on the waters of the peaceful river. Then he brought the cover and nailed it up in the church in the city.

It seems as if the pieces of the Bible leaves were like seeds cast out upon the waters, for now we have baptized believers all along this river.

The following year, as we were going up the river to visit the Indians again, I noticed that there was a new house situated on the far side of the river. I asked a brother who was with us on the boat if he knew who lived in that good house. He replied, "Don't go over there, for that man is not our friend. He is the one who was with the bishop when he shot at our boat."

For some reason our boat just seemed to wish to turn out toward that house, and we went across the river and stopped in front of this home. The housewife came out and told us that she was very happy because we had stopped. Her husband was very sick. When we entered the home, we saw him lying in a hammock; and when he saw me, he seemed to turn pale and was not able to speak for some time. We treated the man, left medicine for him, and showed his wife how to continue the hydrotherapy treatments. Then we were on our way again. His wife thanked us many times and begged that we stop on our way back.

When we arrived at the Indian school, we were very much disappointed to learn that almost all of them had migrated to the other river, to a place about three days' trip on foot through the forest.

On the way back we visited interested people. In one place we had about 70 persons in a Sabbath school. They told us how this man whom we had treated had tried to break up their Sabbath school and had done everything possible to hinder the Lord's work in that district. On our way downstream we stopped to visit him. He was much better now, almost well; and this time he was happy and anxious to talk with us. He related to us a dream that he had had the night before we arrived. He had been very sick, and that night he dreamed that he saw a boat coming up the river, and that when it reached a

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point just across the river from his home, it turned and came straight over to his place. Then he saw a stout man get out of the boat, come into the house, and treat him. Then he said, "Now the Lord has shown me that He sent the Seventh-day Adventists to heal me."

He was very happy. We had a Bible study with them, and he became so interested that he wanted to buy a Bible. He continued to study and became a member of the Sabbath school. Instead of hindering, he soon became one of the leaders of our work in that district. After his baptism, he was made treasurer of the group.

The following year, when I visited his home, he called his children. Five children of good appearance came out from the back yard, where they had been working. I asked, "How is this, Brother Barnabe, that last year when I was here you did not have a child, and now one year later you have five?"

"Well," he replied, "you see I am the church treasurer, and in order to hold that office one must have a family. The brethren bring in much of the tithes in fruits and other things, for which there is no market around here. Hence the treasurer must have a family to use up these things, so he can put their monetary equivalent into the treasury, so it can be sent on to the mission."

I asked him what he would do if the church should grow. To this query he answered, "It is going to grow; and as it does, I will adopt more children as long as I am the treasurer."

In 1932 we made our first visit to the Indians on the Andira River. When our boat arrived at their little village, most of them fled to the woods, for they had never seen a boat like the Luzeiro. To get them back from the woods, we brought out our portable Victrola, set it up on a kerosene box, and began to play some music. Soon they all came out of the woods. They crowded around the box, and I feared that they would overturn it. I put on a disk on which was recorded the voice of a man singing in a clear, strong voice. When they heard that voice coming out of the box, they all fled into the woods again. We had difficulty to get them back from the woods. They came back after a while, and we showed them by means of the projector, colored pictures of the life of Christ.

The next morning we wished to explore farther up the river. The chief sent a warrior with us to serve as our guide. We had not gone far when we saw a little house about four feet high. It was made of clay and covered with a thatched roof. It had one door but no windows. I asked the warrior what was in the house, and he told me that in there they kept their war birds. I was curious, and wanted to see their war birds; but he told me that if we should open the door, the birds would get out. I reasoned with him that we would be very careful and not let them out, but he insisted that we should not open the door. He assured me that if any one should open that door in time of peace, the old chief would cut off his head.

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We went on up the river. But all day we were wondering about the war birds that were supposed to be in that little house. On the way back we stopped, sent the warrior on down the river, and went on shore to take a peek at the birds. We opened the door very carefully, lest the birds should escape and the chief find out that we had looked in. But all that we found in the house was two small pots made of clay, a dry banana leaf stretched over the top, and a small, dry, dead bird on top of the leaf. Later we learned that the dry bird is a symbol of a vegetable poison, and that if a war should break out among the tribes, they would come to dip their arrows in this poison, and thus make ready to fight. A mere scratch with one of these poisoned arrows would mean certain death to the luckless victim.

When we reached the village that night, another warrior came out to the boat in a canoe, and said in very broken Portuguese, "The chief wishes to see the man's head that is in the box."

The boat boy said, "We had better get out of here, for they know that we looked into that house up there. Now they wish to cut off our heads and put them in the box!"

I asked the Indian what he wanted, and he repeated, "The man's head in the box!"

I asked again, "What box?"

He answered, "You have the box here on the boat."

