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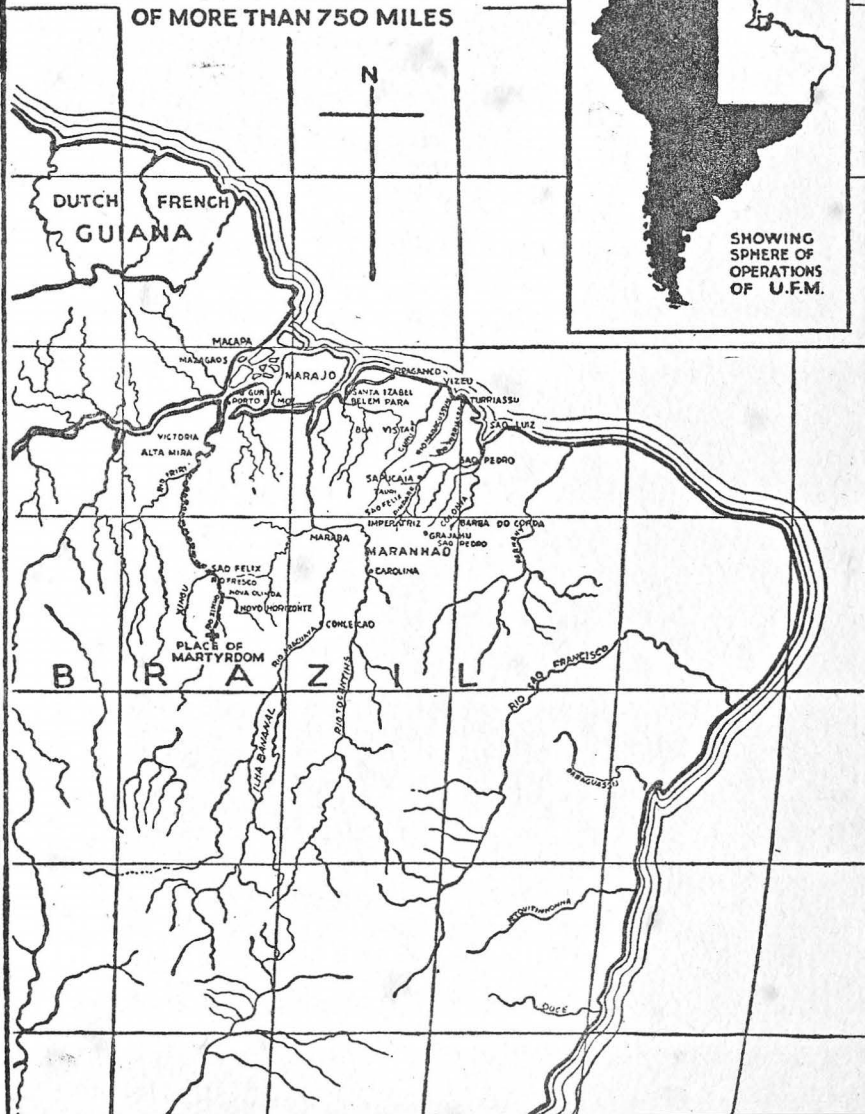
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NORTH-EASTERN BRAZIL AMAZONIA

THE JOURNEY OF THE
THREE MARTYRS INDICATED
BY DOTTED LINE A DISTANCE
OF MORE THAN 750 MILES



The two Missionaries who went in search of "The Three Freds"



HORACE BANNER



WILLIAM JOHNSTONE



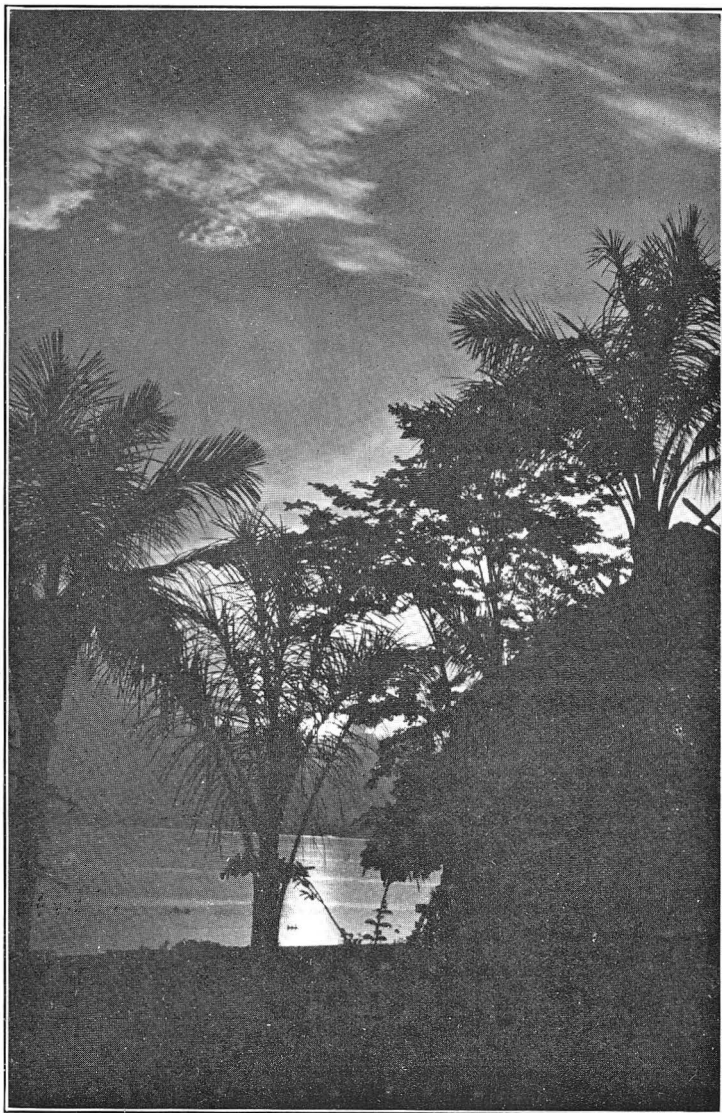
LEONARD HARRIS

May 1937. Went to meet the Kayapos when they emerged from the forest.



JOSEPH WRIGHT

Has heard the call to go to the Kayapos, the tribe that killed his brother



[Photo: *Unevangelised Fields Mission*

SUNSET ON THE AMAZON

THE THREE FREDS

MARTYRED PIONEERS FOR CHRIST
IN BRAZIL

By

WM. J. W. ROOME
F.R.G.S., L.R.I.B.A., F.R.A.I.

Foreword by

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE THREE FREDS
COMRADES IN THE SERVICE OF THE KINGDOM
WHO BLAZED THE TRAIL TO THE WILD INDIANS OF
AMAZONIA AT THE COST OF THEIR LIVES

THE INDIANS OF AMAZONIA

(*Tune*—"Hark, the sound of holy voices.")

Oft we sing of China's millions,
Often hear of India's plains;
And we often hear of Satan
Binding Afric's sons in chains.
What of those beside the river,
Mighty in its width and flow;
Those wild Indians still in darkness,
Shall they not the Saviour know?

Amazonia, land of forests
Dark and dim, where lie concealed
Secrets past when tribes were vanquished,
When the truth was not revealed.
Hungry now, they need its telling,
Sow then, that the seed may grow;
Those wild Indians still in darkness,
Shall they not the Saviour know?

Lord, the time is quickly passing,
And Thou soon shalt come to reign,
Give Thy servants now a vision
Of Thy cruel cross and shame;
Call them, Lord, then send them forward,
Filled with Calvary love, to shew
Those wild Indians still in darkness,
That they can the Saviour know.

(RUTH E. PHILLIPS, née BENNETT.)

FOREWORD

THE "THREE FREDS" both in life and death, showed that certain strong principles governed their lives. We would do well to consider these in relation to our own lives, as we read this book.

They did not say with Jacob, "If God . . . will keep me in the way . . . so that I come again in peace . . . then shall the Lord be my God." But in glad abandon they committed their lives to do His will, although it meant death.

These men, seeing the possibility of death, bequeathed their kit to those who should follow them and evangelise the Kayapo. They understood the value of the souls of the wild Indians of the forest for whom Christ died.

They realised they might never complete, or even begin, the work; so great was the danger. Yet they believed God would fulfil His promise that some from every tribe would be around the Throne; and were ready to die in faith, not having received the promises but being persuaded of them. They considered obedience to God's call their duty; and they left the issue with Him to raise up others to fulfil the work.

Fred Wright and Fred Dawson laid down their lives on their first great expedition: a sacrifice God permits from time to time as a testimony to the Church, the World, and the Principalities and Powers of Darkness. Their whole desire was to satisfy the heart of

God regardless of whether they, or their fellow men, saw any profit. Their reckoning of true values was correct.

On the other hand Fred Roberts, from his first landing in South America, gave himself for over ten years, to take the Gospel of Peace to Indians that shoot at sight. In 1926 he went to Sapucaia, where Fenton Hall, and later his own wife, laid down their lives, though no Indians would accompany him because of the murder of three different parties on the river that month. In four years eighty responded to the message, and some of these went out as evangelists. His second expedition was in 1930 to the dangerous Guajas. Only one Indian would accompany him and his colleague. The 1935 Expedition was his third.

In the days of the martyrdoms of the Early Christians we read, in 1 Cor. xv. 29, of those that were baptised for (Gk. to take the place of, as in Philemon 13) the dead. They gladly stepped forward to fill the breach. Are there any who will quietly, and deliberately, seek to be baptised with the Holy Ghost that they too may be acceptable to take the places of the dead in ministering the Gospel to those that have not heard?

B. GODFREY BUXTON.

*Missionary Training Colony,
Pioneer Camp, Highfield Hill,
Upper Norwood, S.E.19.*

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THE THREE FREDS

CHAPTER I

“IN THE TRAIN OF HIS TRIUMPH”

“The noble army of martyrs praise Thee, O God.”

SOMEWHERE in the great dread forests of Brazil lies all that is mortal of three brave pioneers for the Kingdom of Christ. Their spirits have joined the host triumphant around the Throne. The full story of their last days may never be known to us in the Homeland. It is known only by that band of wild, savage Indians, the Kayapos, who, as far as we can gather, ambushed and massacred them. For their murderers we can but pray, “Father forgive them for they know not,” what they did.

THIS IS NOT THE DAY OF DEFEAT, BUT THE DAY OF VICTORY. NOT THE HOUR TO MOURN, BUT TO REJOICE. NOT THE TIME TO HALT, BUT TO ADVANCE. The Call of the Unevangelized Fields Mission is to stretch out to “the uttermost ends” of the earth; to carry the message of Redeeming Love to those dwelling in the darkest spots on earth; to carry the Word of God, the one Story, the one Hope, the one Faith that can lift them out of degradation, to the feet of the Throne of God.

The Unevangelized Fields Mission has been doing this for years. It has sought to carry that story of Redeeming Love not only to the Indians of the great Amazonian Forests, but to the wild cannibals of the

Congo, and the head-hunters of the great Fly river of Papua, New Guinea.

In Amazonia we have to-day the remnants of races who are the wildest of the wild. There they live in the haunts of that great mighty primeval forest. Their only experience of the white man, in days gone by, has been that of tyranny and brutality, even of torture and of death. They have not yet learned the difference between the rubber hunter, and the seeker for souls.

For some years the Unevangelized Fields Mission has sent its pioneers up the mighty tributaries of the Amazon. Most of their investigations have been carried on along the Xingu, the Araguaia, the Gurupy, the Pindaré, the Mearim. The last three, however, are not actual tributaries of the Amazon itself, but are in Eastern Brazil within the same water basin. For many years efforts have been made to reach the Kayapos, who are amongst the wildest, and most savage of Indian tribes. In another chapter we give the story of the early efforts of Mr. Wootton, and others, to get into contact with these wild folk through their tamer brethren, another section of the tribe that has lived more in contact with the outposts of civilization.

For some twenty-five years Mr. Wootton has been evangelizing in Brazil, and his story is a thrilling one. He was busy collecting Kayapo words and phrases when a Roman Catholic priest, true to the policy of his Church, stirred up the people against him and made it necessary for him to leave the district. Mr. Wootton tells us that the "wild" Kayapo, as distinguished from the "tame" ones, still constitute a menace to the white population in their locality. While they have their

villages, and raise their own crops of mandioca, their hunting and fishing expeditions take them far afield. They roam about in bands, robbing, and occasionally killing, Brazilians and kidnapping their women and children. While we deplore this action we cannot but recognise it is the inevitable retaliation, as far as they can understand it, for the atrocities that they have suffered at the hands of white aggressors in the days gone by. Unscrupulous agents employed by city firms have penetrated into these forests in the search of valuable products. They have treated the wild red-men worse than animals, thus incurring their hatred and revenge. Government officials establishing inspection posts, with a view to the pacification of these uncivilized peoples, have found it necessary to put up galvanized iron huts and to surround themselves with barbed wire entanglements. The wild Kayapos shoot at sight, and look upon white men as their lawful prey.

The Three Freds realised this, and in a letter written on their last journey at the last outpost of civilization, one of them said:

*"BRETHREN, STAND BY US AS ONE MAN
—Continue to pray for us, and should the result be that
which I suppose we least want, pray and send others out
to continue what the Lord has commenced. Remember
He died for the Indians of South America."*

The long months of silence that followed made any hopes for the return of the "Three Freds" sink to zero. There were hopes expressed by friends at home that they might either be captives held for ransom, or that they were alive and had accompanied the Indians to their forest homes. To those who know the

untamed Indian intimately these hopes would be without foundation.

These wild Indians have no conception of holding any to ransom, simply because there is nothing the white man can give them that they want. Even if there were, their own estimate of human life is so low that they would not realise that the lives of the "Three Freds" were, to us, most valuable. With regard to the second hope that they were still alive and with the Indians, assuming that our missionaries had been able to establish, at the very first, a friendly contact, in itself an almost inconceivable thing, in view of the known character of the Kayapos, and the smashed canoe; it would be difficult to believe that, even if the Indians had tolerated their presence amongst them, our brethren could have maintained life for a whole year under such conditions.

The "Three Freds" would have been deprived of everything they possessed that would enable them to fend for themselves. The Indians would give them nothing, and in their trekking from place to place it would be a matter of complete indifference to the Indians whether they were able to keep up with them, or fell out by the way. They treat their own sick and aged in this manner, then how could it be expected that they would treat strangers differently? Lack of this sense of hospitality amongst the Indians made it necessary for us to fear the worst.

"SHOULD THE LORD WILL THAT WE BE TAKEN, OUR PRAYER IS THAT MORE MEN AND MONEY WILL BE RUSHED OUT TO FOLLOW UP THIS ADVANCE."

That message will inspire us for many a long day. We shall hear the voice of the "THREE FREDs" ringing

down the years. No human selection had called together these comrades with one "common name, "FRED." That alone could have been by the Spirit of the Living God. Their names will live not only in our memories, but in the memory of many others. Their names were Fred Roberts, Fred Wright, Fred Dawson. Roberts and Dawson were from the far-away land of Australia. Wright came from Ireland. They were the representatives of their own lands—men who realised the call of God to the regions beyond!

They counted not their lives dear unto them. They went forward in the full and certain knowledge that, humanly speaking, their lives were forfeit. Their journey would prove difficult and dangerous. Much of it lay through the primeval forests, difficult at all times for penetration. Much more so would it be under present circumstances. Five days they travelled by steamer from the port of Para, or Belem. This brought them to the small town of Altamira, on the River Xingu. Thence they had four days by river launch or fifteen by canoe. The last outpost of civilization would then be reached at Nova Olinda. This Xingu River, though a mere tributary of the giant Amazon itself, is over a thousand miles in length. Its well stocked forests have for many years afforded a happy hunting ground to deported criminals, and political refugees. Frequently the channel is unnavigable for ordinary boats on account of the rapids. Even canoes find these a serious obstacle. At such places it is customary to carry the craft, when light, over portages of a mile, or more. The heavier craft have to be rolled over on logs. To provide a way for these it may be necessary to clear the trail of undergrowth.

At the fork of the Xingu, with its affluent the Fresco, the missionaries would have to proceed up the latter river. Then they would follow its tributary, the Riozinho, towards their goal, the name of which signifies "Headquarters of the Grass." The term suggests that here the forest gives place to an open plain, the abode of the wild Kayapo Indians.

Fred Roberts, with his ten years' experience of the forests of Brazil, when on furlough, secured many things necessary for such adventure. He realised the advantage that an outboard motor would be, when fixed to a canoe, and he was fortunate in securing a $4\frac{1}{4}$ -h.p. Evin-rude make. He also had a microscope and some other scientific instruments, a six-foot cross saw, guns and some ammunition for hunting game. He also took some galvanized iron sheets, rivets and tin cutters. The last items were to form steel shields by way of armour against the Indian arrows.

On their journey up the river, the passengers and crew of the launch were greatly interested in the three "mad" Britishers. They plied them with questions as to their reason for thus putting their lives in jeopardy! The answers gave an excellent opportunity for proclaiming the Gospel. When the boat pulled in to the bank to barter with the little villages for nuts and rubber the "THREE FREDs" treated the sick, extracted teeth, and left Gospels with such as could read. In one place they treated over a thousand sick people and held meetings crowded to overflowing. Thus they illustrated the nature of their mission in a way that must have been more convincing than any argument. When they left the launch they had to help to build their own canoe, as well as to fit the motor.

This they were able to do and further report from the last post of civilization showed that they had successfully negotiated some of the worst rapids.

After this they wrote :

"WE ARE TAKING EVERY PRECAUTION THAT NEITHER FOOLHARDINESS, NOR NEGLIGENCE, MAY BE LAID TO OUR CHARGE. BRETHREN, STAND BY US AS ONE MAN! DO NOT CRITICIZE; WE ARE BEYOND CRITICISM AS WE GO FORWARD IN THE NAME OF THE LORD, AND AT HIS COMMAND, HAVING FIRST FULLY COUNTED THE COST."

Those who were awaiting their return never expected that news would come through for possibly six months. There followed a long time of hope-deferred. At the base in Para, Brazil, and in the Council at home, there were many moments of anxious thought, and constant prayer, waiting for news that did not come. After nearly twelve months of thus waiting it was realised that the time had arrived to make all the investigations that might be possible. It would have been impossible to send a Search Party earlier, as the state of the river would not have permitted the party to have ascended by that means. As soon as it was possible to make the ascent a Search Party was organised consisting of one experienced missionary, Mr. Horace Banner, who was to have a young Scotch colleague, Mr. W. Johnstone, with such Brazilian or Indian helpers as they might be able to secure on the spot.

Mr. Banner has had a good deal of experience in exploration work on the Gurupy River. He was well

qualified as the leader of this difficult task. The following cable was sent him from the Mission Headquarters: "Council insists you must without fail employ, regardless of cost, sufficient men to maintain lines of communication. Otherwise do not proceed beyond Nova Olinda. Keep base informed every step."

These two missionaries left Para in May. They dived into the unknown on their hazardous quest. There was a great response to the Mission's appeal to Christians to pray for safe keeping of the search party and the recovery of their lost comrades if they were still alive. Their search discovered all too truly the evidence of their Great Call.

