

of the stations. It is earnestly hoped, therefore, that every member of the Church will make special effort, and, if necessary, practice all possible self-denial to meet the demands of the case.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

We publish the following letter from a little girl of not more than eight or ten years of age, because it is a very pleasant little epistle in itself; but especially because it shows how much can be done even by a child to promote the missionary work. If the adult members of the Church would do half as much for this great cause, as this little child has done, there would be no want of funds:

DEAR DOCTOR: I am much obliged to you for the nice letter you sent me last autumn by Mr. Robinson. Soon after I wrote to you we moved from town and live in the country. We have such a great big yard; plenty of room for boys and I to run and play. My white hen I had is dead; but Mama gave me a black one when we came here to live, and she has some little chickens now. Early in the spring she hatched out some chickens; for awhile she took care of these chickens, but when they grew large she would not let them stay with her; but she laid some more eggs and then hatched out some more chickens. Her name is "Coaly;" she jumps up from the ground to take the bread out of my hand; let's me pat her and play with the chickens. Sometimes at dinner time I give her cake. Mama bought all my chickens for five dollars, and I send it to you to send some Bibles to the heathen; for "Coaly" is a missionary hen. Boys* were to have a missionary tree, but we had no nice apples this year, because Jack Frost killed them all. I put your letter away to keep until I am grown up. Auntie sends her love to you. We have plenty of horses now, and are learning to ride. Good bye!

Your affectionate little friend,

DRUE R. C.

*Her Brothers.

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES.

Brazil Mission.

Letter from Rev. G. Nash Morton.

CAMPINAS, July 19, 1871.

I am anxious to contribute my portion to the *Missionary*, but really I do not know what to write. Living in a quiet inland town, where everything goes on from day to day in the same unvarying-routine, I can find nothing of general interest to elicit the attention of a stirring people like ours in such

stirring times as these. When once a man has become accustomed to Brazilian life and Brazilian modes of doing things, he sees so much sameness in houses, farms, cities, manners, and customs, that it seems to him like repeating a twice-told tale to describe any thing that he sees, or to relate any thing that he hears. Every traveller who comes to this country and undertakes to describe the people, has but one story to tell. Whether he

stops at Pará or Rio Grande do Sul, at Bahia, or at some town on the Parana, he tells the same things. Romanism has impressed its dead uniformity everywhere—even upon the countenances of the men. The man who has seen one house or one town has seen all the houses and all the towns. The man who has eaten at one Brazilian table can publish a bill of fare and write a book of etiquette for almost every table in the empire. Then, too, many of the customs of the people are very ancient. An archæologist might find here many facts to illustrate his science, from an ox-goad to a Roman house with its court, balconies, and dormitories. Yet many changes are taking place in the parts of the country where the people are brought in contact with foreigners. For example, it is becoming more and more common to see men and women dressed in shoes and stockings, though even now, in the interior towns or on the farms, they usually go barefoot, or at least without stockings. I shall leave this subject of Brazilian civilisation for a more leisure time.

We are now living under a regency. The Emperor, as all the world knows, is making a tour in Europe. He took his departure without much ceremony. The people would like to have made much ado over him, but he would not have it. So one foggy morning, accompanied by a few ships of war, and saluted by a few minute guns from the forts, he sailed out of the harbor and left us to the care of his daughter, D. Isabel de Alcontora Gouzaga Xavier, etc., etc., Condessa d'Eu, as Princess Regent. Her husband, Conde d'Eu, of the Orleans family, has no part in the Government, but he is Field Marshal of Brazil and Chief of Artillery. What are the Princess' politics, nobody seems to know. So far, everything has gone on very smoothly and quietly. Before leaving, the Emperor exploded a shell in the ranks of the slavery party, by recommending the immediate adoption of measures for the emancipation of the slaves. In the political world, this is the question of the day. What will be done with

it, no one can tell. But men are buying and selling slaves just as though there were no question about abolition.

