

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>



FENTON HALL

PIONEER & HERO



FENTON HALL,
AS AN OFFICER IN THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY
BEFORE HE WAS SECONDED TO THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE.

E. G. FENTON HALL,
FLYING OFFICER,
PIONEER AND HERO.

<i>1st Edition</i>	<i>Sept., 1925.</i>
<i>Reprinted</i>	<i>Nov., 1925.</i>



THE JOURNALS
OF
ERNEST GEORGE FENTON HALL,

Lieut. R.G.A.,

Flying Officer R.A.F.

WORLDWIDE EVANGELISATION CRUSADE
and
HEART OF AMAZONIA MISSION,
17, Highland Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19.

CONTENTS.

Chapter I.	The War and After	5
II.	A Pioneer Camp .	12
III.	Amazonia—A New Chapter in the History of Missions	27
IV.	The Ship's Painter	35
V.	Language Study	43
VI.	Inland by Canoe	46
VII.	The Last Touch with Civilisation	57
VIII.	Among the Red Men	73
	(i.) At Batatal	
	(ii.) At Apula and Cigalo	
	(iii.) At Freschal	
	(iv.) The Seven Days' Trek	
	(v.) Suffering and Glory	
IX.	Postscript	149



OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY AT MALTA, WITH THE CUPS AND SHIELDS
WON BY THE BATTERY IN 1919. FENTON HALL is in the centre of the back row.

CHAPTER I.

The War and After.

ONE night a young officer at Chatham returned to his room tired out after a hard day's work. Throwing himself into an arm-chair, with his feet on the table, he picked up a little booklet which had been given him a few days before by a brother officer. Little did he realise that this casual action was to revolutionise his whole life, change the ambitions of a lifetime and lead him in a few short years to a hero's grave for Christ's sake in one of the remotest corners of the world. It was a ten-page booklet that he read, written by Mr. C. T. Studd. The latter, it will be remembered, startled and stirred the athletic world of the last generation, (by whom he was recognised as the finest all-round amateur cricketer of his day), when he gave up his cricketing career in order to go out to China as a missionary.

This booklet, "The Shame of Christ," written as it was by one who had found in Jesus Christ the peace and joy of heart which the topmost pinnacle of fame and fortune could not give him, so gripped this officer that he re-read it again and again. It was inspired by a burning zeal to make every Christian realise his obligation to pass on the knowledge of his Saviour to those who do not know of Him.

For days afterwards he kept it in his pocket and re-read it until he could not get away from

the fact that *he* had been saved to serve those who had never heard of the wonderful peace and joy of a life wholly given to God. The end of it was that he took the tremendous step of his life, and whilst on a long journey wrote to Captain Godfrey Buxton who had given him the booklet, told him he was going to resign his commission in order to become a missionary, and asked that he might be allowed to join the Missionary Training Colony, of which Captain Buxton was, and is, the Commandant.

The young officer alluded to above was Ernest George Fenton Hall, the subject of this memoir. It will not take long for any who read to see that he was altogether an exceptional man—exceptional in physique, exceptional in finesse of character, exceptional in his utmost devotion to the work to which he was called, and outstandingly exceptional in the depth of his love to his Lord.

He was born in 1898 and brought up in a rambling old country house on the wild west coast of Ireland. He was a typical Irishman in his quick sense of humour and utter fearlessness. He was named after his cousin, General Fenton Aylmer, V.C., who won the Queen's sword for service honour at Woolwich, 1880. Fenton was a lover of nature and especially of all the sea-shore creatures: the little crawling cowries, and the baby squids, which he enjoyed poking to see them eject their black fluid at the enemy. Nobody but such a lover of nature could give the beautiful description which he gave of the wild life of the forest rivers when on his journey to the Indians.

The whole family were lovers of out-door life: they rode, fished, swam, shot, motored, and yachted. In summer time they spent most of their time on the wide and island-sprinkled waters of Clew Bay.

His mother and he were devoted to each other, and the best of pals. His sister was his greatest friend. Like her brother, she was adored by children; they called her the "Gentle Goliath."

During the war she died of spotted fever which she probably caught from a soldier's child; for one of the many little children, who swarmed over her and would not leave her lap was thought to be a carrier of the infection. His only brother was smashed up badly in the war on the Passchendale Ridge, and has had continual suffering ever since.

After leaving his preparatory school at Bexhill-on-Sea, Fenton took a scholarship at Eastbourne College. From his childhood it had been his own and his mother's great desire that he should enter the Navy; but war had broken out, his brother was at the Front, and his ardent spirit could wait no longer. He therefore attempted the entrance examination for Woolwich in November, 1915, passed out at an exceptionally early age, and received his commission in the Royal Garrison Artillery, whilst only 17, in May of the following year.

Although so young he was given command of an anti-aircraft station at the mouth of the Tees. This was no sinecure for the Zeppelins came over continually and bombed the adjacent towns. At 19 he was sent to the

Front where he spent three months. He was there for the great "Hindenburg push" of April, 1918. One of the things that struck him most, he wrote home, was that the larks soared and sang above the thundering barrage. He could hear nothing, but saw the little creatures mounting up and up, and shaking their wings, as the larks do at home over the quiet fields in spring.

During the Retreat he was badly gassed. He and his Major were out a long way from the Battery one evening, looking for a Forward Observation Post, when heavy shelling began. They thought at first that it was only the usual "Evening Strafe," but soon found that the shells were gas. The shelling became more intense, so the officers crouched in an abandoned trench. For over two hours they waited for a lull, so as to make a dash for home. They had put on their gas-masks, but the heavy poison, trickling like water, filled the trench, and they sat in it up to their necks. Both were very badly burned all over their bodies, and wherever a metal button or stud or wrist-watch was a great blister rose as if from a red-hot iron. Twelve hours after their return to the Battery, both became blind. Fenton was sent immediately to the Base Hospital and soon after to "Blighty," where he gradually recovered. The war was over before he was fit enough to return.

The year after the war he was posted to Malta. A friend there invited him to go to some meetings of the Officers' Christian Union. Now, for some time in the secret of his heart he had had a great longing after God, and

in his soul hunger he used to spend hours in prayer. He did not understand things then, but only went to please his friends. Soon, however, he discovered through one of their printed leaflets that the Union was above all one for Prayer. This had an immediate attraction for him. He felt that he enjoyed prayer so much that he might help by joining, and so he signed the form and sent it in. At Malta also he had scope to continue his nature study and used to grope along the sea-shore at night to catch the spider-like star-fish which only come out after dark. Afterwards he would wander up on to the ramparts and stand for hours enjoying God's wonderful earth and sea and sky, giving thanks for all the benefits which he was given so richly to enjoy.

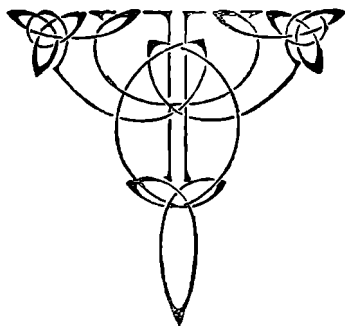
Back in England in 1921, at the age of 23, he was seconded to the Royal Air Force, in which he made his mark by winning the officers' heavy-weight boxing championship. He had developed into a man of magnificent physique, standing 6 ft. 4½ ins. in his socks. Not only was he champion boxer but one of the leading lawn tennis players of the army, a wonderful swimmer and diver, and a first-class football player; but with all this he had the great charm of absolute simplicity. He was one of God's natural gentlemen. One of his greatest attractions was his smile; indeed it used to be said you could never see Fenton's eyes because they were nearly always closed by smiling!

In the midst, however, of all his increasing successes the same old void remained deep down in his heart, the same secret longing for true peace,

satisfaction, and the knowledge of God. Then suddenly all became changed; the light from Calvary shone into his heart and Fenton passed from death unto life. He had learnt that the Officers' Christian Union had week-end conferences for young officers and he decided to attend one of them. What a day that must have been to him when he heard there the Gospel story explained in just a simple way! Everlasting love dawned on his soul as he realised that God had given Jesus Christ to die for him on the Cross, and by that one act to atone for his sins; and that He had raised Him from the dead to be his everlasting Saviour and Friend. He was told that all he had to do was just to say "Thank you," and this he did with the deep love and gratitude of his whole nature. Gone were the empty void, the doubts, dissatisfaction and failures; he had found Him Whom he had been seeking, and was satisfied; and from that time Fenton Hall, who never did things by halves, concentrated his whole being on living absolutely and only for his Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

It was only a few months later that the incident took place with which this chapter started. He then decided to resign his commission. It was the second great crisis of his life, when the Lord called him not merely to yield his heart to Him, but to leave all and follow Him—and he obeyed. He never said much of what he had passed through at this time, of what it cost him to take such a tremendous step as to resign his commission and still more, of what it cost to stand true to his

decision; but that he must have suffered we know. His Commanding Officer did his best to dissuade him, and it must have caused comment, criticism and regret in the officers' mess, that one who was becoming their standby in so many forms of sport was leaving all to serve God as a missionary.



CHAPTER II.

A Pioneer Camp.

HIS first act on leaving the army and joining the Missionary Training Colony was characteristic of the depth of his devotion to his Master; for he gave away to the Lord's work all that he had. He believed from the study of his Bible that the Lord Jesus was coming again soon, and he therefore was determined to hold back nothing which could be used to the immediate spreading of the Gospel. Just at that time he received a cheque from the War Office which ran into four figures. This came to him as his right under the "Geddes Axe," and although he had told his Commanding Officer that he felt clearly guided not to apply for it, yet, through the kindly persistence of the latter who had a very high opinion of him, it arrived despite his protest. He immediately sat down and wrote a cheque for £700 and sent it to the Worldwide Evangelisation Crusade, to whom he had offered himself for work among the Indians of the Amazon Basin. It was vain for the Home Overseer of the Mission to expostulate with him, or to reason that one day the Lord might give him a wife and family for whom this money might have been entrusted to him; he remained adamant. At the same time he gave another cheque for £300 to the Colony, followed later by yet another—and then, when he had given away all, he wrote to a friend as



R.G.A., MALTA. WINNERS GOVERNOR'S CRICKET CUP.
FENTON HALL is in the centre of the back row.

though with a sigh of relief: "I am glad to think that I am now free to put my whole trust in God."

In Camp.

He settled down without delay to the conditions of the Training Colony, so different from those from which he had come. One single motive ruled his whole life there—to get the training at any cost for body, mind and soul, which would best fit him to be the messenger of Christ to the Indians. He valued the message of the Gospel at its true worth, for he put his whole being into the spread of it. The prospective missionaries live there the simplest and most rigorous of lives. For the M.T.C. only exists to test, prepare and send men forth as pioneers with the Gospel to the remotest, still unoccupied, and therefore most inaccessible, parts of the earth, such as the heart of Africa, the upper reaches of the Amazon, the interior of Borneo, the hinterland of Arabia, etc. For nine months in the year the men in training live in army huts and do everything for themselves, cooking, laundry, cobbling, etc.

The mornings are spent in Bible study, the afternoons in practical work, and the evenings in lectures.

All sorts and conditions are accepted, the army officer and the private, the 'varsity man, the clerk, the plumber, the farmer.

To some this might be a trial, but not so with Fenton; he was friends with all. On one occasion when his mother came to tea a Colony

man (a shipwright from Glasgow) was introduced to her, and at once called him "Mr. Hall" in front of her. This roused his ire, and shaking his fist at him, he said "Johnnie, if you call me that again I'll skin you alive!"

The Colonists sleep winter and summer in the huts on canvas camp beds; but this was not rigorous enough for Fenton Hall; he liked to be on the floor, or to sleep out of doors if there was a chance. There was a time when he put a row of suit cases on the floor and made a bed like a scenic railway; here he slept so as to prepare himself for any emergency in his future life.

His prayer life was maintained, however strenuous his physical life at the Colony might be. Up with the lark, he would often be seen kneeling under a tree. Almost every night he called one and another to come outside and pray. He would take a ground sheet and they would throw themselves down and pour out their souls in prayer. Sometimes the Spirit of God would move his whole great frame so that fists and arms and every limb were in action as he pleaded for the Indians. Prayer with him became the habit of his life instead of an occasional luxury. Often he would pray so far into the night that he could not keep his eyes open for next day's lectures, and finally had to be remonstrated with about it. God give us more men to-day who have to be warned about too much praying! On one occasion, after a bad dose of "flu," he was staying with some friends to be nursed up. His hostess was not a little distressed to hear a noise coming from the

direction of his room till late at night. When she inquired into it he told her he found it so gloriously quiet that he was tempted to pray aloud. This occurred just before Easter, 1923, and it was at that time that he wrote his remarkable poem "Ecce Homo," a copy of which is printed at the end of this memoir. The following glorious extract seems almost prophetic :—

"And grant that if I die for Thee, O Jesus Christ
my Master,
Those who behold may, by my death, Thy Christhood
come to know.
O Christ my Lord so dwell in me, that even by my dying,
Those watching may be drawn to find Thy Blood's
redeeming flow."

But not only did Fenton know how to live right up in the presence of God, he knew also how to show forth the love of Christ in his daily life. In practical things all testify that none ever surpassed him in his eagerness to be servant of all. One of his Colony friends said of him, "He was the chap who always did the odd jobs no one else cared to do." For instance, when the Colony break up for the vacation at Christmas, it may well be understood that a great deal of clearing up is required. Fenton Hall insisted on staying for two days to do this dirty work while the others went home, and work he did till even he nearly dropped. Such was ever his spirit.

He was certainly resourceful, though not always an adept at what he was doing. He

particularly distinguished himself when his turn came to be cook for a week. The first thing he did was to stay up the whole of a night cleaning his kitchen from top to bottom, so as to start with everything in order. On one occasion he made a custard for dinner, but made the unfortunate mistake of using mustard instead of custard powder. Shades of Mrs. Beeton!

The following is a simple vivid account of his life written by one of his fellow-Colonists who has now gone out to help to fill the gap in Amazonia caused by his home-call:—

My personal acquaintance with Fenton Hall was limited to a period of seven months which we spent together at the Colony, but during that time I found him to be one who desired above all else to be doing the will of God.

In things practical he was a real worker, and, especially when there was any extra work to be done, he expended his unusual strength without stint or murmur. Occasionally we borrowed chairs from a neighbouring hall and then, while others carried four or possibly six at a time, Fenton Hall invariably distinguished himself with eight or nine. This was characteristic of him.

In more delicate and artistic occupations, such as cooking and haircutting, he did not shine as much as some, but he remained cheerful through all the merriment aroused by his efforts, and in spite of our laughter, we loved him with his quaint ways.

I can picture him now in our old bathroom,



GROUP AT MISSIONARY TRAINING COLONY, 1922.

The three seated in the centre (left to right) are:—Mr. H. L. SUTTON, Camp Adjutant;
REV. G. A. BARCLAY, M.A., Hon. Superintendent; CAPT. B. G. BUNTON, M.C., M.A., Hon. Commandant.
FENTON HALL is seen standing behind Capt. Buxton.

stropping his safety razor in his own inimitable fashion. He would hold one end of the strop with his left hand and the other between his teeth, the while stropping furiously with his right hand. This completed, he would sit down on the floor in a corner and commence to shave, heedless of the fact that most men use a mirror for this operation. While this was going on there would often be a ceaseless flow of verse coming from him, for his memory was extraordinarily good.

One evening we were having Bible problems put to us while darning our socks, and one of the questions asked was 'Where is the only mention of "lady" in the Old Testament?' I felt rather pleased with myself for remembering that it was in Isaiah; but Fenton quite eclipsed that by not only giving the chapter and verse (Isaiah xlvii. 7), but quoting the rest of the passage, which is far from being a familiar one.

His most striking characteristic, however, was his absolute freedom from the fear of man when witnessing for his Master. As a personal worker for the Lord Jesus, he was urged on by a real love for souls, and made a point of dealing especially with policemen, who could see that physical strength was no barrier to becoming a Christian. Those were wonderful days at the Colony when we used to walk along the streets, arm in arm, at night praying together, and Fenton Hall usually took good care to be one of the group. He was essentially a man of prayer at all times. I have seen him praying while holding a patch on to a bicycle tyre which he was repairing.

Lying on his bed one day he read extracts from an old diary of his to some of us, and pointed out the account of the day of his conversion. At the time he had not realised what had taken place, but the diary told how he had just been driven to pray again and again.

Thus, in prayer was his spiritual life begun, thus was it continued, and if all were known, I have no doubt that it concluded on this earth in the same prayerfulness. May we all be followers of him in that respect.

The Colony, indeed, have never had another to surpass, if any to equal, Fenton Hall in his ceaseless, fearless witness to the Lord Jesus. No doubt numbers who read this memoir will most easily visualise him as they saw his great figure at open-air meetings, or walking along some crowded street holding up a banner with a text on it. So full of the love of God was he that whilst walking the streets he would either sing choruses or shout texts so that someone might hear the Good News.

A friend tells the following incident :—

“One night as I was standing by the curb waiting for a bus I heard in the distance a man’s voice calling out a text. Presently the tall figure of Hall, carrying a banner, came forward out of the darkness. He arrested the attention of two cabmen who were talking by the roadside. They looked after him, and a joke and a laugh passed between them. Though they might find cause for jest at so unusual a sight, I observed a certain self-consciousness about them that had its own interpretation. These men would go away and soon forget the words

of their own idle jest, but the memory of the upright fearless man and the words on his banner would remain."

It has been seen how wonderfully consecrated Fenton Hall was to his Master, and how much time he spent in prayer. Yet in his innermost soul he still yearned for a greater liberty and joy, and illumination of the Word, that as yet he had not received. One day he had a conversation with a lady who pointed out a very simple promise in the Gospel of St. Luke (xi. 13), that God *gives* the Holy Spirit to those who ask, and that one accepts by faith without any feeling whatsoever just because God says so; and she told him that when she had done that "only a few minutes after the Word of God which had been in my mind, became like a flame in my spirit." That night on his knees he fulfilled the condition then and there by asking God to give him the Holy Spirit, to do in his heart whatever He saw was necessary to meet his need. God wonderfully answered that prayer both by giving him a full assurance that He had heard his cry, and by opening up the Word in a new way from thenceforth. So markedly was his life changed and made more Christ-like that another—now in South America—became hungry for the same blessing also, until he, too, asked and received.

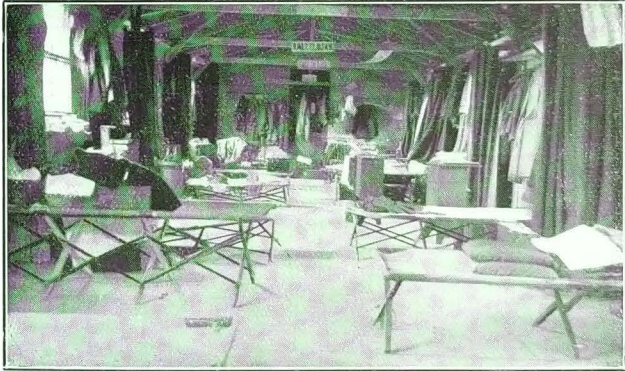
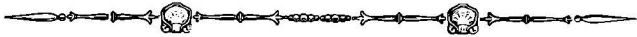
But perhaps the most striking story of his whole Colony life is what happened one night at a hall in Battersea during a Watch-Night service. A big crowd of roughs had gathered, and a group of Colony men were helping in the meeting. An unwise worker laid a hand on a

lad who was blaspheming. This started an uproar, and the lad flew at the throat of the worker. In a minute there was bad business brewing. Fenton, though at the opposite end of the hall, saw this, and quickly reached the spot. Seeing the worker in danger of being throttled, he picked up the rough who had him by the throat and carried him out. But when he had gone through the big doors at the end some unfortunate person closed them, leaving Fenton outside at the mercy of the crowd. They all with one accord turned on him, although he was already bruised about the face by the indignant lad he carried out. He simply folded his arms and stood to his full height, with his back to the closed doors, and a smile on his face. He bore the marks of those bruises for many a long day. Someone, remembering his boxing reputation, said to him, "Mr. Hall, didn't you want to knock those fellows down when they were hitting you?" He looked at his questioner with almost a puzzled expression, and said, "It never even entered my head." This story is a very remarkable proof of the power of God in his life, for a fellow-officer who was with him in the Air Force says that he used to have a tremendously hot temper, and woe betide anyone who crossed him.

There is the opposite side of the picture, too, for Fenton both had a great sense of Irish humour himself, and had the power to enter into the fun of the smallest. He was most happy with children, always having an endless source of amusement for them. He would shut his eyes and pull his face into the most gro-



A CORNER OF THE PIONEER CAMP.



THE INTERIOR OF THE COMPLETED HUT.

tesque contortions for quite a minute, changing the expression every second. He would roll up into a ball, and allow the smallest person present to push him over on to his head, but he always managed to keep his hands clasped round his knees and to roll up again. In one family of children it was the greatest pleasure to hear "Mr. Hall" was coming to tea. It was generally on a Sunday when the nurse was out, and he always had a warm invitation to sit between the babies of the party. He used to allow a bib to be tied round his chin, and was nicknamed "Nannie Horl-icks." One day Fenton, who was a clever climber, and used often to clamber up trees for firewood, had rather a nasty fall on his head from a height, which resulted in a week in bed. His store of humour soon had its way, and he produced a limerick, which ran :—

Young Hall of the M.T.C.
Once jibbered and ran up a tree ;
His friends in a fright,
Said that Darwin was right,
And Genesis one was n.g. !

On Vacation.

At Christmas the members of the Colony go home for the annual vacation until the beginning of March, thus missing the dark and cold months in camp, and "lest they be chargeable unto any," they seek to find work in their own trades or elsewhere.

Fenton Hall made it his aim to do open-air work. He found quite a young boy preaching

at a street corner in Brixton, so he joined him and loved to blazen abroad the wonderful love of Christ, and to warn all to repent and be saved. In this way he picked up a lot of friends,—and enemies. Clapham Common was also a favourite haunt for open-air meetings. Although of a shy nature, he would stand up and pour forth the news which he longed that everyone should know and receive, the power of the Lord Jesus Christ in their lives. He once mentioned how terribly unhappy he had been when he had no message to give, and did not know how to talk personally to people about their souls, though he longed to help them.

A friend writes: "He was very much appreciated on Clapham Common at the open-air meetings, to which he constantly went. His testimony was clear, bold and manly among the scoffing and jeering crowds, and it was given in a humble transparent spirit, never once ruffled in spite of the laughing taunts. One friend he made was a young Jew whom he nick-named 'Jewey.' He was the ring-leader in making sport at the open-air meetings, and he was never tired of having fun with Fenton, calling him 'Tiny' as a rule. Fenton really loved this young fellow, and spent hours in prayer for him. After he had left for South America he sent a message to Jewey through a friend. He wrote, 'Please give my love to all, and here is a special message for Jewey: If you want to be happy, serve Christ. I have just left home, friends, and everybody I love, and the day after I left them I was sea-sick. But

even when I was being sea-sick I was happy and full of joy. If you surrender to Christ you'll have more joy when you are saddest than you have now when you are happiest.' "

On Trek.

In March the men all come back to Colony life again, and continue till July, when they go on "trek." There is always a great stir before trek; boots are fitted up for hard marches; packs are stuffed with the most essential articles; the trek carts have a special oiling. In 1923 Fenton Hall went with the trek that was going to Ireland. They landed in Dublin, and from there marched northwards. There had been a good deal of discussion as to the advisability of such a course, as it meant running into considerable danger; but that made it all the more interesting to him, especially as it was his native land. Twice the little party of five were stoned, twice the men were imprisoned, and once threatened with an ambush, but the Lord brought them out of all their difficulties. They marched by day with their packs on their backs, and each carried a good sized parcel of literature. They slept by the side of the road under hedges or hayricks, or in barns if they were fortunate enough to come across a friendly farmer. Each evening they held open-air meetings in towns and villages. Great was the blessing, and all praised the Lord for the wonderful deliverances and the good times they had been able to have with individuals by the wayside.