Then the boy suggested that it might be the kerosene box that we had, and that they wanted to cut off our heads and put them in it. Finally the warrior climbed into our boat and pointed to the Victrola, saying that the man's head was in that box. So that night we played more music for them, and had another meeting for them. The next year we took them a teacher and started a school for them.

When we first arrived at this place, the Indians wore very few clothes. They had many strange customs. I well remember when we took the teacher to this faraway place. The first night we were scarcely able to sleep, for they beat their drums and carried on their devil dance on the shore at a place not far from our boat. After a few days, they agreed to help put up the buildings. We made all plans for the schoolhouse. The old chief separated the village into two parts, and gave all the land on one side to the school, keeping the other for his people. We staked off the plot where the school was to be built, and another site was laid out for the teacher's home. Then we got the Indians together, and they promised to help build the schoolhouse as well as the teacher's home. The chief gave us a house for the teacher to live in until his home could be built. We had brought along a cow, a dog, and some chickens for him.

After all arrangements were made, we left the teacher and his family there in that far-off place to live among that strange people. As our little Luzeiro pulled away from the shore, they stood there waving good-bye. We could see tears in their eyes as they bade

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us farewell; but they were good soldiers of the cross, willing to sacrifice much to stay there to help those poor people learn more about the gospel of our Lord. As distance between us widened, and we could no longer see the little handkerchief waving to us, we observed that they were now waving a towel. When we could see them no more, we thanked the Lord for such brave hearts who were willing to go out there and work for those Indians.

At first all went well, and the work progressed swiftly on the building that was to serve as a school. The roof was completed, but not the side walls, when the witch doctor returned to the village from a trip that he had made to an adjacent village. He was not pleased to see this white man come to live among his people. And what was even worse to him, the teacher had been living in his house.

As there was no place for our brother to go, he had to move into the partly finished school building. The rainy season was then coming on, and the walls of the house were not completed. The rains came, and the strong winds whipped the water into the building, so that there was not a dry spot in the whole room. Everything they had was wet. Their little child came down with pneumonia, and in a few days it passed away. All alone, away out there among a strange people, and with no one to console them, they dug a grave in the Indian cemetery. With tears streaming down their cheeks, they slowly carried that little homemade coffin out to the graveyard. There by the side of the grave, Honorino and his brave wife, Maria, had to swallow many times the lumps that came up in their throats when they tried to sing an appropriate hymn for this sad occasion. Then Brother Honorino read a few words from the Holy Scriptures, and with a prayer they lowered to rest their dear loved one. But not once did these brave missionaries complain, or even express a thought of abandoning their post. Many of the Indians attended this solemn ceremony, and it seemed to touch their hearts, for they worked harder than ever to help finish the home for their teacher.

Querino was the name of one of the Indians. He was a short, heavy-set fellow. All his front teeth had been sharpened to a point and looked like the letter V upside down. Most of the men, and many of the women, have their teeth pointed, for this is their tribal mark. They use two stones to point them. They place a sharp-edged stone against the corner of a tooth, and then strike it with the other rock so as to break off the corners. If they can get a razor, they use it instead of the sharp stone, for with it they can do a much better job. Querino was the teacher's enemy from the very first, and he was not in favor of the school. He led a gang that did all they could to run the teacher away, and tried to break up the school. They poisoned his cow, killed his dog, and stole his chickens, trying thus to discourage him so that he would abandon the place.

But the same Master who issued the order, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," also made the promise, "I am with you always, even unto the

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end of the world." Jesus was with Brother Honorino and his brave wife in that faraway and lonely place.

The Indians became more friendly, and after many long months the school and the home were finished. Some even began to attend Sabbath school and other meetings and to send their children to the day school. The teacher was their friend, for he treated them when they fell sick with the fever. His medicine helped them to get well. And he aided them in every possible way. His wife taught the women how to sew and make clothes for themselves.

Those Indians have many very interesting customs. They fish and hunt with bows and arrows. For fishing they use arrows made from very light rods, or reeds, that grow on top of the wild cane. Such an arrow is very straight and light. It is fitted with a bone point, is well balanced, and has a feather on the other end to give it the circular motion. Often a hunter will stand on the bank of a clear-water stream, with bow stretched and arrow in position, waiting for a fish to pass. Or he lies in wait in the woods, with bow and arrow in hand, waiting for a deer or other animal to appear: When the Indians wish to shoot an arrow very far and accurately, they lie flat on their backs, secure the bow with their feet, and pull back the string with both hands, thus almost doubling the force on the arrow.

Another interesting instrument they use is the sarabatana, or blowgun. There are two types of blowguns, and they vary in length from six to 16 feet. The more simple ones are made from reeds that are scraped smooth on the inside. But the better and larger ones are in the form of pipes consisting of two halves that have been very carefully split from some light hardwood. Then they are hollowed out and scraped very accurately with the incisor tooth of some small animal, usually the paca or cuitara. The two parts are then glued together and decorated with some sort of wicker work woven around the entire tube. There is a slight taper toward the muzzle.

