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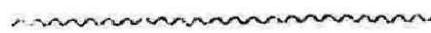
VOICE OF PITY.

FOR

South America.

VOL. III.—1856.

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



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The New Year: its Pleasures, its Hopes, and its Duties.

The commencement of a New Year reminds us that we have now to commence another volume of our little magazine; and as the season is a peculiarly suitable one for gathering up increased hope and encouragement for the future, from the survey of the past, it will not, we trust, prove unsuitable, if we endeavour to point out to our readers what there is to please, to encourage, and to stimulate us to renewed exertions, in the past progress and present condition of our Society.

What a season of *pleasure*, is the dawn of a New Year! Persons of all ages and ranks— young and old, rich and poor—hail its birth with merriment and joy. The aged experience something like a return of youthful feelings, and the young, flocking home from school in all directions, give free expression to their joyous spirits. The wealthy merchant, surrounded by his family, yields himself up to the enjoyment of the season, and forgets for a time his cares and anxieties; while even the poor cease for the moment to

think of their poverty, and celebrate the year's birthday with feelings of hope and pleasure.

We do not mean to say, indeed, that these feelings are not often woefully out of place; and that there is not so much to be condemned in the way they are too often expressed; for alas! how often is the pleasure a mere sensation of the carnal heart, arising from anything rather than the consciousness of duties fulfilled, and a well-grounded hope of the unfading pleasures of a holier world—and how often is it, therefore, expressed in a frivolous or sinful way! But it is not so in the case of God's dear children, no matter what their age or condition. The birthday of the year is regarded, indeed, by them, as well as others, with feelings of pleasure—but of a chastened and sober kind; and if it awakens gladness within them, it is a gladness little resembling the tumultuous feelings which are so called by the worldling—for it is calm and deep, resting on a solid foundation, and is always expressed in a sober and holy manner. *Their* pleasure in contemplating the opening of a New Year, arises from the consciousness that it dawns upon them as the servants of God, and as friends of the Redeemer; and that they are endeavouring to walk before Him in his appointed way, in holiness and true righteousness. And if they see much in the past left undone.

and much they would not wish to have been done—reminding them how hopeless their case would be without the Saviour's atoning blood—they see much also which tells them they may, without presumption, look upon themselves as under the influence of that grace which is the seed of virtue here, and of glory hereafter.

In what measure, then, can the friends and supporters of the Patagonian Mission regard the present New Year's day with feelings of such holy pleasure as this? We answer they can so regard it in *some* measure, at least; because, notwithstanding their own backwardness, and lukewarmness, and deficiency of prayer and exertion, God has been pleased to sustain them, and bless their efforts in a very manifest way. A little more than four years ago, the hopes of the wretched savages of South America seemed prostrated for ever, along with those corpses of noble martyrs which lay in *Earnest Cove*—monuments of the vital power of Christianity, and of the vigour of divine grace in the human soul. A few months later, came the sad tidings of their melancholy and painful—though to the eye of faith, glorious end; and a storm blew over the public mind which threatened to banish *faith*, no less than *duty*, from the category of christian graces. But a few earnest hearts were found to stem the torrent, and lift their voices

for the cause of God, and the perishing souls of their brethren: night and day they laboured on in faith and perseverance, to bring the christians of England to a right way of thinking on the subject; to persuade them that if mercy for a perishing world arose from the *greater* catastrophe—as *men* would say—which took place on Calvary; that if the divine arrangement be, in numberless cases, to bring *life out of death*, and to take means for the furtherance of His gracious purposes, which to human eyes appear likely to produce the opposite results—so, in like manner, mercy for the wretched tribes of South America *may*, and through God's blessing on our prayers and exertions, *will doubtless* rise from the sad end of the devoted Gardiner and his companions. When they began this appeal, they met with coldness, with refusals, with repulses; and so slowly did funds come in, they had to wait for some time before they could shape out a definite plan of future operations. But at length a little sum was got together, and partly encouraged by that, partly animated by faith in Him whose this work is, they resolved upon putting into execution our now well known plan, and building the *Allen Gardiner*. Just at this time, shortly after the keel of the Missionary ship was laid—this day two years—our little publication started into existence; and oh, what

