

Brazil News



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Editorial

When the Saints Go Marching In

The Lost Sheep

*The ninety-nine within the fold,
Are safe from fears and storms of night,
But one is on the mountains cold,
'Twill perish there—how sad the sight!*

One of the most beautiful stories in the Bible is that of the lost sheep. And possibly one of the most misrepresented.

Artists paint a cuddly white, Teddy bearish looking lamb in the shepherd's arms. Our hearts are gladdened just to think that a loving shepherd would leave the comforts of home and brave the elements to rescue the cute little lamb. The more beautiful the painting, the further it is from reality.

To begin with, there is no such thing as an innocent lost lamb or sheep, and much less a clean, cuddly stray. The Shepherd's care is so great that for a lamb or sheep to get lost is a deliberate act, an act of rebellion. It's a rerun of the Edenic scene when, after ample warning, a hand was extended to pluck the forbidden fruit. To get lost is sin, not an accident. Nor is there such a thing as being a "little bit" lost. The lamb or sheep that leaves the Shepherd's care is totally lost and will never "find" its way back, will never come wandering back on its own. It must be rescued by the Shepherd.

That lost lamb or sheep isn't a pleasant sight. It's dirty. Not the kind of dirty of a child all dressed for church that wanders from its mother and falls into a puddle of nice clean mud off to the side of the drive. All it takes is a quick shower, a change of clothes and ten minutes later the child is looking good again.

No, the dirty sheep is filthy. It's smelly, repulsive. It's caked with blood and excrements, covered with putrid sores. It's breathing is labored. It trembles

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uncontrollably. It has cuts and bruises from encounters with wild animals, possibly some broken bones. It's no wonder the priest and the Levite shuddered and took the other side of the road when they came across the sheep that fell among thieves. We believe that the Good Samaritan's hands and garments were stained by the time he got the lost sheep to the inn.

The Deserter

*Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?*

*Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the price,
And sailed thro' bloody seas?*

Soldiers are trained to kill, to hate. The idea purported by some religious groups in defense of their members who go to war, that it is possible to both love and kill the enemy is an exercise in self-deception, an assault on common sense. A true soldier *does* hate his enemy, a hate that is placated only by the destruction or surrender of the aggressor.

But soldiers don't only hate the enemy. They also hate deserters, those of their own ranks who slink off the field of combat in the heat of battle, thus giving the enemy a reprieve and exposing their own comrades at arms to an even greater danger.

During WW II, it was brought to General Eisenhower's attention that soldiers were being carried off the battlefield, the victims of self-inflicted wounds. Because of the high concentration of troops, it was virtually impossible to sneak off the battlefield, so these soldiers would shoot themselves in the leg or arm with their own weapon, knowing this would assure them a fairly long recovery away from the front, and possibly even their return home.

In General Eisenhower's eyes these cowardly soldiers were no better than the enemy. In a controversial, albeit little publicized act, he began personally signing the death warrants of deserters, who were then executed by firing squad.

Soldiers hate deserters, possibly more than the enemy. At war, they, like the enemy, don't deserve a second chance.

The Army of the Lord

*Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before:*

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*Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.*

*Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.*

The kingdom of God can be identified by especially two characteristics: by its peaceful nature and by its bellicose nature. This apparent contradiction isn't hard to explain.

War. When the Twin Towers—Adam and Eve—were hit in the Garden, one, minutes after the other, the result was unremitting war, which continues today, six thousand years later. Any thought, suggestion or belief that mankind will eventually correct itself and that peace will be a natural consequence is equivalent to declaring that gravity is losing its force and that eventually we will all, like so many birds, fly just by flapping our arms.

The kingdom of God *is* at war. The people of God *are* at war. Each individual child of God *is* at war—a life and death war in the most literal and eternal sense.

In what is possibly the greatest paradox of all times, only those who are truly at war can truly be at peace. C.O.s, noncombatants and pacifists have no place in the kingdom. The kingdom of God is made up of warriors.

The troops in the Army of the Lord aren't billeted in barracks (and much less in splendid houses). They are out on the front line, crouching in foxholes, exposed to the elements, facing the foe.

It's not easy to be a soldier. It's dangerous. Casualties are high. Way too high. The desertion rate is alarming. And yet—miracle of miracles—those who remain in the thick of the fight are at peace. In yet another paradox, the performance of the Army of the Lord isn't determined by how many active troops are on duty, but by the amount of holy graves they fill after a successful campaign during this life.