The cups, or hourglass-shaped mouthpieces, are usually glued on with black beeswax, and are well hollowed out to receive the little arrows, or darts. These vary in size, but are usually in proportion to the length of the gun.

The black tips on the arrows are the vegetable poison which they call curare. This is a very interesting liquid. It is a thick, black substance that resembles tar. It is always kept in earthen pots. When it is smeared on arrow points, it looks like black varnish, and dries very hard. What is it made of? This seems to be a guarded secret known only to some of the older men of each tribe, who have been entrusted with the formula and who are responsible for furnishing it to the tribe. It is made in three strengths, which they call two strength, one strength, and half strength.

In time of war with a neighboring tribe, the warriors dip their arrows in the two-strength preparation, and they are then ready to fight. A slight scratch by a poisoned arrow is as deadly as the bite of the most venomous snake.

The one-strength and the half-strength formulas are used for the darts employed in the blowguns. The points of the little arrows are blackened with curare, and the other ends have wads of white tree silk which fit smoothly in the tube. A slight puff will send these poisonous missiles flying through the air. These guns and arrows are very accurate. At 40 yards' distance a monkey is a sure target. The monkeys are very intelligent, and when the missiles strike into their flesh, they immediately pull the arrows out. But the Indians are more intelligent. Hence they cut the part behind the points of the darts so thin that the heads hang to the victims, and when the monkeys try to pull them out, the points break off and stay in the flesh of the animals. In a few minutes the monkey falls down dead. The half strength is only to put a monkey to sleep. Once an animal is caught, the Indians revive him, and so have him alive.

Chapter Twenty-Two

A MURDERER TURNS TO CHRIST

PERHAPS one of the most interesting customs of the tribe referred to in the previous chapter is the wedding ceremony. When a young man desires to get married, he picks out the girl of his choice but is not allowed to speak to her. He first must ask the father, and if he gives his consent, then he asks the mother; if she consents, then he can talk with the girl.

When the time comes for the marriage ceremony, they make two large gloves out of braided straw, decorating them with feathers of bright-colored birds.

In the Amazon valley there is an insect called the tocandeira, which is about an inch long. It has a very poisonous sting. The Indians employ a kind of vegetable anesthesia to put these insects to sleep. They place about 80 of the live insects in each glove, with their wings fastened in the straw in such a manner that the stingers are on the inside. When the effect of the drug wears away, the imprisoned insects become furious.

The young man now must hold up his two hands, and his fellows put a glove on each hand, and all the insects sting him at once. If he winces by making an ugly face, or complains, or cries out on account of the pain, the girl will not have him. His arms sometimes swell to nearly twice the normal size, and sometimes death results. If the bridegroom survives the ordeal, he and the girl are considered duly wed, and take these gloves to their home, and hang them up to serve as the marriage certificate.

For a long time I was unable to arrange to obtain one of these gloves. But finally the chief consented to make me five. When he gave them to me, he asked the following

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question: "What do you wish to do with these gloves? Do you wish to introduce this custom among the white people?"

A few years ago an epidemic of smallpox broke out among the Indians on this river. As they had never been vaccinated, many of them died from this terrible disease. When we reached the school, we called the Indians together, and vaccinated them all. When we were nearly finished, we noticed two old women over in the corner. They looked as if they had passed the century mark. Their skin hung loosely on their cheeks, and they were full of wrinkles. I joked with them, saying, "Now we have them all vaccinated except the two young ladies in the corner."

Every one that understood the Portuguese began to laugh, but the two women did not, for they understood not a word. Then some one translated it for them into the Indian language, and one of them responded in their tongue. Then everyone laughed but us, for we did not understand what she had said. One of the others translated it for us into the Portuguese. She said, "If I am still a young lady, I want to be your daughter-in-law."

This proves that they, too, have a sense of humor.

Every member of the village was vaccinated that night except the old chief. He refused to "let the white man puncture his arm," as he stated it. We could not oblige him to be vaccinated, and we went our way.

When we returned some months later, we stopped in front of the school. Soon an Indian came running down to the boat and asked me to go up and visit the chief, who was very sick. I went up to his house. The door being closed, I knocked. I could hear him grunting inside. So I opened the door and stepped in. There he was, stretched out on a large banana leaf and all covered with smallpox. When they have a fever, they always lie on a banana leaf, for it is cool. They do this especially when they have smallpox, for the sores do not stick to a leaf as they do to a hammock.

When he saw me, he got up, put his arms around me, and gave me a Brazilian hug, as is the custom in most parts of Brazil. Then he said in broken Portuguese, "I am very happy that you came. I am very sick. I want you to vaccinate me now."