abundant causes of gratitude and sources of pleasure are opened before us, when we look back upon those two eventful years! Difficulties gradually vanishing; hostility becoming less rampant, friends becoming more numerous; funds increasing; the ship launched and provided with a year's outfit; a crew and Mission party, fourteen souls in all, assembled on board her; farewell instructions, breathing the hopes and prayers of many christian hearts for the evangelization of South America, addressed to them; the vessel brought safely to the desired haven; the Island home reached; the Mission-house built; and the Colony, now twelve months old, securely established in the neighbourhood of the Mission field and only waiting the arrival of the ordained Missionary;—surely these are circumstances well calculated to awaken feelings of the liveliest gratitude to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Has the present New Year's day, then, no pleasures for the friends of Patagonia? Yes, blessed be to God, pleasures as far excelling the worldling's, as light excels darkness; pleasures arising from the consciousness that we have not been altogether forgetful of the claims of our friendless, neglected, and perishing brethren in South America; and from recollecting that God, in the riches of his undeserved good-

ness, has been pleased to grant us success sufficient to excite or increase the faith of the most incredulous or timid.

But have there been no drawbacks? Yes, many—but faith looks for these. We may regret that a Missionary did not go out in the *Allen Gardiner*; that our Mission-party has been left so long without a Clerical head; that twelve-months have elapsed since the ground was occupied, without ostensible results; and that the Committee have been frequently disappointed about a Missionary. Shall we, then, at the very moment we are indulging feelings of pleasure, while looking back upon the past, tremble with anxious fears for the future? How long is this undesirable state of things to last? Must it end, impatient as we are, in damping our zeal and paralyzing our exertions?

We have to tell you, then, dear reader—and we rejoice in doing so—that *hope* for the future, bright hope, is not forbidden to us either at this time; for God has given, as a *New Year's gift* to South America, one who has long been with us, cheering us by his ever buoyant faith and hope, and aiding us by his voice and energies; one from whom, indeed, we must find it hard to part, but whom we must not hesitate cheerfully to give up to those who need him so much more;—we mean, our valued and faithful Hono-

rary Secretary. God, we doubt not with merciful intentions to South America, has put it into our dear brother's heart to go forth in person, and devote all his energies to this great work on the Mission field itself. And thus the *bright* page in the history of our Mission seems to be at length turning over. The darkness seems at length about to dissipate; and *hope* for these poor degraded savages, which lighted up so brightly over the graves of Gardiner and his companions, to be on the point of germinating into *actual results*. Our devoted Missionary—for such we may now call him—has long been the mainspring of the work here at home; and however we may regret his absence, we cannot but rejoice that he will remain its mainspring still, though his position will be shifted to the place where his peculiar energy, devotedness and zeal are so much more needed, and where they will have a more extended field for exercise—the scene of operations itself.

And now, shall we not say that, if the New Year brings to many bright, but *unfounded* hopes—if it makes the worldling's heart throb with pleasing, but delusive anticipations of the future—it bids us also, who, constrained, we trust, by the love of Christ, take an interest in this important Mission, to look forward to the future with hopes which are *not* unfounded—for

they rest upon the divine promise that "in due season we *shall* reap if we faint not"? Yes, this is a New Year's day of very bright hopes, not only for us, but for many souls now sunk in ignorance, brutality, and hopeless misery in South America!

But if the dawn of the New Year calls forth peculiar feelings of gratitude to God for his past goodness to our Society, and feelings of pleasure arising from the delightful thought that some encouragement has been given us, while endeavouring to walk in the plain path of duty—and it is calculated, under our present circumstances, to awaken within us the most pleasing anticipations of speedy success—shall we omit what must appear to us all a most important point—the *duties* which it presses upon our notice? It is not good for us to dwell too much on the past; this he well knew who has told us to "forget those things which are behind;" nor is it profitable that we should dream away our time in hopes, however bright and well-founded. There is no such thing for man as standing still; *on, on!* is written upon all which surrounds us, and more especially on periods which remind us of Time's rapid flight. Our obligations will ever remain the same, and the past discharge of them can never procure our release for the future; never can we say, "There we have done enough."

