

THE
VOICE OF PITY

FOR

South America.

VOL. II.

"And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them,
because they were scattered abroad, as sheep having no
shepherd."

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What is the Number of the Page? or The Two Books.

“My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Waiting, watching, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well-trimmed and burning.”

SOFTLY and solemnly, as the midnight hour tolled its last stroke, was a leaf turned over by an unseen Hand in the huge volume of Time. “Oh stay thine hand,” whispers many a mortal, “stay thine hand, Invisible Spirit! that the record of the Past may be worthier our Master’s inspection, ere it be eternally beyond our reach to alter.” *But the leaf is turned.* Its record is immutable. Day by day, and week by week, and month by month that record has been graven, as with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; and now that leaf is no longer man’s, it is the sole property of God. It is turned over with its predecessors, ready for judgment; and fair as the unstained virgin snow, is the fresh page which opens to our view.

This new Leaf in the Book of Time! What



shall be traced on its surface? We will suppose that on it shall be marked, not so much individual actions, as the great general events of human life, considered in the aggregate. We will regard it as *The Family Record*, kept to mark whatever is done by man in his collective capacity. Thus it will be an eternal memento of the history of churches and of nations, recording whatever is effected by them, for good or for evil. On one side will be placed every opportunity, every talent entrusted to them; on the other, the use made of those means: and every advance, whether it be in iniquity or in godliness, will be unerringly noted for divine inspection. Here will be measured the extent of the two kingdoms which divide the world between them; and the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the ambassadors of the one, will be compared with the vigilance of the servants of the other.

How many leaves have been already turned over in the Book of Time! bearing away sad and strange records on their surface—of a Light to enlighten the world breaking forth, and of the inhabitants of that world wrapping round them again a cloud of thick darkness—of a sound of Salvation heard through the length and breadth of the land, yet deadened by the noise of other sounds, all discordant, and of the earth—of a Church living at ease, sealing up its commission,

even when the destiny of millions awaited its fulfilment. Here and there, on the other hand, are brighter entries. Memory will recall as of this latter kind, the early triumphs of the blessed Gospel, when men counted not their lives dear unto them, in testifying the abounding riches of its grace ; when a nation was, as it were, born in a day ; when, in many an ancient city, the foundations of the Great Temple of Mammon were shaken to their centre, and the grey-haired Philosophy of Greece and Rome was shorn of its fading crown of glory. It will bring to mind, in later times, the glorious stand made by Martyrs and Reformers, against the soul-destroying errors of Popery, and the establishment, in our own favored land, of a pure system of worship. It will note the season when England's throne was girt about with righteousness ; when the Crown and the Bible were linked in her monarch's view. It will remind us, in days still nearer our own, of a revival in our churches of vital, earnest, benevolent piety, which aroused the sleeping witnesses ; which strengthened our stakes at home, and enlarged our bands abroad ; which sent forth, from a re-kindled hearth, many a coal, glowing with living fire, to diffuse gladness and holy warmth in the regions of spiritual death.

But alas ! are not these happy records the

exceptions in the list? The number of the page of the Book of Time, in this its second volume, has reached 1855. Has the Church of Christ done what it ought to have done, what it might have done, in 1854 years? Have the nations learnt all they ought to have learnt, all they might have learnt, in 1854 years? A solemn thought is connected with the numbering of years. We count the years that are past: CAN WE NUMBER THOSE THAT ARE TO COME? Can we forget that vision of the mighty Angel, who, standing upon the sea and the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore that *there should be Time no longer*? O precious, passing Time! What record shall thy fresh page bear away to judgment? Shall it speak of war and rapine, of strife and lust? Shall it tell of mammon-worship and luxury, and revellings and banquettings, and abominable idolatries? Shall it record lethargy,—neglect of souls,—forgetfulness of Christ,—lukewarmness and divisions? Shall it, in its unerring Census, find that the places of the earth which have remained dark for centuries, still remain dark? Or, if the world still revel on, shall it depict a Church alive to her Master's glory, advancing in holiness at home, and outspreading her arms of love to every creature under heaven? Oh that it might thus be! Christians! pray, labour, strive earnestly that such may be the case.

“But I,” says one, “I am but a solitary unit. My career will be unnoticed in this great record. The Church knows me not: the world cares not to know me. I trust through the kind mercy of my Saviour, to be safely housed at last, but these great events—this general progress, concerns me but little.” Listen, then, my friend.

Softly and solemnly, as the midnight hour tolled its last stroke, was another leaf turned over, in countless other books—the small volumes of each individual life. Methought that some gently yielded to the touch of the ministering angel, who watched their record with deep interest; while others were flung over by the strong finger of resistless Power. Not a living soul, inhabiting a tenement of human flesh, but had a share in this solemn turning of the leaf. Each solitary unit, from the infant of days to the veteran of years, had its own book opened to a fresh page, and how unlike were the numbers then exhibited! Some books had but one or two leaves remaining to be turned: some were opened at *their last page*. Dear reader—you who find it difficult to suppose that *your* career can affect the *Family Record*—summon your thoughts to the consideration of the *Individual Record*, which you are daily making for yourselves. For a moment, we will dismiss the large Book of Time, and lay before us the little

volume of our own Autobiography. It will contain a full account of our respective talents, gifts, opportunities, graces, privileges, the circumstances of our daily lot, our various relative and social influences—all that we possess, and all that we might possess. Side by side with this, it will mark every improvement or neglect of those talents, gifts, &c. It will keep an exact account of the way in which we have disposed of our wealth, our influence, our circumstances. It will mark our secret resolves and convictions of duty, and our public avowal of those inner feelings, or our quenchings of them. It will thus differ from all other records which might be kept of any man's history, that it will be a *faithful* record. It will omit nothing. The man whom human opinion would call bountiful may be proved by it to be niggardly. His *one pound given* will be compared with his *many pounds kept*. The hero, who has borne much labour, and has been held up to human applause, may be proved by it to be a coward, having no rule over his own spirit; and so on,—the *hidden actions* modifying the praise lavished on the public ones. Oh! we need not go further. Every heart touched with divine grace will exclaim, Lord! blot out the sin-stained memento of my poor life in the precious blood of thy dear Son!

But we have a practical use to make of this subject. Individually considered, sin and unfaithfulness, if pardoned, may seem to have little important result. They may, it is thought, weaken character, but nothing more. Collectively considered, they have a far different effect. *Their influence never dies.* The world may be compared to a vast machine, composed of wheel within wheel. Each, the very smallest wheel exerts an influence on its neighbour-wheel, and so relatively affects the whole result. If the work done by the great whole prove uneven and unfit for the Master's use, the evil is traceable to all the little wheels that moved irregularly, and kept not their appointed place.

And so, dear reader, the records of your little book of history, though they seem only to apply to your single self, have their measure of influence on the record of that larger Book, which comprehends the history of all whom you call brethren. In other words, the Great Book is the epitome of all the smaller books; and what you are singly, in your individual character, that are you relatively, in your social influence. *No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.* Your individual action, that little drop of good or evil which you let fall upon the tide of human affairs, has gathered round itself a circling influence, the confines of which your

finite eye perhaps will never trace. That single word which fell upon the ear of a listening friend, has summoned his thoughts to a mighty resolve, the result of which you may never know in this world; but that influence, that result shall gladden or sadden your heart when the secret things shall be hereafter revealed.

What record, then, shall your newly-turned leaf display? Dear Christian readers, solemnly would I urge it upon you, as upon myself, at the eventful moment of the opening of a new year, by all the powerful arguments of eternal realities, to be in earnest in fulfilling your appointed work. The first care of the child of God must be, to keep his own lamp well-trimmed; to see that he is holy and without blame before God, walking in love; to be sure that his hope, rightly placed upon Christ, is the means of purifying his tempers, actions, words, and thoughts. Oh! believe it: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on *the heart*," and it will be of the heart's affections, motives, desires, that the secret record will bear testimony. But when personal piety is thus cherished by means of all the gracious helps which the Lord has placed within reach, and by the living influence of the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth within us, then comes another duty, the fulfilment of which shall greatly affect our comfort here, and our reward

hereafter—the duty which, as servants and representatives, we owe to our Heavenly Master. “Ye are,” He says, “the salt of the earth.” “Ye are the light of the world.” How solemn is the responsibility! Do we not mourn over the aboundings of iniquity? Do we not grieve when we see much that is fair, and noble, and promising, sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon? Do we not feel sorry that millions bow down to stocks and stones, and die in their sins? “Mourn! grieve! feel sorry!” Oh! vain words. What are we *doing*, when awakened to the thoughts of all the evil of the world? How far has our salt been sprinkled over the corrupting mass? How many candles have been lighted by our lamp? Has our influence flowed into every channel within reach? If not, *unfaithfulness* blots the page of life.

I would leave every conscience to carry this important investigation into all the minor duties of life, assured that no reasoning will clear him of being *his brother's keeper*, as far as any help extends which he may render him by word or deed, at all times and at all seasons. But to apply these remarks to the immediate object for which it is our privilege to plead, I would earnestly beg every thoughtful mind to consider his or her individual responsibility in regard of *all efforts* which are making for the fulfilment of

the Saviour's distinct command to his Church, in reference to all unconverted souls. It is not enough that you do *something* in this case; you must do *everything you can*, and not until you have exhausted ingenuity, influence, self-denial, for Christ's sake, can you have done enough.

IT IS COMPUTED THAT 48,000 MAHOMETANS AND HEATHEN PASS INTO THE WORLD OF SPIRITS DAILY! What are we doing to save those precious souls! Oh cruel coldness which complacently lets them so perish. From the length and breadth of that goodly land SOUTH AMERICA, how many of these perishing ones sink uncared for and unrescued! Shall not the leaf of your history just opened, have a memento of your earnest efforts to bring them to the knowledge of the Truth? May we not effectually urge you to some such acts as these, which may be thus marked before the eye of God:—

“A. B. has prayed every morning for the conversion of the heathen of South America.”

“B. C. has not let a single day pass, without urging some friend to pity their souls.”

“D. E. has denied himself many comforts to give largely to the fund for their relief.”

“F. G., who hitherto, with an income of £500 per annum, has given only £5 to Missionary Societies, has resolved, with the New Year, to increase it to £50.”

Another leaf in the Book of life! Friends

let me ask you, *What is the number of the page with you?* It may be, that to some who read these lines but few more leaves are reserved for a record of their individual tribute to their Redeemer's love. To all, the present only is sure; the future, uncertain. Let, then, that tribute be worthier than it has ever been before. Let there be less of self, and more of brotherhood in our New Year's feelings and actions. Let us give more room to thoughts of Christ's kingdom, and less to the little circle of individual wants and cares; that so, when the judgment is set, and the books are opened, our sins and shortcomings blotted out in the blood of the Lamb, there may remain to be cast at our Saviour's feet, a record embodying the acknowledgment given to the woman of Bethany, "She hath done what she could."

A West Indian Anecdote.

HOW TO GIVE.

At a missionary meeting, held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God hath enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro

took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst them was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and he threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "*Take dat back again,*" said the negro that received the money, "*dat may be according to de first resolution, but it not according to de second.*" The rich old man accordingly took it up, and went back to his seat again, in a great rage.

One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself he was fairly ashamed, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "*Dere! take dat!*" It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the negro answered again, "*No! dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolutions, but it not according to de last:*" and he was obliged to take his coin again.

Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer. "*Very well,*" said the negro, "*dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions.*"

Life and Labour.

It has been said, "All life is motion, though all motion be not life." A solemn truth is conveyed in these words. In one sense, all men by nature live and move, while the soul, the seat of life, is *dead*. In a spiritual sense, these only *live* who are the abode of the life-giving Spirit.

In the one, motion is not life; in the other, life is exhibited in motion. It well becomes each one who believes himself to be "the habitation of God through the Spirit," to consider seriously whether his inward life is bearing outward manifestation; whether he *moves* as well as *lives*. "Am I *acting* for God?" must be the question that follows the heartfelt answer to the inquiry, "Am I a child of God?" Yes, I am His child. His Spirit has breathed into my soul "the breath of life," and my new created life shall henceforth move in the service of my God and Saviour.

Such principles and feelings must exist in the heart of every child of God. They claim attention; and the anxious consideration arises, How, with many occupations, limited opportunities, and claims of every kind, can the Lord's glory, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom be most promoted? To such enquirers, the following suggestions may not be unacceptable, though the writer is aware they contain nothing new in principle or detail. The great, acknowledged difficulty in working for the Lord's cause, is the multitude of objects that each demand regard, while individual capability as to time, money, &c., is small. It is believed that this obstacle may be in a great measure overcome, by the plan of a "Penny Association," which while it gives each little to do, makes up for that little by spreading itself over a large surface of the

Christian community. It may be carried out thus:—A. B. takes the office of Treasurer, and engages to find 10 persons to act as Receivers; each of these 10 Receivers shall, in his turn, find 10 Collectors; and each Collector, 10 Subscribers of 1d. per week each. Thus, 111 persons will be employed in collecting from 1000 Subscribers the sum of 1000 pence weekly, or £216 a year, while each will have the smallest possible share of labour, and the aggregate of pence will prove a valuable assistance in carrying on the work of God.

It need scarcely be urged on the readers of the 'Voice of Pity,' that the mission now on its way to the future scene of its labours, needs the earnest support of friends at home, in order to carry out the plans that have been formed in faith and prayer, and with which most of our readers are familiar. We trust it may be of the Lord, that the above proposal is made, and that He will so bring it home to the heart and conscience of each one of His children, that they may consider whether, in their different localities, something may not be done, by a similar combination, to enlarge the funds of the Patagonian or South American Mission, and prove that spiritual life brings forth fruit unto God. H. M. W.

* * Any friends desirous of adopting a similar plan in their respective neighbourhoods, may be supplied with the necessary 'Collecting Cards,' on application to Mrs. G. P. Despard, Ridgway House, Bristol.

Communings for the Chamber and the Heart.

A New Year has again dawned on us, dear friends : with what prospects has it opened? Ah, this is a solemn enquiry. I would ask you to examine, by the light of God's truth, how it has commenced with *you*. Has it found you with hearts hard as the nether millstone, unsoftened by Divine grace? or have you been led by the Spirit of God to cast yourselves, as helpless sinners, at the foot of the cross. What has been *there* revealed to you? First, the depth of your own depravity, and then the *exceeding* riches of God's mercies. If God has thus graciously dealt with you, can you remain "settled on your lees," as the Scripture expresses it, and not think of those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Perishing! Ah, yes!—

"The heathen perish : day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!"

If you have never yet aided the Lord's work, is it any reason you should not commence? Oh then, be up and doing, while you have life and health. See death on all sides. How do you know the next New Year's sun will ever dawn on you. Eternity may, ere then, be unfolded to your gaze. Could you bear to hear the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me?" What! shall work be given us to do, and we remain idle? Oh, Christians, we are privileged to aid: Christ claims work, and expects it of us. Shall we be found fruitless? "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear *much fruit*." Would you have the New Year begin prosperously? Then go in prayer to the throne of grace, and ask God by His Holy Spirit to dispose your hearts to give liberally to His cause, and be fruitful trees in His vineyard. It may be, you are not all able to give alike, but every man can do something, and will you withhold your help? Will you not plead on behalf of dark Patagonia, that many of her benighted people may rejoice in the liberty and freedom of the children of God? Will you not aid to pour into their hearts the oil and wine of the gospel, that they may be healed from Satan's deadly wounds?

In knowing the plague of your own hearts, you have experienced something of these wounds. They are deep, and only the mollifying ointment of 'the Balm of Gilead' can heal them. Blessed be God, there is a 'balm in Gilead; there is a Physician there:' and that prescription which has healed thousands before, can heal thousands still—even "the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from *all* sin." Our blessed Saviour said, "This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Know Him! ay, this knowledge far exceeds all other—to know Him experimentally, in His work of redemption; to know Him in that love which led Him to leave the bosom of the Father, that He might lay down His life for rebel man. This *wondrous* love "demands our lives, our souls, our *all*." Christians! have you rejoiced in this redemption treasured up in Christ Jesus; a redemption which is *eternal*; a redemption from the power of sin on your hearts; a redemption which will redound to the glory of God? Contemplate that mighty Saviour, ascended into the heavens; and there, pleading the merits of His atoning blood, inviting by His Spirit, through His ministers and the 'still small voice' of conscience, *all* to come to these waters of salvation, and partake *freely* of them. Would you withhold any opportunities afforded you of conveying to heathen lands the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Saviour? Oh, as you have experienced this salvation in all its power, by its transforming your hearts into the image of God, see to it you walk worthy of your high calling; see to it you walk as 'kings and priests of the Most High God;' see to it you walk as those whose treasure is in heaven, and hearts there also; see to it you "walk by *faith*, not by sight:" always remembering whose you are, and whom you serve. Then, I am sure, your delight will be in desiring to obey the commands of our Saviour, "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Tell them there is a heaven and a hell; unfold the gospel flag, "Salvation to the uttermost;" salvation for the most undone; a salvation to be enjoyed now; eternal life commencing here; a life which will ever be employed in praising Him who has washed them from

their sins in His own blood, and brought them to a knowledge of Himself, the one 'true God,' and His Son, 'Jesus Christ.'

"Christians, the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every woe ;
While heathen, helpless, hopeless, lie, —
No ray of glory meets their eye :
Oh ! give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

"Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race :
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb ;
To heathen lands that grace convey
Which trains the soul for endless day.

"Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God :
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell ;
Oh ! strive that heathen soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you."

E. D. C.

Tidings of 'The Allen Gardiner.'

STORMY BEGINNING—CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS—VISIT TO THE 'CONSTITUTION'—INTEREST TAKEN IN THE MISSION—CAPTAIN'S FEELINGS—SURGEON'S USEFULNESS—MR. PHILLIPS'S AND MR. ELLIS'S JOURNALS.

So far, may we thankfully say, has the Lord helped us. It has been very gratifying to the friends of the mission to South America to receive from their vessel "a word by the way." It was found necessary by Captain Snow to put into Cape de Verd Islands for a replenishment of

water, and from thence he forwarded a sheet of information.

“At the first,” he remarks, “very stormy and rainy weather lay upon the vessel. On the 26th she pitched the jib-boom away; this was, however, recovered. This kind of weather lasted till Nov. 4th. From this date to the 22nd the weather was almost uninterruptedly fine, and the wind fair.”

On the 18th, Capt. Snow noticed a brilliant ball of fire, about the size of a school-boy's football, on the foremast head—(St. Elmo's fire.) In about nine minutes it disappeared, when a very broad flash of lightning shot across the sky, which seemed to open at once all around. It is rather remarkable, that on each Sunday the weather had lasted fair during the whole performance of divine service, though at times it changed in the after part of the day.

Nov. 22nd. The vessel anchored in St. Vincent's Harbour, Cape de Verd, and on the same day the Captain boarded Commodore Mayo's ship “*Constitution*.” His name was already known in connection with the Arctic expedition, and when the Allen Gardiner's errand was mentioned, prompt and kind offers of assistance, in men or any thing else, were made, and invitations also sent to Capt. and Mrs. Snow and passengers. The monthly recurrence of the date of departure from Bristol (Friday, Nov. 24.) was spent in harbour, and weather being delightful, and state of the deck comfortable, strangers came on board to attend a special service which was held on that day. The Captain writes “My earnest desire is to do all and every thing I can

to make our mission *well known, well received,* and, if God will, *ultimately successful.* We shall all get on admirably, despite our present difficulties, therefore let every one hope on, and ever brightly, and with confidence in God, and thus shall we succeed. * * * The Allen Gardiner has proved useful already. Our surgeon, Mr. Ellis, being quite in request, has been sent for to five patients. He kindly gives his services gratuitously."

"All on board," writes Mr. Phillips, "are well, and to all appearance happy. I find that the mates are pious men, and I have derived much pleasure in converse with them. The seamen, also, are very attentive during the religious services. I cannot adequately express how grateful I feel in being chosen for this great work; and whilst I am deeply sensible of my own unworthiness and insufficiency, yet I am persuaded that through Christ I can do all things, and that His strength will be made perfect in my weakness.

"21st. Mr. Frazer met with an accident, spraining his ankle by a fall over the timber on deck. I am happy to say that he is getting better. With this exception we are all well and happy. During the voyage we have had some of the most delightful weather—sunny days and moonlight nights; in fact, at all times it has been more like a yachting trip than any thing else. We have much, very much, to be thankful for, and I trust that our hearts will be drawn out in gratitude to the Father of mercies for all His loving-kindness towards us. Not

one of our Sunday services has been impeded or interrupted through unfavourable weather."

Captain Snow says, in another letter, "I am exceedingly well satisfied with my officers and crew—they are all they professed to be, good seamen, and truly religious men. The service is regularly attended by all, and an earnest feeling of piety seems to pervade the heart of each man. Our evenings in the cabin are passed in some pleasing conversation, either respecting our future plans or on some religious or general subject. I have endeavoured to keep up the flow of conversation, whilst the sickness was on our friend here, by recounting sundry experiences of my own, but now both appetite and tongue have been found again, I hope to hear my own voice a little less.

"The doctor is a most likely man for us, and I am much pleased with him. He is indefatigable in studying Spanish."

Mr. Ellis, describing a gale they were in on the 29th October, says, "All this was equally new and distressing to me; still my faith did waver, and an indescribable feeling within me gave me an assurance of God's protection. I felt confident that we should be preserved for better things.

"We get on very comfortably. My esteem for Captain Snow rises daily, and I have much gratification in having a man of such christian principles, extensive practical knowledge, and cultivated intelligence, as a fellow-worker and coadjutor. I shall take every opportunity of consulting him on all important points. Mr. Phillips and myself are excellent friends. I have

every reason to respect and like him; and I look forward to our being a most united body. Mr. Frazer is a most kind, amiable, and pious man, and of much greater observation and knowledge than his appearance and manner would lead one to expect; and he has all the acquirements for making an excellent missionary. Mrs. Snow kindly makes us "a duff" occasionally, and adds much to our comforts. We have all much improved in appearance and have enjoyed excellent health, proving, as I anticipated, that our teetotalism has certainly not been injurious.

"22d. This morning we entered the harbour of St. Vincent. I was much surprised at the desolate and gloomy aspect of these (Cape de Verd) Islands, not a patch of verdure to be seen: outline of the coast raised into a great number of peaks.

"23rd. Went on shore again this morning. I have obtained some specimens of the botany, geology, and chronology of the Island. To-morrow is the monthly celebration of our departure from Bristol, and we hope that then our prayers will be blended with those that ascend in Bristol, and will rise together to the throne of God. We shall not forget you in our prayers and we are confident that you will not forget that day. Our voyage since we left St. George's Channel has been an almost uninterrupted course of fine weather and fair breezes, so that we have had every reason to bless God for his mercies and to speed on our way rejoicing. We all long to enter upon our sphere of action, and to enter upon the just and good work with the management of which it is our privilege to be entrusted.

No day passes that it does not become the topic of conversation, as it is the goal of our hope. Whatever trials may be in store for us, we shall suffer cheerfully for Christ's sake, and earnestly labour to cheer and sustain each other under them."

"Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?"

In darkness and in sorrow, the Church has waited long,
And still her patient watch she keeps, in true affection strong;
No rest for her, the widow'd bride, she mourns her Lord's delay,
And marvels why His chariot wheels so linger on their way.

In vain with her the scorner pleads His long-delay'd return,
He does but fan the flame of love, and make it brighter burn;
If He has linger'd long, she cries, his coming draweth near,
As shadows thicken on the hills e'er morning's dawn appear.

Thus hope survives the lapse of time, and heav'n-taught faith remains,
While the sweet word of promise sure her fainting soul sustains;
She waits and prays, endures and loves, but ah! too oft she sleeps,
And call'd to labour for her Lord, she turns aside and weeps.

But tears are fruitless; know that He, the Lord you long have sought
Delays in mercy, that more sheep may to His fold be brought;
His own commission, sign'd and seal'd, thou dost neglect to keep,
He bids thee seek, & feed for Him, His blood-bought ransom'd sheep.

He bids thee, as "a witness," preach, the gospel of his grace,
And ev'ry land must hear the sound e'er thou shalt see his face;
For thus He tarries, while His heart still yearns to make thee blest.
Be wise and know that work for Christ will soonest bring thee rest.

The Tables Turned.

THE Rev. Mr. —— entering the apartment of a wealthy and benevolent parishioner, takes up an Appeal of the Patagonian Missionary Society, and exclaims : “ Well, I do think, sir, that it is almost a sin for these people to be diverting the not too full currents of christian charity from the over crowded fields of heathenism in China, India and Africa, to the arid and unpopulated plains of Patagonia and the few hundreds of stunted and barbarous wretches that paddle about in the creeks and passages of the Tierra Del Fuego Islands. Here have we the noble Church Missionary Society crying continually in our ears. ‘ Give, give ; for our funds are falling short—we must draw in our outposts and diminish our outlays, if you do not give ! ’ We hear of few labourers, and far between, among 350 millions of Chinamen, and not many more in proportion among 130 millions of Hindoos. Surely, sir, these reasonable cries ought to be somewhat silenced by compliance first, before this new Society assails us.” What the gentleman said, if he said anything in particular—pro or con—to the complaint made to him, we have not heard.

Soon after, however, the same pair were found in the same place, where something like this dialogue ensued.

Dear sir, you know the children in our parish are in an alarmingly ignorant state; in a great measure I must maintain, by the indifference to education felt by my predecessor in the living—though the smallness of his income may be a partial plea of excuse. Now to do our duty to God, to our neighbourhood, our country, we must remedy this state of things. We must build a proper school-house, have an efficient schoolmaster, and supply the requisite paraphernalia. What do you say to it? Will you assist?

Mr. S. What about is the population of the parish?

Rev. Mr. ——. 1000 souls.

Mr. S. And how many children fit to attend school?

Rev. Mr. ——. 120.

Mr. S. Well now, Mr. — in the city of — near this, are somewhere about 250,000 souls; which, in the same proportion as this village, will give 30,000 children fit to go to school. I understand, from the very best authority, that the schoolrooms are very few and the masters equally scanty, and I know that the most excellent Education Societies are constantly

appealing to us for help, and advertising for qualified masters, and almost in vain. I cannot therefore but think you come to me very unseasonably to aid you for this miserably thinly peopled parish, and for this handful of children that are prowling about in dirt and rags and vice—thieving and begging—to the loss and annoyance of all decent householders. First educate and improve these 30,000 children in — and then come and ask for your 120.

Rev. Mr. ——. Your objection, sir, is not hard to answer. The number in — is so immense that one is deterred from the almost hopelessness of it. Whilst these are so few—a single schoolmaster and a small sum comparatively, give a fair hope of success. These are near, and we can observe the work and meet its exigencies more easily. And then these children of our school will by and bye find work in the factories of — and, if piously principled and well trained, they will, we may trust, gradually infuse a wholesome element into the masses of immorality in —. Besides, you have furnished me with a most excellent answer, in the description you have given of our poor children; they are so bad and so wretched, we ought to proceed at once—waiving all other considerations—to relieve them.

Mr. S. I see the force of your reasonings,

dear sir, and withdraw my objections, and trust you will act an equally generous part towards the Patagonian Missionary Society, whose claims upon me you silenced at our last interview by the very positions which I took against your school. The heathen of these South American lands are few—so much the easier got round and got through to enlighten. They are within three days sail of the Falklands—a British colony, and they are not half so far from England as the Chinese and Hindoos. They will, when converted, carry the news of salvation which they have received, in their wanderings and traffickings among other tribes—as the christian New Zealanders and South Sea Islanders did to their countrymen; and they are so miserable in time, and so dark and hopeless for eternity, that I mean waiving all other considerations to give them, through this excellent evangelical Society, all the help in my power. And whilst I cheerfully help your handful of children in a sound christian education, I trust you will co-operate with me in guiding the Fuegians and Patagonians—such miserable remnants of men—to the Lord and Saviour of sinners.

Worldly and Christian Progress.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

The days in which we live are animated by the spirit of progress. Art, science, literature, all that belongs to social life is pressing onward; the man, the community that would stand still, cannot; the impetuous torrent of improvement carries with it the peer and the peasant, the city and the village. How does the world think and act with regard to these things? does it blame the thirst for knowledge? does it throw every possible hindrance in the way of art and science? does it close the door of improvement by refusing its support to the refinements and conveniences of modern life? Nay, it acts not so; on the contrary, it aids them all, by profusely expending time, talents, money, in whatever can contribute to comfort and luxury; it never says— "progress, stay thy hand," we cannot afford the expenditure you demand, we must concentrate our means on one object, one vanity, one luxury,—we cannot afford to be diffusive. Again, does the world quarrel with the many expedients that are devised for speculation in trade, for amassing wealth, for providing for future exigencies? Nay, it does not so; rather it seeks to multiply such resources by every means within its reach, it hazards fortune for the uncertain prospect of increase; it never says—"speculation, stay thy hand," while hope still gilds the horizon.

If such is the conduct of the world, what should be the conduct of the Christian? shall not he be animated by the spirit of progress also? while uncertainty and decay write their withering names on every earthly source of aggrandisement and happiness, on every

advancement in the things of time, the child of God has an advance to make, an onward path to tread, in which uncertainty has no part, in which decay can never find a place. He must multiply expedients for carrying on the work which has been committed to his care, that of gathering out the chosen sheep of Christ, from the midst of a world of sin—he must act with the same acuteness, the same energy, the same anxiety, which the world shows in its various dealings, however different the principles of each may be. It will not do to say “we will support the great leading societies, union is strength, let us not divide our energies, let us throw them all into one channel, the work will be better done—we cannot afford to help these lesser streams—really, religious effort is taking too wide a range, opening too many new channels, we cannot fall in with so many schemes.” Dear christian friends, pause ere you thus make up your minds, and consider whether you decline taking advantage of the modern helps which daily increase and surround you, for making your homes comfortable, your pleasures more delightful, perhaps your pains and sorrows too, more easy to endure ; and decide if it be consistent with your high calling and profession to approve and employ these, while you find fault with the multiplication of means for carrying on the work of God—a work which is not of man and cannot fail, for it has its foundation in the counsels of the everlasting covenant, made between the Father, Son and Spirit, for the rescue and deliverance of an eternally loved and chosen people.

Looking back once more to the increasing comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life, the Christian may draw from thence an argument for extending his spirit of progress beyond the circle of his own land. India,

China, South America, all contribute their portion to the making up of these necessities; the latter country furnishes us with the ornamental and the useful, in the costly diamond, the soles on which we tread, the caoutchouc, applicable in these inventive days to a large variety of purposes, contributing at once to comfort and to luxury, besides many other things too numerous to name; and shall we grudge the new society which the Lord has permitted to be raised up for that land, and which has for its object the carrying to it the sound of salvation—a land which at present can only minister to us in temporal things, but which eventually shall contribute of its sons and daughters to swell the chorus of that “new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.”

H. M. W.

A Plea for our Mission.

“Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.”

Notwithstanding the great measure of success vouchsafed to our labours by the great Lord of the Harvest—especially among the spiritual-minded and believing of our beloved Church—there are not wanting those who, although conscientious and pious, are surrounded by a few inveterate prejudices, easy indeed to combat, but not always to overcome. We propose, therefore,

in this season of universal charity,* and at a time which recalls to our memory the wonders of redeeming love, to remove these prejudices, if the Lord will, and deliver our brethren from the trammels of "what is harder than iron"—pre-conceived opinion. We shall advance them in their turn.

1. "There is sufficient heathenism at home; let us attend to these first of all." (See the *Times*, May, 1852.)

Thus spoke the *Times*, and many there are who re-echo this sentiment. We are among the number. Our first duty is to care for the heathen in our great cities and towns, and this duty has been done and is daily doing. Throughout the length and breadth of this christian land, churches and chapels are seen opening their wide portals for the reception of sinners. The land is divided and cultivated like a spiritual garden. 18,000 clergymen, besides 50,000 evangelists wake the sabbath morn with a voice of invitation, reproof, warning and spiritual consolation. Bibles and Prayer Books are sown broad-cast. Schools and teachers are to be found in every lane, and Scripture readers in every hovel, *yet there are heathen*. How? Not because the Gospel is unpreached, but because it is not received. Not because men cannot hear, but because they will not hear. Not because

* Written in Christmas, 1851.

the Gospel preacher is wanted, but because "an evil heart of unbelief" is preferred to the covenanted mercies of Christ Jesus the Lord. What then, shall we refuse to carry the despised riches of Christ to South America, because there are heathen who refuse its mercies in England? This would be the height of unreasonableness. The merchant sends his cargo to a second, when he fails to discover a market in the first port. And this principle is contained in the command of Jesus, "When they persecute you in one city flee to another."

Let us hear no more, then, of so illogical an argument. It is the *unwilling* and not the willing heathen who should be aided; and charity having commenced her benign influence at home, should spread her power abroad into all lands, filling all hearts with love and gladness. England is full of light; Patagonia is full of darkness. England has multitudes of churches; Patagonia has none. England may be saved if she will only stretch out her hands; Patagonia has not the means to be saved, though she cry day and night, "Lord! save me or I perish." Let us in God's name, then, go to her assistance.

2. The second objection we have sometimes met with is found in the complaint, "Why not apply to the Church Missionary Society to undertake the Mission."

To this we answer, we have, and the Church Missionary Society has declared its inability to do so. It was offered three successive times, and as often refused. And wisely so, for the Church Missionary Society has enough to do besides. Its managers have declared that their hands are full, and the resources of their treasury fully drawn upon by prior claims. Do we blame them for this? We blame them not. No individual or society should undertake what cannot be carried out with a prospect of success. Be this as it may; Patagonia, and, through her, the continent of South America, must not, shall not, be suffered to live within three days' sail of a British colony, in the darkness of spiritual death without an effort, under God's blessing, being made to bring her to Christ.

This reproach, so long attached to the christian Church of our land, is about to be rolled away. Thousands have already directed their prayers and protesting hands against it, and thousands more of the Lord's brethren will enter their ranks and fight under their banner.

One hundred and thirty-four millions of heathen inhabit the wilds and shores of this vast continent—neglected, despised of long time, waiting for the kingdom of heaven to visit them.

We have now collected a faithful band of christian evangelists to penetrate this dark corner

of Satan's dominions. They are willing also to advance in the name of the Lord. The front rank were brave and perished in Christ's cause. The second are ready to take their places and withstand the battle. Remember the heights of Rephidim, the vale of Esdralon, the plains of Moab, the walls of Jericho. Then think of the curse of Meroz, and bid us good speed in the name of the Lord.

3. Lastly, it has been said, "There are no openings in that continent for the Gospel." We affirm there are, and that God's hand has marvellously made "a door to open" easy of access.

When the first band of christian heroes went forth, they possessed not a knowledge of the language. The second band is furnished with this. A grammar and dictionary (strange to relate,) of this tongue has been discovered. "Others have laboured and we have entered into their labours." Again, when the first band undertook this arduous enterprize, they knew of no Patagonian chief to visit in a friendly manner. The second has been invited by Cassimiro to come and visit him and his heathen tribe, with the view of instructing them in the Gospel of Christ. Here, then, is another extraordinary favour at God's hands. It is a repetition of the case of him of Macedonia, stretching out his

hands and saying, "Come over and help us."

Again, the political state of the continent is highly favorable for the spread of the true faith. Popery has been tried and her meretricious character revealed. The Indian despises her bondage; the Spaniard laughs at her mummeries. Intestine wars are partially hushed, and the united influence of England and France has opened the river Plate to the advancing tide of commerce and christianity. As in China, so in South America; there has been a vast breaking up of ancient superstition, national prejudice, and by-gone despotisms, and the Gospel of our Lord has a free course.

Here, again, we see the hand of the Lord bringing mighty things to pass. Let us now press on and seize the wall-less Jericho, and put to flight the powers and chains of Satan, that bar the progress of Christ's heavenly kingdom. It is a privilege to fall—it is dishonour to retreat. "Let us die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his."

E. A. V.

Remarks upon the state of the Aborigines of South America, from personal observation.

The Araucanians.