Well, the old chief was about the last person in the village to need vaccinating then. We did what we could for him, and soon he was out of danger. He was the only person in the village to get the disease.

Some years ago we desired to go up the river from this Indian school to visit some of the chiefs up there. The man that went along as the guide to point out to us the dangers; in the river, particularly the rocks, was none other than Querino, the warrior who had tried to break up the school. We reached a village about four o'clock in the afternoon, and made plans for a meeting that night. I hung up the lights, and got the projector in readiness.

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As soon as it became dark, we started the little generator, and many of the Indians saw electric lights for the first time. They paid very good attention while I showed them pictures of the life of Christ, and told them the old sweet story of Jesus' love for fallen man. After the lecture Mrs. Halliwell sang in Portuguese an illustrated song, the title of which is "Christ Saves Sinners."

After the meeting we took down the wires, went aboard the Luzeiro, and started down the river toward the school. It was a very dark night, and there were many rocks in the river. So my guide stayed by my side to show me the way. We had not gone far when I could feel him moving up very close to my side. He kept crowding up so close that I thought he would push me off the pilot's seat. Then he whispered in my ear, "Please have Mrs. Halliwell sing that song again."

She sang it, and he remained still for a little time. Then I felt him come up very close again, and once more he whispered in my ear, "Have her sing that song again."

She sang it, and he joined in the chorus with his little squeaky voice. Then he remained still for quite a while. Then he asked if I thought that Jesus died to save the Indians also, or was it only for the white men. I assured him that Jesus died to save all sinners. Then he said, "I am a very sinful, wicked man!"

He confessed that he had killed six men during his lifetime. Three times he had tried to kill Honorino, the teacher at the Indian school, but Jesus protected the teacher, and his enemy could not harm him.

There on that dark night while we were going down the river in our little boat this hardened criminal gave his heart to God and accepted Jesus as his personal Saviour. Now he has the same hope as we do, that of seeing Jesus come in the clouds to gather home His elect.

After this memorable night, this man seemed to be very happy. I remembered the words of the apostle Paul: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Romans 1:16. Surely it is the power of God that can save a hardened sinner such as this Indian and make him a true child of heaven. If this power can change a heart like that one, can it not take every little sin out of your life also?

Elder N. P. Neilsen was with us on one trip to this Indian school. Some of the chiefs came down to the boat, and we gave them a drink of ice water from our refrigerator. They never before had tasted cold water, and were at a loss for something to compare it with. The coldest it gets in this part of the Amazon is about 70 degrees above zero, which means that water there does not naturally get very cold. One asked us if we had not gotten that water up at the springs at the headwaters of the river.

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The next day Querino came back to the boat with a bottle full of water, and asked us to put it in the refrigerator and let it get very cold. We asked him what he intended to do with this cold water, and he said that he wished to take it to his father. Then we asked him where his father lived, and he answered, "Five days trip up this river." He wanted to take his father a drink of ice water.

The name of the village where we have this Indian school is Ponta Alegre, which means "Happy Point." We now have about 22 baptized Indians at this place. The next year after Elder Neilsen visited with us the school at Ponta Alegre, Querino brought his newborn baby to show him to us. Mrs. Halliwell asked him what he called his new baby. He answered, "Pastor Neilsen."

Thus Elder Neilsen has a namesake away out there.

As the word about our Indian schools spreads among other tribes, we receive many requests for teachers and schools. In 1939 three Indians arrived at Fortaleza, capital city of the State of Ceara. When they came into the streets of this city of over 100,000 inhabitants, they had only one thing in mind. Everywhere they stopped they asked where they could find the people who keep the Sabbath and do not have images in their churches. The Indians had long, flowing hair that fell down on their shoulders. They were barefooted, and wore very little clothing. As they came up the street, they attracted much attention. A great crowd followed behind them. But they were intent on one thing only, and that was to find "the people who keep the Sabbath, and do not have images in their churches."

Finally they found a man who repaired radios, and he volunteered to take them to the home of Elder Roger Wilcox, who was in charge of the mission. They told how they had come 31 days afoot to reach the city and find the people who worship on the Sabbath. Two of them were sons of the chief, and the third was the chief's brother, for they were on an important mission, to get a teacher for their tribe.

Elder Wilcox got them some clothes and some shoes, and promised to get them a teacher as soon as he could find one to go. With this promise, they left the city, and began their long trek of 31 days back across the state to the river to take to their tribe the promise of a teacher from the people who keep the Sabbath and do not have images in their churches.

In 1944 they came back across the state to the city, and this time went directly to the home of the mission director. Again they had come 31 days afoot to plead for a teacher. They said, "The old chief, our father, is very old. His hair is now white. His limbs are weak. He can no longer walk."

Putting their hands up to their eyes, they added: "His eyes are dim from looking down the river, looking for the teacher from the people who keep the Sabbath and do not worship images in their churches."