The following is a short account of the trek by the leader, Mr. H. R. Ward, who was also formerly an officer in the R.F.A., and has now gone to take the Gospel into Central Asia:—"I am glad, indeed, to have had the honour of being a fellow-labourer with Fenton Hall in Ireland. One looks back with joy and praise to God for the many things through which He brought us, and for the cheerful, healthy comradeship of all the party. Amongst this band of real stalwarts for the Lord, Fenton Hall seems to have stood out in a special way. If there were extra loads of kit or supplies to carry, he it was who insisted on carrying them, and it was no uncommon sight to see him marching gaily along with a huge roll of kit and blankets surmounted by the cooking utensils of the party (generally packed with spare groceries). Wet or fine, late or early, Hall was ready to help, and too often pressed on doggedly when one easily saw he had become too tired for conversation. As morning broke one's first sight was Hall starting to light the fires for the rest, or up a tree in search of fuel. This was precipitated in huge pieces from a great height on his sleeping companions, who were thus recalled to the consciousness of another day begun. I remember seeing him out in sheets of rain in the middle of a wind-swept field on a hill top, cheerfully lying flat on the ground in a seemingly vain endeavour to blow up a soaked fire. Not vain, however, for in perhaps half an hour to an hour a flame leapt up and Hall, blear-eyed with smoke and choked with ashes, started to put

the porridge on. (The fire was his prerogative, though generally others collected the fuel and helped with the cooking). All the time he was sitting in the rain; he was wearing no mackintosh, for that had to keep his bedding dry; yet he was ever cheerful. His Irish nature seemed to take to rain as a duck to water, and his sense of humour helped him through at all times. It was Hall also who visited the out-of-the-way farms, well off the road, in order that he might perhaps persuade them to buy a few pennyworth of tracts or a Testament.

When in Northern Ireland we found that almost every policeman had a way of temporarily detaining us for investigations into pedigree and intentions, etc., and since Hall could walk at about six miles per hour owing to his long legs he generally went ahead and got arrested and released again by the time the main party joined him!

Hall in Ireland became a different man from Hall in England. He changed his accent to that of the people of his country; he understood their ways and natures, and acted accordingly. One feels they loved his cheery smile as he hailed them by the way and few could resist his appeal to purchase his wares. Who could pass by our open-air meetings when such a giant as Hall was speaking? Who could fail to admire a man so full of strength, taking a stoning without wrath and retaliation? What wonder that after one such incident a villager felt it his duty to come out and shake hands with the party, apologising for the behaviour of his fellows?

Yet with all his cheerful unselfishness there was another side to Hall's character. Day after day he preferred to walk alone that he might the more easily talk with his Father in heaven, not caring to waste his time in ordinary conversation. How this must have stood him in good stead later when all alone, for he had learnt indeed the Practice of the Presence of God!

These are but a few brief glimpses of his life on trek, but they serve to show his character. The untiring devotion to duty; the cheerful taking of the 'All things' as working together for good, the quiet unselfishness which puts others first; the deep continual longing for communion with his God, often to the point of loss of sleep; these were the component parts of a great man created for a great work. How great that work was we shall never know till the hereafter when he steps forward at his Lord's command for his Reward."

A fellow-colonist summed up his Colony life in these words—"Barring his untidyness, I think he was the greatest man I ever met."

CHAPTER III.

Amazonia*—

A New Chapter in the History of Missions.

MANY lands have witnessed the miracles of our God, while Amazonia, the Great Unknown Land, has remained in darkness. Thrilling and challenging are the facts about it and the Red Indians who inhabit it. It is hardly ever mentioned on a platform or from a pulpit, or even in our famous missionary hymns, yet it contains the vastest river system in the world, draining an area of 3,000,000 square miles. Three times as large as the basin of the Congo, the Amazon actually carries 70,000 tons of water to the sea every second, freshening it for 200 miles out. It consists of about 100,000 miles of navigable waterways. Seven of its main tributaries are over 1,000 miles long, while three pass the 2,000 mark! Imagine the Amazon transferred to Europe with its mouth at the gulf of Lyons, and we should see tributaries stretching to Scotland, Norway, across Russia to Archangel, and down to the borders of the Caspian, with stray branches tapping the Balkan Peninsula! Within this immense area dwell the Red Indians, wandering, fighting, hunting, through its trackless forests and swamps. Study the map of this mighty river system! Con-

* Information mostly obtained from the writings of Rev. O. R. Walkey, Mr. K. G. Grubb and Mr. L. F. V. Kalberer. See also the Map at the end of the Memoir.

sider the length and breadth of the rivers. Consider the immense space between them. Consider the vast, dense and almost impenetrable forests and swamps. Consider that there are no roads. Consider that in the rains the river swells like an inland sea and refuses to accept the waters of its tributaries, so that the latter overflow their banks and swamps are formed, even to the extent of 200 miles in width. Consider these things, combined with the savage and treacherous and cannibalistic tendencies of some of the tribes, and their scattered state, and you see the problem facing the Church of Christ.

To turn to the Redskins themselves. It is a shock to learn that only some 5,000,000 are now said to inhabit this region, and this is probably an outside estimate. Although their early history is shrouded in mystery, we know that 400 years ago they were a fine and numerous race. It was an evil day indeed when the conquerors from Spain and Portugal entered their lands in the 16th century. It was a conquest of cruelty, blood and lust. Thousands of Indians perished under every ghastly refinement of torture. "When Pizarro obtained possession of Cuzco he found a country well prepared for the reception of the highest Christian civilisation. But far from introducing this, he delivered up the great Red Races to his brutal soldiers; the sacred cloisters were abandoned to their lust; the towns and villages were given up to pillage; the wretched natives were parcelled out like slaves, to toil for their conquerors in



MR. E. J. WOOTTON,
who has worked for
some years in Brazil,
and is now leader of
the Eastern Amazonia
Party.



FIVE MEN WHO HAVE
GONE FROM THE COLONY
AS PIONEERS
TO AMAZONIA.

Standing (L. to R.)—

Messrs. A. Hutcheson,
C. Knight, L. Bland.
(These three were the
first to go.)

Sitting— Messrs. N. Lang,
E. G. F. Hall.



the mines." In South America the dawn of civilisation spelt to the Indians desolation.

It is bitter and humiliating to have to relate that the very same policy towards the Indians has been continued until to-day; only that the lust for gold has given place to the modern demand for rubber, for which this vast area is world-famed. Perhaps the most heartbreaking fact of these atrocities is that many of the tribes have received these newcomers with open arms only to find their confidence misplaced; and the horrors of torture have been employed to reduce the Indians to a state of slavery. Murder, outrage, slow burning and flogging have claimed abundant victims. They have been literally shot down like wild animals for no other reason than that they provided targets; and it is the white man who has been responsible for these brutalities. To give one instance—the Araikemi tribe which at the moment of entering into relations with the rubber tappers was at least 600 in number, now scarcely musters more than 60.

In the face of this bloody conquest and the advance of so-called Christian civilisation it is no wonder that the suffering remnants of these tribes were driven back into the dense forests and trackless swamps of the interior. Cut off in most cases from all contact with the white man, they have remained there these hundreds of years, with the veil drawn over Amazonia, while God's work has been progressing elsewhere.

We will give a few instances of the little that is known about some of them. One who

is now exploring some of the rivers of the interior with a view to finding the most accessible tribes, wrote recently from a northerly tributary: "This river is entirely unexplored. These Indians have a very bad reputation and are supposed to be fighting now. In one house we met a man whose brother-in-law and all his children had just been killed by the Indians. One night we were continuing our journey in the dark when one of the men stopped rowing and said in a whisper 'Escuto,' 'Listen.' I stepped forward to the mast and listened. Our nerves were all on edge for during the day we had seen signs of the Indian tracks in the forest, and a maloca (large native hut). At first I could hear nothing, not being yet trained in the lore of the forest; gradually, however, I distinguished a sound quite different from any cry of bird or animal that we had heard. It came from the heart of the forest away on the left bank. I can only describe it as uncanny. I turned and looked at Gomes. 'The Indians are dancing,' he said. Further comment was unnecessary. We knew that the Indians were at war amongst themselves and against the white man. We turned and made almost instinctively for a channel leading away from the right bank. We were not anxious to meet the Indians by night for the first time."

To take another instance, the Amahuaka. These are a large tribe which inhabit the sources of Jurua over 2,000 miles from the main river, and are considered rather fierce, and cannibals. They live in families along the river in large communal houses which are

100 to 200 feet long and 30 to 50 feet wide. They are agricultural, having large fields of corn, etc., and add to their bill of fare by trapping and shooting game and fish. A number of revolting and abominable customs are attributed to them, one of which is the custom of not burying the corpses of their relatives but burning them in great fires, and when the body has been consumed by the flames they carefully collect the charred bones and at once reduce them to dust by pounding them between great blocks of wood. This repulsive powder they eat.

Another tribe are renowned as the "Head Hunters" of the Amazon, cutting off the heads of their enemies and shrinking the skull by a secret process; then hanging them up in their huts as their most treasured possessions. The Chavante in Eastern Amazonia are so fierce that they are reputed to kill a white man at sight. "About two years ago they shot and clubbed to death a man and his wife who had merely come to gather honey from a hive of wild bees. Some time before that, they fell upon a party who had come seeking gold, killed every one and laid their dead bodies along the river bank. Since that time the river has been called the Rio dos Mortes, or river of the dead."

Even a few years ago, who knew of these myriad tribes except a few intrepid scientists and explorers? Who cared for their souls except a few of God's servants who, passing an occasional village on some lonely river, yearned to take them the Good News? Now

it is wonderful to see the hand of God moving and visibly, steadily, revealing the hidden things; the clouds are lifting from the scenes of anguish.

In 1913 Mr. C. T. Studd was pushing his way into the unknown interior of North Belgian Congo, in the heart of Africa, with one young companion, Mr. A. B. Buxton, to reach the cannibal tribes with the Gospel. But during a period of fever and delay in a little hut God gave him the vision of the "impossible," that not only must the heart of Africa be evangelised, but the heart of every land where Christ has not been named. So he took by faith as his objective—"The speediest possible fulfilment of our Lord's command to preach the Gospel to every creature, by a definite attempt to evangelise the remaining unevangelised parts of the earth." He took as his motto—"If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him."

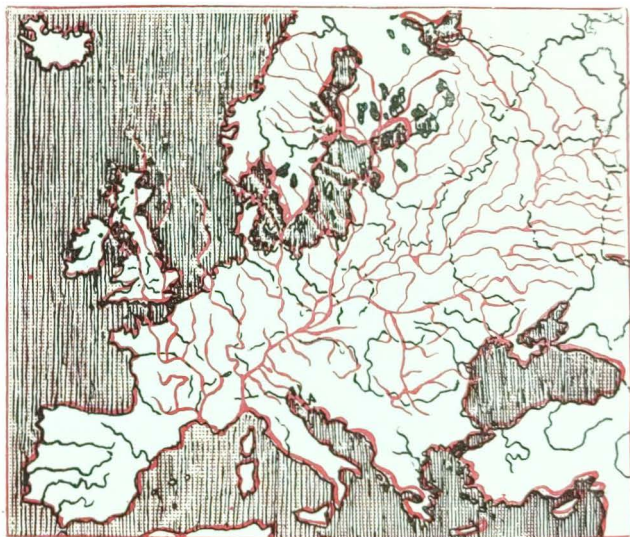
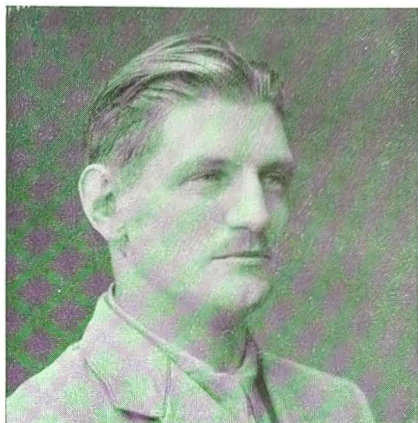
It was in 1915 that a pathetic account of a visit to a village of wild Indians on a tributary of the Amazon by Mr. F. C. Glass and published in the "Christian," stirred some to pray that the Heart of Africa Mission, then but a baby, might have a twin brother in the Heart of Amazonia.

In 1923 the answer came. Three men sailed for the eastern fringe of Amazonia. They went forth in almost entire ignorance of the land to which they were going, and hardly knowing the name of more than one tribe. Then one day another who was also preparing

AMAZONIA FOR CHRIST.



Whose Faith follow.



THE AMAZON ON EUROPE.

to go out went down to the British Museum to try and collect some information on the language of this tribe. Clue followed clue, some 4,000 books were consulted in many different languages, and behold God had given through him a complete map of the Amazon Basin, showing between 300 and 400 tribes, their linguistic divisions, their geographic position, and a multitude of facts about them. In one moment the veil had been lifted and a door of opportunity opened into the darkest place on the earth's surface. "It is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes."

It is impossible in a few short lines to give any conception of the difficulties and dangers from starvation, disease, loneliness, and the wild Indians, which face any who would make the attempt to reach them. One who speaks with good authority says that though the difficulties which confronted pioneers in the past when opening up such places as the Congo, the South Sea Islands, Uganda, etc., have been immense, none of those are comparable to the problem of Amazonia. No individual or society can undertake such a task unless he and they have clearly faced one fact, that the pioneer to the Red Man may be called to lay down his life for the Gospel's sake; and joyfully embraced a second, that the God of the Impossible is alive to-day to show Himself strong on behalf of those who rely on Him with a perfect heart.

It was the vision of the Red Man in his deep need which God impressed on Fenton Hall's heart through the booklet to which we have

already referred ; and to them he dedicated his life, offering to the Heart of Amazonia branch of Mr. Studd's Mission, now called the Worldwide Evangelisation Crusade.



CHAPTER IV.

The Ship's Painter.

AT last the day came when the money had come in, his kit had been bought, and Hall was ready to go forth. It was a lovely day in early May when he came to say good-bye.

The last recollection of him that day was as he stood in the garden, a striking figure with his huge form clad in the new khaki kit. Then someone remarked on his smart appearance. He at once said that he was willing and prepared to go stripped of all clothing if that would serve the purpose of getting quicker into the hearts of the Indians, for he wanted to be the "offscouring of all things."

He sailed on 23rd May, 1924, from Liverpool to Maranham, near the mouth of the Amazon. The story of his three-and-a-half weeks' journey is the story of an untiring witness from end to end of the ship, in the fore-castle and among the officers.

The first few days he could not get about much because of the rough weather, but he turned even this to good account:—

"24th May. As soon as I got up I began to feel seasick, have been feeling so more or less ever since. But the joy that the Lord gives is not dependent on circumstances, and it may possibly be a witness to the ship's officers that their sea sick, mad missionary passenger can go on deck between times and amuse himself by

strolling round and singing (?) choruses, very much out of tune, indeed, but with joy in his heart."

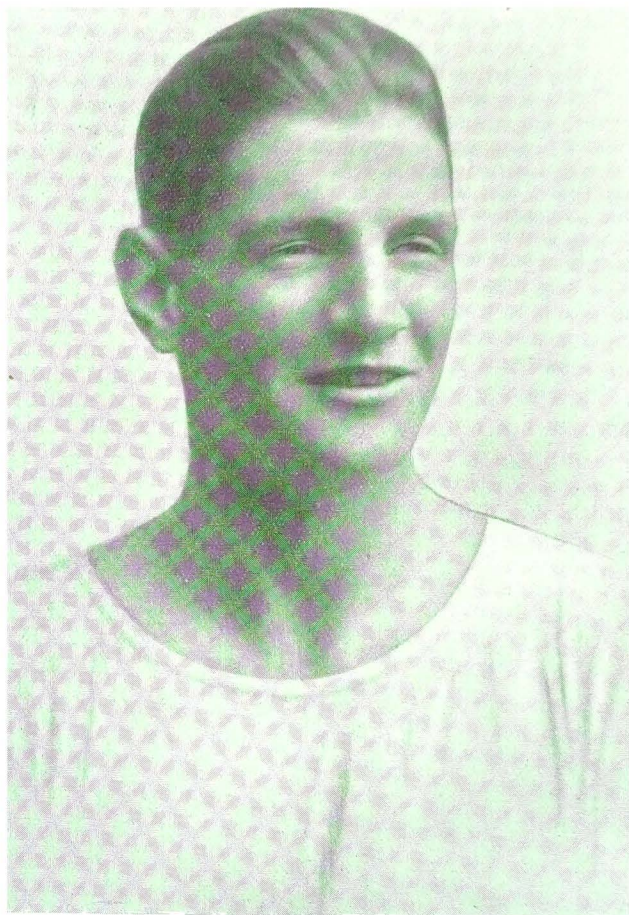
But soon he began to get busy, though not more busy talking to men than when engaged in prayer:—

"28th May. A very blessed time to-day in prayer and study of the Word. I had a talk with the captain this morning. God is blessing me very greatly in my own soul these days—praise His Name! I believe that many must be praying for me.

"29th May. Last night with one of the crew, this morning with the wireless officer, to-night with the captain, I have had long talks.

"30th May. A good time in prayer last night, and God is working, and will work on board this ship, of that I am sure, for He is a prayer-answering God. Therefore I have no need to see evidences of the conviction that I have prayed God to pour out upon souls in this ship, for God's Word supplies all the evidence I need that now His will shall be done in all this matter. Probably there is only one man on board this ship now who can spoil that which God would do, and that man is I.

"31st May. To-day has been a time of wonderful blessing to my own soul. I seem to have been unable to keep long off my knees; whatever else I have started to do God has brought me quickly back to prayer. All this was leading up to the next step—a fuller consecration to His service than I have ever known before."



FENTON HALL AS WINNER OF THE OFFICERS' HEAVY WEIGHT
BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE R.A.F.

In this "private revival," as he calls it, he was much blessed through a copy of Finney's "Revival of Religion" which some friend had given him when seeing him off at Euston, and he writes:—

"My conclusions to-day were that service should depend on at least four elements:

1. A state of submission to God—this includes a constant state of surrender, and perhaps a frequent active submitting of our will to God.

2. A constant looking to God for guidance, and expecting Him to guide.

3. An active absolute obedience to such guidance; this may bring into play every peculiarity of mind and body—wisdom, ingenuity, courage, tact, endurance, strength, etc.

4. While this active obedience is being carried out a constant realisation that of ourselves we can do nothing. A constant and absolute reliance upon Him for results, a continuous knowledge that only by His blessing upon them can all these efforts bear any fruit whatsoever."

And his heartfelt conclusion at the end was "Finney is a good name for a fisher of men!"

This was followed by a plan to get in closer touch with the crew:—

"1st June. I seemed to get liberty yesterday, after the experiences just related, to go forward more definitely in my fishing for men. This afternoon a new idea came to my mind. These sailors do not find it easy to amuse themselves in their few leisure hours during the day. Why not then see if it is possible to have a sort of

go-as-you-please 'religious' discussion with them? This evening I asked the captain's permission to hold such discussion, and though human probability seemed all against it, he readily said that I might. Praise God!"

Then he took a step which proved his genuineness to all on board and made his witness carry real weight.

He was travelling first-class at the express wish of those at home, steerage being the only alternative, but this is what he felt about it:—

"I am at present the only first-class passenger on board this ship. I have an idea that this travelling first puts me on a sort of artificial pinnacle. As I was saying to those who saw me off, if only there were two of me we would have gone steerage."

He therefore persuaded the captain to give him a job of work side by side with the crew:—

"2nd June. A casual suggestion from the first officer has led me, having prayed this matter over, to ask him to give me a job of work to-morrow, which he has agreed to do. There is plenty of work to be done, as the ship is having a thorough overhaul and spring-clean, being painted, etc. I do not know whether the job is to be honorary, but if it is possible (unless God leads otherwise) I will endeavour to be paid for my work, not merely on the principle that a penny saved (or earned) is a penny gained for world wide evangelisation, but also as regards the attitude of the sailors towards me. They naturally regard a missionary travelling first-class as a 'toff,' and therefore are not on terms of freedom with me.

“3rd June. My chief activity to-day has been working at painting the ship, at which I was able to put in about seven hours.”

“7th June. I did a couple of hours sweeping decks this morning, but no such work in the afternoon, as Saturday is a half day.”

Thus he literally followed the Saviour and the great apostle in making himself of no reputation, in taking upon himself the form of a servant, that he might the better preach Christ. Is this not a characteristic of true service and witness which is almost entirely neglected by numbers of earnest Christians to-day who serve but do not suffer, who preach the Cross but are not crucified thereon themselves?

It is no wonder that this opened the hearts of many in the forecandle to his message, and he writes about his first meeting:—

“It *was* a good time, this ‘talk together’ to-night. I was the chief speaker, but still I had expected that. The ‘congregation’ were largely Irishmen (Roman Catholics) at first, but later I should think we had quite as many, or more, of other denominations. Occasionally it was rather difficult to keep things really peaceful, someone was liable to propound some question, for instance, from a purely Roman Catholic point of view. I have never had to deal with a more friendly and accessible audience. God has graciously allowed me to see fruit already, in that one soul, a young boy on his first voyage, followed me afterwards, and after I had talked to him and made things as

clear to him as I could he decided to take Christ as his Saviour, so we knelt there on the deck and prayed. I trust that he is truly born again.

“8th June. The boy who made a profession of accepting the Saviour seems to be really saved, and very desirous of learning more.”

From then onwards each night he had these gatherings, and seemed to be able to get into close touch with some. But with all his deep interest in the crew the officers were not forgotten. From the beginning the one reason he was thankful for going first-class was that he had meals with the officers and opportunities of mixing with them. He writes:—

“I believe I will be able, if God so wills, to get individual talks with the rest of the ship's officers these next few days. Several times lately they have furiously attacked the Gospel from one standpoint or another. This gives me openings for talking to them individually when I get them alone. The chief engineer, with whom I have had several talks, appears to be under conviction. He cannot leave the subject of Christianity alone, but keeps on bringing up one point or another, and yet is very quickly restless and ill at ease if we get at all in deep water.”

Then later:—

“A surprise to-day. Some of the junior engineers were talking to the chief steward, and one of them apparently quite indignant that I went every night to talk on ‘religion’ to the ‘farrard’ crowd, specially requested me to go and talk to the engineers. I spent a good deal

of time in prayer last night, some hours perhaps, and got to bed about midnight or 1 a.m.

"I did have a great talk with two of the engineers to-night, particularly the chief. This man is manifestly under conviction of sin, but finds it hard, I suppose, to give up his convictions of a lifetime.

"14th June. After tea (i.e., last meal of day 5-30 p.m.) the whole lot of the ship's officers tackled me on the Gospel. Praise God for such a glorious opportunity of preaching it to these men. A difficult audience, because a very critical and prejudiced one, but when one has the eternal Gospel to preach, one (to use a worldly term) holds all the trumps. In spite of all the devil's 'red herrings,' I believe there was enough of the Gospel preached for the Holy Spirit to bring it home with convicting power to the hearts of these men.

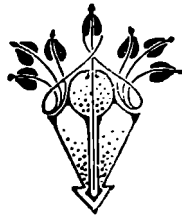
"The chief engineer (he was present to-night, by the way) said something to-day which shows his position. They were all pulling 'the padre's' (my) leg, and his remark was, 'I'm sure he went to bed very pleased with himself last night. He'd nearly got me where he wants me, but not quite!' Almost persuaded, but—fighting still.

"15th June. The chief engineer said this morning that as a result of the long talk last night he was not able to get to sleep. I do pray that at this time God will bring him right through into fuller light."

This journey of untiring witness ended on June 19th, and the last day was spent in seeking parting talks with as many as possible.

There has not been space enough to refer to the detailed accounts of numbers of personal talks he had daily with different people, or to the unceasing references in his journal to times of prayer and Bible study; but enough has been quoted to reveal something of what it means to be "instant in season and out," and what opportunities of witness are ready to the hand of everyone who is alive to take them.

And now nine months later it is a great joy to read this extract from the letter of another pioneer from the Colony who has just travelled to Amazonia on the same boat:—"The last morning on the ship a ginger-haired boy who was on the s.s. F——when Hall came out, stopped and asked me for a book. He told me very touchingly of how Hall had talked with him. It seems to me this boy confessed conversion during Hall's voyage, but he is having a very hard fight of it on this boat amongst the men. He accepted eagerly the book I gave him."



CHAPTER V.

Language Study.

