

## Brazil Mission.

Letter from Rev. G. Nash Morton.

CAMPINAS, Jan. 13th, 1870.

Now that we are quietly settled down in the city which will doubtless witness the beginning of our labors, I will endeavor to give you from time to time some account of our new country. We remained three weeks at the capital in order that we might recover from the effects of our long sea-voyage, and look around us a little before setting out to the interior. We received such hospitable treatment from the Americans and English in that city that it required no little effort to tear ourselves away from such pleasant company, and to resist the inducements which they held out to us to stay longer.

The city itself has many attractions; and the tourist who is ambitious of seeing the most beautiful and picturesque spots on the globe should not fail to visit it. Perhaps no other one spot combines so many elements of beauty and grandeur. The fretful ocean and a placid bay, lofty mountains and a broad plain, city and country, the arts of men in contrast with the wild and rugged features of untamed and untameable nature, can be taken in all at *one view*. Nor do any two stand-points, however little distant from each other, afford the same combination of pleasing objects. The effect may be almost infinitely varied by changing the position. Let us add to infinite variety and pleasing contrasts the influence of the genial semi-tropical climate, and the verdure of an eternal spring, and you may have some idea of the wondrous influence of a place which well nigh throws over the beholder a spell of enchantment.

Did I hold the pen of a readier writer than I do, or were I far more familiar with the scenery around Rio than I am, I could not hope to trace in outline, even the faintest, the beauties of the city, of its bay, and of its guardian mountains. But perhaps I may tell you some things which, if remembered, will aid in the intelligent conception of other descriptions.

If you take your position on the deck of the vessel as she drifts around at Fort Ville-gaignon—itsself a name and place of historic interest to the Protestant and Presbyterian—and awaits her last official visit before putting out to sea, and if you look directly up the bay, your view is first arrested by the Government buildings, high and painted yellow on the Island of Cobras. The unobstructed view to the right and left of the island reveals beyond it a forest of masts transplanted from every soil under the sun; while in the background and bounding the horizon either side are mountains, some distant, some near. The eye can travel with the speed of lightning, leap from shore to shore, and from peak to peak, and gather under its gaze in a moment's time the dwelling-places of myriads of busy men; and yours, doubtless, will be eager to rove over the habitations of the half-million of souls which lie before you, and drink in the influence of the magic scene by which these same habitations are enveloped. But let it pause for a moment at that singularly-grouped cluster of mountain peaks on the right hand and on the opposite side of the bay from the city. They are called the Organ Mountains; and you can fancy, if you like, their resemblance to the pipes of the instrument of that name; and if you are a lover of music, you can listen to your soul for the unsounding harmonies which breathe from these majestic pipes, harmonies akin to which poets say flow from the moving spheres.

But let us return to Cobras, and pass from it to the mainland. The first prominent object which meets your gaze, after leaving the island to the right, is the grey old convent on a hill which apparently emerges from the water; and then comes the broad champaign on which is built the compactest portion of the great city. Beyond the plain, looking as though it were the farthest boundary of the city in that direction, is the Hill of Deliv-ance, which rises, after a scarcely perceptible break, still higher towards the heavens, and is called Mount Conception. Other hills

hose names I do not know, come into view. of the matter of names, I doubt not that  
 ey are equally good Catholic ones with the  
 ove. As the eye wanders over the level  
 ts of the city, the continuous mass of  
 ite walls and red tile-roofs is here and there  
 oken by great churches, each with two  
 ty bell-towers. Further to the left is Cas-  
 llo Hill, where stand the deserted church  
 nd convent of the Order of Jesus—their  
 st stronghold in Brazil—now profaned by  
 e flags of the marine signal station. Then  
 laes Santa Theresa Hill, with its nunnery,  
 wned by other hills, more broken and rug-  
 is with openings and valleys running back  
 e the bay toward the mountain range,  
 h is bold and lofty. In the valleys, and  
 ning the lower hills, and stretching for  
 s along the beach, almost to the foot of  
 ar Loaf Mountain, which guards the en-  
 ce to the harbor, are numerous suburban  
 ent ges, whose white walls glitter in the sun-  
 ent is e, or lie half concealed beneath the shade  
 co ange, and banana, and palm, and almond  
 vie. The most beautiful of these villages  
 le Santo Anearo, Gloria Hill, with its beau-  
 of t double-turreted church, devoted to “Our  
 s of her of Glory,” and Boto Fogo.  
 co rning the eyes back again toward the  
 le from which we started, and following  
 18 range of mountains which mark the con-  
 ast of the city and stand encircling it like  
 m ard of giant race, with the heads of its  
 m, towering majestically here and there  
 see the impregnable array, we see Fijuca  
 n to gracefully behind Castello. It con-  
 le v perhaps for two or three miles a not  
 le uneven ridge, with some open and culti-  
 s I dand on the very top, then shoots up sud-  
 da h into three singular looking peaks, very  
 y 10 and at the summit rounded as though  
 ttr e ted in a cup. One of these rises promi-  
 1 ot 7 above the other two, and is often lost  
 e er y: passing white clouds. There is a wide  
 ay between Fijuca and another range of  
 pt or mountains which soon rise into the  
 de h peak of the Corcovado.  
 y y his peak takes its name from the hump  
 ne, studded with numerous islets; some of them