And again, with only a promise, they had to turn back on the long road without the teacher they so much desired, for we have not had a salary in our budget for a teacher, and in the second place, we have not had a teacher to send.

Chapter Twenty-Three

“IT’S TOO LATE

MANY times when we are in the United States, we are asked if the people on the Amazon really appreciate the efforts made to help them and if they really are faithful Seventh-day Adventists. We reply that they really do.

I well remember an old couple who were baptized a few years ago, at the time of one of our annual meetings. They were both over 82 years of age then. The man had been very wicked during his life, never having had much interest in things pertaining to religion. Now in his old age he became suddenly interested in the Holy Scriptures and turned very religious. When we gathered at the banks of the Maues River that Sabbath morning, he was a very happy man, for the day had arrived when he was going to bury his past wicked life in baptism. As he came up out of the water, his face shone with joy. After the annual meeting was over, he went back home, praising the Lord that He had shown them the way before it was too late.

One evening about two months later, after reading the Sacred Scriptures they felt impressed to sing a song before retiring for the night. Then this dear old sister lay down in her hammock, went to sleep, and just slept away. When the morning came, she did not get up. She is awaiting the voice of the Life-giver to come back to this earth to raise the dead. One of our brethren went over to comfort the old man in his sorrow, but he was not over sad, for he knew it was the Lord's will, and he soon would be sleeping by her side, awaiting the call of the Master. When our brother was ready to leave, the old man accompanied him down to the river's edge. There he asked the following favor. "I am very old," he said. "I feel that I will not live to see the missionaries again. Please thank them for coming up here and bringing us this blessed truth that has changed our lives, after we had been serving Satan so many years. Now we have turned to the Lord."

Then he asked our brother a second favor, as follows: "Please tell the missionary to thank our dear people in the United States for the sacrifice they have made in giving of their means to missions, which has made it possible to build this boat and bring the missionaries up here to teach us this wonderful message."

He waved good-by as our brother slowly paddled away in his canoe. That night he lay down in his hammock, went to sleep, and is still sleeping. He rests in the blessed hope of soon hearing the call of the Lifegiver.

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Our people in the north of Brazil are very faithful in studying the Bible. The young people often learn whole books of it by memory. On one occasion I was visiting in the North Coast Mission. When the youth came together one evening, Elder Wilcox announced that the young people had been learning the book of Revelation in order to repeat the whole book from memory. Then he asked how many wished to take the final examination. Three young ladies came forward. The numbers 1 to 22 were placed in a box, and each girl had to draw out a number, not knowing what chapter would be hers to repeat from memory. One drew 11; another, 17; and the other, 20. As they repeated their chapters according to the number they had drawn, I followed them with my open Bible, and not one word did they have wrong. Later I heard that they also learned the book of Daniel by memory.

The city of Manaus is situated 1,000 miles up the Amazon. It has about 80,000 inhabitants, and has always been the center of the rubber industry. We started our work in this city in 1932 by holding a big series of meetings. On the first night of the meetings, we had just started the song service when we noticed a woman and a young girl come down the aisle and sit on the front seat. As we were starting the preaching service, a man came down the aisle, took the girl by the arm, and very much against her will escorted her from the room. We wondered what it was all about.

But the next night she came back and was again on the front seat. Again the man came in, this time very angry. Grabbing her by the hair, he took her out of the hall. But the next night she was back again. This time we had arranged for a policeman to be present to find out what it was all about. When the man came in, the policeman grabbed him; but he protested, stating that he was the girl's father and that she would not obey him. Again he dragged the girl out into the street, and beat her so that the policeman arrested him and took him off to jail. That was the last time that the girl came.

But we found out where she lived and succeeded in getting in touch with her. Her father was very cruel and beat her every time that he found out that she had been talking with us. But she was not easily discouraged. He bought her new dresses, and took her to dances and also the street carnival, trying in that manner to keep her from hearing the gospel. She was not interested in anything else but desired to learn more of the Bible and to be baptized.

A year later we organized a baptismal class, and she, without her father's consent, was preparing to be baptized. Finally the Sabbath arrived for the baptismal service. As they sat around the breakfast table that morning, her father looked across at her and asked her the following question: "My daughter, are you planning to be baptized today?"

She was very much disturbed, for she thought that he knew nothing about the baptism. She thought for a moment, wondering what might be the consequences if she should

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confess her purpose to him. Then she answered, "Yes, my father, I am going to be baptized today."

He arose from the table, walked around to where she was, took her in his arms, and said, "God bless you, my girl! Forgive me for all I have done. Your prayers have gotten for you the victory!"

He then took money from his purse, and gave her carfare to the place of meeting and baptism. Yes, she had been faithful under all circumstances, and the Lord heard her prayers and rewarded her.