FOR the next two and a half months Hall stayed at the Brazilian port of Maranh. The time was spent mostly in the study of Portuguese, in which he was greatly helped by several friends in the city, especially Pastor Tavares, who was later his companion en route to the Indians.

Betweenwhiles he attended numerous meetings, often himself speaking by interpretation. At odd moments he distributed in the streets Portuguese Scripture portions, of which the Scripture Gift Mission had given him a good supply. He seemed to have no difficulty in getting people to take these:—

“We went down to the market early this morning and gave away some S.G.M. Scripture portions. No unwilling and dubious receiving of tracts here—on the contrary, a struggling mass of people fighting to get them. I, to prevent them snatching the whole supply out of my hands, had to hold them at full stretch above my head and distribute them from there. I am afraid there must have been a few sore feet in that crowd for, as I slowly walked backwards, forced by the pressure of the crowd in front, one or two bare feet had the misfortune to be in the way. Bare toes crushed between a cobble stone and a large leather heel, and with 14 or 15 stone weight on top must have been no comfortable experience. The hubbub only

subsided when all the tracts we had with us were distributed."

His life here was quiet and ordinary to the outward eye, but there are indications in his journal which show that the Lord was wonderfully revealing Himself to him and preparing him, by the joy of His own presence, to endure triumphantly all that lay ahead:—

"Increasingly I have joy in our God and in His wondrous love. I seem to be given more blessing to my own soul now than ever I have known before. I suppose I am travelling up the stairway of Eph. iii. 14-21.

"Last night I could not get to sleep for an hour or two after I went to bed because I was so full of the joy of the Lord. Hallelujah! But it made me a little bit tired to-day. Still, Hallelujah! I do not mind being tired under such circumstances.

"I would not like to say that my Christian life these days is an up and down experience. Praise God it is all on the heights just now, but sometimes it is higher heights than others. It is nearly all on a higher level than I have ever experienced before. I remember a verse of a hymn which says:—

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

I think this is true. I have sometimes had a sort of fear, 'Well, if I surrender everything I know to Him, I won't have anything left to surrender!' (Speaking, of course, about things spiritual, points in which we find ourselves not

surrendered, or suspect that we are not altogether surrendered.) But somehow there always seems to be something new to give Him, and when you get into the habit of it there's nothing so joyful as hauling out some skulking Agag and hewing him in pieces before the Lord (it sounds a bit blood-thirsty, but I'm sure Samuel enjoyed it—even if Agag didn't!) Well, anyhow, *these* 'Agags' have nothing to be said for them. They are a bad old crew. Many of them are very moral and respectable Agags. Some of them are very laudable and pious Agags. But all of them are kings of Amalek—Amalek, the flesh, the first enemy that attacks God's people when they escape from Egypt!"

And once more:—

"I could not sleep during the early part of the night, perhaps primarily this was due to the powerful and excellent tea, of which I had drunk much. But later it became a matter of being too full of the joy of the Lord to get to sleep. It is a dilemma with which one is faced under such circumstances—when one needs to turn one's mind deliberately away from present worship in order that one may not be rendered unfit by weariness for the next day's service."

CHAPTER VI.

Inland by Canoe.

ON September 4th he began the longed-for journey to the Guajajara Indians. Mr. Wootton, the leader of the Heart of Amazonia Mission in that region, who had met him on arrival, had told him of their twenty villages, about a week's journey up the river Pindaré. He had suggested a visit to them in the company of a Brazilian Christian, until he could join forces with Mr. Hutcheson from Barra do Corda for the rainy season. All through his stay at Maranhão he was praying this over and constantly referring to it in his journal. For instance:—

“ We were shown very many photographs of the Indians of Maranhão province. The Guajajaras appeared to be partly civilised, but are degraded and unintelligent (generally speaking) in appearance. What a glorious thing to be the first perhaps who shall carry to them the Gospel which can lift them out of the pit and from the miry clay and set their feet on a Rock and establish their goings. !”

At last the way opened when he learned that Pastor Tavares was going on a pastoral visit up the river to a point which would bring him within a day or two of the Indians. He felt increasingly sure that this was God's will, and tells how the Lord him gave a final seal in his reading on August 29th:—

“ This morning, with the certainty that God

was going to tell me which was the way in which He would have me walk, I went on to Ezekiel xii.

“One does not go far in Ezekiel xii. before coming to something rather applicable to my position. Verse 3 appears rather conclusive: ‘Therefore, thou son of man, prepare thee stuff for removing, and remove by day in their sight, and thou shalt remove from thy place to another place in their sight; it may be they will consider though they be a rebellious house.’ I suppose one could scarcely find in all the Bible a verse more utterly applicable than this. Verses 1-6 are probably all equally applicable.”

All through these months it is remarkable how the Lord guided him through direct messages in these daily readings. This had been wonderfully evident also on the Irish trek in 1923, when doubtless God was teaching him in preparation for this time.

When the day came to leave, the place he had won already in many hearts was evident.

A Syrian family who kept a shop insisted on giving him any article he might find useful out of their stock. A Christian watchmaker refused payment for mending his watch although it had been an especially expensive job. A young Brazilian whom he had helped in learning English brought him a collapsible drinking cup, another friend sent him a book, and just before starting he received a gift of fifty milreis from an English lady long resident there.

“The first stage of the journey was a day and a half on a river steamer to a place called Victoria,” “not,” he says, “much like the

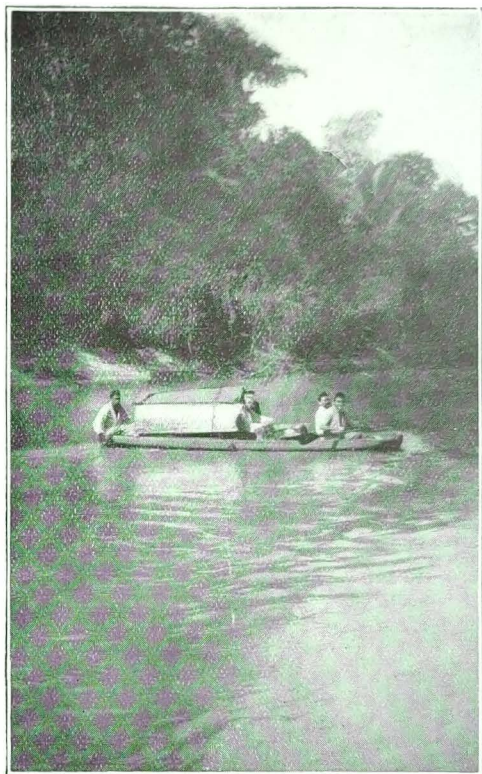
Southern Railway at Victoria, and there is not a Grosvenor Hotel here."

From there onwards he had his first taste of pioneering. The means of transport was a canoe, and his account is brimful of interest:—

"In the morning our transport arrived, not mules, but a canoe. This promises to be an instrument of torture. Four day's journey in the cramped position of a canoe is no joke, especially with five men and a fair quantity of baggage. Three men came with the canoe, they are all Christians, by the way. The canoe is so full that they find it necessary to put another board round the edges to make it deeper. I say 'another,' but this will be the *only* board, for these are dug-out canoes made of a single tree trunk.

"In the afternoon we got under way. It was pleasant travelling. There are plenty of strange birds and plenty of little alligators to keep one amused. Later, I took a hand with the boat. I imagined I got on quite well. Certainly I found it very easy work. Perhaps the Brazilians considered what a fool I was making of myself, but I was blissfully unconscious of it if they did.

"We stopped at sunset, and got permission to stay at a house. This was one of the huts with both roof and walls made only of a few sticks interlaced with palm leaves. This one had a wooden floor, raised to be above flood level. Some such dwelling, 'freehold,' in an Indian village is my present dream for the next few months. By the time I have spent the winter—rainy season—sitting on the roof (if the



THE CANOE BY WHICH FENTON HALL TRAVELLED
INLAND FOR FOUR DAYS.

This Photo was taken by himself.

floods are like last winter) I'll feel that I'm a blood-brother of the Indians, unless I've become a cherub instead!

"After our evening meal we sang some hymns, and the population of some few cottages having gathered to the noise, Pastor Tavares read some of John iii., and expounded the Gospel, finishing with a short prayer. One woman of the district knew how to read, so she was given some Scriptures. During this time and later on we were nearly eaten alive by mosquitos. Our three companions, not having mosquito nets, were unable to get to sleep all night."

On the next day he writes:—

"We were up about 2 a.m., and after coffee and biscuits we got away. It was pleasant travelling all the early part of the day, especially, perhaps, before sunrise. We had reckoned to go until 10 a.m. or so before stopping for mid-day meal and rest, but God was providing for us, for at dawn, 6 a.m., we were hailed by one of the Christians whom we met at Victoria a couple of days ago. We were right opposite his cottage, so he invited us in to coffee and farinha, (the staple food of the country, equivalent to our flour, but like 'grape nuts' in appearance.—Ed.). After it we had a few minutes of reading of the Word, and of prayer, and then came on.

"We stopped at about half-past ten, and had rest and mid-day meal. I rigged up a couple of fishing lines and caught one or two piranha, the terror of these waters; the little fish that goes in thousands, and eats anything, from

shrimps to men. The bait, by the way, was shrimps, fresh water shrimps, exactly like their salt water relatives, who had obligingly hopped aboard while we went along, and were swimming about in the water at the bottom of the canoe.

“We saw one or two of an animal called capivara this morning. It is about the size of a medium sized pig, and has a round head and long whiskers like a beaver, but it is a land animal, I am told, and lives on fruits, leaves, etc. I do not know at all what its English name can be (peccary—Ed.) It is eaten in the south of Brazil, but here, although we have a rifle on the canoe, the boatmen would not use a shot to get it.

“Brazilians seem to have a very hazy notion of distance, and how long it will take to get to a given place. In the late afternoon we left the Mearim and started up the narrower Grajahu. We were going to spend the night at a village called São Benedictos, and the boatmen were sure it was only a little way ahead, but we went on for hours. An hour or two after sunset (there was bright moonlight) we got to a place where a block of floating weeds had formed; these are a sort of lily which has a natural bladder in the stem of every leaf, and so floats up and down these tidal rivers. When it blocks the river in this way it packs so firmly that it is possible to walk about on it.

“This block was a bad one; we could not see the other side of it (perhaps in point of fact it was two hundred yards in depth, but its other

end was round a bend of the river.) However, there was nothing to do but struggle through it. Two of the boatmen got out on to the weed and half lifted and half dragged the heavily laden canoe. I got out to help them but they would not let me, because of the danger of snakes and other poisonous creatures among the lilies. Of course it was just as dangerous for them, but I suppose they feel responsible to deliver the cargo safely at its destination—not spoilt by snake-bite.

“It was killing work, but after about forty minutes, perhaps, of struggle, they got the canoe through into clear water, with many exclamations of ‘Gracias a Deus.’ They—these Christian Brazilians—use this ‘Thanks be to God’ very frequently, and not, it seems, just as an empty expression, but from their hearts. They teach us a lesson in this; also if they make any statement of future plans they add ‘La deus quizar’ (God willing), which we say all too little (James iv. 15.)

“We paddled on for another hour or two, and at length reached a fisherman’s, or rather lumberman’s, rough palm leaf shelter beside the river. He allowed us to stay there, so we had some coffee, which he gave us, and got to sleep as well as we could. I say ‘as well as we could,’ because of the multitude of mosquitos. Even our nets, we who *had* nets, did not altogether keep them out. When instead of air you are surrounded by a substance that seems to be 90 per cent. mosquito there is a great probability that you will get some of the 90 per cent. in with the 10 per cent. that you require.

" But where we really got eaten alive to-day was in that jam of weed on the river ; there it was really fierce. I don't know what mosquitos live on when I'm not there, but I'm afraid the poor creatures don't get enough of it."

After a day's rest and some opportunities of preaching in a neighbouring village, he continues :—

" We got away at an early hour, perhaps 3 a.m., after coffee from our kindly host. There were no particular events in the morning, a bathe soon after dawn, nothing much else. In the afternoon we passed an Indian village beside the river, but we did not hesitate in our course, for our objective was still far ahead. Some few of the inhabitants stood still as statues watching us as we passed. We saw only women and children, perchance the men were away on some hunting. (N.B., perchance, but more likely they were asleep.) This was probably a Guajajara village. At nightfall we were still far from our objective, but we pressed on. Our fierce enemy of the day—a medium-sized dark green beetle or fly—was a considerable nuisance to us on our journey, but myriads of them perished, chiefly victims of my trusty fly-swotter. They gave place to even fiercer and far more numerous night-skirmishers, the mosquitos; but despite their attacks we pressed ever onwards.

" The river was shallower now, and one man in the bows was using a long pole instead of a paddle to propel our craft against the now powerful current. I took the paddle and sitting amidships helped in the work. At perhaps 10

o'clock we landed on a sandy bank to stretch our limbs. For sheer 'joie de vivre' we ran about on all fours, turned somersaults, etc. I shudder to think what report would have been circulated if some of those who consider themselves our enemies had chanced to pass and see us at this time. Even in England the sight of a perfectly respectable missionary and an even more respectable Presbyterian minister with three of his flock assembled in a lonely spot late at night and by moonlight, imitating the antics of the nimble ape, might have caused comment. About midnight, perhaps, we landed again on the sand, and kindled a fire, upon which I brewed coffee and cooked some of the fish which I had caught. There we made a meal by the clear light of the almost full tropical moon—then onwards. Soon after dawn we arrived at our destination, tired out, with perhaps 28 hours of strenuous rowing. The first thing we did after our arrival was to strip and have a bathe, then we went to our host's house and had coffee, and after that we went to bed. One could do quite a lot of descriptive 'penny-a-line-ing' concerning a journey of this sort. The brightly hued parrots, the multi-coloured kingfishers, the gorgeous red and silver of the species of fish which we were catching. The dwarf grey herons and the large white herons, a valuable prize for the rifles of these folk, for each of their feathers is worth many milreis in the markets of Para. The turbid waters of the river, the lazy crocodiles, the constant high whistle of the innumerable 'grillas' and 'cigarras,' two species of cricket. The simple

and kindly hospitality of the river-side folk; the moonlight; the flowering water-weeds and water loving shrubs, that mark all along in the bushes twenty feet at least above our heads where last winter's great floods filled the forest with débris. The big ruminant birds who sat in great numbers on the trees beside the water and flapped a few feet with harsh cries when disturbed—secure from attack because only an Indian will eat their flesh, and the Indians here are few. The greater ruminant bird which we seldom saw, but seldom ceased for long to hear, with its note like the roar of some beast of prey. The mosquitos and other blood flies. The glorious scarlet of the little dragon flies, (no red 'ace' among the German war-time aerial fighters could rival their colour); the barred black and yellow of the sand wasps; the splash of the paddles; the great trees, undermined by the waters in years past, and fallen into the river, often almost blocking it; the great Babascu palms, nick-named the 'riches of Maranhão;' the gleaming silver of the sand bars; the persistent monotonous cries of the night birds; and always as a background and setting for all the rest, the everlasting green of the tropical forest.

"I forgot to record that the very *first* thing we did after landing this morning (before we took our bathe) was to get round while Pastor Tavares led us in thanksgiving for our safe arrival. Yes, praise God, indeed, for all these things, that we had neither had accident nor sickness by the way, and arrived all well after having had the glorious privilege of preaching

the Gospel to at least three sets of people who had not heard it before.

“ I, in particular, have very much for which to give thanks, with regard to the priceless experience which I have been able to gain in these days. I have been seeking to learn, and everything has been in my favour.

“ Praise God for these things! The knowledge of how to manage an Indian canoe and a hundred and one things connected with travel therein may well be of untold use to me.”

Of this journey, Pastor Tavares has written: “ Friends in England cannot possibly imagine the many dangers and difficulties of these rivers. Sometimes one comes across large numbers of crocodiles, snakes and such-like enemies, as well as the thousand smaller animals and insects, not to say anything of the Indians themselves and partially civilised natives. Mr. Fenton Hall, who was my companion as far as Espedro, has an iron constitution for travelling. On one occasion when we were up against one of the barriers in the river formed by weeds and rushes about 40 metres in extent, the rowers had to jump out and clear away the weeds or sometimes push the canoe for a good distance. These apparently floating islands are the habitations of terrible insects such as mosquitos, poisonous spiders, scorpions and an infinity of others. When the rowers got out of the boat Mr. Hall did the same, wanting to help, until we convinced him that his action was unwise. He was bitten twice by the small fish called the ‘piranha’—happily, only slightly. On saying good-bye, he said,

'By what I can see I am in a kind of way connected with your work.' May God enable him to be the means of bringing many Indians to a knowledge of salvation through Christ Jesus, is our earnest prayer."



CHAPTER VII.

The Last Touch with Civilisation.

WE have now come to the last few weeks before Hall reached the Indians. Pastor Tavares left him at the home of a Christian Brazilian farmer and his family, Snr. João da Costa, who lived only two days' journey from the nearest Guajajara village and was on very good terms with the Indians, being much beloved for his kindness and being often visited at his farm by them.

Hall quickly saw that in bringing him in touch with such a family the Lord was opening the door wide for the fulfilment of his heart's desire.

He determined therefore to make his stay here a time of final preparation in language study, in getting physically fit for the tremendous strain coming, in waiting on God for a companion, and finally in seeking from God guidance concerning the best method of approach to and manner of life among the Indians. Thus he writes :--

"It seems to me that my best course is to stay here and work at the farm work (there is plenty to do as they are clearing some more forest) until the time ripens for me to go forward, which I expect to be a fortnight or three weeks. This is *the* point of touch with the Guajaras, they have, it seems, a real love for this man, Snr. João Costa, and they come often

here, so if I am here I shall meet with them and he will be able to arrange things for me. It is wonderful how Pastor Tavares, without knowing anything about this and without even having met the man—knowing only that he is a good Christian and lived within a couple of days' journey of the Indians—was led to write to him and make arrangements for me to stay with him. Praise God that He is thus opening the way. I do not mind spending much of the day now in work such as farm work, because probably my present need in language study is not book work so much as conversation. And though, praise God, I am extremely 'fit' at present, I feel the need of some heavy manual work to be the human means (if God wills) of giving me muscle and 'brawn' again (after four months of little strenuous exercise) for my longed-for advance to the Indians. Humanly speaking, the better physical condition I am in for that, the more likely it is to be a success."

And so all through his stay on the farm he took every opportunity for manual work, eager to learn anything that might be useful in the future.

"In the morning we stayed in the little trading post and I learnt something of how the Brazilians cook. In the afternoon we went to his (João's) plantation and picked beans. Also we started to build a little fence, a very primitive affair this, made of stakes, with bars across them fixed by being bound with creepers. I am learning many things these days—things which it is necessary to know; for example, what sort of mandioca is poisonous until it has been

dried, and what sort is not, and can be eaten fresh. . . .”

Again:

“I can't get any heavy good work to do here on the plantation. João seems to imagine that I am not serious in wanting it, so generally the sort of job I get is gathering beans, or grubbing up pea-nuts, or something of the sort.”

This is his description of his temporary home at this time! :—

“Where I spent this past week was a leaky old palm-thatched mud hut. We took our meals off the floor, sitting on boxes, or stools, and most out of ‘cuia’ bowls. I do not think there was a fork or a table-knife in the place. We ate with our fingers and a spoon. Everybody spits freely on this earthen floor, and the dogs and the cats sit around at meal times and hope for scraps. The chickens wander in occasionally, although they generally get driven out. A pig or two look on from the door opening (of course there is no door; they serve as windows too; at night a piece of palm-tree matting is pulled across each. I have not discovered its purpose, but probably it keeps the pigs and chickens and horses and mules from wandering in. Also there is a theory that an intruder to get past it, will make sufficient rustle to wake somebody, or at least the dog, which may or may not growl and wake its master).

“All these things suit me admirably except the spitting which I do not appreciate yet. (Perhaps it keeps the floor from getting too dry and crumbling.) After all it is quite a sanitary arrangement, for the ants come and clear up

everything that the dogs, cats, fowls, etc., leave. The fire-place and cooking range consist of three stones placed on the floor. Naturally, there is no chimney, nearly all the cooking is done (very admirably) in a three-legged iron pot. This the dog licks afterwards, or they take it from the dog and give it to the pig: the one they are fattening to kill. When the dog or pig has finished—it is washed!!”

Soon, too, his prayer was answered for a companion for his coming journey:—

“João is anxious that I should teach his sons to read and write. They are hefty youths of perhaps 13 and 15 (but that is approximate—I never can guess the age of these people). As far as I can see this may open up into one of them coming with me as a companion to the Indians for a couple of months, and then the other for another couple of months. If so, this will be humanly a tremendous help, for they can teach me in wood-craft, etc., far more than I can them in book learning.”

He had not been two days at Snr. da Costa's before he met his first Guajajara Indian.

“19th September. I did not realise yesterday that one of the young men here all day was a real full-blooded Guajajara Indian, who lives in one of the Indian villages, but so it was. Their colouring is just the same as the ‘brown’ Brazilians, and the Indian (Mongol-like) features are not uncommon among the Brazilians, because of the commonness of Indian blood among them. Also he spoke good Portuguese, hence my mistaking him for a Brazilian of

Indian blood. He left this morning to return to his village. I am told that he, and some others from other villages, come frequently here and stay two or three days, and do some work if there is any to be done. I feel sorry that I did not know him as an Indian, as I might have collected much vocabulary, but I believe that God had a purpose in this. I suppose that this man was quietly observing me in a way which he could not have done if I had been aware of his nationality and therefore specially interested in him. I know that the Lord was leading me to behave with more than ordinary self-effacement, but I did not know why. This may have been the reason—that a reputation of not being too high-and-mighty may precede me!

“This was a fine type of man, intelligent looking, sturdy, clean and of medium height.”

Several times afterwards they came to the farm, and he always noted their visits as an event of special importance:—

“23rd September. A couple of Indians passed this morning, one of whom was an elderly man whom one would not have taken to be an Indian, for he was darker skinned and had different features. However, he is an Indian with some Brazilian blood, and moreover he is the headman of one of the villages, and a particular friend of João. João told him, I gathered, that I was going to teach the Indians religion, and to civilise them, (I am not quite sure that he has got my aims quite right) and this man appeared quite enthusiastic.

4th October. There were several Indians

everything that the dogs, cats, fowls, etc., leave. The fire-place and cooking range consist of three stones placed on the floor. Naturally, there is no chimney, nearly all the cooking is done (very admirably) in a three-legged iron pot. This the dog licks afterwards, or they take it from the dog and give it to the pig: the one they are fattening to kill. When the dog or pig has finished—it is washed!!”

Soon, too, his prayer was answered for a companion for his coming journey:—

“João is anxious that I should teach his sons to read and write. They are hefty youths of perhaps 13 and 15 (but that is approximate—I never can guess the age of these people). As far as I can see this may open up into one of them coming with me as a companion to the Indians for a couple of months, and then the other for another couple of months. If so, this will be humanly a tremendous help, for they can teach me in wood-craft, etc., far more than I can them in book learning.”

He had not been two days at Snr. da Costa's before he met his first Guajajara Indian.

“19th September. I did not realise yesterday that one of the young men here all day was a real full-blooded Guajajara Indian, who lives in one of the Indian villages, but so it was. Their colouring is just the same as the ‘brown’ Brazilians, and the Indian (Mongol-like) features are not uncommon among the Brazilians, because of the commonness of Indian blood among them. Also he spoke good Portuguese, hence my mistaking him for a Brazilian of

Indian blood. He left this morning to return to his village. I am told that he, and some others from other villages, come frequently here and stay two or three days, and do some work if there is any to be done. I feel sorry that I did not know him as an Indian, as I might have collected much vocabulary, but I believe that God had a purpose in this. I suppose that this man was quietly observing me in a way which he could not have done if I had been aware of his nationality and therefore specially interested in him. I know that the Lord was leading me to behave with more than ordinary self-effacement, but I did not know why. This may have been the reason—that a reputation of not being too high-and-mighty may precede me!

“This was a fine type of man, intelligent looking, sturdy, clean and of medium height.”

