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BRAZIL MISSION.

W. H. THURSTON.

BRAZIL is the largest state of South America and the third largest political division of the western hemisphere. Its length and breadth are about equal—three thousand miles. It occupies nearly one-half of the South American continent, and is almost as large as the United States without Texas. Three great river systems drain the country, the Amazon, the La Plata and the San Francisco, the Amazon alone draining, with its branches, fully one-half of Brazil. This river is nearly four thousand miles long and sixty miles wide at its mouth. It is four miles wide one thousand miles from the sea, and more than a mile wide two thousand miles from the sea. There is an independent mission station established a thousand miles up the river, for the benefit of the natives and people of that region. Vegetation in this tropical land is rich and varied, and the vast forests abound in animals, birds and plants. In fact, it is called the land of birds and flowers, and the various kinds found are almost too numerous to mention. Occasionally a whole mountainside will be in bloom at once, and the air is generally sweet with the perfume of some beautiful blossoms. Plants and flowers that are so choice and costly in the United States and England, grow wild here.

The population of Brazil is estimated at fourteen million, mostly Roman Catholics, that being the established church, although other religions are allowed. The language, unlike that of the rest of South America, is Portuguese. Slavery was abolished in 1888, and in 1889 the empire became a republic and Dom Pedro was sent home to Portugal. Education is neglected but some improvement is noticed year by year.

Coffee, sugar and rubber are the chief articles of export; but the country is largely undeveloped, though rich in resources.

Brazil is divided into twenty states, and each state seems to have advantages peculiar to itself. In some of the states cattle raising is carried on quite extensively, while in others coffee raising and farming are the chief industries.

In Para, Northern Brazil, there is a locality where it rains every day from five minutes to an hour, always about 2 P. M., and the people have become so accustomed to rain that all meetings or appointments of any kind for the afternoon are made thus: "Just before the shower;" or, "Just after the shower."

Our work in Brazil began in 1893, with one colporteur. From year to year other laborers have entered the field, until at present we have two ministers, four teachers, one field agent in the book work, ten colporteurs, one translator and Bible worker, and a business agent. Work has been done in seven different states, in each of which we have a company or a church or both, and in one state there are three churches and a school. About ten thousand dollars worth of books and Bibles have been sold in Brazil by our workers. As a result of this and ministerial work upwards of four hundred persons are keeping the Sabbath of their Lord; and the heaven is still working.

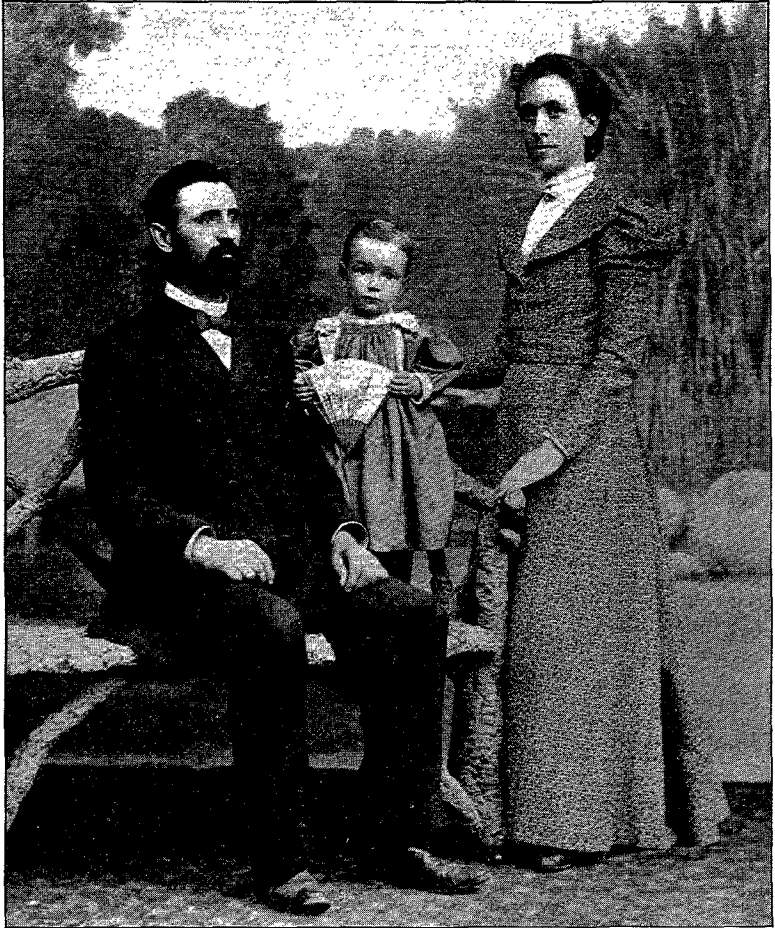
We feel encouraged when we recount our steps, and see what the Lord has done with us and for us in this field, and yet when we view the great multitudes and the vast country, it seems as though only a commencement had been made.

Carrying the Gospel into the interior of a foreign field is slow, hard, laborious work, but there are blessings all along the way. Sometimes a minister is seen wading through mud and water a foot deep, shoes strung over his shoulder and trousers rolled up to his knees. Night comes on, and instead of having a good supper and a nice bed to sleep in, he is satisfied with a chunk of corn bread and the floor for a bed and shoes for a pillow. In some instances the night is passed on the ground under a tree. At daybreak he continues his journey over mountains, fording streams, and perhaps when the day is far spent, with little or no food, he sees in yon valley the light of an Israelite; He then takes courage and presses on to the place where he is made welcome. Traveling is generally done on muleback, and long journeys are made, camping by the roadside at night. Sometimes it will rain continuously for several weeks, and this makes the rivers so high the mules have to swim across them. The traveler, in order to keep his clothes dry, takes them off and carries them in one hand or straps them on his back. Colporteurs usually travel in the same way, and have varied experiences, but the Lord is blessing their efforts.

While Brazil has about eight thousand miles of railroad, very few states are connected by rail. The roads run from the interior to the sea, but not all states have railroads. In the country, mules are used for packing loads and oxen are used on the carts.

It costs a great deal to live in Brazil, and it costs about as much to die. Household furnishings, and all articles of food and clothing cost from two to four times as much as at home. If one dies without the aid of a doctor he is refused a burial. When such a case occurs, a long routine of red tape is gone through, a heavy expense incurred—and the body is given over to the police force for burial. Yellow fever, smallpox, cholera and elephantiasis are prevalent in Brazil, especially the yellow fever, but this can often be cured when taken in time.

In some cases the custom of burying the dead is repulsive. In a certain city where I was visiting for a few days, I went to the cemetery, and as I passed through one corner I saw a deep pit, and not far from there I passed some open graves. Near the graves lay the skulls and bones of human bodies. I



W. H. THURSTON AND FAMILY.

I made inquiry regarding the matter, and was told that those were the bones of poor people buried there, and after the flesh became thoroughly decayed, they were dug up and left by the graves a few days to dry, and were then taken to the pit and burned so the graves could be used for others. In the same cemetery the rich had fine tombs. In another city there was only one coffin, and that was kept in the church. When a death occurs the corpse is put into the coffin and conveyed to the place of burial, where the body is taken out and dropped into the grave; the coffin is then returned to the church. The same coffin is used for years in the same way. I suppose the people would do better if they knew better.

A cheap grade of whiskey is manufactured and used freely all over Brazil, and the air is full of smoke from the continual puffing of cigarettes—hence the people are in a state of intoxication all the time. Their leaders, the priests, live very dissolute lives; and what good can be expected from a bad source?

We are debtors to this people, and we are so few in number and so weak in finance. The work is great, and the laborers are few. More men and means are needed to accomplish the great work before us. Why is it that there are so many standing still all the day idle? Why not go ye also into the vineyard? The Lord will reward all as is right. Do we believe the Lord is soon coming? If so, how do we show our belief? Come to our help, brethren, that the message may go with power and rapidity all over this vast field.

We have been here nearly five years. The condition of the country has grown gradually worse every year. Its financial status is alarming at the present time, but the work is the Lord's, and we are His people, and He will care for all who put their trust in Him. Think of these things, brethren, and ask God what He would have you do for the work in Brazil.

TRAVELS IN RIO GRANDE DO SUL.

H. F. GRAF.

WHEN I entered this state, October, 1897, I found many doors open to me, as our canvassers had done a good work. In Porto Allegre, the capital, it was my privilege to baptize six souls—the first who united with us in Rio Grande do Sul.

November 15, Brother Stauffer and I started for Ijuhy, in the northwestern part of the state. This is the most beautiful colony I have seen in Brazil. Many who suffer from the cold winters in North America could find good homes in this beautiful country, where they would have improved health, and be a light to others.

After three days journey by steamer, railway and wagon, we reached our destination. The many dear souls who had been waiting for us more than a year, got scattered and discouraged, but the Lord blest our labors, and after a few days, we organized a church of forty-two members. After celebrating the ordinances of the Lord's house, we started again on our journey.

We desired to go overland to S. Pedro. To save time and expense, we purchased two horses for forty-five dollars. Saddles we had with us, for it is a custom to carry these, as most of the traveling is done on horseback. Being unable to find a man who knew the way, we had to depend wholly upon a map, and compass. We would encamp near a spring in the tall grass at night. Corn bread and water was our bill of fare.

Just after sunrise the second morning my horse tried to chase an ostrich, but the bird, without even using its wings, could run faster than he. Although the journey lasted five days, yet the time flew by quickly, for we took great pleasure in watching the hundreds of head of wild horses on the plains.

In S. Pedro we found Brother Lindermann and family of good courage. Three days after our arrival we had the pleasure of baptizing his three eldest sons. Brother Lindermann's father, who lived in Germany, found the Sabbath of the Lord, and the baptism of Jesus by reading the Bible, many years before the present truth was preached there.

From here we started to find the Brethren Berger, who were in the interior of this state. The heavy rains made traveling very hard. The first night was spent under the open heavens, and I was suddenly awakened by hearing Brother Stauffer crying out: "I have worms in my ear. We must hasten and get help. I cannot live much longer this way." But where could we go for help on a dark night on the great wild plain, which had no roads and waymarks? After submitting ourselves to an all-wise God, we started for S. Maria, but sometime before daylight, and before we reached the city, I filled his ear with arnica, and shut it up with cotton. This gave relief.

Three days later we met the Brethren Berger. For breakfast our fare had been slim, and for dinner we had two oranges and a short piece of sugar-cane. Having counseled together with the brethren, we hastened on. Soon after this a kind young man made us a present of a sack of fine oranges. At ten P. M. we found a lodging place and supper.

Next morning it rained, but we had no time to lose, for we wanted to be in Villa Germanea before the following Sabbath, as we hoped to find brethren there. This trip was a hard one, too, but not tiresome, for the good experiences and successes we had to tell each other made the time pass soon. The Sabbath was spent with the other workers in this great state, and it was a precious season to us.

We sought out the home of a Mr. Schwantes, but he was absent. Brother Stauffer had frequently spoken of this man, to whom he had sold a number of books. His wife and children, who were at home, treated us kindly, and determined to serve the Lord. They rejoiced, and urged us to remain until the father returned, but we went back to a place where we had been rather unsuccessful in our work, and two weeks later, Mr. Schwantes came to see us. He at once began to praise God, and wholly submitted to Jesus. This caused others to give themselves up to God.

Accompanied by Brother Schwantes, we went to Taquary, where we met Brother Preuss. Brother Schwantes wanted to meet Brother Preuss, as, during the late revolution, they had fought on opposite sides. It did me good to see these two enemies embrace each other, and confess their sins. But still greater seemed their joy when they were buried with Christ in baptism, and celebrated the ordinance of humility together. After ten days we returned to Brother Schwantes' home where we baptized nineteen persons, and organized a church, of which he was ordained elder.

Returning to my home, I found our little boy sick. After five weeks of suffering, he fell asleep. At this time Brethren Thurston and Stauffer came to counsel with me concerning the work in Brazil, and through them the Lord sent blessing and comfort to our hearts. It was decided to hold a general

meeting in Curityba, and this meeting was in every way a success. It was a great source of encouragement to the workers, and many dear friends were turned toward the truth.

We have found that what knowledge we have of the human system, and of the simple treatment of disease, has been of great use to us. One lady who was in a very bad physical condition, after remaining with us two months, went home a well and converted woman. Her father and many others have asked us for medical treatment, and there is opportunity for that kind of work.

We are thankful to the brethren and sisters in North America for the assistance they have rendered us. Our prayer is that God may bless these cheerful givers. Some sisters, to me unknown, in Iowa, Kansas and Dakota, have sent money to me to help along the cause in this great field. We rejoice to know that the great gathering time is near at hand, for then we shall know each other, and Jesus will tell who is helping to save souls in Brazil.

BRAZIL—CUSTOMS.