The Lost Soldier

We sing:

*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

And:

*I'm just a weary pilgrim,
Plodding thru this world of sin;
Getting ready for that city
When the saints go marching in...
Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.*

The most beautiful dream I have ever had, which I have written about before, and now repeat, is seeing the saints go marching in. I saw the high walls of the heavenly Jerusalem. In the middle of the front side there was a door. Coming from around the left corner of the city there was a line of saints, two and three abreast, walking to the open door and entering in.

What impressed me most was the unmistakable feel of victory in the air, and yet there was no shouting. Everyone was solemn, but by no means sad. In their hands they held small palm fronds, which they gently waved. Their resolute, forward look, seemed to say, "This is real. The battle is won. We are now saved."

In that multitude marching in, no one stood out. I saw no medals, no stripes, no stars. No one was pushing ahead; no one lagging behind. With hushed footsteps these victors were marching in.

I didn't recognize anyone in that crowd. I suspect there were those who served the Lord for 50 or 60 years. The thief who repented on the cross, who served the lord for just a few hours may have been one of those I saw. There may have been people whom I knew very well in this life...

But I'm going to tell you whom I think may have been in that crowd. I believe there may have been some deserters marching in. That's right, some deserters who betrayed their Lord two, three, four, or even more times.

Writing to the Romans, the apostle Paul speaks about those who are "weak in the faith." These are brothers and sisters who for some reason or other seem incapable of excellency, or even mediocrity. They are weak soldiers, undisciplined, unstable...

The brethren—soldiers—we have just described fail often and drearily, not to say shamefully. They desert. Time and again they hear the cock crow; they repent and repeat...

And yet one feels in them a desire to be saved. They don't want to be eternally lost.

We visit these errant soldiers. We admonish them. We encourage them. We warn them. We support them. They make a comeback, and yet the first thing we know they are lying flat on their face again.

You ask: Brother, what makes you think that that kind of soldier could possibly be in the throng you saw marching to the holy gate of Zion?

In the armies of this world, there is zero tolerance for deserters. He who deserts signs his own death sentence. Is the same true in the army of the Lord?

In a sense it is. Yet is true that Jesus never left a funeral, because when he left, there

was no longer a funeral. If we are compassionate, like our Savior is compassionate, how many times will we pardon our soldier-brother who deserts? Seventy times seven?

Anyone who at this point believes we are suggesting that God will overlook sin has totally missed the point. And God forbid that we overlook sin in the life of our brother. We are talking about... well, about “stretcher” soldiers, the kind who must constantly be picked up, placed on a stretcher and carried off the battlefield.

And we finally get tired of it. Enough of being a stretcher-bearer!

Compassion is born of forgiveness. Indeed, of the desire to forgive. The Master says seventy times seven. How many of us have carried our brother on a stretcher that many times?

Let’s suppose that you have actually carried your brother four hundred and seventy times. He’s been heavy. Time and again he has messed up your routine. But one day he is swept away in death, at a time when he is hobbling along without your help...

Your time comes too. Then as you and fellow saints go marching in, you look ahead, and there in the throng, just ahead of you, is that brother. He no longer stumbles and in his hand there is a palm frond that he gently waves. Exactly like everyone else. You reach ahead with your frond and gently touch his shoulder. He looks back at you. And smiles.

Then he marches through the gate of the city. And you follow. ▲

Religion

When the spirit Rules

I was reading my *courier* paper—the official publication of the Mennonite World Conference—when my eyes slid to a halt. In the section of “Prayer Requests from French-Speaking Sisters and Brothers, someone from the Congo wrote that the government had confiscated a house donated to the church, with no compensation. This was hindering the work. The request ends: “Pray that God’s spirit will intervene.”

The word “spirit” (as in the heading to this article) was written in lowercase. Maybe it was just a typo...

My curiosity aroused, I reread the paper counting the incidence of “Spirit” or “Holy Spirit”—in uppercase. I found four occurrences.

The first was in a short article under a large photo, entitled Sisters Create Wallpaper Together. Sisters of different nationalities would step into a shallow container with a thin layer of some sort of clay in the bottom. Then they would leave their footprint on what looked like blank wallpaper rolled out on the sidewalk, after which they washed each other’s feet. They were celebrating “unity and oneness through the Holy Spirit.”

In another case an Ethiopian leader tells how the “energy and boldness of his faith” are the result of his “exposure to the baptism of the Holy Spirit.”