Several times afterwards they came to the farm, and he always noted their visits as an event of special importance:—

“23rd September. A couple of Indians passed this morning, one of whom was an elderly man whom one would not have taken to be an Indian, for he was darker skinned and had different features. However, he is an Indian with some Brazilian blood, and moreover he is the headman of one of the villages, and a particular friend of João. João told him, I gathered, that I was going to teach the Indians religion, and to civilise them, (I am not quite sure that he has got my aims quite right) and this man appeared quite enthusiastic.

4th October. There were several Indians

here this morning, and João explained things to them a little (while I prayed about the matter) and they, praise God, appeared to be well disposed and friendly towards me. I took their photograph, by the way. Some of them mark their faces with some sort of black paint. Possibly it is a sign of rank. One of these of to-day, who appeared to be the leader, and was much older than the others, had horizontal lines of this paint prolonging the corners of his eyes, across his upper lip, and from the corners of his mouth (his mouth was outlined in black), also he had a vertical streak on the end of his nose running down to his mouth. Another had only the line running horizontally across his upper lip."

During these weeks Hall spent much time in prayer and in searching of the Scriptures concerning the methods of approach to the Indians which he should adopt. As we shall see, he largely based his actions on Paul's example, who freely chose to become the servant of all men if by any means he might save some, and endured that tremendous list of hardships spoken of in 2 Corinthians xi. Indeed Hall chose for himself the very name by which Paul had called himself, "The Off-scouring of all things" (1 Corinthians iv., 13).

On September 25th he writes:—

"A quiet day, in which I sought guidance in the Word. I am at a juncture now where God's guidance is abundantly needful. There is an open door—I have no doubt of that, but many an open door can be entered in precisely the wrong way. When a man dashes in at an open

door and starts behaving as if he owned the place, he is liable to get flung out pretty quick, and have the door shut in his face. On the other hand, if a man sneaks in quietly as if he wanted to avoid being seen, he is liable to be treated as a burglar. Yes, there are many ways of entering at an open door, and I need to know the *right* way, the way that is God's will."

Again :—

→ "A long season of prayer, Bible study and meditation this morning, seeking guidance upon my plans. It seems to me that my line of action should be based on such passages as Matthew xx., 25-8, John xiii., 3-17, Matthew xi., 29, and Paul's example as shown throughout the epistles to the Corinthians, and in other epistles.

"What I am getting at is that I do not want to go among these people like a little tin god on wheels. It is all very fine for the Gospel to come down from above—I mean to be preached 'downwards,' but it accomplished more when it was preached 'upwards' by men who had become the off-scouring of all things, and for Christ's sake. In plain language, if God makes it possible and shows me it as His will I want to go among these people literally as a servant. My ideal is to be a sort of itinerant labourer among them, but conditions may not be such among them as to make this possible. That remains to be seen. If one cannot preach upwards one can get as near level (in material conditions) as may be. Of course the first human difficulty one sees is that these people

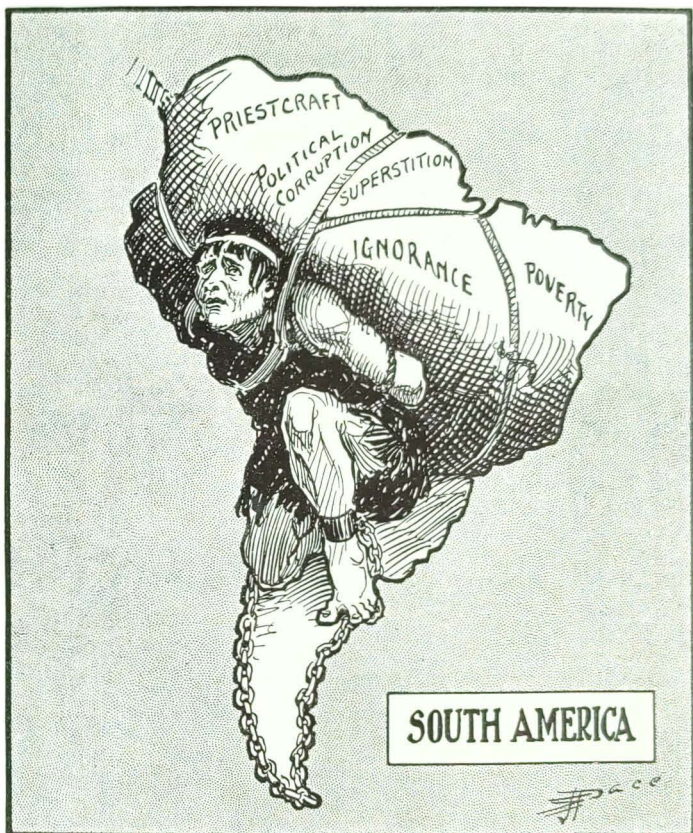
are naturally, one supposes, suspicious, and would consider a lunatic of this sort a most suspicious character; this difficulty could, humanly speaking, be easily overcome with the help of this man, João da Costa, for the headman of the second village is willing and ready to receive me on his recommendation, and perhaps others also in these first few villages.

“Having an entrance thereby administered, I should be able to start this work by God’s enabling. The reputation of the mad Englishman should then spread through the tribes and thus the natural suspicions of the people be allayed.”

Now follow descriptions of how this obedient servant of Christ put theory into practice. All will not say that he was wise in everything he did; indeed he himself realised that the Mission might not approve of his methods in detail, and in the following extracts he takes full responsibility:—

“25th September. In all these plans of action there is always the probability of Mission Headquarters highly disapproving! It occasionally occurs to me now that Headquarters losing touch with me is a provision of God to leave me a free hand for this job.”

But as we read these extracts and all that he endured in the coming months, we see a man walking day by day with God: we see a man suffering almost incredible hardships for His sake and the Indians’: we see the servant literally following his Master, having nowhere to lay his head many a night, never knowing where his next meal will come from, bare-



Copyright, 1923, by The Sunday School Times Company

Dedicated to the Pioneer Mission Agency

"It is not the load on my back, but the burden in my heart, that is heavy."—An Indian of Central America.

Does God want to use YOU to lift the burden ?

footed and lonely, and we bow our heads in shame at the shallowness of our consecration, and the prayer rises in our hearts, "Lord give me also this willingness to obey at any price, and give the heathen to-day more men who will go to the uttermost that they may hear of Thee." And the words of the prayer come back to us, "Teach me to serve as Thou deservest: To fight and not to heed the wounds: To give and not to count the cost: To toil and not to seek for rest: To work and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that I do Thy will."

"September 24th. This afternoon I went with João's two sons back to his house in Santa Ignez. João insisted on my riding, but in point of fact I only rode part of the way—perhaps half. Conformed to the custom of the country I was dressed in hat, shirt, trousers belt, and slippers. I completely mystified the inhabitants of the cabins along the way as I walked behind one of João's heavily laden pack horses, which I urged forward with voice and stick, carrying my slippers, and with a ten day's growth adorning my chin. One man wanted to know if I had hats to sell (he evidently liked my panama); another took me for a 'Syrio,' i.e., a Jewish trader; another seemed to think I had pinched friend John's horse and was getting away with the spoils. However, generally I left it to the lads who were behind to explain me, because I found it a bit of a strain on my Portuguese; also I found that when I did explain they did not believe me. This ten-day beard is a matter of tactics; it is

said that the Indians respect a man with a beard. But now in (comparative) civilisation I am not sure whether to keep it or not. It makes me look rather a horrible sight at present.

“September 27th. Lately, for various reasons, I have been walking barefoot; as I intend to do so when I get to the Indians it will be well to get my feet good and hard now. To-day I had my first experience of hot sand. I have often heard of a cat on hot bricks, but never expected to be an ass on hot sand. Still it was not unpleasant, except when it got too hot, when I had to get off the track and walk beside it.

“Got my boxes and Pastor Tavares' chair, and started for home. It was getting dark, which was perhaps as well, for had it been light I'd have been a funny sight. There was heavy thunder and lightning but no rain, praise God. I plodded barefoot five or six miles with a deck chair and a pair of boots and socks on my head (I had the boots and socks with me because in going to see these Government agents and such-like, it seems needful to appear more or less civilised.) It was very dark. I caught just a glimmer of the more or less white jacket of the man in front of me, who was driving one of the animals. The track is in the nature of a broad road, for they use one track until it gets so deep that the man riding knocks his feet against the sides, then they shift to another. I, being unused to such a narrow path and being unable to see my feet, was always liable to knock toes or ankles

against the side of the rut and fall over, which, in fact, I did do a number of times, but God protected my feet from thorns and all the perils of the way, and I thoroughly enjoyed the trip, and arrived with no more serious damage than a blistered heel. Praise God.

“29th September. Spent the afternoon and evening in laying out my kit, deciding what to take and repacking the remainder, to leave it here in the house of João da Costa. Here, humanly speaking, they will be very safe. I am taking with me very little—little enough to carry in a bundle on my back; I am leaving my new hammock, and taking the despised canvas one; I find I can sleep in it, and that is, after all, all that one asks of a hammock.

“October 1st. Praise God for protection, not only against thorns, etc., but against poisonous snakes, of which there are many. Ten days ago I was going with friend João along the trail, and he was in front, which was exceptional, because I walk quicker. Suddenly he started back: there was a poisonous snake across the whole breadth of the track in front of us: he killed it with a stick. Humanly speaking, if I had been in front, as I usually am, I would have walked into that snake, for it was not very easily seen, for though well over a yard in length, it was no thicker than a big worm.”

Thus it was that Hall began to carry out the motto of the Mission's Founder, “If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him.”

His description of one journey is so amusing, yet such a picture of the happy, trusting servant of the Lord, that we quote it at length:—

“In the afternoon I was just considering how it was to be spent when a note arrived from friend João Costa, saying there was work for me to do up at his plantation if I cared to come. So at perhaps 3 p.m. I set off on foot with his second son and the baby boy (three or four years old perhaps) and a laden pack horse, to travel the 11 miles or so there.

“It was quite an amusing journey. I travelled barefooted as usual, driving the horse, upon which was seated comfortably in the hollow of the pack-saddle the baby boy—this was the first order of march.

“I think the first event was that the babe belaboured the poor old horse with such energy that it actually trotted, and jogged its load off at one side—fortunately, not the side that the babe was sitting on. Also, praise God, the pack-saddle did not slip round under the horse's middle, as by all the laws of gravity it *ought* to have done, and precipitated the babe headlong on to the track; so we just put the load on again more securely and proceeded.

“The next event, I think, was that the babe *did* get a fall. Overhanging branches rolled him off the saddle, and he landed on his face on the track; he *ought* to have broken his neck, but, praise God, he didn't, and was very little hurt.

“Next we added one to our number, a large

tortoise (much bigger than the ones we know in England), which I espied ambling along the track. We took him with us just as he was (i.e., alive and kicking) to form to-morrow's dinner.

"Then it began to grow dark, and the babe grew sleepy, and was in momentary danger of repeating his descent to mother earth, so his elder brother also mounted the horse to hold him in position, and I plodded along behind with the tortoise strapped across my back in a very cunning sling which the lad had made from two pieces of stick and some fibre from the bark of a tree, and praying that God would guard my feet from the perils of the way—praise God, He did.

"We proceeded thus for quite a long distance: then the horse collapsed—at least he sat down on his hind quarters like a dog (with his forelegs straight) and would not move. I don't blame him! I'd have done it long before if I'd been him, with a load about twice what he ought to carry!

"Praise God, He sent along a man to help us at that moment, the only pedestrian we encountered in that two or three hours' journey after dark. It was chiefly he who managed all the business of unloading the horse, getting it on its feet, and loading up again. When we had done that it sat down again, and we had to go through the same procedure anew—and all by the light of sundry matches and improvised torches of dry palm leaves (those ubiquitous and ever useful Babescu palm leaves). Praise God, we eventually got the

old horse well loaded again, and he did not sit down any more.

“But clearly the babe and his brother could not mount again, so we had to re-arrange the order of march. I went first, with the babe on my back and the tortoise in my hands. The lad, leading or driving the horse, came behind; he had a little lamp (which our friend in need, we had been close to his house, supplied), but I do not think he used it—if he did I was too far ahead to know. The tortoise kicked lustily. The babe fell asleep every few paces, and I had to stop and shake him awake again, so that he might renew his grip round my neck (as long as I was being half-strangled I felt that all was well, but the moment his grip would begin to relax it was time for another shaking!). There had been a new moon earlier, but now it had set, and the star-light in this damp climate is not very much; besides which the trees often met overhead. Therefore, often I could not distinguish the track by sight. Yet God enabled me to go forward confidently, at almost a normal walking pace. I praised God for my bare feet, which warned me at once if I got an inch off the track. I fell a few times, as far as on to my knees, or once knees and one hand, but praise God I never dropped the babe (or the tortoise!). Only once I lost the track (when we were only a few hundred yards from ‘home’) where it crossed a stream, and had to wait for the horse to ‘break trail’ for me.

“About a hundred yards from ‘home’ the

babe got tired of being shaken and wanted to walk, so as it was now an open trail I put him down. When he arrived he solemnly told his papa that he had walked the whole way!"

He had one great cause for joy during his time here, in seeing his host fully surrender his life to the Lord Jesus. Day by day he had hymns, prayer and reading with the da Costa family until one day he writes:—

"I think there must have been a great battle going on during the night, for this morning friend João told me that he intends, as soon as his two elder sons get a little more education, to give up everything for the Lord's service. I think what he would like would be that I should agree to teach the two boys, and then he and his family would come and work with me among the Indians. This is a tempting offer, and it must have cost him a great struggle to make it, for he is not without ambition, and he has been working enterprisingly, adding gradually to his business activities. To offer to give up all this is a tremendous sacrifice. Praise God, Who has brought him to this point: pray that God shall have His own way in these things. I suppose that, humanly speaking, this family, living among the Indians, would be almost ideal for permanent mission-work. It seems as if it may be God's purpose to bring this about, and that thus I, when I have lived for a time among these Guajajaras as training for my work further afield, shall be free to go on to the regions beyond and the tribes beyond. Praise God for His wondrous dealing.

“ Here is a splendid Christian and his wife, a splendid Christian woman, native to the climate, already accustomed to the necessary manner and standard of living ; already known to, and loved by, the Indians, and now ready, it seems, to come and work the Lord's work among them !

“ Again, PRAISE GOD—and pray.

“ God, in His loving kindness, gives me reason to believe that in a sense this is ‘ fruit ’ of my service for Him, for it was just after I had read ‘ Daily Light ’ this morning that João told me this. And ‘ Daily Light ’ for the morning of the 4th October is built up upon Ex. xxxiv. 29 (Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with Him), and deals with the results which follow without our realising it when we are serving God and in communion with Him.

“ One might sum up this whole matter for the moment in the second text of the ‘ Daily Light ’ (Psalm cxv. 1) : ‘ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory. ’ ”



CHAPTER VIII.

Among the Red Men.

ON October 6th Hall set out for the Indians. Stripped of all glamour, this hero of the Cross, who but three years ago was an officer of the British Air Force, went among them barefooted, and taking nothing with him but what he could carry on his back, to win them for Christ.

Both Snr. da Costa and his wife gladly gave their eldest son Domingos to be his companion.

For the next two months he laboured unceasingly amongst the dark, degraded natives. By day he often worked with them in the forest, sometimes barebacked, to prove to them that he came like His Master, to serve and not to be served; by night he preached to those who would listen. He ate their food, and used to sling his hammock on the verandahs of their huts. From village to village he thus went. Twice he had narrow escapes from snakes, and several times from the piranha, the man-eating fish of those regions. Drink he found to be the Indians' greatest curse. But through indifference, hardship and loneliness, his love, courage and happy faith never failed. One can only catch the wonderful spirit of these months by reading his journals.

(i) At Batatal.

“October 6th. We arrived in Batatal (the

first village) at perhaps 2-30 p.m. It consists of three families or clans who live perhaps half a mile apart. Altogether there may be a hundred souls here—pure blooded Indians. We went to the furthest divisions of the village and there we stayed. The house I am staying in is perhaps twenty feet square, i.e., this area is roofed over but not walled. Under this roof there is a 'cubicle' which occupies perhaps a quarter of the space. In it sleep, I think, the man and his wife. Sundry youths, and I and my companion, Domingos, sling our hammocks in the space outside where there is a roof but not walls, and we eat and live here also. This, to me, is an ideal arrangement, as one could scarcely give me too much fresh air.

"October 7th. Last night, by the way, one of the Indian youths apparently felt cold, for he lit a fire under his hammock.

Tree-Felling with the Indians.

"Later in the morning the Indians went to the woods, and they allowed me to go with them. They are clearing more forest for planting mandiocas. (Already this village is like a farinha and tapioca factory!) Presently, they allowed me to try my hand with an axe and let me get on with it. So I spent all day hewing down trees. Of course I made a very bad hand at it, especially left-handed work, but I cut down a good deal of smaller timber. They made quite a pet of me, giving me easy trees such as palm trees to cut down, and taking great care that I was out of the way when the

trees fell. I do not mind their doing this: I think it is good, for it makes them like me more. It amuses them to have a mad white man with them, clad as they (in nothing whatsoever but a pair of trousers and a belt) and attempting to do the same work as they, and eating the same grub as they (farinha and water, bananas and a little wild honey which they found).

“At night we sang a hymn or two, and I preached the Gospel, but humanly I don't know that they understood much. Praise God! He has given me a real love for these people and a real craving to win them for Christ.

“October 9th. Nothing very much in the morning. The Indians said at an early hour that they were going to work. They were not very keen for me to go because they do not think I run fast enough when trees are falling. However, I promised to run faster, so I went too! To-day this ‘family’ was working for another ‘family,’ the wages being, apparently, a good feed. At any rate, we ate heavily at the house of the head of the other ‘family’ (he has three wives, by the way) before work and again after it. The food was farinha and baked fish, and at the second meal there was, besides, a bowl of sweet preparation made of potatoes boiled and mashed, with sufficient water to make the whole a liquid, and sweetened with cane juice, and served hot—and very nice, too!

“The work was the same—clearing the forest for cultivation of mandioca. I was slightly handicapped by blisters from the other day, but got on fairly well. Got burnt a good

deal by the sun around arms, shoulders, and back, so I suppose that I shall be more or less skinless thereabouts to-morrow.

“Hymns and preaching in the evening. It is difficult, but they listen fairly well.

“I was told, and noted down, very many words of the Guajajara language to-day, nearly all nouns, of course. Praise God that these people are so friendly. He is indeed opening the way.

“October 10th. In the evening we had a little hymn-singing, and I tried to preach a little. One has to begin rather at first principles with them by expressing to them that they have souls, a fact which they do not realise.

“There is a messenger going to the trading-post to-morrow, so I will send this diary, although it is only a few pages. What shall I say? Praise God for all these things—yes, praise God! And pray for me. I have great need of utter reliance upon Him, and of walking with Him, and of being all the time sensitive to His Voice. I have great need to keep my eyes upon Him, and not upon immediate difficulties: these are real enough, but His power can, and will overcome them.

The Indians here are kindly, simple people, very friendly, and with a sense of humour. I feel that I love them with all my heart. They are quite willing to teach me their language and anything else they can. I suppose that I shall stay here for a time until other villages begin to know the reputation of the mad Englishman, and then I shall move on.

It is difficult to know at what speed to preach the Gospel. Pray for me. The Devil is trying to make things difficult and to tell me that I cannot do without Christian companionship—this is just another of his lies. I attempt to preach, but it is still difficult; perhaps increasingly so just now as their first curiosity wanes. My need at present is times of real Bible study and prayer, which are difficult because of the complete lack of privacy. I think that the best time as far as prayer is concerned is at night, for the period from which I turn in to when I get up is ten or eleven hours, which is more than I require for sleep. Bible study must be by day, but it is not as difficult as prayer. However, these things will sort themselves out, praise God!

First Attempts at Preaching—and the Result.

“October 11th. In the evening hymns, and a little preaching. This extempore preaching is not good enough for I cannot make it simple. To-morrow I hope to prepare some addresses.

“October 12th. Spent most of the day preparing a Gospel address—or rather a preliminary to a Gospel address. The thing that I nearly forgot—like the various ‘creeds’—was to include the Devil in my theology; he is clever at hiding!

“We sang some hymns in the evening, but there did not seem to be an opportunity for preaching. This was, humanly, because three traders had arrived selling brandy and musical instruments (a strange mixture), and conse-

quently we had no audience. However, later I had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to those same three traders, one of whom appeared ripe to receive it, and many of the Indians listened. I had more freedom in this than hitherto I have had here, and it is well, moreover, that the Indians should realise that the Brazilians are not Christians, and need the Gospel as much as they. I believe that God is working very greatly with this man. Therefore, praise God!

“It was sad to see the eagerness with which these young Indians bought the fiery ‘brandy’ which these traders were selling.

“October 13th—All night the whole community appeared to be busy singing and drinking brandy. Strange to say I slept rather better than usual. On each occasion when the noise did wake me I prayed for the traders to whom I had preached the Gospel, that, in spite of their probably being used to these carousals in the Indian villages, God would use this one to bring them under conviction of sin.

“October 14th. We sang some hymns and I preached, reading the first of the three addresses I have written. If you can imagine me—with half an inch of beard and dishevelled hair, still wet from my evening bath (we use no towels in this land), lying back in my canvas hammock, with a little Brazilian kerosene lamp balanced on my tummy, reading an address in execrable Portuguese—if you can imagine these things, you will understand why I am thanking God that He is able to use

the weak things of this world. Hallelujah!

Brandy—and Answered Prayer.

“I thought at one time that brandy was going to spoil to-night's preaching, too, for when our host, Pico, returned, he got hold of the brandy bottle. I take it that he bought it from the gentleman who had been spending the afternoon in worshipping it. I saw him take it, put it to his lips, throw back his head, and tilt the bottle; I closed my eyes and prayed that God's will should be victorious. As I opened my eyes again I saw that Pico had changed his mind. Instead of drinking the half bottle of spirit himself, he called for a little coffee cup and shared it round amongst his friends. Thus none of them were drunk when I preached but listened fairly well. Praise God for this! Later they held an impromptu drinking party. As it was within two or three feet of my hammock it kept me awake until fairly late, in spite of the proceedings being quiet and orderly. These men seem rather to resent my not drinking with them, but this cannot be helped.

“October 15th. Spent a sort of holiday day, perhaps designed to show the Indians that the servant of God is not necessarily a long-faced individual, but can laugh and play. Apart from the playing, I helped to roof a house, wrote yesterday's diary, and did some Bible reading and prayer, and some language study (Guajajara). In the evening we sang some hymns, and I started to read the second of my three addresses. Now this was the one which

I thought would really *interest* them, for it told of the Creation, the Flood, and Babel. But I was mistaken. The few who were present when I started, melted away: the whole of those in this household got into their hammocks and went to sleep, and *snored!* My companion, Domingos, was the first of them—but I can't blame him: I always do go to sleep in sermons myself! I wonder if a sense of humour is a good thing: I was shaking with laughter for half-an-hour after I had finished. The whole thing was so extraordinarily funny!

“October 16th. To-night I preached the third of my addresses. It was somewhat disturbed by my host being, during most of it, what is often described as ‘roaring drunk,’ but he quieted down towards the end. I consider now that these in this part of the village have heard the Gospel. Therefore to-morrow, God willing, we shall go to the other end of the village for three or four days, and afterwards to six other villages for a like period; then on returning, spend perhaps a day in each. All this, of course, is governed by the phrase ‘God willing’ at the beginning of it! This programme should take us, with the time spent in travel, until early in December. Then perhaps I shall return as far as João's house to ‘re-fit.’ By that time I expect he will be requiring Domingos again, so it may be that my next trip will be without a human companion.

A Night of Prayer.

“October 17th. We moved in the morning from our comfortable quarters and came to the



INDIANS OF A WILD TRIBE, WITH BOWS AND ARROWS.

other end of the village. We are staying three or four days, perhaps, here. For some reason I was tired to-day, and did nothing very definite during the day. Mostly I was seeking God's guidance as to ways and means of missionary work among this people. Also I re-wrote part of the address which, the other night, put the whole community to sleep! It is very easy to have the desire and intention to be the off-scouring of all things, but the putting of one's intention into practice is altogether another matter. But I am bound to believe that the difficulties I find are only temporary: these Indians will not regard me as other than some great one. But this may be only at first, and will later disappear. While it lasts it makes things difficult.