now let us wait to see the results." No resting-place for us this side the grave; a jealous, but gracious God will have us move ever forward, until we rest in *Him*. "Rest ye not," then, says this New Year's day to us:—

"Rest ye not, then, ye servants of God who
 " have put your hand to this Missionary plough.
 " A vast field lies before you, and you have as
 " yet only been *making preparations* to turn up
 " the furrows. *Pray* more earnestly, *labour*
 " more incessantly, *give* more liberally, and *beg*
 " more heartily and perseveringly for these
 " wretched heathen, in the name of that Master
 " who will not fail to reward a cup of cold
 " water given in his name. *My birthday* takes
 " place in the midst of *holy pleasures*, and *well-*
 " *founded hopes*; let not my *funeral dirge* be
 " composed of *neglected duties*. You hail my
 " dawn with hope and pleasure; let not my
 " closing hours fill you with sorrow and dis-
 " may;

" The present moment flies,
 " And bears your life away;
 " Then act as do the truly wise,
 " And *live* while live you may!
 " For *one thing* needs your care,
 " Oh, be it still pursued,
 " Lest slighted once, the season fair
 " Shall never be renewed!"

Christmas Thoughts.

More than eighteen hundred years have passed away, since first upon the startled ear of man, there fell from angels lips, "good tidings of great joy," "unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." While musing upon the gracious message, those who bore it, and those who received it, I was struck with the thought, that *then* began man's missionary responsibility. In the Old-testament dispensation God made himself known by special miracle, by appearance in the Second Person of the Trinity, as the Angel of the Lord, and by the instrumentality of ministering spirits. But now, began what may, in one sense, be denominated man's dispensation: now had arrived that "fulness of time" when, having in the person of Jesus, elevated human nature, by its union to the Divine, it pleased God to use that nature especially in His service, and to commit to man's hands, "the ministry of reconciliation."

It is not well to strain the sense of Scripture in order to make it express any dogmas, or uphold any favourite opinion, but, if we believe in its inspiration, I am sure we are wise diligently to observe its peculiarities, and not consider any of them too trivial for our notice. Observe, then.

how diffusive was the Angel's message; he tells the Shepherds the good tidings were "*for all people,*" before he adds "*unto you* is born a Saviour." See Luke ii. 10, 11. It seems as though the Lord would guard against selfishness, even in the reception of that "hid treasure," which, in the birth of Jesus, He revealed to man. Has not the experience of the Church fully justified the Lord's wisdom? Have not Christians of all ages, needed to be continually aroused, and reminded that the Salvation, made of God so precious to their own souls, not only brings individual peace and safety, but contains within it these "good tidings of great joy which *shall be to all people,*" and which it is their bounden duty to make known? Never but once on Christmas Eve were angels sent forth on *their* missionary errand; ere another day had fully dawned, man had taken up the ministry. We find, that "the Shepherds said one to another, let us now go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing, which is to come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us; and they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe, lying in a manger, *and when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.*" Luke iii. 15, 16, 17.

Oh that all christians would follow their

example! as soon as they knew the Lord, let them make Him known abroad. May we not say, as the lepers did at the Assyrian camp, "we do not well, this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace, now therefore come, that we may go and tell the King's household." 2 Chron. vii. 9. Do you ask, dear reader, where you shall find the King's household? You may find them in your own family, in the streets and lanes of the city, on the burning shores of Africa, on the sunny plains of India, in the Islands of the ocean! You will find them, too, in long forgotten South America, that land at mention of which Christian men have shrugged their shoulders, and for which they have done so little! There you will find "the King's household," among those poor, half naked savages, debased almost as low as the beasts that perish, there (we believe His word) are some, who, "shall remember themselves and be turned unto the Lord." They are His now; purchased by Him, dear to Him, kept by Him, ministered to by His angels: but it is to you Christian man, that He says, "compel them to come in, that my house may be filled!" It is to you that He has sent "the good tidings, which shall be to all people." Will you not hear them? will you not delight to tell "the King's household" that they are bidden to a feast, that yet "there is room," assured that the

Lord will fulfil His word of promise, and from every kindred, tongue and nation, "gather His elect," and "make up His jewels"?