Finally an elderly lady from Paraguay tells how German missionary priests

introduced her to faith in Christ. She expresses her appreciation for the fact that subsequent Mennonite missionaries didn't tell her that she "had to renounce everything that was part of [her] Catholic upbringing. They just helped [her] get in touch again with the Jesus Christ of [her] childhood as a more mature person."

Next I picked up the first *Messenger of Truth* I found on my desk. I mention here that there is approximately the same amount of text in the *courier* (that's how it's written) as in the *Messenger*. Now I counted the incidence of "Spirit," Holy Spirit" or "Holy Ghost" in the *Messenger* and came up with 14 occurrences. Some examples are:

"Will we be able to deny the flesh and wait until the fruit of good works and the witness of the Spirit are present before we move ahead...?"

"This contact with the Lord produces a witness of the Spirit that both the person who receives it and his fellow Christians recognize."

"Those who are faithful and obedient to the prompting of the Spirit will have guidance and direction."

"We, too, can enjoy the comfort of the Holy Ghost by yielding our bodies a living sacrifice..."

"It has been so clear how we need to obey the Holy Spirit and how important it is to teach our children to be obedient and submissive."

Not only is the Holy Spirit cited more frequently, but with an entirely different emphasis.

This edition of *courier* is dedicated to conversation, or as the question appears on the cover: Why Should We Hold Conversations with Other Christians? On page 4 there is an article entitled: Anabaptists and Catholics: Members of the Choir of God's Polyphony, in which it is stated: "We, Anabaptists as well as Catholics, are members of the choir of God's Polyphony. God has given us all parts to sing, each of which is necessary if the music is to cohere and the harmony is to resonate. We get in trouble, indeed we mar the choir and dishonor its Director, if we attempt to ignore or silence each other... My hope is that our Catholic *siblings* (italics are mine) will learn that they can sing their part in the polyphony better as they rethink the history of Christendom..."

In these conversations, "the Mennonite delegates spoke frankly about the deep wounds which still exist in Mennonite and other churches in various parts of the world where they had been persecuted or pressured by Catholics and others." These same delegates admit "healing is not a one-sided matter." The Catholics feel that the Anabaptists had their fault in the unfortunate events (read as: persecution) that took place. In other words, if they would have been disposed to "converse" with the Catholics and to reach an understanding, much suffering and bloodshed could have been avoided. The Mennonite representative in these conversations states: "My hope is also that we Mennonites can be healed by learning from those whose predecessors persecuted us and by repenting of our pride..." In other words, if the martyr brethren, about whom we read in the *Martyrs Mirror*, would have been more humble and less narrow-minded, a great tragedy could have been averted, or at least mitigated.

My niece, Rosa Dirks, who is teaching the missionary's children in Curitiba, the

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capitol of the southern state of Paraná, sent me a fax telling about a Mennonite baptism she attended. Read and weep:

A friend of ours who goes to a Mennonite church wanted us to visit her church one Sunday evening because her parents were going to be baptized. We decided to go at six o'clock and stay for 45 minutes, when we would have to leave to open our church for services.

We got there a few minutes after six and were welcomed in and given chairs in the entry, as the auditorium and balcony were both full. I noticed a group of teenage boys who were horsing around, laughing and talking.

The service had already started when we arrived. Ten young women were up on the rostrum dancing in time to a hymn—twirling, kneeling and raising their arms in perfect unison. They wore tight black slacks, long-sleeved black, body-fitting blouses with low, rounded necklines. They had purple glitter plastered thick on their eyelids and in their hair, which was slicked back very tightly into a bun, except for those whose hair was only an inch long! Theirs was simply slicked back.

Toward the end of the song, they began sashaying up and down the aisles, twirling and waving meter long ribbons. Then the congregation sang two songs.

After the songs the preacher had a prayer in which he commented on how the church was fazendo festa—having a party. It was sad to see how lacking in reverence and respect his prayer was.

After the prayer the preacher asked all the “converts” to come sit on the rostrum steps to make room for more people to be seated. The preacher and all the converts wore white T-shirts with Jesus written across the front.