F. W. SPIES.

BRAZIL really abounds in strange and peculiar customs. I have often looked on with pity as I witnessed how the work is performed here. For instance, the farmer will take his ax, go out into the forest and cut down about four or five acres of the heavy timber. The trees being chopped down, are allowed to dry sufficiently, when fire is set to them and they are burned. But of course, only the leaves and the smaller branches of the trees are consumed, and after the fire has finished its work, the newly-cleared land is full of charred tree-trunks and limbs lying across, and on top of each other, and the whole looks like anything else than a piece of ground ready to plant, and you would wonder what will be done next.

Well, let us see. The farmer takes his hoe and ties his corn-bag around his waist and off he goes to plant corn. There you see him crawling under or clambering over the charred trunks of the trees, stepping over limbs and small trees, digging holes with his hoe, putting in each a few grains of corn and covering the seed with a scratch of his foot.

But you ask, "Who is that woman there trying to get around among all that wood and rubbish, and what does she want?" Why, that is his wife; she always helps her husband do all kinds of out-door work. And do you see that big basket on her back? In it are one, or perhaps two babes, as the case may be; they are placed in the shade under yon tree and left to take care of themselves as best they can, while the parents go about their work. When the children grow larger the older take care of the younger, and as soon as they are big enough to assist in the farm work, then sons and daughters, without distinction of sex, alike engage in the work in hand.



MULE PACK-TRAIN.

But you will wonder: "How can they ever get their corn harvested?" This is done in much the same way as it is planted. All hands go and break off the ears, leaving them in the husks, clambering over the trunks and stumps as best they can, throwing the corn on piles. And then they take large bags, holding from two to four bushels, according to the person to carry them, and these bags are filled with corn, taken on the farmers' backs, and carried home—at times as much as half a mile away. I have been in these corn fields, and it required careful watching and no little skill on my part to follow without anything to carry, a brother who was leading the way with a large sack of corn on his back, while he seemed as much at home among the many obstacles as a squirrel. Coffee, and, in fact, all crops are carried home in the same manner.

Brethren with a little means, who could use the German language, and who themselves are successful farmers, could do a good missionary work by practically demonstrating before these people that there is really a more convenient and easy method of tilling the soil than is usually employed here, for, as a rule, the methods employed are not only primitive, but irrational to the last degree. Of course one sad feature is, that the governments of most of the provinces do almost nothing to encourage system and order. Little or no effort is being made to improve the condition of things in general, and we are sorry to say that too many of those who have come here have fallen into the haphazard Brazilian way of doing things.—

I often feel sad as I see the blight brought upon this fair country by the three great evils that have influenced nearly everything; one is slavery,

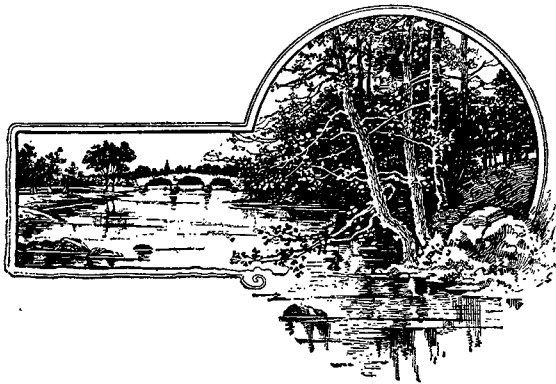
another coffee growing, and a third might be called the making of *paraty*—a rum distilled from the fermented juice of sugar-cane. The first has turned into society an element that degrades the population of the country; the second, through the high prices formerly realized for coffee, has led many to cease growing the things needful for food, and in fact to neglect nearly everything except coffee; while the last-named fills the land with drunkenness and misery.

The usual means of transportation into the interior is to carry things on mules, as shown in the picture on the preceding page, and this is often done where a good wagon road might be made with but little trouble and expense. As a rule, a mule carries two hundred and forty pounds. Nearly all the residents of Brazil, whether natives or those who have emmigrated into the country, eat large quantities of flesh-meats, while the many delicious fruits are left to rot, or are at best fed to the pigs, because they have gotten the erroneous idea that fruits are unhealthful, and we have known of an instance where people actually cut down their peach-trees, because some one told them the fruit caused sickness.

Corn meal- instead of wheat-bread is eaten by nearly all of these people; a great many of them, not having even this, use a preparation made by grating and roasting the mandioca root.

Among other curiosities seen on a recent trip near the Rio Doce, were bake-ovens made from the deserted hills of a species of white ants which frequent the country. The ant-hill was simply hollowed out inside, with an opening representing a door on one side, and a small draft-hole on the other side. But in spite of their peculiar origin, the bread baked in these ovens tasted excellent.

It is, however, hard to keep things, even after they have been harvested. Corn, beans, rice, and in fact all crops are soon destroyed by bugs and insects, which, in most cases, form in the thing itself. Some varieties of beans can be kept only a few months, and often the corn is badly eaten by the corn-bug five or six months after the harvest. As I see these things I am forcibly reminded of the words of the Lord in Isaiah xxiv: 4, 5, for it is certainly fulfilled here. Still let us hope and pray that the precious Gospel will yet rescue many a weary soul who is longing to be free, to rejoice in the kingdom of Christ when He comes.





BRAZILIAN PICNIC PARTY UNDER A FIG-TREE.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN RIO.

FLORENCE S. THURSTON.

THE Brazilians have no word in their language that corresponds to that dearest of words in ours—home. “Going to the house,” is all they can say when going to their dwelling-place, and indeed it is often little more than the “house,” for there are few home-makers here. Furniture is so expensive that the lower classes cannot afford more than a bed, a chair or two, and a small charcoal stove, and the middle classes have scarcely more than purely necessary articles. The knack of improvising is almost wanting. The women do not have any idea of making pretty things to adorn the homes or to make them more comfortable or convenient, and spend their time in idleness—leaning out of windows and watching the passers-by being their chief occupation. Some of them make little fancy cushions to lay on the window-sills to rest their elbows upon, as so much of their time is spent in this way.

The houses, from an outside view, are very picturesque. They are simply brick walls with a few wooden posts here and there, the roofs being covered with tiling. These brick walls are plastered inside and out, then painted in different colors. Some are artistic and some grotesque, but they look very pretty among the beautiful tropical vegetation. They are as a rule only one-story, but the

ceilings are high. The kitchens are small and very black, for in lighting their charcoal fires the smoke that comes at first all escapes into the room, and the cook leaves until it clears away and the coals are lighted.

There are many wealthy people in Rio, and they have beautiful homes surrounded by lovely flower-gardens, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy, but I shall speak of the customs and habits of the middle and lower classes.

House-cleaning time does not come to these people. I have never seen any one washing windows. Once in a month or six weeks the floors are flooded with water and scrubbed with brooms, then left to dry. When the house becomes too dirty to suit its occupants, they find a cleaner one and remove to it, and if the landlord cannot find any one to rent the former one he must clean and repair it. The poorer people all crowd together in very close quarters, living in such dirty, ill-smelling, hot little rooms that my heart often aches for them. Windows and doors are securely closed and barred at night, lest any of the night air, which all believe to be very bad, should enter—and it is very bad oftentimes, yet not more so outside than inside. Rio is a beautiful place when one looks up and around, but dirty if one looks down.

The diet of the people is simple as regards variety, but very much otherwise if the poor stomach were to tell the story. How strange it is that our great enemy has induced so many of God's creatures to believe that what He made for their greatest good is the worst thing for them. Vegetables and a great variety of delicious fruits can be had the year round, but fruit is considered to bring disease, while the poor people will assure you very emphatically that you must eat large quantities of pepper and drink the strongest of coffee in order to keep sickness away. Immense quantities of salt and fresh meat and fish are eaten, and a fiery liquor made from sugar-cane is drunk by old and young, besides coffee. This beverage is used constantly by the wives and children at home, and by the husbands who frequent the innumerable coffee-shops in the city. When you visit a Brazilian family, you are no sooner seated and greetings exchanged than strong, sweet coffee is served in tiny cups. They do not make it as we do. They have little bags of strong, coarse cloth, funnel-shaped and sewed onto a wire ring, into which three or four tablespoonfuls of ground coffee are put. Then about a pint of boiling water is poured in, a little at a time, and allowed to drip slowly through, and coffee is ready.

In the morning, after rising, each of the family have a cup of this coffee and a bit of bread; at ten o'clock or later comes breakfast which consists of meat, beans, farina and rice, with perhaps a little bread, and an hour or so later coffee is served. At two or three o'clock they again partake of coffee and bread, and at six or later comes dinner, with much the same bill of fare as at breakfast, followed an hour later by coffee.

The housekeeper has a great deal to contend with, as there are insects that early infest almost every article of food, so that for a small family it is quite impossible to buy in quantities. Little worms and weevils get into the flour and grains and corn-meal; small, brown insects in the starch; ants into the cupboards; worms in the nuts; and a tiny black bug eats all the centre out of the



FISH MARKET, RIO DE JANEIRO.

beans; and so on. At some seasons of the year the house is infested with flees, until one's peace is well-nigh destroyed. At other times one can be entirely rid of them if ordinary precautions are taken. But partly because of them and partly for economical reasons, no carpets are used, though one can get rugs at reasonable prices that are large and convenient. Few curtains are used either, for the windows all have wooden blinds that open inside, so that it is quite impossible to hang curtains.

There are generally three or four months in the year when it rains almost constantly, and at these times the housekeeper must keep up a constant warfare against mold, and it is rather a hard thing to do, as every place in the house is damp except near the kitchen stove. There are always two or three months in the year when the weather is quite chilly except in the middle of the day, and as there is no provision whatever made for heating the houses, one must put on all the extra clothing he can endure and then sit and shiver if still not warm enough. But as a whole, the winter months are delightful. However, there is a great deal of sickness in this season, and everywhere you go you hear coughing, coughing, coughing. The people never clothe themselves nor their children any warmer in the chilly weather than in summer, and, of course, heavy colds are the result. Terrible epidemics of yellow fever visit the city almost every summer, but for all that, nearly as many people die of consumption in a year as of the fever.

With the poorer people dressing takes up very little thought, except that each member of the family must have as good a suit as possible for Sundays and fiestas. Many of the little children wear no clothing at all, or at most only a

thin slip, and that tied up around the waist. The women are fond of very bright colors, and are devoted followers of fashion. The majority of them do not wear hats. Children, and young women are, as a rule, very pretty, but they age fast.

The bread is all made at bakeries and brought to the door fresh twice a day. The people use a great many beans, and a new-comer is surprised at the variety of these. You could have beans every day for two weeks and have a different kind every time. The same is true of fruit, only the variety is still greater. We have been here five years, and every little while we see new fruits. The other day our fruit-vender brought some dainty pink and cream colored hollow balls that tasted just exactly as the rose smells. I can count fourteen different kinds of bananas that I know of, and I am not acquainted with nearly all the varieties. What is true of fruit is true also of flowers. It causes one to wonder what the new earth will be with its matchless fruits and flowers.

But oh, how far this is from heaven! How much these people need! Vice and crime stalk on the street at midday. Want and woe, wretchedness and misery, are to be seen on thousands of faces as one passes along the streets; beggars showing hideous sores or deformities, are innumerable. Cruelty to children and animals is something awful. And the sickness—oh, the sickness! I cannot tell you of it, and I think it is not necessary to tell you what they need. You can see that they need everything, and that is Jesus and His healing for body and soul. Shall we not let Him send us or our means to give it?

RIO GRANDE DO SUL.

JOHN LIPKE.

THIS state has nearly the form of a square, and it is about thrice the size of England. It has a population of six hundred and forty-three thousand. The climate, compared with the northern states, is very good, resembling somewhat the climate of Italy.

Sowing- and harvest-time is all the year round. Wheat, rye, barley and oats prosper. Tobacco, coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, flax, peas, beans, lentils, corn, sweet and Irish potatoes and peanuts are raised with success. Apples, pears, quinces, plums, cherries, tomatoes, oranges, bananas and all kinds of berries are grown. The forests are filled with very many useful plants and trees. The latter furnish building material, and the fibers of several species of palm are utilized in the manufacture of vegetable horsehair, fishing-nets and -lines, etc., while the bark of some trees is suitable for tanning purposes. Paraguay tea is grown, and many plants produce useful dyes.

Numerous kinds of ants are known, and some of these destroy the farmer's plantations, his orchards, his sugar-cane, and even the posts of his houses.

Scorpions, and blood-sucking insects such as sand-fleas, gad-flies, bird-spiders and mosquitoes, are plentiful.

Among the minerals are large layers of coal, and rich strata of gold, silver, copper, lead and iron. Agate, onyx and jasper are quite plentiful. Marble resembling that known as the Italian, sandstone, red and blue granite, as well as layers of lime and many other useful minerals, are natural treasures of this country.