Out of their letters comes the call to us:

"IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER THAT CALVARY WAS, AND STILL IS, THE GREATEST VICTORY OF ALL TIME. DEATH TO THE CHRISTIAN IS NOT DEFEAT, AND SHOULD THE LORD WILL THAT WE BE TAKEN, OUR PRAYER IS THAT MORE MEN AND MONEY WILL BE RUSHED OUT TO FOLLOW UP THIS ADVANCE."

The story of the Search Party is told elsewhere. Here we can record that it was only by the Mercy of God that our brothers, Banner and Johnstone, have come back alive to tell the story. Indeed, they say themselves they feel like "resurrected men allowed another lease of life." We have ample evidence that their ascent of the River Riozinho was known to the Indians. In all probability they were watched by those who were responsible for the glorification of the "Three Freds?" At one point of the

journey a bottle was left in which they placed a letter. On returning to the same spot it was found that the Indians had extracted the letter without breaking the bottle. Had not strong measures been wisely taken on this second trip to protect their return by Brazilians who guarded the lower rapid to ensure a safe passage on the descent, this rapid might as easily have proved a death trap to the two, as the upper rapid did to the three. They mention these facts, and together we may rejoice in answered prayer for the safe return of the two, and their deliverance from the hand of the slayer.

What can be said of the three? We can only quote the words that have been the comfort of an innumerable multitude before us. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Pioneering has always been dangerous. It always will be to the end of time. Parts of Africa could only be opened after the deaths of Livingstone, Bishop Hannington, and many others. Chalmers was clubbed to death to open New Guinea. Now we can place upon the honours list these of our own brethren Fred Roberts, Fred Wright, Fred Dawson. Amidst all our sorrow, and God knows how sacred these days have been, we look up into our Father's face and say: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." "In our times of prayer together, at Santa Izabel," writes Mr. Harris, our Field Secretary, "God has been recommissioning us to complete the task that they began, and to set our faces as never before to the Indians of South America. When the story is fully known their heroism will rank with the records of many others. Their courage, devotion and untiring service for the Indians must ever prove a golden example to us, who have

yet to be assured of a gained crown. The 'Three Freds' have proved to be some of the 'Calebs' of this mission, "Who wholly followed the Lord."

"Let us not despair—the task to be accomplished is great and dangerous, but God is greater than the noise of many waters. True, we are standing by the tomb of three of God's most devoted soldiers, but tombs are never the end! Often at the place of burial we see the Lord, and receive new commissions. It was so with Mary. 'But Mary stood without at the Sepulchre weeping, and as she wept she stooped . . . she looked and saw two angels . . . and when she had turned . . . she saw Jesus.'"

"Obviously someone must go in search of the 'Three Freds.' I am sure that Johnstone will feel as I do, that this is God's call to us, through you, to undertake the task." This was the response of Mr. Horace Banner to the proposal from the Council of the Unevangelized Fields Mission that he should organize a Search Party.

The two missionaries constituting the Search Party started from Para under instructions to take all possible precautions for their own safety. On arrival at Nova Olinda they secured two canoes, and with a crew of eight men they were soon beyond the borders of civilization. On the fourth day they reached the Big Rapid, where canoes have to be dragged overland. Here they saw warning signs. An Indian camp, suggestive of a population of at least 500, had been established at this point, where previously there had not been any inhabitants. This consisted of some ninety straw huts. Trees had been felled and thrown across the tracks so as to bar passage. This was a clear indication of hostility, and a threat to any who would seek to follow along that track.

The Brazilian crew refused to proceed, and the two missionaries were compelled to return to their base at Nova Olinda in order to seek reinforcements. The difficulty of obtaining these proved great. This is not to be wondered at, seeing the hazardous nature of the journey. However, the promise of big money attracted a band of "nervy" men, and the expedition started afresh with three canoes. The missionaries discovered the canoe and motor of the "Three Freds" smashed to pieces. They also obtained information which confirmed their worst fears. They learned beyond a doubt that their comrades had joined the noble army of martyrs! The date of their death could not be proved, but probably it was in May. It would seem that they had not been more than a fortnight in the forest when the end came. No details of their last hours can be obtained, nor will friends wish to dwell upon these. For them the trials are past, the reward has been given!

One of their last letters closed with these words: "Yours, in the train of His triumph." They should now be pictured, not against the dark background of that dread Amazonian forest, but rather as taking their places in the great procession in the triumphal throng around the Throne. They will come, "in the train of His triumph," when He returns to take His great power and reign.

And the wild Kayapo Indians who have killed them, are they to have the Gospel, or not? The "Three Freds" still speaking, and may be watching in the cloud of witnesses, say "Yes!" "Remember He died for the Indians of South America." Even apart from this supreme compelling motive of divine love, it can be argued that something should be done for the Red

Men of these Brazilian forests. Common humanity demands it, for they have not had fair play. They have been diabolically treated by the white man and his traders of the days gone by, a story of horror and of shame that, alas! is not too well known, but which is bearing its fruit even to-day, in the hatred and antagonism of these wilder races driven into the backwood forests of their own land. We were told that when Europeans first entered Brazil they were kindly received by the forefathers of these very Indians. The discovery of diamonds two centuries ago led to the influx of adventurers. One historian attached to a military company left this record: "We made a most dreadful havoc. They were all put to the bayonet without mercy."

Even in our own time the Indians of South America have been brutally treated and even tortured. The agonies endured rival those of the Spanish Inquisition itself. The story is a sickening one; women and children were not exempt from these awful sufferings. They may or may not have been experienced by the actual tribe which was the objective of our "Three Freds," but ill news travels apace! It is easy to understand how Indians must hate, and fear all white folk who are classed under the common name of "Christians."

The Cross to the Indian is a symbol of devils incarnate. The Red Men were made to lie down with their arms outstretched to suffer death dealing strokes from the terrible tapir-hide lash.

"Obviously someone must go in search" of the lost and show them by self-sacrificing love how grossly our Saviour has been misrepresented and the Gospel travestied. Who will be the messengers? In due

course volunteers will come, of that we are assured. From the great Captain of our Salvation they will receive their personal commission. We shall look for these volunteers, and we shall not look in vain. The Unevangelized Fields Mission is prepared to send them forth, with the fuller knowledge born of this sad experience. Proceeding with caution, a step at a time, seeking gradually to make contact with these wild tribes.

CHAPTER II

PIONEERING AMIDST PRIMEVAL FORESTS

FOR difficulty and hardship in travel it would be impossible to find a country to equal Brazil. Mr. Roberts, in one of his reports, speaks of his experiences in travelling from the village of Sapucaia to the Southern end of his district, a journey which occupied seventeen-and-a-half days: "I have made this journey many times with a pack on my back. In the old days it was difficult to get Indians to go with us as they were afraid of the Witch-Doctors in the many villages we passed. In these later years it has been much easier to secure Indian guides. Our mode of travel is as follows: The guide walks in front seeking the almost invisible trail through the forest. Besides carrying his pack he also carries a muzzle-loading gun and a powder horn. We follow with our packs containing our hammock, mosquito net, waterproof sheet, change of clothes, a little rice and farinha, and a small saucepan. Up and down the steep hills we climb, often having to sit down to wring the perspiration from our clothes. Many times I have had to make this journey with a high fever and a splitting headache. We are frequently overtaken by a heavy tropical shower which wets one through, in which condition one remains until the evening. It might be asked why don't you take shelter. If we did that, then some days we should do nothing but shelter, and the little food we are able to carry would soon be exhausted. Then one often comes to swamps that take

half an hour or more to cross. We first put our pack on our head, our trousers on top of the pack, our shoes on top of our trousers and in we go, with the water up to our chests or even our chins. We are glad when we get to the other side to be able to crawl out of the foul smelling water, infested, as it often is, by the cannibal fish called the 'Piranha,' Electric Eels, Stinging Rays, and the dreaded Anaconda Snake, so huge that it is able to swallow a man with ease. Unlike the jungles of India which teem with animal life, the dense forests of Brazil do not yield very much to the sportsman's gun. We may travel for hours, and sometimes for days on end without meeting with an animal suitable for eating." A very occasional deer may be met, but the most frequently available is the monkey. It takes the traveller a considerable time to reconcile himself to the eating of monkey flesh; indeed it is doubtful if he ever can be said to enjoy it. Only dire necessity forces him that he may avoid the dread alternative of starvation. The method of cooking a monkey is very primitive. After it is skinned, the feet, hands, liver, and tail are hung on sticks round the fire. The remainder of the body is stewed in the pot. The roasted liver is the tit-bit usually reserved for the squeamish Missionary traveller, it being a little less suggestive than the other parts. The easiest of victims is the lumbering tortoise, for he has only to be turned over on his back to be secured. The drawback in this case is due to the weight of the animal, this being a very great consideration if it has to be carried some leagues before reaching the evening bivouac.

In the evening the camp is pitched. Darkness comes on quite suddenly practically at 6 p.m. all the year

round, after which travelling is impossible, unless it be over well beaten tracks of which there are but few. If possible the camp or bivouac is pitched near a river or creek, failing this, then the traveller must depend for his water upon vines or the roots of some trees. Happy is the traveller who is not overtaken by the violent rain storms that frequently sweep over the land. The monsoon in India is supposed to be the last word in violence, but it cannot be compared with that of the devastating tropical deluge in the Amazon basin. If such a storm threatens the traveller, he at once, if such are to be found in the neighbourhood, gathers huge palm leaves with which to make a shelter, if not, then he philosophically slings his hammock to the trees, and "waits until the clouds roll by."

Night time spent in a Missionary bivouac is an experience that can never be forgotten, and yet it is almost impossible to convey its impressions.

These impressions are greatly increased in poignancy if the missionary is travelling unaccompanied by others. When two or more missionaries are travelling together, the strain is greatly lessened by the joys and the reactions of companionship. On arrival at the camping place the first and most desirable thing needed is a bath, and how delightfully refreshing a swim in the river is, can only be known to those who travel for leagues under a burning sun. After a bath comes the meal consisting invariably of the sawdust-like material, farinha or rice; perhaps a little dry meat like the biltong of South Africa, or monkey flesh, or if fortunate enough during the journey to have shot a deer some fresh venison. If life and health are valued, it is wise to eschew pork, for the pig of Amazonia is the filthiest eater in

the world. The meal is accompanied by black coffee, sweetened or unsweetened according to the exigencies of the portable larder. After the meal, before turning in for the night there come the reading of the evening chapter from the Word of God and prayer. Before that, however, the Indians of the party are gathered around the bivouac fire and the Old, Old Story is told and re-told.

But for a missionary travelling alone except perhaps for the company of an Indian guide, there is an altogether different experience. As the night closes in and he seeks to prepare his food, there steals over him an awful sense of loneliness and dread. At such a time he realises as at no other, the fact of separation from all who love him, and whom he loves. Those terrible thousands of miles by ocean, and the apparently never-ending leagues by land, present themselves as an insuperable barrier between him and everything he holds dear. It is then that the enemy comes in like a flood, the romance of the mission field seems to dissolve into a shadow. The inspiration and glamour of the missionary meeting, where are they? Gone. If the missionary be suffering from feeble health due to malaria or the thousand and one diseases so rife in the Amazonian forests, his power of resistance to mental exhaustion is reduced to the lowest. We have known missionaries in such a condition to throw themselves on the ground and sob after sob would break forth from an overwrought heart. Their visions of perishing souls have become dimmed. Their ears cannot discover the Voice of God, and then, when they have been at their extremity and nothing seems so desirable as to throw it all up, and return to a comfortable home, the bright

fireside and the company of loved ones, there has crept into their hearts, and senses, a quiet calm, the physical fever subsides, ears begin once more to hear the Beloved Voice—"I will never leave thee or forsake thee, I am with thee even unto the end." As the ears once more take in the Divine promises, there comes the human response with new hope and life—

"Lord it is I who need Thy Love,
Need Thy Strength, and Need Thy Power,
Oh, help me, use me, and hold me fast,
Each moment, each day, each hour."

To find a cause for this change from the deepest despondency to the highest spiritual exaltation, we shall have to seek perhaps where some saint on bended knees, away in the far-off Homeland, has by the prayer of Faith provided a channel along which God has been able to bless the heart of the lonely servant of God. Someday there will be revealed to us some of the now unseen mysteries and power of such prayers.

If the traveller at the close of the day arrives at his objective, a village, he, on arrival is taken to the Chief's house. This probably consists of an erection that is not much more than a roof of palm leaves with walls of the same, on one or two, perhaps three, sides. It would be difficult to speak of this house as being furnished. For the most part the furniture would consist of a hammock slung sometimes from poles supporting the roof, or to trees around which the leafy shelter has been erected. The only other furniture would be a few scattered logs of wood, and some cooking utensils and a calabash containing water.

Of house linen there would be nothing but some few filthy rags and odd pieces of woven bark material.

This is the general appearance of a forest aldeia, or village, occupied by nomadic or semi-nomadic Indians. The traveller on reaching the Chief's house takes his choice of a seat either on one of the logs of wood, or in the swinging hammock. Whichever he chooses he will not be long before wishing he had chosen the other. The final decision, however, will probably be in favour of the comfortless, ill-shapen log rather than the evil-smelling hammock with its permanent residents! The Chief may, but by no means always will, offer hospitality in the shape of a calabash of farinha. The traveller can never be sure of hospitality being offered by the Indians. There are two reasons for this, or rather one great reason out of which the second has grown. The Indians themselves live a hand-to-mouth existence. They are never sure of their own daily bread, and having none to spare for others, the instinct of self-preservation makes them appear most inhospitable. The contrast between the Amazonian Indians, and, say the Bedouin of the East, is most marked in this respect. The Indian if he ever possessed the spirit of hospitality seems to have lost it entirely, and his guiding principle to be that of every man for himself.

"As ye travel Preach!"

This was our Lord's command to His disciples. Our missionaries on the Amazon have accepted that as a literal command and have sought to obey Him. On arrival at the camping place after a wearisome journey over hills, through forests and often under a blazing sun the first thought is for a swim in the river,

or creek, then food and the slinging of hammocks! then follows the preaching.

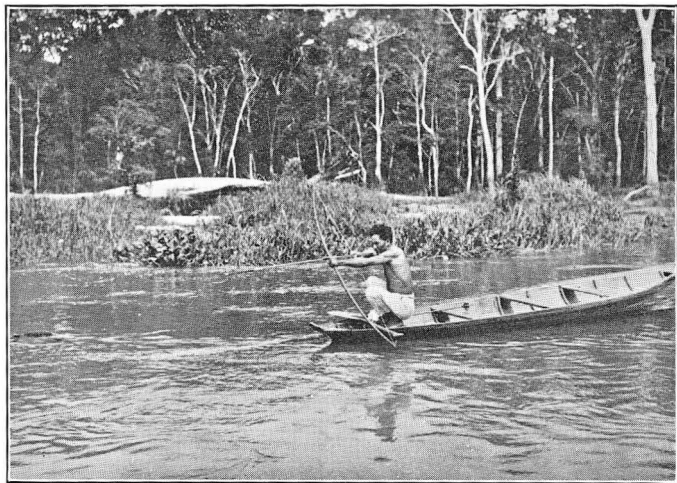
The skill of an artist would be required to paint the scene—the missionary seated on a log with a Bible in hand. For light, a piece of resin burning on the end of a stick of wood. Around him the Indians with their dark faces and brilliantly black eyes staring into the missionary's face.

He teaches them to sing a chorus, they love singing, and then they listen attentively to the Gospel message, and often there is response, and an open confession of their intention to accept Christ, but the experienced missionary knows how little this may mean to these untutored savages, and that there lies before him many weeks and months of teaching and training, before the profession becomes an actual possession.

All such converts are urged to come in and stay at the head station; there they may support themselves and while under the direct eye of the missionary be led on to know the way of God more perfectly. It is essential, too, that a convert should be taught to read that he may feed upon the Word. Anything short of this counts for nothing, and produces no permanent results. In the one station of Saupucaia to which the Indians were invited, in less than two years there was seen morning by morning a prayer meeting attended by some fifty to sixty Indians, men and women, who not only attended but prayed intelligently.

Mr. Fred Roberts in one of his reports writes:

“Fifteen of these young men and women had been specially trained as they expressed a desire to become Evangelists to their own people. The day arrived when they were to go forth to this great task. This



[Photos: *Unevangelised Fields Mission*

FISHING WITH ARROW



[Photos: *Unevangelised Fields Mission*

THE RESTING PLACE OF FENTON HALL AND MRS. ROBERTS

was the day for which we missionaries had longed and prayed for years. There was no little opposition from the old men of the tribe. They said they were foolish to go and defy the witch-doctors in the other villages, and 'so be killed.'" A graphic story is then told by Mr. Roberts of how the opposition waxed greater and greater until at last the missionaries were tempted to physical reprisals, but the Grace of God triumphed.

"Early in the morning of the day before that in which the Evangelists were to start, we were in my room, I was sitting on my easy chair, a kerosene box, Joe, my companion was seated on the table. We had had little sleep that night. As I looked out of the window I saw a number of the old Indians gathering, some had bows and arrows, their leader had a large knife. Down they came to the house. Those with the bows and arrows remained outside, the man with the knife came into the room and stormed and raged like a madman, flourishing his knife in front of our faces. He was devil possessed! The temptation came to us to stand upon our dignity and to put this wild savage in his place. We could have done so, for we had a sporting gun, then loaded. It would be so very easy to teach them a lesson, but we recognised the voice of the enemy, and were given grace to resist. If we had yielded to our natural inclination the whole work would have been stopped. The Lord stood by us and enabled us to sit tight and bear the insults, and in the end off they went and the victory was the Lord's.

"We gathered the would-be Evangelists and had a wonderful time of prayer and dedication. After prayer we reminded them of what the old men had said, of the danger from witch-doctors. Parachik, a fourteen

year old lad, who was to go to the village most feared by all, quickly stated that he was going to trust Jesus to keep him, despite the witch-doctors and devil as well. Matchi and Maria, a sixteen years old married couple, were prepared to do the same, as were all the others. Syriacco, the one-eyed, twenty-five year old lad, the oldest of all, said: 'They only do that because they don't know Jesus.' They were a gallant little band; Maria, the sixteen year old wife, had been our head cook for two years before being married. She could point back to the time when we had a week's convention and say: 'It was then I really found Jesus as my own Saviour.' I remember it well. For two days she went away crying, and when the way of salvation was really understood by her a lovely smile came on her face. She became a wonderful testimony for Jesus Christ both in Christian living and in witnessing by word of mouth.

"There was Chapie who came to us when he was about fifteen years old. He learned to read well in less than six months. A vessel chosen by God to be a messenger of Jesus Christ to his own people. He loved his little wife, Joana, despite the fact that he was her seventh husband. When she was only a little girl of twelve I remember her praying in our evening meetings. She had had four husbands before then, all old men. Fourteen of these young people all knew their Saviour, they were not fine preachers but could read the Scriptures in their own language and tell of what Jesus had done for them. They had had experience in teaching in both Day and Sunday schools.