Of all the tribes of South American Indians, the most civilized are the Araucanians. Their territory divides Chili into two unequal parts, lying between the rivers

Biobio and Calle-calle. The term "Araucanos" is of Spanish origin, and does not obtain among the people thus designated. They are composed of two tribes, the Picuntos, and the Williches. Their nearest neighbours on the opposite side of the Andes, are the Pehuenches and the Puelches. The language of all these tribes is the Chilidugu, which is equally spoken on both sides of the Cordillera, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their government is founded upon the Patriarchal form, out of which has grown up a system which may not improperly be termed Republican. The country is divided into four districts, each of which is under the superintendence of two orders of Chieftains, called Ulman and Apo-ulman, the latter being the superior in rank. There is also a still higher dignity called Toki, but this is usually conferred by election in a general assembly of the nation, on the approach of war, or in other great emergencies. The supreme direction of affairs is then lodged in the hands of the Toki, who exercises the functions of dictator as long as his services are deemed necessary for the welfare of the state; the other two are hereditary. They have no priesthood or places of worship, and seem to have no other vestige of religion than a belief in the agency of evil spirits, and of one Supreme Being named Anti, whose residence they consider to be in the Sun. They have suffered so much in their frequent wars with the Spaniards and their successors, that they have imbibed a deep rooted distrust of all foreigners, who are not permitted to reside among them, and it is on this account that so few opportunities have been afforded of adding to the very scanty information which has been obtained respecting their customs and domestic habits.

History, however, bears abundant testimony as to

their bravery, their patriotism, and their indomitable spirit; and it is no less admitted, by those who have had any intercourse with them, that they are, when not excited by warfare, a quiet and industrious people. They have long been celebrated for making excellent ponchos, bridles, saddle girths, &c. ; and these articles form the staple of a considerable barter trade, which is carried on between them and the Chilenos of the frontier districts.

Their houses are of an oval shape, formed of bent poles meeting at the top, and crossed by others at intervals; the frame being supported in the middle by a line of interior posts, fixed in the ground. They are thatched throughout with grass; no aperture being left for the light, which is admitted by the door, besides which, there is always an opening left under the ridge pole, at each extremity of the roof, for the escape of smoke, the fire being made on the ground in the centre of the house. The door, which is placed in one of the extremities, admits a sufficient current of air to occasion the ascent of the smoke to the openings in the roof, so that little inconvenience is ever felt on that account notwithstanding the blazing fires which are generally kept up within. Viewed from the exterior, these habitations bear a great resemblance to a large boat turned keel uppermost; and the more so, as the thatch throughout the entire length of the ridge pole, is drawn up into a high crest, like the mane of a mule, in the very part which would be occupied by the keel. There is no want of propriety in the attire either of the men or women; the former wear woollen ponchoes, the latter mantles of the same material, bordered or fringed according to the tribe to which they belong; the ground is usually dark blue, with a broad chocolate

colored border woven in: but this gives place to grey, which without any bordering, is generally worn by the natives of the Southern districts. Indigo, which is employed for dyeing the home spun clothes, is in such universal demand among them, that it has become the chief article of barter; and may almost be said, to be the currency of the country, nearly every commodity being estimated by its relative value in Indigo. Although they are not migratory, they have a peculiar repugnance to living in large communities, and from the period of their discovery, they have never been known to inhabit what might be termed a town; their most extensive localities being composed of several groups of widely scattered houses, seldom more than three or four being found together in one spot. These rustic dwellings, situated as they usually are, beneath the shade of trees and near some cultivated ground, beyond which, views of the lofty Cordilleras are often obtained, give a picturesque and cheerful aspect to the country; which the Spaniards themselves admit to be the fairest part of Chili. They cultivate a sufficient quantity of wheat, barley, beans, &c., for their own consumption; and besides rearing their own horses, have numerous herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. The piniones, or seeds of the American pine, (a handsome tree which grows in forests, on the slopes of the Cordillera) furnish them also with a very nutritious food, which they collect in the autumn; when cooked, the flavour is not unlike that of the chesnut; and as they will keep for some time, they form a chief article of diet, when the gathering season has been favourable.

The Pewenches.

The nearest Indian neighbours to the Araucanians,

are the Pewenches, who derive their name from the Pehuen or pine, the seeds of which, like the Araucanians, they eat during a part of the year, that tree growing abundantly in the part of the country which they inhabit. Of late years, in consequence of the war which was made in 1832, by the combined forces from Buenos Ayres, and some of the other Provinces bordering upon the Pampas, against all the Indian tribes in that vicinity, the Pewenches have moved further to the Southward, and are now only to be found in the valleys of the Cordillera, which face the provinces of Chillan, Concepcion, and Valdivia, and a limited district beyond. They are an industrious and pastoral people, possessed of numerous herds of cattle and sheep, living in skin tents, and occasionally migrating in order to obtain sustenance for their flocks. They manufacture their own clothing from the fleece of their sheep, of which there is among them a breed of a very extraordinary size. They seem to stand midway in the scale of civilization, between the Araucanians and the Pampas Indians; and there is good reason to believe, that by their means, each of those nations might be approached for Missionary purposes.

During about five months of the year, from the middle of May, to the middle or end of October, they are cut off from all communication with Chili, by the deep snows which cover the passes in the Cordillera, but during the remainder of the year, traders from the frontier of that republic occasionally visit them, in order to barter Indigo, tobacco, and trinkets, for ponchos, bridles, and other horse gear, which they manufacture with great neatness and skill, and which are in great demand among the Chilenos of the Southern provinces.

The Puelches.

The term Puelches signifies eastern people, and includes all those tribes which are popularly called the Pampas Indians. Although the effects of their depredations are to be traced in almost every direction, little is known of their domestic habits and locations, excepting that, like their neighbours the Pehuenches, (or Pewenches, as the former word is pronounced) and the Patagonians, they live in skin tents, are migratory, subsist chiefly by hunting, and the flesh of their mares, and are perhaps (not excepting the Arabs themselves) the most daring and expert robbers that are known.

The feeling between them and the Spanish Americans of the adjacent provinces, is so bitter, that whenever they fall into their hands, they give them no quarter, making captives only of children and young women. Among them unfortunately are to be found, in the present day, several deserters from the army, whom they are willing to receive, as they become the best guides and pioneers in their plundering expeditions. When headed by these ruffians, they are more formidable, as I had an opportunity of seeing in the latter end of 1843. On my way to Cordova, and on my return from that city, I halted at a small village called La Cruz Alta, which in the intermediate time was devastated by an incursion of Indians. They appeared in such numbers, between 400 and 500, that the small body of militia stationed there, considered it prudent to retire with the rest of the Inhabitants, within an entrenchment, surrounded by a high cactus fence, the only description of fort to be found in these parts, but which has always proved a sufficient defence against their mode of attack; the Indians having no firearms,

but with the long spears, which are their principal weapon, making their attack from horseback. Every house in the village was completely sacked, and numbers of horses and cattle were carried off, but on this occasion only three lives were lost: one, a soldier, the others, two women, who were sitting together and were pierced by the same ball, fired by one of these wretched deserters. Troops of Indians are continually traversing the country, trailing their long spears at their horses' sides, and generally journeying by night. Excepting in those parts where thistles abound, and which I have often seen as high as my head on horseback, there is no security from their sudden approach either by day or by night; but even there, this protection fails as soon as the winter commences and this herbaceous forest falls to the ground.

It is surprising to see with what perfect sang froid the postmasters of these districts retain their positions, isolated as they are, often five, six, or seven leagues distant from each other, with perhaps not a human habitation intervening; and that in some of the most exposed parts of the Pampas. About ten weeks before I passed the post house of Desmochadas, it had sustained one of those daily anticipated attacks, from a party of Indians. The men, according to custom, whenever the building is sufficiently substantial and high, which strange to say is very rarely the case, ascended by a ladder kept in readiness for such emergencies, to the flat roof, and were out of harm's reach; but two unhappy women who had not time to follow them were carried off. The post of La Canditaria, which is situated upon the road which conducts alike to Cordova, and to Mendoza, has long been considered one of the most dangerous spots throughout the route to

either place. Not many years ago, it was attacked by Indians, who killed the postmaster, and made captives of 14 women and children; his son, the present postmaster, was absent at the time in a carretta, or he would have shared the fate of his father. When I last passed, I asked him how he could continue to live in a place so notoriously dangerous, and where he could never be free from the apprehension of an attack. He very quietly replied "I always keep a good horse saddled, and should the Indians present themselves, I should immediately make off."

On these expeditions, the Indians are invariably accompanied by spare horses, which enables them to make very long and rapid journeys, carrying nothing with them by way of provisions, excepting a hide bag of roasted meal, which mixed with water in a horn, taken from the nearest brook, is all that they require for their support.

They have a peculiar method of concealing their bodies behind that of the horse on which they ride, and in this manner they frequently steal upon their enemies before they are aware.

The Pasture of the Falkland Islands.

"The splendid Tussack grass is the gold and glory of the Falklands, and it will yet, I hope, make the fortunes of Orkney and the owners of the Irish peat bogs.- Every animal here devours this grass with avidity, and fattens upon it in a short time. It may be planted and cut, like the guinea grass of the West Indies. The blades

are about six feet long, and from two to three hundred shoots spring from one plant. I have proved, by several experiments, that a man can cut one hundred bundles in a day, and a horse will greedily eat five of those bundles in a day; indeed, so fond of it are both horses and cows, that they will devour dry Tussack thatch from the roofs of the cottages, in preference to good grass. About four inches of the root tastes like the mountain cabbage (Palm.) It loves a rank, wet, peat bog, with the sea-spray dashing over it, and wherever the waves beat with the greatest vehemence, and the saline spray is carried farthest, there the Tussack grass thrives the best—provided, also, it is on the soil it prefers. All the smaller Islands, which help to form the Falkland group, and some of them are as large as Guernsey, are covered with it, and it is nutritious all the year round.”

How the Stream goes on.

Whilst the active operations of Missionary work in its own peculiar fields of labour may not unaptly be compared to *a mill*, the machinery of which is employed in preparing corn for the sustenance of man, the assistance yielded by Missionary Associations at home may be characterised as *the stream* which, having gathered

sufficient strength by the union of several currents, sets the mill in motion. Our friends who are expecting soon to hear of *the mill* having commenced its revolutions, will be pleased meanwhile to know how *the stream* goes on. We leave them to form their own conclusion from the following short statement of proceedings.

In a letter from the Rev. E. A. Verity to the Honorary Secretary, his journeyings on behalf of the Society are thus recorded.

“Since I wrote to you, I have, under God’s blessing, been very successful. On Sunday, (Jan. 7th) I preached twice at Stourbridge and on Monday lectured there, but in the morning went to Wolverhampton, through an invitation from the Rev. Mr. D—— to a clerical Meeting of thirty members, whom I addressed after dinner with much effect. Five promised sermons, and Mr. D. intending to form an Auxiliary there in a short time—promised at once £10 per annum, out of his own Parochial Fund. All the clergy were satisfied with my statements, and rejoiced in the coming glory of God.

“On my return to Stourbridge, I found letters promising an opening in the following places; Shrewsbury, Chester and Liverpool. The lecture at Stourbridge was very satisfactory: collection, £9 0s. 10d.

“Jan. 9. Went to Kidderminster and was promised an opening there soon.

“Jan. 10. Went to Worcester, and arranged for a Meeting there on the 19th, through the

kind aid of the Rev. D. W—— who has become a sincere friend to our cause.

“I cannot conclude this summary of God's exceeding goodness to me in thus overthrowing impediments from before me, without ascribing to him praise and glory. This week has been one series of successes, and the work is progressing in a manner beyond my most ardent expectations.”

Meetings have also been held at Hadlow—an important country town near Tunbridge—where an Association for the Town and neighbourhood was formed, with the Vicar and Curate of Hadlow for President and Secretary. An Auxiliary Association was also formed at Stourbridge, with Rev. — Grice, as Secretary, and I. Amery, Esq., Banker, Treasurer.

Measures are being actively taken at Cheltenham, by Rev. C. Evans, Hon. Sec. Patagonian Missionary Society, aided by several other friends, to form an Auxiliary Association in that important place; and there are openings at Birmingham, Chester, Malvern, York, Lichfield, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Tunbridge, Brighton and Deal.

The Lord incline the hearts of his people to espouse warmly this great and good cause, let each reader say! And let each, beside this, bestow some *little drop* to swell the important stream!

The "Allen Gardiner," bearing the Missionaries
to Patagonia, sailed from Bristol Oct. 24, 1854.

What vessel, like a sea-bird wild,
Must tempt the waves to-day?
What little company is this
She beareth on their way?
Go they to join in bloody strife,
To win a fleeting name,
To worship at her chosen shrine,
The world's great idol, Fame?

With higher aims, with deeper trust,
With brighter hopes than these,
The "Allen Gardiner's" crew unfurl,
Her white sails to the breeze,—
With higher aspirations filled,
Go forth her hero-band,
To gather wild flowers which ere long
In paradise may stand!

They go, in yonder distant wave,
For blood-bought pearls to seek,
To grace the all-imperial crown
Of Him, on earth so meek.
They go from barren Fuegian rocks,
To quarry stones divine,
And bring up priceless diamonds
From nature's darkened mine.

God speed you, heaven-sent messengers,
Go forth in God's own might,
God guard your fragile vessel,
And protect its costly freight!
God bring you safe to harbour,
If it be His sacred will,
And all your inmost being
With His gracious Spirit fill!

God make you wise to win the souls
He now hath sent to claim!
God build up there an altar, for
His own most holy name!

And where His chosen children
 Their martyr-bones have laid,
 Be the banner of the cross they loved
 Above their graves displayed !

Though cold beneath the barren sand
 Their sun-bleached limbs may rest,
 Though silent now those ardent lips
 Which Jesus' love expressed,
 May the mantle of their faithfulness
 On you and us descend,
 The "example of their patience,"
 Sustain you to the end !

These sterile rocks, these gloomy caves,
 To you will teachers be,
 Of all the liberty wherewith
 The Spirit makes us free—
 The freedom from repining thought,
 From earthly wants and cares,
 And how our Jesus tenderly
 His fainting child upbears !

How, desolate and weary,
 They trusted in His love,
 Supported in eternal arms,
 His faithfulness to prove.
 All this shall earnest be to you
 That He is still the same :
 If Jesus be *your* Jesus too,
 He'll succour *you* like them !

Whatever earthly blessings God
 Around your path may strew,
 A heavenly port, a heavenly shore,
 Keep still within your view :
 And may you, when at length, with joy,
 You cast your anchor there,
 A vessel, stored with precious wheat,
 Into His garner bear !

Uncle Reuben's walk through the Snow.

"Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is GOD—He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintained
Who sleeps not—is not weary
Whose work is without labour—whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts."

Cloud after cloud of feathery flakes had fallen upon the ground. There they lay, forming such a lovely robe of pure white, that to tread on them with careless footsteps seemed a wanton marring of beauty. I looked out of my window, and gazing far and wide at the little bit of the great world which was bounded by my horizon, admired and moralized upon the snow. Certainly the air felt suspiciously wintry, but for the moment that made no impression upon me—the effect was all I thought of, and that was beautiful—very beautiful.

But the aspect of things was to change. I had a journey before me on this snowy day, and whilst I might admire the snow still, I was to become practically acquainted with it. There is nothing like experiment—thorough practical ex-

periment, (you know it well, my readers, to wear away romantic ideas. Onwards, then, I went, and it was no easy matter to accomplish a five mile's walk in roads covered with snow.

“The snow was here, the snow was there,
The snow was all around.”

The first few steps were taken with hearty good-will, and still I admired the snow, but you will believe me, when I had completed the paces necessary for one mile, I had almost uttered the wish of my heart that the snow might be on Mont. St. Bernard, or Tierra del Fuego, or anywhere in fact but in old England. Not readily daunted, however, by difficulties, I still pursued my journey, and arriving at a part of the road much frequented by travellers, stopped to chat with a poor friend, who was working with all his might, shovelling away the snow with a large spade.

“You are doing a welcome service, my good man, for which travellers will thank you,” exclaimed weary I.

“Slow work,” was his rejoinder. “It will take me more than a day's labour to get through a mile at this rate, and a night's fall would give me the same piece of road to go over again. Ah! master,” he continued, his countenance brightening, “'tis right we should do all we can.

but, after all, *God's sunbeam will work faster than man's spade.*"

"Well spoken, friend," replied I, and without indulging my readers with further details of my journey, or of my conversation by the roadside, or of my delighted return to the window from which in the morning I had only *looked at the snow*—I will ask them to follow me in a few reflections suggested by this simple remark.

Yes! "it is right we should do all we can, but *God's sunbeam will work faster than man's spade.*" In a populous market Town, where busy feet are ever and anon pacing to and fro, the spade is energetically set at work in the snow-covered streets. Cart after cart of the white burden is removed—but although much benefit is rendered to the community, the eye might look around and fancy that nought had been accomplished even by the busy hands of twenty men, so much yet remains to baffle their labour.

See that icy mass which was drifted to the hedge-row by the storm. It seems to have established itself with unquestioning right of possession granted it by Winter King. Who would undertake the task of its removal? Who? Look up into the broad heaven, and see the orb of day come gloriously forth on its mission. Behold the bright warm ray resting upon the snow-drift.

Is there force used? Do you hear the report of solid destruction? No such thing. Yet the mass is lessening. Every moment, particle after particle yields to a sure though silent influence, and very soon the snow-drift is a matter of history. It has melted away. "*God's sunbeam will work faster than man's spade.*"

The truth illustrated in nature, will manifest itself in every development of spiritual labour. The enemy who would not that the King of Saints should reach the hearts He has purchased, hedges them round with various obstacles, and by stealthy and slow degrees, heaps up barrier after barrier against His approach. In one individual, there is the hard mass of unbelief to be destroyed; in another, the thick accumulation of prejudice; in a third, the icy bonds of long-cherished sin. The Heavenly Traveller, who comes on His way to visit such souls, finds the road blocked up against Him.

And what in such an emergency can be done? The labourer who has a willing hand, and a Christ-loving heart, looks on and exclaims, 'Alas! for the ice-bound soul which is closed against such a precious Friend!' and immediately—as it should be—he begins to work, to make way for the blessed Visitant. He reasons, he explains, he beseeches. But perhaps unbelief is obdurate, prejudice difficult to overcome, love of sin re-

mains paramount. Yet something has been accomplished by this human effort. The resisting heart has felt convictions—has begun to enquire—to search—to tremble. The spade has broken the smooth surface of indifference, and perchance Jesus' footsteps may be heard in the distance, approaching the partially cleared path.

But let there be this alone, and night may gather again, and with it may fall around that soul, more thickly than before, the cloud of evil influence which imprisoned it. "Let there be this *alone!*" Thanks be to God, in the history of many a captive spirit there is a brighter, surer work which follows this human instrumentality. It often happens, that at a certain point of endeavour man's efforts relax—the long-challenged opposition seems to have gathered strength, and the puny attacks of mere mortal weapons appear useless.

Then is the moment when there often falls from the throne of light the heavenly ray, and rests lovingly upon the darkened, icy heart. No force of philosophic argument is used—no terror of appalling power brought to the task; there is neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard—yet the barrier is destroyed with inconceivable rapidity. The Spirit which at first from chaos by a mysterious moving over the dark deep, and by a simple creative word brought into

being a new world of light and order—that same Spirit rests upon the cold mass of nature's unbelief and prejudice and sin—and lo! it melts away. The Saviour comes, and the heart is open. He enters and abides for ever. Man had vainly assayed in many a long year to bring about so glorious a result. God has accomplished it in a day. Yes! friend, you spoke truly. “It is right we should do all we can, but *God's sunbeam will work faster than man's spade.*”

“Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone!”

Take another view of the application of the principle. How many a time with eager fancy have some of the Lord's people stretched forth thought and prayer towards that dark and long-benighted land for whose sakes they are now enterprising their special Mission! For centuries on that desolate country, *spiritually* as well as naturally, the ice has fallen in showers, and the snow-drift is piled so high that the endeavour to do something towards clearing it away has been characterised as the puerile, unconsidered, vain-glorious attempts of a foolish few, who have no better channel in which to direct their efforts.

And what is to be said to such as thus animal-vert upon the Mission? Just this, my friends

“ While as our bounden duty we work with the spade—*we look for the sunbeam!* We think it right, knowing that the footsteps of the heavenly Traveller have no national bound to prepare and make ready His way *in every land*; we own it as laid upon us by the strongest claim—as HIS LAST LEGACY—‘ Who would have *all men* to be saved,’ that it is our duty to make all men know that a Saviour waits for their acceptance. And when we have done all this we are ready to own the utter feebleness, perhaps uselessness, of our efforts. We have but broken the crust, and there are fresh showers at hand to cement it again. Ah! but we do not despair. In the blessed work of beseeching man to be reconciled to God, *we are workers together with Him*. From His dwelling-place He beholds the earnest labourer who, with all the strength of his heart seeks to make a way for the progress of his beloved Saviour. And whether he be alone in a desert land, or linked with brethren in a christian country, His power can help him. On the scene of his toil, on the icy mass of impediments, HIS SUNBEAM breaks forth, and lo! the winter is past, the snow has melted away—the hard heart is subdued, sinner after sinner is brought to the feet of Jesus, and, if He wills it, a nation is born in a day.

Scorners! you may mock on, but believe us,

we are not thinking that our little ship—our little band—our little Mission station, will convert South America! We own we are few and feeble, but we take our stand upon the assurance, ‘*Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help whether with many, or with them of no power.*’ And it is our prayer, ‘*Help us Lord, for in Thy name we go forth to this great multitude.*’ You may look at our instrumentality as little suited to cope with the exigencies of the case, (in this we ask christian brethren and sisters to aid us in making it as efficient as it should be) but we bid you direct your attention to our expectations. We feel it right to work heartily with the spade, but *we look for THE SUNBEAM!*”

And, once more, let my poor friend's bright thought speak to those earnest ones who are anxious and troubled and discouraged—fearing disaster, while they long for success—presaging failure, while they desire victory. Are such among my readers? Do you, I would ask, often count up the resources upon which the Mission has to depend, and do you find—in your own endeavours to interest friends about it—that many turn from you with averted heart? And then are you cast down, and inclined to mutter, “Slow work!”? Ah! look upwards. It is but a veil of cloud that hides from you the bright ray, and, believe it, “*God's sunbeam will work.*”

faster than man's spade." Relax not a single effort—do all you can—but as you labour, as you strive—remember that better resource, and pray for **THE SUNBEAM!**

What may be done!

TO THE YOUTHFUL READERS OF THE VOICE OF PITY.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Did you ever set in earnest and try what may be done for a good cause by the energy of one individual? Perhaps you have often thought that you would like to do something for the poor Patagonian—something to carry the knowledge of Christ's blessed gospel of peace to the ignorant Fuegian. But then you have said, What *can* be done? What can *I* do? Now let me tell you what a little boy and a little girl, both friends of mine, have done. The former, after hearing the destitution of South America described, asked me for a card, that he might collect for the Patagonian Society. Within one month the card was full, and he brought into our exchequer, £5 12s. gathered among his friends. The latter, who is also a collector, thought of an excellent plan by which she might not only add to the treasury, but likewise spread the knowledge of the Society. In conjunction with her sister she determined to have a Sale of Work in her Mama's Drawing Room. After working hard for about a month, (last Christmas holidays) they sent out notes of invitation to all their friends and acquaintances; among the rest

Mrs. — and myself went, and most agreeably surprised we were. In the centre of the room was a large tree covered with articles most tastefully arranged for sale. On the top was a flag, bearing on one side "*The Allen Gardiner*" inscribed round an olive branch, and on the other, "*Judæa Capta*," (for one of the sisters was a collector for the Jews' Society, and half of the proceeds was to go to that cause.) Then there were three tables on which were spread the most pretty and tempting objects, made by the diligent fingers of the two little girls. After a day or two's amusement in viewing and selling the results of their handy work, the Patagonian collector, and the Hebrew collector, found they had realized more than £8 or upwards of £4 for each of their Societies. So you see my friends *what may be done* with pleasure and profit by those who love the Lord Jesus sufficiently, to put themselves to a little trouble in assisting to carry out His last command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." What should we be, my young friends if *this* gospel had not been preached to us and our fathers? Think of all the privileges yet enjoy as the children of Christian parents, and then reflect on the state of the ancient inhabitants of fair Britain. Very little difference was there between one of the children of those stout Islanders who defended their shores against the soldiers of Julius Cæsar, and the children of the tall and manly Patagonian: but look at your present situation, and that of the children of the Pampas of South America. No Bible for them—no churches—no worship of the true God—no knowledge of Jesus—no schools—no education—no comforts of civilization! all wild and barren ignorance, crime, and wretchedness! Oh then, "Why stand ye here all

the day idle? Every talent is given to us to improve! and remember—

“The smallest effort is not lost;
 Each wavelet on the ocean toss'd,
 Aids in the ebb tide or the flow;
 Each rain drop makes some flowret blow,
 Each kind deed lessens human woe.”

See, then, *what may be done by you*, and that the Holy Spirit may bless your doing to yourselves and others is my earnest prayer.

Believe me,

Yours Affectionately,

TRY.

The Bow seen in the Cloud.

The report of failure and of death which has reached us from the shores of Tierra del Fuego, has sorely tried the faith of those who have at heart the welfare, spiritual and eternal, of its poor dark inhabitants.

But with their trial God has granted, in the record of that wonderful support vouchsafed to the departed, just that kind of encouragement which the true christian will most readily lay hold of for the strengthening and confirmation of his faith. It is not such a burst of light as will shew us what God is about to do, but a gleam sufficient to convince us of His presence, and of the truth of His unfailing promise, that He will

never leave us nor forsake us. Is, then, our faith quickened by all these dark, mysterious dispensations? Are we stronger than we were to carry on the conflict with sin and Satan in the world? Are we more resolved than ever to carry the Gospel message of salvation to the stormy shores of that land of death? Let us be in earnest. Let us see to it that our faith fails not, but grow and increase continually; let us pray in faith, nothing wavering; and in due time the banner of the Cross shall float triumphantly over Banner Cove, and those few corns of wheat that fell into the ground and died at Earnest Cove shall prove themselves to have been, in truth, an earnest of a rich and plenteous crop.

Dear brethren, I would beg your prayers for Patagonia—and the assistance of your liberality, that our cause fail not for want of means, and that you yourselves deny not to yourselves the blessed privilege of aiding it. And thus I leave it with you, persuaded that God's eye is resting in love and mercy on those benighted tribes, and that though for the present He is as a God that hideth himself, working mysteriously, yet He will at length appear for their salvation.

From the Anniversary Sermon preached at Bristol, by the Right Rev. O. E. Vidal, D.D., Bishop of Sierra Leone.

A small Cloud rises in the West.

In the central regions of South America lies a tract of country called the Gran Chaco, inhabited by at least 100,000 aborigines. These men, though surrounded by Spanish and Portuguese American States, are independent in government and heathen in religion. They cultivate the ground in their own region and emigrate for the harvest season into Bolivia and Paraguay, to aid, for small wages, the farmers of those countries, and they are very far from the uncivilized condition of the North American Indians, or the tribes on the extreme south of this semi-continent. Capt. Gardiner sought to reach the Gran Chaco, from the west, over the Andes, and succeeded. The natives refused him a residence in their country till he could speak its language. To take advantage of this condition, he placed a young converted Spaniard at Chuquiaca, in Bolivia, that he might there learn* the language of the Chaco, and he obtained permission from the President of that Republic to pass through Bolivia, for access to these interior tribes.

* It is the Quarani, of which there are a dictionary and grammar.

Any one consulting a map of South America, will see what a long way round this is to go to reach the interior of the country, and that a much shorter way is from Buenos Ayres up the Plata and Paraguay. This way the Lord has just opened to the Missionaries of His Gospel—for since 1853, the navigation of these mighty rivers has been thrown open to all nations, and now a station for a mission to the Gran Chaco Indians seems on the eve of formation. Thus the Bolivian Government have granted to Dan Luis de Oliden—a citizen—the province of Otuquis, a territory of 22,700 square miles. This runs, along its southern border, some distance into the Gran Chaco. Oliden is anxious to dispose of a large portion to an English Company, at the very small cost of one shilling and four pence per acre. The agent employed by this South American proprietor, is Mr. Lewis Vernet—formerly Buenos Ayrean Governor of the Falklands; he is invested with full powers to negotiate the sale of land, and the establishment of a colony, and (we request particular attention to this) he is anxious to make this colony contribute to the evangelization of the Indians of the Gran Chaco. He will give our Society every facility and every help in his power, and being himself *Protestant*, more reliance can be placed in his sincerity. When Oliden's grant is taken up, there will be

steamers on the river Paraguay—up from Buenos Ayres in thirteen days, and down to it again in seven days. The country is most fertile—the climate unquestionably salubrious; every product of tropical and temperate latitudes can be raised in Otuquis, and very little expense need be incurred in clearing the land. £50 will buy in perpetuity 750 acres of it, and this will amply suffice for the site of a mission colony—for the conversion and instruction of the natives—and, if this be managed well, very little money will be required from home.

Friends of the South American Missions! Bear this new opening especially on your hearts in prayer before God, and do what you can to excite an interest on behalf of the Province of Otuquis, and the English Company which is proposed to colonize it.

The Lord has set before us an open door—let not man by his indifference or neglect shut it!

Obituary.

We cannot but allude with feelings of deep regret to the melancholy tidings which have reached us, of the death of a warm and able

supporter of our Mission—the Right Rev. O. E. VIDAL, D. D. Bishop of Sierra Leone.

It has pleased the Lord in His wisdom to remove him from the scene of earthly labour at an age when the Church hoped for many years of his valued services, and when his own peculiar charge was just beginning to derive benefit from his episcopal superintendence. To himself the call to “come up hither” was, doubtless, as the welcome message of a Friend, whose presence in this vale of tears is often intercepted by many things which intrude between, and therefore we know that “to be ever with the Lord,” has enhanced the joys and privileges of the departed one beyond the power of human expression. His Anniversary Sermon for the Patagonian Missionary Society, published with the Report, will be now read with painful interest, and his own early removal from his bishopric will be felt to be another comment upon the text he selected on that occasion: “Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.”

We can only pray that his mantle may descend on another, and that his appeal for our cause, by which “he being dead yet speaketh,” may touch many a heart with double power. The explanation of such dispensations as these is reserved for another state of being; while here we must wait and abide patiently, content to receive what

ever God in His wisdom appoints, without murmuring.

“ Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.”

A Plea for Patagonia.

Weep ! weep for Patagonia !
In darkness, oh ! how deep,
Her heathen children spend their days ;
Ah, who can choose but weep ?
The tidings of a Saviour's love
Are all unheeded there,
And precious souls are perishing
In blackness of despair.

Give ! give for Patagonia !
When God hath blessed your store
Think kindly on her bleak expanse
Of wild and barren shore ;—

Think of your suffering brethren there
 Who Satan's bondmen be,
 And send forth heralds to proclaim
 That Christ hath set them free.

Pray, pray for Patagonia!
 With earnest wrestlings pray;
 And He who died to save the lost
 Will never answer—Nay!
 In spite of all discouragements
 Your hearts and voices raise;
 The blessings such petitions bring
 Will turn them all to praise.

E. J. A.

Proceedings in Scotland.

The journal of the Rev. E. A. VERITY—who is for the present fulfilling the duties of Travel-ling Secretary on behalf of the Patagonian Society—breathes throughout a spirit of hope-fulness, and reports a tale of good success. Although much tried by the severity of the

weather, which has kept many valued friends from being present at his addresses from the pulpit and the platform, many encouraging proofs have been given him, especially in Scotland, that an interest among earnest-minded christians in our cause is increasing.

He has successively visited Glasgow, Greenock, Edinburgh, Perth, Paisley, Stirling and Dundee, and in each, more or less, the claims of the Society have been received and owned. The progress made is not as yet to be measured by the amount of collections at the several places—the germ of conviction in our favor being planted in new soil is so much to be thankful for. “Seed must be sown ere the crop can be reaped, and Scotland has many liberal hearts and christian men within her borders.” May the Lord, who giveth the increase, dispose her children and the children of her southern sister to obtain the blessing of the bountiful hand, which never impoverishes the giver.

Fifth Annual Report of the Committee of the
Patagonian or South American Missionary
Society.

The statement furnished by this Report of last year's progress is encouraging. The Mission

vessel built, launched and ready to sail, friends increase in numbers and in zeal, and funds augmented. The receipts amounted to £3537 0s. 3½d.; the expenditure (including cost of vessel, £1387 0s. 10d.) has been £1690 15s. 0d. A balance remained of £1846 5s. 3½d., a large proportion of which has, however, been called for to provide for the necessary and expensive outfit of "The Allen Gardiner;" so that we would still remind our readers that *the funds are low*, and beg them read carefully the closing remarks of the Committee, as follow:—

"The way is prepared; Fuegians are believed to exist, who were educated in England and speak English; and a powerful Patagonian chieftain—a civilized man—is anxious to be instructed in Christianity, that he may teach his people the same.

"The way is ready!—The Fuegians communicate with the Patagonians, and these with the Araucanians and Pampas tribes, and they all have one common language, for which dictionary and grammar are extant.

"Would an apostle have asked more to determine his mind respecting such a matter? Here are—a promise of God; the command of Christ; the prayer of faith, sealed with Christian blood; friendly natives; a British colony for residence within three days' sail; a stout vessel replenished

with useful stores for a year; an experienced, approved Captain; hundreds of praying helpers at home. Would an apostle have asked for more evidence that it was his Lord's will to proceed on the Mission? Would he have waited till a manifest work of grace had begun in the conversion of many souls to Christ, before he assuredly gathered he ought to go over and help them? No. Saint Paul, God's chief servant for the conversion of the Gentiles, saw in the night vision a man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over and help us!" He awoke and saw no human preparations for protection; no funds of money to bear his expenses; no provision for shelter in Macedonia; no Christian colony at hand to fall back upon. But it was enough—God speaking to man in a dream, a vision of the night. Macedonia is among the countries of the path to be visited, and the eager desire of Paul to fulfil his Lord's commission, interprets the appearance and the voice as a call from God. He goes to Macedonia—enters Philippi, its chief city—preaches the Gospel. And not a man of Macedonia is converted, but a woman, and she of Thyatira. As to Paul and his helper Silas, after a severe contest, they are cruelly beaten and thrown into the stocks in the inner prison. Was there, then, a mistake in Paul's interpretation? None. "I will show him how great

things he must *suffer* for my name's sake," being the words of his Divine Master, prepared him to expect such an introduction to usefulness in any country.

"They that go forth with tears bearing good seed, are authorised to hope to come again with rejoicing, and bringing their sheaves with them.

"Your Committee invite you with them to take example and encouragement from such a lesson, and to go on with good heart in such labours as are appointed unto you by the All-wise Head of the Church, both for this Mission and other objects of Christian benevolence.

"They venture to advise the cultivation of a hopeful as well as a prayerful spirit. A loving servant would sooner err in taking a gesture of his master for a call to serve, than in allowing his kind master to call and call again, before he could make up his mind to a decision without a shadow of doubt that he was the particular attendant required. The Lord did not reprove Peter for his hasty proposal to come to Him on the water, but for doubting His power to sustain him on the troubled element, having once embarked on it. We trust the Committee for the ensuing year will act with all due precaution as men, and yet with all faith as Christians.

"Permit us, by way of conclusion, to expose

the wants of our Society to your view, that you may try to relieve them. They are—

“PRAYER, humble, hearty and hopeful for the departing Missionary labourers and seamen, that they may be faithful, persevering, and united; and for the heathen, that they may have given them their listening ears and an understanding heart to receive the Gospel.

“*Much more co-operation* from interested friends in making known to the community the claims of our Society.

“*More well-informed advocates* to aid us at public meetings and with lectures and sermons.

“*Missionary labourers* for the great field lying fallow before us in South America.

“*Funds* to sustain and carry forward further and further the Mission to South America.

“*Annual subscribers* for the Society and for our little ably-conducted monthly magazine, “The Voice of Pity for South America.”

“And, lastly—Praise and thanksgivings to that most gracious God, “who gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;” and who permits those whom His Spirit has quickened unto a new life, to take part with Him in the work of spreading the Redeemer’s glory, through the Gospel, to the ends of the earth.

An Acrostic.

"Peace" and "good will" to men be giv'n!
 Angels brought down the notes from Heav'n;
 To England's shores the echo came,
 And soon she learnt the gladd'ning strain;
 God's herald now, 'neath other skies,
 O'er distant lands, she bids it rise;
 Nor will she tire till this glad sound
 In Patagonia shall resound
 As rocks and hills repeat it round.

The little band have sped their way;
 Early and late be God their stay!
 Remov'd each danger, chas'd each fear,
 "Rest in the Lord," if grief is near,
 And great success their hearts shall cheer.
 Danger and death could not appal,
 Each heard a gracious Master's call,
 Love taught them to resign their all.

Fervent *our* prayers, increas'd our love,
 Unwearied may our efforts prove,
 Each hand be strengthen'd from above:
 God's "cloudy pillar" go before
 Our Mission ship to foreign shore!