I was horrified to see the group of boys who had been horsing around joining those going to the front. One of these boys had spiked hair and wore two heavy chains around his neck. On one wrist he wore at least two bracelets of wooden beads the size of large peas. On the other wrist he wore two black bracelets at least an inch wide. One had silver discs at intervals, the other had spikes or studs nearly an inch long. His one ear had two earrings; the other had them all the way to the top. He wore jeans and tennis shoes. If someone would have wanted to paint a picture entitled “The Worldling,” he would have been the perfect model. To see this young man presenting himself as a follower of Christ was a sickening experience.

When two of the dancers came back to the entry and put on Jesus T-shirts too and then jointed the converts up front, I thought of the modest young girls who get up to tell their experiences in our church.

We heard two of their testimonies before we left. One, a young man, read from the Bible how Jesus said, “Ye must be born again.” He said that when one comes up out of the water, that is the new birth. He went on to tell that even though he was still visiting other churches, he had decided to be baptized and born again.

The other convert, a young lady, told how she had decided to be baptized. She mentioned praying once, but I couldn't understand what she had prayed. Both testimonies that we heard were pathetically hollow.

It made me feel very sorry for them. How terrible to be so deceived. It also made me very, very thankful that I can be part of God's church, whose doctrines haven't been twisted and warped by men.

When Mennonites lose the way, they also lose their brakes. Unless someone can come up with a Biblical reason to do otherwise, “spirit,” as used here, will not be capitalized. ▲

A Brazilian Story

Mário de Moraes

Solving a Problem by Division

A sultan, well up in years, died, leaving 35 camels as inheritance for his three sons. Curiously, his will read as follows: “To my eldest son I bequeath half of my camels; my middle son shall have one third of the camels and my youngest son, one ninth.”

Since all three of the boys were set on getting their fair share, the stage was set for one awful squabble.

The oldest insisted on getting 18 camels, since it was obviously impossible to get only $17\frac{1}{2}$.

The other two boys wouldn't have it. They gave him the option of taking only 17 or none at all.

The middle boy demanded 12 camels, since according to the will he should get 11.67 animals, and not 11. He wasn't about to be shortchanged.

The youngest son divided 35 by nine and came up with 3.89 camels, so he demanded four. His older brothers were quick to point out that four times nine is 36, and there were only 35 camels, so he would have to settle for three.

It appeared that the problem was insolvable.

The three boys were still arguing in the shade of some palm trees in an oasis, when in the distance they saw a lone camel approaching with two men sitting atop the beast of burden. The man sitting in front was the owner of the camel and the other a mere passenger.

The men halted at the spring and slid to the ground. While the camel was drinking, they listened in on the argument between the three brothers.

The passenger, an intelligent man with a mathematical mind, offered to mediate their dispute. This offer was received by considerable skepticism by the three brothers, Nevertheless they somewhat reluctantly accepted the stranger's services.

The passenger now turned to the owner of the camel on which they had been riding and asked a favor: “Would you please loan me your camel for a few minutes? I want to put it in with the other 35.”

The owner of the camel was anything but enthusiastic about this strange proposal, but decided to see what would happen.

The passenger began: “You, who are the oldest, have inherited half of the camels. Since there are now 36 camels, you get 18.” The oldest son glowed with happiness.

Turning to the middle son, he said, “You have the right to one third of the camels, which means you get 12.”

Now there were six camels left. The passenger said to the youngest son, “You get one ninth of the camels. Thirty-six divided by nine comes to four. You get four camels. You may choose the four which you prefer.”

There were still two camels left over. Our good mathematician returned to its owner the camel which he had borrowed. . . And the other camel? The other camel he kept for himself.

It's too bad that not all problems can be solved mathematically. ▲

Thinking Out Loud

Common Sense in High Places

Globalization is a reality, not only industrially and commercially, but politically as well. Today the words, decisions and actions of world leaders, and especially of the president of the United States, are constantly scrutinized, analyzed and seasoned... Seasoned?

That's right. Journalists, photographers, editors and political commentators all have their personal ideologies and preferences. Consequently the photographer points his camera toward that which tends to support his predetermined views. The journalist reports those facts which fall in line with his personal beliefs. Editors and commentators then take these photos and articles and "season" them. They show and tell the nation that which reflects their concept of how things should be.

We insert here that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with "seasoning" the news. In fact, news without seasoning is like food without seasoning. News must be seasoned, that is, interpreted. It must be compared with past happenings (if they exist) and then projected into the future. That is where a good commentator shines.

Why do we prefer one daily over another? The seasoning.