"Next day with much singing and praising, we set off in a small canoe on our great undertaking for the

Lord. As we paddled down the river in our small canoe for eight days the hot tropical sun beat down upon us. By day the thousands of little sand flies flew around us, biting little pieces out of one, and leaving blood bubbles behind. Many times wasps from disturbed nests attacked us.

“After eight days’ journey by canoe we commenced our land journey, visiting all the villages on the way and preaching the gospel. Our party became fewer as we travelled, for at each suitable village we would leave two Evangelists, there they would start schools and preach the Gospel.”

CHAPTER III

THE CALL OF AMAZONIA!

SOUTH AMERICA has an area equal to that of Europe and the United States combined. It is three times the size of China, and sixty times the size of Great Britain. Brazil alone could almost cover India twice, having an area of over 3,000,000 square miles. The magnitude of the country can be better realised when it is remembered that one state in Brazil, which is but one of twenty-one, the State of Para, is nearly twice the size of Germany, and well over three times the size of England. The River Amazon, well known as the largest river in the world, has some 4,000 miles in its main length, with three tributaries, which attain over 2,000 miles each, and ten others exceeding a thousand miles in length. This will give some idea of the problem of distance that faces those who seek the evangelisation of Amazonia. The main stream can be easily navigated by ocean liners for 2,000 miles from its mouth. The affluents, however, are often obstructed by impassable rapids. Along the banks of these rivers are to be found the real forest dwellers, many of them being Brazilians, while others are half castes, the offspring of mixed marriages between Brazilians and Indians. Brazil has by far the greater number of the population of South America. This is estimated at about 42,000,000. In round figures the missionary occupation of Brazil may be stated in the following terms. Each missionary

would have a parish of some 58,000 persons, scattered over an area of 6,000 miles.

Brazil is a land of extremes. Her towns boast highly developed civilization, differing little from European towns, while the interior of the North may be in many parts as backward as Central Africa. Thus the missionary in the town finds himself surrounded with cultured people, the telephone and wireless are on every hand. Travelling is done in trams. Cinemas prove a dumping ground for films that would never be allowed to be shown in England. The missionary once he embarks to the interior discovers that civilization, such as this represents, ends with the towns. Life is primitive in the interior in the extreme. Few can write their own name. Taking Brazil as a whole it is estimated that the illiteracy is something like 80 per cent. The interior dweller is often as ignorant as the Indian. Indeed it cannot be said that he is one whit better than his savage neighbour. The appalling iniquity that exists among the Indians, and is proving the death blight of the race, is to be found also amongst the so-called civilized people. The law of the gun and the knife is prevalent. It is the fittest who see most.

A Brazilian forest is no romance to the servant of God. It is a merciful cloak hiding from the eyes of mankind the depths of Satan.

Mr. Len Harris after many years of experience writes: "Witchcraft is as real, and as much practised, amongst Brazilians as amongst the Indians. As the missionary enters the regions saturated with demon powers a mist of iniquity doth already work! Imagine the sensation when a missionary arrives upon the scene minus protective guns and knives. He is literally a

lamb amongst the wolves, and everyone thinks him a fool, which indeed he is, for the Lord's sake, but they rapidly change their minds when a native's tooth is extracted, or some dear one raised from a lingering illness. The missionary's pills are almost canonised, and often they are named "Holy Pills." A missionary is a passing flash of another world. It is often his ideals are heavenly, but cannot be practised on a wicked earth; mercifully the fruit does not depend on those who sow. It is God that giveth the increase, and often long after the first missionary has passed on to some other region, a harvest springs up from the seeds he has sown.

One of the biggest challenges in the State of Para is the river Xingu which is over a thousand miles in length, and which for many years was a resort for deported criminals, and political refugees. It nearly cuts the State of Para in two, and presents an irresistible challenge to the evangelist whose soul is on fire for God, not only from the Brazilian standpoint, but from the Indian. It is reckoned that in the head waters of the River Xingu there are at least 9,000 Indians. There are a few believers in the town of Altamira, but beyond this and throughout all that region, there are no organised workers or any effort made to save the lost.

It was to such conditions, and for such people, that the call of Amazonia came to the late Fred Roberts. The references in his letters tell continually of this devoted service, and self sacrificing life:

"The time has arrived for me to be getting on the track once again. The hills and muddy 'Jucerals' do not help to whet one's appetite, but when the time comes to start out, the Lord supplies the necessary

grace. We would willingly go through much more if necessary to take the Gospel to the Indians. It is now or never, as they are fast dying out.

“My Portuguese is not as good as it might be. Someone in the city said that I speak like an Indian. Of course I always have taken, and always will take, every opportunity possible of gaining a better knowledge of it. However, our chief concern is the Indian language. The Brazilian language is only useful to us at present for trading or witnessing amongst the Brazilians.”

Later he wrote: “I held a large and powerful meeting in the house where there was nothing to distract the Indians’ attention. The Holy Spirit worked mightily. He led me to expound that man’s righteousness is as filthy rags. At the end many men and women got up one after the other and prayed for Christ to cleanse them from all sins, and that they might really be born anew of the Holy Spirit.”

The very first letter to be received from Fred Wright after his arrival at Para, in Brazil, as a new missionary, is interesting. It gives us an insight into his experiences on that memorable occasion. He said, “It is to me a great joy to be writing my first letter from Brazil. Here at last I am, no doubt in the Lord’s good time. To find everyone in good spirits and comparative health has further added to the joy. But I am not the only *animal* to rejoice, I cannot help thinking that there must be thousands of creatures rejoicing at my arrival. Not being a mathematician I have not even attempted to count the little swellings that cover my body, and to add to the irony of the situation, nobody else around here seems to be troubled by the pests—at least no one

takes the slightest notice of them. Maybe I am more succulent as a newcomer, so the others are left alone for the time, I suppose by August it will be my turn to assume a stony indifference.

“We are continually in prayer that it might be the Lord’s will to thrust out others in August.

“My brother Joe met the boat at Para. We had to wait till the following day to have my baggage released. On arrival at Sta Izabel, the believers turned out to welcome, or to see, the new Missionary. I do not quite know which! Everybody jabbered and laughed at my expense, or so it seemed. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and like a good Irishman returned the blarney. I discovered they were comparing me with Joe. I won the beauty competition, but when I looked at poor old Joe, I thought there was not much competition—the only befitting epithet I could think of at the time was, ‘Alas, my poor brother!’ Humblest of apologies to Oxo, Ltd.

“I must say I like this place, not to mention the morning coffee, and having got used to the food more or less, I am settling down to the language, in which I receive every help from others. Johnstone speaks like a native, or so it seems to me. The other evening when he was preaching, I hardly understood a word, it must have been Portuguese. It was a great thrill to me on my second or third evening here, at one of the meetings, to see a young man walk up to the front, and publicly accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He was employed in a public-house. One day my brother visited that particular public-house, and gave him a tract, with the glorious result that he came to the meeting. The Lord’s arm was strong to save.

“We had a blessed day of prayer on the 1st of the month, when we specially remembered those at home.”

He goes on to say “The Lord is blessedly near these days, and I am realising something of the task as I listen to all these people jabbering.” He closes with the promise, “He will rest in his love.”

Some further extracts from Fred Roberts' correspondence: “The river Pindarè is inhabited by the wild Indians of the Urubu and Timbira tribes. These Indians were friendly towards the Portuguese at one time, but some Brazilians committed such awful atrocities amongst them that they became wild and began to shoot at sight. These tribes were not friendly towards the Indians around Sapucaia, known as the Guajajara. Our plan was to reach the ‘tame’ Indians first, and seek their assistance in winning the ‘wild’ Indians.

“The day of our departure from Santa Ignez is drawing very close but I must finish off this letter. On Wednesday George and Jaco went to Colonia to buy canoes for the voyage to Sapucaia. They were unable to buy them so had to hire one large one at the rate of 10d. per day. This will be much cheaper, and we shall be able to procure small ones for future use. The journey will take probably about twelve days. We anticipate the day when we shall have a small motor to attach to the back of the canoe, this will quicken the journey very much. It will also make it possible to travel during the rainy season. Jaco has found great difficulty in securing men to go with us. The risk from the wild Indians is so great that it does not take much to scare most of these people!

“Of late the Indians have been rather active, killing several men in three different lots around the river this month. One cannot wonder at them getting scared. Finally, an old man and a lad of twenty years, volunteered. Since then the others have offered, so the Lord has supplied us with enough. All preparations are being made and we leave on the 20th. Both Joao and Domingoes are well known and loved by the Indians. Well, brothers and sisters, I must close—keep your eyes fixed on the Lord, and remember us before the Throne of Grace. At the same time remember that we are very short of men. P.S. A letter arrived this afternoon saying that the men who promised to go with us have got scared, and cannot come. Alleluia! We shall go without them, to-morrow we leave here 9 a.m.”

Fred Wright must have been about thirty years of age when he was promoted to glory. One of his referees writing in reply to inquiry on his application to the Mission stated, “He has a good business training and education. I have every reason to believe, if accepted, he would make a very fine missionary.” Another referee stated that, “He has been engaged in many different forms of mission work at home with very good results. Souls have been saved through his faithful work. In his home life he has carried out ‘bear ye one another’s burdens’ in a way that very few fellows do, giving a hand at anything to make things easier for his mother, or sister. Fred Wright is a self-sacrificing, conscientious Christian gentleman, and with God’s blessing continued, should make an excellent missionary.” Another wrote: “From all I have known of Fred Wright I wish to testify to his very fine qualities of character. He will prove straight,

and worthy, and devoted under all circumstances. He comes from an excellent home, and has been a great help to his parents."

How soon Fred Wright got down to duty, and the character he manifested can be gleaned from the following letter:—

"The family with whom I am stopping are the only believers in the place and need much prayer, the head of the house being a very crude and almost uneducated man. Although very keen he is but a babe in Christ, yet it has pleased the Lord to place such a witness in this Roman Catholic stronghold, and praise God he is known throughout the countryside. Ask anyone in Vigia, and for miles outside the town, if there are any believers, the name Christians are commonly known by in Brazil, in Vigia, and immediately one is directed to the house of Manoel Santos. Manoel is also weak in body, and is receiving a small pension from his recent employers. As the cost of living is cheaper in these interior towns, our friend Manoel lives in Vigia. How true, His ways are not our ways, and so it has further pleased the Lord to send such as me to strengthen their witness for a few months. In my weak efforts, in, of course, as yet an elementary Portuguese, I have thus helped to spread the Light where there is no Light. Manoel is not able to preach, and it is doubtful whether he ever will be able, so that part has been left to me. We are holding meetings twice weekly in his house, which are fairly well attended, even in spite of my Portuguese. However, as the Word says, it is not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit. I have experienced the truth of these words and

wish that you also might rejoice with me in the Lord's triumphs. He has given me my first soul in the land of my adoption. It so happened on our meeting-night one of these hideous Roman Catholic carnivals was proceeding, so no one turned up at the meeting. Such carnivals are really a licence to sin. However, we commenced, and before I began to speak, two young men walked in, entire strangers to Vigia. When I had finished speaking I appealed for souls. To our great joy one accepted the Lord, while the other purchased a gospel. Praise God for His ways! We have also been visiting other little places by canoe, spreading the Word up and down the river. In some places the people paid for the written Word in the form of eggs, which we sucked as we tramped along with glad hearts, and so our God continues to supply all our needs. I must say here we find that whenever anyone pays for the literature they receive, it is much more appreciated. On the other hand, where it is given free, it may not even be read.

"Believing the salvation of Brazil to a very large extent lies with the children, I have been enabled to commence a children's Sunday school, meeting in Manoel's house every Sunday morning at nine o'clock. This is about 1 p.m. in the home-land. I should like especially to mention this class for your urgent prayers.

"It had a small beginning, with about twelve in attendance, so also has the River Lagan of Belfast, the beauty and commercial value of which most of my friends are aware, as it trickles out of Slieve Croob, in the County of Down, ever growing in beauty and value until upon its banks, where it casts itself into the Irish Sea, is seen one of the world's greatest shipyards,

sending out seaworthy ships. May the Lord send out from this small beginning, into Brazil's awful night, vessels of Light, made seaworthy by the Master Craftsman, in answer to your prayers."

Mr. Stanley Phillips, one of the closest friends of the late Fred Wright, who was with him for some time in training for the Mission Field and subsequently was his colleague in Amazonia, tells us that Fred was a very dashing footballer, vigorous and forceful. This was characteristic of his devotion and service to Christ. In our games together he smashed one of my little fingers in a practice match at the Colony. He was a man with a great soul, always bubbling over with joy, keen for souls and eager to serve the Brethren. Previous to his leaving for Amazonia we spent the last four nights together in 1932. We slept in beds opposite each other and I watched him as he prayed for himself and for the Red Indians to whom he was longing to go.

Soon after his arrival in Brazil he was the best man at our wedding, and he also prayed at the beginning of the service in the house, a prayer we shall always remember, that our union might be as Christ and the Church, thus revealing his own love-union with Christ. His prayer still carries a fragrance to my wife and myself.

The Reverend R. Gordon Williamson, of Belfast, was an intimate friend of Fred Wright in their younger days, and before he left for the Mission Field. He says: "I knew Fred Wright for over twelve years. He was always 'at home' in our house, he was the kind of fellow who when he came, just came for the night. He did not ask if there was a bed but would just go in anywhere. I always returned the compliment at his

home. He was great about the home, handsome in appearance, and was continually being admired; but he was capable in so many directions. He could cook as well as any woman and he could lay a table that would make one think that he had missed his calling. In those early days, when he came home weekly with his pay envelope, it was his rule to hand that envelope unopened to his mother. She would give him back some small amount for his week's pocket money.

"He was always very popular at business and even if he were in the wrong he always maintained that he was 'Wright'. He was light-hearted, genial, courageous; he was essentially human. I often thought he was an ideal boy-scout. He was a sport on the Rugby Field, he was an all-round athlete, he was a good swimmer and boxer. He did not know the meaning of the word 'fear,' and I am convinced that there never was a man more eminently fitted for the work of a pioneer missionary than Fred Wright.

"After his conversion there was not much outward change. I can remember well the first morning that Fred came into business after his conversion. He was anxious right away, to tell everybody about it, and soon expressed his desire to do something for Christ, his new-found Master. Together we began to read for the ministry, Fred was the sort of fellow who did not mind giving up his lunch hour to study Greek. We studied languages together. About that time Fred's brother, who was already in the Mission Field, was writing to him stories that stirred Fred's imagination. He longed to go out to Amazonia himself! The call to this work came very definitely. At this time we were working together in a privately owned mission

hall in Belfast. Fred was only beginning to speak in public. One night when the missionary was taking the service he suggested to Fred that he might help by taking the opening prayer for him, so while the audience were singing Fred stepped on to the platform and said to the missionary: 'Shall I pray for you?'

"No," said the missionary, 'pray for yourself!'

"Fred went from that period of study into the Training Colony in London with one motto only: 'Let us press on towards the mark.' I can state with all sincerity Fred's service for Christ, and his life and character, in the locality where he was known in Belfast will long be remembered."

Mr. Fred Dawson arrived in Para on December 24th. He wrote: "I have arrived safely and well and happy embracing the Lord."

During his comparatively short stay in England, on the way from Australia to South America, he proved himself most acceptable as a speaker and deputation. His messages were always sincere, and full of expression. They, in a very definite manner, indicated his devoted character and his many capabilities, so promising in the life of a missionary. One of his last farewell meetings in England was at Manchester. After that he wrote: "I have just arrived back from Manchester. I do indeed praise the Lord for the blessing received there! At every meeting I was conscious of His working in the people's hearts. I am sure that many have taken our work to heart, and will hold us up in prayer in the future. I was also touched by the kindness of the people. They were most kind to me in every respect, and I did not feel strange at all."

The referees for Fred Dawson remarked that he

was highly esteemed, exceptionally strong in physical health. "It gives me great joy to be able to say that so far as I know there is not a single thing in his life or walk that causes the slightest concern, but all calls for deep thankfulness to God for such a devoted and spiritual life. True in all fundamentals, his education was above the average, his habits very regular, his amusements healthy and in his home life he was beloved by all."

Another wrote: "Most surely excellent in judgment and patience, perseverance and adaptability. Cheerful in a marked degree, above the average in ability to learn the language. He has robust solidity, both of physique and personal character, which with his manifest devotion to Christ, qualify him in a special way for hard, or dangerous, adventure in pioneer work. Steady, settled, dependable, he has proved himself one of the most capable and studious students we have."

That from the Rev. C. H. Nash, the Principal of the Melbourne Bible Institute is a testimony of decided value.

Fred Dawson, although an orphan boy, soon became a successful farmer, and after some years began to climb the ladder of prosperity. When the future was full of high hopes, God laid the Indians of South America on his heart. While he tilled his five hundred acre farm with his modern motor-tractor engine, God continued to deal with him. The burden increased more and more, until finally, unable to bear the burden any longer, he stepped down from the tractor engine and knelt beside it, yielding his life to God, with everything he possessed, and the future with all its promises.

At Melbourne Bible Institute he was loved by all, and acknowledged to be one of the most remarkable personalities seen in that place. His sacrifice, and how he had surrendered all unto God was known far and wide.

Mr. Stanley Phillips recalls how Fred Dawson and he met in March, 1935, on coming from the Gurupy River. He was a delightful fellow, huge physically but humble and full of faith as a child. It was a contrast to see the chips of wood fly as he wielded his axe, and the extraction of a tooth of a little child so gently accomplished. He was a giant in strength and yet so gentle.

One Sunday we went for a walk through the town of Izabel talking about the Indians. He longed to hear about the work, and told me how his life had been influenced through reading the life story of Fenton-Hall, who had then so recently laid down his life for the Indians. My first call to the mission field I may say came through reading this also. Fred asked me what I thought of the proposed Xingu advance? I told him "it would be a life-or-death job." He said he was willing if the Lord called him to do so, to lay down his life for Christ and the Indians. How soon this was to be his reward! We may well say of the "Three Freds"—for I knew them all so intimately—"they loved not their lives unto the death."

CHAPTER IV

LAUNCHING THE VENTURE

“Rise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard found field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Of bidding some giant, yield.
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may),
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.”

A. A. PROCTER.

THE day for the great adventure has arrived. Our “Three Freds” cast off the ropes that bound them to friends, to comparative comfort, even to civilisation itself. They left messages that will live in our thoughts and memories. These last sacred messages will speak for themselves.

Fred Roberts on his arrival at Nova Olinda, a small Brazilian village situated at the mouth of the Rio Zingu where it enters the Rio Fresco, wrote: “Right along the way from Australia here, the Lord has given me signs of His guiding hand. It has been a great comfort to us to know that Christian friends are with us in this work, in prayer and gifts. In my meetings at home (that would be Australia), I said that I needed to be here in May. It seemed impossible, but nevertheless here I am in the middle of May, praise God! My two companions, Fred Dawson, of Australia, and Fred

Wright, of Ireland, and I are still in the best of health, and full of the joy of the Lord. We are looking forward to great things, as we believe that the time has arrived for the savage Indians to receive the good news of salvation.

“The stories we have heard of the Indians since we left Altamira, have been enough to turn one’s hair grey. This year they murdered four Brazilians with arrows and clubs. We have before us a very difficult job, but we know that God is with us, and with Him nothing is impossible.