Good News from Afar.

Leaving Cape de Verd—Continued fair weather—Trade winds—Crossing the Equator—Remarkable cloud—Thoughts of gratitude—Coast of South America—Peaceful Sabbath—Christmas day—Rio de Janeiro—Concluding remarks.

Our readers have, we are sure, been waiting to receive further tidings of our beloved Mission vessel. Week after week, whilst they have commended her to the God

Who plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm ;—

they have longed to know how he has answered their prayers ; and their hearts will now be rejoiced to learn that accounts of her safe voyage have been received from Rio Janeiro—the substance of which we now present to them.

“ Thus have I been able,” writes the Captain, as he anchored in that port, “ under God’s gracious Providence, to bring our much-prized vessel—the hope of many—the Allen Gardiner, so far on her way. Her anchor has hold of ground belonging to that part of the world to which her Mission is attached, and, if all be yet well, in a few weeks more she will be at her principal station.”

The Captain’s journal commences from his quitting the Cape de Verd Islands, and, as we presume that our friends will have pleasure in following his ocean track, we give consecutive extracts from it.

“ Nov. 27th. At 1 P.M. got under weigh, having a clean bill of health. Wind fair and moderate and weather delightful. Passed through the S. W. passage—the ships in harbour dipping colours to us and we returning the compliment, and as we ran by the S. W. point of St. Vincent’s, exchanged friendly adieus by our colours with a pleasure cutter yacht belonging to the Port. At 6 P. M. clear of the land. (Capt. Snow remarks on this day, in a note, that on the previous Sunday the Captain of the *Eliza Kellick* and his crew, and also the Consul’s son, accompanied by two negroes from Sierra Leone, attended the morning and evening service on board the *Allen Gardiner*.)

“ 28th. Fair winds from N. E. and beautiful weather. Saw the Islands of Fogo and Bravor.

“ 29th. Weather becoming very warm. This day swarms of flying fish; one came on board in the dark and is given to the Doctor to preserve. The dogs (two Newfoundlanders which were presented to the ship) have grown greatly and are excellent watch dogs.

“ Dec. 1. Still a fair wind, though light. Weather very fine. Nights are beautiful—moon clear and nearly full. The Doctor labouring at his Spanish,—the Captain taking all nautical obser-

* For further particulars of one of these negroes, see page 59.

vations,—Mrs. Snow engaged at her needle, and, if I may so call it, various household departments. Evening service, conducted by Mr. Phillips, always on deck now by the light of the moon. Morning service on deck at 8 o'clock. Still a fair wind from N. N. E. *It is most remarkable!* For days we have had an almost continuous fair wind, and not once during the whole time had to tack or go out of our course. In afternoon wind became variable, with passing showers. Mrs. Snow caught a dolphin.

“3rd. Sunday. Through the past night nearly calm—heavy clouds—rain—and lightning. This morning very fine, and steady moderate breeze from N. N. E., remaining fair during Divine service. Afterwards, at about 1 P. M., weather very overcast and heavy showers, this continuing till about 7 P. M., when again very fine and tolerably clear during our evening service, which was read principally by the moon's light, Mr. P. alone having a lantern.

On the next few days the weather became very changeable, but still the vessel made a little progress. The Captain continues, on the

“7th. Steady S. E. breezes and fine weather. Every appearance of having got the S. E. Trades (i. e. the Trade winds) already, and if this be so, it is remarkable, inasmuch as we are still far North for them generally, and I had feared we

should have more calms and rains yet. If these be the Trades, we are singularly fortunate, and have another proof of God's continued kindness to us.

" 8th. Steady breezes and fine weather. Am confirmed in my opinion that we have thus early got the Trades.

" 10th. Clear skies and lovely weather, with fair winds, and temperature remarkably cool and pleasant to the feelings, though drawing towards the sun and so close to *THE EQUATOR*, which we *crossed* at 7. 30. A. M. this day, in Long. 30 ° 01'

" I tried to sight St. Paul's Rocks yesterday afternoon, but the wind did not allow me to head up for them, and the usual equatorial current sets us to the Westward. Last night a remarkable cloud was seen by all of us, in the clear sky. It was shaped like the heavy smoke from a steamer's funnel, and extended across the sky from horizon to horizon, in form of a bow, the lower points at horizon dipping to N. E. and S. W. At 5 A. M. this day a very large and brilliant meteor was seen by officer on the watch. Divine service as usual. I could say much of what is swelling in my heart at this moment, of love and joy and gratitude towards my God for all that He has done for us thus far—but space here forbids. Suffice it, that though we have had a long passage to the Line, yet we have

been most remarkably favoured with fair winds and fine weather, after bidding adieu to the gales of the British Isles. *From the chops of the Channel to the Equator, hardly a single day's foul wind.*

"12th. Expecting to make land, took observations for Longitude by Chronometer, and, with the help of two Lunars, found that we were near enough to the Island of Fernando de Noronha to have it in sight, if my observations were correct. I immediately went aloft, and, after a few moments keen look, discovered the Island right ahead, exactly as I had calculated it to be. As I should pass close to it, I got the cables up and one anchor ready, and at 2 P. M. rounded Rat Island, Booby Island and Platform Island, with the singular and romantic yet beautiful scenery attached to each, as well as to the main Island, and in half-an-hour dropped anchor in Citadel Bay, not far from the very remarkable Peak for which this Island is known.*

"13th. Set sail from the Island at 11 P. M., and at noon stood away on our proper course, being just then about three miles S. W. of Cape Placelline, Fernando de Noronha.

* The visit to the Island of Fernando de Noronha is of such interest in itself, that we purpose deferring the account of it till our next number, not having room at present to give it in full. Our Maidstone friends will then have testimony to the usefulness of *their* boat.

“15th. Nearing the coast of South America.

“16th. During the past night I was much on deck, as we were not far from the East elbow of South America. Passed Pernambuco at 3 P.M.—the light not seen, because we were too far off. At 7.30. upon my going on deck, I at once saw the land about Cape St. Augustine.

“17th. Sunday. Another Sabbath free from the necessity of attending to even the common duties of the ship, as is often the case, in shifting the yards, sails, &c.; with us all is quiet—no occasion to handle a rope.”

During this week, nothing remarkable is noted, the weather was variable, and the Captain's anxious wishes turned towards the port at which he was to anchor awhile—were a little delayed in their fulfilment. He continues:—

“24th. Sunday. In the evening of this day, the service was extra, for the Monthly Anniversary of the day on which the Allen Gardiner quitted English shores, and all at home were duly and cordially remembered.

“25th. Christmas day. Land occasionally seen, through a dense haze. At 1 P.M. the Islands of Raza and Redonda suddenly broke out from the mist, and the next few moments the mainland was seen. We had hit the entrance exactly. Sent the men to dinner, which, it being Christmas day, I had made extra for them, and

as good as if on shore. The weather cleared up a little. A sea breeze set in to the harbour, and, as the haze lifted, the magnificent Bay of Rio Janeiro appeared before us. We stood in for it under full sail—many other vessels now appearing in company, also many coming out. It was a most beautiful picture. At 3 P. M. mist and rain again. Cabin dinner time; sent officers and passengers to dinner, self remaining on deck, and thus eating my Christmas dinner with rain pelting on my plate, and a thick mist before me, as I kept at my post (a gratifying one to me) while the Allen Gardiner was running in, under a press of canvas and a gentle breeze, to the Bay of Rio Janeiro. At 4 P. M. passed as close as possible to the Fort of Santa Cruz, so as to answer their hail, and to give them information of our vessel—without which they will not allow vessels to anchor. Then stood across to near Fort Vilagonhow, and dropped anchor the seaward side of it, not being allowed to pass it until visited by the authorities. Two ships in ignorance passed on, but were fired at and had to drop anchor all standing. Saw the Allen Gardiner attended to, and safely anchored, and then went below to throw myself on the sofa-couch, being completely done up.”

The few days spent in Rio, were devoted to business—the tanks were replenished with water,

and on the 29th, the Captain concludes his interesting journal:—

“I hope to be off *direct for the Falklands* tomorrow. All the crew behaving well. No one at Rio notices us, though we are known as Missionary vessel—no courtesy from any one; all *pay—pay.*”

We may add to this, Mr. Phillips's account of the first sight of Rio Janeiro. After mentioning the services, and a meeting for prayer with the men in the Forecastle, held on Christmas day, he says:—

“The magnificent scenery of this place is beyond the power of my pen to describe. Fortresses on either side, with the bright Brazilian flag waving; an almost amphitheatre of richly verdant hills, whose sides are dotted with innumerable houses, even to their summits; the multitude of vessels; the beach in the distance, with the turrets and cupolas of large buildings in the back ground; formed a perfect panorama, and one which fell upon the eye with a flood of richness, variety and beauty which far exceeded my most sanguine expectations.”

It would have added brightness to the “beautiful picture” had the voyaging Missionaries been able to speak of Christian welcome afforded them in this lovely spot, but we know that natural loveliness is not always linked with spiritual

graces. And yet we may hope that at some future day, when her work has been prospered, there shall not be a Port of South America which shall not hail "The Allen Gardiner" as the benefactor of her once degraded children.

Increasingly are we called on to commit her Mission to the Lord. Ere this, blessed by his continuing care, she must have anchored at her port of labour. Let prayers, not cold and formal, —but *special* and *earnest*, be wafted back week after week to her distant scene of toil. Let special prayer be offered on behalf of him who is about to go forth to head the little band of Missionary labourers, that he may be endowed with wisdom and grace, courage and rejoicing hope, in his arduous yet honourable embassy. And with prayer let there be thanksgiving—thanksgiving for so many mercies past—thanksgiving for the preservation of our precious cargo from the perils of the deep—thanksgiving for friends at home and openings abroad.

We cannot conclude without one word of earnest appeal. Our causes for thanksgiving by no means lessen the urgent necessity for immediate and bountiful help—*we want more funds AT ONCE*. We want cheerful and liberal gifts to our treasury. The season which is approaching, reminding us of the fulfilment of the great mysteries of our redemption, is a fitting time for

those who have received much, to give much in return—not as a recompence, (O poor indeed are man's worthiest gifts!) but as an offering of love—an offering which, like the tears of the weeping Mary and the box of ointment, will be welcomed by a willing, loving, forgiving Saviour.

Come then, Christians, let the open heart affect the hand—let the “Eye of Pity” answer the “Voice of Pity.” Remember your Missionary vessel—remember those who have left home and friends to do your Blessed Master's work—*your* work remember full as much as theirs; if they bear the burden and heat of the day—if they take care of the wounded who are fallen among thieves—do you guarantee that there shall be to them no temporal want. Give them abundantly of your silver and gold, and tell them that whatever they spend more, you will repay them.

REMEMBER! you are disciples of Him who *though he was rich yet for your sakes became poor*, and, when inclined to be sparing and niggardly, ask yourselves but this question, **HOW MUCH OWEST THOU UNTO THY LORD? ***

* The Editor will be happy to receive any practical answer to this solemn question in gifts—large or small—according to the ability which God giveth—towards an increased special Fund, for the best labours in South America.

Address the Editor of the ‘Voice of Pity,’ care of Mr. J. M. JONES, 6, Clare Street, Bristol.

The Happy Land.

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

Dear young reader,—Have you ever heard of other lands, far, far distant from ours, lands of surpassing beauty ; the productions of which are richer and more varied than those of ours, and the trees and flowers more beautiful far ; where summer reigns all round the year, so that the frost and snow of winter never mar their beauty. Perhaps you have thought, what beautiful countries those must be, how I should like to visit them ? But the thought that you must cross the sea, and leave some dear friends behind, may have quickly chased away the wish. Come, then, and I will tell you of a far brighter land than any of these, one too, in which you may dwell. You need not cross the sea to reach it, your friends, too, may go with you if they choose, and your best and kindest friend is there already. The holy of all ages and of all countries are there. Holy angels are there. In that country it is always light, for “there is no night there.” There are no withered flowers, no winter storms, no sin, no sorrow, no death. Those lands we spoke of first, are beautiful indeed, but their inhabitants are sinful, and feel pain and sorrow, and die. But into this land “nothing that defileth or maketh a lie shall ever enter.” All its inhabitants are holy and happy, loving God with their whole heart, and each loving his neighbour as himself.

There is a city there so glorious and beautiful that its walls are likened to jasper, its gates to pearls, its streets to gold, and the foundations to most precious stones. Neither the light of the sun or the moon are needed there, for “the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb

is the light thereof." You will find the description of this city in the 21st chapter of the book of Revelation.

Are you not ready to ask now, "How may I get to this happy land?" I am sure you are. Observe, then, that we are told in the 27th verse of the above named chapter, that those only who are "written in the Lamb's Book of Life," shall be permitted to enter it, so if you would dwell there, your name must be written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Those whose names are written in the Book of Life, are those who believe in Jesus—believe that he died for their sins, and are saved, whose sins God has pardoned for Jesus' sake, and to whom he has given his holy Spirit to guide them on in the way of holiness. So, dear little reader, if you would have your name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and so be admitted into that better land of Holiness and love of which we have been speaking, you must look to Jesus, not with your bodily eyes, for with these at present you cannot see him, but what is meant by looking into Jesus is just this—Let your thoughts rest on him as your Saviour, who loved you and died for your sins. Think of him leaving his throne in heaven where all the holy angels worshipped him, and coming to this world and becoming a little child, and, as he grew up, enduring poverty and suffering. Perhaps you remember his own words, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head," and though he went about continually doing good, wicked men persecuted him, and sought to kill him. Though he manifested nothing but love, unspeakable love to all men, in all his words and actions, the greatest number of those among whom he dwelt hated him, and would not receive him. Think of his agony in Gethsemane—of his trial before Pilate—of his being scourged and crowned

with Thorns. And remember that all this suffering was for you.

Think of his being nailed to the cross, of his side being pierced—of God's hiding his face from Him—of His bowing His head and dying; and all this for you sins, and that for His sake God might pardon you. And then beseech Him to send down His Holy Spirit that you may be enabled to love Him, who has so first loved you.

And when you have turned your own steps towards "this happy land" then try how many you can persuade to come with you. Try at home among your little brothers and sisters, your young companions and friends ask them to love Jesus, and seek his heavenly glory. There are many, even in the beautiful country where you live, who know nothing of this happy land,—whenever you have an opportunity, help to tell them about it. But there are many more in some countries; there are places in this world where *not one Christian* lives, where all the men and women and little children are poor ignorant heathen. They have never heard of Jesus Christ, never heard of heaven, and when they see the beautiful things which grow around them, they do not know who made them. Oh! would you not like to help to teach them some of the blessed truths you know? You can then my young friend—God's servants are continually going out to heathen countries to teach these poor people—and to the dark countries of South America where as yet no Missionary is dwelling, a kind Clergyman and a little band of Christians intend to go to try by God's blessing to bring them light. So if you wish to help—you can do it in this way. It costs a great deal of money to send these kind people so far away, and it costs a great deal more to build houses for them to live

in, and to make Schools and Churches for the heathen to be taught the gospel in, and this money is raised by little and great gifts, given by those who wish that all the sinners in the world may know the good Jesus. If you have that wish then—you will try to put your mite into the good cause—Instead of spending your pennies and sixpences upon yourself, you will put them by for the poor heathen, and thus by God's blessing you will help to bring some of them to the "Happy Land."

New Zealand and Tierra del Fuego.

The peculiar interest connected with the following lines, is owing to the circumstance that they were written more than thirty years ago in reference to New Zealand. At that time the New Zealanders were a nation of cannibals, but the language of faith, overleaping the difficulties then remaining to be conquered, put into the mouths of these poor degraded savages *a welcome* to the heralds of good tidings, which were to bring them joy. What was then *faith*, has now, we know, become *fact*; and the author, still enabled to believe that God's word shall not return unto him void, has kindly adapted the same sentiments to the poor children of dark Fuegia. May the same blessed result follow in their case!

Our readers will recollect the interesting cir-

cumstance of the New Zealand Christians sending, but a few months since, the donation of £24 to the Patagonian mission, holding out, as it were, the right hand of fellowship to a sister yet unreclaimed from bondage; and this affords another pleasing link in the connection which faith would institute between the two nations.

THE FUEGLIAN'S WELCOME TO THE ENGLISH
MISSIONARIES.

Though far from England plac'd,
From England's children far away,
Farther from heav'n we are not cast,
Nor farther from heaven's King, than they.

The sun, that shines on their abode,
Here shines, with equal radiance fraught;
The God they worship is our God,
Their Saviour our salvation wrought.

With all the convex world between,
We live as friends, as brethren love;
Strangers on earth, nor known, nor seen,
But fellow-citizens above.

Then welcome to this lonely shore
The messengers of truth and grace;
Welcome to bless with heav'nly lore
Fuegia's long-forgotten race.

Forgotten? No! The Lord of all,
Who sits enthron'd above the sky,

Forgets not, though a sparrow fall,
And hears the famish'd raven cry.

He felt our woes, our wants he knew,
When we were strangers to his name ;
And form'd ev'n then a chosen few.
His distant wand'ers to reclaim-

Gaily he bade the vessel bound,
Which bore his prize of heav'nly birth ;
And quell'd the fathomless profound,
That parts our tribe from Christian earth.

Then welcome to this lonely shore,
Ye heralds of redeeming grace ;
Thrice welcome be your heav'nly lore
To dark Fuegia's ransom'd race.

Teach us to welcome and receive
The truths your gracious lips display !
Ours be the wisdom to believe—
Ours the religion to obey !

E. G. M.

Reminiscences of Cape de Verd,

FROM JOURNALS OF MESSRS. J. A. ELLIS AND G. PHILLIS,
SURGEON AND CATECHIST OF THE ALLEN GARDNER.

The additional information forwarded of the visit to Cape de Verd, is too interesting to be omitted, though we can only furnish our readers with a brief epitome of it.

“The Cape de Verd Islands present a remarkable appearance on first approach. The rocks form, in many places, abrupt vertical precipices—dark, stratified, and terminating above in numerous points. The general colouring of the Island is a reddish brown, diversified by patches of white or whitish brown. These patches, consisting of masses of chalky strata or agglomerated sea sand, all looking barren and desolate beyond conception. As the *Allen Gardiner* entered the bay, it was found that her seafaring companions consisted of an American frigate of 50 guns, and a smaller vessel of about 30; a dilapidated French war steamer, on its return to France; a barque (the *Eliza Kellick*, of Liverpool); a brig; two schooners; and a cutter. A friendly greeting at once took place between the *Allen Gardiner* and the American frigate, which was soon followed by an invitation from the commodore of the latter for the passengers and captain of the *A. G.* to come on board. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Ellis accepted it, and were received with great politeness—the officers making many inquiries about the mission to South America, and receiving several papers explanatory of the same.

“Going on shore one morning, Mr. Ellis saw a Spanish Testament, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and on inquiry was told that it had been left by some missionaries from Gambia, who had visited the Islands some time ago. There he met with a negro, by name Grey, a domestic or clerk in the English Consul’s service, who told him that he came from Africa, and that his father was the first black who preached in Sierra Leone. He was respectable, intelligent, and well educated; and conversed on religious and other subjects in a manner that much pleased Mr.

Ellis. Here is a happy proof of the indirect blessing which follows missionary efforts.

“The little party on board the A. G. were cheered by another friendly visit from the captain of the Eliza Kellick on the 24th, who joined in the service of commemoration of the departure from England.

“The awning being erected on the aft-deck, several of the lamps were lighted, and the service partook of a very serious and devout character. The scene and the occasion were impressive and strengthening, and the recollection that similar services were being carried on in various parts of their beloved land, and that the prayers of the faithful were on that day specially offered up on their behalf, gave fresh energy to the hearts of our voyaging friends, and drew out their souls in grateful love to God.

“On the following Sunday, the consul's son, accompanied by Grey and a negro lad who also came from Sierra Leone, were present at Divine service. The latter sang very nicely. Captain Coles and his crew attended service both morning and evening. Our friends were rejoiced to think that the stay of the Allen Gardiner at this place had not been unproductive of good.

“On the day of leaving the Islands another vessel, the Croesus, came into harbour. Mr. Ellis went on board with papers, and found her well stocked with passengers, and by report rich in specie. In conversation with the captain, he learnt that he knew both Captain Gardiner and Captain Sullivan. He also gave some account of the climate of the Falklands.”

At two P. M. the Allen Gardiner and its inmates quitted Cape de Verd, “leaving,” as Mr. Ellis writes, “a

good report behind us, and feeling much gratification with the incidents of our stay."

That the Lord may prosper the good seed sown, is our earnest prayer !

Missionary Anecdotes.

THE BLIND GIRL'S CONTRIBUTION.

A poor blind girl, in England, brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected—"You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give these thirty shillings better perhaps than you suppose." "How so?" enquired the clergyman. "I am sir," she replied, by trade a basket maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now I am sure in the last winter it must cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles, to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

LITTLE GIFTS.

ONE STICK OF WOOD PER MONTH.—A missionary in one of the Sandwich Islands, describing his monthly meeting, reports that there were

seldom less than a hundred persons present. "Most of those," he relates, "who attended were in the habit of contributing, for benevolent objects, *one stick of wood per month*. It was no uninteresting sight to see men, women, and sometimes children, bringing their humble offerings on their shoulders, from the distance of one, two, or more miles. The men fetched the wood from the mountain for themselves and their wives; but the latter liked to present each one her own burden. Their contributions in this way, in one year, amount to the value of some dollars.

Remarks on the Aborigines of South America from Personal Observation.

THE PATAGONIANS.

The Patagonians inhabit that part of the continent included between the river Negro and the straits of Magallen, eastward of the Cordillera. The population of this part of the country is more scanty than any other, on account of the extensive districts being not only arid and rocky, but entirely devoid of herbage, and consequently of game; and also the scarcity of drinkable water.

Although so few in number as probably not to exceed 14,000 or 15,000 at the utmost, they are divided into five tribes: the Lullamuch, the Payniken, the Karmus, the Harwaneki, and the Tatchwell. Possessing no domestic animals except horses and dogs, and having neither the knowledge which is requisite, nor the inclination, to cultivate the soil, they are purely a nation of hunters, gathering indeed a few roots and berries in the season, but subsisting almost entirely upon the game which they pursue in the open plains, such as guanaco, ostrich, and armadillo, of which the former are the most numerous. Being so entirely dependent upon their success in hunting for their daily food, it cannot be a matter of surprise that they are migratory. As the herds of guanaco, in quest of herbage, move from one district to another, these skilful hunters, who from constant practice anticipate their periodical haunts, follow their track; and when they congregate, as they invariably do in the winter, in the vicinity of the coast, thither their pursuers likewise repair and fix their camp.

Although so migratory, each tribe is usually found within certain tolerably defined limits: the Lullamuch on the banks of the river Negro; the Payniken in a district farther south; the Karmus occupy another tract midway between them and the Harwanecki, whose locations are in the immediate vicinity of the straits of Magellan; while the Tatchwell are found far to the westward, near to the eastern slopes of the Cordillera, fronting the archipelago of Madre del Dios; as nearly as I could ascertain from the account given me by a native of that part of the country, whom I met in 1842, during my stay in Coazy harbour.

The burden of government lies very lightly upon the

shoulders of the chiefs, who, except when called on to direct a hunting expedition, or to lead their warriors to battle, seldom intermeddle in the disputes or domestic affairs of their people : the head of each family being by ancient prescription regarded as judge and jury in his own particular circle, and there is seldom an appeal from his decision. They are polygamists, but only to the extent which is usual among almost all the aboriginal tribes of this continent ; the common people having but one wife, while the chiefs are accustomed to marry two or three women. They live in tents formed of several large skins, each containing the prepared hides of eight or ten guanacoës, very closely and neatly united together with the sinew of the ostrich. The fur side is placed without, supported by a few horizontal poles resting upon others firmly stuck in the ground. On three sides they are thus enclosed, but the front, which on account of the prevailing winds is almost invariably placed to the eastward, is left open until the sharp months of the winter oblige them to close it with an additional skin, and even to keep up a good fire within. During the remainder of the year the fire is kindled outside of the tent, near the entrance.

The men are attired in a mantle of the same material as that which covers their tents, reaching from the shoulder to the ankle. The women wear a shorter mantle, confined at the waist, and descending below the knees ; and occasionally a second, which covers the upper part of the body, and is confined by a metal or wooden skewer across the chest. As they do not make any description of pottery goods they have recourse to the rudest substitutes for carrying water, collecting berries, &c. ; using for this purpose skin bags and bladders.

In removing their encampment from place to place, they have little else with which to burthen their horses, than the skins and poles which form their tents, and perhaps some quarters of guanaco meat, which is their principal food. Among them are still to be found some sorcerers and wizards, though many of these were killed some years ago, by order of Quansi, at that time the principal Chief of their nation. But we look in vain for any vestige of religious worship: no sacrifices are now offered; no prayers are made, and they have but a very indistinct idea of a Supreme Being, for whom however, they have two names, sometimes calling him Keka-once, and as frequently Tchur. Whatever goes ill with them they attribute to the influence of two evil spirits, whose abode is in the moon; while they regard the sun as pre-eminently the residence of the Deity. In general they have proved themselves to be friendly and hospitable to strangers, though under certain circumstances, they have evinced a degree of grasping cupidity, accompanied by a threatening demeanour, which in their ordinary intercourse with foreigners, had not been observed. This was particularly the case during our residence in Gregory Bay; perhaps owing to their own poverty and the ease with which they could extort from their visitors the abundant but absolutely necessary supplies with which they were provided. Their numerical weakness as a people is greatly increased by their section into so many small and widely spread tribes. Their passion for tobacco and trinkets, but more especially for spirits and biscuit, brings them into contact with the Buenos Ayrean Settlers at Carmen, on the river Negro, and the Chilians at Port Famine.

The Desire of all Nations.

Haggai ii. 7. Isaiah lii. 15.

Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let thy sorrows be ;
 By thy pains and consolations
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee !
 Of Thy cross the wondrous story
 Be to many nations told ;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
 And Thy mercies manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
 Human tears for thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.
 Thirsting as for dews at even,
 As the new mown grass for rain,
 Thee they seek as God of heaven,
 Thee as man for sinners slain.

Saviour ! lo the isles are waiting,
 Stretch'd the hand and strain'd the sight.
 For Thy Spirit, new creating
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light :
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth, by every creature,
 Glory to the Lord be sung.

REV. C. COX.

The Allen Gardiner at Fernando de Noronha.

Approach to the Island—The 'Maidstone Hope'—Difficult Landing—Guard-house and Guards—Town and Citadel—Introduction to Governor—The Interpreter—Openings for Usefulness—The Word of God left in the Island.

On the 12th of December (as may be seen on reference to the extracts given from Capt. Snow's journal) the Mission Schooner, Allen Gardiner, dropped anchor in Citadel Bay—the entrance to the singular and beautiful Island of FERNANDO DE NORONHA. Her colours were up, and the Brazilian colours were seen to be hoisted on the Citadel and on another adjacent Fort. Two other Forts were in sight, but the Citadel only appeared to be in effective service—a garrison being regularly stationed there. Mr. Ellis thus describes the approach.

“ Before anchoring in Peak Bay, we passed a very interesting group of Islands—indeed the whole scene was beautiful and picturesque, and the excess of pleasure I experienced on viewing them can, perhaps, only be realized by those who, like myself, have not seen land for some time and lived day after day in the monotonous routine and sameness of objects of 'a life at sea.' ”

“The day resembled some of our finest summer days in England—the sky was cloudless, and the sun shone brightly over land and sea, throwing that peculiar haziness over every object so well represented in some of Turner’s paintings. Rat and Booby Islands, which first met our view, are two low, flat Islands, covered with green sward, chequered by patches of dark brushwood. These, as we approached, were backed by the rocky Islands of St. Michael, Egg, Platform, and Cloven; and by the remarkable Peak and wooded hills of Fernando de Noronha. St. Michael and Egg Islands are two rocky masses, dark and barren, frequented only by sea-fowl. Platform Island is a square rocky mass of about 100 feet high on the top, but precipitous at the sides, and having apparently only one landing place, from which a winding path led to the gateway of a deserted fortification, which occupied the whole area of its summit. The form of this fortification—as that of the Island—was square, and though dilapidated in some parts and in places overgrown with ivy, was on the whole in a tolerably good state of preservation; a few rusty cannons still peered over the walls, and the old watch towers still stood at the corners of the fortress, though untenanted and desolate. What the age of it may be, I know not, but my thoughts immediately

reverted to the days of Spanish and Portuguese adventure, when the inhabitants of the Old World poured across the ocean with irresistible ardour to possess themselves of the productions of the New; when the nations of Europe strove in zealous rivalry to obtain the larger share of the newly-discovered prize, too often regardless of the rights of humanity, when they interfered with their eager and unscrupulous ambition. My thoughts then turned to our own Mission, to the degraded and oppressed races of that very land, and a prayer rose involuntarily to my lips beseeching God's blessing on our endeavours, and that He would enable us, in some measure at least, to make reparation for the atrocities and injustices committed by our forefathers.

Cloven Island is a huge cone of rock, rising abruptly from the sea and overtopping Platform Island, from which it is separated by a very little space. The Peak is visible from a great distance at sea, and before any other part of the Island of Fernando de Noronha; it looks like a huge Druidical stone perched on the top of a green hill. The Island itself is well wooded and fertile—has a rocky coast and deep water close to the shore."

At 4 P.M. Captain Snow, accompanied by Mr. Ellis, prepared to go on shore for the purpose of obtaining some vegetables and fresh meat. The

‘Maidstone Hope,’ spoken of by the Captain as their chief working boat and praised as “*a very good boat,*” was lowered for the purpose of conveying them to the Island. Fernando de Noronha, like our southern Norfolk Island, is a Convict Settlement, and consequently a good deal of restriction is observed with the boats or *catamarans* belonging to the Islands;—they are allowed to leave the shore only at certain times. The difficulty of landing is great, the surf being very heavy. “In a short time,” writes the Captain, not deterred by difficulties, “I was in the boiling surf, carried onward on top of a roller with great velocity. There was, however, no fear, as I had a steer oar (whale fashion) and had dispensed with rudder. Our boats, too, are admirable for this sort of work, being built like whale boats, and I was consequently able to keep the “Maidstone Hope,” stem and stern, in a right line and end on the sea, without getting more than a good sprinkling. In a moment or two more we had touched the beach, and before the next sea came tumbling in upon us, all hands jumped out into the water, and pulled the boat clear of all further danger.” Mr. Ellis describes the beach as sandy—having no pier, but a paved slip, which terminates above in a square-walled enclosure, evidently fortified in other days—a black sentinel being still stationed by the wall.

Our two friends walked up an ascent leading to the guard-house, and were there received by a Brazilian corporal and mulatto soldier. The corporal could speak no language that they understood, nor did he comprehend English; but, by dint of pantomimic gestures and appeal to French, English and Spanish for words similar to his own, they managed to make known their wishes, and despatched a messenger to the Governor, stating the reasons of their landing and asking permission to purchase what was required. Thus involved the delay of half-an-hour, which passed rather irksomely but not uselessly—much information being gained from the corporal. He wrote upon his white belt, using a brass pin for a pen, the Governor's name—*Signore Don José Antonia Pinto*; the Adjutant's—*Raymond José de Sas Lobos*; and his own—*Vindeno*, which were afterwards found to be correct.

The narrative is thus pursued in Capt. Snow's journal:—

“Looking around us we perceived, at a short distance from this forsaken guard-house, the old Fort I have mentioned as at the head of the Bay. The soldiers were black, in light dress, and with the old style of muskets and flints; and one of these black soldiers was standing sentry near us. Civility, deference, and every attention

was, however, shown to us. Finding there was more delay than I wished, I expressed my desire to go on towards the Town and Citadel, at about a mile and a half off, and this induced the corporal to allow us to walk on, attended by two blacks to shew the way.

“ We proceeded on foot by a beaten track and over some sandy hills, when a horseman (a black orderly) was seen coming towards us. Directly he came up, he asked our attendants which of us two was the *Capitano*, and on being informed he made me understand that the horse was for me, sent as a mark of courtesy and respect from the Governor. I mounted, and walking leisurely over a now stone track, up hill—the Doctor on foot by my side—we passed some very beautiful spots, and had about as many picturesque views. The horse and all the steeds I saw appeared to be good, sinewy ponies, light brown colour and unshod. Up hill and down dale we went, and in one place rather steep, but the horse took his own way and soon brought us to the far-from-unpleasant looking Town—superior to St. Vincent’s in all respects.

“ Crossing a small stream, passing huts, houses and gardens—gaping men, women and children, nearly every one I saw being black, (the white prisoners were at work) leaving the Citadel—a strong looking place—high above us on our right,

we turned the valley, and ascended through the square of the Town, and by the side of a good-sized Romish Chapel, to the Governor's house, situated on an eminence at the upper part of the Town. Dismounting, we were received by black sentries and shewn into a lobby, where a civilian took charge of us, and, politely intimating that we were to follow, led the way to a room, poorly furnished, but in which was the Governor and his officers, all in light attire and without uniform.

Being introduced, I tried to explain the object of our passing visit to the Island—but neither English nor French was spoken. The Doctor tried them in French, and at last I ventured a few words of Italian. Fortunately the Governor's Secretary understood Italian far better than I, but my little enabled me to explain, and we were soon on a good footing. The Governor, Sig. Pinto, expressed himself ready to sell us anything we wanted and then sent off for one of the prisoners who understood English. This being done, His Excellency (he was so styled by the others) escorted me to his Poultry and Pig Yard. Poultry I did not want, but a pig I thought if cheap would be well to buy, and asked the price. Seven millreas (about sixteen shillings English) was demanded and this I did not object to. Vegetables, &c. were then ordered for me, and

the Interpreter now coming forward, I was speedily able to converse more freely.

“Two objects were mine in visiting this Island; the one, as I was passing so close to it, to get fresh food, &c. and keep up our stores—the other, to try and leave the Word of God as we know it, among the poor unfortunates confined here. To do the latter required proper caution and judgment, so as not to—while away from our particular field of exertion—put our Missionary Vessel in any jeopardy by ill-timed rashness. but, in accordance with the spirit of my instructions, and what I deemed would be the wishes of the Committee and friends of the Mission, as well as my own feelings, I determined to make an effort—even through the Governor himself. How I succeeded will be presently seen.

“The Interpreter I found was a most intelligent and superior kind of man, speaking and writing very fair English. He was a German by birth. but now a prisoner for life on the Atlantic Island of Fernando de Noronha.”

Mr. Ellis's account of him is as follows:—

“The prisoner, who acted as our interpreter, was too remarkable a personage for me to omit giving a slight sketch of him. He was tall, thin, of light complexion and flaxen hair; his manners and conversation evinced a refinement and good

breeding that excited our interest and compassion. He told us that he was a German, that his father had been a merchant in Hull, that he was a *militaire* in the Brazilian service, that he had been eight years on the Island—to which, for some political offence he was banished for life—that he had a wife in the Island and two children. He said he was very badly off and begged some of Mrs. Snow's cast-off clothing for his wife, some salt meat, a little English tobacco, and some books or tracts. He could speak, fluently, English, German, French and Portuguese."

To proceed, however, with the Captain's narrative.

Charles Seymour (such was his name) interpreted every thing I had to say, and many kindly expressions passed around. I gave full information as to our vessel, and at request wrote particulars, as also a list of anything I wanted. To this list were affixed prices in English and Brazilian monies, under the Governor's eye, and after a pleasing visit of near an hour, it was arranged that the things should be down on the beach for me the next morning at six, and I was to be with the Governor again soon after that hour. On taking leave, a guard was drawn up, two horses ready, and a friendly and polite adieu for the night made on the part of His Excellency and suite—the Doctor and I returning it heartily à l'Anglaise.

“ We then rode off and taking the same route by which we had come, got to the beach, where sable attendants took our horses, and it being nearly dusk, I at once gave orders to the men to get on board. The boat's crew had amused themselves by collecting shells, &c., and Watts had given a religious book he was reading to one of the guard, who gladly received it—though in English—and asked for Portuguese books. This being told me, I promised some should come off in the morning, and I was truly pleased to find such an opening here, as well as at the Governor's—to which I shall presently allude.

