

of these forests on the upper Sutlej. In cutting the timber not less than twelve trees are to be left to the acre, those left are to be protected, and care is to be taken to plant young trees. The cedar timber is no less valuable now than in the days of Solomon. The logs, after they are prepared in the mountains, are sent down into the Sutlej by slides, and floated on the Bilaspore and Rupar in the plains, where they are taken up and sent to the railway and other works. Capt. B— makes slides which take the timber down safe, but in many places I have seen the most beautiful timber torn to pieces and quite ruined from want of proper slides, not one log in ten reaching the river in a state fit for use. From Nachar we had a steep descent of three miles to the Sutlej, on whose banks and within whose almost deafening sound we passed the night in the Wangtu road bungalow, among many old empty powder kegs, whose contents had been in great request in blasting the rocks and opening the new road on the Sutlej. Here the heat is again oppressive. The Sutlej is here 5,200 feet high, rushing with great rapidity, on an average about eight miles an hour, though in the rapids much more, and with a fall of thirty-three feet the mile. Cedar logs, not in rafts but separate, are constantly passing, rolling, tumbling, and pushing through the rapids, on their way to Rupar in the Punjab. This is an exceedingly wild place. The Sutlej was formerly crossed by a very shaky bridge, but Capt. L— has spanned it by one of more substantial and scientific structure. We are now 120 miles from Simla, and well into the interior of the Himalayas.

A Mixed Congregation.

WE reached B—, on Friday, hired and arranged a hall that would accommodate about a hundred persons. Bro. Conceicao, coming by a different route,

had reached B—, a few minutes before we did. Saturday night and Sabbath morning we had an attendance of forty to fifty. Sabbath, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights the hall and entry were crowded and many, unable to get in, listened by the windows in the street.

There were all colors and all classes, from the most respectable merchant to the abandoned outcast; there were bond and free, alike attentive, night after night, to such themes as the bondage and degradation of sin, and the freedom, life and glory abounding in Christ for all. It moved the heart and loosed the tongue, to look on such scenes, and the Holy Spirit helped us. I doubt not he was working in other hearts too than of those who spoke. True, we cannot speak of fruit in souls saved (as known to us). We did not have opportunities of conversing save with very few of those who heard. Yet some were seeking the truth, and seeking too in the word of God.

The leaven working.

We rode out about three miles one morning to the house of an old farmer, who we had heard was specially indignant at the *apostacy* of Bro. Conceicao. He received us all most cordially and detained us to breakfast with him. He was ready for religious conversation, and produced a well marked Bible. He said he had sought explanations of various parts from his priests, but that they could not or would not give what he wanted. I mention this as of an example of a class of men to be found in all parts of Brazil where I have been. I had a few days before received a visit from one of the chief men of a district about twenty miles from S. Paulo. He had been reading the Bible, was disgusted with his former religion and wished to know what the evangelical creed was. He went away apparently much gratified promising to continue his investigations.

A. L. B.

host grown impatient and requested me to turn the people into the street. To do this, I thought best to set them an example, and walked out myself. Passing through an outer gate, I made for the open fields, in hopes of shaking off the rabble that dogged my steps, but their numbers knew no diminution and their wonder no satiety. When I walked to and fro among the trees they did so too, and when I sat down they too sat down, and waited with endless patience to see what I would do next. Rude as the people were no insult was offered me in word or gesture, and I felt no apprehension for myself though surrounded literally by thousands of noisy heathen who had never seen a foreigner. My only fear was, that in their eagerness to keep near to me they would precipitate one another into pits or sewers. To preach to them would have been worse than in vain. They had come to see and not to hear, and the confused roar of the multitude was enough to drown the strongest voice. At length in utter perplexity I turned back to my lodgings, and shut the gate behind me just as twilight was coming on. The mob instantly broke it down and demanded to see the foreigner. As I stepped out, cane in hand, the inn-keeper exclaimed, "There he comes with a sword," and the timid barbarians betook themselves to flight. They renewed the attack, but darkness compelled them to raise the siege. *Sic me servavit—Apollo*, shall I say, meaning the sun which had been so accommodating as to go down just at the right time.

W. A. P. MARTIN.

My first Communion Sabbath in Brazil.