Our work on the Amazon had a very small beginning. During the first years we had very few workers. The Luzeiro was the only boat with a worker on the 40,000 miles of inhabited rivers. It could not travel all the year around, for there were many other things needing attention in the mission. Besides the many rivers, there are also thousands of large lakes. When the river is coming up, the water flows into the lakes; and when it is going down, it flows out. Thus the lakes act like a great storage system, helping to equalize the flow of water to the sea.

The shores of all these lakes are inhabited, but it is some times very difficult to get into the lakes. At times these lakes are connected with the river by long, narrow channels, and as the trees grow together overhead, old trunks lodge under the, water and make it very difficult for a boat to get to where most of the people live. Sometimes a grass island comes floating down, and the current flowing into a lake causes it to be pulled into the mouth of the channel, where it lodges and makes navigation impossible. As the boat's propeller cannot work in this grassy mass, we have to send a boy out in a canoe, who anchors a rope to a tree up ahead on the bank or else to the grass itself. Then some one pulls on the rope while two others with long poles push the grass down under the boat. Thus we make slow progress.

One of our believers, Brother Raymundo Ribeiro, lived on a lake where there were about 60 other families. The channel connecting this lake with the Amazon was about five miles long. During the time that the water was low, he, with his three boys, worked over three weeks cutting out the old tree trunks and lopping off the overhanging branches that had made it impossible for our boat to get into the lake - and up to his home. How happy he was when our little boat tied up to his port for the first time after coming through this narrow channel which he had opened up! He invited us to stay at least two weeks and hold meetings for the people who lived on the lake, for all were interested in hearing the message. We were very sorry to have to leave, for we had to return to hold a colporteur institute. So instead of staying two weeks, we could remain only two hours. We studied and prayed with them. They turned over to us the tithes and their offerings, and with sad hearts they waved good-by to us. We comforted them

with the promise that the next year we would plan to stay two weeks and hold meetings for the people on the lake.

The following year, according to our promise, we stopped at the entrance to the channel, and blew the whistle to call them to come out and help us get through the grass that had clogged the entrance to the lake. As Brother Ribeiro came near, he called out, "Twenty-four is fulfilling!"

For a moment we were at a loss to know what he was talking about. Then it dawned on us that he referred to an epidemic of fever, and meant to say that chapter 24 of Matthew was being fulfilled. As he climbed up on the front of our little boat, I said, "Brother Ribeiro, we have come to stay two weeks and hold the meetings that we promised."

He appeared very sad, a dark cloud seemed to pass over his countenance, and big tears came in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He had to swallow several times before he could speak. Slowly he began to talk.

"It's too late! It's too late!" he began. "The epidemic has struck the lake, and has taken them all. They are gone --gone-lost forever!" Those words pierced my heart like a knife. Too late! Too late! Gone-gone-lost forever. Was I to blame? Oh, if we had only stayed longer the year before to hold meetings with them. But now in the terrible epidemic of fever, the Grim Reaper death had snatched those souls from us, and they were gone forever. Are we as a denomination to blame? Only one worker and one boat to warn the thousands on 40,000 miles of rivers!

We remained a few days with Raymundo, and did what we could to console him. But as he took us around in the lake, and we saw the many empty, abandoned homes, with no children, no dogs, no chickens, and with the yards grown up with weeds, we could not forget this terrible tragedy that had swept into eternity all those persons without God and without hope of life everlasting. Again came home to us with unusual force those words of Christ: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Luke 10: 2.

Chapter Twenty-Four

THE CALL OF THE AMAZON

ONCE AGAIN on the river, we had not gone far when we sighted a man out in front of his home with a white towel waving for us to stop. The fever was very bad this year, and was taking a great toll of life. As our little boat came alongside his place, we saw a number of sick who had collected there to wait for the Luzeiro. We set up our clinic on the porch of the little thatched home, and all during the day they continued to bring in the sick to be treated. Canoes seemed to come from all directions, bringing in men, women, and children to our newly established clinic. Some fishermen brought in a little

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child whom they had found in a home in a hammock with its dead mother. All in the home were dead from this terrible plague except this little baby, which was about six months old. It also was very sick with the fever.

It was late in the afternoon when we had treated the last patient. As Mrs. Halliwell was very tired, we pulled up anchor, and moved downstream to a beautiful spot, where we stopped for the night. As the sun sank low in the west, its last rays painted the sky a beautiful crimson, and the reflection in the peaceful waters seemed perfect. The tall palm trees along the banks threw their shadows far out in the stream, and the parrots and other tropical birds were flying overhead, returning to their rest for the night. In the tropics there is no twilight. So as the last rays faded in the west, the beautiful crimson disappeared, and darkness settled down around our little boat. But not for long, for the eastern sky began to brighten when soon the tropical moon came riding forth over the tops of the palms to reverse the position of the shadows and paint the dark waters a beautiful silver with its soft light.