“ Dec. 13th. At 6 P.M. “ The Maidstone Hope,” with a store of books and tracts, and a dress and sundry things, kindly sent out by Mrs. Snow to the Interpreter's wife, was pulled ashore without difficulty. I found horses waiting for me, and this time, accompanied by the second mate, and the cabin boy carrying the books. I started on the same route as yesterday. The articles I had ordered I passed on their way to the beach, and at the Governor's house, I found His Excellency waiting for me. With the aid of our Interpreter I settled accounts, and paid in gold, which was no doubt acceptable, seeing that it was speedily transferred to His Excellency's hands.

“ As the Interpreter had asked me to befriend

him, I now introduced the subject of books, and was able, by cautious management, to place my Bibles, &c. on the table. I asked leave to present one to the Interpreter, and also to allow three Testaments to be left for the poor prisoners. This was acceded to, and not only that, but the Governor himself expressed a desire to have one, if in Portuguese—and as I had provided myself with such, I gladly handed one to him. In giving the Interpreter his, and the presents I had brought with me, I bade him ever remember that it was not to myself he was indebted, but to the Missionary vessel the “Allen Gardiner,” and her owners the Patagonian Missionary Society. He was most thankful, and would have accompanied me on my way back, but, being a prisoner, I suppose he was not allowed, as he was recalled after going a few steps.

“I stopped at the cottage-hut he had pointed to me as his, and saw his wife and children—all black, or rather dark copper colour, and received their expressions of thanks for the articles given to them. Adding a few tracts in French, German and Portuguese, I bade them adieu, after kissing one of the little girls—a fine child of about five years old—and retraced my way as before, on horseback, to the beach, and having all on board by 10 A. M., made ready for our departure.

“At 11 A.M. we got under weigh, and with all sails set passed the Citadel, where the colours were hoisted—to which we dipped ours and had a return, and where a white lady was seen watching our departure.

“In concluding this hasty account of our visit here, I feel thankful when thinking that I was able to leave the Protestant Word of God in this singular, and, I believe, not very frequented Island, and I trust that what I have done will meet with the approval of friends at home, and be followed by the Divine blessing. I left about seventy-five Tracts—Portuguese, French, and one German; one Portuguese Bible; two Spanish Testaments; and two Portuguese Testaments; the Interpreter telling me that of these latter, three should be distributed for use among the prisoners.”

Ah! lone Island of the sea! thus was precious seed cast upon thy soil—ofttimes watered with the captive's tear of sorrow. May He who from His throne of glory hears the groaning of the prisoner, cause the “good tidings” to bring a better than earthly deliverance to many a sin-bound and weary soul—and so bless the first Missionary work of the ALLEN GARDINER!

* The Allen Gardiner was supplied with her stock of Bibles, Testaments and Tracts, by the kind liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society.

Little Willie, the Australian Orphan.

The narrative of which this is an abridgment, is here introduced to our readers as an instance of the grace of God shewn to a little heathen boy belonging to a nation as degraded and wild as the Fuegians themselves. Indeed the Australians and Fuegians have often been spoken of as specimens of the same class, and that the most abject of the human species, wandering, destitute of the common arts of life, ignorant even of husbandry, almost without clothing, and satisfied with the rudest shelter.

In one short year, however, we see one of these poor outcasts transformed into a grateful, affectionate Christian child—planning for his brothers, as the best of all the blessings with which he was surrounded, how to give them the knowledge of God.

And though we know it is not in the ordinary course of Divine Providence to grant such rapid success to human effort, yet is it cheering to our faith to witness it when granted, and we are reminded of the Word which assures us, that *the same Lord over all* is rich unto all that call upon Him.

About Christmas, 1850, a little orphan boy was wandering in the streets of Melbourne. He came there with some of his own black countrymen, who were bringing wood from the interior for sale. A poor woman pitied the neglected child, and gave him food and shelter for a few days. He went with her children to school, though he could not speak English, and here he attracted the notice of a clergyman—the Rev. Lloyd Chase, who, in hopes of training him to become a Missionary to his heathen countrymen, brought him to England for educa-

tion. During the voyage, Willie—as the child was called—was a great favorite with the sailors, being very quicksighted and active. One day he climbed to the mast-head, and said to the man stationed there, “Ver near moon,” and descended by one rope. He learned, while on shipboard, to repeat a little catechism which Mr. Chase prepared for him, and acquired a good deal of English.

On arriving in England he was immediately taken to Reading, where he found kind friends who took much pains with him. Learning to read was for a long time an up-hill task with him, but he was very fond of writing and drawing. His observation was very quick, and his readiness to imitate everything he saw done was surprising—but he at this time often shewed much sullenness of temper, and whenever he saw anything he wished for, would exclaim: “Buy me that,” without evincing any sense of the kindness shewn him.

Towards the end of November he was taken to Iver, where he was not only kindly instructed by the Rev. James Chase, but had lessons three times a week, in different trades, in order that he might be able to earn his own bread if needful, and it was surprising how quickly he learned to plait straw, make shoes, &c. At this time, the good seed which had been prayerfully sown

in little Willie's heart, began to spring up. He soon shewed great interest in divine things. Often, in looking at some Scripture prints, he would say, "Now look mine," meaning his favorite picture, which was Jesus kneeling in the garden of Gethsemane. One day he came up to Mrs. K. and said, "Ma'am, what Jesus say to us, when we go to heaven?" Not quite understanding what he meant, she said, "He will welcome us to heaven—He is gone to prepare a place for us." "But what He say?" said Willie. Mrs. K. remembered then, that the 25th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel was read at family prayers, and repeated, to Willie's great delight, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." They went on talking of that great day, and Willie anxiously asked if Jesus loved him. He took great delight in the services of the church, and it was quite a pleasure to him if he could get any one to read or repeat it to him, and if they made a mistake he would often correct them, for he knew a great part of the service by heart.

An attack of illness towards the end of the month of January, the second from which he suffered, now reduced him to a state of infantine weakness. He was at Reading, and Mr. Chase was sent for, and being very anxious that the

child should be baptized, carefully enquired into the state of his mind, by simple and searching questions. The Curate of the Parish also visited him, and, after examination, baptized him, in the presence of the family.

One evening, when Mr. Chase was about to leave him, he said, "I not say my prayers," so Mr. C. said, "Well, dear Willie, say them now;" and he then repeated them very solemnly, adding at the end, of his own accord,—

Glory, honour, praise and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

He afterwards asked Mr. C. to pray. He said, "What shall I ask God for?" Willie thought for some time and then said, "Ask God to take away my pain, and give me His Holy Spirit." Another night, when he made the same request, and was asked "Why do you want the Holy Spirit?" he replied, with surprise, "To make me clean heart."

Willie had one day been talking about his brothers to his kind hostess, and telling her his history, adding, "I should like to see my brothers again." She replied, "Well, perhaps you will see them some day, and then you can tell them all about England." "Yes," said Willie, "but I shall tell them *about God first*; no one know about God in the bush." Another day.

he said he should like to go and teach his brothers. Mr. Chase said, "Shall I go and teach them?" He seemed to think this would be of no use, and said, "They would not understand you, and you not understand them." When asked, "Willie, did you not pray to God in the bush?" He answered—almost reproachfully—"Not know God." Mrs. M. one day said to him, "How good it was of God to send such a kind friend to bring you to England." He replied, "And to tell me about Jesus; if Jesus had not died for me, I go to hell with the devils." Another day he said, "Mr. Chase, I love you."

When it became apparent that he could not recover, Mr. Chase told him the great God was going to send for him. He made no reply at the time, but at night said to the nurse, "I die in the morning." The last night was one of great restlessness and suffering, but he continued sensible to the last, and at six o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 10th of April, 1852, his spirit left its earthly tabernacle.

His remains were interred at the cemetery at Reading, and an inscription placed at the head of his grave, with the following text:—

"I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." Rev. vii. 9.

Godly Zeal.

Have you, Christian reader, ever sought to fathom the full tide of interest and feeling, which has doubtless been raised in your heart, as you have heard of fresh openings for the spread of your Redeemer's kingdom and the glory of His name? Or, have you taken it for granted that, at such times, you are actuated by true zeal for His cause, and not by a mere enthusiasm which "shall be as the morning cloud and as the early dew that passeth away; as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney."

These two states of mind, which at first sight may so closely resemble each other, as to be easily confounded together, are well defined in the following terms. "Zeal is a principle, enthusiasm is a feeling. The one is a spark of a sanguine temperament and over-heated imagination; the other, a sacred flame, kindled at God's altar and burning on God's shrine." How well would it be, to examine each one for ourselves, to what source the interest we feel and the labour we bestow, on the cause of God, is to be traced.

Have our feelings been excited by accounts of suffering and martyrdom, brought from a distant land?—by earnest appeals made with dying breath, for the heathen of South America?—by the spirit of enterprise, connected with the setting forth of a new expedition, on an arduous mission? If these, or any other such grounds, form the basis of our interest and our energy we are but the victims of enthusiasm, not the possessors of a sound and holy zeal.

"Zeal is a principle." It has a foundation and a superstructure; it may be employed against God or

for God ; in the one case it is a principle of hatred, exhibited in acts of enmity ; in the other, a principle of love, exhibited in acts of devotion. A holy zeal for God, looks beyond the things of time, for its spring of action, because it is not the product of the fallen heart of man, but one of the new created desires of the soul born of God.

“ We love Him, because He first loved us.” The child of God looks back to eternity, and sees that love fixed on *him* ; as those covenant purposes unfold, personal, individual love still appears ;—“ He gave Himself for *me*.” Here is the foundation of his love for God, and consequently of his zeal—which is but the development of the exercise of love.

Has such love been shewn me, from “ before the foundation of the world ?” Is it manifesting itself to me day by day ? Will it keep me to the end, so that I can say, “ I am continually with Thee, Thou hast holden me by my right hand, Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory ?” And shall not the flame of love burn brightly in my heart, and lead me to more abiding, more self-sacrificing exertion, than the kindlings of imagination, or the excitement of natural temperament can ever produce ? Thus, zeal for God will not be daunted by discouragements ; it will not be turned from its purpose ; it will not die out for want of continual external supplies of excitement ; it will not be dependant on large successes, but will be satisfied with those God may grant, knowing that all things proceed from Him and that He gives or withholds, according to His good pleasure. It will lead to the employment of all means within reach ; all human helps, as instruments to be used, according to the Lord’s appointment ;—especially to God himself, in

prayer for wisdom, grace, and strength to carry on the work which He has placed in our hands,—for the outpouring of His Spirit, and the ultimate fulfilment of His designs.

That cannot be true zeal for God, however active its professor may externally appear, which does not lead to earnest supplication. And why? Because human weakness and insufficiency for any good work, *must* be realised by every possessor of Divine grace, and all true grace turns to its author for continually increased supplies. “He giveth grace to help in time of need,” and He alone can “open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” What a test is this, of the soundness of our zeal: may each of us try ourselves by it, rather than by the amount of active exertion we are able to make. The one *may* be, but the product of nature, the other *must* be, the work of a new and divine principle in the soul.

E. M. W.

A Family Offering.

Among the kind contributions which have reached us during the past month, one, conveyed in a particularly pleasing form, must be noticed, in order that its example may be followed.

It was a *Christmas gathering* from a family party—a gathering of small sums which would otherwise have been expended in mutual gifts. The donations bear mottos as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
A Beginning	0	0	4½
"I live in Hope"	0	2	6
"Of Thine own have we given Thee"	0	10	0
"Be zealous in a good cause"	0	5	0
"Be not weary in well doing"	0	1	0
1 Chron. xxii. 16.	0	1	6
One who is Sceptical	0	2	6
"A mite" from two Friends	0	2	0
An Ending	0	0	1½
	<hr/>		
	£1	5	0
	<hr/>		

We do not quite understand how and to what extent the "*sceptical*" donor owns his or her scepticism. We think, however, the gift is a proof that there is "hope even against hope," and we may be permitted to waft to him or her the sincere wish that the next donation given, may be headed, "One who is sanguine." Why not?

"Faith, mighty faith, *the promise sees,*
 And looks to *that alone;*
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And says, **IT SHALL BE DONE!**"

The Inca's Child.

The celebrated traveller Humboldt, explored the ruins of the ancient Inca's Palace at Casamarca, accompanied by an intelligent boy, the son of the Indian Cacique, and the descendant of the last Inca. A part of the conversation with his youthful guide has been embodied in

the following verses. The same Author alludes to the belief common among the native Peruvians, that a mighty conquerer of their own race shall arise, and restore their long lost power and glory to the children of the Sun.

Aye stranger, mark the ruin'd walls,
The broken columns round ;
'Twas here my fathers held their state,
As monarchs, robed and crowned.
'Twas here their ancient palace stood,
All bright with gems and gold ;
Things in this sunless western world
Undreamt of and untold.

And here with bloodless offerings,
And mystic rites divine,
They bowed their crested heads before
The Sun, their father's shrine.
But oh ! how long have passed away,
Those days of joy and pride ;
Here, by the Spaniard's cruel hand,
Peru's last Inca died.

Yet could'st thou cleave the solid earth
That lies beneath thy feet ;
Glories thou hast no tongue to tell ;
Thy wandering gaze would meet.
There gardens many a mile extend,
Pure gold their trees and flowers,
And golden fruits the branches bend,
In those enchanted bowers.

Boy—if within the earth indeed
Those buried treasures lie,
How canst thou be content to pine
In hopeless poverty ?
Content to earn thy daily bread,
By ceaseless daily toil,
While useless 'neath the earth we tread,
Remains that precious spoil.

Stranger—we've bread enough to eat ;
 We need and ask no more ;
 The white man's hate would follow us,
 Were our's that golden shore.
 Besides, it is a holy thing,
 'Twere sin to wish it ours,
 And daring were the mortal hand
 Would touch those golden flowers.

For oh ! not yet the time is come
 That shall our right restore ;
 Our Father's eye is on the land,
 His children ruled before.
 Though long delayed the morning's dawn,
 'Twill greet our anxious eyes,
 Our Inca King for Cuzco's throne
 In victor strength shall rise.

Scorn not the Inca's simple faith
 In such a dream as this,
 If thou dost walk in clearer light
 And hope for purer bliss.
 And tho' the tale be all untrue,
 Reprove—destroy—it not,
 'Tis well that Fancy sheds her ray
 Upon so dark a lot.

Nought but the deathless soul of man
 A longing look may cast,
 Both onward to the days to be—
 And backward on the past.
 For all beside that breathe and feel
 Have but the present hour,
 The boon of hope and memory
 Is man's immortal dower.

And still in every human breast
 There glows the feeling strong—
 That there shall come a day of right
 For all that suffer wrong ;
 That high above the storms of earth
 A God of justice reigns,
 Who shall avenge the martyr's blood
 And break the captive's chains.

Aye—to that faith—or true—or false
 For many a bitter year
 A thousand, thousand hearts have clung
 'Midst agony and fear—
 Have upward looked through blinding tears
 To that one solace given,
 For those that have no other joy,
 By Him who dwells in Heaven.

It is not false, it is not vain,
 That hope so pure and blest,
 For justice shall the tyrant find
 And mercy the oppressed.
 Our God shall bear His mighty arm,
 Bid war and anguish cease,
 And the dark mystery of His ways
 Shall end in joy and peace.

A King shall come—a victor King
 Our waiting hearts to bless,
 Shall set the mourning captives free—
 Shall reign in righteousness.
 His smile of love o'er earth and sea
 Like sunshine shall abide,
 And every chain shall fall away
 And every tear be dried.

Aye, blest be God that *we* rejoice
 In hope of that bright day,
 And see earth's dewy tears lit up
 By morning's golden ray.
 But millions pine in darkness round,
 Or only raise their eyes
 With yearnings aimless—vague—intense,
 To dim and starless skies.

Oh lead them to the Mercy-seat,
 Where none e'er knelt in vain,
 Tell them of Him who came to die
 And yet shall come to reign.
 And may He speed the blessed day
 When on their darkened eyes
 The glorious sun of righteousness
 For ever shall arise.

DEBORAH.

What Tidings?

"And so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be."

Good tidings! Tidings which must indeed fill our hearts with gratitude and our mouths with praise. The Allen Gardiner, mercifully preserved by the good providence of our God, has safely reached her present destination.

On Sunday, Jan. 28th, she was anchored in Committee Bay, Keppel Island, Falklands. All on board are reported as well and happy. In a fortnight from this time, the wooden house provided for the Mission party was erected in a spot selected as eligible for the purpose, and inhabited by the Missionary colony. Soon after Mr. Ellis went in the vessel to Stanley, to wait on the authorities of the Island. He was kindly received, and returned to take possession, in the name of the Patagonian Missionary Society, of Keppel Island, six miles long and four broad.

At home, the Rev. E. A. Verity has been commended to his work, and his passage engaged as far as Monte Video. John Reid, agriculturist, his wife and two children, are to accompany him.

The Rev. E. A. Verity received the following

charge from the Committee, in prospect of his departure as a Missionary to Tierra del Fuego.

Instructions of the Committee of the Patagonian Missionary Society to the Rev. E. A. Verity, B. D.

Rev. Sir,

At this our farewell interview previous to your departure for the scene of Missionary labour in South America, we think it fitting to give you such instructions, as are suggested to our minds, for your guidance.

1st. We request you to undertake the spiritual oversight of all persons, both European and American and others who belong to, or visit the Society's Mission station in the Falklands, to teach, admonish, pray with and pray for them.

2nd. We commend to you likewise, as principally concerned in the Missionary work contemplated, the general direction of all the persons employed by the Society in the Falklands, and we expect you will use this direction so as best to conduce to the main object of your Mission—the conversion of the natives.

3rd. You will have to determine when they are to be visited, and to require the Master of the *Allen Gardiner* to carry yourself or substitute to Tierra del Fuego, or other parts of South America, to remain so long as you judge fit, and to return at your desire.

4th. We advise that the details of secular business at the station be left in the hands of Mr. Ellis, or of his successor; and of course that the navigating of our Mission vessel, and the command of her company, remain entirely with the Master thereof.

5th. In case of wilful violation of duty on the part of the heads of land and sea service, we look to you to admonish and, if possible, to restore the offender to the path of duty; but this not being possible, after taking time to consider, and to write down the painful case, for our information, *most fully*—you must then supersede or discharge him.

6th. We leave entirely to your discretion, the times and arrangements for worship of God, and for the instruction of those about to be, or already under your care.

7th. We request you will pay particular attention to the younger and less-instructed members of the Mission party.

8th. A journal must be kept to contain a minute account of your daily employments, which must be forwarded once a quarter to the Secretary. In this journal, you should insert such descriptions of places and productions, and such record of facts, as may make it instructive and entertaining to the friends of Missions.

9th. We request that, in private letters to

the Secretary, you will write freely your opinions on the state of the Mission, as well as on the conduct and characters of the several parties engaged in it; of which, be assured, no improper use shall be made.

10th. In cases of emergency, when the responsibility of action would be too heavy upon one person, it will be advisable to call to consultation such of your associates as you consider most prudent, and obtain their *written opinion* on the course to be pursued.

11th. As a Minister of the Gospel of Peace under the law of Love, we beseech you to watch and pray, and labour to preserve harmony in your people; and should differences arise among them, to seek, by counsel, exhortation and exhortation with the disputants, and by prayer to God for them, to restore them to terms of friendship again.

12th. We need hardly say, be very patient and gentle towards the poor natives; forbear even to appear harsh towards them; be willing rather to suffer at their hands, than to inflict any bodily injury upon them.

13th. Also ever bear in mind that this Mission, and the colony connected with it, have been sent out and are supported solely for the benefit of the natives, *which*, therefore, and not the comfort and worldly increase of the Mission

party, must ever be the first and great object had in view and aimed at.

14th. In conclusion, we commend you to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, whose you are, and whom in this work, for the salvation of His lost sheep among the gentiles, you go forth to serve. May He protect you by His power, sanctify you by His Holy Spirit, nourish you by His word, guide you by His wisdom, and give you such success in your ministry as shall procure many, many souls to be your joy and crown in that day when all nations are gathered before His throne. To Him be ascribed all power, praise and glory, for ever and ever."

Many encouraging proofs of practical interest in the working of our Associations have also been granted us, and there is cause, strong and increasing cause, to swell the note of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father. Truly he has been mindful of us and hath blessed us. Then let us bless the Lord, and forget not all His benefits.

To the Christian friends who unite in prayer for our Society and its operations, we would propose that the *first Tuesday* in June be explicitly devoted to thanksgiving for God's special mercies to the Allen Gardiner; and with thanksgiving, let there be the earnest resolve to increasing zeal and self-denial in the holy scheme of winning souls to Christ.

Five Reasons for the Exercise of Christian Liberality in the service of the Lord.

I. Because we have received much.

How much, what tongue can tell! The gift of eternal life—forgiveness of sins—the adoption of children—grace, mercy, and peace—the riches which are unsearchable, the love which is unspeakable, the treasures which are incorruptible—all this through our blessed Redeemer we have received. What is the precept, then? “Freely ye have received, *freely give.*”

II. Because we are but stewards of our temporal wealth.

As servants of our absent Lord, every talent is entrusted to us but for a time, and for a special use. It is our duty, therefore, to spend our money with an eye to His wishes, rather than our own. If by silver and gold we can instrumentally advance His cause to whom the silver and gold belongs, dare we withhold it? Will not money kept back from God find itself put into a bag with holes?

III. Because we are to love our neighbour as ourselves.

“Whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother in need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?”

IV. Because He who is our Great Example practised and taught us the duty.

Jesus Christ stripped Himself of every thing for the salvation of man. He gave up heaven, honour, happi-

ness for his redemption. When on earth, poor and despised, all He possessed was freely bestowed upon ungrateful man. He had ever a hand to heal, a voice to comfort, a heart to bless. Remember therefore the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

V. Because our Master promises to accept and repay our gifts.

As if He, who knows what is in man, foresaw that the honour and blessedness of giving unto the Lord was not sufficient to influence us to be liberal, He has given us many promises to encourage us to the duty. "He that hath pity unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord and look! what he layeth out it shall be paid to him again—He that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously—To do good and to distribute forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

PRAYER.

O Lord! by whose wondrous self-denial I, a poor bankrupt sinner, have become rich, help me, having received much to love much. Help me, by thine own Spirit, to act faithfully towards Thee in the use of every talent Thou hast entrusted to me, and may I be delivered from the temptation of *grasping* such wealth as Thou hast given me. Bestow upon me the blessing of the bountiful hand. May I be ready to distribute—glad to communicate. May I hasten with open heart to relieve the wants of my perishing brother, and through Thy kind mercy receive an abundant reaping in the heaven for which I long. May mine be the grace, and Thine, O Jesus, the glory for ever. Amen.

An unusual Offering.

At the close of a Missionary meeting held in one of the large Towns of England, a youth of sixteen years of age came forward, among the other contributors, to enrol his name. When he was requested to state how much he wished to subscribe, he replied, with some diffidence, "MYSELF."

He was the eldest son of a poor woman, to whom seven other children looked for support. The proffer of the young man could not be received without the mother's consent. It was scarcely to be expected that her eldest son would be yielded up for the Missionary service, when his exertions might soon prove useful to his widowed parent in her indigent circumstances. The enquiry was made. "*Let him go,*" was the prompt reply of the devoted mother; "God will provide for me and my babes, and who am I, that I should be thus honored to have a son a Missionary to the heathen?"

The young man, after obtaining an education, repaired to India, where he laboured successfully and died.

The following lines, written when there appeared to be a lack of service "in the special field to which the Patagonian Missionary Society has directed its energies, (now mercifully sup-

plied) will not inappropriately be connected with this striking anecdote. May they rouse similar devotedness in other young hearts.

Who will go for us ?

Who will go for us ? The word is gone forth
From the east to the west, from the south to the north,
But where is the heart that responds to the cry,
'Lord, if Thou send me, behold here am I.'

I have counted the cost, in the balance have weighed
The debt that I owe Thee ; how can it be paid ?
I've summed up the mercies Thy love has bestowed,
And my soul was o'erwhelmed with the debt that it owed.

Not danger or death in Thy service I fear,
Nor absence from friends to the heart ever dear,
Give Thou but the word, and Thy message shall be
Joyfully borne to the heathen by me.

Oh ! where is the heart, we will ask yet again,
That responds to our call, in so welcome a strain ?
Is the Spirit, that kindled the martyrs of yore,
Departed, to quicken our churches no more ?

Are there none, who with Paul can affirm without fear,
That for Jesus, they count not their lives to be dear,
Oh, has love waxen cold, mid the scattered and few,
Who to Christ and His Gospel still hold themselves true ?

Oh no ! we believe that the waters of love
Cannot cease to gush down from their Fountain above,
Nor will channels be wanting, through which they may
flow,

To bless and give life to the desert below !

But we long that the Church should arise from her sleep,
 And stand on the watch tow'r her vigil to keep,
 Should herald the dawn of the bright morning star,
 And lift up an ensign to nations afar !

Teigumouth.

Remarks on the state of the Aborigines of South
 America from personal observation.

ARBAS AND CHENESES.

As the language of the Arbas and Cheneses is the same, and there is little difference in their domestic habits, it will not be necessary to speak of them separately, only bearing in mind that the former are more numerous, and the latter more cleanly ; that the Cheneses build larger houses and are altogether a superior people, at least that portion of the nation which I have seen—in the district of Yti-uru. Like all the tribes of this continent, they acknowledge no particular chief as their sovereign, one or two of superior influence being regarded as their leaders and advisers on particular occasions, but every village, however small, has its own Chieftain. Among the Cheneses, and I believe also among the Arbas, there is a superior order of Chiefs, who rule over districts containing two, three or more villages, but all, whether heads of villages or districts, have the privilege of a voice in the general councils, and without the consent of the majority, no matter of importance, such as war or peace, is decided.

They manufacture their own clothes of cotton, which is indigenous, and grows in abundance in many parts

of the country. The men wear a short piece of this cloth round the waist, and a mantle of the same material. Their long hair is sometimes confined by a band worn round the forehead, but is generally allowed to hang down loosely behind and on each side of the face. One sole garment, called the "tiro," constitutes the dress of the women; it is in shape like a sack, open at each end, and sits so loosely on the body that it serves as a receptacle, also, for a child, which is often carried in the fold behind the shoulders. They have a peculiar method of managing this simple, but somewhat inconvenient garment, by drawing it tightly over the shoulders, and confining it by the elbows, by which means it is prevented from dropping off; when the hands are employed, it is merely confined at the waist. These ladies often adorn their cheeks by rubbing them over with the pollen of a flowering shrub, which is generally found carefully fenced round, in the vicinity of their dwellings. It produces a bright pink colour, and remains long on the skin.

Among the Arbas, the men disfigure their faces by perforating a hole in the fleshy part of the lower lip, a little above the chin, and in this unsightly orifice, which is regarded as no small embellishment, a piece of coloured tin, about the size and shape of a coat button, is constantly worn. This is the distinctive mark of the nation, and is assumed at the age of thirteen or fourteen, but not earlier. No ceremony takes place on the occasion; the father of the nearest male relation, makes the incision by means of a sharp instrument, with his own hand. This singular decoration, which is peculiar to the Arbas, has obtained for them, in the province of Salta, the name of Botones, (buttons) but in Bolivia they are usually called Chiriguanos—this is a compound

word of Quichua origin, signifying "died of cold," in allusion to the first individual of that nation who entered Peru, and who was found dead in the cold regions of the Cordillera.

They live in villages, containing from six to twenty-five houses, which are irregularly disposed around a large circular area, with intervals between them. They generally contrive to preserve some large shady trees to decorate the centre of the area, under which they frequently assemble for public business, conversation, or to indulge in their favorite beverage, cider. These villages, backed as they generally are by wooded hills, are picturesque. The form of their house is rectangular, with rather low-pitched roofs; the frame is composed of reeds, or light poles, bound together by the tough and flexible climbers, which abound in the woods. The roof, which is thatched with palmyra branches, when these can be obtained, otherwise with grass, is supported by an interior row of posts, firmly stuck in the ground. The side walls are low and generally thatched like the roof; there are no apertures for light, excepting the door—which is situated in one of the gables, and through the interstices of the reeds which close them in. The largest house of this description which I have seen, was one belonging to Maiki, a Chence-Chief, which was about 50 feet in length and 30 in breadth, supported by three interior rows of posts, at regular distances apart. Eight hammocks were suspended in different directions, from the roof to the central posts, in which they take their siestas by day and repose at night. They are made of cotton twine, strongly united in open meshes, and but for the multitude of fleas which they generally harbour, they would be exceedingly comfortable. Bows, arrows and spears

were stuck about in different parts of the roof within, and in one corner were suspended several war jackets, made of thick, but flexible leather of their own tanning. They are very similar in form to the doublets worn by the military in our own country, in the 16th century; the sleeves being wide, and the skirts reaching to the hips. During the heats of summer, on the plains of the Gran Chaco, such an accoutrement must be rather oppressive, but they are in great esteem, as they resist the point of an arrow, which will not penetrate them. As the arrows in time of war are invariably poisoned, this leathern garment is an important species of armour. Many of the warriors also use a skull cap with a narrow brim of the same material.

They display much ingenuity in the variety of earthenware bowls which they make, and in carving the wooden trenches, or shallow basins, in which they take their meals. Their drinking vessels are composed of calabashes cut in half, longitudinally, each section forming a cup. The largest description of pottery which they make, are the jars or bowls used for making chicha, which hold from fifteen to about twenty-five gallons each. These bowls, as also their drinking vessels, are usually stained with ornamental devices, the colouring being generally red and black.

On the skirts of the Chaco, deer are frequently found, and hunting parties are often out in pursuit of them, as also of ostriches, &c., but although they depend much on their success in hunting for subsistence, their usual diet is maize—cooked in different ways—pumpkins, watermelons, and a dish called “makarai,” which is composed of beans, boiled with red Chili pepper. The men perform the principal part of the field labour; the women doing little more in that department than to

carry the produce, when ripe, to their dwelling. Among the Chiefs polygamy obtains, but the common people adhere to the original institution at the creation, not indeed on principle, but on account of their poverty. Their ideas of religion—if it deserve the name—are extremely limited and confused. They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, whom they call Tupa, or Tumpa, and in an evil spirit named Ania—supposing that the former resides somewhere in the sky, but that Ania is continually roaming about upon the earth, especially in the night; so that whenever they hear any unusual sound during that time, they invariably ascribe it to the agency of the evil spirit, and infer that he is somewhere in the neighbourhood. The generality of them do not allow that there is a separate state of existence after the death of the body, and conceive that both body and spirit are annihilated at that period. I have, however, heard doubts expressed as to this point. They offer no sacrifices, have no idols among them, and seem to have no ostensible worship of any kind. At the death of an individual, loud lamentations are made, which are continued for some time. I have heard them distinctly at a distance of two miles. The external badge of mourning for a widow, is that of cutting the hair quite short behind, and until this has grown sufficiently long to reach the shoulders, she is not allowed to marry again.

They have a singular custom of interring their dead. The body, in a sitting posture, is placed (sometimes with considerable pressure) in one of the large earthen vessels which are employed for making chicha, and thus buried under the earthen floor of the house in which the deceased died. All that pertained to him, such as hammock cloths, drinking and eating utensils,

and arms—if a warrior—are then collected and burnt at a little distance from the village. It is worthy of remark, that a similar method of interment was customary among the ancient Peruvians, and is also practised, to this day, among the aborigines of Celebes, in the East Indies.

Although the Cheneses are friendly and hospitable to strangers who visit them, there are points in the character of the Arbas and Matacos, which render them more accessible to foreigners than the other tribes of the Chaco, and consequently offer greater facilities for Missionary efforts among them. They are the only people who condescend to seek employment among their Spanish-speaking neighbours; many of the Arbas engage themselves for short periods of work on the farms about San Luis and Carapari, in Bolivia; while numbers of Matacos are employed on the sugar estates, in the neighbourhood of Oran; and all these people are in frequent communication with the independent portion of their nation, who reside still further from the frontier.

There is also another circumstance as respects the Arbas, which is of no minor importance. Their language is not only the most generally spoken in the northern part of the Chaco, but it is also understood by individuals among the Matacos, and the Tobas, who have each a language differing from the Arba, while the latter—as I have been informed on good authority—is identical with the Guarani. A dictionary and grammar of the Guarani, originally compiled by the Jesuits, is still extant, and so prevalent is that language throughout Paraguay and a great portion of western Brazil, that it has obtained from the Portuguese and Creoles of that empire, the appellation of “La lingua

general," (the general language.) In connection with this subject, it should be borne in mind, that the facilities for acquiring this most important language, are as great in Paraguay as in Bolivia.

Every man must spread the "Glad Tidings."

At the close of the last war with Great Britain, writes Dr. Nayland, I was in the City of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and as she had now concluded a peace with the Continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed.

After detailing the miseries which resulted from this state of things—the stagnation of trade, the drying up of wealth, the want of return for labour—he thus proceeds with the picture:—

It happened that on a Saturday afternoon, in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our Commissioners at Ghent from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloriously before any intelligence from the vessel reached the City. Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length

a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the City, to repeat them to their friends, shouting as they ran through the streets, Peace! Peace! Peace!

Every one who heard the sound repeated it from house to house, from street to street—the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole City was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting, like madmen. Peace! Peace! Peace!

When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman and child in the City, and in this sense the City was evangelized. All this you see was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace, when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why

is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us and no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?

Western Missions.

Isa. lx. 5.

Lord, when Thou didst come from Heaven,
 Edom sought Thee from afar,
 With her gold and incense given,
 By the leading of a star.
 Westward then from Eden guiding
 Was the light of Bethlehem shed,
 Like the pillared blaze abiding
 O'er the wandering Hebrews' head.

Westward still the world alluring,
 Hath the risen Day-star beamed,
 And the sinking soul assuring,
 O'er the world's wide ocean streamed:
 Westward still the midnight breaking,
 Westward still its light be poured,
 Heathen Thy possession making
 Utmost lands Thy dwelling, Lord:

Westward still, O Lord, in glory
 Be Thy bannered cross unfurled,
 Till from vale to mountain hoary
 Rolls the anthem round the world.
 Reign, O reign o'er every nation
 Reign Redeemer, Father, King,
 And with songs of Thy salvation
 Let the wide Creation ring !

REV. C. COX.

Arrival at the Falkland Islands.

From Rio de Janeiro, whence the latest previous accounts of the Allen Gardiner had reached England, the voyage progressed favourably. As the vessel drew near her destination, Mr. Ellis and Captain Snow endeavoured to prepare the minds of the men for their enterprise, by giving lectures on the American Indians, to whom the Mission in which they are engaged is directed. This excited the interest of the whole crew, and they expressed a strong desire to see Jemmy Button, whose history had been related to them.

At length, after some days of anxious expectation, on the morning of January 28th, Captain Snow first descried land in the horizon, in the direction of the Falkland Islands. A fresh breeze was blowing from S. W.; the waves ran high; the *Allen Gardiner* ran on briskly, and the spray dashed over her bow at every plunge. "The land remained so misty, however, that it was not until we were close to it," writes Mr. Ellis, "that its appearance could be at all clearly perceived. The wind being adverse and the afternoon advancing, Captain Snow, finding he was too much to the Eastward to weather Egmont Point—as he intended—after tacking about two miles to the Westward, bore up and ran into an unnamed Bay* on the Eastern side of Keppel Island, where we dropped anchor.

"My mind was so much impressed with the unfavorable accounts I had heard and read of the Falkland Islands, that I felt agreeably disappointed. The land looks not unlike that of the high lands on the North of Devon and Wales, but the surface is of a lighter brown at

* Twice named by him Committee Bay.

this period of the year; there are pleasant looking vallies; the hills, though lofty, are not craggy or precipitous, but slope down to the vallies and are green to their summits. There is nothing picturesque about the land, all being monotonous and unvarying, but regarding it with the eye of a Missionary settler, rather than that of a tourist, I thought more of its capabilities than of its external beauty, and surveyed it with indescribable feelings; the chief was one of thankfulness to God, that He had at length permitted me to see this long-expected spot and arrive on the scene of our future labours."

The following is the memorandum in Captain Snow's journal of

"Monday, Jan. 29th. Wet morning. Self and doctor landed at head of Bay in an excellent boat harbour to examine the land. *The first act we did was at my request to unite all of us in prayer and praise to God, for His mercy in permitting us so far to carry out the wishes of the Society and bringing the Allen Gardiner and her party to her primary destination.* After this done & HALLELUJAH CHORUS sung, set to work inspect-

ing the place. Sounded the Bay and Harbour, found a channel and very good anchorage up to the harbour, but latter not deep enough for vessel.

“The inspection of the land in this part discovered that it abounded with a vast number of birds—that its soil was good—that water was sweet and plentiful—and that the spot was much sheltered by hills and mountains from the wind. On the following days the neighbouring points were visited, but none appeared to offer such facilities for settlement as Keppel Island, and it was therefore determined—temporarily, at least. to fix the Mission station there.