"In the evening we sang a few hymns, which appeared greatly to amuse these Indians. Then I spoke very shortly, just pointing out that there is a life after death, and Heaven and Hell, and that Jesus Christ, Whom I came to preach, is the Way to Heaven and the Way of escape from Hell. How is one to deal with men who laugh and walk away when they hear these things?

"I reckon there is only one way to deal with them, so after we had put out our light and lain down in our hammocks, and Domingos was asleep, I got up and took down my hammock to kneel upon and embarked upon a season of prayer. I intended to pray all night, but there was a lot of singing among the Indians, and after an hour or so this woke Domingos; and not seeing, I suppose, my

hammock black against the star-light, he lit the lamp and discovered me at prayer. This seemed to puzzle him; he evidently had little notion of long seasons of prayer. for he left the lamp lighted for me to get into the hammock again, and I had to explain things to him a bit. He thought about this, it would seem, for half an hour or so, and then asked if he could come and help. So we had a little prayer-meeting, which was to me a real luxury. I did not realise how much I needed united prayer of this sort, until I had a little of it to-night. I persuaded him to lead in prayer, for the first time in his life. After perhaps half an hour I felt it was God's will for us to lie down again. I did not know whether I was to sleep, or not.

Witchcraft.

“October 18th. I slept last night, after all—a sleep interspersed with periods of wakefulness and prayer. I heard yesterday of one of the Indians here being very ill. The singing last night I thought was just another brandy carouse, but it seems not. It was an attempt at a sort of witch-craft healing of this man. The name of this cult which attempts these cures is ‘Pagalanca’; my information about it is based only upon a talk with Domingos to-day. They believe in a being called ‘The Mother of Waters,’ reputed to live in the waters, and to be heard sometimes singing. They believe that after death the human soul goes to live in the waters. As to this healing, they believe that all illnesses are the same,

being all results of the hatred and ill-will of some enemy (human). Having decided who the enemy is, they assemble at night in the house of the sick man, and make a singing, presumably invoking the power of 'Mae d'Aguas.' There must be no light where they are assembled.

"This religion is apparently very common among the Brazilians here, and Domingos thinks that the various Indian tribes have each got it in some form, at any rate the 'healing' part of it. These Guajajaras believe that all illnesses are the same, and the work of an enemy. I wonder what sort of an enemy they would imagine they had if a first class epidemic broke out among them! (They don't believe in the *real* enemy, the Devil; they have, I am told, no word for him in their language; he is a good hider)!

"I did not do a great deal during the day—what I did do was chiefly in the study and writing line. Took down a few more Guajajara words, and also learnt a few more. In the evening we sang some hymns, and I read address No. 1. I had a much better hearing than in the other part of the village, for which I praise God.

"I had sent a note to friend João da Costa yesterday, and the Indian who took it, my host, returned to-night, and with him the reply. He was drunk, of course, and he brought brandy with him, so it was noisy in this neighbourhood until late, and I found it difficult to get to sleep.

"October 19th. There were stirrings and loud-voiced discussions all night, but I slept

fairly well. In the morning one of the Indians—more or less drunk—wanted to hear something of the Gospel, so I read him last night's address again. This man is he who has been kind to us, the head of the third division of the village. A wandering Brazilian—a 'tramp' we would call him in England—also arrived and listened to this. He was an educated man for these parts (for he was a native of the South of Brazil), and he could read well, so I gave him a note to take to João, and paid him something (about a halfpenny) to deliver it. *Perhaps* it will arrive.

"Spent the entire afternoon and evening in world-wide prayer, in so far as sundry interruptions would allow. At night we sang hymns, and I read that second address—the one that put the population to sleep last time. This time it was rather revised and shortened, and some few listened to it, but not really well. This was partly due, perhaps, to their going at about that hour to a drinking-party in another part of the village, and therefore there was a good deal of disturbance and Indians passing to and fro—this house being on the main line of communication.

"We had a little united prayer, and then got to bed—hammock, rather. It was a very silent drinking-party, so I slept well.

"October 21st. In the evening I moved to the third part of the village. Later, I read them the address I had finished writing to-day. This is more compact, as well as smaller, than the other parts of the village. They listened very much better than I have previously found.

Praise God! Afterwards they gave me a meal before I went to sleep; this was very kind, but I was not hungry, having already eaten much to-day, so I only took a little.

A Meal of Bees!

“October 23rd. Spent all day felling trees, which gave me excellent exercise. In the intervals I was able to collect a few more Guajajara words. Also amused the young Indians, and the older ones, by balancing things on my nose, chin, or fingers, by juggling with Babascu nuts, etc. I do not know if this is beneath the dignity of a missionary, but I have no dignity.

“I expected to eat many strange things here among the Indians—crocodile, snake, caterpillar, or what not—but I did *not* expect a delicacy of to-day, *bees*. Not merely honey, we ate two lots of wild honey to-day—but *bees*. After we had finished the honey we ate the young bees out of the comb. I found them a bit tasteless myself, but refreshing, and doubtless very nourishing. We ate them, as everything else is eaten, with farinha. One or two of the Indians also ate a fat white grub which is found sometimes in the Babascu nuts; but these I did not try, though I am sure they are excellent. But I can testify to the palatability of *bees*. In this country the many species of wild bee are apparently all stingless.

“In the evening preached again, and was well heard. Afterwards gathered a few more Indian words.

“October 24th. No work in the woods to-day ; I like the Indian with whom I am staying now ; he works in the woods nearly every day ; when he is not working in the woods he helps his three wives to prepare farinha. This is very rare—that a man should help in farinha preparation. Also I have only once seen him drunk, and then only slightly ; also he listens well to the Gospel ; also he appears generally amiable, and he treats me with great kindness.”

(ii.) At Apua and Cigalo.

A Day of Blessing.

“October 25th. I woke before dawn this morning to a royal time of prayer and assurance of God’s presence. I was not absolutely certain if we were to move on to-day, but at dawn got up to make preparations in case we were (also I wanted to secure my fair share of the cargo before Domingos was stirring ; he is a willing youth, and does not quite realise that I—praise God—am as strong as a mule ; well, at any rate, that I have twice *his* strength !) When it was light enough I read ‘Daily Light.’ The main text of it, ‘Lo ! I am with you always even unto the end of the world’ (Matt. xxviii. 20). being the promise belonging to the ‘roving commission,’ was enough to tell me that to-day’s the day. Later I read Mark x., the chapter at which I had arrived in my daily reading. Then we got under way—I having managed, with difficulty, to secure most of the weight. Had a little prayer, with Domingos, en route—but he needs to be ‘broken in’ to

this ; he probably finds it all wrong at present. At our first halt I went on reading with him where we broke off last Monday—I am reading with him as well. This was Matt. xix., and practically the very same words that I had read in the morning in Mark x. Both begin with Christ going beyond Jordan, which seems to contain just a suggestion that I should make this trip longer than I intended, as far as, or across, Rio Pindaré. Both have the incident of Christ's love for the children. This is a good message for me, for the over-much curiosity of the Indian kiddies—and their habit of begging—is liable to annoy me.

“ Both have the rich young man ; I never was *that*, but I thank God that He enabled me, as far as they seemed to apply to me and as far as was in my power, to obey Christ's instructions to him. And both have the great promises to those who have left something for the sake of Christ and the Gospel. In this life an hundred-fold, with persecutions, and in the world to come, everlasting life. ‘ This hundred-fold ’ all seems to speak of many receiving and treating as son or brother the messenger of Christ—though some persecute. Praise God for such great promises upon our trip.

“ Praise God, He gave us a good trip to the next village, Apua, eleven or twelve miles perhaps. The man with whom we want to stay, the head man of the village, is away at the trading post, and only his wife is at home, so we have slung our hammocks temporarily in the shelter in the middle of the village in which the farinha is roasted. I like this, as it has no

walls, and is therefore good and airy, but all the Indian's houses I've met so far are *that*.

" We sang two or three hymns in the evening. I did not feel free to read an address, for there was practically no audience, owing, perhaps, to rain threatening, and at any rate some of the men, including the headman, are away at the trading post; also there was no light, for, being spiritual descendants of the foolish virgins, we had no oil, so we left the lamp behind us at the last village, so as not to carry unnecessary weight.

An Indian Sing-Song.

' Afterwards we had a gift of bananas—such gifts come freely to Domingos from his father's customers—and very nice these bananas, eaten with dry tapioca, were. Then most of the male inhabitants of the village gathered round to inspect us anew. I was filled with the joy of the Lord to-night, and could manifest joy to them; this 'goes down well' with these Indians, for they are of a cheery disposition, and love to laugh with those who laugh, whether they understand the cause of joy or not. By a good healthy spontaneous grin one can 'set going' the whole assembled populace.

" Later they started a singing party, which they kept up until fairly late. After all, this is a far more intelligent pastime than most English people find to occupy their evenings. These people sing well, with a swinging rhythm, and beat time with their feet. If they like brandy with their singing, to liven things up, who are we Britishers to blame them? I do

not think the party to-night had any brandy.

“ During the time they were singing, God enabled me to have a glorious time of prayer and praise and rejoicing, as I looked forward to see with the eyes of faith the days when, to these same swinging native tunes, they will sing in their own tongues the praises of the Triune God, and will *not* need brandy to increase their joy! The power of God shall bring this to pass. As I thought upon these things I could imagine the pleasure of writing holy words to these long metre tunes. I found that I was praying already in metre, something as follows:—

‘ Father in Heaven I praise Thee: I love Thee with
all my heart.

‘ (Not for Thy gifts, O Father—I love Thee for what
Thou art).

‘ Father in Heaven I thank Thee, for all things
which Thou hast done :

‘ Grant me Thy presence, Father, in this work now
here begun.’

“ Not classical, perhaps, but spontaneous.

“ One message God gave me to-night was to connect Mark iii. 33-35 with Mark x. 29 and 30, and claim this latter promise: that is to say, I claimed, for every ‘mother,’ ‘sister,’ or ‘brother’ whom I left, to serve God in His chosen field for me, a hundred who shall be ‘mothers,’ ‘sisters,’ and ‘brethren’ to me through their doing the will of God, that is to say, through their accepting Christ. Praise God that we can thus with assurance claim His promises.

Praise God for a day of the fulness of His

Spirit, a day in which He enabled me to praise Him in all things, even such light afflictions of the road—to my bare feet—as He chose that I should have. I do not remember such a day previously. It is as if He shewed me that now at last I am in the lines of His chosen methods for me.

Insect Pests.

“October 26th. Praise God for what has appeared to be a day of testing after yesterday's ecstasies. What happened? Just nothing!

“The chief ‘testing’ of the day was a little black fly or midge which appears to feed exclusively on *blood*. Thank God they are easy to kill, but their name is Legion. We were surrounded by swarms of them all day. Every exposed part of me, particularly wrists, resembles the proverbial pheasant's egg, being chiefly speckled with their bites. Thank God that most of my face can no longer be called ‘exposed’; even a month's growth of beard has it's uses! Also another small fly seems to like biting through socks—which I was wearing as protection from the first species. He must, for his size, have something special in the way of proboscis, for these socks are about the thickest obtainable. Praise God, He gave me the power to thank Him for, and to rejoice in, these light afflictions.

“In the evening we sang a few hymns, and I read the address I had spent the day re-writing. No one took the trouble to come and listen which seems a pity, but God knows all

about that. The village is fairly compact, so probably anyone who cared to hear could listen from where he or she was. But speaking everything very loud makes emphasis difficult. And also this people is very slow of comprehension, I find, and unless they are listening carefully—however simple one may try to make the message—they get lost at once, and do not listen any more.

“October 27th. Domingos went off with the Indians to fish at about 6 a.m. and did not return until about 6 p.m., so I was by myself all day. Spent the early part of it in the domesticated pursuit of patching my trousers. Then I finished off the revising and simplifying of my second address. These things, with Bible study, etc., took me all day.

“In the evening I read that second address. Our friend the headman arrived just in time to hear it—if he was listening. One or two Indians stood outside their houses to listen, so I felt quite encouraged.

“Then we ate heavily—of fish, etc.—and got to hammocks and to sleep.

An Unselfish Act.

“October 28th. Our friend, the headman (he has, by the way, no Indian blood, but this does not prevent him being a headman among these Guajajaras) did not want us to leave to-day. He tried to tempt us to stay by offering to send men out to hunt and get meat for us to take with us. But I thought it was God's will for us to go to-day, so I stuck to the point. We had no

farinha left, and Domingos went to try and purchase some, but returned with the information that there was none to be had in the village.

“ This was clearly the headman’s plan of gentle persuasion, so, after a little more prayer on the subject, I said we were going anyhow, and if we could not get farinha we would go without it and eat ‘ palmeata ’ instead. (‘ Palmeata ’ is the young wood of the Babascu palm, and is edible, and fairly nourishing). Then our headman kindly climbed down, and brought us as a gift as much farinha as we could possibly want. Praise God !

“ All these things took some time, and it was perhaps mid-day before we got away. If we had waited until to-morrow we would have had guides but not to-day.

“ After we got off, Domingos told me he was not feeling very robust—apparently indigestion. So we went slowly. The headman had given us careful directions as to how to go. Towards evening we met a heavy shower. Praise God, Domingos, in his trip to the trading post, had brought me a little old waterproof cape of mine in mistake for something else, so I gave this to him for the occasion, and it covered him and his load nicely. Myself, I got out my canvas hammock, and used it as a bivouac over me and my goods. So we sat out the shower, spending the time in prayer.

“ The next wayside shelter we came to, we again had prayer for guidance as to whether to spend the night there or go further. We decided to go on. Perhaps a mile further we came to other shelters, and there we stayed.

We got a good fire going, had supper and prayer, and settled down for the night.

A Narrow Escape.

“ In getting the fire going, I had a new experience of God’s protection. After the heavy rain, all the fuel which already lay on the ground was wet, so I was engaged in the old pursuit of getting dead wood from the trees—‘ standing ’ fuel does not get wet in the same way, for the water runs off it. I came to a little dead palm-tree, which I easily broke off at the roots : as it fell it broke in two, the top two or three feet of it falling clear. The lower piece I examined and put aside to collect later ; it was hollow, having dried something like bamboo. Then I picked up the little top section and threw it six or eight feet to lie with its companion piece. As I did so, a spot of brilliant colour in it caught my eye. On looking more carefully I discerned the tail and part of the body of a beautiful little snake. Perhaps he had been partly stunned by the fall of his habitation, and had thus remained hitherto inactive. I called to Domingos to come and see the snake, and he brought a useful-looking stick and killed it. Later, when we broke up the little palm-tree for fuel, we found in the other part of it a very fine scorpion, which we also slew.

“ Would it be called a coincidence that my reading to-day included Mark xvi. 17, 18 ? Here is the promise : ‘ And these signs shall follow them that believe : In My name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues ; they shall take up serpents ; and if

they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them ; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.'

"For me it is no coincidence, but God's seal to me upon this much-disputed passage (Mark xvi. 9-20). At any rate the passage has been sealed to me to-day. Literally I *did* take up a serpent—a very poisonous one—and it did not harm me. In particular this comes to me as a seal upon the last phrase of the promise, the matter which has been so long so much on my mind: 'they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.' God give me grace to go and enter in upon this promise in certainty of faith.

"By the way, can some one tell me if Genesis iii. 14 and 15 is taken as teaching that all snakes are literally the descendants, 'the seed' of the devil?

The First Night in the Woods.

"For my first night in the woods, having heard many tales of the 'onça,' and hearing now his voice not far away, it was scarcely reassuring to read in 'Daily Light' to-night, 1 Peter v. 8, '. . . . your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'

"However, the next text was better (Jas. iv. 7), 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' So before I went to sleep I put my axe good and handy, prepared to resist the devil if he chose to appear in the night in the form of a roaring lion, or onça!

"October 29th. We passed a good night.

The 'roaring lion' did not manifest itself, so the axe remained unused. (It might be as effective, at any rate, as Saint What's-his-name's red-hot tongs, with which he is reputed to have caught the devil by the nose, and held on until the adversary begged for mercy!) I slept well, but woke, praise God, frequently enough to keep the fire going. In the morning we brewed coffee on it, fed heavily, and moved on—after reading a chapter of the Bible. When I read with Domingos we read verse about.

"We did not find the various localities on our road which we had expected, but we pushed ahead thinking them still in front of us. At mid-day, or later on, we met three Indians, and we found that we were upon altogether the wrong road,

"However, we found that the place where we should have branched off was the place where last evening we had prayer, and felt that we were to go a little further. Now *I* may be a blind guide, but *our* Guide makes *no* mistakes; so we concluded it was His will for us to alter our destination and push straight on to another little settlement, where there is a Brazilian family and some few Indians. So we ate our mid-day meal, and went ahead.

"Presently we arrived in the 'slough of despond,' well anyhow the track led into a broad shallow river, and there was nothing to indicate where it led out again. There were the roofs of Indian houses visible among the trees on the further bank, but the last twenty yards before that bank was deep water, full of

weeds. After paddling rather aimlessly for twenty minutes or so, we returned to our point of entry and had some prayer. Then we struck straight across the river, and managed to ford the deep part, which proved to be perhaps five feet of water, weeds and mud. Domingos not having very much 'free-board' I had to be the transport animal for this part of the trip, taking both loads in turn. Praise God, we got across without mishap.

Cigalo Reached.

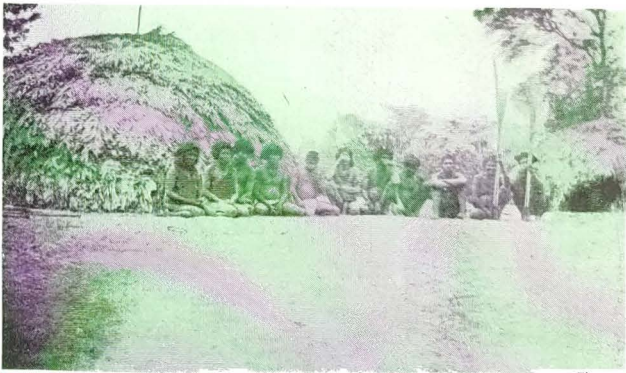
"The houses we had seen proved to be only shelters, for use when working in a plantation close by, etc. But a track from there led us, after about a mile, to our (new) destination, and the Brazilian, who is a customer of friend João da Costa (Domingos' father), received us hospitably—if, at first, with some suspicion of me. (He had been about to set out for the trading-post himself this morning, but had a premonition that someone was coming to-day, and therefore put off going. Praise God that He had prepared here too—one of the passages I read yesterday before deciding to set out at once was in Acts x. of Peter and Cornelius: *there was a real premonition!* And pray that in reality it may not be just 'someone' who has come to-day, but that One may come Who will stay!).

"He allowed me to preach in the evening; just what I had written for the Indians was what I preached. One or two Indians listened, as well as the Brazilians.

"We heard that the river we forded has



AN INDIAN HUT.



A GROUP OF VILLAGERS.

plenty of 'piranha' in it, the fish that, though small, eats one alive. Praise God that, by His protection, we met none. There among the weeds, in five feet of water, with a heavy load on one's head, they would have been, indeed, awkward neighbours.

"Afterwards a heavy meal, and to bed. I was very tired. Domingos discovered to-night that the Indians somewhere have stolen his gunpowder, at least it has gone, and the vast probability is that they took it. He had gunpowder, shot, and caps with him. This is because most Indian villages possess a muzzle-loading shot gun, and most Indians use it fairly well, but they seldom have the necessary ammunition. They are, therefore, willing, if one supplies them with this latter, to go hunting on the 'fifty-fifty' basis, to give one half the 'bag.' This is a cheap way of getting meat.

"We had a good deal of prayer on the march in the early part of to-day, praise God. Domingos seems to be developing now a real eagerness to pray.

"By the way, on the march yesterday and to-day, two phrases have been occurring to me disconnectedly, quite divorced from their generally-accepted significances. One is the 'thorny path,' the other is the 'tender foot,' but in all these things, praise God.

"As my present host is going soon to the trading post, perhaps I had better conclude this period of diary, and send it by him. As to general remarks, I have few.

"I had an impression that Mr. Dinwiddie

told us that a specimen of insect which one picks up from the leaves beside the track, and which buries it's head in one's flesh and holds on good and tight, has to be cut out with a knife, as, if one merely pulls him off, he leaves his head behind him, and the place becomes septic. But he was wrong, I think, for the 'carapat,' the insect which in every other particular corresponds to this information, no one seems to bother to cut out. We pull him off, and up to the present I have seen no bad results. He is rather a cheery little fellow, really, of the crab family. They have him in three sizes here. The large size is very common on the animals, especially horses.

"There *is* an insect which needs more careful treatment, the 'pulga,' which buries himself preferably under the nail of finger or toe. *He* has to be 'persuaded' with a needle or the point of a knife, or, failing these, the Brazilians use a good strong thorn from a tree.

"Having got here (it's name is Cigalo) we shall probably not retrace our footsteps to our intended destination in this last march, a village called Pareedenaõ, but shall take it (D.V.) from the other side, the last on our programme. I am told that the travel is better this way. I hear a rumour, also, that Pareedenaõ is the chief witchcraft centre. Before we get there we hope to get to Rio Pindaré, and visit at least one village on its banks. Just possibly God is going to open the way for us to cross and visit some of the wilder villages. I am hoping to keep my eyes open for the opportunity."

(iii.) At Freschal.

“October 31st. We did not get away very early, for I had promised to take a photograph of Raymundo and family, and there were various formalities to be gone through, such as his removing a month's growth of beard, getting into the clothes he never wears, etc. After the photograph he would not let us go until we had eaten something; I was little loth, and eventually I accounted for a couple of large bowls of Josara (a palm fruit) and farinha.

Fishing in the Swamps.

“Then we got away. We had only farinha with us, and a little coffee and sugar. Raymundo's hunting yesterday only produced a monkey, which we all ate last night, and we forgot to buy bananas off him. We had not even anything to bait our hooks with to catch fish! At one muddy stream we came to we 'grubbed up' sundry grubs, and tried our luck, but the fish were wily. But at another, a convenient hornet's nest having supplied us with grubs—the smaller hornets are not very dangerous in this land, as a nest has only one or two individual hornets—Domingos managed to capture a little fish. We went on until about 5 p.m. and then met some shelters, all ready for us. It was God's gift to us, for there were two paths just before that point—separating, as frequently is the case, to meet further on. At the junction I prayed for guidance, and had already taken the lower path, when I

received a strong urge to take the other, and crossed over to it. A few yards along it were the shelters, which were quite out of sight from the lower path.

“We collected wood, etc., for a fire, dumped our belongings, and went and fished in a swamp near by. It was a difficult job, for we had to climb out on fallen trees to reach the water. We both missed one or two fish, even after we had them in our hands, because of the difficulty of manœuvring them on our perch—but we got one or two as well between us. We did not eat fish to-night, but kept it till the morning. Even salting it, let alone cooking it, Domingos found almost impossible, for the air was ‘stiff’ with mosquitos.

Mosquitos.

“November 1st. I meant this to be a day of prayer here in the woods, but things went awry a bit, which was absolutely my fault. We fished in the morning, and God gave us a couple of good fish. At that point I should have embarked on prayer, but instead we ate the fish first. This put us in the position of thinking we needed to catch more fish for the next meal, so we only had a little prayer, and went and fished again and caught nothing. After an hour or so of it, we went and did some lessons. Then two Brazilians on their journey decided to stop here the night, so our day of prayer had not had much prayer in it. I fished again, leaving Domingos to do arithmetic, but without success. Then to bed. The mosquitos to-night were positively a

disgrace to Brazil, or at least Domingos and the two others found them pretty fierce. My 'universal shield' (PRAYER—lest anyone is dull of comprehension), praise God, enabled me to get to sleep again.

"November 2nd. I slept even better last night than the night before, only replenished the fire four or five times instead of perhaps a dozen! In the morning our Brazilian friends departed. They gave us some farinha (which we tried to buy from them), and lots of information as to the road. We likewise gave them information as to the road (we and they were travelling in opposite directions) and a little coffee, (incidentally this morning's brew was the finish of our coffee). Also, I gave them a couple of S.G.M. text-cards. I was able to preach just a little of the Gospel. We parted on the best of terms.