“On my arrival in Belem, that is the port, by the s.s. *Hilary*, the Lord helped me through the customs in a wonderful way. In three days, the Amazon river steamer was able to take us to Altamira. We just had time to purchase the necessary kit, to talk to missionaries on the problems before us, and to prepare for our journey.

“On arrival at Altamira, we only had to wait two days for the motor launch to Sao Felix, a six days journey. We had our first taste of *piun* (sand flies) on that journey. They fly around darting under one’s clothes whenever they get a chance. Our faces and necks were soon covered with lumps which itched terribly. All along the river we kept calling at the homes of the Brazilian rubber and nut gatherers for trade. We took the opportunity to distribute gospels among them. It was our hope to visit Flor de Oruo, but at the last moment the owner of the launch changed his mind. I recently met Sr. Constantino, the owner of the place. We gave his son medicine. The old chap invited us to his home and offered his help, which of course was not worth much to us. These men are as

ignorant of the gospel as the Indians, although they are supposed to be ardent Roman Catholics. In Sao Felix we bought the only canoe available, and had to do four days' hard work in enlarging it, and setting in the motor. The Brazilians thought us "mad" for doing such hard work in the tropics, but nowadays one must do everything possible to reduce expenses.

"Each evening, although very tired, we had our gospel meeting. These increased in size till on the last night we had our room crowded, and twice as many outside. Three Scriptures were bought. The trouble here is that few know how to read. The people are very friendly towards us, as we have treated about 200 sick people. Something the priest never does!

"When our canoe was ready our little Chapman motor surprised all the critics. The canoe is a bit narrow, and rolls very easily when passing rapids and going near to whirlpools. We had two days of this sort of travelling from Sao Felix to here. None of the rapids could beat the motor. Wherever we called they brought the sick to be treated.

"The time has now arrived for us to advance into the territory where the Indians hold sway. We shall have to fight our way up dangerous rapids, and around whirlpools. On one place alone, we shall have to drag our canoe about a mile overland owing to an impassable rapid. *AT ANY TIME, ON THIS ADVANCE WE EXPECT ARROWS DOWN ON US; THEN WHEN WE MEET THE INDIANS THE LORD WILL NEED TO WORK IN A WONDERFUL WAY TO SAVE US FROM THEIR CLUBS, WITH WHICH THEY HAVE KILLED MANY OTHERS. MAYBE YOU WILL NOT HEAR*

FROM US AGAIN FOR SOME TIME, BUT KEEP ON PRAYING, STAND BEHIND US AS FELLOW SOLDIERS IN THE LORD'S BATTLE. TO WIN THESE INDIANS FOR CHRIST; PRAY HARDER BRETHREN, NOT ONLY THAT GOD WILL WORK OUT HERE, BUT THAT HE WILL ALSO MOVE THOSE AT HOME TO DO THEIR SHARE TOWARDS THE WORK; IF WE ARE GOING TO REAP TOGETHER, WE MUST SOW TOGETHER."

Fred Wright wrote, after he had started on the Great Commission: "I do not know when you will receive this, even if you receive it at all. I do trust that you will, as you are a most important factor with us in the Lord's work. We made such a hurried exit from Santa Izabel, I had not time to write. At the moment of writing we are at the last outpost of so-called civilisation. Within two days from now we shall be up the Rio Zinho, this means 'Small River,' hunting out the Indians. We have now been over two weeks travelling up the Xingu, and we are lumps from head to foot from the bites of the terrible insects. A mere detail!

"AS I AM ENCLOSING ANOTHER CIRCULAR, I WILL NOT WRITE FURTHER HERE, EXCEPT TO SAY: THE REASON FOR WRITING ANOTHER CIRCULAR SO SOON IS, IT WILL PROBABLY BE MONTHS BEFORE YOU RECEIVE IT, ALSO ONCE WE LEAVE CIVILISATION, IT MAY BE MONTHS, OR YEARS, BEFORE WE CAN COME DOWN WITH MAIL. IT MAY BE WE SHALL NEVER GET DOWN AGAIN, THE LORD HIMSELF ALONE KNOWS."

The following is the last letter written by Fred Wright after the party had actually started on the great venture. It is dated the 25th April, 1935:

"We have been sailing up the mighty Amazon for the first two days, and this morning at 6.30 we entered the Xingu. By midnight we shall have reached Altamira, where we shall disembark. From there we commence the Xingu advance proper.

"How did it all come about? Another long story, so I am writing this in order that our many friends may know what we are about, and that they may advance with us by intelligent prayer and its inevitable outworking both here and at home.

"Fred Roberts, being in the way that the Lord led him, arrived in Brazil again for the second time on April 20th. We were soon to learn that he had with him an excellent kit, including a 4½ horse-power Chapman motor for our canoe, a microscope and other scientific instruments, together with a supply of cash to commence the much-prayed for advance to the wild Kayapos of the Rio Xingu.

"So great was our joy in the Lord's abundant answer to our prayer, we could only exclaim together as one man: 'Hallelujah!'

"Still greater perhaps was my own inward joy to learn that the Lord had honoured me and that I was to be one of the party. We are three—Fred Roberts, Fred Dawson and myself. Two Australians and an Irishman, a strange combination. Still, without the Lord even such a combination is doomed to failure, so I correct myself—we are four!

"There is no time lost in getting off, Roberts arrived on the Saturday and on the Tuesday immediately

following, we were aboard the launch *Tuchaua*. Mr. Harris and the others at the base accompanied us to the city to give us a last farewell. Mr. Morris, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Mr. Hutcheson, of the New Testament League of South America, bid us God-speed as we steamed out of Belem at 9 p.m. bound for the Xingu.

“The intervening time was taken up in packing and making last purchases to complete our kit. On the Sunday we gave our farewell messages to the Brazilian Church of Santa Izabel. Amongst our last few purchases was a six foot cross-cut saw, a good supply of ammunition that we may not go short of food in the forest. Six sheets of galvanised iron, a supply of rivets and some strong tin cutters. I asked surprisedly, ‘What on earth are the rivets and sheet iron for?’ ‘To fashion for ourselves steel jackets,’ was the reply. ‘You may as well understand from the outset that the Kayapos shoot at sight.’ (The steel sheets may have been for protection from the arrows of the Indians on the river-banks.)

“We do not wish to unduly alarm anyone, neither for the sake of the work or the success of this trip do we care to minimise the dangers. We are taking every precaution so that foolhardiness, or negligence, may not be laid to our charge. Within a few weeks we shall be outside the pale of civilisation, then we shall purchase a canoe, fit the motor, don our coats of galvanised iron, and the search for the Indian souls will begin.

“So far as we can ascertain, the Kayapos are numerous. We shall be the first white men to have intruded upon their freedom. *THEREFORE WE ARE FULLY AWARE, THAT HUMANLY SPEAKING*

ALREADY WE ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD MEN, BUT BRETHREN STAND BY US AS ONE MAN. DO NOT CRITICISE, WE ARE BEYOND CRITICISM AS WE GO FORWARD IN THE NAME OF THE LORD AND UNDER HIS COMMAND HAVING FIRST FULLY COUNTED THE COST.

FINALLY, IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER THAT CALVARY WAS, AND STILL IS, THE GREATEST VICTORY OF ALL TIME. DEATH TO THE CHRISTIAN IS NOT DEFEAT! SHOULD THE LORD WILL THAT WE ARE TAKEN, OUR PRAYER IS THAT MORE MEN, AND MONEY, WILL BE RUSHED OUT TO FOLLOW UP THIS ADVANCE. LET OUR GENERALSHIP BE GREATER THAN THAT OF OUR GREAT ARCH-ENEMY THE DEVIL, AND SET ASIDE ALL SENTIMENT FOR THE SAKE OF THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN THIS OUR DAY.

"I should like to say that the day before we set out I received a letter from my mother, who was then totally unaware of our proposed advance, with this command and promise contained in Joshua 1. 11. 'Go in to possess the land, which the Lord your God giveth you to possess it.' Praise God for praying mothers! Please remember daily the Three Freds!

"Yours, in the train of His triumph,

"FREDERICK H. WRIGHT."

Continuing another letter, he says: "During our first day together on the Amazon we read the promise of power, and afterwards. 'Ye shall be witnesses—

unto the uttermost parts.' We are going through the Book of the Acts together; on board the little launch *Tachaua*. Time passed quickly enough as we continually discussed together our plans of advance. The passengers and crew were greatly interested in the three *mad* Britishers. Of course, their queries gave great opportunities to preach the Gospel, as we told why we had suddenly gone *mad*. April 26th, at 6.30 a.m., we reached the Xingu. I was thrilled, and tingled in every nerve, with that glad joy that a fellow feels when he turns out for the first time for the school in some important match, that is important to him!

"All along the river the launch pulled in at the various little villages to barter for nuts and rubber. This gave further opportunity of gospel witness, and at these places we left gospels with those who could read. We also treated their sick. Our dental forceps did good work, and not only forced open reluctant mouths, but also the way to the hearts of some to hear the Gospel.

"We arrived at Victoria on April 27th, at 6 a.m. Our first place to disembark. We were not surprised to find that there did not exist an underground railway! We pushed on to Altamira on the top of our luggage, which was pitched into a lorry, together with other junk. From Altamira we went on to Sao Felix, this time in a much smaller boat, by name *Dois de Junho*, the second of June. At Sao Felix we practically built our own canoe as the canoe maker was ill. Together we got her fitted, but I must say the setting of the motor taxed our brains. Great was our joy as she gallantly sped out to Sao Felix towards Nova Olinda, to the great surprise of the Brazilians, who said we could never finish her, and even if we did that she would

sink. However, we have shot two or three of the worst rapids of the river and our little motor canoe is still on top.

“At Sao Felix we also treated over 100 sick, and held four meetings, all of which were crowded to overflowing, many crowding round the doors. I may say here that outside Sao Felix we met the notorious Indian murderer, Constantino. We had two meals with him, treated his son for a malignant disease, and thus made a friend of him. He has left his house at our disposal whenever we need it. Also from him we have gained much information. It is said that he holds the key to the Xingu.

“Well, here we are at last, at Nova Olinda after twenty-three days. In a few more days we shall be right in the heart of the Indian territory.

“Nova Olinda is our last touch with civilisation. It is to here that we shall return (D.V.) to receive and send off letters. It may be months before we are able to get word through as to our whereabouts, and the Lord’s doings amongst the Indians, but we would that those at home fear not, but keep on believing.

“The tales we have been told about the Indians call for much prayer. Quite recently many Brazilians have been killed by the Indians, so it is reported. I may say we are taking every precaution, and we are holding it before the Lord. Once in the Rio Zinho, we have still two rapids to cross, one we can only cross by pulling our boat by hand for a mile. The boat can load up to fifteen hundredweight, so our work is cut out. *BUT THE LORD IS WITH US, SO WE NEED NOT FEAR, CONTINUE BRETHREN TO PRAY FOR US, AND SHOULD THE RESULT BE, THAT*

WHICH I SUPPOSE WE LEAST WANT, PRAY OTHERS OUT TO CONTINUE WHAT THE LORD HAS COMMENCED. REMEMBER HE DIED FOR THE INDIANS OF SOUTH AMERICA."

In the last letter from Fred Dawson, he writes: "The assurance of the call of God to this land is strong indeed. I have never doubted my call, but now I am more fully persuaded the call of God is a rock on which I cast my anchor. I am sure, whatever the future holds of difficulties and disappointments, I will remain with the conviction that God has brought me here, and is responsible for me and will keep me all the days.

"A great thought to me is that God changes not. I find as I travel to new places, and come into contact with new circumstances, that His blessing is the same, in this far-off foreign strand, if not indeed more, than in the homeland. I am much concerned about the sin in this land. The Brazilian, spiritually, is dark as night. There is much to be done amongst them. I believe the harvest is ripe in many villages, and towns in this country, but there are no reapers in so many of them. Whilst my main vision is the Indians, I cannot but help see the desperate need of the Brazilians. I long to be able to speak the language and to be able to tell the people of the Christ who is able to break the chains of the sin that binds them. It is a hard experience to have to remain silent, when one longs to speak of Christ. My days are mostly filled with language study. It is not easy, but anything that is worth while is not easy, so I press on, little by little I am getting hold of it, I can speak a little of what the others call 'broken Portuguese,' and I can make myself understood a little,

and can understand a good deal of what is being said. I am sure the best way of getting hold of it is to stick at it, which I intend to do.

“I am going on a journey with Mr. Harris to Chingipi this week-end. I am quite looking forward to doing it. There are about eighteen miles to walk, but walking is nothing to me. I always enjoy it.

“I am remembering you much in prayer in these difficult days, may the Lord guide you continually.”

As month after month passed without news of the Advance Party much prayer was offered and faith was tested. Then after some six months the Council realised that the waters of the rivers would be rising and the possibility of a messenger getting down river was increasing. Again patience was needed, but after nine months the time for the organisation of a Search Party came with conviction. The Council sent out instructions for everything possible to be done to find out the news if any were attainable.

Mr. Horace Banner, a missionary of much experience and also of initiative was chosen as Leader, with “Jock” Johnstone as his Companion.

Mr. Horace Banner on receiving this summons, wrote, “I cannot say that I was surprised at the request for obviously someone must go in search of the Three Freds. ‘Jock’ Johnstone has not arrived here as yet, but I am sure that he will feel as I do, that this is God’s call to us, to undertake this task. The letter from my mother is a very great comfort and inspiration to me; for with the home folks so full of faith, hope and love it is easy to go ahead. Arrangements have now been made for Harold Smith to substitute for me, pro. tem., and I hope to see him in Vizeu before he goes up the river

in the *Crusader*. I have read, and re-read your instructions, and Mr. Wootton's further note, with great care, and give you the assurance that we shall take no unnecessary risks. At the same time we shall do our utmost to fulfil the mission with which we have been entrusted. You will, I know, not be slow to realise that if something has happened either at the hands of hostile Indians or treacherous rapids, the odds are terrifically against any definite information being ascertained. Will you K.O.P. (keep on praying) for us, that God will enable us to return safely, and that with definite information."

CHAPTER V

FACING THE FOE!

EXTRACTS from letters written by Fred Roberts give some vivid idea of the difficulties continually being faced by the missionaries:

“On finishing my last letter to you a few days ago I discovered that I had fever! That afternoon my temperature went up to 101.6° . I took medicine and it has not returned since. I was then at Criviri. That day I had no tea! The next we only had one small meal. The following day, yesterday, there was no hope of getting food until midday, so I packed up and returned to San Ignez to stay a few days with the Doctor. Fever does not do me much harm when I'm on good food, but fever combined with starvation makes me weak and thin! I intended to have a few days' spell, so I am having it now instead of later on. That means that on July 8th, I had fever 100.5° caused through the extra long day's travelling. Then on August 11th an attack of fever at 101.6° caused through over-work. This is a great improvement for which I praise God!”

“Pray for us, it is so easy to get cold and lazy nowadays. All the dear saints at home are writing 'go steady.' Why, are we not going steady? One could not take better care of our bodies than we do.

“Beetles, beetles everywhere. Thousands of them. In our farinha bags, rucksacks, boots, packs, giving us

no end of a job to get rid of them. Beetles gone, the flies come in their hordes from which the mosquito nets, or the hot sun are the only refuge. Then a dose of fever while the Indians, including my own troops, are away fishing. I have no quinine left. I ask Zame if she has any, knowing how missionarified Indians acquire the habit of carrying a pill or two. She rummaged in one of her cases, and produced from amidst her sewing implements one dirty pill. I had to lick it several times to verify its qualities, but the bitterness under the dirt proved it to be the precious quinine! By the afternoon I was better. It was a matter of sticking it out until the fishermen returned.

“Evening brought more than enough fish, bananas, potatoes, mandioca forrage in abundance. I know I ate too much, but I was obliged to make hay while the sun shone! I hate these relays of too much, and too little. The whole village was eager to hear what I had to say at night. They were very loth to finish singing. So was I as I realised that my long Gospel campaign was closed. Thirty-three meetings amongst Tembes, Guajaras, Brazilians and Urubus, and in these Urubu villages for the first time in history the message of Christ has gone forth.”

Another message from Horace Banner: “Greetings from Amazonia. Christmas preparations are begun in earnest. We hear that Indians are coming from far and near. We are making a special house to hold them all, while the station has been given an extra special clean-up. The meeting room is decorated with the flags of all nations, and the map of the world over which is the Cross and open Bible.

“On Christmas Eve the crowds are arriving. On Christmas morning we start with special carols, including a Tupi translation of the First Noel. The Christmas dinner was a surprise for there was boiled pork, rice and farinha for all. Eighty sat down to dinner, in four sittings. Frank and I waited, doing the washing up, and clearing the table in record time. We wanted no dinner, for the sight of so many happy Indians, so many professing Christians in desolate Boa Vista is enough to take away our own appetites. That afternoon we had sports, finishing with a tug-o'-war in which the Indians beat the missionaries and several Brazilians. How eighty people crowded into our meeting room was a marvel, and even then many could not get near for the night service.

“Just before the address, Apolinario and his Indians arrived. They had been down to the coast to fetch farinha. We had to move out in the open air for now there were 120 of us. After the service Father Christmas came from the forest, the part was played by a Brazilian convert who until his conversion was the fiddler at the Indian Protection Society dances. What delighted the sixty children was the Christmas tree, which was not only loaded with little gifts, but illuminated with bulbs taken from our torches, and harnessed to old radio batteries. Here I must thank all those friends at home, whose gifts made it possible for every one of the children present to get some small remembrance. I wish I had taken a photograph of their faces for you to see how delighted the tots were, on receiving a toy for the first time. Later on the story of wedding bells! Instead of an ordinary Sunday School we had the first Christian marriage service our Indians have ever seen.

Josefa, the eldest of our school girls was married to Chico, and Caroline to Peter, so both my companions of the Three River Trip have their reward."

When pioneering on the Pindarè the two greatest, we would almost call them twin evils, encountered by the Missionary in Brazil are Witch-doctors and Romanism. Without any question these are the greatest enemies to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The late Fred Roberts speaks of his experiences in dealing with the many witch-doctors with whom he came into contact.