The real natives are Indians which live in remote parts where civilization as we have it, has not penetrated as yet. There are many Negroes and mixed people. About two hundred thousand Germans live in Rio Grande do Sul. Poles, Austrians, and Italians are mostly engaged in agriculture. Germans, Portuguese, Frenchmen, Englishmen and North Americans form the larger portion of the business men. As a rule, the foreigners are much more industrious than the Brazilians.

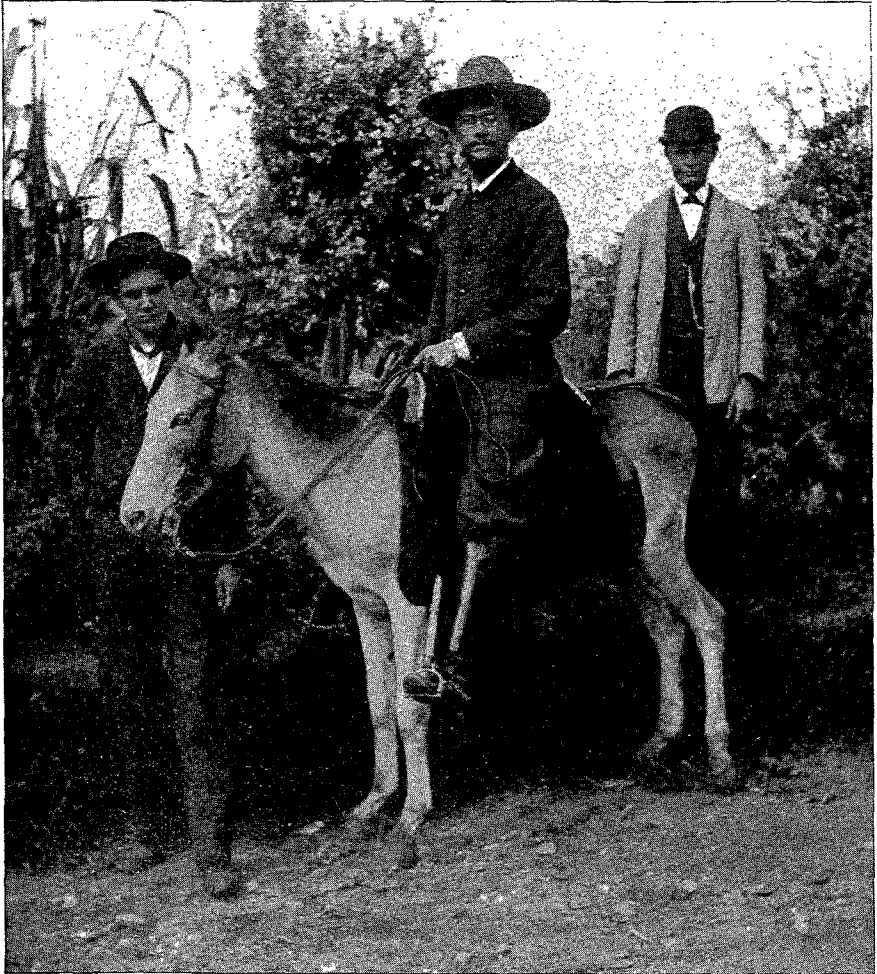
Church and state are not united, but the Brazilians are generally Romanists. Their hospitals and schools are numerous. The Jesuits have a large college in this state, which is said to be the best school in the country. There is a charity hospital in Porto Allegre. Although the majority of the people do not respect the church very much, yet they are satisfied with it because of the many holy days which are appointed by its authority. If we had sufficient literature and workers in the Portuguese, there is no doubt but that many of the Brazilians would accept the third angel's message.

Among the Germans, the Lutheran Church predominates. In some of the larger cities the Episcopalians have successful missions among the Brazilians. Spiritualism has many followers, and is quite popular. The Methodists and the Baptists are also working here.

The Lord has blessed our work very much. In this state we have six companies of believers, and a school which is located at the capital, Porto Allegre. Openings for laborers are more numerous than we can fill. We need additional workers who are willing to give up every comfort, and contend with difficulties. Above all, we need an industrial school where laborers for this country can be educated. There is also good opportunity for missionary farmers. Men who have some money could settle in this state. They should bring their farm machinery along, as such articles are very dear here, and inferior to that manufactured in North America. Stump-pullers and cutters, sowing-machines, binders, plows, fanning-machines, etc., would be useful here.

Now, brethren, come over and help us. We can promise you enough work. Do not expect an easy time. There are many souls that want to be saved. Let us give up all our comforts and make sacrifices for the salvation of our fellow men.





MISSIONARY TRAVELING IN BRAZIL.*

ONE HUNDRED DAYS ON MULEBACK.

* * * * *

AUGUST 14, 1898, I started on muleback on a second trip in Rio Grande do Sul, for the horses became exhausted during the first trip which I made with Brother Stauffer.

As Brother Schwantes was acquainted in all corners of this state, and promised to guide me through into new fields, I had to go and meet him at his home. This was hard to do for my baggage mule would not lead well, but held back all the way. So on the second day, long after dark, my saddle mule

*Elder H. F. Graf on muleback

stopped and would pull no more. We were on a narrow path leading up a steep mountain—a very dangerous place. For sometime I tried every way to make the mules move, but instead of going up-hill they turned and hung their heads down the precipitous bank. Now I was caused to think of Balaam and his ass; so kneeling, I asked the Lord to have the mules start down-hill if I was on the wrong road, and if devils were in my way, to remove them. The Lord heard, and up-hill went the mules.

At two o'clock I reached the home of Brother Schwantes. Lest I might frighten them in the great wild forest, I tried to waken them by singing, "We shall meet beyond the river."

Twelve days later we returned to my home where I was summoned to get ready for a trip to Argentine to attend the general meeting; after waiting six days, as no word came with reference to the time of this gathering, we started for the wild west. During the first week we met with but little success, until we came to the prairie, on the old battlefields where Brother Schwantes had fought as a soldier. Here, bones of men were scattered, the homes of peaceable stock-raisers had been destroyed, thousands of head of cattle had been killed, and mules and horses had been driven to other states, and sold for little money.

We were overtaken by a cold rain-storm, and would have suffered had we not found a small, newly-built house where one of Brother Schwantes' fellow-soldiers was living. He, too, had lost everything, and had returned to start anew. This man took us in, and divided with us the best he knew. As the room was very cold, and there was no place for a fire, we went into a little shed where the chickens, dogs, and many little pigs were crowding together to keep from freezing. For three days we remained in this shed, around the fire, reading the Bible with the family; before we left they promised to keep the commandments, bought the Bible, and "Steps to Christ," in the Portuguese language. These were the first books we sold to a Brazilian.

I had heard of a Mr. Kumpel, living near Passo Fundo, who wished some Portuguese Bibles, and had offered to pay my way if I would come to see him. Therefore we started for Passo Fundo, which lies in the northern part of this state, and contains three thousand inhabitants. From sunrise until three P. M. we had been riding without anything to eat, comforting ourselves with the thought that soon we would sit down at the table of Brother Kumpel. But we found no one in the city who knew of Mr. Kumpel until we turned to leave, and were met by a man who spake to us in the German language, as he noticed that we were strangers. He inquired whither we were going, and upon being told, he said: "Why, you are off the road. I met a Mr. Kumpel two weeks ago on the other side of Carasinho, three days journey from here."

Three days later we reached Brother Kumpel's, where was a field well prepared for us. We stopped here eleven days, baptized forty Brazilians, and five of Brother Kumpel's children, and he made a liberal donation to the cause.

Among the new Brazilian brethren is a colored man, who is seventy-five years of age. When celebrating the ordinance of humanity with him, I called him my dear brother, and he cried aloud, "How can I be your brother; my skin

is black?" This aged man and his eldest daughter know most of the New Testament by heart.

Upon leaving the company at Carasinho, we were overtaken by a dreadful hail- and rain-storm. Coming to a river, which was swollen by the rain, we tied most of our clothing to the baggage mule, asked the Lord to help us, and plunged into the river. I got through all safe, but Brother Schwantes got rolled over by the swift stream, lost his boots, and the mule went back. A friend who had come to see us across, stopped the mule, and we pulled him through the river with a long rope we had.

On we traveled, wet as we were, thankful to God for His care for us. Two hours later we came to another stream. Here we found a stock-raiser, who promised to find a place for us to cross in the morning, and invited us into his house. He gave us a dish of poorly prepared black beans, which we appreciated very much, for the food was warm, and we were very cold. This dish is about all one gets to eat while traveling among Brazilians. (One morning I thought we were having noodles for breakfast, but it proved to be hog's hide cut up in fine strings.) After we had finished eating, we began to sing and read the Bible, until late at night. In the morning at breakfast, two neighbors—one the father of a sister who had been baptized at Brother Kumpel's—solemnly arose and declared that after last night's reading, they decided to accept Jesus.

Now we made a start for Ijuhy, but were stopped by the rain. As we approached a house which we had seen in the distance, we did not know what to do, for the ground all around was covered with bones, the cattle-yards were all torn down, the fruit-trees destroyed, and the large buildings looked forsaken. We thought the place had been deserted, but a lad opened the door, and inquired what we were after. We answered that we would like to stay until the rain was over, and were allowed to step into a small, unfurnished room, where we sat, cold and wet, until late in the evening, when the boy came and asked if we would like a hot drink. Receiving this offer with thanks, we took out our corn bread and peanuts, and so made up our supper, paying the boy some bread for his trouble.

Next we took out the song-book, and began to sing, thinking this might cause the rest of the family to come in, and so they did. We learned that during the revolution the troops of the government had driven them out of their home, had taken possession of the property, had killed over seven hundred head of cattle, and when they left at the end of three years, had driven away all the horses with them.

Brother Schwantes began to comfort these people by telling them about the new home in heaven, and the love of Jesus, and His soon return, and that He would take with Him all those who had faith in Him, and kept His words. I showed them how to treat their bodies that they might be well and strong.

When the family saw that we were going to leave them, the mother stepped in the way and said: "Dear friends, do you want to leave us? You have told us the same truth we heard of a monk, who passed through here nine years ago. Now we believe it, and make a start this morning, just now." With tears rolling

down her cheeks she cried, "Here are seven of us. Will you baptize us?" "Yes," said the grandmother, the father, and all the children, all stepping to the front, and saying, "Here we are." For joy we could not say much, but promised to stay. That day was Friday, and all day long we read the Bible, and until late Friday night; but the two youngest children went to sleep. Early Sabbath morning, the parents came to us and said the two youngest children were not ready for baptism, so we baptized only five. God was with us, and made the whole Sabbath-day a glorious one.

We went on our journey, and Tuesday, arrived at Ijuhy where one more family joined the church, and eleven days later we started for Brother Lindermann's, reaching his home on Friday. Here we stopped five days, held twenty-five meetings, and baptized three persons. Others have started to keep God's commandments, who are not yet ready for baptism. Leaving here November 8, we arrived at Taquary, November 24. During this trip we found many earnest souls who would like to serve God if they only knew how; therefore, Brother Schwantes has gone back to teach them the way.

Dear brethren and sisters in America, can you see how great a field we have here? Do you know that we must have more workers? The work among the natives has just opened, and made a very good start. In Brother Schwantes we have a good laborer, but we ought to have ten more in this state alone, who speak the native language. Dear brethren, just give us the means; the Lord has given us good young men, and we will educate them for our field.

Just now I have received a letter from Brother Schwantes telling how he, Brother Kumpel, and two other brethren have been dragged to jail by a Catholic officer of the law. He goes on to say: "My head and my hands are very badly cut, my clothes torn and cut with swords by the thirsty wild men this official had with him. We were set free by higher authority, but this officer, raging mad, and swearing, said: I will kill him if he ever comes around again. I will not have anything else but Catholics live in my district."

It is said that we have religious liberty in Brazil, but it will not be very long before we shall hear that it is not so. Now is the time for us to work, Now is the way still open. Soon our dear laborers will be locked in the jails, as they have been in the United States. Brethren, let us all wake up, and work as never before, to save perishing souls ere the hard times come upon us.



MENAS GERAES, BRAZIL.

ISADORE SPIES.

UPON our arrival in Mucury, province of Menas Geraes, we could but wonder how the few German families, forty years ago, found their way two hundred miles inland, through the primeval forests, and over the great mountains, to this place so secluded from the world; and now, although a train goes up from the seaport, Caravelas, twice a week, were it not for the reading matter sent them by our tract and missionary society, they would have very little intercourse with the outside world. As we left them, several of the brethren and sisters accompanied us to the nearest depot, twenty-five miles distant, and saw for the first time a telegraph-wire and a train of cars. Some who have reached manhood and womanhood have learned to read since our colporteurs visited them, that they might learn the hymns that (as one expressed herself) sounded so heavenly, and that they might read the Bible to know if the things told them were true.