"After our meal of coffee and farinha we got to prayer. I expect poor Domingos was very frightened at the suggestion of all day in prayer, but he proved submissive, and we got going. In point of fact our prayer meeting lasted probably, with a hymn or two and study of the Word, two or three hours. It was a joyful time. Afterwards we ate another meal of farinha, and then it seemed to me it was God's will for us to get on the move again, so we packed up and started; perhaps it was 11 a.m.

Barefooted through the Forest.

"We made very good progress all day, travelling much quicker than usual. Praise God that I am not mounted and am barefooted. On these

tracks the only use for a horse is that it carries the load, and thank God I can do that myself. The man has to go dismounted and lead the horse. Even walking I have to bend nearly double every few yards to avoid overhanging boughs. As to the bare feet, my feet are still tender, but in God's good time they'll get over that, if it is His will; but boots and stockings or socks would only be extra things to take off and carry on one's head, for a very fair portion of the trail is waist deep and chest-deep wading through marshes, and even where the trail is drier, there is usually a marshy stream or two, say knee-deep, at every kilometre.

"Praise God for His protection once more in all the dangers of the march. Towards night-fall we reached more ready-made shelters, and had just nice time to get water, collect fire-wood and get the fire going before dark. By its light we got our hammocks slung, ate a little more farinha; then we had prayer and thanksgiving for a joyful day, to me another day of fulness, as nine or ten days ago, and Domingos went to sleep. I sat up and wrote the diary of these past four days up to this point by the fire-light, before turning in.

"November 3rd. We started the day with prayer and Bible reading, and farinha and water, and then we got under way. We did not go well in the early part of the day. My feet were tender and my faith was weak. This latter makes all the difference. If my faith is weak I keep looking on the ground for thorns, and then I tread on plenty of them, and knock my toes also against every little stump of wood.

If I don't grow greatly in faith I shall be minus my right little toe by the finish of this trip! When my faith is working as per schedule, of course I can walk safely with my head in the air—or I could if I was half the height I am, or the branches met at twice the height that they do—without danger, for snakes, scorpions, ants, centipedes, hornets, thorns and stumps are all alike to my Guide, Who does all things well.

“This morning, as I say, my faith was weak, and therefore my feet, already tender, were becoming more so. But later, praise God, things went better, and He gave me back something of yesterday's fulness. We halted at perhaps 11 a.m. and fed again. We had captured a bunch of palm nuts, small, about the size of a walnut, and very hard, and Domingos broke some of them, by the usual method with palm nuts, of putting an axe on the ground, edge upwards, holding the nut on this edge, and hitting it good and hard with another piece of wood. To-day's nuts were totally unripe, but they went well, none the less, with farinha. (I think it was after this heavy meal that my faith became more robust; perhaps there is the shadow of a 'general rule' here, for such as are of faith as weak as mine; but also I had prayed in the morning for wild fruits by the way, and here was the beginning of answer. Later we had fuller answer, for we met so many wild fruits—of two species—by the way, that I thought we would never reach the end of our journey, because we stopped so often to eat fruit. Praise God.)

To Bed Hungry.

“But our destination was nearer than we had been led to believe, and we got there, the village of Freschal (at least it sounds as if it were spelt thus) in mid-afternoon. We were shown a place, a house with roof but no walls, where we could sling our hammocks, so there we settled down. One or two Brazilians, cattle-drovers, who were spending the night in the village also, came and chatted with us.

“Of our provisions, only a handful of farinha remained, so we divided that, and Domingos went off to buy food, armed with a few pence, a couple of sacks and the assurance that in another part of the village there were lots of farinha and tapioca for sale. (Enough of these provisions for us to live on for a day costs about a penny-halfpenny!). But at sunset he returned crestfallen, with the information that he could buy ‘nadinha,’ (literally ‘a little nothing!’) the Indians, for some reason, choosing to assert with persistence and absolute disregard for verity that they had nothing to sell! On these (frequent) occasions, one is tempted to ask them what it is that they live on themselves: like Browning’s mayor of Hamelin, the male Guajajara may generally be described as ‘little, but wondrous fat!’

“We sang some hymns and I read an address. The Indians here listened far better than in most of the other villages, but my best listeners, as usual, were Brazilians, in this case the cattle-drovers. One in particular seemed much impressed: he even remained to the end of the address, whereas almost everyone else

had cleared off at about three-quarters way through or later, (but praise God they could not well get out of range of my voice: they had gathered to the hymns, but dispersed during the address).

Then, after prayer, we got to bed, hungry: at least I was not—or I did not notice it particularly—but Domingos was. God gave me to be full of joy to-night, at the prospect of seeing how it was that God would provide us with food. I explained this to Domingos and cited such passages as ‘Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat’ but really, as it proved, I was terribly lacking in faith. Domingos, poor boy, was rather down-hearted. I don’t blame him: he seemed a bit tired all day to-day. He can’t understand why I have not got a gun with me, when these woods are full of game only waiting to be shot: he had had the discouragement of going from door to door and being refused farinha at all, though he offered good money for it. Were he an Englishman he would have told me to-night that I ought to have more sense than to come and preach to these apostrophised Guajajaras—I think he actually did tell me something of the sort, but my understanding of his Portuguese is not perfect.

How God Provided.

“He was, I think, already asleep when our first visitors arrived. These were Indians. Probably they came, thinking we were asleep, to explore our belongings (the Guajajara has not, yet, any Eighth Commandment: already

Domingos has seen one article during our journey which some months ago was 'reported missing' at his home, at a time when there were Indians there!) However, in the excitement of finding us awake, these visitors divulged the fact that there really is farinha for sale in one house which Domingos has not visited yet. Here, probably, was God's provision for us for farinha to-morrow. But, here is where my faith was weak, terribly weak: I had not had the faith to realise that God does not let His servants go to sleep hungry. After two days on farinha and wild fruits, which are scarcely sustaining, my imagination had not gone beyond farinha or tapioca and perhaps bananas for supper. What God gave us was, therefore, beyond my wildest dreams of luxury! For lo, as soon as the party of Indians had departed, an angel (yes, for 'angel,' I am told, means 'messenger'—a messenger of God), an angel, in the shape of the cattle-drover who had listened so attentively to my discourse, stood beside me, with a plateful of steaming stewed fresh beef and beans in his hands, which he had brought us as a gift! Hallelujah, and again, Hallelujah! Also he proved willing to sell us a few pence worth of farinha, enough for us to live on for a day or two, even with no other food, so we fed right royally, using, as is the custom, one spoon between us for the beans and farinha and taking the meat in our fingers.

"I spent the early part of the night in prayer. I think it is God's will that I should not remain in this part of the village to-morrow,

but preach my second address in the early morning and later move to another part, to preach there in the same way.

“November 4th. Preached early, say 7-30 or 8 a.m., and was very well listened to. Praise God for this, and also that the cattle men had not yet got under way, and so heard this preaching too.

Clemente.

“Later we got our things together, and moved a mile or so to the other part of the village. In other lands these would be called, of course, separate villages, but here no. There we met with a man of whom we had been told, a Brazilian trader who is going in the same direction as we are, and with whom probably we may travel seven days' journey, as we do not know the 'road,' and he does. He is a little black man (nearly full-blooded negro, I should think), but he seems friendly and well-disposed.

“In the evening we sung some hymns exceedingly badly, even worse than usual, because my voice, after last night's and this morning's preaching, simply refused to produce any sound less than that of a Klaxon horn, and I could not hear Domingos at all, so my hope of keeping somewhere near the tune was nil. After the 'singing' I read an address, which was very well listened to, especially by our negro friend, who seemed greatly impressed, and later explained parts of what I had said to some Indians, who had not understood so well. It is a very noticeable thing how ready the Brazilian is to listen to

the Gospel, and how enthusiastically he takes hold of what he hears. It may be that this early preaching will result not directly in Indians accepting Christ, but in the conversion of half a dozen of these Brazilian traders—God is able! If so, this may be ultimately God's instrument for the fuller evangelisation of the Guajajaras.

“Later, after we had eaten again, the Indians had a sing-song, in which Domingos and our trader-friend were moving spirits. This was quite an amusing affair, without any brandy or such things. I suppose these songs might be called ‘chanteys.’ One man is the leader and sings line after line, probably improvising most of it. After each line the rest come in with a line of chorus. The skill of the chief performer can make the whole show very amusing. To-night they kindly performed in Portuguese, so we were able to gather the meaning.

Food of Another Kind.

“November 5th. Spent the day very quietly. Preached in the morning, then stayed here resting, as we are due to set out to-morrow on our seven-day trip.

“I did a little cursory Bible study (extra to schedule) this afternoon and received a very strong message of coming afflictions, and to be ready to be poured out even unto death, and to get to prayer. Here is a line of thought which may interest some one, and is not copyright: 1 Kings vi. 18, ‘the cedar of the house within was carved with knops and

open flowers: all was cedar; there was no stone seen.' Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Wood, cedar, is a thing which had at one time life, natural life, but now is dead. It seems to speak of the Christians crucified with Christ: the 'stone' speaks of Christ.

"To those who came into touch with the 'temple,' which is a group of Christians in bodily presence, the Stone—although it is the strength and support of the structure—is not seen. Only the cedar wood is seen, the lives that have been crucified with Christ, yet now, by the touch of a Master Workman, have taken on a new and beautiful form. Such a temple may be that in which the worldly man may meet with and be converted to God. On the side of it that is not seen, the cedar wood is in close touch with the stone.

An All-Night Sing-Song.

"In the evening I preached again; later a singing party started.

"November 6th. Our negro friend (Clemente) sang all night with the Indians—or rather, one or two of them sang with him, for he was the moving spirit. He did not go to bed at all. This morning he announced that he could not start to-day, as there was no farinha purchasable until they had prepared some for us to take.

"After Bible-reading and setting Domingos some lessons, I went to the woods alone, and spent a couple of hours in a joyful time of prayer, with a little more Bible-reading. The

whole message to me to-day was of utter reliance upon God, and no anxiety about anything whatsoever, and no fear and no compromise (Luke, chapters x., xi., xii.)

“In the afternoon proceeded (rather lazily—I was not feeling very fit) to re-write the address that I read last night, for it has too many long sentences for the Indians to understand it.

“In the evening I learned that we cannot start to-morrow either, for the farinha is not yet ready. I would like to go without it, and look to God for our food, but I feel that this is not God’s will.

“Preached again at sunset. I’m afraid those Indians are a bit tired of the sound of my voice, but that is not surprising, it would be more wonderful if they were not. Clemente, at least, listened well, and some few Indians. If they would gather to hear the Gospel one could speak in the tones of a sucking dove (whatever that happens to be) but since they don’t one has to imitate a trumpeting elephant. Twenty minutes or so of that is bound to become a trifling monotonous. Had more hope of getting to sleep, as friend Clemente was tired and did not get the Indians singing.

“November 7th. Bible study, lessons and diary in the morning.

“Clemente, by the way, could not quite refrain from singing; he started up some time in the middle of the night. I emitted blood-curdling groans until he stopped. I do not know whether or not he thought I was doing it in my sleep. It is a curious fact about Brazilians in

general, that, whereas in everything else they are enormously considerate towards everybody, in this one matter of noise at night, it never seems to occur to them that anyone objects or dislikes it. Again and again I have noticed this, that they will quite unconcernedly waken a whole household or a whole village, just by not troubling to be a little more silent than usual.

“Did not do a great deal in the afternoon; among other things I began to mend again my spare pair of trousers, which have a wonderful aptitude for getting torn.

“In the evening I walked back to the central part of the village, where we spent the first day, and preached there.

An Indian Profiteer.

“Friend Clemente and his Indian companion were away hunting all day, and decided to prolong their hunt by spending the night in the woods. This looks as if we would not get away to-morrow either. But now I am quite reconciled to this and believe that God has His own purpose in keeping us here longer.

“A circumstance which helps to make life interesting for the moment is that the headman here, knowing that we need farinha for our journey and that he has the monopoly of its supply, is planning to mulct us good and hearty in the price of it. Probably he won't try to get more than about a halfpenny a pound for it, but as the right price is about a farthing a pound, I don't intend to give him his halfpenny if I can help it. His evident inten-

tion is to starve us into subjection. This is the sort of battle I enjoy. But were I alone I would feel stronger as to my position; because Domingos is a sort of responsibility. (I suppose that to feel him as such shows lack of faith).

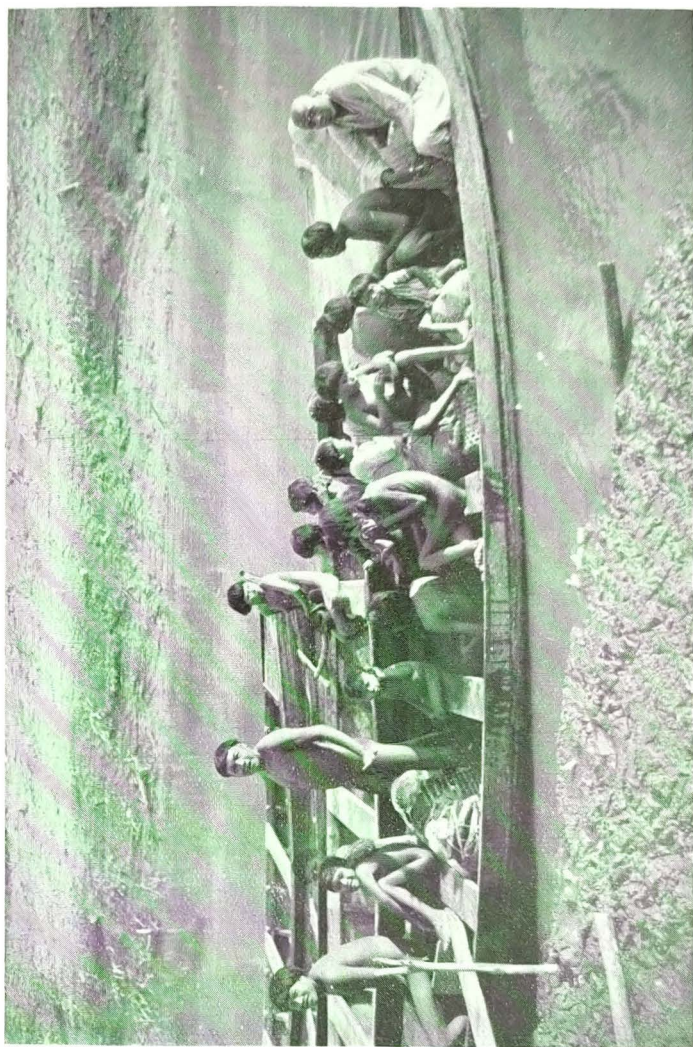
“November 8th. After Bible study in the morning, finished off my trousers: they will be a very fine pair of trousers when I have mended them a few times more!

“At this point we have not much grub remaining, but we have already had a good meal this morning. Where is the next to come from? Here is the Lord’s message to us, which came in my reading with Domingos just now: ‘. . . . Jesus . . . saith unto them, Why reason ye, because ye have no bread? perceive ye not yet, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened? having eyes see ye not? and having ears hear ye not? and do ye not remember?’ (Mark viii., 17 and 18.) Yea, Lord, we remember last Monday when Thou didst wondrously provide us with food in abundance, food better than we had dreamed of.

“After these things I went and did some laundry at the village stream. When I returned we ate what remained of our farinha, which was little. Afterwards I re-wrote another of my addresses. Now I have four thus re-written and simplified. During the afternoon the Indians would neither sell nor give us anything whatsoever of an edible nature.

How Clemente Interpreted.

“In the evening, after a heavy shower, I



INDIANS IN THEIR RIVER CANOES.

went off to the furthest part of the village, where I had not preached before, and read them the address I had re-written to-day: it was listened to very fairly well. I had hardly got started when friend Clemente, returning from his hunting expedition, arrived there, and he also listened very well. Afterwards he, in conversation, drove home the main points to the Indians. Being a Roman Catholic, I think he drove home—probably unintentionally—a few main points that were not there. For example, when he hears me mention ‘good works,’ he naturally assumes that I am preaching the efficacy of good works for salvation, and does not trouble to listen carefully to that part! If, by accident, he does notice that I seemed to say something opposite, he probably concludes that I meant to say one thing, but my faulty Portuguese led me to say the other—so he takes all the more pains to explain to the hearers what it was I must have meant to say! It really does not matter, I believe, at this stage. If the Indians absorb the most fundamental and simple ideas—life after death, hell, heaven, that God has a Son Who lived among men, and that it is necessary to believe and to trust in this Son, Jesus Christ—if they absorb as much as this, the preaching will have been a success. Praise God, there is always the glorious possibility of far more. He can so prepare the heart and mind of the individual beforehand, that in even one hearing of the Gospel he or she will go the whole way and accept Christ as Saviour there and then:

every address of mine leads up to and finishes with an appeal for immediate decision.

The Profiteer "gets left."

"While we were still talking there, Clemente asked me if the Indians here had finished the farinha-preparation yet, so I explained to him the situation. Then, figuratively speaking, he passed round the hat—at least that was what it felt like. I suppose he enlarged upon the ingratitude of these Indians who, when I had come so far just to tell them the Way of Salvation, treated me thus. At any rate the effect was that the Indians there produced about half a stone of farinha and half a dozen of bananas as a gift for me! I offered payment, but they refused it. Praise God for these things. Clemente was very annoyed with the behaviour of these Indians here. On our way here, in the middle part of the village, he arranged to buy from them the bulk of the farinha we require, so it looks as if these Indians here will "get left" rather. This may be especially a lesson because a trader is expected to-morrow selling gunpowder, one of their chief needs, for money.

"When we got back here, Domingos had managed to trade a couple of little boxes of matches for a couple of dozen bananas. I was hungry, I would not like to try and calculate the weight of bananas and farinha that I ate. They were going to eat meat later, Clemente having secured some (though little) in his hunting, but I did not wait for it, but 'filled up' with the other good things. Afterwards

Domingos and Clemente went off with the amiable intention of reducing the headman to pulp—not by physical force, but by the power of fluent and scathing Brazilian Portuguese. I, after some prayer and praise, went to sleep, torpid, perhaps, after such a heavy meal. Praise God for His wondrous provision once again.

Every-day Faith.

“November 9th. Nine years ago I joined the army: I've got a better army and more important war, and a more deadly enemy now, but praise God, there can be no question of the ultimate issue.

“After writing thus far I began my morning Bible-reading: I meant to read several chapters, but the very first passage gave me so much to think about that I hardly read one chapter. This passage was Luke xvii. 5-20—‘. . . . If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed’ What is the meaning of that expression? I think that the meaning is as follows: a grain of mustard seed is a little thing, insignificant and weak, but, imaginatively speaking, it had a great faith. It takes no anxious thoughts for the morrow: it receives the gifts God gives, the rain and the sunshine and the nourishment of the surroundings in which it is placed: it receives them, feeds upon them, and grows, in the confident expectation that God will supply its future needs. And, too, in growing, it stretches out around it and searches out the nourishment which God has placed for it there. Thus, living by faith, from being ‘less than all seeds that be in the earth’

it 'groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches' (Mark iv. 31-32). This I had thought on before. But what came fresh to me this morning was the relationship to this of verses 7-10. My Brasileiro Bible grouped the six verses in one paragraph, and under the one heading of 'The Power of Faith' (this Bible gives a title to every paragraph); perhaps this fact helped me to see the connection. Previously verse 10 at least, had been to me rather a mystery, 'So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.' But to connect this with 'faith as a grain of mustard seed' brings a great light upon both. Our faith is not to be a series of extraordinary incidents, of mighty efforts. I mean, it is not a case of working up faith for a special occasion and afterwards patting oneself on the back (or letting Satan do it!), and thinking, 'I have done well in this, and I deserve well of God.' No, faith, the same faith that works great miracles (verse 6), is to be the customary, every-day, natural atmosphere of our service of God; there is nothing extraordinary about it. Verse 10 tells me that when I have had what I would regard as a great victory of faith, I have only done one of 'those things which are commanded you,' 'that which was our duty to do.' I am not to feel that I am worthy of praise, and that I ought now to take a rest and a feed, but I am to go on humbly serving the Lord, regarding

the 'victory of faith' only as part of my every-day service, as a thing to be repeated day by day, normal not abnormal. 'The just shall *live* by faith.' Faith, miracle-working faith, is to be the normal atmosphere of the life of service of God.

"After writing the above (I wrote it at once, so as to get the message clear to myself) I went into the woods alone, and had two or three hours of glorious prayer, local and world-wide. The others having gone to the middle part of the village in the evening to get farinha for our journey, I had some talk with the headman and some others of the Indians, and was able to bring in just a little of the Gospel again, as well as explaining more or less why I am among them, and what my future movements are likely to be. I like this 'capita,' he seems to be a loveable sort of brigand, even if he does try to charge three times too much for farinha. He seemed to consider the fact of our having got the farinha elsewhere a huge joke.

(iv.) The Seven Days' Trek.

"November 10th. We were to get off early in the morning, but we didn't, chiefly because when we were ready to start it was found that one of the Indians had gone off with Clemente's gun, an ancient muzzle-loader, to hunt, and he did not return for an hour or more.

"We did not get very far to-day, but it was a fairly pleasant journey. We travel these tracks wearing our nether garments—well 'trousers' is a good English word—tied by the

legs round our waist. It is much the best way to travel and the most convenient when we come to deep water, not that this consideration was important to-day, for we were to meet few and shallow streams.

**Sleepless until he had borne witness
to an Indian.**

“We have a shelter to-night, and there is a lonely Indian here visiting the strangers. Perhaps I'll get a chance of preaching him something of the Gospel, but it will need a special miracle, for Clemente has started talking, and humanly speaking, won't take breath for another two hours. But shortly after I had written the above the Indian said good-night and went off to his little house close by. I got into my hammock, but could not sleep because I felt that I ought to preach that Indian the Gospel. Eventually I got up and said to Clemente, who was still awake, that I was going to do so. He came too; he called to the Indian, who came out, and I preached to him a little there in the moonlight. Then Clemente explained what I had been saying. I left them there, talking about it, and I came back to my hammock. The situation was peculiar. A Roman Catholic preaching the Gospel to a heathen, and I a few yards away, praying for both indiscriminately. Well, praise God.

“Clemente seems to me a most charming character; he seems to be totally selfless, and shows wondrous kindness and generosity and consideration to us all. In short, he seems to possess ‘that most excellent gift of charity;’

he is even kind to animals, yes, even insects. God grant he may accept Christ as his Saviour at this time. Perhaps he is already saved; he seems to take the Gospel as I preach it quite as a matter of course, and to see no difference in it from his own beliefs. When he was talking with Domingos one day about various mutual acquaintances, I think some of them 'Crentes' (believers, i.e., Protestants), he stated that he is, and intends to remain, a Roman Catholic. But the reason he gave was peculiar. In Brazil the Protestant has no religious ceremony, but only a civil one in marriage. Clemente does not think that a marriage can be happy unless it is blessed by the Church. This is his present 'bomb-proof shelter' against Protestantism.

"November 11th. I suppose they held the two minutes' silence in England to-day. At about the time I judged it would be in progress I had some prayer that God would speak to souls in the moment of unaccustomed reflection and solemnity, and would bring many to salvation.

Quaint Ways of Fishing.

"We got off in fairly good time, our Indian friend of last night having given us various things, such as a concoction of farinha, tapioca, honey and hot water (and very nice too—the Indians call it 'Black coffee'!) this morning—I gave him a fish-hook before we left, with which he seemed much pleased. But to-day we progressed very little: Clemente twice went off on protracted wild-pig hunting expeditions, without success, and we had to wait his return

(It is really for me he wants to get the meat: he does not consider farinha a sufficient diet for me on this strenuous journey.) While we were waiting the second time, Domingos and Joaquim (the Indian boy) went and 'fished' in a little stream close by. The fishing consisted of lifting water-logged palm tree trunks out of the water, and breaking them up to see if there were any fish inside them (they are more or less hollow). In this way they caught three fair-sized fish. We made a fire and cooked these. While we were eating them a heavy thunder-shower came on. We managed to get our loads into shelter (one of them being a large copper tray used for roasting the farinha, served as an umbrella for the others!) and there being no shelter for ourselves, we stripped, put our clothes in the shelter and had literally a 'shower-bath.' It was chilly enough in spite of our proximity to the Equator.