A week elapsed in these preparatory labours, and brought the navigators again to the blessed Sabbath of rest. The Captain hails it with joy, and the ship remains at her anchorage as quiet as though in a millpond.

We pursue the journal as it records the great event of

“Monday, Feb. 5th. A great day for us. Beautiful and clear. Landed all hands, and full dressed with colours, &c., to claim a possession

of the land for the Patagonian Missionary Society, and to publicly supplicate God's blessing on what we do, and His guidance as to what we shall do. After service gave all hands a holiday—let them run about the Island; self attending to ship and walking over the land in that part where it was proposed to erect the house. By an accidental dropping of a piece of lighted paper, which set fire to the dry grass, and spread rapidly, some inconvenience was caused and the site for the house was selected on another spot, to avoid any danger. The foundations were dug on February 10th, and after another quiet day of rest on the 11th, the the next week saw the house completed. Every one assisted; some were clearing a space in front, digging, &c.—some were erecting the building—some were bringing timber on shore—and even Mrs. Snow was busy in raking away the grass which was cut down."

Food in abundance was found on the Island, (farinaceous food alone excepted) but as an experiment, English potatoes were planted. The land party in the course of another week were

settled in their temporary home and Captain Snow prepared to leave the spot for awhile, in order to visit, with Mr. Ellis, the authorities of the Island. With some further remarks of his, we must close our present notice of the interesting scene.

“ I consider it, as it seems, God’s providence directing us here, and am more and more pleased with Kepple Island. In a walk on shore met several seals, discovered three fine lakes of fresh water, plenty of tussac and peat, and quantity of timber washed up, and several trunks of trees, which would supply firewood for the Mission. with birds in thousands.

“ March 5th. Cloudy and unsettled day. Land party on board to say good-bye. Bade them adieu. Had suitable prayers and sung the 139th Cottage Hymn.” Then, enumerating all the supplies provided on shore, he says, “ I look forward with much expectation of success, and may God be with them ! ”

Extracts from Mission Journals.

It was with no ordinary feelings of gratitude and joy that we were enabled last month to lay before our readers the pleasing intelligence that, safe from storm and shipwreck, the Allen Gardiner and her inmates were brought in the good providence of God to the haven where they would be. The journals kept by the Captain and Surgeon are of so interesting a nature that they are published at length in an Occasional Paper, to be obtained of the Hon. Sec. by any who are desirous of reading and circulating it. It will therefore suffice that we now subjoin extracts therefrom, relative to the most important circumstances which they detail.

Letter from the Crew to the Captain.

The following letter, interesting as expressive of the general feeling on board our Mission vessel, was sent to Captain Snow on the eve of the new year, in a response to some kind wishes and enquiries he had made to the men at that solemn season.

“To the Captain and Mrs. Snow, Gentlemen and Officers of the vessel—

The object of this is to let you know that the sen-

timents so kindly expressed by Captain Snow are in every respect mutual. We sincerely hope that you may enjoy very many of these happy seasons in full health and happiness, and that the success of the undertaking may exceed our most sanguine expectations, so that ere another year has rolled into eternity we may have the infinite satisfaction of seeing the Mission firmly established, and the light of the Holy Gospel shedding its lustre over the dark and benighted haunts of heathenism. Nor, sir, are we insensible to the many privileges we enjoy, both spiritual and temporal; on the contrary, we value them as benefits seldom enjoyed on board ship, and for which we tender our hearty thanks, and wishing all a very happy new year and God's blessing, we remain with respect—

“The Carpenter, Mason, and Crew.”

The arrival at the Falkland Islands having been noticed in our last, it need not be repeated here, but the very interesting account of proceedings on taking possession of Keppel Island must not be omitted.

“PROCEEDINGS ON THE 5th FEBRUARY, TO TAKE POSSESSION OF KEPPEL ISLAND.

“Flagstaff was previously erected, and seats and table arranged on the chosen spot. At eight, all the flags were hoisted except the Missionary flag.

“Short prayer, and Hymn 142, Cottage Hymn Book.

“The instructions were read, and authority under which, *pro tempore*, the Captain acted. After this, all were asked if there were any objection to this authority. Possession taken.

“ This land is English, in token whereof the English flag flies over it. We, William P. Snow and James A. Ellis, by virtue of the authority granted to us by the British Government, do take possession of this Island in the name and on behalf of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society, to have and to hold it for a Missionary station, and to use for Missionary purposes, and in token hereof we hoist the Missionary flag.—(The Patagonian Missionary Society’s flag was run up at these words.) We give to this place the name of ‘Cranmer,’ in honor of our martyred Archbishop, and zealous reformer of the Church of England, and to the house about to be erected here, we give the name of ‘Sullivan House,’ in honour of Captain B. Sullivan, R. N., one of the Committee, and a most efficient helper in the Mission. The bay before us we call ‘Committee Bay,’ and this particular spot of ground ‘Despard Plains,’ for obvious reasons.

“ We trust that here the blessed Gospel of our Saviour will be believed in, obeyed, and taught; and that the lives of us all may here be subjected to continual reformation; that here the zeal, courage, skill and perseverance, evinced by those who are engaged in warfare, and the rule of our beloved Queen Victoria, will be exhibited in the service of those who are engaged in spiritual contests against the powers of darkness in the heathen world. We hope our efforts may meet with the approbation of our patrons and friends at home, and serve to cheer the heart and give fresh life to the efforts of all who are already active in this best of causes.

“ In fine, let such be our lives, such our labours, that when the Great Shepherd calls us hence from our outstation, we may cheerfully, hopefully, and joyfully

resign our charge to other hands, to enter His glorified presence, and hear His gracious welcome—"Good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

"Here followed a prayer for a blessing on what we have done, and upon what we hope to do.

"Then Psalm 24th, and Ruth, chap. 1st read; a short morning service—beginning at the Jubilate; then Deut. 11th, 1 to 15; the Communion Service; Psalm 107th, 23rd to end; a hymn sung—219th, Cottage H. B.; John 4th, 31 to 38; prayer and thanksgiving; Gardiner's hymn. Afterwards his duty was appointed to each man."

Carefulness on board the Allen Gardiner.

On this subject Mr. Ellis writes in a most satisfactory manner.

"With respect to the vessel it is not my province, nor have I time to speak, but I cannot forbear testifying to the vigilance and care of Captain Snow. Many a sleepless night, even unnecessarily, has he passed, because he would not desert his post when there was even a chance of danger—doing this and many things which he could not have thought of doing in any other vessel, because (as he often expressed to me, and I believe his sincerity,) from knowing how important the safety of this vessel is to the Mission, to all of us, and how earnestly and anxiously those excellent and Christian contributors of their substance to this cause work and pray for its safety. Believe me, both he and I, if we did anything carelessly, wantonly, or self-seekingly in this cause, would regard ourselves as robbers of the widow and the orphan. We often think of the many poor persons who give with earnest hearts unto the

Mission box, and this consideration makes us very careful as to how money so obtained is spent."

Closing remarks in Captain's Journal.

It has been noticed, in respect of the prognostics which have gathered round the long war in which so many of our brave soldiers have bled and died, that notwithstanding all the privations, sufferings, and prospect of continued conflict which have been inseparable from the battle field—hope has become more vigorous on that trying spot than in the quieter regions of our yet peaceful England. With courage and death on every side, it has been asserted that whilst at home many a heart has failed—there has been in the soldier's camp one uniform idea as to the issue of the conflict and that idea has pictured *Victory*.

Are there not, then, we would ask, other conflicts in which the active wrestler becomes hopeful, while the dreaming man of ease forebodes failure and disaster? Our last extract, perhaps, will answer this query.

"I feel God in His goodness is with us and our cause, and that He will not turn away from the prayers of the many at home, and of us here. Yet I do not forget that human foresight and care are most necessary, and that man must help himself. This dependence upon God gives me great confidence in sharp gales and dangerous vicinities. Trust me—depend on me—

place full reliance on me—for I have the love of God in my heart and the glory of my Saviour before me for my aim.

“God bless all friends and co-workers in this holy cause, is the constant prayer of

“WILLIAM PARKER SNOW,
“Master of the *Allen Gardiner*.”

And what will you say to these things, dear Christian friends—but that your hearts and your hands shall earnestly forward the good and blessed work?

What about the Falkland Islands?

This is your question, is it, my reader—then your enquiring mind shall meet with as much satisfaction from my pen, as I am able afford it. I don't mean to treat you to latitudes and longitudes—eastings or westings—nor to a catalogue of islands and highlands—reefs, rocks—deeps and shallows—but just to tell you how we came by them, and what they are good for. Well then, you must know that on the 14th August, 1592, John Davis discovered these islands. In 1594, the renowned Hawkins sailed along their northern shores, and ignorant that Davis had seen them already, he gave them the name of Hawkins Maidenland. In 1690, a navigator of note in those days, named Strong, sailed through the channel dividing the main islands, and named it Falkland Sound. During the next century, many other navigators sailing to or from the Pacific, saw the Falklands, but it does not appear that any further landing was effected till M. de Bougainville

landed to form his settlement, in 1764. The islands having been seen by several ships from St. Malo, in France, and reported, between 1706 and 1714—got the name of Les Malouines.

During the early part of the last century, France drove a lucrative trade with Chili and Peru, round Cape Horn, and perceived the advantage to this intercourse which a post on these islands would give. So in March, 1764, De Bougainville decided to place his establishment on the spot, where the present settlement stands, and forthwith commenced the laborious undertaking. 23rd January, 1765, Commodore Byron took possession of these islands for the British Crown, under the name of the Falkland Islands. In January, 1766, Captain Macbride arrived in H. M. S. Jason, to commence a British colony.

Spain, hearing of the French colony, laid claim to these islands as part of her American possessions, and France, through various considerations of interest, gave up her colony 1st April, 1767.

1770. A Spanish force attacked the British colony at Port Egmont, and the garrison yielded to the superior force and quitted the place. Great Britain armed for war—Spain shook—and restored Port Egmont.

1774. The English colony was withdrawn—the Falklands having been thought not worth holding. But the marks and signals of possession were left, and the British flag remained flying. Spain held on, however, and had a small garrison to the eastward, till somewhere about 1808 or 9.

1820. The Buenos Ayreans claimed the islands, as part of the territories they had rescued from the clutch of Old Spain—but till 1829, no one noticed their presumption and assumption.

1823. Louis Vernet, a German, attempted to colonise, under Buenos Ayrean sanction.

1828. He was appointed governor.

1833. H. M. S. *Clio* arrived with a charge from our Government to rehoist the flag of Old England, and then the Buenos Ayrean garrison at Port Louis quickly withdrew. Since when we have continued lords paramount of the Falkland archipelago.

Now what else about them ?

Their appearance is not particularly attractive, for the scenery—composed of moderately high ranges of hills, sloping to the shore, destitute of trees, and covered with a sombre-coloured vegetation—is monotonous and cheerless.

The temperature of the atmosphere may be considered equable ; it is neither hot, neither is it ever very cold, but the average is low, and in consequence of frequent wind and rain, a really moderate degree of cold is much more noticed than it would be with more dry and serene weather.

The climate is exceedingly healthy, and no disease whatever has been hitherto contracted, excepting ordinary colds and coughs, or rheumatic affections, brought on by unusual exposure to weather. Excellent harbours—easy of access, affording good shelter, with the very best holding ground—abound among these islands.

The country is remarkably easy of access to persons on foot ; but half-concealed rivulets and numerous bogs oblige a mounted traveller to be very cautious. There are no trees anywhere, but a small bush is plentiful in many valleys. Scarcely any view can be more dismal than that from the heights—moorland and black bog extend as far as eye can discern, intersected by innumerable streams and pools of yellowish brown water.

But this appearance is deceptive : much of what seems to be a barren moor, is solid sandy clay soil, covered by a thin soil of vegetable mould, on which grow shrubby bushes and a coarse grass, affording ample nourishment to cattle ; besides which, one does not see into many of the valleys, where there is good soil and pasture.

Sandstone occurs in beds, within a slate formation ; and upon the slate is a layer of clay, fit for making bricks. Near the surface—where this clay is of a lighter quality, and mixed with vegetable remains—it is good soil, fit for cultivation. In some places, there is very solid peat. It burns well and is an excellent substitute for fuel.

By the French, and afterwards by the Spanish colonists, a number of black cattle, horses, pigs and rabbits were turned loose upon East Falkland ; and by other considerate persons both pigs and goats have been left upon the smaller islands near West Falkland. These animals have multiplied exceedingly. The wild cattle are very large and fat, and the bulls are really formidable animals—perhaps among the largest and most savage of their race. The only quadruped apparently indigenous, is a large fox, which feeds upon birds, rabbits, rats and mice, eggs, seals, &c.

A valuable source of daily supply, and by salting of foreign export, is the inexhaustible quantity of fish which swarm in every harbour during the summer. The description which most abounds is a kind of bass, from two to three feet long and six inches deep : it takes salt well and has been exported by cargoes to the river Plate and Rio : and there are delicious small fish in numerous shoals. Ten or twelve men on one occasion salted about sixty tons in less than a month. They are between a mullet and a salmon. In the fresh water

ponds there is a very delicate fish, resembling a trout, which may be caught by angling. The cod fishery off the shores of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, might be turned to very good account by settlers on the Falklands. The birds are of many kinds, chiefly aquatic. Although there are no trees, an useful kind of brushwood grows abundantly in the valleys, to the height of three or four feet, and thickly set together.

Peat is inexhaustible, and if properly managed answers every common purpose of fuel—not only as a substitute, but pleasantly.

The size and fatness of the wild cattle, is a clear proof that the country is adapted for grazing. Mr. Vernet says that corn, on land sloping to the north, will certainly ripen, and that potatoes grow very well and are of good quality—and that trees can be raised, if only the planter will take the trouble to dig a deep hole through the clay and put some good soil in for the young tree to grow in. Turnips reach the size of 8½ lbs. and are well flavoured.

Sheep do very well and the wool improves very much in quality—fetching a higher price than that of Buenos Ayres.

Antiscorbutic plants are abundant. There are also cranberries, raspberries, and a small fruit called strawberry by the settlers. There grows, also, the tea plant, the leaves of which make tea such that even connoisseurs in that of China, will scarce discover the difference.

Another plant (*Hydrocelice gumniifera*) produces a gum from its stalks, which burns very freely and serves also as sticking plaister to wounds. Within the stems of the tall sedgy plant called tussac, is a white sweetish substance, something like the kernel of an unripe nut.

These flags are more than six feet high; they make good thatch and a soft bed. There is a shrub, or rather creeper, of which the French made a kind of beer, thought to be wholesome and antiscorbutic.

Now, my reader, have you not received an answer to your enquiry about the Falklands? Say, is there reason for doubting the feasibility of our Mission station at Keppel Island? With God's blessing upon the efforts of those who conduct it, Cranmer will in a few years become a prosperous little town, abounding not only in the necessaries, but in all the comforts of civilized life. And what is better, it will be a Christian town—a place where the Fuegian and Patagonian youth, male and female, will be educated as evangelists to their benighted countrymen, and where they will learn the arts of civilized life, and by long continued practice, acquire the dexterous use of the implements by which these arts are applied.

Still a little more about the Falkland Islands:—just this. If you require a most excellent large map of them, upon which to trace the movements of the Mission party, you can have it on application, and by paying three-pence, from

The Rev. G. P. DESPARD, Hon. Sec.,
Ridgway House,
Bristol.

A Happy Dilemma.

Not far from the busy city of B. there stands by the roadside a well-built and rather ornamental edifice. Its size intimates that many of

human kind might rest within its shelter, and if your curiosity leads you to enquire to what purpose it is dedicated, you may soon learn that it is the Great House provided for the houseless, penniless poor—the house which receives many a bowed child of earth within its doors—providing what the sweat of the brow has in many cases failed to provide—daily bread, sufficient clothing, and the bed of rest.

But do I hear a reader interrupting me—
“Why speak of the workhouse in a Missionary periodical?”

Have you never read, my friend, I reply, of “many a gem of purest ray serene” which has its lodging-place in the “dark unfathomed caves of ocean?” We believe truly, that to the majority of men the Great House for the Poor, which they themselves aid in supporting, is as little known to them as the very darkest of these ocean caves. But if its fancied gloom be still left unfathomed, it may be welcomed as an object worthy of gaze if we can bring up to view from these unexplored regions “a gem” brighter and more valuable than the diamond which glitters in a monarch’s crown. And such a gem it is our happy privilege to be able now to speak of—a gem of indeed purest ray—a gem of love and benevolence which has its lodging-place in this House for the Poor. Were you to

traverse some long dreary passages within the building we have described to you, you might be guided to two or three large rooms which are filled with children—boys and girls of all ages. Now, you may see them at school, learning with busy industry their appointed tasks—their faces beaming with intelligence and happiness, under the kind management of their judicious instructors. Anon, they are ranged at their closely packed board, partaking of that homely but sufficient meal which charity has provided for them.

My young readers, do not fancy that nice tarts and sweet puddings and such like indulgences which children are celebrated for loving, come to these young ones' share; on the contrary, they do not know the taste of sugar from Monday morning to Saturday night. Well, sometimes kind friends call to see these poor children, and in order to give them a little treat, they put a penny or a halfpenny into their hands when they bid them good-bye. What a treasure a *penny* must be to those who are penniless! What can be done with it? "Oh! Mrs. D. is going into the city—she will buy a cake with it, or a sweetmeat." Very good, but the penny is still clasped in the little hand, and the little eyes are looking at a box which stands on teacher's table. The wish for the sweetmeat is denied,

(remember by a little child who loves sugar as well as any of you and never tastes it) and the precious penny is slipped into teacher's box. And what is this teacher's box all about? On its front is the picture of a vessel in full sail, her name and destiny is written above and beneath her—the words run thus: “The Allen Gardiner, Mission vessel to Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia.” On the top is printed this encouraging text: “All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord.”

Here, then, goes the penny—the *all* of the workhouse child; it goes to gladden a dark land with the sound of that love which has gladdened what in many respects is a dark lot to the poor little one to whom father and mother is almost a sound unknown;—it goes to tell of Jesus, whose sweet name has whispered peace to many of earth's most lonely children.

But I have more to tell. Not *one* penny alone, but penny after penny has been dropped into the loved Mission box, till at length our good Honorary Secretary, in his visit to these young supporters of the Patagonian Mission, was fairly puzzled by the following disclosure: “Oh! sir, OUR MISSIONARY BOX HAS BURST! What shall we do?”

“Have it mended,” replied he enquiringly.

“Oh no! sir,” was the ready response, “*please to give us a larger one.*”

“Truth” we may well say “is strange—stranger than fiction.” On our last report not less a sum than £1 10s. was forwarded by these children of the Bristol and Clifton Union, to the Secretary of the Patagonian Missionary Society. Thus *the riches of their liberality abounded in THEIR DEEP POVERTY.*

Where, we would ask, is the gift that for costliness according to circumstances, will compete with this?

Rich brother! rich sister!—let the penny of the workhouse-child read to you a lesson. Lay by its side *your gift*, and see whether it can bear comparison. And oh! by this example of self-denial, learn to *give more by saving more*; by saving it from your toilet, your table, your garden, your furniture. And send notice, my readers, all of you, as soon as possible, to the Secretary, that your *Missionary boxes have all of them burst*—assured that he will have much pleasure in providing you *with larger ones.*

E. C.

A Word by the Way.

Dear friends and fellow-helpers—

You no doubt remember the interest and

delight occasioned in the world of Astronomical science some nine years since, by the discovery of the new Planet Neptune. No sooner had a suspicion of its existence been aroused in the mind of one Astronomer, than anxious eyes in Germany, France, England and America, were directed to its supposed situation in the heavens; and hours of watching and nights of unrest were thought amply rewarded, when the new world dawned in beauty upon the eye of the observer. Astronomy is a noble science. "The heavens declare the glory of God," and "Night unto night utters speech." But we remember that the day shall come when "the heavens shall depart as a scroll when it is rolled together," and "the stars shall fall unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs." Therefore Astronomy, with all its wonders and its depths of surpassing beauty, 'passeth away,' and the Planets are but things of time!

Shall, then, the child of science rejoice when a new light appears among the myriad stars, and shall the child of grace be unmoved when he hears that afar, in the great Atlantic, a little Island has, not indeed sprung into natural life, but been claimed and consecrated by the voice of praise and prayer, to the especial service of Jesus?

Look at our new Mission station of Cranmer!

I see it, a little spot of light in the midst of great darkness. It seems like an altar raised to the Lord, in the isles of the ocean, and I believe and hope the heaven-lit fire of love and holy zeal, which burns upon it, will never die out.

Let it be to your hearts, dear friends, an altar of remembrance. Consider all the way which the Lord our God has led the Patagonian Missionary Society, these thirty-four years, in the wilderness! It is true that as an organized Society, it has not existed half that time, but it was in the year 1821, that the now sainted Gardiner "first began to remember the Indians of South America before the throne of God." *Then* was the spark first lighted in a human breast, which has never since gone out; *then* was forged the first visible link in a chain of "inwrought or effectual prayer," which shall for ever bind our Mission to the throne of God. Can we doubt that it was the Holy Spirit Himself who breathed the first prayer for those poor savages? And though the feeble light was almost extinguished when those seven devoted men perished on the shores of Tierra del Fuego, yet the sheltering hand of a watchful providence was around it, and now it burns with a steady, if not brilliant flame.

Who can have read of the safe passage of the *Alicia Gardiner*—of the erection of the Mission-

house—the settlement of the station—and the continued voyage of the little ship towards its ultimate destination—without thanking God and taking courage.

But shall we now sit still, with folded hands, and wait, as some have said, ‘to see how the Mission works?’ No! if this is our thought, “we do not well;” “This day is a day of good tidings, and shall we hold our peace?” The Lord, in His infinite love and condescension, stoops to work by human means. With fatherly tenderness, He first gives His children the will and the means, and then accepts the fruit of His own Spirit’s operation at their hands.

Let one who has but tasted the joy of working a very little for her Lord, bear witness that there is no pleasure like it. If ministering to earthly loved ones brings its own rich reward, it is so a thousand-fold when we labour for Jesus—“the chiefest among ten thousand.” He is such an indulgent and sympathizing Master; He is no cruel taskmaster; He stands beside His servants at their work, and if the sun be scorching, He is “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;” if the wind be tempestuous, He is “a hiding-place from it.” Love to Jesus, is the only motive which can produce lasting, persevering effort; therefore it is only for those taught of God to love Him, that we

write; but to you we say, or rather the Lord says, "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" "Freely ye have received, freely give."

H. S. A.

Remarks on the state of the Aborigines of South America, from Personal Observation.

THE ABIPONES.

The Abipones inhabit the finest part of the province of Sautiago del Estero, living in tents, but cultivating the ground, and have the reputation of being a haughty and warlike race. They occasionally decorate their heads with feathers and strips of jaguar skin, but more commonly wear a simple band round the forehead, like the Puelches, Patagonians, &c. Their garb is a skin mantle and a chilipa or waist-cloth, which is worn something in the shape of drawers. Of late years they have made frequent incursions into the territory of their white neighbours. No less than five villages on the river Salado have been depopulated by them, and in December 1843, during the time that I was in that neighbourhood, a village called Anatuga, not far from Matara, was attacked. They appeared first with fifty, and soon afterwards with about 700 men, and as there was no force to oppose them, several of the inhabitants were killed, many of the women and children were made captives, and great numbers of horses and cattle were driven off. It is said that there are many inhabitants of different colours, some "rubios," or reddish brown, some are very dark, and others nearly

white : but this may be accounted for, by the number of women whom they invariably make captives, in their plundering expeditions. The only individual of this nation that I have seen was very dark, approaching the colour of the Kafir tribes of South Africa.

THE MATACOS AND TOBAS.

The Matacos and Tobas, are each a nation of hunters, wild and warlike in their character, and have little regard for anything like domestic comfort, living in huts, rudely formed of bent boughs, and so loosely covered with grass, that they afford but a poor shelter during a heavy shower of rain. The form is circular, and they are not sufficiently high to admit of a person standing upright. The fire is generally made in the centre, but sometimes near the entrance. They sleep on raised bedsteads formed by a frame-work of light poles or reeds, supported by four low posts stuck into the ground : this apparent luxury found amongst people in other respects so rude, has, no doubt, originated in the apprehension of being bitten by snakes, which in that part of the country are not only numerous, but venomous. In their migrations, which are frequent, they do not encumber themselves with any part of these temporary dwellings : during times of peace they are left standing, and fresh tents are erected in the newly chosen abode : but should they happen to be at war, which is frequently the case, they set fire to the encampment before they finally quit the spot, in order that their movements may not be traced by their enemies. They possess many horses, and a few sheep, but are little addicted to agriculture, cultivating only a few patches of

ground with maize, beans and watermelons, but not in sufficient quantities for their own consumption : on which account they are accustomed to make long journeys, in order to supply the deficiency, by purchasing from the Arbas. The Mataco villages, which I have seen, contain from eight to twenty-three huts, are built without the slightest regard to regularity and have no exterior fence. It is usual for both men and women to wear their hair long and hanging down loosely behind, though the men sometimes confine it in a band, in the the manner of the Williches. The men cover the lower part of the body with cloth of their own manufacture, and frequently wear a sort of a frock without sleeves, reaching to the loins, and fitting closely to the body. This garment which is a war-dress, is formed of twine, spun from the tough fibres of a low cactus, which is met with in many parts of the country : the texture is beautifully netted, and the meshes are so close together that it is capable of resisting the point of an arrow. It has no opening in front, but is drawn over the head, and is generally stained with different colours in strips or diamonds. Of the same material they also make very neat and durable baskets, or rather bags, which they often barter with the Bolivians. Their weapons are spears, bows and arrows, and clubs : every man also wears a war whistle suspended round his neck. The same custom likewise prevails among the Arbas, the Cheneses, and the Tobas, and by this means, in the darkest night, or in the most confused attack, each individual of a tribe can recognise his comrade by the peculiarity of the sound emitted from this instrument which is both loud and shrill. The domestic habits of the Tobas and the Matacos, is so similar, that it need only be remarked of the former

that their localities are chiefly to be found on the banks of the Pilcomago, that they possess more horses than the Matacos, and are considered to be the most formidable of all the tribes of the Chaco, from their expertness in riding, and dexterity in managing their spears: so that in the open country which is suitable to that kind of warfare they almost invariably overcome their opponents. These people perforate the lower part of the ear, and by constantly wearing a wooden plug, which fills up the orifice, the ears of the men, to whom this decoration alone belongs, are gradually elongated until they reach the shoulder. Their deceased chiefs are interred in the house in which they died, but not in earthen vessels, as is customary among the Arbas and Cheneses. The poorer classes convey the body to a distance from the village, and place it in a sitting posture, near the trunk of a tree where a fire is kindled, and a bundle of faggots are laid in readiness to renew it, should this be required: water is also provided, but as no watch is kept, it very frequently happens, as might be expected, that the remains of the individual thus exposed, are devoured by the jaguars. It is said that the country inhabited by the Tobas, is free from the ague, which during the rainy season prevails in many parts of the Bolivian frontier: but this is a point which has yet to be ascertained, as regards Europeans.

The Little Cloud.

The sky was clear, nor cloud around
 On Carmel's head lay low;
 The air was still and not a sound
 Save Kishon's gentle flow.

For years no dark'ning change above
 Had wing'd the trav'lers speed,
 Ere storm-clouds broke o'ercharg'd with love
 Phœnicia's plains to feed.

No show'r in spring had fallen there,
 No dew on summer morn,
 No wind to fan the sultry air,
 No mighty winter storm.

So pale arose the heathen-flow'r
 Above the parched ground ;
 And ere the cloudless sunset hour,
 Nor leaf, nor flow'r was found.

Ah! see, a blessed sign of love
 The faithful prophet cheers !
 While yet he prays, a cloud above,
 "A little cloud," appears.

That "little cloud" brings pard'ning grace,
 As on the mount it low'rs,
 Great joy and peace to Israel's race,
 In heav'n-sent, fruitful show'rs.

And is there ne'er "a little cloud"
 The Christian path to cheer,
 When hearts are faint and heads are bow'd,
 And Hope seems led by Fear ?

Yes! to the eye of Faith 'tis giv'n
 To see the pledge above,
 And gather from a gaze at Heav'n
 New hope, new strength, new love.

And shall the Mission-field seem drear ?
 The Labourer's heart despair ?
 Pray till the "little cloud" appear,
 Till showers answer pray'r.

Till Patagonia's sons shall raise
 A Gospel-hymn of joy ;
 Fuegia in grateful praise
 Her new-born pow'rs employ !

M. J. D.

Thank-Offerings.

Among the kind contributions which have been forwarded to us during the month, we gladly notice a 'thank-offering, gathered by the same family whose collection was noticed in our May number. "Our sceptical friend, (now, we are sure, 'Hopeful,') originated the second collection. Are there no other thankful hearts to follow so good an example ?

THANK-OFFERING FOR THE SAFE ARRIVAL OF THE ALLEN GARDINER.

"WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT."

A Thank-offering for the safe arrival of the Mission Party, from "One who is sceptical"	1	0	0
"Of thine own have we given Thee"	...	0	2 6
Be zealous in a good cause	...	0	1 0
"Be not weary in well-doing,"	...	0	0 6
1 Chron. xxii. 15, 16.	...	0	0 4
"I live in hope," Matt. xix. 26.	...	0	2 0
Finis	...	0	0 2

			£1 6 6

"The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."
 2 Chron. xv. 9.

The Pool of Bethesda.

“Bethesda, having five porches.”

There are some Bible stories whose capacity of illustration seems to take so wide a range, that they may be adapted to circumstances of very varied description. Individual and general cases—temporal or spiritual wants—may find their application in the few simple words which run through a Scripture narrative; and perhaps there is not one of which this may be more confidently stated, than that which meets us in the commencing verses of the 5th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

How many are the souls who have tarried by the Pool of Bethesda, as sketched on Bible page, and drawn from the story of its healing waters, lessons to trust and believe still!

How many impotent folk, and blind and halt and withered, have pondered by its moving stream and brought their own diseases to the One who bade it so effectually be stirred to cure the woes of human kind!

And how many, not of angels, but of *men*—men though who are bidden in this our day to

go forth on angels' mission—how many who are entrusted with the often desponding, though privileged work, of bringing a cure to sin-sick souls, have exhaled hope and energy from Bethesda's troubled pool!

And as long, dear Christian readers, as a correspondence exists between the impotence and evil maladies of the body and the soul—as long as the remedy for both is in the hand of One unseen, though ever-living Being—as long as that Almighty One, though taking perpetual oversight and direction of all that is effected in this lower world, makes use of *agency* in the application of his great Power towards, and blessed prescriptions for, the diseased and the dying—so long has Bethesda a lesson, and a very encouraging one, to read to all who mourn over sin in themselves, or weep for it in others.

We are told that the space once filled by this Pool still remains—120 paces long, 40 broad and 8 deep—but that it is *without water*; and gladly, then, do we turn to that which it pictures—the Well of Salvation—whose waters, healing of old, are healing still, and shall be healing as long as one of the impotent folk wait on its margin for spiritual cure.

There is one point in regard of the provisions made by the Gospel for simple man, which may be appropriately illustrated by this narrative—

its application, without reserve, to all and every character and description of man. The waters of the Pool, flowing in its basin, had on their margin not merely one, but *five* resting places for the poor diseased creatures who needed their curative properties. Bethesda, the house of mercy, we read had five porches, in which lay a number of such as we have before described, waiting for the moving of the water.

And it is when we look at the vast want and woe of the world, that we rejoice to think that the healing waters of the Gospel flow around to its every portion and offer salvation to its every suffering child. May we not in this view speak of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, as like unto Bethesda's five porches, in which are at this moment lying millions of perishing souls, who are waiting for the moving of the water? Yes! all around flows the life-giving stream; it is near them, at their very doors—as far as the extent of Gospel blessings are concerned; but not only are many of them halt and maimed, but also *impotent folk*, who know nothing of the gift which has been freely given for them, and are unable to wash in the stream and be healed, for lack of some friend to put them into the Pool.

The water is ever and anon moved by an unseen Hand, and some plunge into its depths and

are made whole of whatsoever disease they had. Europe, Asia, Africa and North America, have all sent their thousands to the Pool, and proved its efficacy to be wondrous. But alas! for *that other porch*—in it lie still, unaided and unrelieved, millions of sin-bound souls, who have been long in that case and who, unable to reach the stream, have remained in paralytic impotence, while others have stepped in before them. Yes! South America, alike with ourselves on the margin of that glad river which bringeth health to the nations, has scarcely one cured patient to send out of its vast infirmary. And do you ask, What, then, would you have us who are healed do? We answer, Just what your blessed Saviour did when He stood by the sufferer—**SYMPATHIZE AND AID!**

It is not for you, weak and human as you are, to bestow instant cure with the word of power—“Rise, take up thy bed and walk,” but it is yours to use such means as God has placed within reach for the assistance of your perishing brethren. It is yours, if you cannot go yourself, to send a Helper to the impotent folk, who will undertake, in dependance on the arm of strength, to guide them to the waters. It is yours to pray Him who is able, to bless the moving water with life-giving power.

And let us ever remember that this mission of

benevolence to others, on which we are all sent, has its responsibility as well as its privilege. It calls for unceasing watchfulness over our fellow sinners, and untiring readiness to lend them the help of a friend.

How pathetic is the reply of the impotent man who had waited vainly in his porch beside the stream, when Jesus asked him, Wilt thou be made whole? "Sir," he said, "*I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the Pool.*" The busy throng, wending their way to trade and pleasure and even worship, had year by year passed him by. How was this? Perhaps "other claims" seemed of more urgency. Perhaps "want of observation" kept them ignorant of a poor sufferer's needs. Perhaps "they could not attend to him to-day, and to-morrow they forgot him." Suffice it, that so it was, in the great city of Jerusalem, by the sheep market, there lay a poor impotent man, who had suffered from his infirmity thirty and eight years, having no man to help him to be healed.

I think I hear many a reader saying, Strange indeed! would I had been there to aid; how gladly would I have watched by his side and led him to the waters. Listen, then, kind philanthropist! There is a parallel to the case in your own days. Not one, but *thousands* of impotent

men, if asked by Jesus about salvation, ignorant of His Divine power, would still reply, We have *no man* to put us into the Gospel pool—*no man* careth for our souls! Now, if you would have helped the poor man of whom we have been speaking, you will be willing to help these—and happy it is that you may.

We have told you that the whole of South America, compared to the fifth of Bethesda's porches, has derived but little benefit from Bethesda's stream. But we now also tell you that there is a beginning made to a Mission of kindness towards the many who lie in that porch—a Mission which, in sole dependance upon the Spirit of God, purposes to help the helpless and save the perishing, by leading them into the Gospel Pool. You know, dear friends, how you can share in such an enterprise, and we beseech you, laying aside procrastination, to come forward *at once* with your aid.

There has been, so far, much to encourage the promoters of this scheme of mercy. The 11th of July, just past, has reminded them of the Anniversary of the day when their Missionary vessel, Allen Gardiner, safely launched from her temporary resting place, floated for the first time on the waters. Since then, guided by the Great Pilot, she has reached the land to which she was to bear the glad tidings, and is ready

there for active service in the work of our Lord. The means, then, are in your hands; but we would bid you remember that if they are to be efficient, they need support. Do not then begrudge the silver and the gold, but give liberally and cheerfully towards the rescue of your impotent brethren, who have as yet *no man* to put them into the Pool—that fountain, opened for them, as well as for you, for sin and all uncleanness!

“So many Calls.”

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord!
 Largely Thy gifts should be restored,
 Freely Thou givest; and Thy word
 Is—“FREELY GIVE.”
 He only who forgets to hoard,
 Has learnt to live.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire, and warm arm chair, in his parlour at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow: what could be the matter with Mr A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon, in his counting-house, received the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double

his last year's subscription ; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription ; and this year has been one of heavy family expenses, building and fitting up this house, carpets, curtains—no end to the new things to be bought. I do not see, really, how I am to give a penny more in charity. Then there are the bills for the boys and girls : they all say they must have twice as much now as before we came to this house :—wonder if I did right in building it ?" And Mr A—— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed and sleepy ; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed. He was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door ; and there stood a plain, poor looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr A—— asked him into the parlour, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr A——, presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he, "you know all the wants of that cause which can be told you ; I came to see if you had anything more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before ; but for some reason, unaccountable to himself, Mr A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embar-

ressed manner he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegances and luxuries, and, without any comment, took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

“This is your subscription to the Tract Society : have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has being doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?”