Why was US News & World Report the Mennonite's preferred source of information? (Maybe it still is...) Because of the seasoning. As we read this magazine we felt we were getting a balanced view of what was happening at home and abroad.

One of the greatest victories of communism while yet in its heyday was invasion of universities and the press. (Actually, the two go hand in hand. The universities turned out several generations of leftist journalists.) While the pendulum is slowly swinging toward the right again, it remains in left field. Because of this we often get perverted news, that is, news with the wrong seasoning. And if we're not careful, we can believe that that is the way news should taste.

A case in point is the image the media paints of world leaders. Presidents Reagan, Bush and Bush are reported to have low IQs, at least for the job of the presidency, while Bill Clinton is to have an astronomically high IQ.

Unconsciously—and erroneously—we believe that the higher the IQ, the better equipped the man is for office. What you never read about is the importance of CS—common sense. Good leadership (not only in government) is 25% IQ and 75% CS.

In his autobiography, *My American Journey*, Colin Powell, President Bush's Secretary of State, tells his life's story, beginning with his Jamaican immigrant parents, life in the Bronx, his mediocre performance in school (which could just mean he doesn't have an orbital IQ), his rise through the ranks in the US Army, which took him to the chairmanship of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the highest military position in the nation.

What makes this story especially notable isn't only that he began life as the son of poor immigrants, but that he was born in 1937 when segregation was still a dominant force in the US, and Powell is black.

Also notable is the absence of rancor as Powell relates the inconveniences of segregation. As a ranking officer, when transferred to a new base, he would have to settle for a shanty while his fellow officers lived in nice houses in white-only areas. He tells of how he and Alma, his wife, would have to make rest stops in wooded areas when traveling, because of the long stretches of road in which there were no restrooms open to coloreds.

Colin Powell is a man with a gigantic dose of common sense. It was because of this common sense that he was repeatedly asked to serve his country in both military and non-military functions. Because of his first love for the military, he often turned down offers that others would have considered once-in-a-lifetime opportunities.

Chapter 19 of his book is entitled, *Every War Must End*. These words agree with the Biblical injunction of sitting down before going to war and calculating if one's troops will be capable of destroying the enemy. Powell firmly believes that no military action should ever be taken against another country without a clear-cut plan on how to bring the campaign to an end. Because of this he is accused by some as being dovish or soft, an unfair charge. Once a workable plan of action has been established, Powell believes in striking fast and hard, and then getting back out.

It is often said that the president of the United States holds the most important secular office in the world. This is probably true. It is also said that the presidency is a lonely job. We find it a bit hard to believe that a man surrounded by top aides, specialists in every field, with virtually unlimited access to manpower and information, could possibly have a lonely job.

Describing the time spent as part of the inner workings of three presidencies, Reagan comes across as "father," Bush as a "brother," and Clinton as a "contemporary" (an extraordinary term that deliberately says nothing).

Especially interesting are his revelations of what goes on in the sanctum of the oval office and the White House situation room, when the president of the United States meets with only a handful of top advisors. He says that both Reagan and Bush (the low IQers) would call the meeting to order, give a brief rundown on what was on the agenda, and then sit back as his top men gave their views.

The views presented were at times divergent, as each participant defended a particular course of action. Both Reagan and Bush would quietly listen, asking an occasional question or requesting additional information. At some point the president would simply say, "Okay, I think I have the picture. This is what we're going to do."

It's a fact that neither Reagan nor Bush were able to absorb and commit to memory enormous amounts of information (as someone with a higher IQ might possibly do), but they were able to sort through what they heard and come to a commonsensical conclusion, thus making a sound decision. George W. Bush, I believe, would fit into this same category. (I am anxiously awaiting Powell's memoirs on his tenure as Secretary of State. They should be very, very good).

As Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, the president of the US has the final word on all major military decisions. As a five-star general, Dwight D. Eisenhower was

imminently qualified for this job. Some were war veterans (President Bush performed heroically in the Second World War). One, instead of dodging bullets on foreign soil, dodged the draft at home, which, needless to say, didn't make him a favorite with the military community.

In spite of what detractors may say and write, I believe President George W. Bush is a man up to the job. He is a man of common sense surrounded by a top-notch set of advisors, which includes the vice-president.