"In the village of Sapucaia where we founded the first Mission station among the Guajajara Indians we found a large number of witch-doctors living. At that time we were without a knowledge of the Indian language, which had not then been reduced to writing; this greatly handicapped us in our intercourse, but fortunately the Indians had a knowledge of Portuguese. This made it possible for us to hold a Gospel meeting every evening. In the congregation sat a number of witch-doctors, with almost naked bodies and evil faces grinning into ours. It was difficult to preach under such conditions. There were some among our listeners who said they wished to become Christians, but after a few days, when they discovered that this meant giving up sin and witchcraft, they returned to their allegiance to the devil, and from that time on did all they could to get rid of us. They fought us with lies, and when these failed they invoked the aid of their demons. Night after night, these old witch-doctors would sit in the centre of their village singing to their evil spirits, beseeching them to enter and possess the body of the Missionary, and to kill him. Their prayers

not having been answered one of them was heard to say, 'It is no use, for the Missionary walks with God in front of him.' Having failed by incantations to get rid of the Missionary they resorted to intrigue. Their chief witch-doctor, by name Jose Macaco, which being interpreted means Joseph the Monkey, with three others, travelled for nine days over hills and through the forest and swamps to the nearest Government post in order to lay charges before the officials against us. They were encouraged and helped by their allies, the Roman priests, in so many false accusations against us that they over-reached themselves, and told such manifestly absurd stories that they were discredited in the eyes of the officials. The witch-doctors, with their leader, were sent home to their village, but only one of the four ever returned, the remaining three having been killed on the way. One night after the meeting this man stepped to the front, and openly confessed his faith in Christ. The others at once began to persecute him. Just at this time the village chief died. The witch-doctors saw their chance, and accused the former witch-doctor of having caused his death. They obtained an order for his arrest, but being warned in time he managed to escape. The leader of the witch-doctors came and threatened us with a long, sharp-pointed knife, demanding to know the whereabouts of their intended victim. The Indians with him were armed with muzzle-loader rifles, bows and arrows. It was difficult to keep a stiff upper lip under such circumstances. My brother missionary, and myself, were most concerned as to the possible fate of our lady workers who had fastened themselves in the house. God, however, was watching over us, and gave

confusion of counsels to our would-be murderers, and they departed."

Some further experiences and explorations as given by Fred Roberts:

"On the 20th July, 1926, we made ready for the trip to try and find Sabutia, a village of the Indian Guajaras on the headquarters of the river Pindarê. Men came in to whet our appetite with tales of Indians killing Brazilians on this river. All this is as nothing to us! We are assured that God who led Joshua and the Children of Israel through the Jordan and into the land of Canaan, will lead us through Sapucaia; providing we remain faithful, He will allow us to possess it. In this place, whether you be a good man or one of the vilest of the vile, when you are making plans, you must put on a holy kind of look and say: 'If God wills,' thus leaving room for change of mind.

"We were ready to leave on the date arranged. Brother Joao had never done such a thing in his life before. Our baggage was taken on to Colonia, half a day's journey on horse, where we are to start on our new journey to Sapucaia. Owing to the atrocities committed by the Indians and Brazilians on this river in past years, it is difficult to get Brazilians to paddle our canoe. However, we are determined that if none will go with us we will go without them. At daylight all was astir. After packing, breakfast, Bible reading and prayer, we loaded the horses, said good-bye to our few friends and started on our way. We arrived at Colonia about two that afternoon. We quickly loaded the canoe with our personal baggage, farinha, rice and guns, the latter 'necessary for

protection', said the Brazilians. We did not ourselves mind!

"A half-caste Indian sat and paddled in the poop, two Brazilians paddled in front, whilst two of us paddled from the middle seats. The surrounding country through which we were passing is inhabited by the wild Timberas, who often raid the Brazilian houses, killing women and children and stealing anything of value. This was our first trip into the Brazilian bush, so we were new to it all. At 5 p.m. we looked for a suitable camping ground. When satisfied we ran the canoe ashore, cleared the short scrub away and hung our hammocks in the trees. We were blessed with mosquito nets, but the Brazilians who had none received a lively time from the mosquitoes. A fire was lit, rice cooked in an iron pot, and beasts that we had caught during the day boiled and roasted over the fire. When all was cooked we all sat round the fire. We had our first meal in the Brazilian bush. Then came Bible reading, prayer, and bed. We were so tired with the unaccustomed strain of paddling that we slept well through the night, not even the tales about wild jaguars could keep us awake. At daybreak all were up and anxious to get away. However, we had a visitor, with whom we had to deal. It was a fine big monkey of the Guariba tribe. Apparently he had come to see if we were relations of his! A few shots brought him to the ground, and I know some may say 'Oh, how cruel,' but that evening we put a bit of Mister Guariba below our belts. If you had been there I have an idea that you would have done the same. In the canoe we carried a small quantity of salted meat, but it was green, stinking and alive. Some sat down and ate this, we preferred the

fresh meat, although an evolutionist would say we ate our 'relation'.

"After breakfast, all bundled in the canoe, and we were off again for another day's paddling in the blazing hot sun. This went on for about five days, when we arrived at the village of Caru. Here we found about one hundred and twenty Indians. On our way up to the village we saw a sight which made us think. Lying beside the track was the form of a Guaja woman. She was suffering from pneumonia, lying on her chest with her arms stretched out. In four places the ground was dug up where she had clawed the ground with hands and feet. The trouble came through the visit of a party of Brazilians, who had left influenza contagion behind, and this woman who had been with another tribe, happened to catch it worse than the others. They threw her out to die, where others could not catch her sickness. Cruel are the ways of the heathen!

"The usual to-day, cooking, giving out food to the Indians, putting them to work, school, practical work, language and Bible classes. I am finding the way to get a lot done here is to take things easily.

"Being alone for some time is good, one has special communion with the Lord and it helps one with the language.

"Much time spent on language study, a good number come to school each day. Domingos have started to help me with the teaching. Owing to the irregularity of the lads, we find it very difficult to grade them into classes.

"With reference to the language, Portuguese is good for most of the Aldeias on the Rio Gurupy and some near Grajahu. But around Sapucaia, and on the Estrada

from Grajahu to Santa Ignez, it is of no use. Our only hope in giving these Indians the Gospel is with their own language. We are teaching Portuguese and learning Guajajara, which is quite in accordance with our policy.

“Don’t forget the Aldeias of Timbiras, Kanellas Gavioes, down in the Sertas who speak the same language. A party would start amongst these and afterwards go to the wild Timbiras that do all the killing around Santa Ignez. We are praying about them.

“I lay on the bottom of the canoe all day to-day, my temperature came up to 99.3. I had a good meal of black monkey and farinha and the fever passed. We travelled on in the moonlight, and arrived at the camp of San Mondigo about 8 p.m. The camp was deserted but we rested in Mondigo’s house.

“We were on the river at daylight, arrived at Ealha early. All were called together and we had a lovely meeting. They begged us to stay long enough with them to learn to sing. We cannot stay as our food supply is getting low. They cooked two small roosters for us, but could not give us any of their farinha. We told them that although we go, Christ was staying and they need to follow Him. Some said they would.

“At night-time the mosquitoes are thick on our mosquito net and sing so loudly that we can hardly go to sleep. Praise God for our mosquito nets.

“When I first came here most of the women and girls were afraid of me. Their fear slowly left them. Now they are no more frightened of me than the men are. They are very much troubled with lice in their heads,

so this afternoon I had a little recreation washing the heads of three women with disinfectant. Others are waiting their turn. I believe it is the giving of medicine that the Lord has used to win the confidence of these women. For instance, the young woman who was most afraid of me fell sick with fever. The elder women got me in to see her; I gave her medicine. In a few days she was better. Now she spends much time sitting outside my door. Two young women came to me the other day wanting lessons. Seeing that there is no sensible reason why they should not learn, I decided to give them an hour each afternoon. They are as intelligent as the men. Others have come since, wanting to study.

“Language study is going on well. I have got good opportunity to practise what I already know. This last three days in school, I have had the upper class reading a portion of the Gospel according to St. John. They have only had six weeks of school, so they do not know much yet. Perhaps God will open the way for one of us to come here next year to finish the work of teaching them to read the Gospel. At present there is not one man, boy or girl in the Aldeia that does not know that Jesus died to save them from the penalty of sin. They know that Christ is the son of God; that they are all sinners condemned to death; that Jesus died to redeem us of sin; facts regarding the new birth, the Lord’s return, the creation, and commandments, a few stories of the old Testament, chapter of the Flood, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the account of Jonah. I have no musical instruments and as yet do not feel the need of one. Before starting the others singing, I like to sing the first line softly, then if I can’t

hit the right note, well I go up and down the scale and all is well.

“Well now, the time is drawing near for us to start on our journey. We are ready, I am looking forward to going again to these Aldeias to tell them of God’s wondrous love towards us. The time is up so I must close. One can spend too much time writing letters.”

CHAPTER VI

GIVING THE WORD

In season, and we might say out of season, our comrades in Amazonia are seeking to spread the "good news," in the Portuguese language and various Indian dialects.

The task of learning a new language is usually long and burdensome to missionaries even under the favourable circumstances of having a grammar and a literature to aid them in their studies. That is mere child's play as compared with the lot of a missionary to the Indians of Brazil, for he is faced with the fact that the languages and dialects of the multitudinous tribes are unwritten. This involves months, and even years, of patient study to enable them not only to make themselves understood, but for the sake of those who shall follow them, to reduce the language to writing. All the older missionaries of the Unevangelized Fields Mission have shared in this task and, by their contributions, have made it easier for the missionaries who have succeeded them to acquire a working knowledge of the tribal languages. Some of the experiences of Fred Roberts were amusing, although at times humiliating. He mentions on one occasion that he had "learnt a new word which enabled him to lengthen his sermon considerably." After he had preached for an hour an Indian woman in the front seat stretched her arms and yawned, and then said, "All right, shut your mouth now and let us sing."

He discovered afterwards that he had got the new word all wrong and his hearers could make nothing of what he was saying. But all the toil and weariness, as well as many disappointments, were repaid when two years later he was able to preach a sermon that produced visible results. In one year he travelled over a thousand miles on the rivers Grajahu, Pindarè and Gurupy, and at the end of his sermon men would get up and say "That's what we want, we never heard that before, but now we have heard it we know it is true, God is just like that." And many times, men at their first hearing of the Gospel have given their hearts to Jesus, and have followed Him ever since.

Mr. Joe Wright, brother of Fred Wright, on a recent itinerary when visiting the villages of the Kanella Indians in company with others, describes the difficulties of the journey owing to the floods. They were caught in heavy rains in the course of the three days' travel and had some exciting experiences crossing the rivers with the animals. A stubborn pack-mule resisted all efforts to make him cross a small bridge, over a fairly deep river, and it had to swim across with our cargo and hammock. It was remarkable that he did not overturn and drown, as mules are apt to do with top-heavy loads in deep water.

"We arrived amongst the Indians at the beginning of their festive season. The hunters arrived from every direction laden heavily with game. Women got busy preparing their primitive stone ovens for baking the huge pies for the feast. They, the women, decorated the bodies of the men and children for the races which are a special feature of these festive days. Everybody looked very merry with freshly-painted bodies. The

presence of the two foreigners did not put them out in the least—in fact, we were well-received. Everything was performed with precision and ceremony. The race of the league, in which two huge logs weighing as far as we could judge 200 lb. each were carried by the competitors, and changed one to another during the course of the race, was a wonderful sight.

“I was amazed at their speed and stamina, and as I beheld them, I thought of the material there for the working of the Holy Spirit. There were many other items such as short and faster races for men, women and children; chants and dances. The dances are quite different from those of civilised parts. The women all stand in single file, chanting and swaying their bodies to the accompaniment of an Indian, who sings and dances in a most graceful manner, playing the Indian instrument called Maraka. The young men run and dance in a fairy-like fashion.

“Sunday was our big day and by night almost all the tribe had gathered into the centre of the village for a big dance, some 200 souls in all. My soul was greatly stirred within me, so I approached the captain for permission to speak. He uttered something, and a few young men silently moved off, only to return in a few more minutes rolling a huge log into the centre. A few more words from the captain and all singing and dancing gave place to perfect silence. My opportunity came. In a moment I was on the top of the log, and began to preach the simple Gospel, while Sexton stood near by holding on in prayer. We left them in a few days, but could not promise them that we would commence work amongst them, as we had still to visit the villages of the Gaviao Indians.

“When seeking to interest these folk the course followed is very simple, yet I hope it will prove effective through the Holy Spirit in later years. Each child is taught a verse of Scripture, a chorus and a verse of a hymn every Sabbath. The lesson of the day is read and explained, then read again and questions relative to it are asked. The singing is restricted to the chorus or hymns they are learning, which they sing and re-sing lustily, until they know them by heart. The following Sunday there are questions upon the previous Sunday’s lessons, and they are also expected to remember the chorus and text of that particular lesson, also where the text is to be found in the Bible. This class will continue when I leave, as the daughter of the house is now taking the entire meeting and is doing so admirably. She is only about sixteen or seventeen years of age and requires special prayer.”

FRED WRIGHT’S:

“I would like to tell in closing of one memorable canoe journey, for which the Lord specially undertook and answered prayer. After thirteen hours’ paddling we arrived at Sao Caetano, a little village along the coast to the right, putting out from the River Para. Arriving at night in pitch darkness we tied up our canoe, only to be told that we were not wanted. The place was Roman Catholic. The people would not consent to anything we might wish to do in order to propagate the Gospel. However, we inquired at the house of the Chief of Police, he received us cordially, and ordered coffee to be brought in. That night we slept in the prison, which happened to be empty, and like Paul and Barnabas, only under more congenial cir-

cumstances, we sang praises unto our God. Next day we did good business in Gospels and New Testaments. We also discovered one Christian family in whose house we held a meeting that night. It was a packed meeting, the Chief of Police, a gentleman in a civil position in the town, attended and gave us rapt attention.

“After the meeting we returned to our prison lodging and retired to well-earned rest, and were detained from sleep by a call from the Chief of Police, and our civil friend. They had come to invite us back again. The Chief of Police had come especially to buy a Bible which we were able to supply.

“On our return journey, we were not without thrill. After being swamped twice, it was necessary to put into a river, the sea was running so high, but again the Lord undertook and we were able to rest in the deserted shack in the forest. We awoke next morning to find our canoe gone. Owing to the fall in the river caused by the receding tide, the moorings had snapped, but the Lord, ever watchful, had a tree ready to stop the canoe just as it was about to put out to sea. This we discovered after a bit of hunting about, not knowing what had really happened.

“From where we were positioned when we spotted the canoe, it was necessary to swim across two rivers, the second of which my companion was not able to cross, so he waited on the bank shouting encouragement. However, as I had taken the paddle in my mouth, it was not long till we were both aboard our saucy mount, and within half an hour, bound for ‘blighty’ once more.”

And again the late Fred Roberts tells us :

“Whilst our boat was waiting to take on wood at Barra Vermelho I was able to sell a Bible to the

telegraphist, and explained the Scriptures to him. He surrendered his life to Christ in prayer. I had spoken to him on my way down to the city. The day before arriving in Central I had some fever."

"Most schools for men and women have been held regularly morning and evening. Evening schools are really for those who cannot attend the morning schools. Some of them are very enthusiastic, and attend both schools regularly, but, even so, some cannot remember the first half of the alphabet. Certain of them can learn while others seem hopeless. However, while they are ready to try we are ready to teach them. It has been insinuated that ignorant folk like us are not able to teach Indians, but while knowledge is good and a thing to be sought after, it is love, grace, patience one needs in dealing with these Indians. However, it is very encouraging to see the way in which they are coming along. With God's help we have been able to make a little headway with the work of translation. We have translated portions of the Old Testament Scriptures, Stories on the Life of Christ, and other passages we need for teaching these Indians. We started on St. Mark's Gospel, and when the last chapter was being written Mrs. Roberts went down with sickness. I then went on preparing a vocabulary of all the Indian words we have. Much of our time has been taken up correcting translations on the Life of Christ. We have also made a complete revision of the Hymn Book with a couple more hymns. Our vocabulary now contains 1,890 Indian words. This we have typed out in book form. Owing to our slowness of typing we have only been able to make five copies."

CHAPTER VII

BURIED SEEDS!

THE earlier story of the Home Call of those brave pioneers, Fenton-Hall and Mabel Roberts, has been given by their comrade in the service of the Kingdom, Leonard Harris. If a corn of wheat do not fall into the ground and die it will give no life, no sustenance, no usefulness. Just so in the spiritual life we must be prepared for the great Renunciation. We will not call it "sacrifice," we must be prepared to renounce prospects, to risk character, the loss of health and perhaps property; the relinquishing of home ties and friendships. These must "die" that the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ may live. God has seen fit in His infinite mercy, to take from our ranks two of our choicest saints. They have become the dying seeds from which a glorious harvest is being reaped to-day.

The first to be ushered into the presence of The King was Ernest George Fenton-Hall; the other an Australian handmaiden of the Lord, Mrs. Mabel Roberts, née Miss Mabel Green.

It was not at the hands of the Indians that they met their end, it was simply the result of the hard, rugged life of the interior of that great country for whose Evangelisation they gave of their best. The story of Fenton-Hall has been the inspiration of hundreds, and has already appeared in book form. God filled every part of Fenton-Hall, his pocket was the Lord's for he gave a thousand pounds towards the Evangelisation of the

world; his reputation and rank that he had won so magnificently during the time he served his King and Country, he lost completely at the foot of the Cross. He tramped the forests of the Amazon bare-footed, and stripped to the waist, that he might make known the love of God to the Red men.

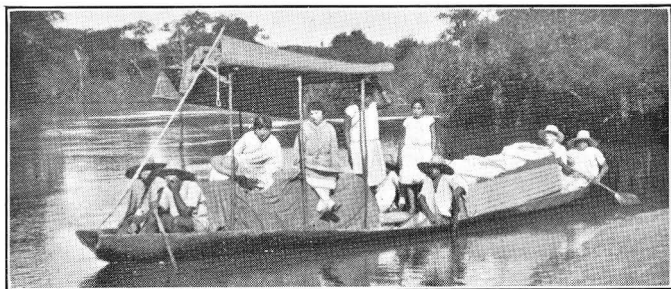
It has always seemed to us so strange that his coronation should have come just before Christmas, 1924, the spirit of the time was upon him. He wrote just before his death: "And, oh, what a Christmas joy it will be if at last, my much overdue mail has turned up." His was to be a better and supreamer joy than that, his Christmas was passed in the presence of His Lord.

England was gay, the spirit of giving was abroad, holly, mistletoe and good-will everywhere. Fenton-Hall alone, with no other companions but the Indians, was passing out from this world into the presence of God. He actually died at a place on the river Pindarè, in Maranhao, known as Sapucaia. Granted he played dice with his life, yet did not the records that followed prove it was worth while? It has to be ever borne in mind that the existence of such a number of Indians on the River Pindarè was practically unknown in England until Fenton-Hall had been through that region.

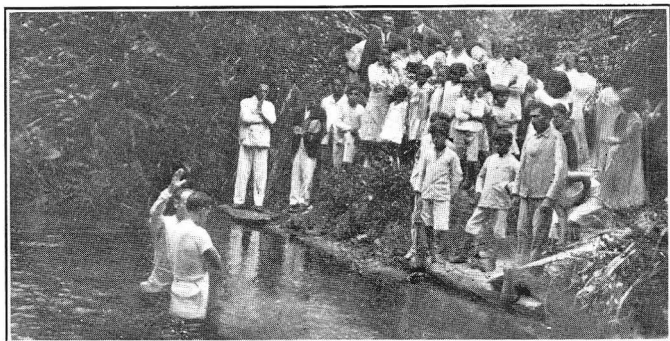
A missionary in India has written: "God forbid we should be too careful of our lives, or of what means so immeasurably more, the lives of our beloved." It has been well said God never wastes a corn of wheat. Fenton-Hall went forth joyfully, and with a smile filled up some of Christ's sufferings for his Holy Body's sake, the Church.

