

on wooden trucks, which have no wheels. So that really this "civilised nation" are rude in one of the first parts of most nations' civilisation—the art of war.

### Brazil Mission.

Letter from Rev. G. Nash Morton.

SAO PAULO CITY, February 18, 1870.

I have come down here to meet our mother. We expect her by the steamer which will be due in a few days. I hope sincerely that she will reach us in good health and will enjoy her visit to our new missionary home. It is a long way for one to come on a visit. The yellow fever is now very bad in Rio, but God is able to preserve her from the pestilence. I wrote to Mr. Blackford, asking him to see her off the American steamer and on board of the Brazilian for Santos. [We learn from subsequent letters that Mrs. Brown reached Campinas safely.—ED. MISSIONARY.]

We have passed through most of the rainy season. It commenced this year in October. During the time that it lasts, the rains are not incessant, but we frequently have one or two days of fair weather; sometimes more. The mornings are generally clear, and the rains commence in the afternoons about 4 or 5 o'clock and continue until 10 or 11 o'clock. On one occasion only have I seen it rain without ceasing for as long a time as twenty hours. It is well that it does not, for when the rain commences, it pours in torrents. The summer so far has been a very pleasant one. During most of the time, we have worn either winter clothing or just such as you wear in the United States in the spring. The heat is seldom oppressive, the nights almost always cool. The atmosphere, however, is very damp. In consequence of this, it is very difficult to keep books and clothes from moulding. I think we made a mistake in bringing with us such a large supply of clothing. I am afraid that between the mould and the cockroaches, a large part of it will be destroyed before we can wear it out. One here feels the force of our Sa-

viour's words respecting "the moth and rust."

This country abounds in fruits of all every description. The grape, peach, and pine-apple season, is just closing. Watermelons have been in the market for nearly a month. The fig crop commenced about the middle of last month, and the trees will continue bearing for eight months. We have bananas during the whole year. There are other fruits too numerous to be mentioned, but one of the finest I have seen in Brazil is the jaboticaba. This fruit, when ripe, is almost jet black. In form and appearance it is much like the muscadine of the United States. It has the same smooth grape-like covering, and its pulp is expressed as is that of the grape. The most remarkable thing about it is its growth. Imagine the leaves of a sycamore tree to be transformed into those of the whortleberry bush, and the smooth body and limbs of the tree to be covered with ripe muscadines a shade or two darker than those usually are; and you will have a pretty fair picture of the jaboticaba tree loaded with its luscious fruit. Or just think of grapes sticking, not in clusters, but each one for itself, to the body of a tree!

Since I have been here, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain has returned from a preaching tour. He is very much encouraged by his success. He met with no opposition, and the people listened to him very eagerly. It is his opinion that if Government support were taken from the Roman Catholic Church, half of the people would desert that Church. This, of course, would not be the conversion of the people to God; but it would open the door more effectually to the preaching of the gospel.

### Cherokee Mission.

Letter from Rev. H. Valentine.

CABIN CREEK, CHEROKEE NATION,  
March 21st, 1870.

Since my last, nothing special has occurred. Our meetings are still well attended, and