THE second day of September last, a day of sacred rest in temporals, but of spiritual activity, found me in Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, the only empire on this hemisphere (with the exception of the recent empire of Mexico) where I had arrived two weeks before. The day was neither uncomfortably hot nor cold; no scorching heat nor chilling blasts. The sky was clear and serene. Nature greeted us with smiles on every hand, and we congratulated ourselves with the prospect of a pleasant day. A little after ten, in company with brother Simonton, the first missionary sent out by

the Board to this country, we made our way through a part of the city, crossing several streets and meeting many unpleasant customs for the Sabbath, to his little chapel, which is an inner room in a private residence. The frequenter enters a front door, passes into a yard, open space or inner court, turns to the right, and the first door admits him into the little chapel. Found a number of persons standing in this court, near the door, and a fair representation inside, though the seats were by no means crowded. At half-past ten Brother S—— opened the services, conducting them all in the Portuguese language, which he speaks with fluency. He preached on the subject of baptism, giving an exposition of that sacrament, &c. At the close, four adults, two men and two women, who had made profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus, came forward to receive this ordinance. The bearing of these persons and their appearance I shall not attempt to describe. Whilst the brother was administering this ordinance, a deep impression on the audience was noticeable. There was fixed attention, some leaning forward to catch distinctly every word that was uttered, and some faces were bathed in copious tears. To all outward appearances some were deeply impressed, moved, and agitated to the very foundation of their souls. They could not control themselves. The persons baptized on this occasion had been examined by the session the Thursday evening previous. The session was composed of Brother S—— and two elders; one a young man who was recently a law student, but is now preparing himself to enter the ministry of reconciliation; the other is an Anglo-Saxon who came from the United States, and is married to a Brazilian lady. The candidates were examined separately. The examination was searching and thorough, embracing a variety of subjects; their experience and views of the gospel—a number of the questions turning on Romish doctrine and practice. Generally all the members proposed questions. In every case the result was highly satisfactory, most of the questions being answered promptly and fully, so as to leave no doubt of the work of grace wrought on their hearts. It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the fidelity and diligence of the brethren who have been the religious instructors of this

people. It is no more than just to say that this examination convinced me that they have done their work well.

AFTERNOON.

In the afternoon, a little after three, accompanied by the same brother, we sought another place of worship in the capital, not far from where we attended in the morning. Here the Lord's supper was to be celebrated. Having been invited to be present on this occasion, and never having visited this place, felt anxious to ascertain what would be before us. On ascending the steps, following a presbyterial guide who had been in front waiting for us, as soon as my eye caught a glance of the audience, found myself astonished and somewhat awed, and yet rejoiced, at the sight of the large attendance. The audience room is spacious, and it seemed that every available inch was taken up, but still the people kept coming, and were provided with accommodation; however, towards the close, it seemed difficult to seat any more, which reminded me of the last Sabbath spent in Illinois. That large assembly was attentive, attention riveted, so much so that the fall of a pin might have been heard. Two adults were baptized, after which the Lord's supper was administered. Here I communed for the first time in Brazil, and deemed it a peculiar and rich privilege to sit at the Lord's table under the ministration of that servant of God, who was first to make aggression on Roman Portugal, who may be properly called the Apostle of Madeira, who was the first to establish himself in Brazil, and who is the father in Christ of the Portuguese Christians, to whom they owe a debt which they can never pay. It was refreshing and cheering to worship with that zealous assembly, which he, in this land of spiritual darkness, has been enabled to secure from the grasp of the Man of sin. The behaviour of this assembly was earnest, and their singing and solemnity were worthy of older and stronger Christian churches. I was solemnly impressed with the manner of address of this revered father; his earnestness, zeal, and pungent appeals; he presented the truth with animation that seemed remarkable for his years, and I have heard very few young men preach with the same earnestness and evangelical fire.

NIGHT.

After this service, which was prolonged, we went directly to the other chapel, the door was already crowded, and the room full to its utmost capacity. It was soon apparent that no more could be admitted. There were so many about the door as to make a disturbance during the exercises; some stood, others listened through the windows, and many went away, how many no one knows. After Brother S— finished the sermon, he proceeded to administer the Lord's supper the time rather unusual, never before did I commune twice on the same Sabbath, nor after dark, except when the two General Assemblies held a union meeting in St. Louis. The people were deeply interested, and many as deeply impressed as in the morning. We all felt the solemnity of this occasion. Its effects and results eternity alone will reveal. The truth is making its way; the outposts of the Man of sin are being undermined, and sooner or later they must fall. Let the Church of God take fresh courage and move onward. Let her sons and daughters ascend the bulwarks of Zion, and inquire, "Watchman, tell us, what of the night?"

It is obvious that a church edifice is very much needed, hence I join my voice to that of the brethren already before the Church. My confidence in God leads me to believe that his people will not allow the weak and needy to suffer. No, never. The Church of his Son has never done it, and that Church will never do it.

E. N. P.

Jün Kao.

BELOVED PASTOR—I received baptism from you teacher. I continually remember you. Formerly I heard that you were sick, now I hear that you are much better, for this I truly desire greatly to thank God's grace. Now concerning myself. Formerly, on account of drinking wine to intoxication, I stumbled, this was in the highest degree disgraceful, I have truly repented. Now, thanks to God's help, I have not, for over a year, tasted wine. Now the church has intrusted to me the affairs of the deacon, as the deacon has gone to another place to do business, but I have not yet been chosen to the office.