When we hear the Church triumphant burst into the mighty Hallelujah Chorus of Heaven, will it appear waste

PLATE 2



ON THE XINGU RIVER



A BAPTISM IN AMAZONIA



[Photos: *Unevangelised Fields Mission*

AFTER CHURCH SERVICE—ALTAMIRA

that the Church gave of her best to the Indians of South America, that the chorus might not lack voices from these well-nigh inaccessible parts of the earth.

His own poem seems almost pathetic, though penned months before his death.

“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.”

Miss Mabel Green sailed for Amazonia in November, 1928, to unite in marriage with Mr. Fred Roberts, to whom she had been engaged for some time. Few who were present will ever forget the farewell meeting in the Central Hall, London, when prayer was offered for two ladies then about to sail for the Indians of South America. How solemnly the saints were reminded of the price they might have to pay, yet little did we dream that so soon afterwards our fellow soldier was to leave the fight.

After a brief time of language study in Barra-do-Corda, in the State of Maranhã, Miss Green proceeded to the River Pindarè, after her marriage in Sao Luiz to Mr. Fred Roberts. Of that trip she wrote: “I think you will be interested in an account of our trip to Sapucaia, which was my first out here.” Little did she think it was also to be her last. “On Monday,

June 17th, 1929, we prepared the canoe for the trip. A floor made of saplings tied with vines was put into the canoe, to keep the cargo off the water in the bottom. The canoe was well loaded, evenly, both back and front, between were the two middle seats. It was then covered with palm-leaf mats securely tied with thin vines. When completed it was about two and a half feet high and was quite waterproof, which was proved by the fact that in spite of the very heavy downfall experienced for the first two days, everything was kept quite dry.

“The next morning the men were up at daylight and loaded the canoe, and we got away by 10.30 a.m. Two Indians were in the front of the canoe, one in the middle and two at the stern. Mr. Roberts, and I, and a little Brazilian orphan girl of about fourteen years, took our seats in the middle. So we started on our trip, which was to tax to the uttermost our physical, mental and spiritual make-up.

“The Indian falls an easy victim to 'flu as known in civilisation, and only two of our Indians escaped catching it. Though seemingly over the worst of it they had not quite recovered and were weak for paddling. The second day we had to travel until late to reach a suitable camping ground. Just before 7 p.m. it thundered, the lightning flashed and it really rained. Never shall I forget those few hours. Edith and I doubled up under the shelter of the canoe with a raincoat over us, and one in front to keep the rain from beating in. The raincoats kept out the fresh air as well as the rain, but not the insect pests. We were nearly stifled and severely bitten, and being cramped in so small a space we could hardly move. After two hours' travelling like this we arrived at Colonia. The landing place was in such a

state that Mr. Roberts had to carry the girl and myself through the mud and slime for about a hundred yards.

"Then we had to tramp on up to a house where we intended to spend the night. We were tired, and hungry, suffering from acute irritation from the insect bites. The next morning it was evident that the rain had freshened up the colds of the Indians, and they were not fit to proceed on the journey. However, we decided to go for a few hours to a place known as Ilhina, where we intended to treat the sick Indians. This meant re-arranging the crew. Mr. Roberts had to take the stern, and do the steering. Guns were carried, though not for protection, but to provide food for the journey. We had bought seven pounds of salt beef, which were soon consumed. The first time the guns were used was for shooting monkeys. Though at first I rebelled at the thought of eating a monkey I pronounced it excellent, when I had eaten some of it. They allowed it to cook slowly overnight.

"It was interesting to watch the Indians as they prepared the monkey, putting the tit-bits, the feet and tail, as well as the liver, on the fire to roast. The Indians ate these tasty bits, often even the intestines. Fish formed another source of supply. Rice was carried though it was only sufficient for four days. The last hour of the journey was an exciting one, especially when the time came to blow the bugle and fire the guns to let those in residence on a mission station know we were arriving. Then some ten minutes later we pulled into a river port with a song of praise welling up in our hearts.

"The day to which I had looked forward so long had actually arrived. At last I was able to look into the

faces of those whose names I had known so long, and for whom I had prayed." That is her story.

Mrs. Roberts possessed, what is invaluable to any missionary, a love for the natives. She loved the unlovely. Of her first contact with them she writes: "Naturally, I was very interested in the women. As I looked upon them to whom the Lord has called me, to see many of them wives before they were maidens, there welled up in my heart a deeper love for them. Some of them marry about the age of ten years, most of them are mothers, and some of them are no more than fourteen or fifteen years of age. The babies they carried in a sling, and even when working in the fields the baby is carried thus. Oh, you women in the Homeland, as I compare the difference of their position and yours! I remember much of the difference in social standing is caused because you live in a land where Christ is known and honoured. Those of you who know Him, and love Him, will you listen to a call that comes from these people? Sisters in Christ, they are precious to Him Who died for them, as well as for you."

The ministry of Mrs. Roberts, in the economy of God, was to be a brief one. Towards the Autumn of the same year in which she arrived on the station, she was taken ill. The river had dropped almost to its lowest ebb, which meant it was impossible to take her down to civilisation. She rapidly grew worse. On October 28th she called the missionaries into her bedroom. She was very low, and she wished them all good-bye. She said she could see the Lord's face, He was smiling at her! Then she spoke of a city—it was beautiful and had golden streets. She then sent a

message to the General Secretary of the mission saying: "Tell him I've done all I can." She then remembered her former Sunday School and requested the following message to be sent to them. "Now that I am face-to-face with eternity the blood of Jesus avails."

During her illness Mabel greatly regretted being out of action. She longed to preach Christ to these Indian women. One day, when she was semi-conscious, she preached a sermon in Jiria, and asked if the Indians understood.

"During the last week both school and morning Bible-Reading have been closed down owing to Mrs. Roberts' illness. She has had to be nursed night and day. Even as I write," Mr. Roberts wrote, "I am expecting the Lord to take her at any moment. Her mind is a blank. She is also blind and deaf. How hard it is to sit and watch the one you love slowly sinking, knowing that at the same time you cannot help her. However, we would not say the Lord nay. Last Monday week she called us all around the bed and said good-bye. Early Monday morning we committed her body to the ground. A number of our Indians accompanied us to the graveside where we held a service in Jiria and Portuguese. We then laid the body alongside the remains of Fenton-Hall, where they await the Great Resurrection Day. What joy awaits us on that day when we shall meet to part no more!"

Her husband, to whom her translation must have been a grievous blow, conducted the Funeral Service. At the graveside, with the Indians standing round, he said: "In the midst of our sorrow we must feel proud of our Mabel. During her life she sought to glorify God, she did all she could for her Master's sake, to

the laying down of her life, to preach Christ to the Indians. We sorrow, for we miss one whom we love so dearly, but we sorrow not as others who have no hope; we know we shall meet again where there will be no more suffering or death." In the midst of her husband's tears such words of encouragement could be uttered.

Such lives give inspiring testimony, so it was with Mrs. Roberts. Only a few months of residence among the Indians, yet the influence of her life lived on after her death.

A little Indian girl, whose mother had been shot when she was a mere infant, climbed up on the knee of one of the missionaries about to leave for furlough, she said: "While you are away get me another white mother like the last one"—meaning Mrs. Roberts—"*for she loved little girls.*"

Amongst the correspondence from Fred Roberts we have been interested to find the enclosed. It is only a short note, written, as it must have been, at a time of intense sorrow, just after his dear wife had passed away from him.

"The enclosed 500 milreis is a love gift from one who is now in glory. If possible use it as a deposit on the Base Property. Keep it quiet!"

How impressive, to find this short note after his own call to the Great Reward. Now he, and his loved one, have met amongst the redeemed. We who remain can rejoice that it was her last wish, and one of his earliest actions, after that wish had been expressed, that a small sum of money, evidently meaning much to them at

the time, should have been used to supply the necessary deposit that enabled the property at the Brazil base to be secured at that time. We do indeed thank God for this little token of His grace in their united life.

Mr. J. Glenn, writing of these sad days, says:

"We settled down to the ordinary routine of the station. During odd moments I noticed Fred working at some wood, it was not long before I realised that he was busy making a railing for his wife's grave. Knowing what he had passed through and what it must have meant to him I offered my help which he gladly accepted.

"A week later the railing was completed, and we went together to put it in its place. To me it was a solemn moment; quietly we worked, with just a few Indians looking on, and then it was completed, nothing much to look at, yet placed there in loving memory of those who had fallen. (See photo, page 30.)

"We stood silently at the side of the grave. Glancing at Fred I saw his strong lips quiver, my heart went out to him and moving nearer I said, 'Fred, do you think it is worth it?' Never will I forget his answer, as he gripped my hand, looking me full in the face he said, 'Joe, if God should give you the privilege of laying me to rest beside her I would count it well worth while. It does not seem that we have accomplished much yet, but I believe that God will give us to see the fruit of these lives laid down.' Knowing that the Mission had already tried to persuade him to return home I said, 'Why not return home, you do not seem fit to carry on?' He replied, 'I would gladly do so, but my work here is not finished. I long to see the Guajaras evangelised.' We then prayed together and left the spot so sacred to both of us."

CHAPTER VIII

GATHERED FRUIT!

MANY are the weeks, months and even years that sometimes elapse before God's Sowers have the joy of seeing fruit to their labours. We can imagine the missionary's feelings when, in an unmistakable way, he beholds the Word of God penetrating the minds and hearts of his people. Sometimes the evidence of this is startling in its unexpectedness. Fred Roberts relates many such instances of which the following is one:—

“There was a village situated about a day's journey up-stream. The chief of that village was an old man seventy years of age. He came to our village and spent a few days there, and whilst there, he heard the Gospel preached and **HE LITERALLY FELL IN LOVE WITH JESUS.** There was no doubt as to his conversion, but what could he, an old man, do for Jesus? He was too old even to learn to read. He set off for his own village, and brought all his young men and boys to our school, that they might also learn of Jesus. Needless to say that brought down upon him the wrath of the witch-doctors. Sometime later he fell a victim to influenza. He was brought to our village to die. It was wonderful to see the work of Grace that had been done in that old man's heart. Each time during that night, and the following day, when he died, it was only necessary for me to mention

the name of 'Jesus' for the old Chief's face to be filled with a wonderful light, and he would whisper over and over again the precious name of Jesus. How we praised God for such a trophy. It gave us courage to go forward and showed us again, just when our hearts were about to fail, that we were in the place of His choice for us. We shall see dear old Mearim again. ONCE A SON OF THE FOREST—NOW A SON OF GOD!

"Again I had the privilege of giving the Message, based on the words 'Until He Come,' turning our thoughts to that glorious day when He shall appear, then amidst a silence that only His Presence can bring, we remembered Him. Pray for us, and those who are taking such a step—a step that means so much to them.

"Since my last letter home, we have journeyed to the Head Waters of the river. This journey, indeed, was full of encouragement. In the two villages we visited, we were gladly received and had full liberty for the preaching of the Word. It was truly an answer to prayer, for until now these two villages were more or less closed doors to us. We praise God that they are now open, and pray that the seed sown may find a resting-place in many a heart.

"We were unable to visit the other villages owing to health reasons, which has not been so good of late. However, we look forward to visiting them later. May I once again urge all to continue in prayer, that God may continue to bless, and sustain us in health that we may accomplish His Will."

In the midst of danger and perils oft, of trials and difficulties and of disappointments, we have received many a glorious message from those who see the

triumph of the kingdom of Christ amidst all this darkness and degradation of the wild forests of Amazonia. "Here on the station we have had a great day. On March 10th, after much preparation and prayer, those who have been preparing for baptism and confession of their Lord and Saviour, were received. In the morning we had the usual service, I gave the message on the words 'Follow me,' then we all went to the riverside and after singing the hymn 'In the Sweet by-and-by,' the words in Indian being very suitable for the occasion, one by one they followed their Lord and Master. A great joy I said. Yes! Sometimes I think that we are too much inclined to look at the life of a missionary as that of one long term of hardship, difficulty and trial. No doubt it all comes into it, but the joy that fills one on such an occasion as this, surpasses all; my heart surely burned within me as I baptised each of the seven, for whom I have long prayed and worked.

"The evening came, again our hearts were filled as we joined with these Sons of the Forest, around the Lord's table. This may seem a small matter on paper, but to those of us who have had the experience, we realise what it means. Picture the occasion, the small straw room, mosquitoes buzzing around, occasional howls coming from the surrounding forest, yet nothing seems to distract as we sit round the table with expectant hearts."

Joe Wright, the elder brother of Fred Wright, had been in Amazonia already some eight years when Fred Wright landed for his first tour, which by the Providence of God was to be cut short so soon in the

land of his adoption. In a recent letter Joe Wright states: "It is simply glorious to be God's servant out here in these sin cursed regions. Yesterday I returned from a speedy evangelistic trip to the village of Taboquinha which is twice the size of Sao Felix. When we entered the forest it was necessary to traverse many flooded creeks before we reached the upper waters of the River Pindarè. It was with mixed feelings I crossed over. I could not but remember the two whose bodies lay some three hundred miles, or more down stream; the bodies of Fenton Hall and Mabel Roberts. Still wondering, I thought of my brother Fred, and his two companions who left almost a year ago for the Xingu. A silent prayer ascended as I quietly passed on. Truly, Indian evangelisation demands that the corn of wheat die! Between 8 and 9 p.m. I realised that I was entering the village of Taboquinha of the Karikati Indians for the first time. It lies some twelve leagues in a westerly direction from Sao Felix, and is between Grajahu and Imperatrix. I remained there Tuesday and Wednesday engaged in personal work, and treating the sick. These Indians are really given up to diabolical sins. Opium drinking, smoking and whisky drinking is very common. What a task is ours. Who is able for it? I climbed one of the banks near by, and poured out my soul in prayer. I finished by jumping in the air with a shout of Glory! Hallelujah! In the evening I was down in the valley again amongst the sick and sinful. I sat for a long time with them. For some time I sat with poor Caitano whose prostrate form lay on a straw mat by the fire. A sickness is slowly killing him. A few weeks ago one of his brothers died, and is it possible that I have arrived in time to

speak to poor Caitano? I believe I have! He strained his ears and eyes in my direction as I slowly told him the sweet story of salvation. I prayed and asked him if he would trust and accept. I shall never forget the look on his sick face, and the answer. 'I'll confide and accept Jesus because I know I am a sinner.' If one can judge from facial expression, and from the intonation of the voice, then I believe he meant it. We have a big field which can only be efficiently itinerated during the summer months. Travelling north, south, east and west of Sao Felix we meet with needy souls at every turn."

Fred Roberts has left many an interesting story of his early efforts at Evangelisation amongst the wild Indians, and the response of the people that he gathered around him in many different parts. In visiting the village of Tauari where he had been working, he says: "I left the Evangelist Matchi and his wife. The Indians in this village had been crying out for a teacher for a long time. The men got down to work, and a school was soon built, while seats and desks were made out of saplings. Early next morning fifty Indians turned up at the school. Large placards containing the Indian alphabet and syllables were hung on the wall, and Matchi started to teach his own people to read the Word of the Living God. I then went on to help his wife with her teaching of the women but she had already hung the placards up and commenced. Around her there was a group of Indian women shouting out the names of the letters. After two days of Gospel meetings, Bible readings and times for prayer I left them, commending them to the love of God, that I might visit other villages.

“I journeyed backwards and forwards, from one village to another, helping where I could and holding Gospel meetings. I found the Lord had been doing a wonderful work among these Indians. Schools had been maintained, Gospel services had been held. Many of the resident Indians could now sing a number of the hymns in Tupi, while Matchi had read to the Indians various portions of the Word of God and explained parts of the story to his listeners. The surprising time came when we had prayer. One after another got up, and prayed that God would cleanse away their sins, and give them strength to lead the Christian life. After three months I left them to the care of others.

“At the close of a dry season we decided to bring the Evangelists home for further training. When those Evangelists withdrew they left behind them over twenty-five converts, some of whom could read a little. When these converts were visited a year later most of them were still standing firm in the Lord. When the call for volunteers, to fill the place of another Evangelist, was made, a lad of only thirteen years of age volunteered. He did good work leading other souls to Christ, and teaching them to read.”

The first attempt to reach the Guaja Indians was made in 1930. Special prayer appeals were issued in England for the missionaries about to enter the trackless country of this nomadic tribe. Reaching the mouth of the River Karu the missionaries carefully prepared food that might be needed on the return, they then attempted to enclose their canoe with wire netting to afford some protection in the case of an unexpected attack. Pioneering in these parts

is always dangerous: it may be successful or it may end as suddenly as it began, as it did in the Isle of Gali on the East side of Java.

As we quote from Fred Roberts' own journal we can picture his actual meeting with the Guajas in their own village. "What confusion reigns in my head," he says, "we laid our loads down as the Indians went to hide the guns. I opened the front of my shirt and went near to them, yet remained hidden by bushes. People were laughing and shouting, breaking nuts, babies crying, monkeys chattering and when I shouted: 'Katu, Katu pezari pehoho-zu ure katu maewe chezeeng putari peme' which means, 'It is good, it is good, don't be afraid, don't run, we are good, we want to speak to you,' the result was absolute silence. Even the monkeys stopped their chattering, and one could have heard a pin drop. I then shouted again and again, hands open, and held up, and marched up to the captain's house.

"Confusion reigned, men ran everywhere with bows and arrows, women and children and monkeys darted off into the bush, the men following and dogs barking. My attention was fixed on the captain. He had a large bow in his hand. He would go to his arrows, gather them up together but would not pick them up. Then he would rush back to me, and hit his chest and shout, while I was trying to say all the nice things I could think of.

"By this time the others arrived and also tried to calm him. He then told us to go away, the strain seemed to be too much for the poor old chap. His eldest son then returned armed, and put in a few sentences we did not understand. He told us to go, so we said:

'All right, good-bye.' This surprised him. Our Indians said to him: 'We are good.' At last he seemed to brighten up, and he said he also was good and showed us his body that was free from scars, also a spear of which he seemed to be very proud. He kept repeating: 'Iaboba.' Just what that means I do not know, our Indians could not understand it.

"We sat down and presented the captain with our big bush knife. He gave a shout and ran about cutting down twigs and palms with great joy. This heartily amused us and we laughed. This had a good effect and then we saw the grandfather of the Aldeia creeping back. All the full-grown men were six feet high, well built and strong. They reminded us of pictures we'd seen of the Ancient Britons, some asleep in hammocks made from the bark of a palm, others on the ground. The women have short skirts made from the bark of the palm. Their food consists of wild animals, fish, babasu nuts and other wild fruits. The points of their arrows are about twenty inches long, made out of large bamboos.

"They brought us some roasted fish which tasted well although it was somewhat decayed. We hung up our hammocks next to the captain's house, and went to sleep. During the night I was awakened by men laughing. The captain began to sing, then the whole village began to sing—at least began to groan and grunt—I've never heard such singing and dancing before, and never do I want to hear it again. I wondered whether they were going to kill, and eat us, during or after the feast! I prayed hard, and after a while the confusion left me, and in the midst of all the grunting and groaning I went to sleep again.