We remained among them two months, and, visiting them in their homes, found that in nearly every family some of the members were suffering from enaemia. In this land so rich in fruits and nuts (only two kinds of grain are grown here, Indian corn and rice) many are actually starving. They read our "Gute Gesundheit," but seemed to lack the power to put its principles into practise, and imagined that everything must be filled with some sort of fat in order to be nutritious, and for this reason they grew more and more afraid of fruit, so they gave fats the preference, and took good care that the children should use the fruits only as playthings.

Peanuts yield an abundant harvest, and there are fine nuts in the woods, but these have been left there for the birds and monkeys, and they evidently enjoy them if one can judge from their chattering and screaming. The trees are very tall and the nuts are heavy, weighing three or four pounds, and the people feared to disturb them lest they would fall upon them. There are also wild fruits which make delicious fruit juices, but have been considered of no value because of the hard seeds with which they are filled. So we found that the enemy had sought on every hand to prevent the people from enjoying the good things provided by our wise heavenly Father.

We talked to the parents about making use of these things; but they seemed indifferent, so we turned our attention to the children, and they were not slow to manifest an interest, and soon the boys brought fruit from the woods, and we pressed out the juice and prepared it with tapioca, which every family has, and the result proved satisfactory.

They had been accustomed to having swine, calves, and fowls running about the house so that a garden was impossible; but a few families have cleared new land, perhaps in the woods or over the other side of a mountain; and there, suddenly turning a bend in the path, one comes upon beautiful roses, excellent orange- and fig-trees, grape-vines, sweet potatoes, nice hard cabbages, tomatoes, and

one brother has raised watermelons weighing twenty pounds from seed we sent him. Such gardens are exceptions, but they are evidence to the neighborhood that God blesses every effort we make to live in harmony with the plan given to man in the beginning.

CANVASSING IN BRAZIL.

J. F. BERGER.

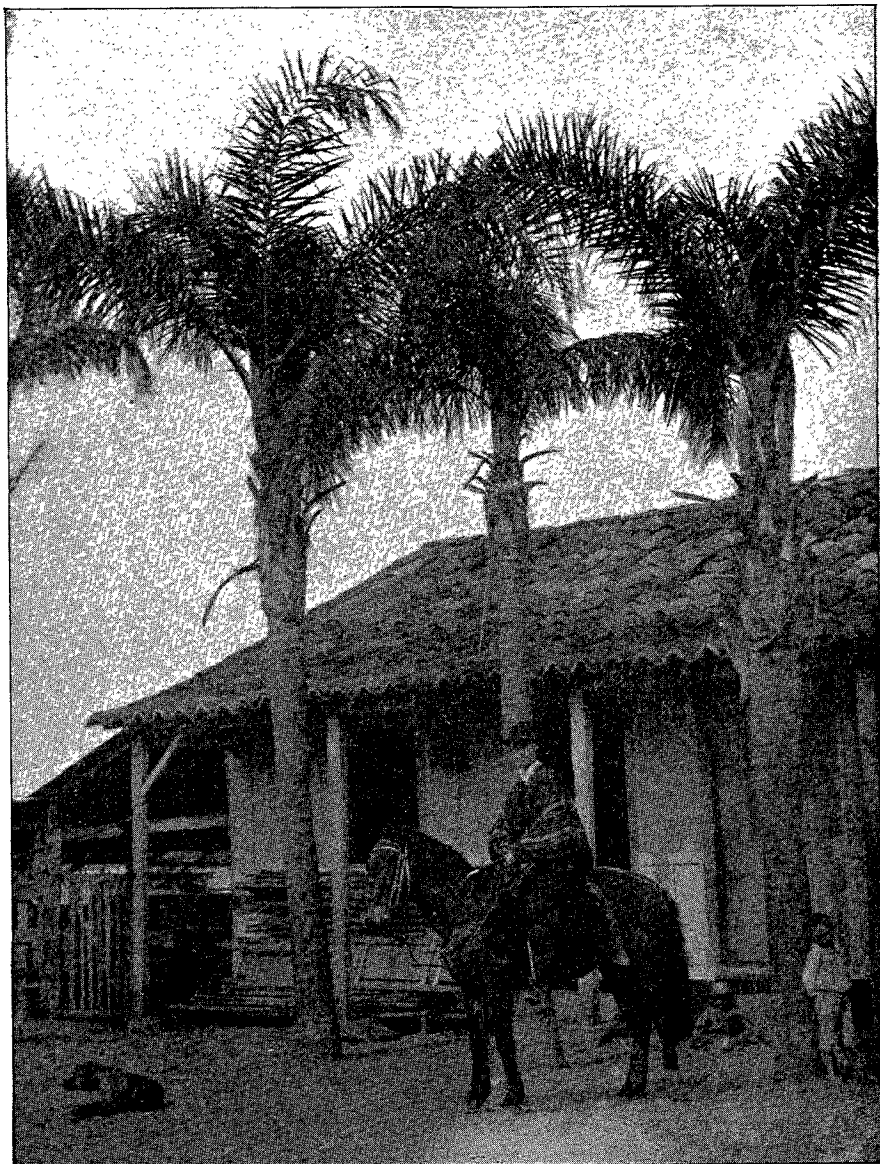
OWING to the scattered settlements and the extensive area of Brazil, canvassing is conducted in a very different manner than in the United States, or any other thickly populated country.

As our work has been confined mostly to the Germans we can say but little of other nationalities represented, such as Italians, Russians, Portuguese and Poles. Of the first named we have quite a number, but the Germans in the southern state of Brazil constitute a large share of the entire population. This state, Rio Grande do Sul, has more German settlements than any other in the union, and was first settled by the Germans as early as 1825. Now, one can travel from the coast to all parts of the interior and find German settlements scattered all through, interspersed with Italians, Brazilians, Poles, etc.

My brother and I have just finished canvassing one of these colonies called Teutonia, which has twenty-two *picades* or roads, each one of which has a distinct name. The people live along these roads, some near, others farther back from them. We always take one *picade* at a time to canvass, and finish it before we go to another, because the inhabitants are not a literary people and can easily be influenced against our books by some one who has not a great deal of love for the truth, for such we find are plentiful enough. Therefore we have to work in a quiet way.

Some of these *picades* are from ten to twelve miles in length with a hundred or more families scattered along the road, while others are not so long with a much less number of families.

Most of the traveling is done on horseback, owing to the scarcity of wagons and good roads. During the rainy seasons some of the roads are almost impassible on account of the many mud-holes and the treacherous Brazilian bridges. Many an animal has breathed his last by being mired in these mud-holes. This is the reason why much more traveling is done in the dry season, for although it is much warmer then than in the wet season, the roads are much better. The rivers and small streams swell very rapidly when there is a steady rainfall for several days, so that much time is lost to the traveler by waiting for the water to get low enough to be forded, as bridges are rare in this country. The larger rivers have ferry-boats to accommodate the people, but you must not think they are steamboats like our ferry-boats plying between New York and Brooklyn, for they are only two or three canoes set parallel to each other and



CANVASSER TRAVELING.

covered with a board floor large enough for two or three animals to stand on, and these are propelled by means of oars.

When we leave our headquarters for work in new colonies, we generally load a mule with books to carry with us in order to save time and the expense of traveling to and from the colonies, as our expense is but little after we are in the colony. The German people here are quite hospitable as long as they

do not know the real object of our work. Our books make a great stir amongst them, and are the sole topic of conversation after we have visited a colony, wherever the colonists chance to come together, and while some stand for the truthfulness of the books, the majority speak against them.

Perhaps twenty per cent. of the grown people are able to read fluently; the remainder read or write little or not at all, owing to the lack of schools and negligence of parents. They are so taken up with their farm work that they can not and do not interest themselves in anything else. Still the Lord has a people here, and it is for us to scatter the seeds while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work, and the harvest will show how much of the seed has fallen upon good ground.

The Brazilians have very few schools in the country. Only now and then we find a native that is able to read. Those living in cities are not lacking in schools and are as a rule better educated than the Germans. Until recently very little has been done for them, as we have had only one small book, "Steps to Christ," in the Portuguese language, but we hope to have more before this year draws to its close.

With the Italians there is not much to be done because they are so under the control of the priests that they do not dare to buy anything in the line of literature which the priests do not indorse. Still the Lord will have a people among these also to be gathered at His coming.

OUR SCHOOL AT CURITYBA, BRAZIL.

PAUL KRAMER.

SEPTEMBER, 1897, when Brother William Stein went to Brusque to open up a church school at that place, I took charge of the school at Curityba. Then we had German and Portuguese scholars, but as Brother Stein's departure left us without a Portuguese teacher, only the German pupils remained. With these we commenced work. But the blessing of the Lord was with us from the first, and by the close of that same year (1897) the number of pupils had grown from thirty-six to fifty-four, and when we began the first term of the year 1898, seventy pupils were enrolled.

Mrs. Kramer and myself acted as teachers, and the Lord blessed us with special strength, and answered our prayers in that He brought our school to the favorable attention of the public. Indeed, our prayers have been answered in such a manner as we scarcely dared to hope. Already, in the beginning of the year 1898, I had written to Hamburg, requesting the brethren there to send us a brother with whom I could share the responsibilities and work of the school, and on the 27th of August Brother W. Ehlers, of Hamburg, arrived, and since that time our school has grown so that in the beginning of the present year we

had one hundred and ten scholars enrolled, and at this writing (March 12) our enrollment is one hundred and thirty, besides a goodly number who are preparing to enter soon.

Because of this rapid growth, the building heretofore occupied became too small, and we were obliged to look for another placè. In this, the Lord again directed, and we soon found a good two-story building, having a nice, large piece of ground connected with it—just the place for a school. The schoolrooms are situated on the first floor, while the second furnishes ample living room for the family. The owner of the house has placed two of his sons in our family while they attend the school, and though he is a man of the world, he is of the opinion that his children are far better cared for now than they would be in his own home. Thus has the Lord turned the confidence of the people toward us and our school, and our prayer is that He may ever give us grace and strength to rightly represent Him and walk in the truths which He has revealed to us.

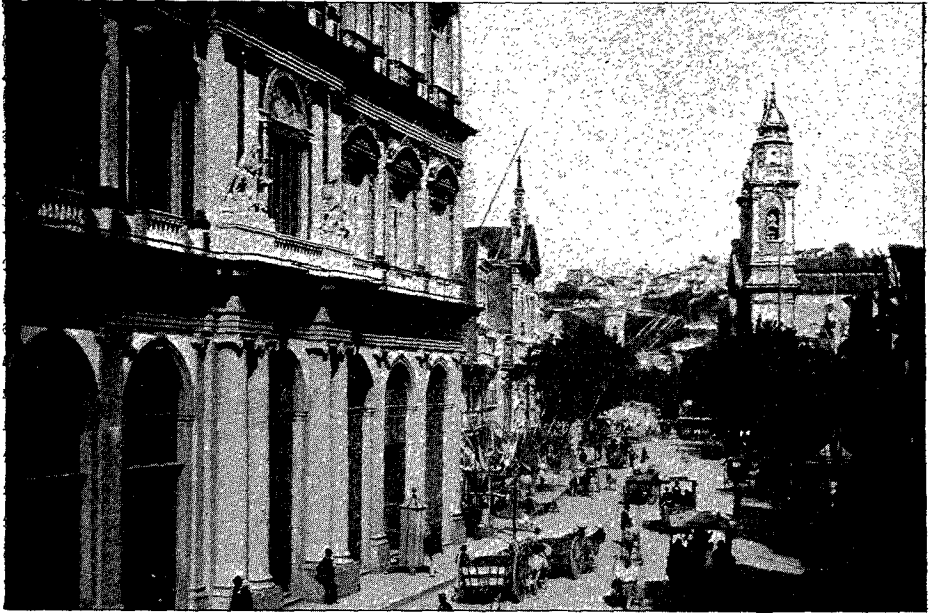
But this increase of scholars made it necessary that we look around for more help in the line of teaching. Accordingly we wrote to Brother Lubke at Hamburg, earnestly requesting him to come to our assistance, and as he is a very competent teacher, it is our earnest hope that he may soon come.

Of our one hundred and thirty scholars, there are two children whose mothers are Seventh-day Adventists. The parents of some of the remaining one hundred and twenty-eight pupils may be more or less religiously inclined, but the majority of them are avowed unbelievers, and they positively forbid our teaching their children religion. Hence we need much wisdom in order that we may overcome the prejudice which is naturally entertained toward the school.

Our school is opened by singing and prayer, and whenever we find an opportunity to do so, we point the scholars to the great and wonderful works of the beneficent Creator, in order that we may implant reverence for Him in their hearts. Otherwise our instruction is carried on in a strictly methodical manner, for we are very well aware that the children are expected to learn as rapidly as possible.