Land-Crabs.

"Clemente returned towards the end of the shower. Already it was late afternoon, so we busied ourselves in building a shelter for the night, or the others did, I got in the way. Then they went crab-fishing. The Brazilian name of these creatures is 'Fresh-water crab,' but I think they are what we call land-crabs. They live in moist ground close to the stream, making burrows down among the roots of the trees, so that they live actually in water which filters through the sandy soil from the stream. These creatures are interesting in that they are, I believe, the only creature, other than bird or

mamal, that looks after its young. Most of those we caught to-night had dozens of young crabs clinging to them, which scuttled away as soon as their parent was brought to the surface, and which will doubtless live to a ripe old age. It was the Indian who did the crab-fishing. Using a sharpened stake he enlarged the holes sufficiently to insert his hand and arm. Anyone attempting this game without knowing just how to do it encounters efficient claws. But the Indian knows the trick and quickly grabs the adversary and brings him (or her?) to the surface. So for supper we had crabs with our farinha, and very good they were. I never liked the salt-water crab, but these have quite a different taste; one eats everything except the harder part of the shell. The others insisted on my sleeping in the shelter with the baggage, which I was very unwilling to do.

“November 12th. Clemente and Domingos went off early to hunt pig, and were away a long time. Joaquim killed a couple more fish, by hitting the water close to them a heavy blow with a stick, so that they were partly stunned by the concussion, and catching them in his hands before they could recover. While these were roasting he wandered away again, and I heard a great deal of splashing going on, so presently I went to see what he was at. I found that he had dammed the stream in two places, perhaps twenty yards apart, and was ‘bailing’ the deeper water in between over the lower dam. So I helped him, and when most of the water was gone, by groping about in the deep mud with our hands, we got fourteen fair-sized

fish of several different sorts, as well as nearly a dozen little ones. Praise God for this good food. Soon afterwards the others returned and helped us to eat the fish. They had missed a pig and a monkey, but had got a 'cooteeah' (that is how it is pronounced at any rate) a large rodent, perhaps the size of a hare, and excellent eating. Again, praise God!

A Wet Night in the Forest.

"We had just about disposed of the fish when heavy rain, with thunder, came on, so we got naked and put a hasty roof of palm leaves over the fire, so as to cook our 'cooteeah.' When we had done that I took a shower-bath again, doing Müller's exercises meanwhile to keep warm. By the time the rain was over it was time to prepare for the night. The others made preparations to sleep out again, and I prepared to do likewise this time, for I don't believe in letting myself be pampered at this stage of the journey. If I let them think now that I like a roof over me every night of the four or five which are due before we reach our destination, they will want to build me a shelter. However, heavy rain came on again. After delays and experiments (in the course of which I must confess I got cross, because of their persistent efforts to pamper me), we eventually settled down all under cover, on the 'berth' system. I was high up and Domingos below me in last night's shelter, and Joaquim and Clemente occupied similar positions in the shelter we had out over the fire, which proved to be equally waterproof.

" November 13th. During the night a very heavy thunderstorm came on. I have never before heard a clap of thunder simultaneously with the lightning, as one clap was last night. We must have been right 'on the spot.' Talk of the 'Artillery of Heaven'; that clap was just like the noise that old 12-inch railway-mounted gun used to make a few yards behind our battery position in Flanders, and shake lumps off the ceiling of our officers' mess dug-out every time it fired.

But what had awoke me some little time earlier, was the fact that my roof proved not quite waterproof, and my hammock all too much so. Therefore a pool of water had collected in the lowest part of it as soon as the heavy rain came on. Having discarded the soaked garments, I went and crouched over the smouldering embers of the fire, and coaxed them into a blaze. Then, to pass the time, I 'sang' all the hymns I could remember, in spite of the groans of my companions. Then, this 'lullaby' having soothed (?) them to sleep, I had a time of prayer. Later I curled up beside the fire (in the warm ashes—I was frugally clad in an old leather jerkin, a shirt, and a safety-pin) and got a little sleep. (The roof over the fire was good.) When the storm was over I turned my hammock upside down (being careful that its contents missed Domingos below), and had a time of sleep till morning. After all, a hammock is not a necessity, one can sleep on the ground. Praise God for these things.

Fresh Meat of God's Providing.

“ We got off in good time. We only went a little way, when I had to call a halt, as one of the fastenings of my load had given way. It was God Who chose that spot. The others halted, but Joaquim, the Indian, who had the gun with him, went on alone to see if he could find something worth shooting. A moment later we heard a shot and Domingos and Clemente left their loads and went ahead. After some time and another shot, they all returned with a fine buck in prime condition. But for the breaking of that fastening we would have all gone ahead, making noise enough to scare away the buck at a couple of hundred yards range. Here is food in plenty for our journey, beautiful venison. Praise God. And He does not do things by halves. In this forest, dripping wet from last night's rain, there was dry wood in plenty close at hand (a tree dead and dry but still standing), which served for the big fire necessary for roasting the venison.

At Midnight with God.

“ November 14th. During the night I woke and presently got up, let down my hammock at one end, and used it as a ‘prayer-mat.’ I had perhaps two hours of glorious prayer. I was putting into practice God's message to me for this month—‘Return unto Me saith the Lord,’ Zech. i. 3. I had come to the conclusion that this message had for me a ‘Martha and Mary’ meaning. I have been so occupied and pre-occupied with ways and means of

service, that I have been forgetting the far-more-important communion part. And so, on such passages as 'The True Vine' and Paul's prayer for the Ephesian believers (John xv. 1-8, Eph. iii. 14-21), and Gal. ii. 20, and Phil. i. 21, I had a holy time of entering in again upon the 'fulness' (Eph. iii. 19.), and of the realisation of unity with Christ as branch to vine. A phrase which comes in the story of Moody was much in my mind: 'The world has yet to see what God can do with a life which is wholly yielded to Him.' The boy Moody, they say (though he was not converted until years afterwards), chancing (?) to hear that phrase spoken, determined to be the man. But why should there not be another? Why should there not be many? The vision that came to me was of the map of South America, all white and shining—all evangelised, a Christian country (no 'universal salvation' suggested here).

Cutting the Trail through the Forest.

"A tiring day—for me at least, for I had a heavy load. After the mid-day meal it was lighter, for we had eaten something of the farinha from it. But soon afterwards we picked up a 'Jabuttee' (tortoise) and the quickest way to carry it was to put it in my haversack, for our eating the farinha had just left room for it.

"In the afternoon, the Indians shot at, and wounded another buck. But the woods were very thick there, and after trekking it a good distance (all four of us) we lost it. This is the first time I have been deep into the woods

away from the trail: humanly, there would not be much hope that a man lost in them would ever find himself again!

“The ‘road,’ by the way, since we started from Freschal, the last village, has been very bad. It is just a track used rarely, and only in summer, by a few Indians and Brazilians. I suppose it is not travelled by more than a dozen parties in a year. It is so faint that even the Indian sometimes is at fault and it is so overgrown that for large stretches of it it is necessary to cut a way through in order to make progress with that awkward load, the big, four feet in diameter, copper tray. Even so, it is often a case of crawling on hands and knees.

“In the evening we killed a snake. The man in front, Clemente, must have walked right over it without seeing it. But praise God it was changing its skin and was therefore in a torpid state.

“By the way, this morning we had a drink from a wonderful natural well in a rock. The rock is hollow and there is just a tiny opening in which one can insert one’s hand and a small vessel and draw water. They say that the supply never fails. I felt that this was almost like a seal on last night’s prayer, when, too, I had been drinking from the Rock, ‘And that rock was Christ.’”

.

At this point there was a break in Hall’s diary. The strain of the journey culminated in severe attacks of dysentery and fever. It was nine days before he again wrote:—

“ November 15th. As I am writing this on the 24th, things are a little difficult, especially as the intervening nine days have been full of incident. However I will draw upon my superb (! ! ?) memory.

An Indian Water Supply.

“ To-day was a day of ‘big eating.’ But first of all we needed a drink, for the place in which we slept had no water, and we went to bed thirsty and woke up thirstier. However, we quickly reached one of the Indian’s favourite watering points on this trail, a ‘tree of water.’ This is a dead but standing hollow tree. It has a convenient slope, a list to starboard, so to speak, which lets rain water run down it and collect inside, entering by an opening ten or twelve feet from the ground ; storms are frequent and heavy enough to keep it more or less permanently full to this small opening, and by climbing to it (on a specially erected platform) and inserting a ‘cooca’ (I suppose its the same thing as a gourd), one can get a good drink of cold water, and of course no one worries here about the flavour. I think it was just after that that we met fruit in abundance, and such fruit ! Praise God for such fruit. It was something like a very expensive breed of cherry in first class condition. It lay about on the ground in abundance. When we wanted more we shook the trees, themselves too thick to shake, but there were hanging creepers, which we used as ‘bell ropes.’ We also ‘lay about on the ground in abundance,’ and ate. I nearly made myself ill. Before

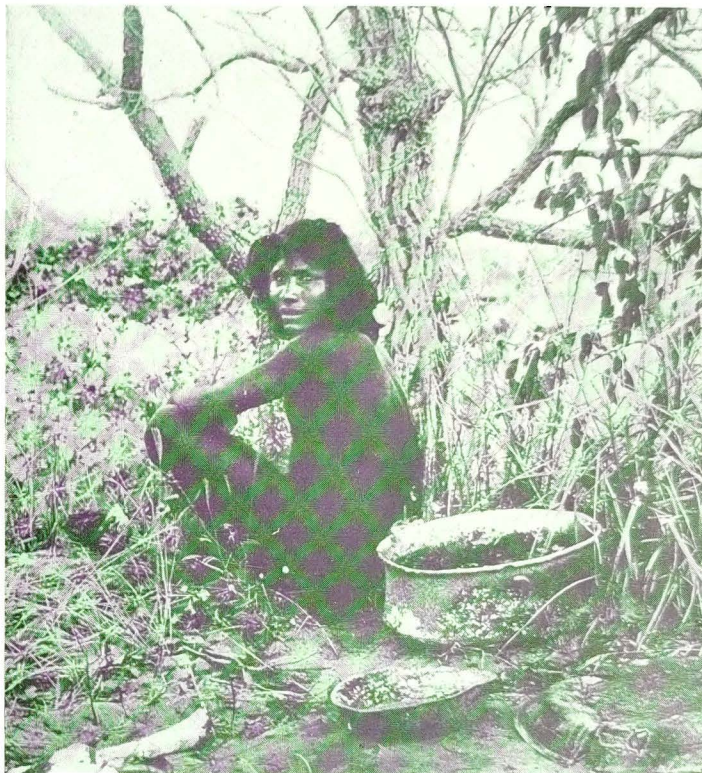
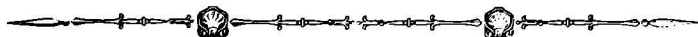
this I should have recorded another event, the death of a fawn which Clemente shot. I had been tired after yesterday's journey, and to-day the others had taken the foodstuffs, so that I without a share of them had a light load. But since it would waste all day if we stopped now to prepare this little doe, I added it whole to my cargo, making this the heaviest day I have had.

"I do not remember much more of the day, except that I think the way must have been pretty rough as well, because I was so very tired in the evening. We stopped early enough, for we had the 'hanimal' to prepare. We ate a little of her, and later we ate as well the second tortoise. I was very indignant because I thought the latter was alive while he was being roasted. But this was only muscular movement, for the poor creature had already lost the vast majority of its necessary interior economy.

A Deserted Village—and Its Occupants.

"Our farinha supply had run out, and as we were due to arrive the next afternoon at a deserted village which has plenty of mandioca growing near it, we intended to stay a day and prepare farinha.

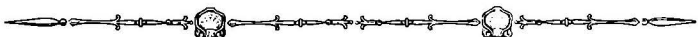
"November 16th. I had not so much weight, I suppose, but through accumulated weariness, perhaps, I nearly expired before we arrived. These Brazilians call their hills by the expressive name of 'ladeiras.' Yes, they might be ladders if one could find a few rungs, but to my mind they are more like cliffs. (It was yesterday or the day before, I think, that I took



[Photograph taken by Mr. F. C. Glass.

AN INDIAN PREPARING FARINHA.

Note the Copper Tray mentioned in the journals.



a couple of photos of great red cliffs perhaps 300 or 400 feet high.)

“There was sugar cane in our deserted village, small but sweet, and pleasant to suck. I have not quite found out why the Indians left here. There are two villages, one old, which they did not like, so they left it and built this big new village. It is not even fully completed, but they have gone. There is a rumour that the fleas drove them out. It might equally well be the ants or the mosquitos, for the species are all pretty good and fierce.

“Later, I went down another ‘mountainside’ with Domingos to the nearest stream to bathe. Such is the Indian in this matter: he must have water near his village, but his wife fetches the water, therefore he places his village on the extreme top of the hill (it is the best site of course, but I mean that he sacrifices nothing to his wife).

“When we got back, Clemente and Joaquim were already collecting mandioca, so we helped—or I got in the way. Then to our sleeping site. We did not get into any of the numerous and excellent huts, owing to the fearsome fleas, but pitched in the open.

“November 17th. We spent the early part of the day preparing farinha. I got in the way fairly effectively, taking part in all the operations, including that of grating one’s hands as well as the mandioca on an old piece of tin, which has had some other old iron repeatedly driven through it until it has become a grater.

“I slept with my hammock slung, by the way,

across two Indian graves. Talking of Indian graves, these Guajajaras always seem to bury inside a house. Dig a hole in the floor, put in the corpse, cover it over, wetting the clay, beat it good and hard, and there you are. I suppose the idea is that thus there will be no difficulty with hungry wild beasts, or the uprooting of a tree in some storm uprooting the grave as well.

The Beginning of Sufferings.

“ November 18th, 19th and 20th. It is one thing to tread in faith a rough and thorny path when one's feet are fairly healthy, and one is merely risking (not if the faith is real) pain, but it is quite another when one's foot is *in* pain and the risk (?) is agony. After nearly a day of walking in a species of 'faith' forced by nerve-power, a terribly exhausting process, God gave to my mind the definition of faith as 'substance' of things hoped for and 'evidence' of things not seen. Here was what I wanted, the 'substance' I wanted was a path that was not going to hurt that foot, i.e., a series of places to put that foot, where it would not be hurt; yes, I 'hoped for' it too; also it was 'not seen,' but if I had faith, I had both the substance and the evidence, and could walk along with my head in the air, leaving it 'not seen' (except where the overhead branches made that impossible, which was most places). But oh! my entering in was feeble: I walked badly and slowly those four days which we took to do a two days' trip.

“ November 21st. In the beginning, to-day

was much like the past two or three, only more so—I was weaker and wearier. When once I stopped to rest I found it well-nigh impossible to go on again. Early in the day, in one such halt, I begged Domingos who was with me to go on ahead and tell the others to go on at their own pace and we would follow at mine, but he was unwilling to do so, so we went forward again.

“Just before that I had had a God-given opening to preach Clemente the Gospel: praise God for it—I have been looking for it for more than a fortnight. But taking it now used up practically all my reserve of strength. When we came again to where Clemente was waiting for us, he told us we were almost ‘home.’ Domingos and he divided my cargo between them, and we went on.

Collapse but Victory.

“At the next halt, perhaps a mile further on, I, who was suffering intermittently from high fever, completely collapsed—becoming too weak to move hand or foot, or only just able, by a great effort, to make any movement whatsoever, and remaining just able to whisper instructions when they asked for them. Eventually they put my hammock up and lifted me into it: this was, perhaps, mid-day, and I was there until late afternoon: all the time I was conscious—too much so! I did not think I was going to die, I told Domingos I wasn’t: I was not desiring death, though I knew that humanly I was absolutely on the verge of death from exhaustion: the others did

not at all realise it. I knew the whole thing was by God's will and purpose.

"Never before did I experience or comprehend the terrible power of the devil, as in those three or four hours. My effort was to have absolute submission to God and absolute trust in Him, and to leave everything to Him, casting all my care upon Him, all my weight upon Him, waiting passively for Him to work it all out. And the devil fought me inch by inch. He used Scripture, science, reason, learning, knowledge, and wisdom. (How I wished that I knew nothing!) He used my great weakness as a Christian, the desire to be an admired Christian, the doing things to be seen of, and praised by, men. (My utterances during these hours, if recorded, would make me out a perfect servant of God, that is just the trouble: thank God they are not recorded, except where their real value is known).

"I got to doubt of my own salvation and this too I had surrendered to God, though the devil would not have it that the surrender was real. But why pile on the agonies? In the end, somehow God won. I came through, singing in Portuguese, 'God—Love,' over and over again, while the devil still told me I was doing it to receive praise of men. Domingos was with me then: he had done a lot of praying for me, he told me once he had prayed aloud with me. Good boy—I believe he is now definitely converted, even if he may not have been two months ago. They had fetched, and given me to eat, farinha during these hours, and now I ate more and a little meat.

Clemente was away getting assistance to carry me to the point where we were to take a canoe to Sapukaia. But when the assistance came it was pleased to discover that it had not any carrying to do. I was able to walk, though weakly. Finally we arrived at the house where we are staying after dark."

(v.) **Suffering and Glory.**

We publish extracts from the remaining fourteen days of Hall's journal not without hesitation. It contains much that is harrowing, much that is sacred. Yet, who can read even this without catching the note of triumph throughout, as he rises above suffering to praise and prayer and thoughtfulness for others? "Thanks be unto God Who always causeth us to triumph in Christ." Those who read will surely realise that this is holy ground, for it was for Christ's sake and the Indians alone that such suffering was endured. "Precious unto the Lord is the death of His saints."

"November 22nd, 23rd and 24th. I have done little or nothing, except try to rest—without much success, for that thirst is still upon me and will not let me sleep at night, and also keeps the indigestion going, though this has improved; it is a thirst only of the mouth and throat, which become absolutely dry again a moment after drinking.

"November 22nd. The owner of the house has high fever, and his partner (they are merchants—Brazilians) is entertaining us. On Saturday night I offered this partner that I

would heal the sick man in the Name of Christ. He thought me mad then, but when I explained a little more the next morning he seemed to think there might be something in it (this is a very religious man—and tremendously hospitable). However, he has not called upon me, and the sick man is rather better. Praise God for the victory over myself in making the offer. In spite of theories the first public offer to do so cost me a struggle.

“There are not many Indians here, and those there are are scattered. But this is the centre above all others for this work. There are fourteen big villages of the Guajajaras, ‘civilised villages’ within some three days’ journey of here. Also there is a whole tribe whom the Guajajara insist are no relations of theirs, called by them Guaja. This is a very wild and timid people, probably not building villages, or any real attempt at houses, but living nomad fashion in the woods. At the sight of Brazilians or civilised Indians they disappear. Besides these on the one side of the river there is a mixed multitude on the other. Wild Guajajaras, Timbiras and Guajas. Yes, this seems to be the centre for work. I hope to make it my winter centre and work in as many of the civilised villages as may be reached in winter. (Unless God shows me His will is otherwise.) By the way, perhaps, I have not made the name of this place sufficiently clear. It is the village of Sapucaia on the Rio Pindaré, above Engenho Central, distant from this latter about fourteen days by water or ten by land.

"I embarked at Liverpool on 23rd May, so I have been six months on the job. Praise God.

"November 25th. I was terribly tired in the morning, for I slept not at all. The immediate reason for this was *thirst*. I had water beside me and sipped it as soon as my mouth grew dry, but a moment later it would be dry again, dry absolutely, so that by putting my finger on my tongue I could find no moisture. This is the thirst I have been suffering from this past week, all of the mouth and throat, while the rest of me is deluged.

"About an hour or so before dawn I thought there only remained in the little calabash enough water to wet my mouth once more and I determined in spite of the difficulty of it in the deep darkness, to make my way down to the river to get some more. In putting out my hand to reach the calabash I overturned it and it rolled down hill a few feet. When I had groped after it and found it, to my great surprise it was right way up and to my greater, when I shook it to see if that 'lip-moistener' was in it still, I found that there was quite a lot of water in it—in point of fact enough to last me until dawn. I was greatly reminded of that widow's cruse that did not run dry. Whether, actually God increased the water or not, I cannot say; I know it was a miracle that the calabash rolled five or six feet without upsetting the water that was in it, and that it came to rest right way up, a most rare thing with a calabash. Praise God.

"I was thoroughly tired in the morning, but began to get better during the day. On

hearing of my unnatural thirst my host produced one of the little lemons of this land and Domingos went away and got others. This treatment was immediately effective. Also I got a little sleep. By evening I was much better.

“November 26th. Did very little of an active nature. Slept far better last night, as my weariness has come down to precedented limits, but my bad foot prevents me doing active things. Wrote yesterday's diary in the morning. Spent most of the afternoon ‘at exercise’ on the W.E.C. prayer-sheet. Praise God, my foot is at last showing signs of healing, and praise God the indigestion has gone.

“November 28th. Praise God that He is thus breaking down my old enemy, and terribly powerful enemy—confidence in the flesh. In this past three weeks He has taught me more in this than during the whole of my three-and-a-half years as a Christian. I have been shown at every point my own weakness and helplessness and my own sinful pride of flesh and carnal desire to show my ‘strength’ and ‘prowess.’ Oh! praise God, there is nothing in me; I am a weakling and a coward, and I know it for the first time in my life—and I am a braggart, and a self deceiver. Praise God that He has shown me.

“November 29th. Slept a good deal better last night and felt much better to-day, but still tired and without energy. Bible study and prayer, but even in these, God forgive me, I was somewhat listless.

“November 30th. Another perfectly sleepless night, no, I think I slept for about half an

hour. But I felt fairly well in the morning. Started out to spend the day in prayer, and did spend a great part of it thus in spite of listlessness.

“Who was praying for me in the afternoon? I suppose it would have been something between five p.m. and seven p.m. in England. I had been gradually becoming during the afternoon more and more restless and uncomfortable. I have had no pain all this past ten days (except a little in my feet) but only acute weariness and discomfort.

“Then later things came to a (further) crisis; I became what would be called, I suppose, ‘somewhat hysterical.’ I threw myself on the ground and groaned, and cried out, ‘What am I to do; what can I do?’—and cried to God for mercy. And for some time I lay in the dust and groaned and almost wept, and could find no rest, agonised by the awful possibility of another sleepless night. I even broke my faith principles in trying to borrow another hammock.

“Well, finding no satisfaction thus, I presently got Domingos to rig up my hammock again (I had been altering it when I broke down) and thank God he showed me a comfortable position, leaning against the hammock with arms outstretched, seated on a wooden box (the nearly universal chair of this country). Here I could rest and breathe at the same time. (If you have never known the difficulty—it is really of too narrow a hammock—you will not understand the immense luxury and privilege that it is). Oh, what a

relief was that rest during the later afternoon ; I felt that at last the struggle was over and I was gloriously humbled, publicly and utterly, but I was therefore happy and full of joy. What a joy it is to part with pride, and the 'stiff-upper-lip' business (that is when it is of self-origin) and the sub-conscious 'Britisher-set-these-Dagos-an-example' sentiment ! Hallelujah ! And so, after at least ten days of almost unbroken, intense and terrible alertness—at once diagnosed, I suppose as nerve-strain—I was at last able, by the mercy of God, just to rest in Him, and feel pleasantly sleepy and scarcely care whether I slept or not, because I was happy.

"December 1st. I did not wake until five a.m. Praise God, yea, praise Him ! I do not think I have had such a sleep as this for a month. Some Bible-study in the morning ; also read 'Daily Light' of last night and this morning, both of which well fitted the occasion ; then got on with diary of yesterday and to-day.

"I have been looking for an opportunity (or energy) to discuss my present plans. I had intended to visit the villages about here, but my unwellness and my bad foot have prevented it, and at any rate there would only have been time for perhaps a day's visit to two or three of them. As soon, therefore, as my foot is fit, I hope we shall get back to the base (nominally about nine days' journey, for me probably more), stopping some days, God willing, at a village we have not yet touched, and two or three more days at Apua, where we spent the three days, but promised to stay longer on return.