In five or six months, we expect to have railroad communication with the sea. The road to Jundisby, where it makes connexion with the Sao Paulo Road, is nearly opened. It only remains to lay the track. The building of this Campinas extension is under the direct management of Mr. Dully, an American, (*i. e.*, a North American,) and has been carried on with great ability and success. Several of the sub-contractors also are from the United States. The man who carries through a work like this deserves no little credit; for the difficulties are neither few nor insignificant. There is, first, the scarcity of reliable labor; and, second, the long continuance of the rainy season; and, third, the interruptions of the innumerable holidays kept in honor of saints, etc.

We are now in the midst of our winter. The coldest days are from the 20th to the 30th of June. This winter, we had five or six nights of frost. But the weather was not near so cold as it was last. The coffee crop was seriously injured last year. This year, it will be considerably shortened, but probably not entirely cut off. It is not yet time for the blossom, and therefore nothing can be known with certainty with regard to the future crop. Few, if any, of the North Americans cultivate coffee. They generally raise cotton. Their present crop was very much damaged by the caterpillar.

In regard to our Church, there is always some one inquiring the way of life. Last communion, I baptized one man on profession of faith. He was a poor beggar, but he received the gospel with joy, giving evidence of a change of heart and a reformation of life. I have never seen such a change in the countenance of a man as has been wrought in his. His face literally beams with joy. He was once in independent circumstances, but was reduced to poverty by a long-continued confinement resulting from a fall. He reads and writes well, but can do no work, as he

never recovered from the effects of his injury. He had accumulated a little property by begging; but when he gave up the criminal life which he had been living, (and which is the bane of Brazilian society,) he turned over everything which he had to the companion of his crime, and threw himself in the street, without money and without shelter, to depend on the charities of those who choose to help him. He said he was willing to suffer all things for Christ, and I believe that he will have his good things hereafter with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

Creek Mission.

Letter from Rev. Joseph M. Perryman.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Perryman, of the 25th July, as well as a letter from Mr. Robertson, gives encouraging views of the prospects of this mission:

The building of the house of worship still lies heavily upon my hands. You intimated to me, in one of your letters last winter, that you thought you (Committee) may be able to aid us in building the church, which encouraged me to commence building, and I have paid out of my own over four hundred dollars, and the house is still incomplete; but we have it so that it can be used during warm weather. It will take us some time yet to complete the house, because I am alone. Our church members are all poor and not able to help me much. However, they have helped me some. This building has put me greatly behind, but the house must be built. We cannot do without it, if I have to do it myself.

We had a very pleasant communion meeting last Sabbath. Meeting commenced Saturday. We felt the presence of God with us, convincing many of the sinfulness of their hearts and their need of a Saviour. Three united with the church, and many others are inquiring the way to Zion, and I do hope before long they will cast their lots with us on the Lord's side. Our little church now numbers about thirty-two. Pray for us and for

our success. I could use to good advantage, if I had them, a lot of Sabbath-school books. It would be a good thing to have a small boarding school here. These people must be educated before they will make good Christians. And if the Committee will furnish me a good teacher and pay his or her salary as well as mine, I think I can arrange with the General Council of the Nation to appropriate perhaps sufficient funds to support the school of about twenty or twenty-five children. I would not be able to give all my time to this work and preaching too, with the present salary, but could do it with little additional help.

If such a thing could be done, I would be glad to hear. If it could be, it will build up our work here to such a state as I would like to see. Please let me hear from you. I am here to do good to my people, and am willing to spend my life in such works as will be more beneficial to my people.

The Rev. Wm. S. Robertson, of Tallahassee Mission, came out to assist me with my meeting last Saturday and Sunday. This is his second visit. He did me much service, and I think did our people much good.

Letter from Rev. W. S. Robertson.

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Robertson, of the Northern Presbyterian Board, bears honorable testimony to the fidelity of Mr. Perryman as a missionary, and the encouraging prospects of his mission, and will therefore be read with interest:

TALLAHASSEE MISSION,

CREEK AGENCY P. O., July 27, 1871.

Having just returned from a very pleasant visit to Brother J. M. Perryman, I have thought it might interest you to hear from him and his work as seen by one of us.

I went out in company with one of my elders, Sanford Perryman (a cousin of J. M. P.). On reaching Mr. Perryman's house, Saturday morning, we found his people from a distance collecting and camping around the neat little church. After dinner, we had a prayer meeting, and in the evening I