On the Sabbath, of course only religious instruction is given (Sabbath-school), and we are thankful to be able to say that nearly one-half of the pupils regularly attend the Sabbath-school. In the Sabbath-school we speak plainly to the children concerning the teachings of God's Word, and try to have them understand and grasp the truths presented.

We trust that the seed thus sown in the youthful hearts will one day spring up and bear fruit. Can we not hope that the future belongs to us? When once those who now attend the school have grown up, they will assist in breaking down the prejudice that exists in many hearts, and we will find that still other hearts have been prepared in their youth to receive the heavenly seed. Thus we hope our school is doing a pioneer work to prepare the way for the truth of God. And what a pleasure it is to unite with such a class of children Sabbath after Sabbath, to search the Word of God with them, and to freely speak of His power and the changeless character of His holy law, and to impress their plastic minds with these sacred things.



STREET IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

* * * *

RIO DE JANEIRO was founded in 1536, and now has a population of six hundred thousand. The city and its suburbs stretch nearly ten miles along the shores of the finest natural harbor in the world, while great mountain ranges shut in the background.

It is one of the gayest cities on the face of the earth, but is visited every year by from one to three plagues. In summer the thermometer frequently registers from ninety to one hundred degrees at midnight. In the States we call it hot when the thermometer stands at one hundred at noonday, and so it is, but one hundred at midnight is still hotter. The cool season of the year lasts from six to eight months and is enjoyed greatly. Many people go to the mountains during the hot months, but the poor people have to stay in the city and swelter through, or die.

Rio de Janeiro is the headquarters of our work, being the center of commerce for all Brazil. All books brought into Brazil have to go through the custom-house where they are subjected to a duty of about four cents per pound. In 1895 the duty was only about one cent and a half a pound, but each year it is increased a little. Aside from this, we have some custom-house and dispatching expenses to pay on the books, and by the time we get them into the depository there remains very little of the ten per cent. which is allowed the society.

From here we send the books out by land and sea to different parts of the country, and before they reach their destination some are conveyed in ocean vessels, some in river steamers and rowboats, others in ox-carts, or on muleback, and sometimes a part of the way on the colporteur's back.

Our depository has been broken into twice during the four years of its existence, but as the thieves seemed to be more desirous of money than anything else, we did not meet with much loss. The first time the loss was about one dollar, but the second time they carried away some articles, and a few postage-stamps—amounting to twenty dollars in all. We were not able to get any trace of the thieves.

Our work is becoming well known in Brazil, and we get orders for all sorts of merchandise. One man, a minister, wrote to inquire if we had a book on funeral sermons. I responded that we handled the best book published on funeral sermons, and that I would send him one by the first boat. I sent him a Bible, but have not heard from him since. The above picture shows one of the main streets in Rio and our depository is located just beyond the church on the left. The large building is the post-office. This street is much wider than the majority of the streets, the most of them being from twelve to twenty feet wide. I think the main object in having the streets narrow is that they may be shady the greater part of the day. Shade is a blessing that is eagerly sought for.

Nearly all the missionary societies operating in Brazil have their headquarters in Rio, and since missionary work was begun in the country, two hundred thousand copies of the Bible have been distributed. We have a church organization in Rio, but the majority of the members are not located here. We have a very good Sabbath-school, with a membership of sixteen—all grown people but two. Our work in Rio is among the Germans.

We now have three small books in the Portuguese language, "Steps to Christ," "Gospel Primer," and "Bible Lessons for the Sabbath-school, No. 1," and some tracts are in the publishers' hands. "Christ Our Saviour," and a small book of "Bible Readings" will be translated this year, and with these and a Portuguese paper which we are planning to start, we hope to reach and teach the natives present truth.

It taxes the energy of foreigners to live in Rio. The tropical climate, where the heat is so intense, gradually saps the life, and in a few years the push and vim that one had in a cold clime is all gone. I do not mean by this that we sit down and do nothing. Far from it. We have often worked beyond our strength for lack of help and means, because there seemed no other way out of the difficulty. The Lord has blessed in all these things, and without His help the work would be poorly done and amount to nothing. Cholera and small-pox visit Rio in the cool season and the yellow fever in the hot season. Think of two thousand people in the city going down to the grave in one month, the most of them without hope; perhaps the next month five hundred, while the third month fifteen hundred are taken away, to say nothing about the hundreds of others that die of common diseases during the year. It seems that we should hasten on with the message and do all in our power, with God's help, to save the people from their sins.



WOOD DOCK IN PORTO ALLEGRE.

[See page 238.]

IN THE BOOK WORK.

ALBERT J. BERGER.

It was in the year 1895, the month of August, that my brother and I arrived in Rio de Janeiro, and after a brief sojourn with Brother Thurston, we started for our work in the state of Espirito Santos, where Brother A. B. Stauffer had been laboring for some time alone. He had been calling for help for many months, and was very glad to see us, and we were pleased to meet him and counsel about the work. After a few days stay at headquarters there came another co-laborer, Brother Albert Bachmeyer, who had been working in the states of Santa Catharina and S. Paulo.

Although Brother Stauffer had been canvassing in this colony a year, there were some sections yet unvisited, and we started out in different directions to scatter the seeds of truth. Brother Bachmeyer and I went to a district called Isabella, thirty miles from headquarters, and my brother went to a place called Santa Cruz, twenty miles in another direction, while Brother Stauffer remained in the large colony.

Thus we began our labors, walking up and down the mountains in unknown foot-paths and trails through the forests, searching for those who know not the

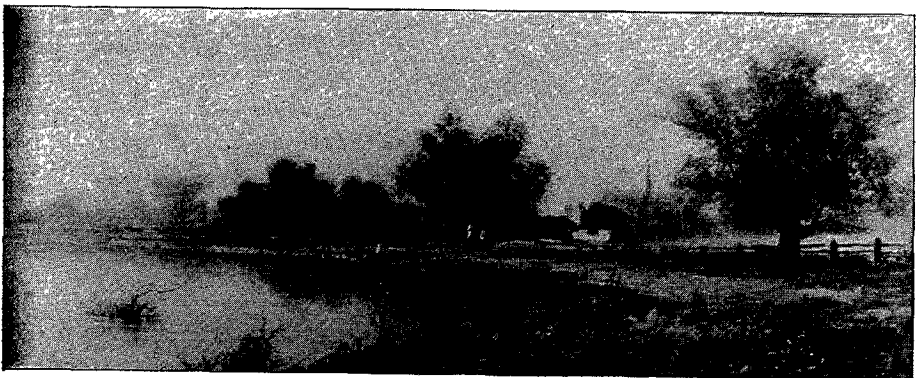
way, the truth and the life. They have no wagon roads in this state, and all transportation is done on muleback, or by animals, and is very expensive and slow.

It is really grand to view the works of nature as one travels through the country. There are beautiful rivers and waterfalls, and dense forests alive with monkeys and birds, but the timber is quite different from that which we used to see at home. The trees are thick and all interwoven with vines and shrubs, making it impossible for a footman without a knife to cut his way. Snakes are very numerous in this section, and every week some one is bitten by them, but the natives have a medicine prepared from roots which usually gives relief.

Coffee is the chief article of produce, but they raise some corn, rice, sweet potatoes, mandioca, etc. Fruit, such as oranges, bananas and peaches, is plentiful. Oranges grow from March to January, while bananas are always to be had.

We carried our books in pockets made for that purpose, and did our work on foot, and in two months time two of us sold four hundred dollars worth of books. We first visited the minister, and he told us that he knew of our work through Brother Stauffer and would do all he could to hinder us; but the work being the Lord's and we His servants, we had nothing to fear. We went forward doing His bidding, and He gave success and blessed us day by day.

After finishing this place, we went back to headquarters, and found Elder H. F. Graf there, laboring where an interest had been created by the books. After a short visit together, Brother Backmeyer went to Rio de Janeiro, and my brother and I went to another place called Rio Nova. It was Christmas time, and in four days we sold one hundred dollars worth of books. There were only thirty families in the place. It was in this state that I had my books and Bible taken from me by a number of Catholics and burned in the street.



REPORT FROM THE "PITCAIRN."

E. H. GATES.

As is probably known to all our people, we sailed from San Francisco, January 23, heading for Pitcairn Island. Without an exception this has been the pleasantest long trip I have ever taken. While we had no strong winds or heavy seas, we made constant progress, and reached Pitcairn in thirty-two days. Sometimes for days at a time we seemed to be moved along by an unseen power with scarcely a rolling motion, which secured us more comfort than we had ever known before.

At the same time we were obliged to suffer some of the discomforts of sea life, chiefly, probably, on account of weakness of the digestive organs. There was little to break the monotony during the whole trip. The day before reaching Pitcairn we saw a sail, and the same day we had a lively squall for a little while, but that resulted only in hurrying us on to our destination. During the whole of the trip to Pitcairn we felt the peace of God in our hearts, and enjoyed many precious praying seasons with all the members of the crew.

On February 24, early in the morning, we sighted Pitcairn Island through a rain squall, and soon saw two boats coming off to meet us. By 9 o'clock we were safe on shore, where we enjoyed a most pleasant day meeting with old acquaintances. The people had been waiting for our ship for more than a year, but had not heard just when we were to sail. The island has been having plenty of rain, and I never saw it looking better. And how we did enjoy the luscious oranges, bananas, pine-apples, and watermelons! The next day after landing was the Sabbath, and we once more engaged with the people in Divine worship, after a separation of more than five years. Sunday morning at 5:30 o'clock we had another meeting, and God came very near to His people.

Feeling that we ought to stay on the island for a time to carry on the work of seeking God, we let the ship go to Mangareva, three hundred miles away, to spend a few days, while I held services with our people. Brother McCoy accompanied the ship, and on his return reported a very profitable visit with the people of that island. Some native Bibles were sold. A hundred of them might have been sold if he had had them on board. One sister from Pitcairn is living on the island at present, and trying to sow the seeds of truth. We need a good family on that island who will represent Christ to the people who are sunken in every species of sin.

While the ship was gone, meetings were held nearly every day, the hour being at 5 A. M. Many confessed their sins, and some who had been separated from the church came and requested rebaptism to show their desire for a new life in Christ. Our people all seemed to get a great refreshing from above, and we hope the influence of the meeting will never be lost. Before we left we had the privilege of baptizing thirteen of the people, part of them being young converts.

An elder was ordained, and an assistant elder elected. Before we left, the people presented us with a five pound note toward the running expenses of the hip. They also put on board for our use a lot of sweet potatoes, oranges, and

bananas. As the people have but little money with which to pay tithes, we placed before them the matter of having a store house and bringing in a tithe of all their produce after the manner of the ancient Jews, making the Lord responsible for some way to dispose of it. The people at once adopted the plan, and immediately began to carry it into effect. Fifteen sacks of sweet potatoes, five sacks of shelled corn, a sack of beans, and a box of curios, were put into our hands to sell as soon as we could find buyers. Such produce brings good prices in the islands near here. Besides this they paid me about one hundred dollars in cash. A brother also gave me some Brazilian money to be used in the Lord's work. If some way can be devised to take their produce to market, they could pay hundreds of dollars into the cause every year.

As it is, there is little inducement to cultivate their soil, only as is necessary in order to provide for their own wants. A small sailing craft is needed there, with which they can take their produce to the islands of the Tuamotos, a few hundred miles away. Their soil is excellent, and with proper cultivation, would produce ten times as much as at present. Plenty of hard work is a great preventive of evil practises.

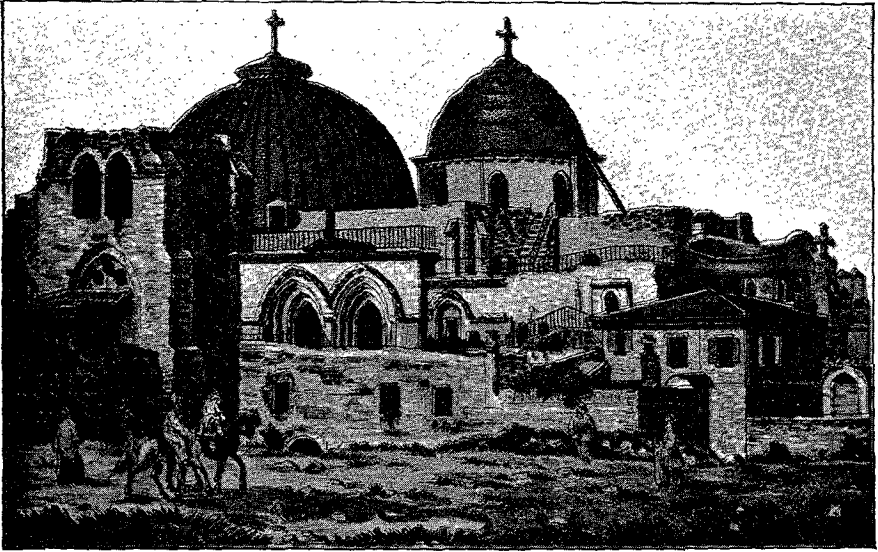
Leaving Pitcairn, March 17th, we came to this place in nine days, though we did not get into the harbor till next morning on account of light wind. Here we had the pleasure of meeting with Elder B. J. Cady and wife, Brother and Sister Stringer who have spent several years among the islands as self-supporting missionaries, and Brother and Sister Green who have been here about three years.

