

I have endeavoured to keep you informed of events transpiring in this country from time to time, which I need not now repeat. At one time our remaining here seemed so very doubtful, that we had everything we could carry away easily packed up and stored in a godown, near the landing, ready to run on a moment's notice. Our servants had all fled, and the town was given up, for a day, to mob violence; but that danger passed by, our servants returned, we brought back our boxes, and settled down again. We have since then had several alarms, but still remain in our place, and hope, through the merciful care and protection of our Heavenly Father, to continue unmolested. We feel comparatively safe in this place, and do not fear any attack will be made on us by any considerable Japanese force as long as the troops and fleet now with us shall remain. Nor is it likely that this place will be left without defence, as it is now almost the only foothold foreign powers have in the country, and they feel the necessity of holding it. The war-cloud which seemed to threaten us at one time has been gathering thicker and thicker in another part of the country. From recent intelligence, civil war has already commenced at Miako, the capital of the Empire and residence of the Mikado. The Mikado's palace has been fired into, part of it burnt, and he compelled to flee, and troops are concentrating there from other principalities. It is very difficult to find out the true state of affairs, or what are the points at issue, but there is some grave difficulty amongst them. So far as we can understand it now, it seems to be a desire of Chooshin to usurp the place of the Taikun, who lives in Yedo, and who is regarded as favorable to the foreigner. It may result in foreign powers aiding the Taikun against these nobles, and putting the whole government under him as its only head, thus breaking up this old feudal system. Whatever the way, we have no fears as to the result. The Lord reigns, and He will open these brazen gates, and bring in, eventually, religious and civil liberty to this long enslaved people.

We have to be careful how we walk far into the country, as there are bands of assassins prowling about, anxious to

cut off every stray foreigner they meet with. Only a few days ago a French officer was cut down, while riding alone and unarmed, only about two miles from Yokohama. Since then companies of foreign troops daily patrol the neighborhood.

I have now given you a brief retrospect of the past mission year. It is not very encouraging, in one sense, as to direct missionary effort; still, it is hopeful. There is a great preparatory and very necessary work to be done. How long it will be before the way is fully opened to the Gospel no one can foresee; but we believe it will be in the best way and at the best time. I myself think, judging from the character of the people, it will be a sharp and quick work.

Pray for us, that our faith fail not, and that we may have every qualification for our work.

With the kindest Christian love to the members of the Committee, we remain yours in Christian bonds.

J. C. HEPBURN.  
D. THOMPSON.

#### Romanism and the Gospel in Brazil.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Oct. 12, 1863.

*To the Teachers and Scholars of the 1st Church Sabbath School, Baltimore, Md.*

To some of those who are included in this address, it will be agreeable, on the ground of personal acquaintance or friendship, to receive a letter from one, who, one year ago, was with you some weeks—long enough to form friendships of happy memory. In the case of all, I hope there is enough missionary interest to make welcome an account of missionary labor coming from any quarter.

You have frequently heard of China and India—and of what the missionaries there are doing, but perhaps you never received a letter from South America, or from any missionary to Roman Catholics. If so, it is not right—and that this neglect may begin to be remedied, I send you this, as your first letter from South America. I hope many more may follow it in time from all parts of the continent.

I have not time to tell you much about the people of Brazil and their religion. You must apply to your superintendent

and teachers—and if a reference is needed for these, I would mention Ewbanks' book on "Brazil," and, also, "Brazil and the Brazilians," by Kidder & Fletcher. You already know something about the belief of Romanists. Have you never heard it said that you can never be "thoroughly acquainted with any one, until you visit him at home, and see how he behaves himself there?" We are all apt to be on our good behavior away from home, and among strangers. This is very true of Roman Catholics. You can never know what the Romish system is until you go to Rome, or come to Brazil, where there are few Protestants and Protestant churches.

I will here translate for you a religious advertisement, which came out in the principal daily paper of this city. It may sound strangely to you, but such notices are a matter of course here.

"Some Ladies, devotees of Our Lady of Grief" (a name of the Virgin), "intend to inaugurate, weather permitting, their worship on next Sabbath. The following programme will be observed:—

"At 10 o'clock, the Image of Our Lady, now deposited in a private house, will set out from the 'Praia dos Trades,' and will proceed to the Church of the 'Lord Good Jesus of the Mountain,' being carried under a canopy by the Ladies. The Vicar, assisted by other Priests, will proceed to the Consecration of the Image, during which act, the Ladies and Children will sing a hymn, and afterwards mass will be sung, and a sermon preached by Rev. Pereira da Silva.

"At 4 o'clock, P. M., the Miraculous Image of St. Roque will go out to meet the Image of Our Lady of Grief, and they will both proceed in solemn procession to the Chapel of St. Roque, the canopy of Our Lady being as before carried by Ladies and Angels" (little girls dressed in white, and with gauze to represent wings), "the procession halting from time to time, to hear the prayers of a singing Angel. At St. Roque, Our Lady will be exposed to the adoration of the faithful.

"The whole ceremony will conclude by splendid fire works, at night."