H. S. A.

Pizarro; or Perseverance.

Some three hundred and thirty years ago, not very long after the continent of America had been discovered, there was a colony of Spaniards settled on the isthmus of Panama, which, as our readers are aware, connects North with South America. For some years rumours had reached the ears of the colonists of a wonderful Empire to the far South, where gold and silver and precious stones—the objects which had enticed them from their homes—existed in fabulous profusion. Several attempts were made to discover this Empire, but they all proved failures, so that at last it began to be esteemed silly to think of making further attempts.

There was, however, one man who despised the sneers of those around him, and, fully confident that the rumours alluded to were not ungrounded, resolved to leave no effort untried to discover this marvellous country. He not only embarked all his own fortune in an expedition which he fitted out for that purpose, but succeeded in inducing two others—one of them

possessing far greater resources than himself, an ecclesiastic, named Father Luque—to embark in the speculation with him. This expedition proved a failure; and those who composed it, after enduring unheard of trials and sufferings, returned to Panama, having left behind them the bodies of some comrades who had been carried off by the sufferings they had undergone. Pizarro, we may be sure, incurred no small share of ridicule for his failure; nevertheless, his convictions had been strengthened of the existence of a land of gold to the South, and nothing daunted by past calamities and present ridicule, he fitted out a second expedition with the aid of his friends, and started once more in search of this land of promise. He and his party were landed at the Rio de San Juan—the utmost limit that had been reached on the previous occasion; and the two vessels which conveyed them were dismissed—one to return to Panama with some gold they had captured to induce more recruits to come out, and the other with the pilot, named Ruiz, to steer Southwards on a voyage of discovery.

No sooner was he left alone, than Pizarro found his position to be a very unenviable one. On endeavouring to find a way into the interior of the country, he was driven back by impenetrable forests, which seemed to become thicker

and thicker as he advanced from the shore; he was surrounded by hostile Indians, who on one occasion cut off fourteen of his men; while reptiles of various kinds—the boa, the alligator, and others equally hideous, engendered in the slimy depths of unwholesome pools, gathered round the feet of all who ventured forth; last of all, famine stared them in the face, and all longed to return to Panama, except the resolute Pizarro. At this crisis, Ruiz returned; and Almagro, the other commander who had been sent back to Panama for recruits, came at the same time with eighty men, and ample supplies. Thus cheered, both by the announcement of some important discoveries Ruiz had made, and by their new supplies, the little band was induced by Pizarro to prosecute the adventure. Accordingly they sailed; but they were doomed to meet with new disasters: their force was found insufficient to cope with the hostile Indians, and once more it was resolved to return. Pizarro, however, resolved not to go to Panama himself, fearing the expedition would be quite broken up if he did; but to remain at an Island called Gallo, until Almagro should return, having obtained more men. On Almagro's return, the Governor was greatly disappointed; and, indignant with him for his failure, sent one Tafur to bring back Pizarro and his followers. Tafur, on his arrival

at Gallo, found the adventurers in a sad plight, almost exhausted from exposure to the inclement climate, and from the long-continued pains of hunger.

And now came the time when Pizarro's *determination to persevere* was put to the test. "Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from East to West. Then turning towards the South—'Friends and comrades,' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death: on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru, with its treasures; here Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian: for my part, I go South.'"^{*} He then stepped across the line, and was followed by a few on whom his example had produced an effect; the rest returned with Tafur. For seven months those brave spirits endured intense sufferings on that lonely Isle; nevertheless, when a vessel arrived at the end of that time, they did not abandon their enterprise, but joyfully sailed Southwards, and had the satisfaction of soon ascertaining, beyond all doubt, the existence of that wonderful Empire which had so long dazzled their imaginations. But Pizarro's determination to persevere had to be tried still further; he was obliged to return to Panama, hoping that

^{*} See Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*.

announcement of his discoveries would cause recruits to flock to his standard, but was surprised to find people still incredulous, and to have his hope disappointed. It became necessary for him, therefore, either to abandon the enterprise altogether, or to obtain the means of prosecuting it, by interesting his sovereign so as to induce him to countenance it. He accordingly actually started for Spain, there had an interview with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, succeeded in interesting him, obtained the objects he desired, and returned to Panama, sailing thence to the Coast of Peru.