The Lord has given fruit in this group of islands, and the work seems to be in a prosperous condition. Including the native brethren, there are probably one hundred Sabbath-keepers in this group. When we first came here a little over eight years ago, there was not a single Sabbath-keeper in the group. May God bless His church here.

In a later report we will tell of our visits in the different islands of this group.

Papeete, April 4, 1899.





CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

F. I. RICHARDSON.

(Continued.)

APRIL 29. At 7 A. M. we started out to visit those places concerning which we had read and heard so much, and that we had desired for so many years to see. But before starting on our journey, let us remember that the Jerusalem of Christ's time lies from 40 to 70 feet below the present city. The ancient capital was destroyed by the Romans in A. D. 70. It has been rebuilt and destroyed several times since, so that but few of the original landmarks remain. The work of the Palestine Exploration Society is bringing many things to light.

The city proper is enclosed by a stone wall in good state of preservation. The wall is about thirty feet in height, and was built by Suleiman the Magnificent, a Turkish pasha, in 1542. There are seven gates in it: the Jaffa Gate on the west, which is the principal one; the New Gate, Damascus Gate and Herod's Gate on the north; St. Stephen's Gate on the east, and the Dung Gate and Zion's Gate on the south. The walls are two and one-half miles in length. In form, the city is an irregular square, originally built on four hills, two of which, Zion and Moriah, are prominent in Biblical history. Jerusalem is naturally divided into four quarters: the northwest is called the Christian quarter; the north and east the Mohammedan; the southwest, the Armenian; while the Tyropean Valley is occupied by the Jews.

Mount Moriah is enclosed by a wall separating it from the rest of the city. On the top of this mount stands the finest building in Palestine—the Mosque of Omar. It is supposed, on good grounds, that this mosque covers the spot where Abraham offered up Isaac, and where Araunah had his thrasting-floor, and also where Solomon built the temple.

The Dung Gate is so called from the fact that through it the refuse of the city was formerly taken into the Valley of Hinnom below, where it was destroyed by fires that were kept constantly burning. The bodies of malefactors were also cast into this fire. This was the hell (the gehenna) to which Christ referred in Mark ix: 43-47 when He said: "It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell (gehenna), . . . where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Anything cast in there, which the fire could not reach, the worms would soon prey upon; and the worms did not die, nor was the fire quenched until all had been consumed. Thus we have a good illustration of the final destruction of the wicked in unquenchable fire—the fire will consume all there is of them, and then it will go out of itself as the fires in the Valley of Hinnom have done.

Just outside of Zion's Gate is a pile of buildings called David's Tomb, wherein is pointed out the room occupied by Christ when He ate the last passover supper with His disciples. But this is an evident fraud.

The Jaffa Gate is the principal gate of entrance and exit in the city. There is ever congregated around it a crowd composed of men and women, camels and horses, and donkeys and carriages. The carriages do not go farther than this, for no carriage can enter Jerusalem. The streets are too narrow to admit of their passage, and too rough, even were they sufficiently wide. Many streets are crowded with people sitting or walking.

Just outside of the Damascus Gate is a little mound called the Place of a Skull. It is about 30 feet high, conical in shape, and contains no buildings, but is covered with Mohammedan graves. It is believed by many that this is the real site of the crucifixion; and to a disinterested party it seems much more probable than does the site chosen by the churches, of which we will speak later.

Saint Stephen's Gate on the east, is the one through which we pass in going from the city to the Mount of Olives; the space between the eastern walls of Jerusalem, and the bottom of the Kidron Valley is filled with Mohammedan graves.

Near the Jaffa Gate, inside the wall, is a strong stone tower called the Tower of David; it is now occupied by Turkish soldiers.

About half way across the city and to the left is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The building covers a large space of ground. It was erected by the mother of Constantine in the fourth century, and it is said to cover not only the sepulcher, but also the places of the crucifixion, of the scourging, and several other scenes of Christ's sufferings. The building is magnificent inside. The sepulcher is a marble mausoleum, built under the main dome of the church. To reach it one passes through a low door into a small room named the Angel's

Chapel. Passing through a still lower door we enter the principal room of the sepulcher—a little cell with a marble box across one side, which is pointed out as the burial place of Christ. On a ledge of rocks in another part of the church are shown three holes, two of which are covered with brass plates, and the other with a silver plate. The latter marks the spot where stood the cross of Christ, and the others the crosses of the two thieves. It is said that the pretended finding of the places of the crosses by some priests was that which decided St. Helena to erect this church. In another apartment is the tomb of Melchizedek. At the various shines were weeping worshipers, bowing, kissing the floor, door-posts, and the many sacred (?) spots, or worshiping before the many images that adorn the place. Other exhibitions of folly and superstition, together with idolatrous rites and ceremonies, might be mentioned; and all these things are carried on in the name of religion and of veneration for Christ. There is no place in heathendom where idolatry is more flagrantly carried on, and religious humbugs more boldly practised than in Jerusalem where the brightest beams of Christianity shone forth from the Saviour and His apostles.

Near the southwest corner of the city is the Wailing Place of the Jews. The original wall here is said to reach above the surface. Every Friday afternoon the Jews assemble to lament their condition, and the desolation of the city and temple. The place set apart for this purpose is about 50 yards in length. The people arrange themselves along the wall, leaning their heads against the cold stones, or standing and reading some portion of Scripture, or praying. And thus they pour out their lamentations. The seventy-fourth Psalm is the one that is much read, and it will be seen that it most vividly sets forth their pitiful situation. The women especially, work their feelings up to a high pitch, and become hysterical in their grief. Their weeping is no pretense, but genuine tears fall down, and with wringing hands they cry as if their hearts were broken. The streets through which approach is made to this spot are among the most filthy in the city—and the rest are certainly bad enough.

The people have no supply of water except such as is taken from roofs, or caught in pools. As for sewerage or sanitary systems—there seem to be none at all. These streets, and the road to Mount Olivet, are the special resort for beggars, although one meets them in every quarter; and the cry of *backsheeck*, that is, “a present,” is continually ringing in the visitor’s ears. Even small children follow lispings, *backtheeth*. Here, too, are congregated the greatest number of lame, halt, blind and wretched people that we ever saw.

Leaving the city, and passing down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, there were pointed out to us the tombs of James and of Zachariah, and the Pillar of Absalom. The latter, sometimes incorrectly referred to as Absalom’s Tomb, still stands in a good state of preservation. This pillar is of very great age. Its base is about ten feet square, and is hollow. A hole nearly ten feet in diameter has been made in one side, and it is said that into this the Jews in passing, cast a stone, exclaiming, “Cursed be every son that disobeyeth his father.” When the cavity becomes filled, the stones are cast out.

From the Valley of Jehoshaphat on the east rises the Mount of Olives; on the western side are the tombs of the prophets. In this narrow valley, according to the prophet Joel, is to be fought the battle of the nations just before the coming of the Lord. And indeed it seems as though the preliminary arrangements for that sanguinary conflict were already under way; for on the very summit of Mount Olivet the Russians have erected what is called a convent, but is in reality a large stone fort, with a tower 200 feet high, and it is said to be so arranged that wires can be run from it to all the convents in the vicinity, which are well supplied with arms.

To the north of the city lie the tombs of the kings—an interesting place to visit, showing clearly the mode of the ancient sepulcher. A broad flight of stone steps leads down into a large open court hewn out of the solid rock. On the right and front are large cisterns of clear water; to the left, under a massive carved work, are the tombs, also hewn out of solid rock.

The population of Jerusalem is variously estimated at from 40 to 60 thousand, which is being constantly increased by accessions of Jews, Germans, English and Russians. We are told that five years ago there was not a house outside of the walls of the city; but to-day there are several colonies—and the strange part of it is that one cannot see what should attract so many people of so many nationalities to the place. There are no manufacturing or agricultural interests sufficient to draw them, and it is a mystery how so many manage to live there. In the future we may have something more to say on this subject from the standpoint of prophecy.

(To be continued.)

KARMATAR, BENGAL.

G. P. EDWARDS.

WE want to tell our brethren something of the work at this place. We should have reported earlier, but have been too busy.

It is difficult to get any adequate conception of the situation without being actually on the ground, but we know you are all interested in this field, so we will give you a few glimpses and facts about the work. The situation is entirely different from anything in the United States.

At a meeting of the Committee last November, having closed the medical work at 154 Bazar Street, in Calcutta, it was voted that the medical missionary work should be done at Karmatar, and Mrs. Edwards and I were instructed to start it. Accordingly, about the first of December we began operations at this place—treating the sick, giving them the glad tidings, and teaching them the way to a better life.

Karmatar is a small station on the East Indian Railway, one hundred and sixty-eight miles northwest of Calcutta. The country round about is called the Santal country because one of the aboriginal peoples of India—the Santals—live in this region. It is a high, undulating plain, lying in the bend of the Tangas as it sweeps its way down through the province of Bengal. The soil is poor, and many of the inhabitants have a hard time to get a living. For eight or nine months of the year the ground is parched—no grass growing anywhere. It is no wonder that when the rains fail famine is the result.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the soil, the population is fairly dense—about three hundred and fifty people to the square mile. The villages containing from fifty to two hundred souls, are as thick as spatterwork; there is a group of huts on almost every knoll.

Most of the people wear but little clothing. In many cases a loin cloth makes up the full dress at this time of the year. This simplicity of dress materially facilitates the diagnosis of skin diseases.

Rice and a few lentiles, together with spices, are the chief things, and in many cases the only things, on the bill of fare. This is all the natives grow, and where can they get money to buy anything else? Three cents a day is the regular wage for a woman, and four cents a day for a man.

Such is the country, and such the condition of the people among whom we are called to labor. There is not an educated physician within thirty miles of here. At a railroad station sixteen miles distant there is a Bengali doctor, but his business is only to attend servants of the railway.

Our patients come from villages far and near on every side. It is not at all uncommon to have patients from villages fifteen or twenty miles away. Early every morning they begin to collect on our veranda, and as soon as breakfast is over, having previously sought the Lord for strength and wisdom, we go at once to our work. The manner in which the poor sick folk press about and implore relief is sometimes heart-breaking. All sorts of diseases are present, but stomach and bowel troubles, and skin and eye diseases prevail. We meet many very difficult cases, and often have wished for a more thorough training that we might glorify the Lord by doing more efficient work. The poor, simple people look to us with as much confidence as though we were the greatest physicians in the world. This makes me feel badly for I realize what a responsibility it is, and how poorly prepared we are to carry it.

The house we occupy has three rooms and two bath rooms, and costs us thirty rupees (or about nine dollars) per month. One room and a bath room are given over wholly to the medical work. In many cases we are able to give treatments instead of medicines, for we have secured the confidence of the people, and they seldom refuse to do as directed. In other cases we can only instruct them how to carry on treatment at home, and advise them in regard to diet and other habits. Opportunities to give the good news are improved, and in these ways the truth is put before the people. What the result will be no man can know; that the Lord may enlighten their minds and bless the seed that is sown, is our constant prayer.



MR. AND MRS. WELLMAN.

DEPARTURES.

APRIL 26, 1899, Elder and Mrs. D. E. Wellman, their son Sterrie, S. E. Teas, and others whose pictures will appear in the *MAGAZINE* at a later date, in company with Elder and Mrs. A. J. Haysmer, who were returning to their field of labor, sailed from Philadelphia for Jamaica to engage in mission work in that island.

Brother D. E. Wellman was elder of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Hillsdale, Michigan, for twelve years prior to 1889, when his active public labors began. Since that time he has had experience as a canvasser, tract society director, and minister of the Gospel. At present, he will be located in the city of Kingston, where we have a book depository, a church numbering 160 members, and a church school. The work in Spanish Town will also demand a part of his attention. He will be ably assisted by Sister Wellman, who has an experience in Bible work and was in the employ of the Michigan Conference, when called to Jamaica.

Sterrie A. Wellman completed his high-school work in '97, and has had



STERRIE A. WELLMAN.



