

er case, and tried to tell her of Jesus, and bitterness for us." But in a brief the first time in a dialect with which a little acquainted, I could not feel that had been done. Still we left books, promised to return. We are to sow by

ters.  
t week we accomplished a long cher- purpose of visiting a brick town on the five miles below the city. Again did word seem to smile on our little begin- w of active work. The day was warm, hes efficiently cloudy not to need umbrellas ch of the time. One seldom travels with- some company on a road here, which ables the missionary to preach while he lks. Just before entering the town, we opped to lunch and seek a blessing upon ur entry. We found an abundant answer, it appeared to us. Scarcely an unpleasant ord was heard. Every one seemed kind, d, at the urgent request of one man, we nt in, drank tea and ate cakes. We talked me two hours at different points, and sold irty-five portions of the New Testament, eluding all as far as Colossians. We could e disposed of more had we carried them h us. We, according to request of some the people, will visit the place again. The ndness does not seem to arise from any in- rest in Christ, but because we come to do good deeds, "teach men to be good." We vere disappointed in finding the place much maller than it appears from the river. We ould, at the highest estimate, judge it to ave not over two or three thousand inhabi- ants. The place stretches far along the ank of the river, and is shaded by the finest umphor trees that I have seen in China. his, together with an unobstructed river ront, across which the southwest breezes blow uring the hot season, must make it a desira- le spot to pass that trying period. We re- turned home that evening, after a walk of ome eleven or thirteen miles. It was quite ratifying to find my foot had strength to tand so long a walk and feel no unusual atigue.

## Brazil Mission.

Letter from Rev. E. Lane.

CAMPINAS, May 16, 1870.

With the view of improving myself in the language and becoming better acquainted with the wants of our field of labor, I started on the 29th of March on a missionary tour, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. McKee, of the Sao Paulo Mission, who kindly volunteered to be my companion during a part of the journey. I found it of great advantage to travel with one who had made similar expeditions before. Our plan of operations was to read and explain the Scriptures and circulate tracts whenever an opportunity was presented.

Nothing of special interest occurred during the ride of the first two days. The country through which we passed was hilly and for the most part covered with a growth of trees, bushes, and vines, so dense as to be impenetrable to man or beast.

Occasionally the eye would be relieved by the sight of a beautiful flowering tree or shrub, or by a bird of a new species. As far as my observation extends, the birds of Brazil are not numerous, but exceedingly various. I am told that there are eight species of the dove alone. Troops of pack-mules were constantly met with—the greater part of the produce of the country being transported to market in this manner. The mule-drivers do not appear to rely much on the virtue of kindness in managing their animals, as each has strapped to his naked feet a pair of spurs which look like small circular saws.

On all the roads may be seen numerous crosses, many of them adorned with votive offerings of flowers, strips of cloth, and copper coins. The remark of Henry Martyn came to mind: "Brazil is a land of many crosses—would that the doctrines of the cross were better understood." Numerous little stores, called "Vendes," are located along the principal roads, where you can purchase for a small sum a cup of excellent coffee, which is,

after a long and hot ride, as refreshing as water to a traveller in the great Sahara.

Passing through a pretty little village, we stopped for breakfast, and I observed at the church door a small box for receiving money, and above it a picture representing three persons in the fires of purgatory, with their bodies sunk at various depths in the flames. I could not but feel that the teacher of religion who sincerely believes that the doctrine of purgatory is a doctrine of the Christian religion, and that any service which he can perform will contribute in the least degree to shorten the sufferings of those in that state, is under a great responsibility to render such service diligently and gratuitously. For we would hold that man guilty of great avarice and inhumanity, who, seeing his neighbor's house on fire, should require money before he would assist in rescuing the unfortunate inmates.

We arrived April 2d at Sorocabo, a town of considerable size, and one of the points occupied by our Northern brethren. The next day being the Sabbath, there was preaching twice—those present giving respectful and serious attention to the truth. While visiting with Brother McKee some families in the neighborhood of the town, I was greatly interested by a large collection of bees which one of the gentlemen had. There were many varieties, some of which were no larger than a fly. I tasted here, for the first time, sour honey of the most delicate flavor, made by a little black bee which is so good-natured as not to sting you even when you are depriving him of his hard-earned stores. We left Sorocabo on the 6th—travelling southward. One of the young men belonging to the family with whom we sojourned, went with us a number of miles to show us the way. This day we experienced a little of the bitter and the sweet. Chancing to stop at a *vende*, as soon as the proprietor learned who we were, he became angry, and said he did not desire to hear anything about the gospel; but an old man who was present took our part, and affirmed that what we said was

the truth. After we had left, this followed us, invited us to his home, treated us to coffee and fruit. We presented to him the Scriptures, left a copy of the Gospels and some tracts, and the result to him to whom all power in heaven and earth is given. The labors of the closed with preaching at a large farm some miles farther on.