There are those who believe that the epidemic of terrorism, whose epicenter is the United States, is a divine punishment for wrongs committed. I certainly won't contest that idea. But on the other hand, a deeper look at today's situation shows us clearly that what is happening is basically a continuation of several millennia of Jewish/Arab conflict. The United States is singled out as the "great Satan" because of its support for Israel. Were it not for US support, the Arabs, by sheer numerical superiority, could lay Israel waste. I am no specialist in prophecy, but I sincerely believe that the US support of Israel is a noble undertaking that carries a heavenly mandate.

For those who propose that current events in the US are a punishment, I offer but one small argument. During the last presidential election in the US, I believe there was a great deal at stake. When the Supreme Court ruling finally gave the victory to George W. Bush, I believe it was more than a victory for man. I may be all wrong, but as I watch President Bush and his cabinet, I can't help but believe that God is still with the nation. We should feel an open door to pray for the president and his men, for I believe they are ordained of God. ▲

A Story for Children

by Robert Overton

Gordon Corbett's Temptation

Undoubtedly the biggest event of the year at New College was the Scholarship Examination, which only the elder boys ever went in for. Gaining the scholarship meant making a boy's fortune, or next door to it, for it took him to college for three years. The boy who gained it was the hero of the year.

There was always a large number of competitors, for many boys were sent to the school on purpose to have a chance.

The hardest-working competitor for it a few years ago was Gordon Corbett. It seemed to him that gaining it meant gaining everything, and losing it losing everything; for since he first entered the college his father had died, and his mother looked to him as the hope of the family, for they were poor compared with the families of almost all the other boys. Gordon was seventeen years old, just old enough to realise how much depended on his success. For the sake of his mother and of his younger brothers and sisters as well as for his own sake, he worked his hardest. As the time approached, the

river and the cricket-field knew him no longer. All games, all sports, all light reading—he gave them all up for the sake of hard, persevering study.

At times he was hopeful of the results of the approaching ordeal, but at other times he almost despaired. The examination was so stiff, the other fellows who were in for it were so numerous and so smart. However, he steadily plodded on, resolved that at all events he would do his best.

The only relief he allowed himself from his studies was a walk sometimes in the evening through the town or into the fields. He was so walking one evening about a week before the first day of the eventful examination. That walk resulted in strange things. During it he made himself the hero of a startling adventure.

The railway lines ran across the centre of the main street in the town, at what is called a level crossing [Railroad crossing in American English]. When a train was signalled the gates were shut. All vehicles had to wait till they were opened again; foot passengers had either to wait also, or cross by the little flying bridge.

Just as Gordon neared them on this particular evening, the gates were slammed to. Being in no hurry, and feeling too tagged out with his studies to care about going over the bridge, he lazily hung his arms on the gate-post and waited till the train should pass.

It was coming; the shriek of the whistle and the roar of the engine heralded the approach of the London express. But suddenly rose above the whistle and the roar another sound—a cry, a woman's piercing scream. The next second, with one quick glance, Gordon saw the situation. On the bridge was a wild-looking woman, shrieking and wringing her hands. Below, on the line, in the track of the now visible express rounding the curve of the line at lightning speed, was a child, a little toddling boy of some two or three years.

No wonder that his mother on the bridge above should shriek so wildly, for the little fellow is crossing right in front of the train. No wonder that she should cry now more wildly yet; no wonder that the faces of all the people who come running up should turn so pale, for the child has tripped over the metals—fallen, and cannot rise. In a few moments the wheels will be over him.

But, no; thank God! no; for with a nimble spring Gordon Corbett has cleared the gate; the next instant he has stooped and clutched the child in his arms; the next he has sprung clear of the track; and then, the next moment, the express is thundering past.

He was dazed and dizzy as he ran towards the mother. With tears streaming down her face she seized the rescued child from his arms, so eagerly, so hungrily, smothering it with kisses, sobbing still in her happiness and thankfulness. Then she turned to Gordon. She seized his hand, she poured out her heart in words of wild gratitude. To complete his embarrassment she tried to kiss him. He couldn't stand that. And to make it all worse, the crowd was cheering him with might and main, and all sorts of hands were thrust out to him—women's hands and men's hands, some clean and some dirty, but all eager to touch his hand.

With an effort he struggled himself free, and walked rapidly away till he gained the fields. How quickly it all had happened! How like a dream it seemed! After a while he

felt less faint and dizzy, and walked quietly back to school again, carefully avoiding the neighbourhood of the railway bridge, lest any of the crowd should be there still. He got out his books and tried to study—tried hard, for the exam' was only a week off. But he couldn't. He seemed to hear the roar of that engine, the hiss of the steam, the cries of the mother, and then the mighty cheering of the crowd. At last he locked up his books again in despair, and went to bed, where he dreamed that he was a runaway locomotive chased by a mob, who all wanted to shake his front buffer for having run over and killed a child.