Mr A—— was very uneasy under this appeal ; but there was something in the still mild manner of the stranger that restrained him ; but he answered, that though he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society ; and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation.

Mr A—— became impatient.

“Have I not said,” he replied, “that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required moderate : now the objects increase every day, and call upon us for money ; and all, after we have given once, want us to double, and treble, and

quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing. We may as well stop in one place as another.

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul,—

“One year ago, to-night, you thought that your daughter was dying; you could not rest for agony: upon whom did you call that night?”

The merchant started, and looked up: there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that subdued him: he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

“Five years ago,” said the stranger, “when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?”

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, “Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour’s assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?”

“It was my God and Saviour,” said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling: “Oh yes, it was He!”

“And has he ever complained of being called on too often?” inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness. “Say,” added he, “are you willing to

begin this night and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more from you ?”

“O never, never, never !” said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet ; but, as he spake these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within.

“O God and Saviour ! what have I been doing !” he exclaimed. “Take all—take everything ! What is all that I have, to what thou hast done for me ?”

H Y M N.

Ten thousand talents once I ow'd
And nothing had to pay ;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away,

Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score,
Much more indebted I have been
Than e'er I was before.

My guilt is cancell'd quite I know,
And satisfaction made ;
But the vast debt of love I owe,
Can never be repaid.

The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heav'n,
No angel can conceive.

That love of thine, thou sinner's Friend !
Witness thy bleeding heart !
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

Nay more, the poor returns I make,
I first from Thee obtain ;*
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

* Chronicles xxix. 14.

Pictures for the Young.

No. 1.

BY CAPTAIN W. PARKER SNOW.

The Allen Gardiner's first return to the Mission station on a rough day, April 1st, 1855.

You, my young friends, whose path of duty keeps you at home, are yet, I am assured in heart, with us here in the far-off Southern ocean, approaching the Antarctic circle. Let me place before your eyes a picture which will enable you the better to form an idea of some of the incidents in our life at sea. It is a somewhat wild and stormy one (for sailors' tales in this part of the world are not fraught with the softer sketches of smooth waters flowing beneath a soft and sunny sky) here, though it be towards the close of a sabbath day, there is a rough and threatening sea. There is land too, and rocks and breakers, and a furious tide run close by. A lowering sky and coming gale are in view, and the fierce waves are lifting up their snowy crests in quick succession, while the lengthened spray is scattered far and wide—as if 'twere so much foam. In the midst of this, and prominent in the picture, is a small vessel, evidently struggling onward to reach some particular

point. See how she bounds and plunges! Mark how she reels and seems to stagger! Behold how gallantly she breasts the angry seas that dash upon her, and in huge masses send vast quantities of water on her deck!

Will she attain her object? Will she be able to clear that rocky point upon her bow? Ah! look! her prow has bent more inward, and greatly inclines towards the boiling surges on the reef! What will she do? Must she go upon the rocks—that hardy little ship? Must she be lost? For lo! she already seems too close, and every sea, as she plunges into it, appears to drive her further in. From a distance her very bows look to be covered with the breakers' foam. Surely she touches! Surely she has gone too far!

Yet no, no; for see! some movement on her deck proclaims that a nautical manœuvre is to be attempted, and behold even as she all but touches where there's danger, a word of command is given. A voice is heard coming from one whose hand is on the helm and whose eye is steadfastly watching for a proper moment to escape the peril, and whose heart is lifted up to Him

Who plants His footsteps in the sea

And rides upon the storm;

and as the sound floats away, he carefully turns

the wheel in his grasp, and with another short and pithy order, the sails shiver in the wind, and the vessel's head turns away from the dreaded shore! Another moment and she has her stern presented in the direction opposite to that it was before, but a fresh command, a re-arrangement of sails, and she is again dashing through the water in angular course away to sea. What then? Has she given up the hope of getting round that point of land she seemed to have been striving for? Is she going out upon the threatening ocean with an ominous night before her? No—for see! again is she made to turn and present her prow towards that rocky point; again she dashes through the sea, sending the spray far upward on her masts; and again she strives—but strives in vain—a little has been gained, but not enough, and once more round she goes, and stands away from land. And as she thus—now on, now off, then on again—makes strenuous efforts to weather the point, there is a solitary watcher on yonder lofty hill anxiously beholding her. With eager eyes he strains his vision to make sure that it is the little ship he hopes for, and which himself and brethren in that lonely Isle have been awaiting; and being convinced, how earnestly he watches her progress, as struggling still, with increasing breezes, she bears up for her usual anchorage.

And now there is hope. The helmsman is working her through the heavy seas, and despite her plunging and the deluge of water tumbling over her bows, carries her onward under press of sail. See how he has to watch each flutter of her canvas! Look how anxiously he turns his eye from the quivering masts to the breakers close upon his lee, with a glance that denotes a steady concentration of his every thought upon what is now before him, while the incessant spray drenches him, even at the helm. But there is confidence in his mind. He feels that he has now a weatherly position, and that a short time more, as the wind at present stands, will enable him to take his little vessel past the danger. And that little vessel seems, indeed, to know and feel it—for how gallantly, and like some foaming war-steed, she dashes onward! Look how bravely she battles with those giant waves! Mark how she scorns each angry sea, as it comes furiously upon her! And then, at last, hear you the joyous cry from him who steers her, as in ringing tones and with light-some—his eye bright with satisfaction—he gives the welcome order, “Square away the yards,” and turning the helm, directs the vessel’s head towards the bay!

She has achieved her task—and as she rushes past the dreaded point, turning more and more

towards the Mission house, the watcher on the hill with speed descends, and in hasty, but glad tones, proclaims unto his brethren that the Allen Gardiner is close at hand and fast coming to her anchorage!

* * * * *

An hour has passed. The day is gone; and night's gloomy mantle covers both the sea and the land alike. All is one black chaos; and externally the vision cannot penetrate to aught of human life astir. Save the fierce howlings of the tempest blast, and the wild surges on the rocky coasts, nothing disturbs the scene. It is a strange, a mystic, and a singular transformation in the picture heretofore presented, and the mind is all but chilled with awe on beholding it.

But hark! what new sound is that now bursting on the ear—rising, as it seems, from out of the deep? What can it be that comes forth so heaven-like from the midst of all that black expanse? It is the hymn of prayer and praise ascending on high from grateful hearts and uttered by those hardy mariners who whilom were battling with the stormy deep. It is the usual evening offering of God's servants on the seas.

Hymn of the night: 'tis the sailors now bending—

Hymn of the night: its echoes ascending—

We sing and we pray:

We sing and we pray.

O God of our soul ! our voices upraising—
 O God of our soul ! incessantly praising—
 We glory in Thee, mighty Lord of all flesh.

In the stillness of night—in the sunshine of day,
 For ever and ever to Thee will we pray.

Blest Lord of our faith, accept Thou our prayers,
 Hear from Thy throne, our sorrows—our cares ;
 Surrounded by dangers, we need succour of Thee,
 But living or dying, our God shalt Thou be !
 But living or dying, our God shalt Thou be !

The voice of praise is hushed, and he who lately stood with helm in hand, now stands with Bible in his grasp, and reverently dismisses the thankful seamen before him. And then from one and all a kind “good night” is given, and naught again is heard save the roaring of the blast, and the ceaseless tramping of the solitary watcher, whose duty it is to keep the deck.

Reminiscences of Past Labours in South America.

The following is a short narrative of one of the journeys undertaken by Captain Gardiner, in the interior of Bolivia, in the year 1846. There accompanied him, as his companion and friend, a young Spaniard named Frederic Gonzales—and they reached as far as Caraparé. The climate and fatigue soon incapacitated the latter from exertion, and Captain Gardiner alone prosecuted his researches into every Indian village within a circuit of many miles. At length he, too, was invalided, and for a month was laid by in a strange place without food

or medicine proper for his situation. By God's mercy, however, he recovered, and was able to leave San Luis, the scene of his illness, on his return to Tarija.

Of Cobija, the Captain remarks: "Here is a town without wholesome water, situated in a perfect desert, yet for the sake of worldly gain, many will content themselves to reside in it. What a reproof to christians. Let us be willing to bear hardness for the sake of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us."

The scenery of the route from Cobija to Calama, he describes as wild and dreary—the road strong and broken; dark furrowed and channelled mountains on both sides, appearing as if they had been fused in a furnace; not a green thing was to be seen and no trace of vegetation—all appearing like a world emerging from a deluge; the stiff and parched remains of mules which had died on the road, told too clearly a tale of suffering and cruelty. The water for many miles is so brackish, that a little water which our travellers had brought from Valparaiso was eagerly begged by the inhabitants, whenever they came to know of the presence of such a treasure.

Calama is literally an oasis in the desert—being situated on a fertile plain of limited extent, while the desert continues as far as Atacama. The air was so dry and hot, that the few books which were carried by the travellers became warped and parched, and the ink dried in the pens while writing. Still the level was gradually rising in height, and the night became very cold before they ascended any perceptible elevation. When at length they approached the highest part of the pass of the Cordillas, Mr. ^{de} Gonzales suffered much from an oppression of the chest, occasioned by the rarefied air of the mountains. On the 15th of February

they began to descend again—sometimes traversing the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, sometimes clambering over such masses of rock as seemed more fit for the feet of goats, than for burden-bearing mules.

It was but seldom that any kind of house was found for nightly shelter. A sort of hovel, consisting merely of four low walls, without roof, was a welcome resource. A few of these have been at different times erected by chinchilla hunters for their own use, and form a partial screen from the wind. A piece of painted canvas, spread over the top, in some instances sheltered them from a shower of rain, or heavy dew.

Descending the mountain, they came to the villages of Rimonada and Lococho—the country as they advanced becoming much more pleasing. Herds of llama, sheep, goats and asses, bed on the mountain slopes. About Lococho, every plot of ground was cultivated and carefully fenced with stone walls, or mimosa hedges; crops of maize, beans and clover, were growing at the base of the most scarped and weather-beaten rocks. Spinning and weaving were such constant occupations, both of men and women, even while tending the flocks, as to give a great air of industry to the population. The men usually make the coarse cloth of the country, and the women ponchos, rugs, &c. The worst and most difficult pass of the route, is encountered between Soacha and Tarija. It is called the Cuesta de Yugas. It was like riding over the heaps of stone which lie at the mouth of a stone quarry—the passage between the rocks being sometimes also so narrow, as with great difficulty to allow of the mules passing with their burdens.

Many Indians were to be found at these villages, but Captain Gardiner would not be satisfied without seeing them at their own independent locations.

On arriving at Tarija, he was happy in making the acquaintance of General O'Connor, an officer in the Bolivian service, who, having been for some time commandant of the frontier, was well acquainted with the Indian tribes and on good terms with them. From this officer the travellers received much kindness and assistance.

At Tarija they experienced the usual difficulty of hiring the necessary mules. Time is of so little value in this country, that an appointment is seldom kept. If an arriere is engaged to start in the morning, he will perhaps present himself in the afternoon. If you order a stock of bread to be ready for a journey, it may perhaps be put into the oven just as you are ready to start. To such difficulties the travellers were now habituated, and met the indifference of the country people with as much patience as they could assume.

The country for some miles around Tarija is broken and cleft in a most extraordinary manner; deep fissures and pinnacles, like colossal ant-hills, with abrupt precipices, are met with in all directions. There are few trees, but many bushes on the plain; and the route from hence to San Luis is fertile and beautiful. One rugged cuesta reminded the travellers that they were still in Bolivia. After leaving San Luis, they gradually entered a forest country. Here the insect tribes reign supreme, and give the daring invaders of their territory no rest night or day.

The travellers arrived at the river Pilcomayo (here the boundary of Bolivia) on Saturday, but the sabbath afforded them no respite from the merciless attacks of their winged adversaries. An Indian village was visible on the opposite bank, but the river formed a formidable barrier, and the ford was impracticable at that season.

On Sunday the travellers were visited by Paraguay, who, with some of his people, swam over for the purpose. Captain Gardiner followed the example thus set him on Monday, consigning his apparel to the care of an Indian, who carried it in a bundle on his head as he swam. There were found three little villages, only containing about thirty houses in all, but each owning its particular chieftain—Iraguay, Pařaguay, and Parangay by name. Parangay was much older than either of the others; he had a pleasing countenance and a cordial manner.

A lad, who understood Spanish, acted as interpreter, but nothing would induce one of the chiefs to tolerate the residence of a foreigner among them. In vain was every present likely to be of value to them offered. In vain were they assured that no attempt would be made to deprive them of their land. They turned a deaf ear to the promise that every article obtained from them should be paid for, and that Captain Gardiner's only desire was to come as their friend and learn their language.

Finding himself thus precluded from any immediate entrance to this tribe, he judged it inexpedient to endure longer the attacks of the insect armies on the Bolivian bank—but resolved first to ascertain whether other tribes might be found more accessible at another part of the frontiers. He therefore, with his friend Gonzales, returned to San Luis, suffering dreadfully from flies, fleas and mosquitoes, whose incessant attacks almost produced fever.

“If I had Wealth!”

It is a frequent feeling, if not utterance, “Oh! if I had wealth, how much pleasure it would afford me to contribute largely to all benevolent and religious objects!”

To one thus expressing himself, an aged christian replied:—

I am not quite so sure of that, and for several reasons:—

First, You do not seem to realize that God demands a charity commensurate *with what we have*, and not with that which we have not, and hence, if you do not come up to this real standard, it is not probable that you would with an imaginary one.

Second, It is *the willing heart* which is most commendable in the sight of God, and if the heart refuses when our means are small, it is vain to excuse our delinquency by a promise of generosity in circumstances which may never occur.

Third, You forget that, by God’s blessing, *the mite of the poor* may go much further than the affluent gifts of the rich.

Fourth, If the love of Christ does not impel us to shew our attachment to Him under one arrangement of circumstances, what warrant have we to believe that it will become influential in a different position.

Fifth, Charity is like a plant, which must be cultivated before it will grow. If we do not begin early to give it our attention, it will die out. To postpone giving until we can give largely, is equivalent to an indefinite postponement. The lust of accumulation is most unfriendly to the growth of charity; if our charity be reluctant when we are poor, it will not likely be very prompt when we grow rich.

Christian Treasury.

Recent Meetings of Associations and Friends of the Cause.

Monday, July 9, a respectably attended Anniversary Meeting of the Rochester and Chatham Auxiliary was held in St. Nicholas School-room, with the Rev. W. Conway, Vicar, in the Chair. The Meeting was addressed by Rev. Chairman, Rev. H. Downton, Incumbent of St. John's, Rev. R. Conway, Curate of St. Nicholas, and Rev. G. P. Despard, Honorary Secretary. Collections at the close, £4 2s. 1½d.

Tuesday 10th, a Lecture was given by Rev. G. P. Despard to a few persons in the School-room of St. Andrew's, Bethnal Green, Rev. G. Parker in the Chair—collection very small—the first droppings of a heavier shower, it is hoped.

Wednesday, the Monthly Meeting of the Combined Missionary Society of Barnet was held

by Rev. W. Pennefather, when the Rev. G. P. Despard was permitted to address the Meeting on the Patagonian Mission, and much interest was excited and manifested; collections not known.

July 24, D.V. a Meeting of the Auxiliary will be held at Guildford, Rev. T. Ludlam, Rector of St. Mary's and President, in the Chair.

In June, Rev. J. W. Marsh, Vicar of Bleasby, gave Lectures before respectable auditories, and with tangible success at Readon, on the 7th, when a new Auxiliary was formed;—and at Blackheath on the 8th, with the Rev. Russell Davies in the Chair.

Gleanings.

ONE HAPPY HEART. Have you made one happy heart to-day? How calmly can you seek your pillow! how sweetly sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sunray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us everywhere.

A WORD IN SEASON. Reader, when thou seest a sinner drawing near to the gates of death, neglect not to give him timely warning; it may be that God shall seal it on his heart. If thou pass him by, God may require his blood at thy hands. "Be instant in season, and out of season." Sow beside all waters, that thou mayest reap a glorious harvest at the coming of the Son of Man.

United Prayer.

"Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them."

Soon as the swift-winged messenger of the Patagonian Missionary Society, freighted with the Gospel message, was sent forward on its errand of love to the far distant land, from whence had come over the cry of the perishing—a petition was pressed upon Christian, Christ-loving hearts in England to this effect: "*Brethren pray for us.*" "We have a great object—a great desire in view, but little means and feeble instrumentality, wherewith to accomplish it, and were these ever so enlarged, we place no dependence on an arm of flesh, the work we undertake is not ours, but the Lord's, therefore let the Lord be sought on our behalf by all whose spirits breathe the earnest desire—

"Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once achieved on Calvary!"

O who, that by happy personal experience knows the preciousness of Calvary's ruddy

stream, and does not long for its blest application to every sinful brother of the human race? On such feelings of Christian interest in the spread of our common Redeemer's kingdom, the Society largely presumed; and asked, where even other boons might be denied, that one best boon of *united prayer*. How far the appeal issued by them has met with a hearty response, and has been affectionately borne in mind by "*the Lord's remembrancers*;" He, whose eye seeth in secret, and whose ear heareth in secret, alone knoweth. Suffice it, that having had encouragement to some extent, in being made aware of not a few closets where the Patagonian Mission is the subject of special pleading on each returning Tuesday—they wish to urge it on such as have already begun, to *continue*, and on such as have not yet united in such prayer for them, and their designs, to *begin* and supplicate the God of heaven for means to carry His Gospel *effectually* to South America.

It is scarcely needful to shew the importance of this request, but one or two reasons for it may be named.

1st. The misery of souls who are "without Christ," and the consciousness that *thousands* of such are living and dying in a dark semi-continent without even the knowledge of their danger, or a preacher to tell them that there is

mercy. There is not an individual Christian who can be exculpated from the duty of bearing in mind and feeling earnest desire for the conversion of *sinners of every race and clime*. Who that feels thus, would not pray?

2nd. The responsibility laid by Christ upon the church to let *every creature be made acquainted with His Gospel*, and the knowledge that His commands are quite neglected in one large portion of the world. A duty unfulfilled should surely lead every one upon whom this duty is laid to seek for grace and for opportunities to be obedient, and to identify himself with any holy effort that may be made by his brethren to do his Lord's will. How, in this view, can we refuse to pray for the beginning of the work in South America?

3rd. The assurance that man can do nothing either towards alleviating spiritual misery, or enlightening spiritual ignorance, without the Lord—that Paul may plant and Apollos water all in vain, if God giveth not the increase, and therefore while efforts are being made to awaken the heathen who have long lain in darkness and the shadow of death, there is no hope of their success without a blessing from on high.

4th. The peculiar position and difficulties of Missionary labourers, especially in the first cultivation of a moral desert, are so trying that they

need special support and direction, such as the Lord promises in answer to special supplication. The church at home, like Aaron and Hur on either side of Moses, must stay the hands of her faithful leaders abroad, by lifting her own hands with her heart unto God in the heavens.

Yes! it is prayer—earnest, persevering prayer, that we need in all our benevolent agencies. Prayer, exhaled through the power of the divine Spirit from this lower world, will descend again to it in showers of blessing. We often talk of *our wants*, but too often these wants are directed towards earth, instead of heaven. We think, ‘Oh if this man would give us his patronage, and this one his money, and this one his eloquence, our cause would progress faster.’ Ah! better did we say oftener, ‘Oh! if Jesus would give us His blessing!’ What are all earthly assistances to this! What can we covet in our Missionary enterprizes, if HE mightily help us, who left this magnificent prelude to His Missionary command: “ALL POWER IS GIVEN TO ME IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.” And will He not help? Dear Christian friends, *ask Him*, we beseech you. Ask Him not once, nor twice, but continually. Try to experience more the reality of converse with your Saviour as a *personal Friend*. Try to understand more of His mind in the great work of converting sinners to Him.

self. Try to get rid of vague notions about the spread of Christianity as a mere system, and get rooted in your mind the desire and longing to make all men know CHRIST, the living, loving Saviour of sinners, who though gone into heaven is ever watching over earth and feeling still as he felt in days gone by, compassion for the multitudes who are as sheep having no shepherd.

It has been suggested by a friend, that for the guidance of many who might be disposed to join in prayer for our Mission, a form would be desirable—not as intended by any means to shackle those who would pour out their hearts in unstudied petition for this work of the Lord, but as offering assistance to some to whom such is a help, and for social and family unions of prayer. The following is therefore proposed :—

“ O Lord, the Father of all men, who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, look we beseech Thee, on that portion of Thy Creation where the nations know Thee not, nor Thy Son, Jesus Christ, but dwell in darkness and worship the work of their hands—that which their own fingers have made. Stay, we beseech Thee, Thine avenging hand, and let Thine eye of pity rest upon the perishing.

“ And, O Lord Jesus, whose precious blood

was shed for *all nations*, and whose Eternal Throne claims the homage of a great multitude gathered out of all kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, do Thou hear our supplication. We ask Thee for mercy for a dark land where dwell thousands who have never bowed the knee to Thy holy name. We confess our own and our brethren's backwardness in sending them Thy blessed Gospel. Pardon all our negligence for Thy mercy's sake. Grant now to the Society which is desiring to labour among the heathen of South America, Thy special grace and blessing. Give to its directors heavenly wisdom, and to its Missionaries and agents fitness for the work to which they send them forth. Watch over the ship which is consecrated to Thy service, keep her from the perils of the sea, and give unto her prosperous voyages. Preserve the Island Home of our brethren from every danger and may Thy peace rest upon it. May brotherly love abound among all who are actively engaged in this great and holy work. May their bodies, O Lord, be precious in Thy sight. Keep them by Thy watchful providence from the attacks of fierce savages, and from injury resulting from the inclemency of a strange climate. And may their souls, taught and sanctified by Thine own Spirit, be fitted to testify and adorn the Gospel of Thy grace.

“Above all, O blessed Redeemer of sinful man, grant, we beseech Thee, to poor dark Fuegia a day of grace. Do Thou go before us in visiting her children, and prepare the hearts of many to receive the truth. Thy chosen ones are often among the weak and foolish of this world. Thou canst transform the most degraded savage into an enlightened believer. Even so, Lord Jesus, give now such a blessing in answer to the prayers of Thy children, who would ascribe to Thee, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, all glory now and for ever. Amen.”

A Peep into the Dark Places of the Earth.

The superstitions of the Moluches and Puelches, as described by Falkner.

These Indians believe in two superior beings, the one good, the other evil. The good power is called by the Moluches, Toqinchin, which signifies governor of the people; by the Taluhets and Dinihets, Toychu, which in their tongue signifies the being who presides in the land of strong drink; the Zehuelhets call him Guayacance, or the lord of the dead.

They have formed a multiplicity of these deities; each of whom they believe to preside over one particular part or family of Indians, of which he is supposed to have been the Creator. Some make themselves of the cast of the tiger, some of the lion, some of the guanaco, and others of the ostrich, &c. They imagine that these deities have each their separate habitations, in

vast caverns. under the earth, beneath some lake, hill, &c., and that when an Indian dies, his soul goes to live with the deity who presides over his particular family, there to enjoy the happiness of being *eternally drunk*. They believe that their good deities made the world, and that they first created the Indians in their caves, gave them their lance, the bow and arrows, and the stone bowls—to fight and hunt with, and then turned them out to shift for themselves. They imagine that the deities of the Spaniards did the same by them, but that instead of lances, bows, &c., they gave them guns and swords. They suppose that when the beasts, birds, and lesser animals were created, those of the more nimble kind came immediately out of their caves, but that the bulls and cows being the last, the Indians were so frightened at the sight of their horns, that they stopped up the entrance of their caves with great stones. This is the reason they give why they had no black cattle in their country, till the Spaniards brought them over, who more wisely had let them out of their caves. They have formed a belief that some of them after death are to return to these divine caverns: and they say, also, that the stars are old Indians, that the milky way is the field where the old Indians hunt ostriches, and that the two southern clouds are the feathers of the ostriches which they kill. They have an opinion, also, that the creation is not yet exhausted, nor all of it come out to the daylight of this upper world. Their wizards—beating their drums, and rattling their calabashes full of sea shells—pretend to see underground, men, cattle, &c., with shops of rum, brandy, cascabels, and a variety of other things.

The evil principle is called by the Moluches Hue-uvoe, or Huccuva, that is, the wanderer without. The Te-

huelhets and Cheehohaw, call him Atskamcakanatz; the other, Puelches, call him Valichu. They acknowledge a great number of this kind of demons, wandering about the world, and attribute to them all the evil that is done in it, whether to man or beast; and they carry this opinion so far, as to believe that these unpropitious powers occasion the weariness and fatigue which attends long journeys, or hard labour. Each of these wizards is supposed to have two of these demons in constant attendance, who enable them to foretell future events; to discover what is passing at the time present, at a great distance; and to cure the sick, by fighting, driving away, or appeasing the other demons who torment them. They believe that the souls of their wizards after death, are of the number of these demons. Their worship is entirely directed to the EVIL BEING, except in some particular ceremonies made use of in reverence to the dead. To perform their worship, they assemble together in the tent of the wizard—who is shut up from the sight of the rest, in a corner of the tent. In this apartment he has a small drum, one or two round calabashes with small sea whales in them, and some square bags of painted hide, in which he keeps his spears. He begins the ceremony by making a strange noise with his drum and rattle box; after which he feigns a fit, or struggle with the devil, who it is then supposed has entered into him; keeps his eyes lifted up, distorts the features of his face, foams at the mouth, screws up his joints, and after many violent and distorted motions, remains stiff and motionless, resembling a man seized with an epilepsy. After some time he comes to himself, as having got the better of the demon; next feigns within his tabernacle, a faint shrill mournful voice, as of the evil spirit—who, by the dis-

mal cry, is supposed to acknowledge himself subdued; and then from a kind of tripod, answers all questions that are put to him. Whether his answers be true or false, is of no great signification; because if his intelligence should prove false, it is the fault of the devil. On all these occasions the wizard is well paid. The profession of the wizards is very dangerous, notwithstanding the respect which is sometimes paid them; for it often happens, when an Indian chief dies, that some of the wizards are killed; especially if they had any dispute with the deceased just before his death; the Indians in this case laying the loss of their chief upon the wizards and their demons. In cases, also, of pestilence and epidemic disorders, when great numbers are carried off, the wizards often suffer. On account of the small pox, which happened after the death of Mayn Pilqui-yas, and his people, and almost entirely destroyed the Cheeluhets, Cangapol ordered all the wizards to be killed, to see if by those means the distemper would cease. The wizards are of both sexes. The male wizards are obliged (as it were) to leave their sex, and to dress themselves in female apparel, and are not permitted to marry, though the female ones, or witches, may. They are generally chosen for this office when they are children, and a preference is always shewn to those who at that early time of life discover an effeminate disposition. They are clothed very early in female attire, and presented with the drum and rattles belonging to the profession they are to follow. They who are seized with fits of the falling sickness, or the cholera Sancti Viti, are immediately selected for this employment, as chosen by the demons themselves, whom they suppose to possess them, and to cause all those convulsions and distortions common in epileptic paroxysms.

Little Mary, the African Girl.

The following narrative is interesting in this place for two reasons. It shews the power of divine grace working in the heart of a little heathen child, and thus encourages further labours among other heathen children. And it is a record of one instance of blessing vouchsafed to him now about to return to the scene of this young disciple's life and death—Sierra Leone—as its Bishop. He is the Missionary mentioned in the narrative. It is with thankfulness we are able to acquaint our readers that he has kindly consented to become Vice Patron to the Society, and surely our hearts will follow him to his arduous post with prayer that his labours may be still richly blessed.

“The grace of our Lord is exceeding abundant.” This is a saying the truth of which we often see exemplified, and that grace wherever it is bestowed, invariably has the same effects—it begins with taking away the heart of stone, that heart of which it has been strikingly said, that it is impenetrable to everything but the “drip, drip, drip of the Gospel of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ;” and when it has broken up and taken away that rocky heart, it gives in its stead a heart of *flesh*, soft and impressible, with affections and desires towards the God whom hitherto it had slighted and disobeyed, for the carnal heart is *enmity*, not merely *at enmity*, or it might be *reconciled*, but *enmity* itself—in which word is included hatred and anger, and rooted hos-

tility; therefore the only cure to this state of things, is to have that heart entirely demolished and a new one given. When this event takes place, the sinner is *converted*, or *changed*, to God. Whereas he *did* walk *contrary* to Him, his whole desire is now to walk before Him in all holiness of life and conversation; for the impression on his heart is one of grace or *free favour*, and having that heart "sprinkled from an evil conscience," which was always accusing and tormenting him, he now walks in the happy liberty of the children of God—who "eat their meat with *gladness*," because of the joy of being forgiven! Truly there is no motive so influential as grace; it acts upon our best and most generous feelings; those feelings which have outlived the fall, and are *touches* of what man was when first created, and God pronounced *him*, along with the other objects of his creation, to be "very good!" When we, in our own experience, "*know and believe* the love that God hath to us," then we resolve to live to Him with the help of His grace, that inestimable gift, that begins, and carries on the work of salvation within us, till the top stone shall be brought forth with shoutings, "grace, grace unto it!" Yes! thank God, it is *all* of grace from beginning to end! Salvation is the *free gift* of God—repentance is His gift. Acts v. 31., forgiveness is

His gift;—wisdom, sanctification and redemption are all His gifts, the precious gifts purchased by the blood of the Son: unasked for, unthought of; too often neglected and despised, and even *hated* by us! so that we come to the conclusion with which we commenced this little narrative—that “the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is exceeding abundant.”

I purpose, with God’s help, to give an instance of the workings of that grace in the case of a little African girl, whose most interesting story was related a short time since, by a Missionary from Sierra Leone, and which struck me as so touching and beautiful, that I wished many more might hear it, and learn to admire and adore the manifold grace of God, which works *when* and *where* it will, and produces the sweet fruits of righteousness in all its subjects, whether they be rich or poor, learned or unlearned, in every age and in every clime. The little girl of whom I speak was named in Christian Baptism “Mary.” What other name she had, I know not, nor does it signify. The great point for each of us to discover is, to know whether we have, like that little girl, that “*new* name which no man knows save he to whom it is given,” even the precious name of adoption and love,—“child of God.” I cannot tell *when* Mary received this new name, whether it was previous to her baptism, and

then the name given her in that holy ordinance would be indeed a Christian name—a seal of her new name, given by the Spirit of her God; a name which she should afterwards present at the judgment seat of God, and find it recorded in the “Lamb’s Book of Life.” Oh, my dear readers, the prayer is on my heart that I who write, and you who read this narrative, may all, through God’s inexpressible grace, have our names written in that Book, that so we may not be ashamed before Him at His coming, but, with the confidence of His own dear children, go forth rejoicingly to meet Him. The bridegroom is now tarrying, let us take heed to ourselves that we slumber not in sloth and carelessness and security, so that we sleep in deadness of faith at His appearing!

Mary was one of the many African girls taught in the schools of Sierra Leone, and to how many, as well as to herself, may we hope that those schools have been training-places for heaven! There was she taught that, young as she was, she was a sinner; an enemy to God by wicked works; born in sin, a child of wrath, lying under God’s just anger. How can such a one please a God of purity, who even charges His angels with folly? There was she taught the “way of life,” of recovery from that sad state in which she was by nature: and that way,

thanks be to God for His abundant grace, is so simple, that a little child may learn it with ease, with the Holy Spirit's teaching; though without that Spirit's help, the most wise and learned of this world cannot understand it: for the wisdom of God is foolishness with men, and they cannot discern the things of God, for they are only "spiritually discerned," or understood.

But little Mary learnt that Jesus died for *her*, sinner as she was, and always provoking and perverse before Him, and she had the faith, the trust, the confidence in God to believe that *she*, looking to Him, believing in Him, and trusting to Him, would be saved by His blood, and stand before God perfect in Christ, being covered from head to foot in His spotless robe of righteousness. "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him," says our gracious God, when He sees a repenting sinner *arising* and making an effort to turn from sin and come to Him; to cast himself, helpless, burthened and lost, upon His tender mercies in Christ, and there confessing that if saved *at all*, it must be through the merits and death of Christ.

This *best robe* of Christ's righteousness, my dear readers, we must each of us possess; nothing *less* can suffice to clothe us, for our "God cannot look upon iniquity;" but this garment He has promised to accept, and if

covered with it, we need not fear; for even His piercing eyes of fire can find no spot or blemish there!

Little Mary was a quiet, good little girl, bringing forth the *peaceable* fruits of righteousness, loving and serving God, from a grateful heart, and trying to please Him by pleasing her teachers, and loving with fervent affection her faithful minister, who had taught her the glad tidings of great joy—that there was a Saviour for her! But soon the time came that little Mary must die; early was the summons, and little expected; but the harvest was ripe, therefore was the sickle put in. When her minister heard she was unwell, he went to see her, and found her very seriously ill; the poor mother, too, assured him there was no hope of her recovery. On learning this, he said to Mary, “Dear little Mary, I am afraid you are very ill, and will not recover.” The child replied, “Indeed, Sir, I am thinking the same thing myself; but what I want to know is, shall I go to Jesus when I die?” The minister’s heart was full—he thought of the fruits of righteousness he had seen in her life—for “even a *child* is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right,” and he had a good hope that this dear child was ripening for glory, but he dared not at once assure her she was safe; so he said, “I

cannot answer that question now, dear Mary, but after I have had a few conversations with you, I hope I shall be able to tell you. Now the first thing I will ask you is, do you know and feel you are a sinner?" Then little Mary told him, how she knew herself to be a very great sinner, and how many wicked things she had done in her life, and that the remembrance of all those sins was very painful to her, but she knew also that Jesus had died for sinners, and so after all, why might not she be saved? Her minister shewed her there was indeed hope for every sinner—for the ransom has been paid—and now "whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Day after day did the faithful minister visit little Mary, and very interesting it was to see her growing in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour every day; and still was the question put to him, "But, dear Sir, do you think I shall go to Jesus when I die?" At last the minister felt quite satisfied that Mary was on the right foundation, and oh! remember, dear readers, that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, Christ Jesus," and "though there is a way that *seemeth* right unto a man, the end thereof are the ways of *death*." Here may the question rise on our hearts, are *we* on this right foundation? or do we trust in anything else!—our *works*, our *prayers*? Miserable re-

fuges of lies will these prove on a dying bed. We need, then, to lean all our weight upon our Beloved to have peace and comfort, for with the light of eternity upon us, sin often appears "more exceeding sinful; and if the poor sinner had not an all-sufficient Saviour—one who "saves to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him" he would oftentimes be driven to despair.

One night a messenger came to the minister, and told him Mary wanted very much to see him—late as it was, and he in bed—but she hoped he would come, for she had something to say to him: he went at once, and found little Mary sitting up in bed, waiting for him. "Oh Sir," she said, "I am so sorry that I have woke you up, and sent for you out of your bed, and made you come out in the night, but I was afraid if I waited until to-morrow, I might never see you." "Never mind that, dear little Mary," replied her minister, "I am very glad to come to you, now tell me what you wanted to say to me." "Oh, Sir, I want to know if I die to-night, shall I go to Jesus?" "I am very glad I can answer that question now, dear Mary, for I feel very sure that if you die to-night, you *will* go to Jesus!" How happy was her minister when he told her of the safety of those whom Jesus puts into His fold, and *keeps* under His own care unto the great day. "My sheep shall never

perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Are we, dear readers, of that happy number? The poor, weak, and foolish sheep are *brought in* by the good Shepherd, for they would never come of themselves into the fold; and He *keeps* them there, or they would still be wandering and straying from Him. Let us pray that we may be brought in, and *kept* by God's power through grace unto salvation. Sweet was the message of salvation to little Mary, though she had often heard it; but with what tenfold force did she feel on a dying bed, that the *sting* of death is *sin*; and then to be again and again assured of sin being covered and forgiven, and blotted out to be remembered no more! Oh! this it is that gives joy, and causes the dying sinner to exclaim, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Little Mary begged to be placed on her minister's knee, and there she remained one hour, leaning her little head upon his shoulder, and whispering every now and then some question about herself and her state, and to the last growing in knowledge, until knowledge should be perfected in glory!

