

we have not a single building of any kind. Four mission houses have been called for at Canton, and for them the brethren have waited years. The same want is felt at Chefoo, Tung Chow and Peking; the same thing is true at Bangkok and Lahore. At some of these stations, and at Petchaburi, as well as in the Ningpo Mission, chapels are a necessity.

Native Helpers are Increasing.—The last year the number of ordained natives more than doubled. To-day we have nine where a year ago we had only four. Others have been licensed, and not a few are studying for the ministry. Some of these must be aided in their preparatory course, and the others referred to employed among their countrymen. For years the Church and the missionaries have been expecting and toiling for these laborers. Shall they now be set adrift or be employed by other societies?

Thousands of Young Men are Gathered in the Schools.—To assist them in their education, especially the pious youth, is a duty. In Lahore, nearly 1,900 are brought daily into contact with Gospel influences. A few of these have the ministry in view. Shall they be encouraged? In some places money for school buildings is asked, and in others, permission to increase the number of scholars in training schools, in the expectation that God will raise up from them many suitable and devoted preachers of the Word.

The question is not: Can the Church meet these demands? but, Will she? It is written, "To him shall be given of the gold of Sheba; prayer also shall be made for him continually, and daily shall he be praised." Is our Zion, at this juncture, prepared to carry out this noble duty and come up in sympathy with these earnest pleas and in the spirit of the Ransomer, and lay her offerings, her sons and daughters, and her prayers, at the feet of Jesus, for a world lying in wickedness? When the gladiators passed before the Emperor, they exclaimed: "Hail Emperor! dying men salute thee." Church of the living God, this is the language that comes to you from men burdened and fainting at their posts, and from the millions among whom they toil, and who are perishing for the lack of that Gospel which Jesus has given you to bear unto them! Will you heed their cries the coming year and the voice of Providence blending with them, or will you force the Committee to refuse the growing importunities of the missionaries in the field, or do a work of retrenchment at various points? I.

Progress of Truth in Brazil.

SINCE my last, progress has been made. On the 25th ult. we again celebrated the Supper of our Lord, receiving on profession of her faith a young woman, whose history is a striking commentary upon the hollowness of the Romish faith and its tendency to Infidelity. She was for years a devotee, as they are called, confessing and communing twice a week, and sought with earnestness to see into the grounds of her faith, in the hope of finding something in which to rest. She was so importunate in her inquiries, that the Priests discouraged her from them,

and sought to content her with a round of observances in which she found no peace of mind. Finally, she began to doubt, and when she first began to listen to the Gospel, was quite skeptical upon the whole subject of religion. The change in her is manifest in her very countenance, where distrust has given place to the peace and rest, which the Gospel of Christ brings to all who receive it.

But more encouraging still is the fact that since my last letter several new comers have been brought under decided convictions of sin, and already give evidence of being near the Kingdom. A family of three, who formerly, with the

convert above mentioned, had shown openly their hostility to the truth, are now regular and interested attendants.

From S. Paulo I have news that on the same day, Bro. Blackford received to the communion of the Church in that city eight persons, of whom two are young men of some education and full of promise. One of them is the law student already mentioned, who is studying with a view to becoming a Minister of the Gospel; the other is his cousin, who is anxious to follow this example. The latter is for the present accompanying Senhor Conceicao upon a trip in the interior.

A. G. SIMONTON.

A Native Missionary Agency.

No more important matter came before the Synod of Northern India at its late sessions than the "Paper on Native Missionary Agency." This was written by Rev. John Newton, the oldest missionary of the body, and one well qualified to discuss the whole subject. This paper covers two grounds: First, Is it possible, and, if so, is it desirable, in the prosecution of the missionary work, to make more use of native Christian agency? Second, in what way can such be educated to secure the highest spiritual advantages at the smallest pecuniary outlay?