“Thus, we should arrive, God willing, a little before Christmas, at which time Domingos is due to be ‘returned to store.’ (And oh! what a Christmas present it will be to me if at last my much overdue mail has turned up).

“After that! I do not know. It seems to me now that God will have me work on the same lines, more or less, as He seemed to show me before—but modified. I do not think I am to spend all the winter among the Indians, but part of it (two or three more months at different times—three weeks or so at a time). In the intervals, I hope to return to my base (the house and family of João da Costa). I hope to return there, and rest and see to my correspondence and study Portuguese and Guajajara, and ‘earn my living’ by teaching his children to read and write. God knows that this is all provisional; I am too inclined, or I have been, to assume that *my* plans were *His*; I am utterly at His disposal and I only ask His forgiveness for past self-confidence.

“Went on later with notes of diary and got them up to date. After morning meal went with Gregorio and Domingos to visit an Indian village—the village of Sapukaia. It should be possible later to stay there and preach. Was not ill in the afternoon for I was interested. In the evening it was cool. I slept well. Praise God for these things—yea, praise Him.

“December 2nd. After my good sleep, I felt fitter in the morning, but still weary and listless. I did some Bible-reading and prayer. After the morning meal came that terrible six or seven hours of afternoon, with nothing

special to do. This is what nearly 'does for me' here. Pray! Study the Word! Yes, but a weary mind can't do it; it takes concentration; I should think insomnia must be one of the greatest enemies of prayer and Bible-study—that is to say, as far as the material level goes, which praise God, is not specially far in these matters.

"December 3rd. Slept excellently; also the indigestion, which has been recurring this past twelve days seems much better. I almost feel energetic this morning. Praise God for these things! Started the day with a bathe. Then 'Daily Light' and Bible-reading, with 'café' the first meal of the day, in between. Then got diary up to date—last two days. Then exercises on W.E.C. prayer-sheet. Afterwards a little walk, and then went (with his partner) to see my host, who is still very ill. As I knew it was God's will, and (that which was my duty to do), and with the consent of the sick man (Mariano) and his partner (Gregorio), in fact virtually at the request of the latter, I placed my hand on the sick man's head, and said in Portuguese something such as: 'In the Name of Jesus Christ the Son of God, and in His power only, be healed at once.' At the moment of writing, perhaps 24 hours later, there seems little difference in Mariano's condition. This does not worry me in the least (except that I hate that a man should be in pain), because I have perfect certainty and peace with God that I carried out His will in this matter, and nothing else counts. God be praised and glorified in all these things. Hallelujah!

“Then I prayed again—for besides the set subjects of the W.E.C. prayer-sheet, I seek to pray daily, in detail for this Heart of Amazonia Mission and all its work and the other work that I know of this land.

“After the mid-day meal I had Bible-reading with Domingos, and then got him to take me perhaps a mile down stream to a less public bathing place; it took us some little time by canoe. There I did Müller's exercises and bathed. All of this I enjoyed hugely. When we got back it was quite fairly late afternoon. Another hour or more of prayer—on my private prayer list. Then the evening meal. I had not much appetite. Praise God, this horrible painless and abnormal indigestion which had not quite left me until now, has given place to a more normal species, with which I feel much better able to cope.

“Was late getting to sleep, owing to the wonderful number of mosquitos about to-night.

“The sick man Mariano remains sick. On looking again at the promise upon which I was actually working, Mark xvi. 18, I find that it says (according to our A.V.) ‘they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover,’ and in my Portuguese Bible the same, except that the final words are ‘and he shall cure them.’ In either case the naked promise is that the invalid shall be cured, but there is no time promise attached; this fact I had not realised before. By the way, while I mentioned a few weeks ago the seal I had on the first part of this verse 18, in that, after reading it in my morning reading, in the evening I did pick up both a snake and a

scorpion in a dead palm-tree, I do not think I mentioned the seal on part two. It was on the day that we prepared farinha during the journey. Domingos and I found among the mandioca (the root from which farinha is prepared) what we believed to be macaxira, a variety which is not poisonous even when eaten raw. So we ate some. Later we read our daily chapter, which that day was Mark xvi. Afterwards, when I was talking about verse 18, and recalling to mind the snake and scorpion incident, Domingos told me that he was almost certain now we had not eaten macaxira in the morning, but mandioca, which, raw, is deadly, but it did not harm us. Thus, with two parts of the verse sealed to me how can I possibly doubt that the third part is mine for the taking? Hallelujah.

"December 5th. Slept well, praise God, though somewhat interrupted by the exigencies of indigestion. 'Daily Light' very excellent to me these days, especially last night and this morning. After 'café' and Bible reading and W.F.C. prayer, got on with this diary. Praise God, I feel *fit* this morning! Only feet now and indigestion normal."

The last word received from Fenton Hall was written in pencil, three days later, a personal letter to the Rev. G. A. Barclay, Home Overseer of the Mission. The beginning and the end of it are reproduced below. The P.S. in the top left-hand corner is his last written sentence. Thanks be unto God Who gives to weak, suffering, sinful man such victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Oh death,

where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

"Passive to His holy will
Trust I in my Maker still,
Even though He slay me."

P.S. "Yes I will rejoice in the Lord" rejoice in the Lord "in the God of my Salvation" Same Address 8th December

Dear Home-Overseer

Please for give pencil, but I've just upset the ink-pot (as usual) & there is only about enough ink left for the address. I am writing to apologize for not sending diary lately. There is a lot written, but not ready to send

I am ill, & far from my base, but in most hospitable hands

.....

Give my love in Christ & all wishes for the New Year to all I know
yours in joyful service, E. G. F. Hall

Suddenly his letters stopped, week after week passed by, anxiety grew as the mails brought no news. At last the Home Overseer cabled to Maranhã to enquire. A fortnight went by ere the terrible shock came with the reply, "Hall died of fever December 25th at Sapucaia." It cast a gloom on all who heard. Many were the sympathetic messages to Headquarters. Friends from all parts poured out their deepest regrets at the loss of so great a soul. The world and even the Newspaper Press recognised a hero. Later, letters came through with one from Snr. da Costa to Pastor Tavares, whom Hall had accompanied on the river journey.

The following is a translation :—

ENGENHO CENTRAL,

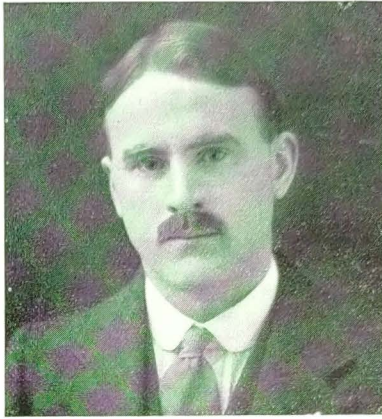
30th January, 1925.

SR. ELIAS TAVARES.

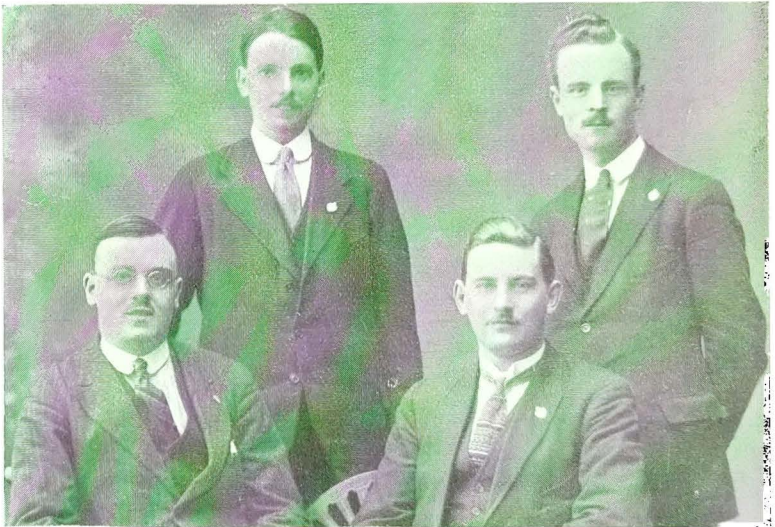
Dear Brother in Christ,

By means of this letter, I wish to communicate to you the sad news respecting our ever remembered brother George, who on his missionary journey reached our house on the night of September 15th, 1924, and stayed with us until October 6th of the same year, on which day he left in company with my son Domingos, as far as the Indian village at Batatal.

After a few days' stay there he went on to other villages together with my boy, who I had willingly consented should accompany him until the end of December last, which date he marked for his return here.



MR. K. G. GRUBB.



This Group of Four and Mr. Kenneth Grubb have already followed Fenton Hall to Amazonia; . . . but FIFTY COUPLES OF MEN are needed!

WHO WILL GO?

When the time was up, and they did not arrive or any news of them, I resolved to go in search of them, and, as a matter of fact, I left here on January 7th of this present year, going from village to village, always taking an Indian with me to guide me on the way to Sapucaia of the river Pindarè, where I found the lad in the house of two Brazilians whose names are Mariano and Gregoriano; I asked them to inform me of the whereabouts of Sr. George, and this is what they told me:—"He reached here on the 17th November, already in a high fever and with a terrible dysentery, wet through with the rain. We live here in these heights, and are both ill and almost without resource, but even so we did everything we could to help him to get better, giving him herb teas and some pills, but all in vain; nothing did him any good. The only men here are the Indians, the journey takes more than ten days, we feared sending him alone with only the boy and the Indians, as they are a slothful and careless people. We arranged one to take a letter to you, to bring medicines and other necessaries, but when he was on his way, he met their Captain, who made him return, asking him why he did not carry fire-arms with him, so that, the only thing we could do was to call on God to help us."

He died on December 25th at 5 o'clock in the evening.

I, João, reached there on the 16th of this present month (January) at 6 o'clock in the evening, and on the following day I went to visit his sepulchre. I prayed a short prayer,

asking God that, even as our Lord Jesus came into this world on the 25th December, even so we trusted that He had received His servant into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I remain, Rev. Sr.,
Your esteemed and grateful friend,

JOÃO SOARES DA COSTA.

In the letter accompanying this Mrs. Tavares wrote: "When my husband came home after his two months' journey down South, and he read all the particulars of Mr. Hall's death, he just went apart and wept, he felt it so keenly as they were such close friends."

What had been said hundreds of years before by our blessed Lord came to pass, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die . . .," it cannot bear fruit. The corn of wheat has fallen into this particular ground where God meant it to fall and it has died. It was His seed, His planting. The seed dies and lies in the ground but as a matter of course Life will follow, Life with its wonderful changes.

God never wastes a corn of wheat. As a friend has written, "The Husbandman never makes mistakes. He gathered Stephen in at a time when the Church seemed to need him so badly, but what a wealth of inspiration Stephen's Home Going has meant for the Church ever since. His spices are pressed in order that we may receive their fragrance!" Stephen before the Sanhedrim, "threw his life away" by exclaiming "ye stiff-necked, etc." Yet he received such a seal on his martyrdom

as no other has ever received. The Lord rose from His throne to greet him. Fenton Hall went forth and has joyfully, and with a smile filled up some of Christ's sufferings for His body's sake, the Church among the Indians of South America. When we hear the Church Triumphant burst into the mighty Hallelujah of Heaven, will it appear waste that the Church in Europe gave of her best that the chorus might not lack voices from these inaccessible parts of the earth, that the harmony might be perfect, lacking not one note? How great was his love! Fire of love, burn in us, burn evermore, till we burn out for Thee.

In the midst of our deep sorrow we joyfully thank God for the undying inspiration of such a life so wholly, gladly devoted to the salvation of these 400 tribes of wild Indians. The cry of his life comes back to us—"to the Indians." To the Indians it shall be by God's grace, until every tribe has had the knowledge of their crucified and risen Saviour. This shall be the fruit through all eternity of this corn of wheat which has fallen into the ground and died. Let us bear in mind the solemn words of the Saviour: "Whoever shall lose his life for My sake (and the Gospel's) shall find it." Hallelujah.

"Christ is worthy, ever worthy, at His feet we cast
our crown,
Gladly for our Saviour lay our lives in darkness down,
What is sown in grief and darkness shall be raised in
joy and light,
God's harvest shall be worth the cost, His victory
worth the fight."

The following hymn sung at the Memorial Service in London just expresses Fenton Hall's own consecration:

“Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, Who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee.
O Jesus Christ—I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might
Therefore to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life—I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take the victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O, Master, Lord—I come.

“I KNOW . . . MY FAITHFUL MARTYR.”

—*Rev. ii. 13.*

CHAPTER IX.

Postscript.

IT is impossible to read the life story of Fenton Hall without realising that it is the life of a "pioneer and hero," to whom nothing would be more distasteful than receiving our praise and thanks. And while we cannot but admire his splendid life and example, we must remember that our gratitude and our praise are all due to God, "Who gave and Who hath taken away."

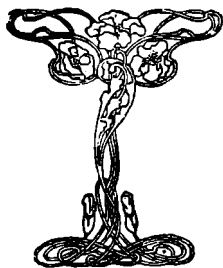
From the purely human point of view, we might be tempted to criticise the action of our Heavenly Father in taking to Himself one who had scarcely reached the prime of life—for we, with our short-sighted vision, cannot perhaps understand why such a splendid life should have been so suddenly cut short, or how a man of this type could possibly be spared. In our blindness and ignorance we might be apt to say that Hall's efforts have been to a great extent wasted.

And yet we know this cannot be. Granted that Hall's sudden death is a *challenge* to our faith, we refuse to allow it to be a *blow* to our faith.

Without professing entirely to understand why God has cut short this promising life (for let us remember, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord"), we may well consider how we can meet this challenge. And as we refuse

to know defeat, it is borne in upon us that the work must go on—and that others must be raised up to carry it on. Hall's death, then, is a call to prayer and a challenge to others to come forward. If the story told in these pages is to be the end, then we are confronted with failure.

This book is but Chapter I, and the life and death of Fenton Hall are the beginnings of a mighty movement for the evangelisation of Amazonia. Amazonia needs Christ—Christ needs us!



Ecce Homo.

Written by FENTON HALL in 1923.

I.

Boldly came He riding to the city as Messiah,
“Blest be He that cometh thus—Hosanna” was
their cry ;
That is past, and since have sped four days of fear-
less service,
For when Thou camest riding, Lord, Thou
camest up to die.
(Oh, Jesus, Blessed Master, Thou didst know it
while they shouted—
Thou knewest what the coming days held then in
store for Thee—
O grant that I may never by men’s fickle tongues
be tempted ;
Or seeking human favour, cease to follow after
Thee.)

II.

The supper now is ended, and Thou lovingly hast
told them
Of that which must be done to Thee, commencing
e’en to-night.
And Thou hast sought to soften him who purposed
to betray Thee
And hast desired by love his evil purpose to
affright.
(Oh, Jesus, gentle Master, give to me this love for
others
That never to the very end may love release its
hold—
It may be that Thou knewest that he surely must
betray Thee,
Yet love would seek to cause him from this vile-
ness to withhold.)

III.

And now it is the garden, and the time has come to drink it—

That poison cup the wickedness of such as I hath filled ;

For there all our iniquities were laid upon Thy shoulders

That Thou for us shouldst bear them when Thy cleansing blood was spilled.

(O Jesus, blessed Master, grant that I may bear their burdens—

Thy loved ones who are burdened far more heavily than I.

Thou verily hast given us to bear each other's burdens—

Grant grace that we this word of Thine may eagerly apply.)

IV.

To Thy Pure Soul that cup of all iniquity was given—

That draught Thy Hero Spirit drank, yet scarce could undergo,

And to the very point of death Thou wast borne down by sorrow—

It seemed that death would claim Thee there ere Crosswards Thou could'st go.

(Oh Master, give me courage like unto Thy matchless courage

Which never flinched but forward went unto that death of shame—

Give me courage as Thy witness, give me courage, courage, courage,

Give me courage to go forward to the glory of Thy Name.)

V.

Thou prayedst the removing of that cup which
sought to tempt Thee

To easy death which by Thy breaking heart was
creeping near

For thou for our unworthy sake didst seek the
Cross's horror—

Thy Holy Father heard Thee in the thing which
Thou didst fear.

(Oh Christ, give me thus selflessly to seek the pain
and terror

And manfully, as Thou didst do, to choose the
hardest way ;

For it was by Thy choosing and Thy praying and
God's answer

That Thou didst come to Calvary, and so our debt
didst pay.)

VI.

He granted not the passing of that cup of bitter
poison

He spared Thee not its horror—Thee, His Own
Belovèd Son ;

Thou willingly didst drink to the dregs—Thy prayer
He answered,

Gave life, upon the Cross to die, and thus His
will was done.

(My Master, grant that praying I may seek the gift
that seemeth

To be what will enable the fulfilment of His will :
But even Thou didst leave to Him the guiding of
Thy footsteps,

So grant " Not my will, Thine be done " may be
our pattern still.)

VII.

And then when most Thou didst desire that they for
Thee be praying

When Thou didst come Thou foundest them not
watching but asleep ;

And gently didst Thou waken them and tell them of
Thy striving—

And wentest back, Thy watch in dark Gethsemane
to keep—

(My Lord, Thy grace I need when thus I find Thy
servants sleeping—

Thou didst not chide, but that they now should
watch with Thee didst seek

And Thou didst tell them of Thy needs that they
might help by praying—

Thy spirit willing, Thou didst tell, but that Thy
flesh was weak.)

VIII.

Now comes that mob with swords and staves, the
traitor Judas leading,

And by a kiss betraying Thee to sinners' vengeful
hate—

Yet gently didst Thou speak to him and gently seek
to give him

A final chance of drawing back ere it should be too
late.

(O Master, give me love for him who seeks to do me
evil,

And grant that I may seek that Thou in mercy
save that soul—

Yet further didst Thou show the works of love there
in the garden

For him whose ear was severed Thou didst touch
and make it whole.)

IX.

Next Thy beloved followers in cowardice forsook
Thee,

And then in ghastly travesty of justice wast Thou
tried ;

Then, that they might be rid of Thee, their promised
long Messiah,

The priests of God the Law that they administer
defied.

(Oh Master, grant that when unjust condemning I
must suffer

I may be filled with joy because Thou thus hast
suffered too—

To slay Thee ev'ry law of Jew and Roman there
was broken,

Impossible it was to find a charge against Thee
true.)

X.

Then thrice wast Thou denied—by one who said he
would die with Thee,

By others wast Thou spit upon, mocked, crowned
with thorns and scourged,

Yet meekly didst Thou bear it all—their railery and
jeering,

The mob that cried “ Barabbas,” as the jealous
priests had urged.

(Oh Master, give me meekness in the bearing of each
burden

That men of me take knowledge that with Jesus I
have been ;

O Lord give me the mockery, the scourging and the
sorrow

If thus in me Thy sinner-saving presence may be
seen.)

XI.

And lo, as there upon the Cross, Thou, Lord, didst
hang a-dying

That those who did the evil be forgiven Thou
didst seek.

And yet they mocked and railed on Thee in unre-
lenting hatred—

The priests exulting to behold their "enemy"
now weak.

(Oh Master, grant forgiving love that I, as Thou, be
seeking,

If I for Thee may die—that those who slay me
Thou forgive;

And when they mock my weakness, oh, my Master,
give me meekness

To seek my Master's glory if I die or if I live.)

XII.

Yea, even those who hung with Thee did rail on Thee
and mock Thee,

Those two who suffered there the death of shame
that *they* had earned,

But one, relenting, sought from Thee and so
obtained, forgiveness

Was he the first the meaning of Thy sacrifice had
learned?

(Oh Master, make me wise to know that none is past
redeeming,

To see the strength of Thy great finished work on
Calvary—

Who came to call not self-content but sinners to
repentance;

Teach me to preach the Whosoever Gospel full
and free.)

XIII.

Then came that noonday darkness Thy love's agony
concealing,

And one who stood there cried " This is indeed
the Son of God "—

Give me to see with eye of faith where Christ the
King hung dying,

Give me to know that 'twas for me that Thou that
path hast trod.

(And grant that if I die for Thee, oh Jesus Christ
my Master,

Those who behold may by my death Thy Christ-
hood come to know ;

Oh Christ my Lord so dwell in me that even by my
dying

Those watching may be drawn to find Thy Blood's
redeeming flow.)

XIV.

And now that direst suffering—oh Thou my sin wast
bearing,

And for that cause the Father must forsake Thee,
thus made sin—

Oh Christ, what ghastly agony to save me Thou hast
suffered,

Thou on the Cross forsaken there, my soul from
Hell to win.

(Oh Christ, Eternal Lover, thus Thy love past
understanding

Hath sought me and hath found me and with love
hath filled each breath—

Oh Jesus Christ I love Thee, Christ, my Lover, I
adore Thee

Who in love didst once redeem me by Thine agony
and death.)

XV.

Thy crying " It is finished " and Thy yielding up the Spirit

The top to bottom rending of the Sanctuary's veil.
That we may now have boldness to the holiest to enter

By Blood of Jesus cleansing us from carnal nature frail.

(Oh Master, grant that I may know that truly " It is finished,"

That Thy redemption dying there the price hath fully paid ;

For Thou, who knew no sin, wast there made sin that, Thee receiving

We might be saved, in robes of Thy pure sinlessness arrayed.)

XVI.

O Master Thou art risen and to Heaven art ascended,
And now at God's right hand of might Thou art set down on high,

" Go, preach, and I am with thee," was Thy charge to Thy disciples—

Oh Christ, canst Thou be dwelling in a sinner such as I ?

(I know that I, through faith, with Thee am crucified, Lord Jesus,

Yet none the less I live—it is not I that live, but Thou ;

'Twas " I in them and Thou in Me that they may be made perfect,"

Thus didst Thou pray for us who bear Thy mark upon our brow.)

XVII.

And now 'tis "Christ in me, the hope of glory," I
acknowledge,
And Christ my Intercessor there before the throne
above ;
Oh Christ, my Prophet, Priest and King, my Royal
Reigning Master,
My All-in-all, my Life, my Way, my End, my
Fount of Love.
(In wondrous love Thou, Master, freely sought me
and redeemed me
When foul and stained I wallowed there in sin's
vile reeking slough,
My Master I adore Thee with a love beyond
expressing,
And in joy of Thy indwelling there is love's fulfil-
ment now.)

XVIII.

Thou lovest me with love beyond my human
comprehending,
And I love Thee, I love Thee with all love that I
can know.
Oh joy beyond all human joy, to love and be beloved
By that One who in dying did His Love Undying
show.
(Oh take me, Lover—Master, take me, body, soul,
and spirit,
Accept now this my love-gift yielded up in love to
Thee,
Oh use me how Thou wilt, Lord—wouldst Thou use
me unto others
That they too joy eternal in Thy tender love may
see ?)

The Worldwide Evangelisation Crusade.



Object.

The Evangelisation of every part of the Unevangelised

World in the shortest possible time, beginning

with the Heart of Africa.



Doctrinal Basis.

1. Absolute Faith in the Deity of each Person of the Trinity.
2. Absolute Belief in the full Inspiration of the Old and New Testament Scriptures.
3. Vow to know and to preach none other save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.
4. Obedience to Christ's command to love all who love the Lord Jesus sincerely without respect of persons and to love all men.
5. Absolute Faith in the Will, Power, and Providence of God to meet our every need in His service.



List of Present Missionaries.

AMAZONIA (East).

MR. AND MRS. E. J. WOOTTON. MR. L. BLAND.
MR. H. FOSTER. MR. N. R. LANG. MR. T. TAYLOR.

AMAZONIA (Heart).

MR. K. G. GRUBB. MR. C. L. KNIGHT.
MR. A. L. HUTCHESON. MR. L. HARRIS.
MR. C. H. MORRIS.



TRIBAL MAP OF AMAZONIA.

The Red Line shows the vast area of 3,000,000 square miles which contains at least 400 tribes of unevangelised Indians. Notable tribes are marked in capitals—e.g., KAYAPO; important towns in small type—e.g., Manaos. The red X shows the place where Fenton Hall died among the Guajajaras. Mr. K. G. Grubb and party of four have their base at Manaos, and are now penetrating to the Parentintin Tribe up the R. Madeira. Mr. Wootton and party, with their base at Carolina, are approaching the Kayapo and Karaho Tribes.