All was quiet as we sat there on our little boat, thrilled with this bit of Amazon scenery. We listened, and out of the distance came a sound that was very faint at first; but as it drew closer, we could distinguish the sound of a paddle cutting the water. Somebody was coming. Soon a little canoe shot out of the shadows on the far side of the stream, and as it came into the silvery light of the moon, we could discern the form of a mere boy. Before he spoke we knew what he wanted, and as his canoe drew closer, he called out, "Do you have any medicine for the fever?"

As he crawled up over the side of our boat, his drawn, pale face told us that he too was a victim of the terrible fever. As he sat there in our boat, Mrs. Halliwell inquired, "What is your name?"

"Antonio," was his reply.

"Where do you live, Antonio?" I asked.

"Oh!" he said, "I have been three hours in my canoe, trying to reach your boat."

"Where are your father and mother?" we continued.

"Father died yesterday with the fever," he replied, "and Mother is at home now, burning up with a high fever."

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?"

"I had two brothers, but they died last week with the fever."

As we prepared a hypodermic injection of quinine for him, we asked how old he was. I will never forget his reply, "I am 10 years old," he said, "and am struggling on toward 11."

I very much doubt if little Antonio ever reached 11 years of age.

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"Antonio, how long have you been sick with this fever?" we asked.

He answered, "Three months."

"Haven't you had any treatment?"

"Oh, yes; I've been treated by the witch doctor."

"Just how did the witch doctor treat you, Antonio?"

"He shut us up in a little hut, and burned hair and feathers and leather and ox horn and every thing you can imagine, trying to smoke out the evil spirits that were causing the fever. Then when he couldn't smoke them out, he went out in the woods, and got a limb from a thorn tree, and beat us with that."

Then the boy pulled up his blouse, and showed us his little back covered with deep sores, caused by the thorns that plowed in his flesh as the witch doctor tried to beat out the evil spirits.

We treated little Antonio, and gave him medicine and food to take home to his mother. Then we watched that little, frail, sick form crawl from our boat into his canoe, glide off across the path of silvery moonlight, and disappear, in the dark shadows. We listened as the strokes of the oar, became fainter and fainter, and finally died out in the distance. All was quiet again.

Little Antonio was going back to his home, but not to what we in the wonderful country of the United States call home. His was only a hut on the bank of the river, with the dense jungle behind, full of wild animals, snakes, and the anopheles mosquitoes that transmit the deadly fever. His was a home of poverty, sickness, suffering, superstition, and finally death. But the saddest of all, dear reader, they were without God and without hope in the world. Like little Antonio, there are thousands and thousands of people living along the great Amazon who have never heard of the Saviour's love for lost humanity.

To the missionary on the Amazon there is perhaps nothing more consoling than to know and feel that Jesus is with him at all times. Many times we have to cross the river where it is very wide, and when the waves are very high and dangerous for our little boat. Each year, as we start out from Belem we have to cross the Marajo Bay, which is extremely wide and takes many hours to cross. We can count the masts of four steamers that stick out of the angry water where it is churned into foam by the current and the waves beating against the rocks, which proved their undoing when the vessels' captains lost their way and got out of the channel. At certain times of the year navigation is made more difficult by the trade winds, which always blow up stream, and for this reason raise up very high waves.

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When we are pressed for time, we usually travel day and night against the current on our way up the river. We take turns at the wheel, three hours on duty followed by three hours for a little rest.

One night Mrs. Halliwell had taken the wheel at nine o'clock, and just before midnight a terrible storm swept across the river from the opposite side. We always follow close to the shore on the trip upstream, for there is less current than farther out in the channel. We have a strong headlight that shows up the great logs that often come floating down the river. This night the storm broke upon us in all its fury, and we had a hard time to keep on our course. We used the spotlight to see the shore, while the rain fell in sheets and the strong wind whipped the waves higher and still higher. As our spotlight shone on the trees on the shore, it frightened the big white herons, and hundreds of them flew around in the light of the boat because they were not able to find a new place to rest on account of the dense darkness and driving rain.

For three hours we struggled on, and many times the big waves would wash completely over our little, seven-ton boat, and threaten to engulf us. Our faithful motor seemed to groan while the big waves would strike the boat and almost lift us out of the water, and then drop us far down in a trough. After we had done much praying, a sudden flash of lightning revealed a narrow channel just in front of us. We steered into the calm waters of that little stream, and our prayers turned to praise and thanksgiving to Him who is always with us. He had saved us from the mighty power of the storm, and had brought us safely into this peaceful place of shelter, where we soon stopped until the fury of the gale was past.

The next morning we arrived in the city, and examined the control cables to the rudder, finding that one of them was almost broken, holding only by two strands.