Early the next morning the bell of the college was rung with considerable violence. The instant it was opened the rough looking man standing in the porch exclaimed loudly: "I want to see the young gennelman who saved my kid!"

"Want to see who?" demanded the astonished servant.

"The young gennelman who ketched my kid off the line, I tell you," repeated the visitor. "I know he's here, 'cos he was hidentified by one o' the porters. Prodooce 'im!'"

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. Names be blowed! Names is nothing. I don't know his name, but I know what he done. Prodooce the young gennelman, please."

The servant called a master, and, inquiries soon bringing out the facts, the man was conducted to the "young gennelman" he was so anxious to interview.

The father's gratitude was almost as demonstrative as the mother's had been, and Gordon found it so hard to get rid of him that he at last "excused himself" on the ground that he was studying hard, and wanted to get back to his books

"You're going in for the scholarship business, maybe, sir?"

"Yes."

"Safe to get it, I suppose, sir?"

Gordon shook his head dolefully. The man glanced nervously round the room, as though he feared some one might be listening. Then he put his rough hand on Gordon's shoulder, and said earnestly, but in a much lower voice—speaking almost in a whisper:

"You *shall* win it. You saved my kid's life—"

"What has that to do with it?" asked Gordon, a little impatiently.

"Everythink. It's *my* kid, end I love it, and because you done what you did I say that you *shall* win that scholarship—and through *me*."

"Through you!"

"Yus; me! To-day's Friday. When does the examinationing begin?"

"On Wednesday morning."

"Young gennelmen, don't ask me no questions just now. Better not ever ask me no questions. Will you meet me at the top of the lane at the back of this 'ouse at nine o'clock Sunday night? If you do, that scholarship's yours as sure as it's certain sure you saved my kid's life."

He spoke so earnestly, even pleadingly, that Gordon at length agreed to the meeting, and his strange companion went away.

As young Corbett was walking down the High Street the next afternoon he saw the man again, on the point of entering the one printing establishment in the town. Observing Gordon as he passed the shop, the man turned and touched his hat, remarking,— “This is where I work, sir.” Then in a whisper he added,

“To-morrow night.”

As nine o'clock struck the next evening, Gordon Corbett, with many misgivings, walked to the trysting-place. The other was there already. Stealthily drawing a closed envelope from his pocket, he placed it in the boy's hand, saying,— “Walk straight back, and don't open it till you get there. Good-night, sir.”

Fighting with the thought that had now taken definite form in his mind—trying to thrust it from him as though it were something that was striving to touch him, and, touching him, would defile him—Gordon Corbett retraced his steps, entered his study (all the scholarship students had each a room to himself), lit the lamp, tore open the envelope, drew out the paper it contained, and looked at it. One glance at the headlines only was enough. It was the Question-paper, printed, for the Scholarship Examination.

With quick fingers—trembling, but not irresolute fingers—he laid the paper face down upon the table, placed a book upon it—a heavy book, as though he feared the paper and feared himself—walked to the door, and locked it. Then he lowered the lamp, seated himself at the table, spread out his hands before him, and sunk his aching head upon them.

Gordon Corbett was alone with his temptation.

There before him, his hand almost touching it, was the key of the door that opened into fortune. With a knowledge of the questions printed upon that long, white paper, he could be prepared by Wednesday with every answer. The scholarship was his, if he would but take it.

He thought of the honour and glory that were his, all his, if he would but move that book and turn the paper. He thought of his name on the marble slab which told the record in the college hall of the winners each year of the great prize—he saw his name there. With those that were before it, and with all that should come after it, his name would be there for ever. His hand moved nearer to the paper—nearer till it touched it.

He thought of his mother—her pride and joy when he telegraphed the great news that her boy had—had what? Done a mean and dishonourable and dishonest and dirty act? Never. He recoiled; his hand moved farther from that heavy book.

But the future—it all depended on his winning—not only his own future, but his mother's, and the future of his younger brothers and sisters. He was the hope of them all. What would become of them and him unless he could carve out a career for himself? And what a grand career he could carve out, if— This time his hand was on the book. The scholarship was more to him than to any of the others, it meant much more for him than the wealthy boys who were struggling with him for it. It was in his grasp. He could not let it go.