of a camel's back, which it is supposed to re-  
 semble. It slopes gradually upward in the  
 direction in which our eyes are moving until  
 you get within two or three hundred feet of  
 the top; then it seems to start suddenly up  
 in the air and to twist back toward the grad-  
 ual slope. It is like a huge wave which  
 sweeps along on the surface of the ocean—  
 rolling higher and higher, until, by the resis-  
 tance of opposing forces, it leaps high in the  
 air, and, just as its crest bends backward,  
 stands congealed. The face of the mountain  
 toward the ocean is a perpendicular fall of  
 several hundred feet to a platform covered  
 with trees. The perpendicular side above  
 the platform presents a bare granite front.  
 Continuing the circuit toward the ocean, we  
 see a succession of lower hills—so isolated  
 that in some places the surf breaks through  
 and laves their base. Now, with your back  
 toward Cobras, you are beholding the Sugar  
 Loaf—a cone of solid granite 1200 feet high.  
 This mountain is almost as steep in ascent as  
 the figure from which it takes its name. To-  
 ward the bay its sides slope a little, but to-  
 ward Fijuca they are almost perpendicular.  
 Near the top is a little tuft of palm trees,  
 like the crest on a peacock's head; the rest  
 of the mountain is either naked or covered  
 with grass and lichen. Few, save some  
 daring midshipmen, have had the hardihood  
 to scale its dangerous heights. Even these  
 have returned with their clothes in shreds,  
 and with little relish for a second visit. I  
 believe the honor of first viewing the world  
 from that “*bad eminence*” belongs to an  
 American physician and botanist who now  
 resides in our city. You have now reached  
 the narrow mouth of the beautiful bay which  
 its discoverer thought to be a river, and  
 which he called Rio de Janeiro—the River  
 of January. The entrance is so narrow that  
 the guns which man the forts on its opposite  
 sides might play with ease upon each other.  
 The bay then becomes wider and wider as it  
 approaches the city, and spreads out in the  
 nooks and valleys of the mountains. It is

are inhabited; on some forts are constructed; Such is Rio from without. Perhaps we need while others are scarcely more than huge tell you some day what a different thing here. rocks with here and there a slender palm. is from a standpoint in its streets.

## MISSIONS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

### Progress of the Gospel along the Banks of the Niger.

It is now something more than forty years since the outlet of the great river Niger into the Atlantic Ocean was first discovered. The solution of this great geographical problem—one that had baffled the researches of the whole civilised world for more than two thousand years—was hailed at the time with profound interest. No very important results, however, either of a general or commercial nature, have as yet followed the discovery. An attempt was made by the British Government soon after, to establish what was called a "model farm" at the confluence of its two principal branches three or four hundred miles from the sea-coast, with the view of introducing the arts of civilised life in the surrounding country. But the undertaking resulted in a sad failure. One or two steamers of small size have ascended the river since that time with the view of commercial speculation, but it was soon found that there was not sufficient trade along the banks of the river to justify the expense of fitting out steamers for this purpose. And this must always be the case until the people are trained to habits of industry and honesty, and are possessed of a sincere desire to improve their outward condition—results that can be brought about, we confidently believe, only through the influence of Christian feeling and principle. A mission was commenced some twelve or fifteen years ago among the people near the mouth of the river and along its banks to the distance of three hundred miles, by the Church Missionary Society of England. In consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, native converts alone from Sierra Leone have been employed in this work, at

the head of whom stands Bishop Crowther himself a native of that region of country. The work itself has encountered strong opposition from time to time, but is going forward with much encouragement nevertheless. It may be inferred from the following report by Bishop Crowther, and published in the *Church Missionary Record* for January, 1850

The following is a *precis* of Bishop Crowther's last charge, delivered at Lokoja, near the confluence, to the assembled missionaries and churchists of the Niger Mission, being all African

"We have passed through many trials, many of which were calculated to humble us, and might feel our utter inability to sustain a missionary field without the power and assistance of the Lord of the vineyard.

"We have to mourn the loss of two zealous fellow-laborers: one the Rev. A. G. Cooper, who was suddenly called away to his rest in a field of labor at Bonny, ripe already for the vest; and the other, Mr. Priddy, from Abo River Nun.

"Satan, enraged at our steady although ostentatious progress, has endeavored to obstruct us, and regain the ground which he has lost; but we have not been left to our strength. Christ has not failed in the performance of his promise, 'Lo, I am with you always.'

"Our missionary life is, in reality, one of constant spiritual warfare: our mission stations are as encampments from which we sallied forth to wage aggressive war with the powers of darkness. As soldiers, we must be vigilant, and should be surprised by the enemy and overcome. A missionary life is known to be an unobtainable one. The army, or a detachment of it, is obliged to retreat for a season, at an unseasonable moment, before it can rally to renew the conflict. In this light we should regard our missionary stations among the heathen as a country, until it should please the great Shepherd of his sheep to establish and settle our stations as secure folds for his scattered sheep over the country."

The bishop then refers to the necessity of abandoning Idda station, and to the perseverance of the native converts at Onitsha, their patience, and the cessation of the troubles. It has been found that these endeavors on the part of the enemy have been found to turn out rat