When on a journey it is the custom in the saddle by sunrise, and having a pleasant ride of fifteen or twenty miles will have an excellent appetite for breakfast which usually consists of rice, chicken, and coffee. The country forty miles south of Sorocabo is a fine rolling prairie, interspersed with patches of woods, whose dark green color and varied forms contrasted finely with the sea of brownish grass around them. The view of the landscape from some of the hills was of vast extent and well worthy of the painter's brush. We reached Faxina, a small town, April 10th, and were received with much kindness by Dr. Gaston, formerly of South Carolina, who, with his interesting family, resides there. The next day (Sunday) I baptized two of Dr. G.'s children—opportunity being improved by Brother McKee to expound the truth to the natives. On my return I visited a number of towns, taking the American settlements in my route. I preached the first Sabbath of the present month to a congregation of our own people at the house of Brother Emerson, and after an absence of five weeks I arrived at Carpinas, to find that the Lord had been as gracious to my dear companions as he was to myself during the period of our separation.

Let me conclude this communication by giving you my impressions of the situation to the extent that a limited knowledge of the country and its people will allow.

The wealthy and educated portion of the inhabitants are generally indifferent on the subject of religion. The French language is spoken extensively among this class, and the influence of French literature, and, I may add, of French infidelity, is very marked

ple classes are principally engaged in  
 or farming, and are poorly educated;  
 among these that the gospel thus far  
 most success. The lower orders are  
 of slaves and of a mixed popula-  
 which are extremely ignorant and super-  
 In a journey of about four hun-  
 miles, I met with but one person who  
 ed rudely when spoken to on religious  
 I would not convey the impression,  
 er, that this is owing to the eagerness  
 people to receive the gospel. The  
 must first be preached, and the Holy  
 apply it to the heart, before sinners  
 rejoice in a crucified Saviour. The  
 ility with which they can be approached is  
 en due to their native politeness towards  
 angers, to curiosity, or to an indifference  
 out spiritual religion. With these cau-  
 ns, there remains yet much to encourage  
 hearts of God's people to labor and pray  
 faint not. In the towns, and here and  
 re through the country, are to be met  
 se who have found "the pearl of great  
 ye"—these are like stars in a dark sky.  
 ere are others in the condition of the  
 reans, who search the Scriptures daily  
 ither these things are so. And then there  
 the multitudes who have not so much as  
 n a Bible or heard the doctrines of the  
 oss expounded. "Go ye therefore and  
 ach all nations, baptizing them in the name  
 the Father, and of the Son, and of the  
 oly Ghost; teaching them to observe all  
 ings whatsoever I have commanded you:  
 d, lo, I am with you always, even unto the  
 al of the world. Amen."

#### Cherokee Mission.

Letter from Rev. Stephen Foreman.

PARK HILL, CHEROKEE NATION,

May 13, 1870.

Although some time has elapsed since I  
 et wrote you, I have nothing very special to  
 mmunicate. As usual, I have preached at  
 le places mentioned in my last letter to good  
 gregations, and I am more and more en-  
 ured to believe that my labors are not in

vain, though I do not gather many into the  
 visible Church. The interest manifested in  
 attending meetings and in listening to the  
 preached word has been very good, especially  
 at Tahlequah and on Cany. But the way  
 does not yet appear clear to organise separate  
 churches at my several preaching places. I  
 shall, however, keep that in view, and in the  
 meantime endeavor to present the truth in  
 all its plainness, hoping at some future day,  
 not distant, to gather precious fruit. The  
 old members of the Park Hill church, who  
 were and are really Congregationalists, if any  
 thing, still stand aloof, and use, no doubt,  
 what influence they have against me, think-  
 ing they are doing God service. They seem  
 to say by their conduct, Stand aside, for we  
 are holier than thou. They never attend my  
 meetings, and seldom any other meetings—  
 I mean those residing in this immediate  
 vicinity.

Brother Balentine, you know, has located  
 himself on Cabin Creek, some eighty miles  
 from Park Hill, in a comparatively destitute  
 portion of the country. I hope he will be  
 able to do much good there, especially in the  
 way of preaching. . . The Apostle Paul, I  
 think, took the right view of the matter  
 when to the Corinthians he said, "I wish to  
 know nothing among you save Jesus Christ  
 and him crucified." This, I believe, should  
 be the theme of every minister's sermon, and  
 especially of every missionary's. If the  
 Cherokees ever needed sound Bible preach-  
 ing and the sympathies of all good people,  
 now is the time. Various isms and errors are  
 now afloat in the Nation, and must be met;  
 and who shall meet them? The Mormons  
 are still here laboring to convince the people  
 that they have, or can have at any time, new  
 revelations from heaven relative to their doc-  
 trines and practice. They have succeeded in  
 getting some of the people to believe and  
 join them, while others laugh at their folly.  
 It is a blessed thing that the Cherokees who  
 cannot read English have the whole New  
 Testament in their own language, which  
 many of them can read and understand.