And now, reader, observe the results of his perseverance. He became the conqueror of Peru—the wealthiest part of South America—the brightest jewel in the crown of Spain. Gold he had set his heart upon. Gold in prospect led him to persevere; and gold to the amount of three million-and-a-half pounds, was his reward.

And now, we think the children of light may learn wisdom from this account of Pizarro's perseverance.

Poor South America contains something more precious than gold and silver—something more valuable than the emerald and the diamond. It contains *men and women*, with ever-living, ever-thinking, immortal souls; jewels of inestimable

price, redeemed with no less a ransom than the precious blood of God's dear Son; as capable of being elevated to the glorious condition of the sons of God, as they are at this moment rivetted in the fearful chains of death immortal. These precious treasures have induced some who knew their value well, to go forth as humble followers of Him who came the longest of all journeys "to seek and to save that which was lost." They have been tossed about by the tempest; they have endured cold and suffering; some of them have felt famine, and laid down their lives sooner than give up searching for these treasures. PERSEVERANCE, under such circumstances, was the policy, if we cannot call it the virtue, of Pizarro; and shall we, who "*seek not theirs but them,*" give up our holy enterprise in search of the precious souls of these poor Indians, because difficulties lie in the way?

Reader, mark those noble men who have drawn the sword of the Spirit, and tracing with its point, as it were, on the sands of Time the obligations and realities of eternity, have turned to heaven and said; "Friends and fellow Christians, on that side are (it may be) toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion of home and relatives, and perhaps death; but with it Heaven, and its everlasting treasures and un fading joys. On this side are ease and pleasure, and gaiety and

mirth—the poverty of earth, and the bankruptcy of eternity. There lies heaven, and its commands pointing you to South America's perishing thousands. Here lies earth, with its trials, its difficulties and its ridicule—those enticements to unfaithfulness. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Christian; for our parts we go South."

Reader, will *you* not follow them—if not in person, at least with your prayers, your sympathies, your support? Will you not *persevere* in your search after these precious treasures? Many a one in seeking to find others, has been found himself; but we never knew of one who was careless about others because he did not know their value, who did not himself require to be sought and found and saved.

Let our perseverance, then, in helping this Mission as far excel Pizarro's, as the object upon which we have set our hearts excels the object upon which he had set his. He went upon mere rumour which spoke of gold: we go upon facts which assure us of the existence of men and women. He went trusting in his wisdom and resources: we go trusting in God's everlasting arm, and plain promise. He went for the merchandize of time: we go for the merchandize of eternity. *He went to destroy by fire and sword that which we go to save; and let him*

glory, if he will, over those three millions of pounds which rewarded his perseverance—we know at least, that all who are instrumental, directly or indirectly, in “saving a soul from death,” will receive *their* reward when *his* shall have long dropped from his grasp; for there is a day coming when “they who have turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars” in brilliant purity, “for ever and ever,” or “like the sun” in unclouded splendour, “in the kingdom of their Father.”

Our Frontispiece.

“And is that my brother—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, a possessor, like me, of an intelligent mind and immortal soul?” Such, we may fancy, is the question which will rise to some of our readers’ lips, when they look upon our frontispiece—which gives an engraving of one of those wretched savages whom we are seeking to teach the knowledge of the one true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. It is very *humbling* to look upon such a picture; we turn to the book of Genesis, and read the time was when “in the image of God created he man; male and female created he them;” but oh, how fallen from [the image of God this poor savage! how unlike his Maker in character, in mind, in expression! And yet he is our brother—not a whit less savage and degraded than were our Druid ancestors, before the light of the Gospel was held up in our land. He just preaches to us this truth,

that man's course, when left to himself, is a downward one, and that there is no knowing to what a depth of degradation he may descend, if permitted to walk on in darkness.