Her mother thought the minister must be weary, so she told Mary she must stop no longer on his knee, but return to her bed, and after laying her down, her kind minister commended

her to God, "even her own God," and took his leave. Scarcely had he reached his home, when a messenger ran up and told him, Mary had just expired. Poor dear little Mary! How thankful the minister felt that he had gone at once and given her comfort in her last hours, when heart and flesh were failing—he thought with comfort of the dear child now entered into the presence of her Lord and Saviour—a rejoicing spirit before the throne! The next morning, he went to see her poor mother, and asked her if she knew why Mary had wished so much to sit on his knee the night before. "Oh yes!" said the poor woman, "I know why: Mary told me how much she should like to die in her minister's arms!" Poor little Mary! had I known that, I would gladly have kept her twenty minutes longer; but it matters not; she was in better arms than mine, dear little girl! Jesus, the good Shepherd, carries the Lambs in His arms, and the minister could rejoice in thinking she was now safe for ever with him. Short as was her life—she had learnt all that was necessary for salvation; she had sorrowed for sin, she had laid hold of a Saviour—she had been washed in His blood, justified in His righteousness, sanctified by His Spirit.

Was not this all of grace? that a poor ignorant African girl should be called to know and to

love her God and Saviour, when numbers around her in that heathen land were perishing for lack of knowledge—and alas! numbers in this professedly Christian land are walking in darkness in the full glare of Gospel light, perishing, too, for lack of the knowledge of a Saviour. So I will close this little narrative with praising and magnifying “the grace of our Lord, which is exceeding abundant, with faith and hope which is in Christ Jesus.”

Zeal in the Cause of Truth.

The life of Christ was one continued exemplification of holy zeal—zeal, supreme absorbing zeal for the divine glory, and for the salvation of souls. This was the sustaining principle of His whole conduct. It was calm, steady, dignified, disinterested, unquenchable. It had all the fixedness of a principle, and not the desultoriness of an impulse. No ingratitude, (and Christ met with much more than any man beside Him ever met with) no opposition, no want of success, could damp it. It shone unchangeably bright through all the changes of His mysterious career. This brought Him from heaven, this upheld Him throughout His unwearied career of well-doing; this sustained Him in the dark and

closing scene of His existence, and this animates Him still in all that He is doing at the right hand of God.

Oh! shame upon Christians, the followers of such a Master, for their lukewarmness! Shame upon them for leaving so large a field to be occupied by the devil and his agents, who are sowing tares while the Church is asleep! it is for lack of zeal that the heathen abroad and the heathen at home are left uncared for and unconverted. If every one were to do his utmost, if the whole machinery of the Christian church were to be put in motion, such zealous labours would begin to *tell* upon the mass of wickedness.

We live in an earnest age. The agencies and powers of evil are multiplied and intensified beyond those of any former age. Let us take an example from the enemies of the truth, and shew as great a zeal in the best of all causes, as they do in the worst. Let each one ask himself, What can *I* do? it is but little, perhaps, that I *can* do, but I will do all I can; I will rebuke sin wherever I find it, I will lend my aid to expel the ignorance and poverty and vice—that seem in our day on the increase, I will devote my time and energy to that noble work—the work which brought the Redeemer from the courts above; I will pray, I will labour, I will contribute for this end—by God's grace enabling

me, I will fear no opposition; I will quail before no difficulty; I will set my face as a flint. This is the spirit we need; let us cultivate this holy zeal. It will make us like our blessed Saviour, who was clad with zeal as a cloak. It will make us like the best and holiest men that ever lived—the Davids and Elijahs, the Pauls and Peters and Johns of Scripture; the Luthers and Knoxes of the Reformation; the Brainerds and Martyns and Duffs of Missionary times; and others of that race of spiritual heroes whose record is left on earth, as well as written in heaven. They lived for some great end; they consecrated their lives to the good of man, and the glory of God; they threw themselves soul and body into their work; they offered themselves as holocausts upon the altar of humanity, and hence their greatness—hence their usefulness—hence their renown.

Oh! for an increase among us of this holy zeal! When shall all who love the Lord, and love souls, arise and devote themselves to the glorious work of raising their fallen, sunken fellow creatures—inhabitants of the same globe, partakers of the same immortality—from their degradation and misery? When shall man feel for brother man, and woman for sister woman? How long shall we stand by in cold indifference, while those in whose veins flows the same blood

as our own—those who were purchased with the same divine ransom—those who are capable of being saved and made happy as well as we—how long shall we stand by and see them perish, without an effort to save them? How long, O Lord! how long? “*Is it not a pity that those who might be made bright angels, and might live among angels, should go all DOWN—DOWN—DOWN, and none to help them?*”

REV. E. A. FOOTE.

The Allen Gardiner.

Letters have been received from Captain Snow up to the date of May 17th. He was then at Monte Video, where he had been refitting the vessel. He speaks with pleasure of having had service on board, in the afternoon of that day, (Ascension Day) conducted by the Rev. Mr. Pendleton, who had kindly visited the ship, and who afterwards addressed all on board in a most appropriate and affecting manner, from the first three verses of the Second Lesson, Eph. iv. 1 to 3. After parting with him and his family with regret, in the hope, however, of meeting again, preparations were made for returning to the Falklands, and all in good order, and with the improvement of fresh paint. the Allen Gardiner was to weigh anchor on the 19th.

No accounts have been received from the land party.

Anniversary Meeting.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society, was held at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on September 7th.

The Rev. J. B. Clifford kindly presided on the occasion, and the Meeting was addressed by the Rev. G. P. Despard, Hon. Secretary; the Rev. G. Despard, from Nottingham; the Rev. Gilbert Robinson, Rector of Walmley, Birmingham; and the Rev. J. W. Marsh, Vicar of Bleasby, Notts.

The Report was encouraging and interesting. The various records of progress to which it alluded—having from time to time appeared in our pages, we will not repeat them here, but merely furnish our readers with the exhortations to thankfulness and continued effort which it contained.

“Dear friends of the Lord Jesus Christ, we salute you in His name, and invoke grace, mercy, and peace in rich abundance on your souls. Help us to give thanks to the God of our life, that He has vouchsafed another year to our existence, and permits us the privilege of meeting you once more with the tale of success He has given to our humble efforts, as your Committee, to carry out your benevolent wishes

for the salvation of many heathen tribes in South America."

The causes for thankfulness alluded to, are the having been enabled to raise sufficient funds for the thorough equipment of the Mission Vessel, *Allen Gardiner*, for sea, her sending forth, laden with every sufficient supply, and with a band of christian men to South America, and her safe arrival thither; increased openings of interest on behalf of the mission at home and hopeful prospects abroad.

"But" we are compelled to say this in reference to every thing of promise in this lower world "chequered is the history of a Society, as well as that of an individual—the cloud and the sunshine, now lower and now lighter are its pages. We have cheered you with our good news to call forth your praises, we must tell other tidings to call forth your prayers.

"One who with the simplicity of a christian brother, and the dignity of an apostolic bishop, sat as chairman of our meeting last year, and addressed us in words of wisdom, truth, and love—Dr. Vidal, first bishop of Sierra Leone—has been called from all labours with us and with others, to rest with Him whom his soul loved, Jesus our Lord. Hearty and steadfast was his interest in the mission to South America. as his liberal gifts, his sermon, his addresses.

and his prayers amply evinced. May we not say these and such like works, in which for years he abounded, have followed him, and from his testimony that he loved Christ, who first loved him and died for him! So labouring may we enter into rest.

“Another, we think the first to support Captain Gardiner in these parts, we know the most earnest, liberal and prayerful in promoting his glorious object, the Rev. John Strickland, Rector of Christ Church with St. Ewin’s, Bristol, after a long illness—during the course of which his interest in the Patagonian Mission was unabated, whilst his sense of the importance of it, from realizing more and more fully in his own soul the joys of salvation, went on increasing—has been received up into the same bright presence, where his brother-in-law, Dr. Vidal, entered but a few weeks before. This last removal occasions a more than ordinary loss to our Society, for the faith, sound judgment, tenderness of feeling for others, and steady attendance of Mr. Strickland, made him an invaluable member of our Committee; we therefore rejoice with regret, that he is removed from us.

“And now but recently, one of God’s faithful servants in high station, who has long gone with us in judgment and in interest, but has lately

shown this in his liberal gift, and in his consent to be a Vice Patron to this Society, has been summoned to the Court of Heaven's Great King; we allude to his Grace the Duke of Manchester.

"We have met painful disappointments in regard to those whom we confidently hoped would be efficient labourers in the mission field abroad, but with whom circumstances which we could not have foreseen, compelled us to separate almost in the moment of their leaving England for the scene of action.

"God, however, who has taken away those helps, has been pleased to give us others. Dr. Perry, Bishop of Melbourne, and Dr. Weekes, the new Bishop of Sierra Leone, have both, in the warmest manner, given their support; and the former, had he not been full of engagements in other places at this time, would have been here to say how much he approved of our mission.

"We will not occupy your time with arguments to prove what every Christian must allow, the duty to preach Christ in all the world, nor with appeals to enlist your particular sympathy for Patagonia; this we have, or you would not have been here; but we cannot conclude our report without trying to convey to your minds our hopeful impressions as to the openings for gospel light in South America, now existing there.

“Tierra del Fuego is claimed by no state, and is accessible on all sides, and the natives have no national religion, or irreligion to contend against, no idols, no priests to oppose, and there exist, (we have very strong belief of the fact) individuals who spoke English, and have every reason to esteem English people.

“In Patagonia, also free from Romish thralldom, there was two years ago, and we trust there is still, a Chief who is very anxious to introduce Christianity to his people. Two of these are now in the Falklands, within reach of our missionaries, and preparing to support them in Patagonia.

“Chili, from having been a very bigoted and exclusive state, has received Englishmen into her counsels and administration, and grants new toleration to Protestants. Through Chili we reach the country of the Moruches, 80,000 strong, noble spirited, more than half civilized heathen men.

“Paraguay now grants liberty to worship God according to their conscience to her inhabitants, and will put no bar to unobtrusive labours for conversion of the natives within and near her borders. Steam navigation now existing on the Plata and Parana, brings the Indian districts within easy distance of Monte Vidio, and Monte

Vidio is barely three weeks sail from our station on Keppel Island.

“The Province of Otuquis, in South-eastern Bolivia, is for sale to an English Company. The agent for its sale is entrusted with full power to make conditions with the purchasers. He is a Protestant, and a friend to the spread of the new faith amongst the Indians, and a friend to our Society, and is more than willing that we should occupy a station in that part of Otuquis which joins the Gran Chaco, that we may seek the spiritual good of 100,000 free natives residing within it. His name is Mr. Sims Vernet.

“And we have our own territory of Gwana on the north, with many converted Arawaks to assist our approaches on that side.

“Thus the providence of God seems inviting us in the name of Jesus, the Lord of all the earth, to enter in and possess for Him South America; and shall we be still and fear to go forward at His bidding?

“But, say there are no openings, a wall of triple strength, Popery, prejudice and arbitrary power is keeping South America on all sides. What then? We will advance in the name of the Lord and make openings; and on our side is strength invincible; we have the Lord's Word and the Lord's Command, and the Lord himself to guide, aid, and prosper the effort.

“Had the first evangelists more for an attempt before untried, in a state of things far more disadvantageous than the present, and with all the world of Jews and Gentiles, lying in the wicked one, obstinately opposed to them? Yet they preached and prayed, and prayed and preached every where, and in less than fifty years from the commencement of their effort, the gospel was preached to every creature under heaven.

“Emancipated sinners, soldiers of the Cross of Christ, unsheath the sword of the Spirit; for God and for the salvation of souls be the rallying word, and then onwards to South America; no retreat, no halt, till every nation, kindred and tongue, gives glory to Him that sitteth on the throne of the Heavens.

“You respond in heart to the call, you ask how you may bring your help to the cause. We want your subscriptions, for having now established the mission, we want a steady income to maintain it, such as annual subscription best afford. You can make collections among your friends. You may join the Monthly Penny Association through the collectors, whose names Mrs. G. P. Despard, the Secretary, will make known to you.

“You can place a collecting box on your table, and see if you cannot fill it, till the four sides

can contain no more. You can aid by exercising your industry and ingenuity in preparing articles of use and ornament, for the sales of work in Clifton and elsewhere during the ensuing year. You can contribute to and purchase from the Patagonian basket, whose circulation has already brought in so liberal a contribution to our funds. You can take in the Voice of Pity, our penny a month magazine for South America, and commend it to your friends, which you may do without a blush, for the editor and her friends are [sedulous and successful to furnish their charge with what both informs the mind, and improves the heart of the readers.

“ You heard that New Zealanders, who have but recently tasted the good word of God, and found the salvation of their souls precious, are zealous for South American heathens to be converted. Shall not English christians, who have *so long* sat under the shadow of the Tree of life and eaten of its fruits, be as forward as they. Shall they not even be stirred up by holy indignation against themselves for past apathy in such a cause, to labour more abundantly than all others, to pray for the gifts of wisdom, courage, meekness, and perseverance on them who are the missionaries; and for an open ear, an understanding mind and a willing heart to be bestowed upon the natives, for a supply of

Godly men to keep up the company of preachers, and for the more extensive outspreading of interest for South America at home. Shall not English christians, the wealthiest of all who bear the Saviour's name, display the superiority of their affluence in the largeness of their gifts, to enrich the poorest of men with a treasure whose value shall first be fully known on that day when,

“Jesus says,

“‘Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’”

Our National Debt.

Has the thought ever occurred to our readers, whilst conning the arithmetic of the vast sum for which our country must be responsible, in consequence of the heavy burdens of the present war—that such a liability may be read as a *rebuke* for the negligent way in which we have regarded a greater NATIONAL DEBT, incurred by us in the day of peace!

Let us look, for a few moments, at the case as it stood. England has been a great, a prosperous nation. Riches, honours, learning, have been laid at her feet. Through her veins has

flowed the rich life blood of internal strength, and as a free and happy nation, she has borne away the palm of distinction unrivalled. For the space of forty years, no opposing force—no hostile influence, has checked the current of prosperity in its onward course. With but a trifling exception here and there, she has been respectfully greeted by all nations, and has maintained with all, the alliance of friendship and the intercourse of civilization.

But has there not been a *great secret* beneath all this outward prosperity? Has there not been an unseen Hand, guiding the growth of our beloved Empire, and pointing to a *great work* destined for her to accomplish? Undoubtedly there has. Has not England been, as it were, planted in a good soil by great waters, that she might be a goodly vine, bearing fruit to the glory of Him who planted her?

There is a thrilling motto which we might inscribe on Britannia's shield, alike descriptive of her strength and her duty. "*She has been allowed of GOD to be PUT IN TRUST with the GOSPEL.*" Unto her, among the nations, has been committed the five talents, and the voice has continually sounded in her ears, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Whilst other countries have been more or less struggling with the thralldom of superstition, or the manacles of

internal weakness, or the galling chains of despotism, England has been the land of enlightenment and liberty; the land of science and civilization; the land of churches and Bibles; the land where the poorest may sit under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid.

How great then, for all this privilege, must have become England's debt to Him who has blessed her? If it be from the Lord that all good things do come—if on His bidding we wait for the very least, as well as the greatest of our individual and national mercies—then do we not, for every one, owe to the Lord a tribute of humble acknowledgment and grateful praise? We put from us the thought of recompence. What can worms of the earth offer to the King of kings? But, as it has been beautifully said, "Heaven bestows light and influence on this lower world, which *reflects* the blessed rays, though it cannot recompence them; so man may make *a return* to God, but *us requital*."

We are taught by revelation and history, that the Lord looks for this return. Revelation is full of precepts enforcing it; history is full of examples illustrating it. We have only to read the 8th and 11th chapters of Deuteronomy, to see the importance attached to national honour and obedience given to God in return for na-

tional benefits; and in the fall of great empires, with which history is pregnant, we can send the practical lesson, "Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God."

There was a time in Israel's history, when they had forgotten the claim upon them of this NATIONAL DEBT. "If I be a Father," enquires the Lord, "where is my honour? If I be a Father, where is my fear? WILL A MAN ROB GOD? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse." Mark the solemn words spoken by the Most High, the possessor of heaven and earth: "For ye have robbed me, even this whole nation."

Can England, we would seriously ask, can England's sons, even in the majority, plead exemption from this fearful charge? Has the debt of service been discharged faithfully to our Heavenly Master? Has the right amount of tithes and offerings been cast into the treasury of the Lord? Rather, have not christian enterprises which have originated but with the few faithful ones, languished and crept slowly forward for want of funds? We would prefer just to throw out this hint, for individual scrutiny—recalling again those words, "*Put in trust with the Gospel*"—and beg each reader, as one of the nation, to take into serious consideration the

thought we have suggested—whether our backwardness in liberality and faithful fulfilment of our Lord's stewardship, may not meet with a fitting rebuke in the heavy burdens now increasing upon us; whether what England has withheld, may not now be forced from her by irresistible power; whether for the *thousands* which christians have kept back from the work of the Lord, the Lord may not now be demanding *millions* in hard taxation?

Is there no remedy? There is:—

“*Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes; and all nations shall call you blessed—for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts.*”

Malachi iii. 8—12.

The Chosen Vessel.

We more than once find, in Scripture, that the Lord compares His people to vessels—“the work of the hands of the Potter;” and it would appear as if His primary object in the use of

this simile, was to impress them with His absolute Sovereignty, and their complete worthlessness and dependance. "Behold as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in Mine hand," (Jer. xviii. 6.) is the language in which we are all addressed. Its peculiar significance can scarcely be understood by any who have not seen the stiff and stubborn clay, moulded in the hands of the workman, and wrought into any form which it seems good to him to give it. How much does human nature resemble clay? If either have any innate power, it is only that of stiff and clogging resistance! The vessel unto honour, and the vessel unto dishonour, are both formed "of the same lump," but with very different destinies; the one ever remaining "of the earth earthy," "to be dashed in pieces as a potter's vessel;" the other "a vessel of mercy, afore prepared unto glory." But we see another meaning, in the use of the term 'vessel!' *It is formed for service!* "*Meet for the Master's use,*" is inscribed upon every "chosen vessel." In what way is it to be used? Simply this. The Lord first fills it with grace and mercy to the very brim, that He may pour forth from it into other vessels, "empty vessels," of which there are "not a few!" Let none imagine themselves exempt from this service, whether they are "vessels of cups, or vessels of flagons;"

whatever may be their capacity, they are alike called to be dispensers of God's message of grace. Let them not fear; they have not to draw upon their own resources; "the cruse shall not fail," the pot of oil shall not "stay," until there is not a chosen vessel more to be filled; it shall ever flow from its inexhaustible fountain, till the dispensation of grace, shall close in that of glory! Let us learn from this, a double lesson; one of responsibility, as well as one of dependance! A golden vessel would be useless, if the Lord did not fill it; an earthen vessel may "make known the riches of His glory," (Rom. ix. 23.) and thus be "fit for the Master's use."

Christian friends! Can you find a nobler aim than this? Are you not willing—nay, longing, that your Lord should take you in His all-powerful hand, and make you a channel of blessing to others? You do not lack opportunities for service, you *need not* lack means! If the oil of grace is low in your vessel, marvel not that it does not overflow! The empty vessel at your side may wait long, before it will receive of your fulness. Yet are you inexcusable. If you had to manufacture the oil of grace from alms, and holiness, and good deeds, you might have some excuse "for standing all the day idle." But you know that in the courts

above, there are "olive branches, which empty the golden oil *out of themselves.*" (Zech. iv. 12.) There take your empty vessels, your needy souls to be filled; there let them stand, receiving of your Lord's fulness, until they overflow—until the golden oil wells over, not to sink into the earth, but to flow into the many empty vessels ready to receive it! This is the true secret of christian usefulness, "the love of Christ constraineth us;" it rises higher and higher in our souls, until it reaches the very brim of their capacities, till we can no longer contain it within our own narrow bounds, but must needs communicate it to others, if so be we may make them "partakers of our grace." You need not look far, for the empty vessels we have mentioned; they stand around, they are at your door, and they are afar off! The South American Missionary points to many such, and if, as "a vessel of cups," you cannot reach unto them, the Lord can make even you, so to overflow with the oil of grace, that its drops shall fall into another vessel, and so, on and on, till it can be said of Tierra del Fuego, "we are come as far as to you also, in preaching the Gospel of Christ." (2 Cor. x. 14.)

What Little Hands can do.

Children think they can do little good; and even their parents generally think the same. They can be obedient and affectionate—this all admit; but few think they are old enough to do anything for the salvation of the world. Now, children, this is a very great error.

Can a child do as much as an *insect*? “Why, yes,” every little reader, “and more too.” Let us see. Imagine that you and I are sailing in a vessel upon the South Seas. How beautifully we glide along! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows like a painted highland? Now it sparkles in the rays of the sun like a rock of silver, and now it assumes different colours, variegated in the most charming manner. Red, golden, silvery hues, all blend together in delightful richness. Nearer and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant than the Crystal Palace; when lo! we discover it is the splendid work of *insects* so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral insect threw up those many-coloured reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island covered with tall palm trees,

so green and slender. The foundation of that island, now a fit habitation for man, was laid by the same little coral insect. Myriads of them worked away, year after year, until a huge bed of coral became the foundation of the island; then the soil accumulated, and the trees grew, as they now are seen.

This is what some insects do towards making this world a habitation for mankind. They make islands. God did not create them to be useless in this world, where so much is to be done. Their work *amounts to something*.

Would you not be as useful as the little coral insect? You cannot build islands, but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live in other parts of the earth. A *half-penny* is a small gift, but a dozen of them make a sixpence. A grain of sand is very minute, but enough of them will make a mountain. So *the little* which one child does for God may seem too small to be counted, but perhaps twenty of these *littles* are equal to the work of one full-grown man or woman. Do not forget that if you do nothing for God, you are not worth as much as the coral insect.—*Christian Treasury*.

The Signal Bell.

We were sitting in our room, on the shore of Lake Superior. A dense fog covered the glassy waters, the little village, and the hills that surrounded it. The range of vision was limited to a few rods. While gazing at the dim outline of the rocks and trees, with such dreamy thoughts and fancies as a mist is wont to awaken, we are startled by the tones of a bell. Muffled, mysterious, and solemn, it came out of the fog that hung over the lake. Nothing could be seen there, and we imagined for a moment that it must be rung by spirits in the air. But we knew what it meant, and hastened down to the pier.

A bell in the village was tolled in reply. For half-an-hour, at intervals of a minute or less, the bells rung responsive to each other. And then suddenly there loomed through the mist a steamboat, with her bow touching the pier. The harbour was full of rocks. A slight deviation from the course would have been fatal. Hence, when the fog thickened, and hid the landmarks, the officers rang the signal of distress. It was understood on the shore and answered. Guided by the sound, the vessel came safely to her moorings.

The scene made a deep impression on my

mind. To know that a hundred persons are within a few rods of you, yet ignorant of their position, and in the midst of unseen dangers—to hear the tones of their signal-bell muffled by the mist; to imagine it a voice, saying, “Help us—guide us,” was solemn and impressive. Then to hear the pealing answer, and the chiming of the two bells together, like the talking of friends; to watch anxiously for the steamer, to try to determine by the sound whether she was in in the right course; how exciting—painfully exciting! And at last to see her sweep to the pier-head so suddenly and safely; to witness the joy of her passengers as they hurried to the shore, awakened emotions of relief and delight.

Often since we have thought of that scene. When we look around us at the busy and the gay, then remember what God says about the human heart and human life, we seem to see a fleet of vessels, nobly built and richly freighted, driving on in the mist, amid a thousand unseen dangers. But they ring no alarm-bell, and when others warn them they heed it not. If the Holy Spirit at length arouses them, and becoming conscious of the blinding mist of sin, they cry, “What must we do to be saved?” how often no signal is rung to guide them, or a false signal that leads them among the breakers! It is a solemn sight to behold an awakened sin-

ner trying to flee for his life to the haven of peace. It is a solemn thing to direct that sinner in his flight. But to let him wander in the mist; to hear his cry, but neglect it; to pursue our business or pleasure, while he needs our instruction, encouragement, and christian example, and while, without them, he may perish, O! this is worse than sad—it is murderous.

May not some who call themselves God's people, be committing this great sin to-day? The fog is dense; many vessels are drifting in it. Some of them are ringing alarm-bells. This is no time, then, for worldliness or mirth, but a time to pray and to labour—to be humble and faithful—to consecrate every energy to God's service.—*Christian Treasury*.

Lines suggested by a sermon preached at
St. Stephen's Church Bristol, Sep. 2, 1855.

Sinner! from His throne above
Jesus calls thee by His love,
Waiting to bestow the light
Which shall guide thee day and night,
Day and night?

See! He waits, He tarries long,
Wilt thou, do His pity wrong?

Canst thou, 'gainst the mercy fight,
Which would save thee, day and night,
Day and night ?

Christian ! child of light and love
Hear of Him who reigns above !
Dost thou in the thought delight
That He keeps thee, day and night,
Day and night ?

Be it evermore thy care,
Jesus' love for souls to share ;
Walking as a child of light,
Serving Him by day and night,
Day and night ?

' Neath the hot and scorching sun,
Labour till the work is done,
And when darkness veils thy sight
Labour on by day and night,
Day and night ?

Soon ! the hour of rest will come,
Soon ! will cease life's restless hum,
Then, as now, thy one delight,
Serving God, by day and night,
Day and night ?

"The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Our precious seed is sown in that far land
Beside the waters of the roaring deep,
Where in their lonely graves the faithful band
Of martyred ones, in Jesus safely sleep ;

Who in their lives were strengthened with all might
To patience, joyfulness, long sufferings,
And dying, starred with everlasting light
The glorious evidence of unseen things.

And now the distant field is white with grain,
The Church goes forth to claim it manfully,
While "Hope deferred not lost," revives again
To hail the pledge of her prosperity,

Which our dear Lord hath given to his own,
And in this perfect time Himself will keep,
That they who labour for His sake alone,
In the due season shall most surely reap.

M. F. C.

“We would see Jesus.”

We would see Jesus,—for the shadows lengthen
 Across the little landscape of our life ;
 We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
 For the last weariness, the mortal strife.

We would see Jesus,—for life’s hand hath rested,
 With its dark touch, upon both heart and brow,
 And though our souls have many billows breasted,
 Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus,—the strong-rock foundation,
 Whereon our feet are set by sovereign grace ;
 Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
 Can thence remove us if we seek His face.

We would see Jesus,—other lights are paling,
 Which for long years we have rejoiced to see,
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
 We would not mourn them, for we come to Thee.

We would see Jesus,—yet the spirit lingers
 Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
 And earth from earth can scarce unclothe its fingers :
 Our love for Thee makes not this love less strong.

We would see Jesus,—sense is all too blinding,
 And heaven appears too dim and far away ;
 We would see Jesus, to gain the sweet reminding,
 That Thou hast promised our great debt to pay.

Gleanings from the Platform.

The following are extracts from some of the very interesting speeches, which, we doubt not, many of our readers were privileged to hear, on the occasion of the Anniversary Meeting, to which allusion was made in our last number. They furnish motives and exhortations to thank God and take courage:—

“ We are to carry on the work with still increasing efforts. The war in which our country is engaged, is entered into for the purpose of counteracting the efforts of that nation which would swallow up all Europe; and after a fearful struggle, after much suffering, after the loss of thousands of valuable lives, we hear no suggestion of retreat. So there is a kingdom of the wicked one, which would swallow up all nations of the world. And what is missionary enterprise but an effort to counteract it? Ought we to stop because we must mourn the loss of those whom we love? Death cannot stop the efforts of our fleets and armies; should it stop our efforts here? How is it that South America has so long been forgotten? It is a reproach justly laid at the door of the christian church, for the command of Christ is plain.

“Last Sunday, [Sept. 2nd] the parable of the good Samaritan was read in our Churches. The man who fell among thieves, may well represent the heathen. The priest and the Levite witness the disaster and pass by. The one says, ‘The mysterious providence of God has left these heathen in a sad position; let us leave them too.’ The other says, ‘I am on my way to Jericho myself; I cannot stop; this is a dangerous spot.’ And he leaves it. Our Lord tells us not to imitate them, but to copy the Samaritan, who at once supplied the remedy he had with him—his money and his time—and he did not grudge taking much trouble in behalf of the wounded man. We are then to spend upon the heathen, both money and time, and trouble. And like the Samaritan, if more is wanted, we must be ready to give again.

“When Jesus Christ saw men in the state in which we now see the heathen, he said, ‘The harvest truly is great, the labourers are few: therefore *pray*.’ God alone can give the men who are fitted for the work. We ought to pray with humility and fervency that God will choose men to engage in this service of Christ. Before the fulfilment of the promise, a spirit of prayer is always stirred up. When the Israelites were in captivity, the time was appointed for their deliverance. But before the fulfilment of the

promise, a spirit of prayer was stirred up among the people. The Apostles were at Antioch. A great work was before them. It was when they were fasting and praying that the Holy Ghost said, 'Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.' While we pray we must also *work*. The prophet Jeremiah describes how hard the people of Judah worked, when they devoted all their energies to idolatry. He describes the division of labour; 'The children gather wood, the fathers kindle the fire, the women knead the dough, to burn incense to the queen of heaven, that they may provoke God to anger.' If energy such as this was displayed to provoke God to anger, shall we not, as christians, devote as much energy to the work of Christ, that we may obtain a blessing? How great will that blessing be on us and our efforts, and on them for whom we work, when men, women and children all unite in following where their Saviour leads them, and obeying that which he commands!"

Rev. W. Conway.

"I address you on behalf of a Society, which is a little one; and its claims are often overlooked simply because it is a little one: but yet I am glad to see among its present supporters the names of many who a short time back smiled

incredulously at its claims. They first rejected it without examination; but when they examined its claims, they supported them. Those claims I will set before you on three grounds.

“I think that we are bound to assist the efforts now being made by this Society, on the ground of Humanity, Policy, and Common Sense.

“If we did not feel for the spiritual darkness of the Patagonians and Fuegians, *common humanity* bids us think of that bodily suffering which is the result of a savage life. Improvident habits, unrestrained passions, revenge, bloodshed, the absence of domestic peace, exposure to famine, and the ravages of disease, with very little power of remedy—produce a state of physical suffering which we *must* pity, if we cannot pity the hopeless darkness of their souls. At home we feel for those who are prostrated by illness, or are consumed by some painful disease, we feel for those who are mutilated by some terrible accident, we are moved by the distress which our eyes witness. And therefore I call on you by this feeling of common humanity, to consider the case of the South American natives. And how shall humanity reach them? The Moravians in Greenland tried to civilize the natives, hoping thus to prepare them for the reception of the Gospel. This failed; and they then tried God’s plan. They spoke to them of

Christ; and the Gospel prepared them for civilization. This is the plan which we wish to adopt; and for humanity's sake we ask your help.

"It is *good Policy*, also, to establish a Mission among the Patagonians and Fuegians, because our colony of the Falklands from its position, makes intercourse of some kind with those natives necessary. It is surely bad policy to allow commerce to gain a footing in any country before christianity. Suppose the vices of the savage; add to these the vices of the European, and do you not increase the difficulty? But grapple with the vices of the savage, by preaching the Gospel, and as you are thus fulfilling Christ's injunction, you may look for His blessing. In North America, commerce led the way, and the native tribes have been dying out before the Europeans. In New Zealand, Christianity led the way, civilization has followed, and the native race has not diminished in the same proportion. I advocate this cause, then, on the ground of good policy, as well as humanity.

"Lastly, *Common Sense* bids us support it. Here I would give due weight to all that can be said on the other side on the ground of past want of success, and still I say that, notwithstanding the aspect of the past, such is the actual position of the Society at the present

time, that every christian who values his common sense, ought to further it. Archimedes wanted but a standing place to move the earth. Our Society has found a standing place on the Falkland Colony, from whence it may make such a commotion among the Patagonians by the preaching of the Gospel, as with God's blessing may move their hearts. The Report has entered into details of the proceedings which have taken place in the Mission Colony during the past twelve months. I need not repeat them. You know the place of operations, and its approval by such men as Captains Fitz Roy and Sullivan. They gave their approval from a personal knowledge of the scene of action, and the habits of the natives. Common sense bids us listen to such men. It certainly does not bid us set up our own opinion against theirs. We have reason to believe that this plan is being carried out with success. The Bishop of New Zealand is using the same plan. And yet it is said by some, that the friends of this Society are too warm, too enthusiastic, too eager. If this means anything, it means that they are more eager than common sense warrants. But is not God a God of means? We are using the best means we can discover for accomplishing a necessary end. It is not for us to wait till success is actually obtained, and then hasten to identify ourselves

with the cause. God commands, we must obey. *If the means we employ do not recommend themselves to you, do you shew us a better way; and if you cannot do that, you will fulfil your duty much more by supporting us than by holding back till success is first obtained.* It will degrade no one to identify himself with any work, however small, if it has Christ's glory for its object. I ask, therefore, influential people, in the name of common sense, to give us their support. In the meanwhile we will not give up the cause, but persevere in our aim, believing that the bones and the ashes of those who have died in that far-off land, will yield in due time a harvest of souls.

"The walls of Jericho presented no opening to the Israelites marching round them. But they obeyed and the walls fell. When the spies brought back their report, the Israelites thought there was no opening into Canaan, they refused to go, and died where they were. Two were ready to go forward and they were allowed to enter. We have, therefore, great reason to thank God for the three openings which He has now given us, when we did not avail ourselves of the first. If we do not proceed now, we may have to suffer a forty years disappointment in the wilderness. We are not to be persons who can give themselves commands, and follow their own wishes, but to follow Christ's directions.

“Every precaution that human ingenuity can suggest, has been taken in the present undertaking. The Island is such as to secure our missionaries ample provisions. The mission vessel is of course exposed to the same risks with merchant vessels, but we are encouraged when we think of the protection which God has afforded for so many years to the Moravian mission vessel to Greenland. And now, when you think what you shall give to promote this mission, remember that *God giveth to all men liberally.*”

Rev. G. Despard.

“We may look on this Society as a tree of ten years growth. It was long before its roots seemed to take hold of the ground. Those who watched its progress have often been disappointed, when the frost nipped its early buds, and the piercing wind blew so keenly on it. But God has watched over it, and after ten years the plant has become a tree, and the tree shews signs of health. Its roots have taken the ground, and the first blossoms have already delighted us. Many thought the tree was dead, and in the same way, many thought that Garrison’s work had failed. He fell himself in the struggle, but on his fall he conquered. We perhaps may not see the progress which we desire; there may be many disappointments for

us, and many discouragements; many difficulties may suddenly rise in our path, but we must still go on in faith, and encourage ourselves with our Saviour's words, 'Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed!'

"This year it has pleased God to give us an abundant harvest. Had it been otherwise, there would have been a great increase in the price of food. Let us not forget this, but reflect that the money at our disposal is greater now than it would then have been. South America is presenting new openings to invite us forward, openings of which we cannot avail ourselves without additional funds. There is an inscription taken from a grave stone, which tells us what to do with that surplus which belongs to us through the blessing of a good harvest:—

"What I spent, I've had,

"What I saved, I've lost,

"*What I gave away, I have.*

"When making such an offering as the result of one blessing, let us pray earnestly for another blessing on the object of our offering. For a long time there have been many persons who have engaged in special prayer for this mission. May many more join this number. They will best thank God by praying for more blessings."

Rev. G. Robinson.

Sale of Work at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton.

A sale of useful and fancy work in aid of the funds of the above Society, took place on Tuesday, Oct. 2nd, at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, and we have great pleasure in stating that it proved a very satisfactory one. The tables were laid out with the greatest taste; upon each we observed a fir tree, which, being dressed with pretty work, was a very great ornament to the room.

There was a good display of beautiful work, contributed by kind friends to the cause, from different parts of the United Kingdom.

Mrs. Despard was ably supported by twenty-eight ladies, who kindly helped her to sell the work. Many gentlemen and also several of the gentlemen's Committee were present, and gave timely assistance. The room was crowded the best part of the day. It was very satisfactory to observe the great interest felt for this deeply important Society; and if all the wishes expressed in its welfare are realized, we may expect one day to see it as prosperous as we desire it should be.

We may remark, what to us was a very encouraging circumstance, that when the weather during the latter part of the week, and even until Monday, threatened to continue wet and

unfavourable, and the friends of the sale began to fear that Tuesday would prove equally so; it suddenly changed; a bright sun took the place of dark clouds; all became fair and promising, contrary to expectation—but on Wednesday all was again dark and rainy! Surely the bright change which took place on the 2nd, may be looked upon as an earnest that He who has, since the re-establishment of this mission, watched over it in so wonderful a manner, is still blessing the humble efforts of those who are so zealously working in the cause. Well may they look upon last Tuesday as a special, bright, lovely day, given in love by Him who has said, "I will *never* leave thee, nor forsake thee."