The word *foreign* is well applied to the missionary of the cross in every heathen and unevangelized land. He carries with him new but living and enduring truths; he labours among a people foreign to him in feelings, habits and modes of thought. The country is to him a strange land, and his work, though special and important, is, in the very nature of the case, temporary. He proclaims the truth as it is in Jesus, to draw men unto the truth, and to make them acquainted with God's great scheme of recovery; he teaches the youth, that they may apprehend in its simplicity and power heaven's great remedy; he translates the Word, prepares and scatters the tracts, and labours in other ways to localize Christianity, and when this is

done to any extent, he has performed a great work for the people and for eternity. Others must take it up and bear it onwards. Christianity is diffusive. It is like leaven. Its new friends and allies must propagate it; hence every true convert is a gain in many ways. From such are to spring new preachers who, at home in the language, in the country and in sympathy with the people, will exert in time a mightier power and wield a stronger influence upon those who are to be evangelized.

This the missionaries feel and know. They therefore employ all suitable agents, and look forward in hope and prayer for a native pastorate. But this is not the work of a day or a year. "Lay hands suddenly on no man," holds good in the mission-field as at home. Men must be trained and tried for the highest office in the Christian Church. When, such are prepared for an independent charge, must depend on circumstances of which those in the field can best judge. Yet some in all societies have been unwilling to place native ministers in an independent position; but this is essential to their usefulness, their growth, and to a thorough realization of their responsibility.

The necessity of such an agency is well set forth by Mr. Newton:

"The field of our labour is ever widening; the demand on our strength at the old stations is ever increasing; some of us are growing gray and wearing out, while others are becoming feeble from a failure of health, and yet an adequate supply of missionaries from home, to meet the emergencies growing out of these causes, is only a disappointed hope. There is no movement in this direction at all corresponding with the necessities of the case, nor is there any sign of improvement in this respect. Unless, therefore, missionary agents can be raised up in the country, there seems to be no alternative but the adoption of an unnatural and suicidal policy. We must not only cease to expand, but before long we must begin to contract our operations. The missionar

A Trip to Sao Paulo.

FROM Rio Janeiro to Sao Paulo, two interesting stations of the Board, there are but 300 miles. The day may come when enterprise will announce "through by daylight." At present date we count ourselves happy if after a day and a night on the sea we find in Santos (the sea-port of the Province of Sao Paulo) an "iron horse" to draw us rapidly along the ten miles of flat and marshy ground—slowly up the six of mountain range, and over the plains of Piratinga to our destination. Owing to the land-slides in the cuttings and inclined planes of this unfinished route, communication by it is frequently interrupted, and travel takes up the old and slower line of diligences, drawn by four horses of flesh and blood. But the same causes operate to suspend this convenience, and at times one must fall back on the mule—that patient bearer of the heat and toil of the day, upon whose back has lain and still lies the burden of the internal commerce of this Empire.

Delays by the Way.

In the latter case I found myself when late on Saturday, 7th of April, 1866, the S. Jose steamed into the "Port of Saints," and landed its sea-sick passengers. Mother Earth is never so dear to her children as when Old Neptune has had them in his rough arms. One feels like falling upon her bosom and kissing her sweet face in recognition of her sturdy virtues. No time for such demonstration was allowed. The absence of Brother B. from Sao Paulo devolved upon me the Sabbath services, and the King's business requires haste. Leaving my luggage to be forwarded by first opportunity, I mounted a conveyance with four legs, supposed to be capable of more endurance than the two allotted to man, and before night fall, had jogged over ten miles of bad roads, and begun to toil up the six which intervene between the low and high countries of the Province. My poor beast began to show signs of weakness, and I found that my hopes of reaching Sao Paulo before midnight were vain. I turned into a wayside *Ponso*, where was spread for me a couch, a boy in the mean time taking charge of my jaded animal. A slight inspection of the bed-clothing quite dissipated a feeble intention I en-

tertained of removing my clothes, and wet, weary and wasted, I laid myself, boots included, under a blanket, extinguished my candle, and was soon oblivious alike to care and weariness. Awoke at daylight to find myself as much refreshed as though I had slept under the most favorable circumstances. Calling the boy to my help, I went to the pasture, and was sorry to find that rest had not done so much for my companion as for myself. Something more than a Sabbath day's journey was before us, which I deemed myself justified in undertaking, on the same principle that David ate the shew-bread. Half an hour on the road satisfied me that my companion was not in good condition, and I turned aside to exchange him. This occasioned a delay of some hours, as the "relay" was rusticated in a distant clearing. To the road again, now alive with troops of mules laden with coffee and cotton, and suggestive of anything but the quiet of the Sabbath. One may sing: "This is the day the Pope hath made." Like most other things pertaining to the Lord under his jurisdiction, one finds it difficult to recognize the original features.