But it is also very *touching*, to look upon such a picture. Look at the moody brow—the dejected, spiritless look—the squalid person! What do they tell but the tale of suffering here, and preparation for more awful suffering hereafter? “WITHOUT GOD, AND WITHOUT HOPE IN THE WORLD,” is the motto traced upon every line of his figure and expression of his countenance.

And, lastly, it is a sight which *stimulates us to do something*. “Come over and help us,” says this poor brother to us all. And shall we refuse his call? Shall we tell him to wait till we have more leisure—that there are others in as bad a plight as him—that he is too degraded, too low on the scale of humanity? Shall we, in short, shut up our “bowels of compassion” from him? God forbid; “*for how then dwelleth the love of God in us?*”

Our Mission Library.

We rejoice to think that our soldiers in the Crimea, are supplied with books which may both amuse and instruct them; and many have been found willing to contribute for this benevolent purpose. It is, indeed, a cause for rejoicing, that the condition of our soldiers is so greatly improved, and that their *minds* are not altogether neglected, as they were in former days.

But there is a little band of soldiers who do not, indeed, make such a great noise in the world as our

Crimean army, but who are fighting in a higher cause, and contending for a higher victory—to whose wants we desire to draw our readers' attention. Our Mission band is separated from home by a vast interval, and in their solitary abode, no doubt, reading forms an indispensable resource for them. Already the Bible Society has made them a grant of Bibles; so that there is no deficiency in the supply of the best of books—God's own word; but of other books they have but a small supply. What we would suggest to our readers is this: to fix upon some book which commends itself to good taste and Christian feeling, and send either it, or the price of it, to the Secretary.

The Missionary—who goes out in a month's time, with God's permission—will thankfully take charge of all books so sent, and establish with them on his arrival at the Falklands, a "South American Mission Library," the nucleus, we may hope, of a large and well-stocked one. As the time is short, we hope that any of our readers to whom this plan commends itself, will lose no time in putting it into execution. An acknowledgment of books so received, shall be inserted in our next number.

Lines written on hearing that the Rev. G. P. Despard had become Missionary to the Patagonian Missionary Society.

Oh, can it be, 'midst England's sons, the Christian and
the free,

There is not one to go for us, but we must part with thee —

With thee, the mainspring of the cause, rais'd up when
 Gard'ner fell,
 To carry on the holy work which he had loved so well!
 If human glory were the prize, how swift response had
 been!
 But earthly laurels seldom crown the man who wars
 with sin.

Let Alma's heights, and Inkermann, prove Britain's
 sons are brave,
 They shrink not from the deadly strife, nor falter at the
 grave:
 But what is that which nerves them all to dare the
 worst and die?
 'Tis that their COUNTRY calls them there, and marks
 them where they lie:—
 It is that countless eyes behold the contest from afar,
 And hail as patriot, him who falls beneath war's ruthless
 car!

But when the King of kings would call fresh soldiers to
 the cross,
 And bid them in His service deem life's brightest things
 as dross,
 Then, tho' the silver trumpet give a not uncertain sound,
 Say, who will to the camp repair, and who be faithful
 band!

I almost said, there is not one! and this to England's
shame,

But I had err'd—there is one found that honour'd post
to claim!

Then go, dear friend! though sad, I deem, thy friends
at home will be;

'Tis their's who long have stay'd thy hands, to supplicate
for thee;

Yes, those "who tarry by the stuff,"* shall share the
victor's prey,

If so, by earnest prayer they aid his more adventurous
way;

Go! and may He whose own thou art make many souls
thy crown,

And all thy labours, all thy toils, in rich abundance own!

H. S. A.

* See 1 Sam. xxx 24.

Our Mission,—its position among Church Missions.

The Saviour's prediction of a time when "the love of many should wax cold," soon began to be fulfilled in the history of His Church. When one reads the inspired narrative of the proceedings of the first Missionaries of the Gospel, and compares their zeal, devotedness, and energy, with those which characterised men who bore the Christian name, and clamoured loudly about the dignity of the Christian ministry a few years later, we cannot but exclaim, "Alas! Saviour, thy prediction was but too speedily fulfilled!"