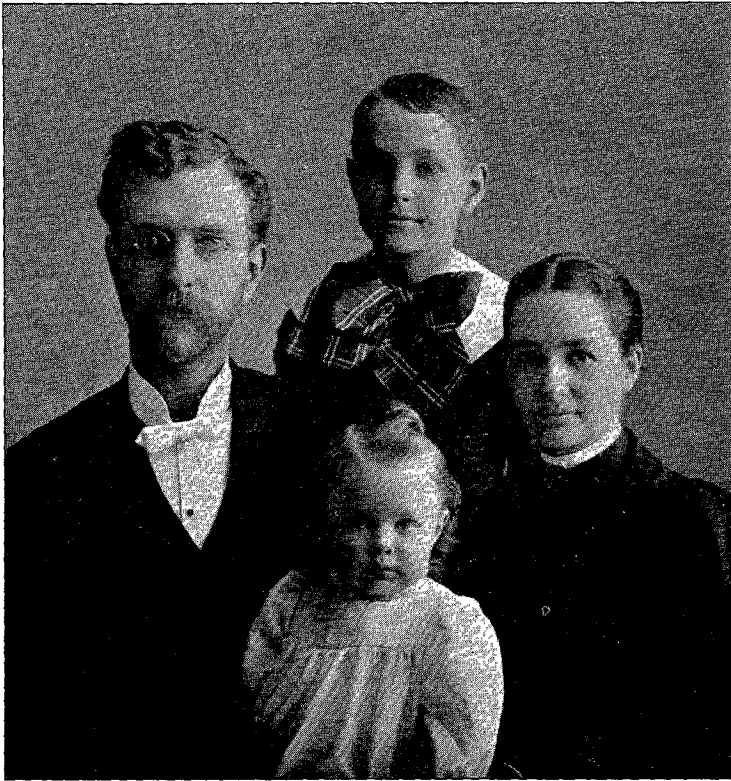
S. E. TEAS.

experience as a printer and in a business office. At the time of the call to accompany his parents to Jamaica, he was taking the normal and commercial course. He will have charge of the church school, and be connected with the business office in Kingston.

S. E. Teas was convinced of the truth of the message, and became a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Battle Creek, Michigan, during the year 1898. Previously he had visited



MR. AND MRS. ZACHARIAH SHERRIG.



MR. AND MRS. E. E. ANDROSS.

many parts of the world. After becoming acquainted with the third angel's message, he was convinced that the Lord had a work for him to do in connection with spreading a knowledge of that truth to the uttermost parts of the earth. In the latter part of April of this

year, he became acquainted with the work in Jamaica, and feels certain that the Lord is calling him to that field as a self-supporting missionary.

Wednesday, May 3, 1899, in company with Elders O. A. Olsen, J. F. Hansen, and others, whose pictures will appear in the *MAGAZINE* at a later date, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Andross, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Altman, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Zachariah Sherrig, and Mr. S. G. Haughey sailed from New York City for Europe.

Brother Sherrig, who goes to Scandinavia, is a native of Denmark. He has been in this country about fifteen years. Soon after his arrival in America, he became a Seventh-day Adventist, and has been actively engaged in public labors ever since. He has done acceptable service in the canvassing field, as secretary for Elder J. G. Matteson, as general agent in the Scandinavian canvassing work, and as general agent in District No. 4, where he was laboring when called to Europe. His wife, formerly Miss Sophie Larson, joins heartily with him in his work.

Brother E. E. Andross was converted in 1883, and accepted the truth two years later. From the beginning of his Christian experience, he believed that he was called to the Gospel ministry. He entered upon that work in the spring of 1889. A church was soon organized. Since that time he has labored in the North Pacific, Upper Columbia, and California Conferences, and as Bible instructor in our college in Healdsburg, California. He was ordained to the ministry in the spring of 1891, at Walla Walla, Washington. In June, 1896, the California Conference located him in San Francisco, where he remained until appointed to Great Britain by the late General Conference.

In May, 1889, Elder Andross was united in marriage to Miss Sophie Miller, of Hamilton, Oregon, who has shared and taken a deep interest in her husband's labors.

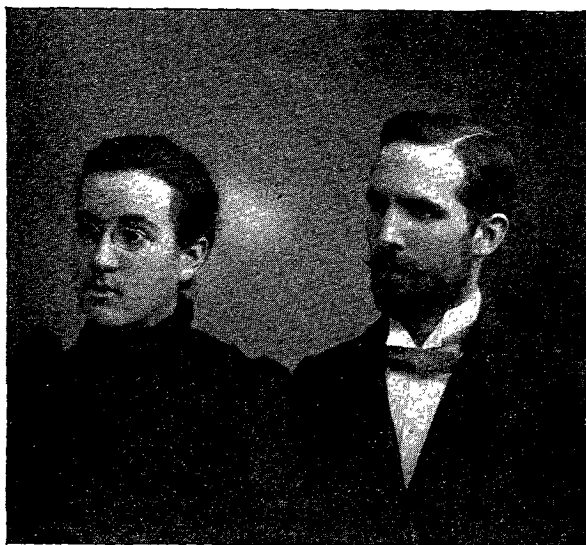
Brother W. J. Fitzgerald was converted under the preaching of the third angel's message in 1889. From the beginning of his Christian experience, he believed that he was called to the work of the Lord. He lived in the home of Elder R. A. Underwood, where he attended high school, graduating in the year 1894. When nineteen years of age he began to hold religious services. In 1895, he was granted ministerial license by the Ohio Conference. The next year he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Thomas. From October of the following year, to November, 1898, Brother and Sister Fitzgerald were connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and under its auspices visited and labored in Wisconsin and Ontario. At the time of his call to England, Brother Fitzgerald was pastor of the church, and had charge of the mission, in Detroit, Michigan.

Sister Fitzgerald was reared a Baptist, becoming a Seventh-day Adventist in 1888, receiving her education in the academy at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and at the college in Battle Creek, Michigan. She has had experience as a Bible-worker.

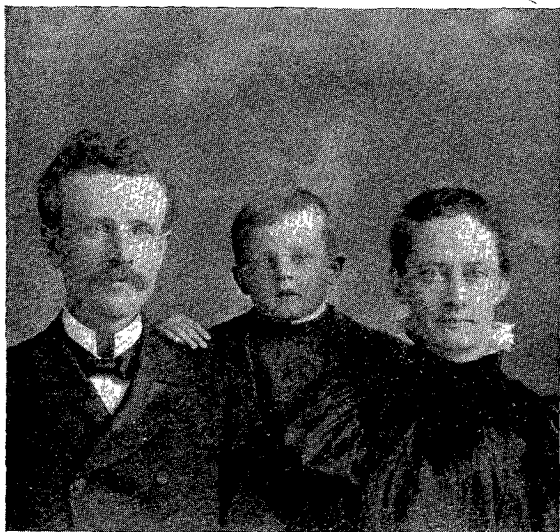
Brother M. A. Altman accepted the truths of the third angel's message in Ohio, twelve years ago. Soon after that, he went to Colorado where his home has been ever since. He was ordained in that Conference and has been laboring as a minister for about five years.

Mrs. Altman, formerly Miss Leah E. Vandermark, was for four years secretary of the Colorado Tract Society, which position she left to assist her husband in the field work.

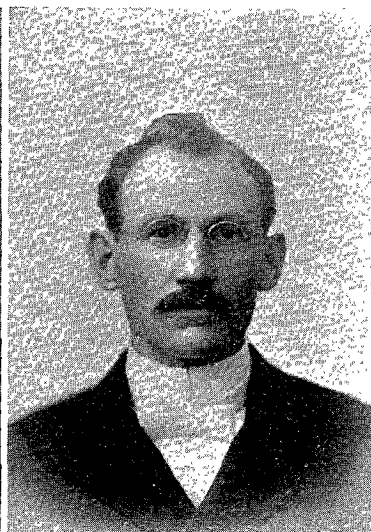
Brother S. G. Haughey was brought up a Seventh-day Adventist, his parents having accepted that faith when he was a child. He has had experience as a canvasser, State agent, Bible worker, and during the last seven years has been actively engaged in the Gospel ministry. He has labored as a minister in the state



MR. AND MRS. W. J. FITZGERALD.



M. A. ALTMAN AND FAMILY.



S. G. HAUGHEY.

of Florida, where he received ordination, and in Ohio. At the time of his call to Great Britain he had charge of the work in Cincinnati, Ohio.

May the prayers of God's people follow all these laborers, and His blessing attend their efforts.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

FOURTH SABBATH READING.—SABBATH, JUNE 24, 1899.

POSITION GOD'S PEOPLE SHOULD OCCUPY.*

C. A. HALL.

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” Matt. xxviii: 19, 20.

“And all things are of God, Who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.” 2 Cor. v: 18-20.

“And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” Rev. xxii: 17.

These texts very clearly define the position that God's people should occupy in this world. There never was a time when these admonitions were more necessary than at present. You notice how definite these statements are: “Lo, I am with you alway,” and, He “hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation.” These scriptures certainly do not refer to the ministry alone. They include every one that hears this message of salvation, and as though to emphasize that fact Christ says in the last text quoted, “Let him that heareth say, Come.” This takes in every one on the face of the earth that hears the Gospel call. We are all ambassadors for God to represent Him to the world. The responsibility rests upon all who have heard, and we are to bear our part in making known to the world the glorious news of the soon-coming Saviour. These words have a peculiar significance to me at this time, for we know that very soon the course of this world will have been run, and the people of God be gathered home. The testimony of the Revelator shows how extensive the work is—to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and in that redeemed throng, he sees representatives from every nation on the face of the earth. Because this message had its rise in America, it seems sometimes as though we would almost confine it to this country. O, how thankful I am that God has put it into the hearts of His people, and I see it growing there, that the message is not confined

* Sermon preached in Philadelphia, March 11, 1899.

to America, that not even the bulk of it is to be confined here, but that you are reaching out to extend the news of a soon-coming Saviour to the uttermost parts of the earth.

In proclaiming this Gospel to a superstitious, and in some cases to an almost heathen people, I have been made to rejoice to see how the power of God has gone with the message. This brings to my mind so fully the words I have just read: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That is the inspiration—really the motive power that sustains the worker under trying circumstances. When we in this country see the power of God take men and women from the slums, and make them such as He would be pleased to own in His everlasting kingdom, we rejoice. And just so when we see the Lord in power take those in other lands that are the most debased, and fill their hearts with His glory, and clean up their lives, and bring them into communion with Him, it causes us to rejoice the same as you do at home.

I think sometimes the very hardships of the field are the means that God uses to make us sense more our utter dependence upon Him. This is illustrated in the life of Paton—that wonderful missionary to the New Hebrides. Upon one occasion, the natives gathered about his hut, determined to kill him. He had but a few minutes warning, and fled in the night, climbing a tree where he hid among the branches. He could see his pursuers hunting him as they would a wild animal, and there all night long he remained, while the hunt went on. In speaking of it afterwards, he said: "O, never did I so realize the presence of my Saviour as I did that night; never did I feel Him so near; never did I realize that God had such a claim upon me, to care for me, as I did there that night under those conditions." Then he adds: "O, if it please God, I am ready to spend not one, but many nights under such conditions, that I may realize the presence of my Saviour as I did that time."

Perhaps you would like to hear a little more of my personal experiences in the West Indies. In some respects we have a very difficult field; in other respects, very favorable. In the first place, the natives, although they have considered themselves church-members and godly people, are destitute of the very first principles of godliness. But the one great foundation upon which we have to build is their veneration for the Bible. They are taught to reverence it in the schools; and they are taught the ten commandments from the time they go to school, and in the churches every Sunday. Were it not for this, our work in the West Indian field would be far more difficult than it is to-day. But with such a foundation to build upon we simply teach the Word in its simplest and plainest manner, and the people draw their own conclusions. Our hope and the foundation of all our success is that promise: "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple." In teaching the Word in that way, we do not need to hold up the error of the churches. The people can contrast the truth with what they have been taught, and we are spared what we must do in so many places.

I have many times been asked particularly about the effect that the message has upon these people. Does it bring them out of their superstition and

ignorance? Does it make them honest, truthful and upright men and women?

They are just like people in the home churches. We hold up before them a standard such as they have never before imagined. Through countless generations their practises have been so debasing, and their minds have become so contracted and so superstitious that the whole trend of the race is downward in every way. The simple reading of a statement from the Bible will not correct all these things at once, and even the illumination of God that brings these things to mind does not of a sudden eliminate all of them. But I am free to say, and I thank God that I can say it, that I see among that people evidences of reform, and as great changes in their lives and ways as I have ever seen among the people of this country. I think I can truthfully say, after several years experience, that the message does more toward making a change in the lives of the people there than in the States.

In communities where we have labored, the change that has taken place in the people has been marked and pointed out. Even business men begin to speak of them as more honest and more trustworthy, and their lives and influence, reaching out, help us in carrying the message. Only a few weeks ago a man told me that there was a regular spy system several miles away in a community which had accepted the truth. When the men went into the village, they were watched to see if they smoked and took their rum. There was certainly a change, else there would have been no necessity for this.