“Early the next morning the Indians were anxious to be going. They wanted us to go and return with knives for the others. We travelled hard all day and that night it rained. We still pushed on, and after a hard day’s travelling with a heavy pack and tortoisés carried for food on the top of our packs we again arrived back on the Pindarè. We recovered our buried food and were soon drinking hot coffee and eating farinha. We refloated the canoe, and reloaded it, and were off again down stream. Praise God for all His goodness to us on this journey, and for the way in which He prepared the Indians to receive us.

“Send forth Thy Gospel, mighty Lord,
Out of this care bring to birth,
Thine own creation promise hope,
The better days of heaven on earth.

Send forth Thy Gospel, Holy Lord,
Kindle in us Love’s Sacred Flame,
Love giving all and grudging nought,
For Jesu’s sake, in Jesu’s name.”

“At the village of Sacco,” writes Fred Roberts, “I was well received and all day they kept me answering questions, and reading our translations to them. In the evening we had a meeting, after which they started to sing. I stood it as long as I could, and then shouted out: ‘Oh men, how long are you going to sing to the devil? Silence.’ Then an indignant reply: ‘This is not the devil’s song. It is a good song. We are the only ones who know it. Our grandfathers taught it to us. God never taught us how to sing to Him.’ I explained as well as I could, telling them that God was not far

away, that He had given them all things, that they had never spoken to Him or given Him thanks.

“They left off singing and went to rest. Next morning I left. On our second visit twelve months later we went back, and were well received, and well treated. They wanted us to stay longer but there were other villages, and other tribes, and labourers alas all too few.

“As a rule the Indian is willing and ready to listen to the Gospel story but he may not be so willing to follow it. He is a big sinner, but does not know it. These things are open and can easily be shown to him, but it is difficult for him to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin. There are no idols to bother one but his superstitions are deep-rooted. His belief in God and the devil help one and he quickly takes to the joy of the future life. They find no difficulty in believing God’s Word to be the truth, and our appeal is ever to Him.

“In teaching them one has to be careful as they are ever ready to agree with all you say, and believe it in their heads, but their hearts are still far away. They are willing to make a profession and even to pray, but not to turn from their evil ways. They may also believe just to please the white man. In this as in every other work, great patience is needed. They are slow to learn, tense to live as they’ve always lived. They want to learn to read and write, but have not the patience to stick at it day by day, and often will throw it up after a week, or a few months.

“It was on the Sunday of the last Indian Convention in Altamira that those who were to be baptised told

why they were taking this great step to those of their tribe who were gathered in the little mud building which served as a school during the week, and a church on Sundays. Then we all trooped down the hill to the river bank, where with reverend simplicity, a little service was held, which was the result of years of patient and faithful work on the part of those who had initiated that work years ago, at such a cost. So that morning each of those sixteen Indians and Brazilian girls went through the ceremony of baptism, to the accompaniment of hymns and choruses in their own language.

“That same night in the little hut those who had been baptised gathered together again, this time for the Sacrament of Holy Communion. We will never forget the solemn hush of that little service, but what was even more remarkable was the silence of those who had not yet been converted but were looking on.

“One story comes from a burnt-out village where the Indians had been repairing their plantations. A family came to the Mission House for shelter that night. During the evening they became conversational, as Indians do at night. He told me that a long time ago he had made a journey away to the old station at Sapucaia and there he had heard for the first time the good Old Story of Jesus and His Love, and that since then he had altered his life as best he knew how. He had given up what he felt to be wrong. I knew this was so for I had been able to see something of his character as witnessed by his life.”

“And they preached unto them Jesus.” Darkness was long set over the village of Colonia, newcomers had just arrived from a village sixteen miles away and were

making themselves busy around the bright fire. The missionary, remembering that this was his off night, was preparing for the English mail a letter to his loved ones. Suddenly the door opened to three of his recent baptised Indians. They were the first fruits of Indian Evangelisation in the Barra Region. They quickly told their mission. Will the missionary have a special meeting in honour of the arrivals?

He pleads inability that night, and reminds them that the night before they had had a meeting and this was his night off to write to the home folks. They refused to be put off. He suggested that they should conduct it themselves. After some hesitation they agreed. A table, benches and a lamp were soon supplied, a crowd gathered in front of the mission station, one Indian presided at the meeting, two others gave the message in a simple yet eloquent way; with sincerity and passive appeal the message is proclaimed. The chairman tells the meeting how to follow in the Way of the Lord—and then asks if there is one prepared to accept. One Indian lad rises to his feet, then another, these are followed by three more, and when the net is finally drawn in, there are about fourteen souls seeking Christ.

Again the sun has set on the village of Colonia, darkness is coming on, suddenly there is a shout from the Indians: "Caraiu"—Brazilian horse and rider draw up at the Mission House and after the usual salutations he is shown into the missionary's home. His story is soon told. He comes from Bellos Sonhos fifty miles distance, the message is a very urgent one. From his pocket he draws a scribbled note written in Portuguese: "Will the missionary come at once to the writer's home,

he is dying, and desires to hear the wonderful message that the missionary has brought."

Early next morning, with saddled mule, the missionary begins his fifty miles journey to one dying man. The first night he rests at an Indian village, there to pass on God's message. The following morning he sets off again, at evening draws near to Bellos Sonhos. As he approaches the home there comes a pitiful cry: "Tenha misericordia sobre me, senhor." (Have mercy upon me, Oh God.) Entering into the home of the sick man the missionary is taken to him. There upon a hammock a terrible sight meets him—a man covered with leprosy. Since the hour the messenger had set off, with a message to the distant missionary, this leper had anxiously awaited the arrival of one whom he felt could give him the message of peace to his soul.

Around him had gathered his little children who are so soon to be fatherless. Near by stands the wife, close to her their eldest daughter. God's word is read and in simple language the Gospel is told. A hymn is then sung. What a message! The words are carefully explained, and then sung again:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that blood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

That face, drawn by pain, now lights up as the Holy Spirit makes the words clear to his soul, the refrain is repeated and yet again repeated, until all join in. Before leaving the next morning the missionary again visited the sick chamber. What a change! Yes,

he is now trusting in the Lord who has shed His Blood for him.

As the missionary rides away from that sad, and yet wonderful scene there wafted across the air the voice of the eldest daughter singing so sweetly and clearly in her own tongue.

“There is a fountain filled with blood,”

Fourteen days later he went to be with his newly-found Saviour.

Old John, one of the oldest of Tembe Indians, came to live in the Mission Station from up river. A lone Indian except for a sister and daughter who had little love for him, or he for them. His loneliness should have invoked human sympathy but the love of Christ in the missionary was even greater, longing to see this old Indian translated into the Kingdom of God. In conversation with John, the missionary, seated on the stump of a tree, while John squatted outside his straw hut, found that John's condition was as dark as the darkness of a forest. This old Indian had no other opportunity of hearing of the Light of the World. Laid low with fever, for two days unknown to the missionary, medical aid came too late, for within three hours of this second visit old John had passed on. His only religious belief had been in witchcraft, and it fell to the lot of the missionary, with the help of a semi-witch-doctor, to lay John's body in the earth. John had passed on without Christ!

But the sequel to the above: Peter who was the witch-doctor but had great respect for the missionaries and always liked to journey as a member of their canoe crew to and from the coast. He lived some five

hours up the river and was not happy there, and although invited to live on the Station preferred to go an hour's journey farther down river below the Station, to live in the witch-doctor's village. He also loved to smoke a weed called diambe, the effect of which is similar to opium, and to drink fire water. Witch-craft blinded him to spiritual things, darkness being in his soul. God, however, moves in mysterious ways.

While on a journey one of his daughters sought to rid the straw hut which he had built in the witch-doctor's village, of an invasion of ants, using a flaming torch, but the whole caught fire, and was soon a heap of blackened ruins. On Peter's return he saw in this calamity the judgment of God, as the God of the white man. On being invited once again to live on the Mission Station he accepted, but held on to his vices of witch-craft. God had begun a work, however; a shaft of Light had already pierced the gloom. God was blessing the work. A few had professed the name of Christ. This impressed Peter with the reality of the Christian life. A Bible study class was started for these few converts. Peter attended, being very interested to hear an exposition of the second commandment—the putting away of witch-craft by those who chose to follow Christ. This was Tuesday, and on Thursday, after hearing of Christ the Way, the Truth and the Life, Peter stood up to confess Christ as his Saviour, his face being lit with the light and joy of Christ; a great contrast to his previous sullen unhappiness.

Next morning he came into morning prayers proudly carrying his youngest child, a baby, whose neck used to be adorned with numerous witch-craft charms, but

now without any such things. The Light of the glorious Gospel had dispelled the darkness of Satan and witchcraft and there was joy in the presence of the Angels of God.

One of the leaders in the village of Colonia was keen on witnessing for Christ. Business took him downstream to a neighbouring village where several of the dreaded witch-doctors held sway deceiving the people. He defied them, telling them that he was now a Christian and had no fear of their witchcraft. This angered the witch-doctors. They influenced a villain who had a spite against him to wait on the river bank and shoot him on his return later in the day. Rejoicing in the Lord, he set off with four young men. On his return journey, little thinking of what awaited him, he was slowly passing a small rapid, and hugging the bank. Suddenly there was a report of a gun, and a sharp pain, as the bullet tore his arm at the elbow, which fortunately sheltered his heart. Think of the effect of this incident upon our village. In other days sons and relatives would have vowed vengeance and a terrific fight would have ensued. Now God had so worked in his heart that he told his sons not to be revengeful but to forgive.

After a few months the wound was completely healed.

He is still testifying, frequenting the meetings, encouraging his sons to learn to read and write, that they also may be Evangelists.

CHAPTER IX

SEARCHING OUT THE KAYAPOS

MR. E. J. WOOTTON is the veteran missionary of the Unevangelised Fields Mission. He has spent some twenty-six years in the service of The Kingdom in Brazil. His testimony, after all these years, is that he desires to praise his Master for all that he found in Him, for His grace and goodness, faithfulness and Fatherly care during that time. He proved by experience that He is indeed ever faithful, ever true. He says "He tested me, taught me, and disciplined me with much patience and tenderness. Having lived in reliance upon the rich promises of His Word, I can testify, as did Joshua, that none of them failed, that they were all fulfilled over and over again." During the early years of his service for Christ in Amazonia, he was engaged with another mission. Later, he joined the ranks of the Unevangelised Fields Mission. He brought long years of valuable experience, the knowledge of language, and many other valuable aids to the service of the Mission.

During these years he travelled considerably in Brazil, engaged in evangelistic efforts, and in the distribution of the Scriptures. He records, "I visited the town of Rosario several times in successive years, and after distributing Scriptures, and preaching the gospel in the house of a believer, who had gone from the city to live there, I began to extend my journeys to outlying places, and along the railway which was then in

construction. I distributed many Scripture portions, and sold many cheap gospels to the men employed in that work. A rough class of men they were, drawn from other States, as well as from the State of Maranhão. There was only one believer among them, and he suffered much persecution, for he was only a humble workman. We had meetings in his house also, on the outskirts of the town in a plantation which included fruit trees. Later he was baptised, in a stream which ran through his own plantation. There are now two congregations of believers in Rosario, some of whom received the Word of God for the first time from my hands, and others have been won by the testimony of those first humble believers.

“I would follow paths to outlying houses in order to offer the people the Word of God. I had many interesting, and sometimes trying, experiences. It was not pleasant to be looked upon as a despised ‘Protestant,’ a dangerous heretic, a servant of the devil, seeking to turn people away from the true religion of God, the religion of the anti-Christ, a distributor of false Bibles, etc., etc. The priests had warned the people not to receive the books, and if any had received them, to burn them and destroy them. The people were so afraid of the word ‘Protestant’ that if they had received a Gospel, and had even found it good, they would throw it away, or let the children play with it until they destroyed it. I know that if anyone said it was a ‘Protestant’ book. Many books were burnt. The priests themselves would go round to collect the books that the people received, or bought so that they might burn them, sometimes publicly; but not all the precious seed was destroyed. Some of

it fell on good ground, and it still continued to bring forth fruit in the salvation of other souls. To-day public opinion has changed, and people are no longer afraid to receive Gospel books and tracts, and evangelical meetings are well attended in most places. There is of course, still a certain amount of opposition on the part of the fanatical and ignorant people. The uneducated people are very superstitious. The festivals in honour of favourite saints are still very popular, for they provide the amusement and the excitement in which people delight. With all this show of religion, immorality, drunkenness, fights and murders abound.

“ I used to return physically refreshed to more routine work in the City, and always glad to be back in the pure society of Christian fellowship with fellow missionaries and believers, after those seasons spent among people of dark and corrupt minds.

“ So I continued to work in the City and the surrounding places, until I had visited all those within reach as God guided me. The promise in Joshua has been gloriously fulfilled, for in every one of those places, there are now at least a few believers, or small congregations, as the fruit of the Word sown in those early days.” The work is being continued by others. During these long journeys, Mr. Wootton sought every opportunity of visiting the villages of the various Indian tribes. His thoughts were early turned to the wild tribes of the Kayapo. This tribe, according to the most reliable information, was not only scattered, but numerous, even though its numbers could not be actually estimated. The tribe may be divided into two sections, those known as the “tame” Kayapo, and the “wild” Kayapo, the difference being that the one section of the

tribe has been brought within reach of, and in touch with, the Brazilian part of the population. The others, the "wild" section, are still in the far-off unreached parts.

He records that when he paid his first visit to these Kayapo villages, he did so in company with a friendly Brazilian. He says:

"I was able to make friends with the Indians, and also with a Brazilian neighbour and his wife. On that occasion I stayed only a short time, teaching them to sing a few choruses, and taking notes of their language. On the second journey my wife accompanied me, and we had with us a girl whose parents had given her into our charge, to teach and train her; and also a young Brazilian believer. The Kayapos were living in two small groups. We visited both of them, staying a short time with each village. We also visited the Brazilian neighbours, some of whom were friendly, but others were very fanatical. We were getting on very well in the second village, when the friars received the information that we were there. They sent a letter to the headmen ordering them not to allow us to remain.

"The letter stated, 'You are Catholics and good children of the church, these men are enemies of God and of our Lady. You are the owners of that land and have the power to send them away.' Of course the Indians were scared by the letter. It would have been dangerous to resist the friars, where they had the people so completely under their influence. So we moved on, I believe to the regret of the Kayapos, as well as our own.

"We continued to evangelise amongst the Brazilians as far as the little town of Santa Maria, then we turned

back, by river to Porto Franco. During the following rainy season, as we were not able to continue our investigations amongst the Kayapos, I resolved to reach the village of the Apinages, who were closely related to the former, and of the same linguistic stock. We descended the Araguaya in a boat or barge, full of skins and goods as well as other passengers. We called at a Caraja village one evening, when some from another village were visiting these people. They had a wrestling match which sport they love, and also their usual dancing. Some of the men had the Indian rattle, a sign that they were also addicted to witch-craft, and were dressed in a palm-leaf mask, which covered them completely. I asked one of the men if he knew who God was, but he said with an air of indifference, 'My boy knows,' pointing to him, 'he's been to school,' meaning the friars' school.

"The next season we made another attempt to reach the wild Kayapos. Money had been sent for this particular advance.

"We saw that it was impossible to go forward that summer. We went on a tour in the neighbourhood of the 'tame' Kayapos, and evangelised amongst the Brazilians in the direction in which we are hoping to advance in the next dry season. There was a time when a revolutionary band, which had revolted from the army, was making its way through the interior, causing depredations and terror by its wild doings. We were often taken for members of this band, especially because my companion was dressed in khaki. We did not attempt to visit the 'tame' Kayapos on that journey, because we heard that they were moving their village. We distributed Scripture portions

amongst the Brazilians at many scattered farmsteads and houses.

“During the next rainy season, Mrs. Wootton went down the Araguaya with a company of friends. I continued the evangelistic work in Porto Franco. Before starting off on the Kayapo advance, I went on a short visit to the ‘tame’ ones again, to see if I could find anyone willing to go with me to reach the others. But on that occasion no one was willing. Although they were still friendly, they were evidently afraid of their wild relatives. My health was not in good condition after various bouts of malaria, but I finally set out on my journey to the Xingu, reaching it in August. We had arranged to go with a woman who had traded in that region, and they agreed with the man who was going with her to take charge of her mules and cargo, that he should help us also. We were to pay our share of the expense.

“In this connection, I hope that those who read this story will notice how true it is that when ‘He putteth forth his sheep, He goeth before them’ and always opens up the way, however strange the means may appear. All the promises to shield and protect His servants have proved to be true.

“Our journey lay through the forest, though the path was over-grown and very tortuous because of fallen trees. We had to do it in the usual stages of about ten leagues a day, because at these points there had been Brazilian dwellings with grass enclosures, to allow teams of mules loaded with rubber to travel. These dwellings had all been abandoned after the fall in the price of rubber. We only found a few inhabited houses about half-way through the forest.

It took us five days to get through with our loaded mules. There were streams without bridges to be forded, and high hills to be climbed before we reached the open fields on the other side.

“We arrived at the little settlement of Novo Horizonte, which had been a flourishing rubber station but was now almost deserted. However, there were still a number of inhabitants and we found a house where we could stay and have food by agreement with the people living in it. The first thing was to get information as to where it might be possible to reach the Kayapos, the best way to go, and where their villages might be situated. Rumours of bands of them appearing at different points were frequent. We found the people lived in fear of being attacked by them. The men never went outside their houses without their rifles, and we soon found how difficult the task would be, because of the enmity existing between the two parties. There had been conflicts between the rubber men, and the Indians, from the very commencement of the rubber trade.

“We soon saw that it would be almost impossible to find anyone willing to go with us as guide.

“The waiting time was filled up by having meetings in the evenings. These were well-attended, and these rough people heard the Gospel for the first time. It turned out to be the only opportunity for many. Most of them were soon scattered, and more than one dark deed of murder occurred during the following months, which caused still more scattering.

“I managed to gather together a few children for reading lessons, in order to occupy the hours during the days when the people were at work. After a while

there came an opportunity to descend the river with a woman who was going on business and who had become friendly. She had a small farm and used to invite us to drink fresh milk. We journeyed in a canoe down-stream, touched at different points for the midday rest or to spend the night, and so getting to know some of the people. All had some interest in the rubber trade, and many had plantations near their dwellings.

“The largest settlement visited was Nova Olinda, just opposite the mouth of the Riozinho, which we afterwards found to be the most direct route to the region where the wild Kayapos lived. We descended the river Fresco to its junction with the Xingu, where there is the village of Sao Felix. Sao Felix is the patron saint of the rubber men, supposed to defend them from snakes, wild Indians and other dangers. Hearing of a man at a rubber settlement up the River Xingu, who had had dealings with these Indians, I determined to ascend that river to see if I could obtain information and help. It would also be an opportunity to witness to the very needy, and very sinful inhabitants of that region, who had never once heard the gospel. I still had some Scripture portions which I was able to distribute among them.