"Hearing of Jesus only afar off."

I overtook a little mule-driver who had fallen behind his troop. Entering into conversation with him, as he trotted along by my side, I questioned him of his place and people; then said, abruptly: "Do you know Jesus Christ, our Lord?" He replied: "I have heard 'speak of him.'" "Who is he? what has he done?" I asked. "I cannot tell; I have heard of him only afar off—'so de longe'" (at a distance). These words, in painful contrast with the many crosses which stood by the way, echoed in my heart long after I parted with the little fellow, and suggested a train of thought which lasted longer than my journey, and ran into the afternoon service; when I addressed those who had assembled for God's worship, from the words of Philip to his brother:

"We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." . . . Jno. 1: 45.

O, ye who know the joy of Philip, whose heart exults to say: "*We have found Him!*" remember that thousands of your fellows can say at best: "We

have heard of him *at a distance*." While other thousands, not even at a distance, have heard the name

Which "soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, and drives away our fears."

Let the mournful words of the little tropeiro, *only at a distance*, stimulate you, as they do me, to resolve that while life and being are given, your individual and constant effort shall be to diminish the number of this class, and add to that of those who joyfully exclaim: "*We have found Him!*"

If you cannot give yourselves wholly to this work by coming in person, give your choicest treasures: parents, your sons; sisters, your brothers; brothers, your sisters. And ye who have only mammon, make to yourselves friends by sacrificing it on the altar of the Lord. Hath the Lord allotted you none of these talents, remember the "widow's mite," more than the riches of many rich; remember the throne of grace; strengthen the hands of those that fight, by lifting up your own to God; call down a blessing on the men and the means, that their testimony may be with the "demonstration of the Spirit and with power." Let him that hath five talents, gain other five; and he that hath but one, let him not bury it. G. C.

Incidents by the Way.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—On the 26th of last February I started on a preaching tour from Mynpoory to Etawah, having with me one catechist, two Scripture readers, and two colporteurs. We went on foot, as did the Saviour and His Apostles, but with one cart to carry our tents, charpoys (beds), &c. There was a great bustle in getting started, and as we did not leave till four o'clock in the afternoon, the cart having left at two, and as we had nearly ten miles to walk, we could not preach any the first day, and felt pretty tired when we got to our camping-place, which we did not reach till some time after dark. This, however, we did not mind, as it was bright moonlight. Then a good night's sleep prepared us for the work of the next day. In the morning we went, two and two, preaching in the villages on the way, and marching six miles to Kurahul, the

largest place on the road, and half-between Mynpoory and Etawah, where we preached in three places in evening. In the villages the common people heard us gladly, but in this last town some who thought themselves wiser made some objections. Where I was preaching, a Hindu said everything is Brahm, or God; and two others, Mussulmans, said that Christ was a prophet but not God. Now, I dare say you could answer these objections yourself but it is very hard to convince some of these people of their errors.

A Mirage.

The next day we marched eight miles, preaching morning and evening, resting in the middle of the day. On the way I saw a fine instance of "mirage," looking like a beautiful lake in the distance, and could hardly be persuaded it was not; but the native brethren assured me it was a delusion caused by the heat. Near our camp we passed a splendid brick well, plastered white, built by some native as "punishment" or a work of merit. They think God will give them a great reward for such things. While wells by the roadside, especially in this hot, dusty country, are very useful to travellers, you know they cannot have any merit for the makers in God's sight.

Holi Festival.

As I woke very early the next morning, I walked on to Etawah, nine miles, before sunrise, one of the Scripture readers going with me. On our way we could see the "Holi" fires blazing in every direction. At this festival these people seem almost crazy, singing vile songs, and throwing a kind of yellow powder on each other, which stains their clothes, and makes them look frightful. The native Christians say it originated in this way. A long time ago there lived a Rajah who had a daughter that became so bad and vile that he ordered his people to burn her, and now all the Hindus light these fires and make these great rejoicings in her honor. Don't you think it strange? It shows how men "love darkness rather than light," wickedness instead of holiness. I staid with Brother Sayre at Etawah till Monday, the 5th instant, preaching in the city on Satur-