No men could have shewn more clearly by their conduct than did the Apostles and early Christian disciples, what they understood the Saviour to mean when, with his farewell words, he directed them, "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" Fully convinced that these words not only swept away all distinction between Jew and Gentile, male and female, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, by rendering all alike *capable of citizenship* in that Gospel kingdom, which, commenced on earth, will reach its full development in the

heavenly world; but that they also made a divine injunction, uttered under other circumstances," "Increase and multiply," the very law of the Church's being, and compliance with it the measure of her vitality—they scattered themselves far and wide over every known region of the globe, animated in all places alike with burning zeal for the salvation of souls, as well as with the most undoubting confidence that, sooner or later, all nations should bow themselves down beneath the sceptre of the Prince of Peace. But, alas! how soon did a worldly spirit creep over the Christian Church after she had enlarged her dominions by God's blessing and the Missionary efforts of those noble champions of the cross, "of whom the world was not worthy!" Like as some golden morning is succeeded by darkness all the more intense from the contrast it affords to the preceding brightness, so the eye looks in vain over the dark surface of the middle ages for any glimmer of sunshine which would tell us that the nominal Church of Christ remained mindful of the great law of her being—"Increase and multiply." And even after the bright era of the Reformation had dawned, men seemed to think they had enough to do to withdraw themselves from the corruptions of an apostate Church, without thinking of the obligations under which they lay to

take up the Missionary work where it had been lost sight of in the gloom of the Church's apostasy, and prove by their compliance with the great law of multiplication and increase upon which the Christian Church is founded, that in the 'remnant' which had been saved from the bondage of Rome, there lurked elements of vitality and expansion sufficient to evince that "the gates of hell" had not prevailed against the true Church of Christ, but that at the moment when her very existence seemed to be most imperilled, her Lord had raised her up from the slumber which had come over her with renovated health and vigour. We cannot, however, be sufficiently thankful that at length our own Church began to shew that she was indeed a reformed Church, and that though she held back too long, yet at length she *did* awake to a sense of her duty, and lay claim to the title of a Missionary Church. We believe that the enlightened Christian sees more of hope for our country, as well as for our Church, in those great religious societies which have grown up amongst us of late years, than in aught beside, because they are so many proofs that this great National Church contains within her such elements of growth and expansion, as to prove she is not unconnected with the great Head of the Church universal, whose plain commission to all Churches,

as well as individual Christians, is "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

It is a pleasing thing in surveying the histories of the various Missions which have been planted and carried on by the Church of England, to observe that, by God's blessing on her efforts, she has been successful in her glorious design of winning souls for Christ on Mission-fields in almost every part of the world, and of the most diversified kinds. We may not unreasonably suppose that one reason why God has permitted the human family to present so many varied aspects—both in a physical, and, to some extent, in a moral point of view—was to give His people the opportunity of shewing, by the greatest variety of evidence, that there is one, and only one, panacea adapted to every variety of human want and misery, and to every phase of human degradation; and that the power of this great engine of a sinful world's renovation might be the more conspicuously displayed by the very diversity of the peoples, tongues, and nations—among whom it should prove successful. Thus when we pass from the Esquimaux to the swarthy African sunk in all the degradation attendant upon his awful system of devil-worship; and from the New Zealand cannibal, to the dissolute and debased followers of Brahma, or Mohammed

in the East; and when we see the Gospel producing similar effects among them all, notwithstanding the diversity of their languages, habits, and systems of idolatry—when we see the New Zealand cannibal coming from his bloody banquet, the poor degraded child of Africa from his brutal vices, the cruel and licentious Hindu from his obscene and debasing religious rites, and the red Indian of the dreary North from the scene of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and all together standing beneath the shadow of the cross of Christ, with enlightened minds and regenerated affections—surely this very variety sets the stamp of truth, if such were needed, upon the statement of Scripture, that there is but “one name given under heaven whereby men,” no matter what their characters or circumstances, “must be saved” from iniquity, as well as its punishment; and he has but a cold heart who is not ready to exclaim, “Even so, Saviour, increase the variety of these captives to thy love, that thy universal sovereignty may the more appear!”