“I journeyed in a passing launch, which had difficulty in negotiating some of the many rapids, and stayed for a short time with the boss of that region, who was not only an employer of a large number of rubber-collectors, but also the political chief. He was a very intelligent man, and developed his settlement in a wonderful way, with large clearings in the forest for plantations, where he had also grown grass in order

to have cattle at hand to provide milk. He had a number of boys at school under his own supervision, and I had the opportunity of singing and speaking to them, as well as to the adults while I stayed there. I spent Christmas of that year, 1927, with them. But this man was of the same opinion as the others—it was wasting effort, and money, to try and reach and tame the wild Kayapos. I found very, very few people with friendly feelings towards them. Most were of the opinion that only rifle bullets would tame these wild beasts.

“From there I went on to the house of one of his tenants, an hospitably inclined elderly old man, a widower with a grown-up son. He complained that some of these Kayapo Indians had robbed a few vessels from his kitchen when everyone was busy out on the plantation.

“One day we were all quiet after the midday meal when suddenly the dogs began to bark furiously, and the men looked scared at once as they said ‘caboclos’ (Indians). They prepared their rifles, and began to shout to the Indians, who immediately rushed off up a hill at the back of the house through the bushes. They returned about the same hour on the next day, when everything was quiet, but again they ran off through the bushes when the dogs barked, and the men shouted to them.

“The old owner of the house became fearful at these signs that the Indians were lurking in the neighbourhood. I continued the journey up-stream in another passing launch, and I was beginning to feel more and more discouraged by all this hatred manifested towards the Indians. Everyone had stories to tell of the mischievousness and treachery of the Indians. Of

course, I did not tell of the many wicked things that the rubber men had practised against the Indians. At last I met the man who had had Indians, Jurunas, working for him. He also said that it was impossible to reach the Kayapos' village, and that I should find no one willing to go with me. About the Jurunas he told me that he had some of them on his station, and in cabins near him. When they came on one occasion complaining that they had been attacked by other wild Indians named 'Thick lips,' they sent a party of men with them, and they exterminated that village!

"Then he said that the Jurunas had done something which displeased him, and that he had had some of them shot. The few remaining ones had been scattered, and that is how the 'civilised' intruders have treated the Indians nearly everywhere, since the Portuguese began to colonise Brazil.

"I turned down-stream, sick at heart, because of all these terrible conditions, and the spiritual darkness and gross sin in which the people live.

"At Sao Felix, I joined the canoe going up the Fresco, and after a trying journey, reached Novo Horizonte once more. My companion was waiting. He had once been out to the Araguaya for supplies. I took my turn of going home after an absence of nine months. I had a month's rest, and then went once more to the forest, visiting the 'tame' Kayapo villages on the way. This time I was able to persuade one of them, a young married Indian named Jacintho, to accompany me. His wife insisted on going with him, as she said there would be no one to hunt for her if she did remain at home. When we reached the house where a rubber man had promised to meet us, to guide

us through the forest, he was not there, so we did the first day's journey alone, very slowly. He met us before we reached the halting place. We were very glad to have a guide who was accustomed to the forest. When we reached the dwellings in the centre of the forest the next morning our man noticed jaguar footprints on the path. He, and another man, went after it with a dog and killed it, bringing it on a stout pole to be skinned; praise God for keeping our mules safe that night.

"Arriving at Novo Horizonte we had to wait for a convenient opportunity to descend the river. At last we joined another party who were going down to Nova Olinda.

"One morning soon after we had entered the canoe after sleeping on land, we saw an Indian wading in the stream, fishing. As soon as he saw us, he scampered off into the woods, and no shouting of our 'tame' Kayapo produced any answer. A little further down we saw footprints on the sandy beach, for we were now in the dry season again. Presently Jacintho shouted again. An answer came from among the trees on the opposite bank. After shouting to one another, Jacintho got out of the canoe, and crossed the sand to speak at close quarters. Soon after his wife followed and I went also, but the Indians said to Jacintho that they were afraid of me until I showed them my hands to prove that I had no firearms. Then a tragedy happened, quicker than I can describe it in words. While the attention of the husband was turned another way, speaking to some of the Kayapos, another one came down from the bushes to where the wife of Jacintho was sitting on the sand. He asked her to stand up, flattering her he stroked her with his hands,

then he invited her to go up where the others were, so that they could see her, too. She, forgetting all fears and warnings, went up with him. The others immediately surrounded her, and carried her off. She screamed when she realised what was happening. Her husband shouted for a rifle. The men in the canoe shouted to us to hurry back, fearing the Indians might attack us. There was nothing to do but continue the journey down-stream without the poor girl. When we reached the great rapids, everything had to be taken out of the canoes, and transported along a by-path. The canoes themselves had to be rolled over logs to a point above the rapids.

“After a very difficult journey we reached a point where the rubber men decided to make their camp. At week-ends the two men we were staying with made short trips up the river with us to look for traces of the Indians. We found many signs that they frequented the margins of the river. Jacintho discovered a path used by them. We followed it for a good distance, and found it must be one that led to their villages far away towards the headquarters of the river.

“Near another rubber camp we later found nutshells and a grove of Brazil-nuts, so it was clear that at certain times the Kayapo came there to gather nuts. After long delays one of the rubber men agreed to go with us several days’ journey up-stream, to see if we could reach any of these Kayapo villages. Unfortunately for us the rainy season was beginning. We got drenched every night, camping on the river bank, where there were no leaves suitable for making a shelter. On the third or fourth evening we were excited by reaching some huts, with evident signs that a group of Kayapos

had lived there while fishing not long before, having gone back to their village.

“So we missed them. What a pity we had not been able to come sooner! We were obliged to return without meeting the Indians with all these proofs that we were on the right route to their villages. I also met rubber men who had crossed through the forest from the Xingu, abandoning their unjust employers, who said that they had seen Kayapo villages. Others said that they had seen wide, well-kept paths leading in the direction where, according to general opinion, the principal Kayapo villages are situated. When Jacintho asked the wild Kayapos by what name they called Riozinho, they gave a name which means ‘Headwaters in grass,’ that is fields, so the probability is that their villages are situated beyond the forests, and in the open plateau; the custom of all Indians of that stock is to build their villages on the grassy plains, rather than in the forests.

“Greatly disappointed we returned to Novo Olinda, and joined another party who were going to the Araguaya. So God provided a safe journey back to Novo Horizonte and through the forests to Conceição and Porto Franco.

“I had been absent a year and four months. I arrived home very run-down in health, a large ulcer on my left leg, which had been, and continued to be, a great handicap on my journey. Jacintho had suffered from malaria more than I had. He had been very ill for a time, but was better when he reached home. He afterwards returned to his village. A priest got hold of him, and secured all the information he had. They went with some of the ‘tame’ Kayapo in search of the ‘wild’ ones, but they failed to reach them after

two attempts. They had speech with a group of them on one occasion and appointed a time for return, but missed meeting the Kayapos on the second journey. They did not go very far up the river but left some presents for them. This is what the people at Nova Olinda told Fred Roberts.

“At the beginning of 1930, we left the Araguaya, returned to the Barra do Corda region. Before leaving we had the joy of baptising four members of a family who had accepted the Gospel. Father, mother and two daughters confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. They were baptised in the river in the presence of a large number of spectators, some mocked, others were well-impressed. A young woman, who had lived for about two years with Mrs. Wootton, also desired to be baptised but as her father strongly opposed it, we desisted.”

CHAPTER X

"THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE"

"We do not attempt to account for it,
We only know the outskirts of His ways;
And how small a whisper do we hear of Him.

"As well try to capture the motif of a symphony from a few bars imperfectly heard . . . as presume to imagine that we, who only see a fragment of the thought of God, can understand the whole or interpret it to another. But we shall not be disappointed when we are told the mysteries of this present. . . . Faith sees GOD."

("Gold by Moonlight"—AMY CARMICHAEL.)

HORACE BANNER GIVES HIS REPORT OF THE SEARCH PARTY:

"I AM writing from the deck of a river steamer which is rapidly approaching the mouth of the River Amazon. For over two months, Jock Johnstone and I have been engaged in a search for the 'Three Freds' who disappeared into the wilds of the Upper Xingu more than a year ago. To-morrow, with our return to civilization and to safety, it falls to us to announce the dread news that our search has confirmed, rather than dispelled, earlier fears that our three fellow missionaries have been martyred by hostile Indians. Here is the story, brief as it needs must be for the present.

"The Xingu is one of the main tributaries of the Amazon, a giant river in itself, whose forests are reckoned

amongst the richest in Brazil. The civilized population, almost exclusively engaged in the extraction of rubber and Brazil nuts, have for years been in constant conflict with wild Indians, chief of whom are the Kayapo, who threaten to make their labours impossible by a relentless campaign of murder and pillage. Their forest villages abound with the spoils of a thousand raids. These include innumerable rifles, and many Brazilian children. They seem to delight in clubbing to death defenceless women and carrying away into captivity their little ones. The Brazilians have taken to reprisals, often shooting Indians at sight, and so the war goes on.

"It was to the task of reaching these Indians with the Gospel as far back as 1927, our veteran missionary, Mr. E. J. Wootton, dedicated himself, after spending some time among a 'tame' section of the same tribe on the neighbouring river Araguaya. This section was pacified by R.C. Priests. Mr. Wootton with a 'tame' Indian, who acted as his interpreter, met with the 'wild' Indians who carried off the interpreter's wife. He never saw her again. Bad health compelled Mr. Wootton to abandon the attempt. In later years a Roman Priest has made several contacts with the 'wild' Kayapos, distributing generous supplies of axes, knives, etc., in his attempt, at Government expense, to pacify them.

"In April, 1935, Fred Roberts, Fred Wright and Fred Dawson, set out from our Mission base in Santa Isabel, with the Kayapos as their objective. The Mission knew that long weeks would elapse without news of the party, but with the passing of months, anxiety increased, until in February of this year, Jock

and I were called from our respective stations to form a search party.

"We left Para on April 7th. Five days up the Amazon, nine days up the Xingu, two days up the Fresco, which is an affluent of the latter, and we reached Nova Olinda, the last Brazilian village and the terminus of organized river transport. There we found the extensive kit belonging to the 'Three Freds,' including the metal sheets with which they had hoped to protect themselves. We learnt that last May the party had left in their small home-made motor boat, on what was intended to be an exploration of the Rio Zinho, a tributary which joins the Fresco at Nova Olinda. It is well known locally that the lair of the Kayapos lies beyond an enormous cataract known as the 'Smoke Falls,' in the headwaters of the Rio Zinho.

"At the foot of these Falls the R.C. priest usually distributes his presents to the Indians, though last year, following in the wake of the 'Three Freds' for some mysterious reason the Indians insisted on him returning when within a kilometre of his goal. We, therefore, felt that 'Smoke Falls' held the key to the mystery of the disappearance of the 'Three Freds' and began to arrange men and canoes for our journey.

"All was ready by April 28th, and with two canoes, manned by six well-armed Brazilian recruits and a Peruvian volunteer, we began our ascent of the Rio Zinho. On the second day we began to find recent traces of the Indians, including many rafts, and on the fourth day we arrived at the foot of what is the first of a long series of rapids, quite unnavigable. The 'Three Freds' had cleared a track through the forest, for about half-a-mile, to a point above the rapid, where

navigation was again possible. To transport their motor boat overland, they had constructed, with no little effort and ingenuity, a wooden trolley. We were not long in discovering that others had passed that way since the three Britishers. Numerous trees had been felled in a deliberate attempt to block the track, while the trolley had been taken far from its hiding place and hacked into small pieces. Scores of rustic houses, which had until quite recently accommodated anything up to a thousand Indians, stretched away into the forest on either side of the track. Had we arrived a couple of months earlier we should have found ourselves in a veritable hornets' nest, and that without warning. It was quite obvious that the Kayapos had intended that no one should pass that rapid. We were not in the least surprised when most of our local recruits refused to proceed. What they most feared was an attack by the Indians, who were evidently not far away, as we dragged our heavy canoes overland. Before leaving, we left in a sealed bottle, conspicuously displayed, a record of our venture, so that in the case of it being all well with our colleagues they might eventually know of our vain attempt to reach them.

"In Nova Olinda, contrary to expectation, we were able to enlist new men, and in a few days we were away again, this time with three canoes, nine men, and a definite plan of action. On arrival at the rapid, we discovered that the Indians had been investigating during our absence, and had taken possession of our letter. We decided on an armed occupation of the canoe track during our absence beyond the rapid, and left three of the men, securely entrenched, with a big canoe, below the rapid—in case of emergency.

Having thus prepared for a possible attack by the Indians, we carried the two small canoes overland and proceeded up-stream with six men, our hammocks, rifles, ammunition and a week's rations of farinha, which was as much as the canoes would hold. Discomfort was the chief feature of the next few days. A roasting sun, from which there was no shelter, swarms of giant 'piun,' which brought blood with every sting, mosquitoes which drove us to our mosquito nets at nightfall, rapids which necessitated scrambling from rock to rock while the Brazilians hauled up the canoes. The freshest of traces of the Indians abounded on every hand, yet, if the Indians had seen us they deliberately refrained from making themselves seen. We spent hours learning snatches of their dialect from notes provided by Mr. Wootton, occasionally shouting a few words intended to be friendly into the silent forests on either bank.

"Our next clue was the point where the 'Three Freds' had slept. Their initials were cut into a tree, and a heap of boards indicated that they had for some reason demolished the cabin of their boat, which had sheltered both motor and passengers from sun and rain, and which might have afforded some small protection from arrows in case of an attack. We also found a petrol tin of farinha, which the missionaries had hidden in anticipation of their return to Nova Olinda. The farinha was stale and smelly and we returned it to its hiding place, wondering why the sharp-eyed, ever hungry Indians had overlooked it.

"The next five days were devoid of clues. With a food supply almost exhausted and unable to shoot game for fear of angering the Indians, it seemed

inevitable that we should return without definite news. However, on the 12th day from Nova Olinda, tired and hungry, we reached 'Smoke Falls,' the last navigable point on the river. At the foot of the Falls, waterlogged and half hidden in a creek, we espied the motor boat of the 'Three Freds.' While two of the Brazilians mounted guard with rifles at the ready, the other men somewhat unwillingly dragged the boat from its hiding place and began to bale out the water. Our words were few as the receding water revealed what had happened. The mutilated boat and motor spoke of savage blows with axe, knife and club. Could the 'Three Freds' have fared better than their goods? A search of the surrounding bush revealed but a heap of what had been clothing, the cloth now almost destroyed by white ants. The ground upon which we stood seemed holy, as we sought to visualise the scene enacted there a whole year ago. The roar of the cataract, swirling at our feet, became the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters in a ceaseless pæn over the depths which may have become the sepulchre of the dauntless three. We found nothing more, not even a sign to indicate that the brethren had camped there for a single night or even a meal. A curtain of doubt for the present at any rate, must conceal that meeting with the Indians, though it would seem that the roar of the motor had angered them, serving to gather them together in great numbers to await the Missionaries' arrival at the foot of the Falls.

"Certain it is that the Indians have done everything possible to hide their crime. The rudder had been wrenched from the boat to enable them to drag it into the creek. The Priest was not allowed to visit the Falls,

lest he should discover other evidence of what they had done. Incidentally we heard from various witnesses that the Priest in the past instructed his interpreter to tell the Indians that any other man but himself, who sought to reach them, was not a friend but an enemy, but even so they were not willing that he should know how literally they had believed his words.

“Our next thoughts were for our own safety. We were in Indian country, without food, and some two hundred miles from the stale farinha left by the ‘Three Freds.’ Combined hunger and fear is a great antidote to sleep and our crew paddled for thirty-eight consecutive hours, though Jock and I managed to snatch a few hours’ sleep in our respective canoes. Our most anxious hours were those preceding our arrival at the rapids, where we had left the sentinels. We passed what were obviously riverside approaches to nearby villages, places where conversation and comment was only possible in whispers and where even the paddles were silenced as we glided by. In my own opinion, remorse and fear of the spirits of the dead, may have resulted in the Indians abandoning the vicinity of ‘Smoke Falls,’ moving their villages to the locality of the lower rapids, which would account for the abundance of fresh trails in that region. Were the ‘Three Freds’ merely prisoners it is unlikely that the Kayapos would abandon their traditional hunting grounds, from which distance alone would render escape impossible, they being hundreds of miles from safety. From the present location of the Indians, it would be comparatively easy to escape, seeing that Nova Olinda is so near. Great was our relief to find that our three sentinels had been left unmolested during our absence, and their willing

hands and sturdy shoulders were soon helping to transport the canoes over the half mile of land track which separated us from safety. Nova Olinda was reached on the 15th day, our arrival being followed by that of a destitute Brazilian family, whose home, some distance away, had just been raided by the Kayapos; the mother having been saved from being kidnapped by a timely rifle bullet.

"Some, in the absence of proof positive to the contrary, will yet conserve the hope that the Three are still alive, though prisoners and unable either to escape or even to gain the river bank to leave some indication of their existence. While quite conscious that the evidence might admit the slight possibility of this, Jock and I are convinced that the brethren are with Christ. To obtain positive proof, nothing short of a regiment to invade the villages themselves would be sufficient, but this would involve such a conflict that all chances of pacification would be for ever lost. The more excellent way is to continue the attempt to evangelize the Kayapos though by other methods. This was the last written request of the 'Three Freds' discovered when we opened their baggage. They had bequeathed all their kit to those whom God may raise up for the continuance of the task, which cost them their all.

"The journey back to Para has taken us three weeks. Remember with us the sorrowing ones, for they had many loved ones. One thing we know that while on earth hearts may ache, and even question, there are those in heaven who would envy both the 'Three Freds' who have endured all for Christ's sake and the Gospel's as well as those whose honour it is to give their sons for the evangelization of the world.

“Jock and I are very conscious that it is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed. We are grateful for your intercession and throughout a long and arduous journey your prayers have prevailed.

“Let us pray and not faint for the grave will surely be swallowed up in victory.

“Yours sincerely,

“Still for Christ and the Indians,

(Signed)

“HORACE BANNER

“WILLIAM JOHNSTONE”

EPILOGUE

Their last request to us

“BRETHREN, STAND BY US AS ONE MAN—Continue to pray for us, and should the result be that which I suppose we least want, pray and send others out to continue what the Lord has commenced. Remember He died for the Indians of South America.”

Our response

THE “THREE FREDS” MEMORIAL FUND

We feel that the death of these three young men is a challenge to us to go forward, and occupy the hostile territories of South America for Christ.

It is therefore proposed to institute a Memorial Fund, which will commemorate those faithful servants of Christ, and at the same time provide the means for an advance into Unevangelized Fields.

A gift of £100 has already been received, and we accept it as a sign that God would have us go on with this venture.

Our object will be to send out men, who shall take the place of those who have laid down their lives, but as we are very conscious that time is precious, we do not propose to conserve the Fund until these new helpers are ready, but we shall designate one or more of our present workers to lead the advance and seize the occasion “while it is to-day.” It has been considered as very fitting that the first “THREE FREDS” MEMORIAL MISSIONARY should be MR. JOSEPH WRIGHT, the brother of Fred Wright, who is already occupying an advance post among the Indians at Sao Felix. By this appointment, a memorial is at once raised which may be rapidly extended throughout the land.

Here then is a great opportunity of demonstrating to the heathen world that the love of Christ does indeed constrain, and we invite you to have fellowship with us in this glorious adventure.

What better or more fitting memorial could they have?