Who shall say that it was not an angel who brought the thought that stayed his almost guilty hand?—the thought of an altar at which as a child—aye, and even as a boy—he had knelt a thousand times in prayer. It was an altar upon which no flowers vied with silken hangings; no candles gleamed; around which floated no wreathing

smoke-clouds of sweet incense; an altar so near to God that no priest was wanted there.

For it was the altar of his mother's knee. In the dusk of the evening in the morning of his life, he had prayed there as she taught him.

"Deliver us from evil."

With a cry that was itself a prayer, he fell upon his knees.

"Teach me to pray it again."

Steady was the hand that lifted that heavy book, steady the hand that seized the tempting paper beneath it. Steady was Gordon's hand as—without a look, a glance, upon it—he flung it upon the flames of the little fire that burnt low in the corner of the room. His face lightened with the momentary brightening of the fire.

"Thank God!" he said—adding after a pause, "and my mother."

Strong in his own honesty he went in for the examination, and when the report was read his name came out at the head of the list. The boys carried him shoulder-high across the quadrangle, all the masters shook hands with him, all the people cheered him, his own mother was there, weeping happy tears; he had won the scholarship after all. ▲

News from Brazil

Travel to the US

Brazilians used to flock to the US in droves. By five o'clock in the morning there would be people lined up at the gate at the US consulates, all wanting to apply for tourist visas. This has changed a lot. Tourist agencies report that people are now taking their vacations within the country.

There are two reasons for this: The first, and most obvious, are the recent happenings in NY and Washington. The second is the exchange rate, which makes it very expensive to buy dollars to spend there.

Needless to say, this will be good for the economy here. It will be good for the people too, to learn to know their own country better. Brazil has beautiful beaches and excellent hotels, but few mountains.

Except for the coastline, most of Brazil's natural beauty hasn't been developed for tourism. It's too bad. The Pantanal in the State of Mato Grosso, if adequately developed for tourism, would be an ecologist's paradise.

Corruption

We have at different times written about the corruption in government. It is exactly this corruption that shackles Brazil to Third-World status. It is corruption that keeps the rich shamefully rich and the poor dismally poor.

That is changing. Recently three federal senators have resigned because of charges of corruption. On all levels there is a more severe scrutiny of public officials. Brazil will emerge from its Third World status at exactly the same rate that it eradicates corruption.

Aviation

Embraer is Brazil's miniature Boeing and leading competitor of Canada's Bombardier. Both Embraer and Bombardier are disputing the mini-jet niche. Maurício Botelho, the president of Embraer has just announced its latest model, the ERJ 170, a 70 passenger plane with a range of 3.800 km., that will sell for a *mere* 24 million dollars. With *fly by wire* technology, the ERJ 170 will land on runways as short as 1.200 meters. The United States, Europe and China are the top potential customers.

Rio Verde Has New Area Code

Rio Verde's 62 area code has changed to 64. So now when you folks from N America want to call this way, you will dial 011 55 64 xxx xxxx. Try it and see if it works.

This & That

On Oct 1, David & Roxanne Miller had a girl, Kristine joy.

Mark & Glenda Loewen and Victor are living with Glenda's mother, Marilyn Hibner, caring for her.

Nelson & Ruth Unruh, missionaries at the Mirassol, SP mission, were out for a short furlough.

On Oct. 13, Myron Kramer got his first batch of chicks, almost before the barns were even done. On the 20th Daniel Kramer filled his barns for the first time. On the 30th, Cláudio Silva, Daniel's son-in-law, got chicks for his barns.

Laura Nikkel from Pipe Stone will be teaching school at the Rio Verdinho School this term.

Eduardo Vieira da Silva, the brother from the Patos mission who spent some time in Moçambique, will be staying on the Colony for a while, helping me with the translation work.

Daylight saving time went into effect in Brazil on Oct 14. So since you folks in the US are now off of DST, we are four hours ahead of CST. So don't try calling us about 10:00 p.m., your time.

FACTS & FIGURES

Temperatures

| | | |
|---------|--------|------|
| High | 36.7°C | 98°F |
| Low | 14.7°C | 59°F |
| Av high | 30.5°C | 87°F |
| Av low | 18.8°C | 66°F |

Brazil News

Rainfall

120,5 mm — 4,7 inches

Exchange Rate

One US dollar buys 1.73 reals