Frequently as we journey upstream we pass many people rowing slowly in their canoes against the strong current. They always call to us, asking us to tow them along behind our boat. Because we are unable to take them all, we take none. Furthermore, it would retard our speed and cause us to use more fuel oil.

One morning, before we had done much navigating on the river, we passed a canoe with four men in it, who were rowing up against the current. They shouted to us, pleading that we give them a lift. For some reason unknown to me, I reached out, closed the throttle, and brought our boat to a stop. I ordered one of the sailors to get a rope and tie their canoe on behind our vessel. Three of them got in the launch, and the other man remained in the canoe to bail out the water and keep it afloat.

One of the men seemed to be very much interested in the instrument panel on our dashboard, and was by my side noting the oil pressure and markings of the other gauges. He was especially interested in the compass. We had not gone far when he

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looked up from the instruments, and saw where we were in the river. He cried out very much excited, "On which side of the rocks are you going to go?"

Before I had time to answer he grabbed the wheel, and swung it completely around, so that our boat shot out toward the middle of the river. There, not 50 feet in front of us, we could count many jagged points of rock just a few inches above the water. Again we gave praise to Him who is with us always, for He had used this fisherman to save our craft from being dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks.

One morning we were crossing to the other bank at a point where the river was several miles wide. The waves were quite strong. Often our little boat would be tossed about, which made it very hard to keep on our course. All of a sudden we felt something strike the bottom of the vessel, then a terrible crash, and water began to pour into the boat. We had struck a submerged log. Many of the logs in the Amazon are heavier than water, and so go to the bottom. They cause us trouble when our anchor gets caught on one of them. Others are about the same weight as an equal volume of water, and float just beneath the surface. This means that they are very hard to see. It was one of these that we had struck. It gouged a hole about eight inches in diameter in the planking in the bottom of the boat. But again God was with us, and saved us.

The Lord helped us to save the boat and our lives. The water was rushing in the hole, and the boat was rapidly filling with water. Then we offered up a prayer. Immediately we remembered a strip of canvass that we had on top of the boat. So we took it, and holding one end on each side of the boat, we passed the loop under the hull. When we pulled it to the place where the water was rushing in through the hole, the pressure pushed the canvass flat against the hole and stopped the water. After we had dipped the water out, we fastened a piece of board over the hole with screws. Then we thanked the Lord for impressing us how to do in order to save the boat.

One Sabbath afternoon we had a baptismal service on the banks of the Maues River. Many of our brethren in that place do not go home from Sabbath school but wait until after the Sabbath is ended. They row to meeting in the morning, but feel that it is too much to row home on the Sabbath day. Therefore they sing songs and study the lesson for the next Sabbath, thus waiting to start for home after sunset.

After the baptism we studied and sang until time for evening worship. Then they started for home, and we started on our journey down the river. Many of the brethren lived downstream. They had tied their canoes on behind our boat and were riding with us in the Luzeiro.

The boat boy was anxious to get our lunch ready. So he filled the gasoline stove. But in his haste he let it run over, and the gasoline trickled down into the ribs of the boat. When he lighted the match to the stove, the gasoline caught fire, and the boat was literally filled with flames.

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But according to His promise, we felt God's presence with us.

We stopped the boat but left the engine running. We ordered the people, 28 persons in all, to get into the canoes that we were pulling along behind. Taking a woolen bed blanket, I went into the kitchen and threw it over the burning stove, and then threw the blanket, stove, and all out the window into the river. I was almost overcome by the smoke and heat, and, falling across the fly wheel that was making 1,000 r.p.m., my leg was severely cut. Then the fire seemed to burn up the gasoline, and went out without burning the wood of the boat, as if put out by the hand of the Lord.

He saved us and our boat from the fire. Before we lay down to sleep that night, we read again Isaiah 43. "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Verse 1. "Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring My sons from far, and My daughters from the ends of the earth." Verse 5.

During the past 14 years we have traveled in these boats on the Amazon a distance greater than seven times around the world at the equator. During this time we have treated 130,000 sufferers from malaria and other tropical diseases. Many times we have gone into their homes at night to treat them, when we had to use a towel to chase away the anopheles mosquitoes, transmitters of the terrible fever, so they would not bite us while we were treating the poor sufferers.

We are thankful that the Lord has given us health to work in the Amazon region. We count it not a sacrifice, but a privilege; and we dedicate the rest of our lives to helping finish the work in the North Brazil Union. In 1920, when Elder E. E. Andross came to visit us at an Iowa camp meeting, and asked us to go to South America, we gave him our reply at once, for we had already decided to work in the Lord's great vineyard anywhere He should send us. In the 23 years that we have served in Brazil we have never regretted our decision, no, not for one moment. Some one has called South America the continent of opportunity, and surely it is in so far as the Lord's work is concerned. Doors are open everywhere, and thousands of people are calling for help. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."