All this took place at Paqueta, a place very near the city, and ferry-boats ran during the day, to carry the faithful. This will show you that the difference between the religion of this country and

that of China is not so great as might be imagined. I have, in my study, an Image of the Virgin. It is a clumsy one, made of clay, and in this respect much inferior to many made in China. As it may interest you, I will tell you how I got this image. The people of this country, who care anything about religion, worship the Virgin Mary far more than our Lord Jesus Christ. Nearly all of them have, in the house, some image or picture of her, and before it they burn candles, say prayers, etc. When they are sick, or in danger, they kiss this image, and make promises that if they escape, they will give so many pounds of wax to some church, or say a certain number of prayers. The former owner of the image I am writing about, was a great believer in the Virgin Mary, and used to burn sixteen cents' worth of wax each week before this image. As a consequence, it is somewhat blackened by smoke.

She has now learned that it is Jesus Christ who forgives sin, and no longer prays to the Virgin Mary. Another woman, who had a much finer image, began to read the Bible, and was soon convinced that it was folly to pray to images. She quit praying to the one she had, but often loaned it to her friends on feast-days. Soon her conscience began to trouble her on this account, and she resolved to burn it. She afterwards told me that before putting it into the fire, she prayed that if she were doing wrong, it might be then revealed to her. You may be sure that nothing happened that was extraordinary. The image burned like any other piece of wood.

You will be pleased to know that some of the Brazilians are glad to learn and obey the truth as it is found in the Gospel. I began to preach to them in May, 1861. Only three persons came to hear me the first day, and for some months the audience numbered from twelve to twenty. Now our little church numbers twenty-two members. Of these, seventeen are converts from Romanism, three are English, admitted on profession of their faith, and the other two were received on certificate from other churches. Our regular audience numbers from sixty to ninety persons. Not a single communion has passed without the reception of some who give us good reason to believe that they are true Christians.

Many Bibles and tracts have been put in circulation, and a large number of persons are reading them. If you could attend one of our services, I am sure it would do you good, though you did not understand a word of what was said or sung. Many would learn a lesson about the true way to listen to the preaching of the Word of God, and all would feel an interest in the Brazil Mission.

But my sheet is nearly full, and anything more that I want to say, must wait for another letter. There is much more I should like to say—and, in particular, I want to tell you how much we need a chapel or church. It is the wish of my heart to build here at once a church, and I should be fully satisfied if it were only a fourth as fine as yours.

A. G. SIMONTON.

#### A Week at the Iowa Mission.

##### A SIOUX BOY'S JOURNAL.

IOWA MISSION, *Jan. 1st, 1864.*

MY DEAR MISS — : Oliver has gone to his home, and I will try in his place to give you a history of what I do in the week. On the first day of the week, we have worship soon after we get up, when we read, sing, and pray. Then we eat breakfast, and after that another boy and I milk four cows. I then went into the chapel, looked at papers, studied and read the Bible, sung, and talked a little. After recess, Mr. Irvin preached to us from Jer. xvii. 9. He is a good preacher, and a good man. Then we had dinner. After that, I talked, and studied till S. S., which was at three o'clock. Milked, and had lunch. After lunch, we had meeting again, and then went to bed.

*Monday*—After breakfast, milked, carried slop to my pig (he weighs 111 lbs.), then cut wood till school. Learned lessons in grammar, arithmetic, besides reading. Then dinner. After that, set four traps for quails, and caught one, also, a rabbit, but he got out. Carried husks to make my pig a bed. Then, school. Wrote, learned lessons in spelling, geography, put up books, learned a verse, and read in the Bible. After school, cut wood till milking time, milked, fed the cattle. Then supper, and worship. No more work, but to write this history of a day.

*Tuesday*—Worship, breakfast, milking

as usual, cut wood till school. At recess took two prairie chickens from our traps. Each of our four rabbit-traps had caught a rabbit, but all eat their way out before we got there. After school, cut wood, and milked. After supper, sawed two cuts, or a log twice through.

*Wednesday*—As usual; caught one rabbit; noon, cut wood; night, the same, and milked. No birds came to our traps.

*Thursday*—A very wintry morning. Helped to feed the horses before worship. Too cold to work; evening, caught two quails. Gave them to the girls in the kitchen. They cooked them very nicely, and gave them to the ladies. They are very good to eat. I should like to send you some, Miss —.

*Friday*—Such a cold morning that neither men nor boys can stay out long. When I was milking, my hands and feet just ached with the cold. In school, I received the first reward for having had the best lessons for four months past. At noon, cut some wood; caught a quail and prairie chicken, and both got away. After school cut wood, caught one quail.

*Saturday*—Not so cold this morning. Went to my trap before breakfast, found no game. After breakfast milked; then cut wood till we finished the task Mr. Irvin gave us. Five boys have cut, mornings and evenings, before and after school, and Saturday mornings, twenty cords of wood, in two months. Played till supper, except one cut of short wood. After supper, washed and dressed for Sabbath. This is the way I work; but I have not told you how I think and feel. I have been taught that an "idle boy's head is the devil's work-shop," and I don't intend to let him have much to do with me. I am a Sioux boy, about eleven years old, and

I am your friend,

Alick —.

One of the respected teachers of this Iowa school, adds an interesting post-script to this novel journal, as follows:

Would you, Miss —, like to know how the traps that Alick writes so much about, are made? Perhaps you have seen similar ones, if not you may get some idea from this:—Make a box of small sticks, tapering to the top, cover the top loosely. Raise one side on a trigger, baited with corn. The motion