F. M. D.

October 4, 1855.

Maidstone Anniversary Meeting for the Patagonian Missionary Society.

We had great pleasure in recording the proceedings of our very flourishing Association at Maidstone last year. Since then, by God's blessing, it has increased in zeal, by adding £14 to its Cash Account, and what is better, by adding many prayers to its offering on our behalf; and its Report cannot fail to interest, as we

trust it will benefit, many who might "go and do likewise."

"The Meeting having been opened with prayer offered by Rev. L. White, and the Chairman having, in some brief but appropriate remarks, commenced the proceedings, the Rev. W. W. Kirby read the Report, as follows:—

"The friends of our Protestant mission to South America may take courage. They have every reason to thank Almighty God for His divine help during the past year. Through a year of anxiety and trouble, of pressure and warfare, He has blessed this 'work of faith and labour of love.' Our great want a short time since, was a missionary vessel to convey the natives of South America to the colony about to be formed on the islands of West Falkland. That want has been supplied, and the little christian band is now settled, ready for their self-denying duties—to teach, by example as well as precept, the knowledge and obligations of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The 'Allen Gardiner,' which sailed from Bristol on October 24th, 1854, arrived, after a pleasant voyage of three months, in safety at Keppel Island, which is to the north of West Falkland, and on that spot established the mission station 'Cranmer;' Mr Ellis, the surgeon, taking charge of the land party; Captain Snow of the vessel

and seamen ; while Mr Phillips, catechist, acted in the place of the ordained missionary about to join them. Thus the work is begun in earnest. While the head of the mission is to be a clergyman of the Church of England, both those in the ship and those on the shore were in one sense missionaries. Like the evangelists of old, though one may be a fisherman, the other a physician, they are all for the most part determined, by the grace of God, to be messengers of peace to the ignorant Fuegians and other neglected South American tribes. Their aim is not only to civilize, but to christianize, in the true sense of the word, *all* who may come under their influence. May God open a wide field in that immense, but dark, dark country of South America, where Christ is not—where Christ is not preached—where the Gospel is not believed, and where the true God is scarcely known. When the Chief of missionaries, the only begotten Son, issued his last commandment and said, ‘ Go ye into all the world,’ his all-seeing vision was not confined by any imaginary line ; but comprehended the whole world. The glance of Omniscience took in South America as well as North—Fuegia as well as Zealand—Patagonia as well as Britain ! Believing this, the martyrs laid down their lives on those stormy coasts, joyful even in death. Believing this, the Allen Gardiner, with her

precious cargo, (the living and written word) was steered from our shores by one who before has perilled his life in the cause of suffering humanity. Believing this, our agents, or rather Christ's agents, are now carrying on their Master's work. They, on a lonely island in the Pacific, look to the sons and daughters of favoured Britain's isle for sympathy and support. They look to you, surrounded by comfort, if not luxuries, for a portion of your goods. They look to you who value prayer, for your intercession at the throne of grace. They look to every one who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity, to assist them in executing His parting request; and if the worldling, the indolent, the selfish, or the lukewarm ask them why all this risk, and labour, and self-denial about the Patagonians and Fuegians, they refer them to the ever-to-be-remembered command, the motto of their Society, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' They bid you raise your eyes to the mast-head of their missionary vessel, and in *the olive leaf* see the emblem of 'Peace on earth and good will towards men.' This your Secretary had the pleasure of seeing, when he accompanied the Alien Gardiner down the beautiful river Avon, on her voyage of love and mercy, and when he was forcibly reminded of a similar little vessel crossing the Sea of Galilee.

conveying 'to the other side' the Lord Jesus Christ.

“But to return to the proceedings of the Society. While we have to thank God with great rejoicing, for His protection of our vessel and crew, and passengers; for the beginning of the mission and the large increase of funds during the past year; we lament for our own sakes, one stroke of His all-wise providence. The excellent Bishop Vidal is no more. The last sermon he preached in England was on behalf of this Society—‘Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour!’ was his text—an ominous text, not only verified in Gardiner’s and Williams’s deaths, but in his own removal from that earthly post he filled so ably. If the Church Missionary Society ever had a God-fearing servant, it was that simple-minded man. If South America had a warm friend, it was the Bishop of Sierra Leone. One cause, however, remains for rejoicing—*our* loss was *his* gain—and we cannot better conclude, than in enforcing his last words on preaching the anniversary sermon for this Society. He then said:—‘Is our faith quickened by dark and mysterious dispensations? When God hides His face, are we stronger to carry on the conflict with sin and Satan? Are we more resolved than ever to carry the Gospel message of salva-

tion to the stormy shores of that land of death? Let us be in earnest. Brethren, let us see to it that our faith fail not, but grow and increase continually; let us pray in faith, nothing wavering; and in due time the banner of the cross shall float triumphant over Banner Cove; and those few corns of wheat that fell into the ground and died at Earnest Cove, shall prove to have been, in truth, an earnest of a rich and glorious harvest! God's eye is resting in love and mercy on those benighted tribes, and though for the present he is as a God that hideth himself, working mysteriously, yet He *will* at length appear for their salvation.' Owen Vidal is gone to join the spirits of Gardiner and Williams. May the great day witness more such friends of Patagonia, who, before the great white throne, will recount their deeds of mercy shewn to that long neglected portion of God's world!"

Letter on some Interesting Subjects connected
with the Mission to South America.

My dear friend,

As I am going to convey to the readers of your pages some important and interesting information, it is proper to give the authority on which it rests, in order to ensure their comfort-

able confidence. The Rev. Dr. James Thomson is my first authority—a clergyman of the Scotch Church, and for nearly twenty years agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society in South America and the West Indies. My second authority is Captain William Knocker, R. N., for four years agent for the South American Steam Navigation Company, and resident principally at Panama.

Dr. Thomson called on me purposely to converse on the subject of our mission. The items of that conversation I wrote down immediately, and they are now herein embodied.

Buenos Ayres is a very suitable place for a mission station: because, 1st. The constitution of the Republic ensures toleration in religion. 2nd. The present ministry is favourable to the spread of scriptural knowledge. 3rd. The influence of the priests is nothing compared with that of government, and they would not be able to prevent the progress of Protestant missions into the interior. 4th. A tract of land in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres, can be purchased at a cheap rate to domiciliate the natives. 5th. The climate is healthy, though hot, and there is nothing to hinder cultivation. Lastly, The Indians visit the country both from South and North, and when once persuaded that the missionaries had no connexion with government,

or with any plan of invasion on their territory and conquest, they would receive their overtures of friendship cordially.

This agrees very much with what Mr Lafone (merchant of Monte Video, resident there for thirty years, and commanding very much influence in commercial and political circles) says in a letter to me, June 4, 1852. Perhaps an arrangement might now be entered into with the Buenos Ayrean government, to protect and allow missions to the different tribes of Indians existing in the Pampas; and, as indicating an improved spirit in the government, he adds, "The Scriptures are admitted into the schools."

Dr. Thomson assured me that the political constitution of Paraguay—the state of South America nearest to the great Indian tracts in the interior of the country—will permit the residence and missionary labours of Protestants.

Assumcion, the capital, on the Paraguay, is, or will shortly be, connected with Buenos Ayres, through steam navigation, by a voyage of a *week*—and will be an excellent advanced post for our missions, and more especially so, because here can be learnt the Guarani language, which is vernacular to the nations in the Gran Chaco. Rio de Janeiro, may be another point of departure, for Brazilian law concedes toleration in religion. For the same reason Pará—at the

embouchure of the Great Amazons river—will be available for a station, and our missionaries can work their way up the river 4000 miles, and visit natives who are unsophisticated by Popery. Here there are four places indicated, where we may at once begin, at least, to prepare for direct efforts to evangelize the heathen, by sending out an active agent to reside at each, and to gather information and make his overtures to whatever natives he can find access to. The expense of such agents need not be great, as living in South America is very reasonable; and if they are, what they must be to succeed—men loving the work for the Master's sake—they will not desire more than a comfortable sustenance. And I do not conceive that we need wait for clergymen, who are so very hard to get—but we may be satisfied with educated and pious laymen, who are to be found. These will act as pioneers—seek out stations; make themselves acquainted with the Indians, their language and their habits and customs; and can then return to England and obtain ordination as missionaries. This appears to me the most practicable method of obtaining qualified men, and of ascertaining where they can be successfully employed.

I am assured by Captain Knocker that there are most favourable openings for distributing the word of God in all the *Western States* of

South America, and that the influence of the government of those States is confined to very narrow limits along the Pacific coast, for at a few miles from it, into the interior, the natives are virtually independent; so that, whatever ill-will the Roman Catholic authorities might entertain towards Christian missions, they could not prevent the natives from admitting and encouraging them, if they chose. I must confess it is my desire and hope that our Society will extend its charity to the exoteric races of South America, as well as to the Aborigines, and send out Bible agents and colporteurs for their benefit. Why not? Are not these nominal christians in as heathen and dangerous a state as the professedly heathen tribes? It would seem, according to Apostolic plan, to be almost our duty to begin with them. From my experience of the liberality of our people in this cause of South America, I am convinced that we should not be allowed to want funds for carrying out the twofold work—and the Bible Society will find Scriptures, in Spanish and Portuguese, for distribution.

Captain Knocker has kindly offered any assistance he can render to our holy enterprises.

May the Lord make us faithful to His trust, and diligent to work whilst we have the Light of life, is the earnest prayer of

Your sincere friend,

The Hon. Sec.

Go!

"I hope," said the Rev. R. Knill, late of St. Petersburg, "the subject of devoting ourselves and our children to God and His service, will be more thought of and more acted upon, than it has been hitherto.

"I am more and more convinced that if St. Paul had ever preached from 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' he would have laid great stress on the word 'go.' On your peril do not substitute another word for 'go.'

"*Send* is a good word. *Direct* is a good word. *Collect* is a good word. *Give* is a good word. They are all important in their places, and cannot be dispensed with. The Lord bless and prosper those who are so engaged, but still lay the stress on the word 'go;' for how shall they hear without a preacher?

"SIX HUNDRED MILLIONS of the human race are perishing: and there are perhaps *thirty* among all the christians in Britain who are at this moment preparing to 'go.' Alas! my hand shakes, and my heart trembles. Is this thy kindness to thy friend?"

“Hope Deferred, not Lost.”

The Christian's hope may be deferr'd,
 But never can be lost,
 Though it may seem to tarry long,
 And each fair scheme be cross'd.

The Christian's hope may languish,
 Its light too oft burns dim,
 When *all* things seem against him,
 And doubt prevails within.

Nought but the eye of faith can pierce
 These gloomy shades of night,
 And in the cloud discern the bow
 Of promise shining bright.

“The moral waste shall yet rejoice
 “And blossom as the rose,”
 Where darkness long has held its reign
 In undisturb'd repose.

“The blind shall see the light of truth,
 “The dumb shall sing for joy ;”
 Thus saith the Lord, whose praises shall
 Become their glad employ.

Then let thy hopes embrace the world,
 E'en those in deepest woe!
 Fuegian, Patagonian too,
 At length their Lord shall know.

The seed of truth lies quickening
 Around the martyrs' graves;
 And faith discerns upspringing thence
 Some green and tender blades.

The seed is incorruptible,
 And never can be lost,
 Though it may seem as hidden long
 Beneath the winter's frost.

There needs the watchful Pastor,
 With tender love to cherish
 The precious souls for whom Christ died,
 Who wills not these should perish:

Send, then, the faithful preacher,
 That they may hear of Him
 Who came to seek and save the lost
 From the penalty of sin.

He's gone, and loving helpers too,
With gentle hearts to win
The wanderer back to Jesus
From the wilderness of sin.

May He who holds the waters, in
The hollow of His hand,
Both guard and guide them onward, to
That dark and distant land.

May the shield of God's protection be
Ever around them thrown,
As they go among the heathen,
Where God is yet unknown.

Working in faith, patient in hope,
May Christian hearts unite ;
Then, "when the desire cometh,
" 'Twill be a tree of life."

Henfield, 1855.

Our Missionary Station.

The arrival of news from our Missionary station on Keppel island has been anxiously looked for, for some time, but only now are we able to announce it. The absence of the Allen Gardiner on her trip to Monte Video, had for the time cut off from communication with the land party, but on her return we were again enabled to hear of the well-being of our friends and our new settlement. The information is conveyed in a letter written by Mr Garland Phillips, the catechist, which having been printed in an Occasional Paper, will be here only shortly epitomized.

During the absence of the ship, the Missionary settlers employed themselves in such improvements as should render their home more comfortable. A stone pier was commenced—ground further cleared in front, and many lesser arrangements attended to. Left alone, however, in so lonely a spot of earth, it was natural that our friends should be anxious again to catch sight of what is to them their only link with the inhabited world—our little ship. It was Sunday, April 1st; and Mr Phillips remarks that his anxiety to be rejoined by his comrades afloat had sunk into depression. Day was wearing away and it seemed that nothing would appear

to refresh his spirits, when, to the great joy of all, one of the party espied the swift-winged messenger stealing round Reef Point. Assured at heart that their hopes were realized, the darkness so thickened that they could not positively recognize the Allen Gardiner, and some apprehensions arose lest haply after all a strange and unknown ship might be nearing their shores. The fear led to an earnest commending of themselves to His care, whose eye is on the desolate home of the exile, as well as o'er the bright dwelling of the native in his own sweet land. Night passed, and with morning's dawn the expectants soon dismissed the thought of the stranger and hailed *the friend*; for the first sight which met their eyes, was the Allen Gardiner safely at anchor, some little distance off in the bay. With feelings of gratitude to God for His mercy, they immediately hoisted their National Flag in front of the house, set the splashing oars in motion, and went on board. Mutual delight occurred at meeting, and a happy breakfast together was much enjoyed by all parties.

The vessel remained at the island until the following Saturday, when she went round to Stanley for letters. The monthly commemoration of the departure from England was not forgotten by our friends on shore: Psalm 127th and Ephesians 2nd, were the portions of Scrip-

ture selected for the occasion. On this day, also, some preparation was commenced for building a house likely to be more permanent than the small building which was erected *pro tem*.

The foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Ellis, on the 28th, and solemn prayer offered to God for His blessing upon the work, and especially that those engaged in the Missionary enterprise might not trust in their own wisdom and strength in anything they undertook, but might constantly be looking to Him for every grace, and strength for every duty. "The Patagonian Missionary Society," writes Mr Phillips, "with all fellow-workmen at home, were fully remembered."

On the 8th of May the vessel returned, gladdening the hearts of our friends with letters from home. And in the evening all went on board to join in that prayer and thanksgiving which our Liturgy so fitly and beautifully expresses. Mr Phillips concluded by explaining the 9th chapter of St. Mark to the little assembly.

On Sunday, 10th, the ship became again the floating church; the voice of supplication and praise again ascended from her deck. On this occasion, one of the men, Richard Dayas, accompanied the singing on an harmonium which the Captain happened to possess; and we doubt not that the sound which thus rose from the

small congregation on the bosom of the deep, if not in finished melody, yet in heartfelt praise was not excelled by many a group of worshippers who meet within the beauteous cathedral, and swell the anthem which is pealed from the thrilling organ. Let us be content with this thought, dear friends—wherever we are, wherever we worship—one God demands our praise—one God waits to receive it, and all whose spirits rise upward to Him in acceptable adoration are fulfilling one holy duty and linked in one holy brotherhood.

“Jesus, *where'er Thy people meet,*
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And *every place is hallowed ground.*”

The last date in Mr Phillips' journal is July 16th. After proceeding as far as practicable with the work on the island, assisted by those on board, the vessel occasionally making short trips around the locality of the settlement, it became again necessary that she should leave for a short time, and as they met, so they parted with prayer; the verse especially selected for their mutual farewell, being that comprehensive blessing so often sweetly sounded as a benediction in christian ears—

“THE GRACE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,
 AND THE LOVE OF GOD, AND THE COMMU-

NION OF THE HOLY GHOST, BE WITH YOU ALL: AMEN."

The Secretary adds, "The next Occasional Paper will, we hope, contain an account of the trip of the Allen Gardiner to the islands of the Gentiles. We entreat your prayers, and help in whatever way you see fit."

The Universal Compassion of Jesus.

What a pattern to His people, the tender compassion of Jesus! He found the world He came to save a moral Bethesda. The wail of suffering humanity was everywhere borne to His ear. It was His delight to walk its porches, to pity, relieve, comfort, save! The faintest cry of misery arrested His footsteps—stirred a ripple in this fountain of Infinite Love. Was it a *leper*—that dreaded name which entailed a life-long exile from friendly looks and kindly words? There was *One*, at least, who had tones and deeds of tenderness for the outcast. "*Jesus*, being moved with compassion, put forth His hand, and *touched* him." Was it some blind beggars on the Jericho highway, groping in darkness, pleading for help? "*Jesus* stood still, and had compassion on them, and touched their

eyes!" Was it the speechless pleadings of a widow's tears at the gate of Nain, when she followed her earthly pride and prop to the grave? "When the *Lord* saw her, He had compassion on her, and said weep not!" Even when He rebukes, the bow of compassion is seen in the cloud, or rather that cloud as it passes, dissolves in a rain-shower of mercy. He pronounces Jerusalem "*desolate*," but the doom is uttered amid a flood of anguished sorrow!

Reader! do the compassionate words and deeds of a tender Saviour find any feeble echo and transcript in yours? As you traverse in thought the wastes of human wretchedness, does the spectacle give rise not to the mere emotional feeling which weeps itself away in sentimental tears, but to an earnest desire to *do something* to mitigate the sufferings of woe-worn humanity? How vast and how world-wide the claims on your compassion! now near, now at a distance! The unmet and unanswered cry of perishing millions abroad; the heathendom which lies unanswered at your own door; the public charity languishing; the mission staff dwarfed and crippled from lack of needful funds; a suffering district; a starving family; a poor neighbour; a helpless orphan; it may be some crowded hovel, where misery and vice run riot, or some lonely sick chamber, where the dim lamp has

been wasting for dreary nights; or some desolate home which death has entered, where "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not," and where some sobbing heart, under the tattered garb of poverty, mourns unsoled and unpitied its "loved and lost." Are there none such within your reach, to whom a trifling pittance would be as an angel of mercy? How it would hallow and enhance all you possess, were you to seek to live as almoner of Jehovah's bounties! If He has given you of this world's substance, remember it is bestowed not to be greedily hoarded, or lavishly squandered. Property and wealth are talents to be traded on and laid out for the good of others—sacred trusts not selfishly to be *enjoyed*, but generously to be *employed*.

"The poor are the representatives of Jesus, their wants He considers as His own," and He will recompense them accordingly. The feeblest expression of christian pity and love, though it be but the widow's mite, or the cup of cold water, or the kindly look and word when there is neither mite nor cup to give, yet if done in *His* name, it is entered in the book of life as a loan to the Lord, and in that day when the books are opened, the loan will be paid back with usury.

From "The Mind of Jesus."

A Chapter for Children.

My dear young Friends,

Whilst I write many pages of this little book for grown-up people, it is very pleasant to me to save a corner sometimes for you, and to try to tell you, in such easy words as you can understand, how *you* can help to make known the love of that blessed Saviour which we are longing to speak of even to the ends of the earth.

I read a very pretty story not long ago, of a little Polish girl who so loved the Lord Jesus, that she delighted to speak of Him and His goodness; and what *this little girl* said, was made the means of leading a gentleman who talked to her to love Him too. The very least child who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, can do something for Him—can help to make known His grace to those who know it not; and this is why I now wish to tell you the

STORY OF THE LITTLE POLISH GIRL.

A rich gentleman living in Poland, had learned to hate christianity. The conversation of bad men, the reading of bad books, and sinful pleasures which he loved, led him to believe that the Bible was untrue and religion a delusion.

One day, when he was walking over his grounds, he heard the sweet voice of a child reading aloud. He followed the sound, and saw a little girl, with a book in her hand, sitting on a low stool at her cottage door. Her eyes were filled with tears.

“Why do you weep—are you not well, my dear?” asked the gentleman, in a kind tone, as he walked towards her.

"O yes," she replied, smiling through her tears, "but I weep because I am happy—so happy!"

"How can you weep if you are happy?" asked the gentleman, surprised.

"Because I have been reading about the Lord Jesus Christ, and I love him so much."

"Why do you love him so much? He has been dead a long time, and can do you no good."

"No sir, He is not dead—He lives in heaven."

"And even if this were true, what benefit is it to you? If He could help you, He would give money to your mother, that she might buy you better clothes." It was easy to perceive by the little girl's dress, that she belonged to a very poor family.

"I do not wish for money, sir, but the Lord Jesus Christ will take me one day to Himself in heaven."

"Is it your mother, or some such person, who makes you believe this?"

"No, no," said the child earnestly, "*it is true and I am so glad!*"

These simple replies, and this happiness in poverty, struck forcibly the gentleman's mind. He gave the child some money for her mother, and went away; but he could not forget what she had said to him. It seemed very strange to him that a little girl should love the Saviour, and that the thought of His love should make her happy, for he was sure that she had spoken what she *felt*. He tried to account for this, but he could not.

On his return home, he was serious and thoughtful. He began to imagine that there was, perhaps, after all, a reality in religion. About a week afterwards, he heard the church bells ring; and learnt that it was for the children's festival. There was to be a sermon

preached to them. He thought he would go and hear it. The minister delivered a touching discourse on the text, "Have ye never read, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" It deeply affected and convinced the gentleman. He could no longer doubt and disbelieve. He felt then, as he had never felt before. The question which the persecutor Saul addressed to Jesus, on the way to Damascus, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" arose in his heart, and from that time the name of the Saviour—a name which he could not hear formerly without contempt—became to him infinitely dear and precious.

He marches now faithfully under the holy banner of Jesus Christ, and the words which were first spoken to him by the little girl, are now echoed by himself—"It is true, and it makes me glad."

And now, dear children, my object in telling you this pretty story will not be accomplished, unless it excite a wish within your hearts to "go and do likewise." Remember your *little talents* well employed, will meet with the great King's approval, as surely as will the right employment of larger talents by older people.

"Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure."

E. C.

Despatches from the Allen Gardiner.

The following extracts from a letter lately received from Captain W. Parker Snow, will

make our readers familiar with some details of "a life at sea," as well as enable them to judge of the earnestness of spirit with which our excellent commander prosecutes the work entrusted to him.

"At sea, on the way to Monte Video,
"August, 1855.

"My dear Mr Despard,

"In accordance with my usual custom, I now prepare a letter ready to send you on my arrival at the above-named place; and will begin by giving you a summary of our doings in the Allen Gardiner since the account I sent you last June.

"On Thursday, June 7th, it was blowing very hard from the S.S.E., but as this was a fair wind, and I was ready to leave Stanley, I took advantage of it, and, previously reefing sails, got under weigh, and stood out to sea for Keppel Island. We had a splendid run round of only seventeen hours to the open entrance leading to our anchorage, and soon afterwards had the pleasure of finding all well at the station. After ascertaining whether anything was wanted on shore, I determined to visit the coast and lose no more time before trying what we ourselves could do in the important duties belonging to the Mission, as regards the great object we all sought to have in view. I was and still am par-

ticularly anxious to be on the actual working ground, but before going there it was necessary to deliver the remainder of the house still on board and to see to the ship. Accordingly, I went over to Saunders' Island, to the cove at the Old Settlement, for the purpose of discharging ballast, &c. &c.

“During my stay here, we shot some excellent geese and a few rabbits, though the latter are so scarce and difficult to be got at, that these few were the only ones we have obtained.

“The next day I moved off from Old Settlement Cove, and with a light wind, stood on towards the Burnt Island passages, certain narrow and tortuous channels existing among reefs between Sanders' Island and the mainland. I went a-head in the boat to make sure of the way, and when the wind freshened, kept my post aloft to guide the ship. We worked on until turn of tide, when finding it too strong for us, we dropped anchor in one of the passages. The next day, with the flood tide, we again moved, and against the wind worked the ship through into Burnt Island harbour. Then, with a fair wind, round the South and West parts of Saunders' Island; and in the afternoon dropped anchor in Brett Harbour channel. A heavy gale detained us here two days, and on the next I moved again, and went round the N.W. part of

Saunders' Island. If you look at the map, you will see that this N.W. part of the island is a peninsula, having a very narrow neck. About 11 o'clock that night, I managed to get through the entrance to Port Egmont, and at 1 A.M. dropped anchor again at the old place off the cove, having made the circuit of the island. The benefit of this trip has been the giving me a knowledge of those various passages I shall probably have to frequent, or may have to run for, in the future trips of the vessel to and fro between the station and the coast.

"Now though we were thus engaged in cruising about for a place to discharge, we were not otherwise idle on board. Work was done, both inside and outside the vessel. Cleaning, fitting, and repairing was proceeded with daily. Upon reaching the cove again, I thought it useless to delay any longer, and accordingly gave orders to begin the discharge by boat, it being quieter and better here than at Keppel. We had just begun to open hatches, &c. when a small schooner-rigged boat, the 'Sophy,' hove in sight from among the batch of small islands to the Eastward. I presently found she was bound for us, and in a short time more had a letter placed in my hands, addressed to me from the governor."

This letter contained a request for the Allen

Gardiner to carry the mail to Monte Video, and finding that some other matters of business required his presence at Stanley, the Captain altered his arrangements, and calling on his way at the Mission station, steered his course towards East Falkland. Wishing to follow the 'Sophy,' about which he was anxious, it being but a small boat schooner and likely to be overtaken in a gale, Captain Snow proceeded towards the channel passages inside Pebble Island, which are considered rather dangerous and difficult. He thus describes the island:—

“ Making the vessel secure, I went in the boat and landed on the West part of Pebble Island, between the two Easternmost hills. Taking Webber with me, I then walked across the island towards the sea. We passed some of those singular rugged crests on the hills that are so prevalent in the geological features of these islands; (Webber, on examining, said the stone was marble—certainly these were solid blocks similar to it, and very hard, smooth and slimy;) and after a walk over the same kind of wiry grass as at Keppel, arrived at the sea-side.

“ Here a very fine King Penguin was seen, standing up on the beach to receive us. As we approached he did not move, but kept erect like a soldier at his post, merely turning his neck and beautiful dark brown eyes as we came near

It was really a splendid creature and one of the finest of its kind; its yellow-marked neck, curious fins and upright position, striking us strongly in the wild and solitary spot—the most truly romantic we had seen in the Falklands, where we found him. As he was too good a specimen to lose, we easily knocked him down without damage, killed by pressure, and then at once skinned him. In his stomach were found from two to three pounds of sprats—full that quantity, yes! *three pounds*. His skin was heavy enough to carry back; his entire carcass we could not have carried all the way. When we got back to the beach near our vessel, we found the men *sliding* on a pond. I mention it to show that ice is occasionally thick enough for that purpose. Mrs Snow, who had come on shore with me, had walked up and down the beach gathering pebbles, and the second mate had shot seven teal—and delicious eating we found them. The next morning, after sounding the passage and neighbourhood in the boat, I found *less* water in channel than marked in chart. I got under weigh, and with a fair wind and tide stood on. We were swept through very quickly, and soon got into Pebble Sound. Snow squalls and hail saluted us, but with a soldier's wind (side wind) we went on towards the South end of Tamar Pass. Port Purvis opened out to us and

showed well; it seemed a good harbour. At the proper time—and only—we got up to this much talked of and dreaded pass. The wind had got foul unfortunately—right through from N.N.E.—but stationing myself at the mast-head, close to the truck, we beat the vessel through the South pass, and then stood up the Western harbour and anchored for a change of wind, as I deemed it not wise to attempt beating through North Tamar Pass, which I knew from report was more dangerous than the Southern one. The afternoon was wet with snow and sleet; but taking advantage of the delay I again landed, walked across the island as before, chased some seals, shot some geese, and then returned on board, without having seen anything of the Sophy.

“And now as to Pebble Island. I should say it is not so good as Keppel, and I do not think it would suit us; for—if nothing else—the entrance to a harbour, not in itself good, through the Tamar Pass, would always be a serious drawback. I have now seen all the places named as likely to suit us, and am still inclined to think Keppel the best.

“The next day, the wind being fair and the ebb making, we entered the pass. Of course I had nothing to depend on but the chart; and this, as usual, I found very correct. We rushed

under a commanding breeze and under all sail with great velocity; the passage was narrow and rocky. In *going through*, the water swept along quickly and smoothly; but just on the edge, where the stream meets the sea tide, the waters were in a perfect bubble and confusion. It was truly like a great cauldron of boiling liquid; and the Allen Gardiner, being slight and buoyant, fairly danced upon the surface one moment, and then was thrown about the next. At length we cleared the danger without the slightest accident, and then stood on towards Stanley, keeping an eye for the little Sophy. At dusk, we passed as close as we could go to the Eddystone, and found, as mentioned, deep water, with a heavy tide race, at some distance off. The next morning, at three, having rounded Cape Carysfort, and the weather threatening with snow and hail-squalls, I hove to till daylight, so as not to close too near the Volunteer Rocks, or be carried beyond Port William to the Seal Rocks.

“It was fortunate, as I afterwards found, that we did stop our progress, as the little Sophy was only a little way a-head of us, and also hove to till daylight. She managed, however, to get in before us, and without our seeing her she had had a bad time of it; three times driven back for shelter into White Rock Bay, and once got thither with difficulty.”

The Captain gives very cogent reasons for deferring a visit to Tierra del Fuego, and instead, for carrying the mail once more from Stanley to Monte Video. He describes his departure from Stanley, 31st July, as follows:—

“The entrance to Stanley Harbour is very narrow, with rocks both sides. Engineer-Point being on the Eastern side of entrance, and the spot where the *Nielgoo* was wrecked and done for; and Navy Point being on the Western. Now I had considered that, with the wind as it was, to shave the weather rocks rather than the lee ones, would be best, and therefore did not stretch over too close to the Engineer Rocks, but put about at a ship's length and stood over the other side. But we missed stays, when I again tacked not far on the outside of Navy Rocks. Seeing that she was drifting towards these, I tried a stern-board with her, and this failing I sung out, ‘Let go the anchor; let fly every thing fore and aft but the topsail half-yards.’ The yards I kept a-box. In a moment the *Allen Gardiner*, which had left so prettily the anchorage not half-an-hour before, presented the appearance of great confusion; colours flying in the water, sails fluttering in the wind, ropes flying about, and voices heard all over the ship. It was a scene, but it was one of those moments which require a man to be worthy of his post.

The anchor had fouled the bowsprit shrouds, and of course did not leave the vessel's bows; consequently nothing stopped the Allen Gardiner's drift. A squall sea caught her: she was close to the rocks; in another moment she touched, but with certain precautions I had taken, the yards a-box, and she touched lightly. The next moment she hung; 'She's on the rocks, sir!' was the cry from the men. 'I know, I know,' said I, having jumped on the starboard locker, where I was giving my orders in a voice louder than ever heard before, for it was blowing and with sleet at the time. 'Hold on the anchor, as you have got it foul!' I bellowed. 'Down headsails and some of you to the braces! smart, men, and don't be hesitating now! haul in the port braces! so now then, quick, before the tide falls! out the long sweeps, (oars 20 feet long) and shove her off! cut, my men, cut the lashings, never mind casting off—cut and lively too!' And cut it was, for Mrs Snow (as she had done once before, when I was caught in a squall on the coast of Australia and thrown on our beam ends) hearing my words, sprang to the pantry and rushed up with the sharp butcher's knife;—(you see the advantage of my being sharp on board, and determined to have things right and in their places,)—and throwing it to the men, the sweeps were got out—all hands put to them over the

bows, and manœuvring the yards and sails, in another moment I felt the *Allen Gardiner* move. 'Another send, my men, another good shove, and we are all right again! that's you, that's you!—bravo, she's off! she's off!' 'Port your helm for sternway,' I bellowed to the second mate, who had flown to the helm; 'let her go off to Port; stand by the flying-jib forward; up with it smartly; couple of you to the braces again; port braces; brace round, brace round; that's you; my bonnies! now up with the main-sail, set it strait, give her the benefit of her way. And thus in another moment were we dashing back all right towards the anchorage, Melville. Pilot and Harbour-master boarded me, having been sent off by the governor to render us any assistance, if required. The *Sophy*, too, had been hastily manned, an anchor put into her for us, and Mr Bailey was coming off in her to help us; but fortunately we did very well without it.

"The sight of the *Allen Gardiner*, as she appeared all in confusion from the town, and as if right on the rocks, created quite a stir, and ready offers of assistance were made. I landed to inform the governor and our friends that we had suffered no harm; and when I returned on board, it seemed to me as though we had thus been providentially prevented from going to sea,

for it came on to blow so hard from the N.E. that had I got out, I must have put back again before night.

“The next day, with a better wind, we weighed again, and soon afterwards stood out to sea; having shipped two men for the run to Monte Video—one of them a Dutchman and a teetotaller.

“We had a two day’s run to Keppel, where I returned to Mr Ellis the two men he had lent me. I stopped twenty-four hours at the station, to give opportunity for writing letters. I fancy you will rejoice to hear that the Mission vessel is now—at near the end of the first twelve months from home—almost as well stored and free from incumbrance, as when she left Bristol. This I will explain in the more business part of my letter. Meanwhile, let me again say there is much to rejoice in. No spars, sails or rigging lost or damaged; all paid up as we go, except some of the wages; the vessel in better condition than when she sailed; and every thing in such order and fitness, that the great work on the coast can now be entered upon without delay or drawback, whenever we go there.

“The weather during this winter has been—especially about half the month of June, and half of July—remarkably mild. But at present, i.e. when I left, it was very wretched

looking—Keppel Island covered with snow. The winds are not so heavy in winter, and I find them oftener from the N.E. and East than in summer. Still, there is hardly ever any cessation for more than a day from a breeze of some kind or another; and the gales are very heavy. Our sails have been well worked and show signs of wear; but I have not lost either spar or sail, rope or tackle.

“I long to get on the coast. I had frequently hoped that this despatch would have contained information of our visit to the Fuegians, which I suspect you must all be anxiously looking out for; but after all it may be for the best, for had I gone when I intended, all the people of Stanley said I should have been doing a most unwise thing, with the nights so long and in the depth of winter. I do not agree with them in that respect, and certainly should have gone but for the reasons I have named to you.

“With kindest remembrances to all friends,

“I am, your obedient Servant,

“WILLIAM P. SNOW.”

Perseverance in Missionary Effort.

It is stated of the Rev. C. Cox, an eminent American Missionary, that before sailing for

Africa, he visited the University at Middletown. In conversation with one of the students he said, "If I die in Africa, you must come after me and write my epitaph." To which the other replied, "I will, but what shall I write?" "*Let a thousand Missionaries die before Africa be given up,*" was the energetic reply. In this spirit he died.

And was it not a noble state of mind, and one which beautifully reflected the example of Him, who—carrying in his eye mount Calvary and Gethsemane's garden, and all the dark details of suffering and death—yet *steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem?* In proportion as we, too, partake of "the mind of Christ," shall we be able, in carrying out any holy work, to encounter whatever difficulty or danger may lie in the way. Nothing will daunt us, nothing turn us aside. Thus it was with Paul, who, when he was besought not to go up to Jerusalem, answered, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart, for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Eecl. xi. 6.

"Come and See."

John i. 46.

When by the sea of Galilee, beneath Bethsaida's wall,
The new disciple follow'd Christ, obedient to His call:
How warm the love which burn'd to spread his Master's
fame around,

And bid him tell Nathaniel, the Christ indeed is found.

So plain to Philip's open'd heart, the Saviour's claims
appear,

He thinks that to acknowledge them, men only need to
hear :

He had not tasted the reproach the cross was sure to bring,
Nor knew that 'out of Nazareth could come no holy thing.

And yet it was with such a taunt Nathaniel heard the word,
Nor guess'd in Philip's heart how deep the zeal devotion
stir'd :

The prompt reply was on his tongue, 'My brother come
and see,

'The Christ whom Moses preach'd is here, the Lamb of
God is He !'

And even now the gospel call to sinners still must be,
'Behold the Saviour ! come by faith, and all his glory see !
'Trust not our word, but 'come & see, for life is in the sight.
'Your darkness soon will vanish, when Jesus gives you
light.

'Oh sweet and easy is the work our Master bids us do,
'It is but with untiring zeal, to keep Him full in view :
'And when the scoffing world reply—our answer still
must be,

'The Saviour of the world is here, we bid you, *Come
and see !*'

"Let him that heareth, say, Come !" — Rev. xxii. 17.

H. S. A.