The influence of our meetings sometimes extends a distance of thirty miles and people will come that far on horseback, and over mountains to hear the message. We are frequently accosted by a stranger who will say: "Are you that Advent man? Won't you come over to our place and preach?" At the present time I can stand at my door and look upon more work in sight, and very loud calls too, than I can do for two years to come. I do not know where to pitch my tent when I return home. On every hand are those who want to hear.

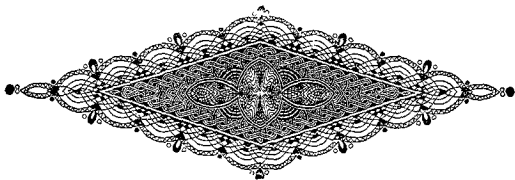
By coming in touch with those that have a knowledge of the truth, and from reading our books and papers, a whole family will sometimes accept the message. In a little while they gather more around them. In one place where they are now calling loudly for help, there are fourteen keeping the Sabbath.

We are assured that the hand of the Lord is in the work of reaching out to these people in these far-off countries, no matter how evil, vile or wicked they may be. God has a people, and they are to be gathered from all portions of the world. Brethren, it seems to me that it is about time for America to wake up to the fact that the laborers here, to a great extent, ought to be moving out into these regions beyond, and they who have received the truth at the hand of the laborer should carry forward the work here. I believe that is what the Lord requires of America at the present time. Upon each individual in the church, in the light of the texts that I have read, it seems to me God lays a great responsibility to make known to your neighbors and friends that which He has so graciously given to you. When we awaken to this fact, this will be a missionary people such as never was since the apostles' time. Then the church

was scattered abroad, and went everywhere doing missionary work. I think that plan will rather be reversed in these days, and a great many in the churches will remain at home, carrying forward that work, and sustaining those who go to the regions beyond; while the ministers are the ones to go to these far-off fields. I believe God is working to that end.

About ten days ago when Professor Prescott called upon all in the General Conference who were willing to go to these dark places at the call of the Lord, it did my soul good to see almost that entire congregation on their feet. It was to me an omen of better things. It was an evidence that God was working upon the hearts of His people that they might not confine themselves to the narrow limits of this country. Those men, the very leading ones in the denomination, men of talent, men of dignity, professors of our colleges, doctors and others upon whose hearts God was moving, were ready and willing to go anywhere on earth. O, it seemed to me that we were where the Lord says He saw a mighty angel come down from heaven, and the earth was lightened with His glory. O, brethren, when we get where the church carries on the home work, while the ministry go out to carry the message to foreign lands where people are dying without Christ, and where so little is being done—when that time shall come, I believe this promise will be literally fulfilled. I do not expect this to come upon us like a flash of lightning. I thank God that it is upon us to such an extent that this work is begun in a measure. And I look for, yes, long to see a consecrated people, and a more than consecrated ministry to bear this message to the uttermost parts of the earth. I praise God that I see evidences of this already.

My visit to America has done me good in this respect. It will cheer my fellow workers. The remembrance of the power God is giving His people to be overcomers themselves, and then to go out and carry that same blessed Gospel of salvation to the world, is precious. O that God may lay upon every one here this morning the weight of the words that I have read. We then, as ambassadors for Christ, beseech you in Christ's stead, that ye be reconciled to God. "Let him that heareth say, Come," and the breadth of that invitation to every human soul is the weight of the injunction. Oh, may God let that rest upon you, until every one shall become an ambassador for Christ, bearing the Gospel of a soon-coming Saviour, the power of Christ unto salvation; then we will see the work accomplished that will soon bring the blessed result of a Saviour in the clouds of heaven. God grant that we may be found in our places.





DR. HILL.

OUR REDSKINNED BRETHREN.

MRS. L. D. AVERY STUTTLE.

HE "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

It has been, within the last week, the happy privilege of the writer, to form the acquaintance of Dr. G. W. Hill, whose Indian name is Da ha nah Ga re nah, one of the chiefs of the Six Nations, and living upon the Indian reservation near Brandtford, Ontario. He is one of the chiefs who form the recognized head of the Mohawk, Senneca, Onondagua, Oneida, Cayuga and Deleware tribes, with the recent addition of the Tuscaroras,—the whole numbering about 4,000.

Perhaps it may be of interest to the reader, even as it was to the writer, to know a few facts concerning the marked manner in which the Lord worked in bringing about the conversion to the truth of God, of this really remarkable man.

Some two years ago, Wm. Simpson and Wm. Spear brought their white meeting-house to the town of Brantford, Ontario, and pitched it in the pleasant grove belonging to this Indian chief. The chief was intending very shortly to build a platform in his grove, so that his people, who were quite fond of dancing, might use it for this purpose. But the Lord had a far better object in view for this pleasant temple of nature, and the platform was built—not to dance upon, but as a place from which to proclaim the last message of mercy to a lost world. The chief was returning home one evening, when in passing the grove, he noticed how beautifully it was all lighted up. The bright torches gleamed here and there among the dark green branches of the whispering pines, and the sight made a great impression upon him. To use his own words:—"This affected my heart wonderfully, and I said, 'The Lord must have thought about me long ago.'" In about a month after the first sermon was preached, he began the observance of the Lord's Sabbath. In this he imitated the example of David, who says, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments."

Dr. Hill is a zealous advocate of the principles of health reform, and always recommends a rigid vegetarian diet to his patients. Before his conversion he often drank a gallon of whisky per week—though he always knew this to be harmful—and carried a jug of his favorite beverage with him in his carriage wherever he went. But the Lord mercifully took away his appetite for strong drink, and that at once. The majority of his people, however, are quite temperate. His belief in the Testimony of the Spirit of Prophecy is earnest and childlike in its simplicity. Already there are some fifty or more of his people who have embraced the truth, and Dr. Hill is very sanguine in his belief that many others will come to the light, as his influence is strong among them.

He states that his people are affectionate in their disposition, generally law-abiding and hospitable, while they certainly set an example worthy of the imitation of their white neighbors, in generosity and liberality. When they go out to hunt, whatever game is taken is divided equally among the hunters, even if it is only a small bird.

To prove that they are a peaceable and law-abiding people, we have only to state that there has been but *one* Indian proved guilty of a murder, in the memory of the chief—who is now forty-seven years of age.

The Great Spirit is always invoked in their councils, and upon the ceremony of choosing a chief, he is implored to be kind and forgiving, and that his "skin may be seven spans thick" so that he may not feel every little, fancied grievance which his people may unintentionally bring upon him. This counsel may be most excellent for those among us to heed who are apt to give way to feelings of jealousy and bitterness over fancied wrongs.

Dr. Hill was chosen chief when about thirty-five years old.

There are some among this people who are rather superstitious, as is evidenced by the following incident:—

An Indian woman whose belief in witches was very strong, was afflicted with a severe form of rheumatism. She went to a white doctor for relief, but would have no faith in him, unless he could demonstrate his ability to cast out the evil

spirits which she firmly believed were lodged in the affected member. The Doctor at once resorted to a little diplomacy, as follows:

He took a piece of cloth, covered it with lard, and gave it a liberal sprinkling of bugs and insects of various kinds, which he carefully covered with another coating of lard so skilfully that not a single insect could be seen. This plaster he carefully applied to the diseased knee, with the remark that the patient would soon be gratified with a view of the dislodged evil spirits. This of course came to pass as soon as the heat from the inflamed leg had melted the outside covering of lard, when the so-called evil spirits were plainly visible in the form of all sorts of abominable bugs. The patient was delighted, and her faith in the skill of the wonderful Doctor probably aided very materially in her recovery.

Dr. Hill is still laboring in the interests of his beloved people, though away from them at present. They are poor in this world's goods, and are very desirous of building a house of worship. Should any of our readers wish to aid them in this good work, all such donations may be sent to the treasurer of the General Conference, A. G. Adams, Battle Creek, Michigan.

THE TRUE MISSIONARY.

A. E. PLACE.

(*Concluded.*)

“My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me.”

Weary, hungry, and thirsty, with the travels of the day, He sat a few moments for rest at Jacob's well, while His disciples went to buy bread.

One can imagine that during that brief rest, centuries of the experiences of God's professed people passed in review before His mind. Circumstances connected even with the digging of that well were clearly seen. How many since that day, while looking upon Jacob as a great man, and regarding themselves as true descendants of him, had “come hither to draw,” and yet had perished for lack of living water? He saw how selfishness and unbelief had broken off the ten tribes, and how the Jews of Samaria had been mingled among Babylonians, Cuthites, Avites and the people of Sepharvaim. He saw how even the question of the place where the true God should be worshiped had gendered a most bitter hatred, till the men of Jerusalem, repositories of God's sacred truth, had closed their hearts to any dealings with the Samaritans.

The bodily weariness of the Saviour is forgotten, as it gives place to a great desire to fasten the life-line around this despised and forsaken people. An opportunity, very trivial it may seem, presents itself. He sees a woman of Sychar coming to the well for water. With her long line she lowers her water-pot, and not without an effort does she bring it again to the top filled with water; “for the well is deep.” Said Jesus, “Give Me to drink.” It was not the

Master's physical needs alone which prompted this request, but His thirst to save this sinful woman, and with the life-line connect not only her, but Samaria with God. To do this, the discussion of race prejudice, and theories about worship must be laid aside, and the wisdom of God revealed, and without fear, the opening of His heart and mission to this soul—"I that speak unto thee am He." I give the water which springs up unto everlasting life in the soul that receives it.

The power attending that brief conversation brings happy results. The anchor, hope, has entered a darkened soul, and the life-line holds. The spirit of the Master seems to have become the spirit of the woman of Samaria. Her natural thirst, and the physical needs of the family at home are forgotten, as also her mission to the well. "Is not this the Christ?" is now the controlling thought which fills her soul. To carry that thought to other Samaritans at once inspires her. She "left her water-pot," and hastened into the city to say to him who was not her husband, and to friends and neighbors, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" The life-line carried even by this poor woman in love, and in the spirit of self-forgetfulness, is not carried in vain. It again encircles, not one, but "many" souls, and turns them toward the shores of deliverance.

Meanwhile, the disciples came, saying, "Master, eat." But hear the reply: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of. My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me."

This is true missionary work—a work which contains sacrificial life. This is the true missionary spirit. He who has this spirit and does this work, whether he be Jew or Greek; whether he be in Bible lands or in a dark continent, he is the true missionary. When appetite and passion are so brought under control that for the love of souls, we can forget the water and bread ready at hand in our burning desire to administer the bread of life to the perishing, then we can say with the good old prophet Job, "I have esteemed the words of thy mouth more than my necessary food;" and with the great Missionary: My meat is to do the will of *my* Father. "There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest," but we will lift up our eyes and see the fields all ripe for harvest, and sheaves will be brought with rejoicing to the feet of the Master.

To many of the souls, who to-day sing so sweetly, "Throw out the life-line," the Master is speaking with the same yearning of soul, as in days of yore: "As my Father hath sent Me, so send I you. To you is committed the life-line—the ministry of reconciliation. Go, and beseech men in Christ's name to be reconciled to God."

Do not think to stay at home and throw the line out. God's message cannot be thrown; it must be carried in the arms of faith. Then, reader, grasp the line in faith, step into the life-boat, carry the good news to some friend, to a neighbor, yea, carry it "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." The heavenly Master will daily recognize us as true missionaries for Him; He will establish the work of our hands; and when the labor is ended, which must be soon, not only from "Samaria," but "from the uttermost parts

of the earth," we may return with the life-boat filled with those who have become true missionaries for God, and the same life-line which has held us all through every storm, will still hold, and draw us into the peaceful haven of rest. Then will come the missionary reunion at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Who will be there? Every one will, who can with the great missionary, Jesus Christ, say truly, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." For, no one can truly say this and not be sent somewhere and soon. God is still asking, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" He still wants true missionaries. Where are they? Am I one?

BRIEF MENTION.

—THE Bible reading entitled, "Whom Do we Serve?" which appeared in the last issue of the MAGAZINE, should have been credited to I. A. Ford.

—A letter from Elder F. J. Hutchins, dated April 17, announces that our missionary schooner "Herald," has recently been equipped with a new suit of sails.

—Elder E. L. Fortner, and Brother P. Giddings are conducting a series of meetings in Georgetown, British Guiana. Thus far the interest continues to increase. There have been twenty-four baptisms, and a number are on the point of decision.

—During the month of June the Foreign Mission Board of Seventh Day Adventists will remove from Philadelphia to 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

—Elder D. U. Hale, writing from Georgetown, British Guiana, says that he is in excellent health. He was contemplating a trip up the Demerara River, expecting to visit the wild Indians near the head of that river; these children of the forest have been calling for some time for some one to come and teach them Christianity.

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HONOLULU CHINESE SCHOOL.

[See page 328.]