Every additional race of men, then, among whom any sound branch of the Christian Church succeeds in setting up the Tree of life, “whose leaves are for the healing of the nations,” is an additional proof not only of the adaptation of the Gospel to the necessities of man, wherever found or under whatever circumstances, but also

of its own vitality, and connection with Him whose commission to all is, "Go ye, disciple ALL nations." Oh, what a Godly jealousy there should be between Christian Churches for the glory of winning new lands and tribes for Christ! It were well, indeed, if all their contentions were contentions of quick and ready love for the post of honour in that army which has been sent forth by the Captain of salvation to wrest the sceptre from the hands of Satan, and if their proofs of Apostolicity were drawn from such sources as St. Paul was wont to draw the proofs of his Apostleship, who, in the eagerness of his zeal and love, sought "to preach the Gospel where Christ was not named, lest he should build on another man's foundation!" But so far from there existing anything like this race of Churches to outstrip each other in labours of love among nations hitherto neglected, they seem rather to have scarcely recovered the amazement with which, when they first began to see the importance of the Missionary work, they looked abroad upon the vast moral wilderness which lay before them crying out for lack of moisture and demanding culture. Oppressed by the weight of obligation which they suddenly felt to devolve upon them, and unable to occupy the whole ground at once, it became necessary for each Church to select for its first Missionary opera-

tions, those parts of the world which, while they deeply needed the efforts of Christian philanthropy, presented also, *in their eyes*, the fairest prospects of success. Nor—when we remember the apathy of some, and the opposition of others bearing the Christian name, which they had to contend with, as well as difficulties too numerous to mention—can we feel surprised at the sphere of their labours being originally contracted; but, at the same time, we cannot suppose them to have started with any other design than that of ultimately turning up, with the Gospel plough, *the whole field* which lay before them, and “the field” we know, “*is the world.*” India presented a sphere of labour to our own Church, which had, perhaps, the first claim on her Missionary efforts; and even if it had not, so interesting a field would not have been likely to be passed by. The other Mission-fields occupied by the Church of England, had likewise claims upon her which she dare not refuse or postpone, and which in the providence of God, presented her with fair prospects of success.

There is, however, one part of the world which has not had any *peculiar* claims upon *her*, and which, presenting to her eye nothing but barren and inhospitable regions, tenanted by the most wretched of the sons of men, has not been included among the Mission-fields taken up by

her great Missionary Society. Well, indeed, did that time-honoured institution know the wants and miseries of the Fuegians and Patagonians; but, alas! it could only deplore that the Missionary spirit of the sons and daughters of the Church of England had not risen sufficiently high to give it the means of at once maintaining and extending former Missions, and breaking up fresh ground. Besides, this Mission-field presented such unusual features! Nothing like it had as yet been attempted by the Church of England. All other Missions could be conducted from some European colony as a centre, but none such was to be found on the dreary shores of Tierra del Fuego. A way for other Missions might be explored by individual enterprise; but here we must start by forming a Christian colony. One voyage across the deep is the only "peril by sea" labourers for other Mission-fields have to undergo: here there must be a substantial vessel belonging to the Mission, in which the Missionaries must be constantly exposed to storm and tempest. And although, indeed, plans of a precisely similar nature have been adopted by the Moravians in regions at least as uninviting, and succeeded, yet to graft a Mission so novel to her, and requiring such a large outlay upon this great Society—which takes under its charge the teeming millions of India, China, and Africa

would hardly be fair to the Missions which it has already established, and is bound to maintain.

But we rejoice, notwithstanding this, in the hope that the Church of England will not lose this noble opportunity of adding another proof of her vitality to those already furnished, by her various Missions. This little Society has risen beneath her sheltering branches, through the efforts of some of her faithful sons, who—pitying the stunted and degraded Fuegian on his bleak and barren islands, and seeing in him a brother capable of being restored from his present state to the favour and image of God—have resolved to leave no effort untried, until with his brethren of New Zealand, India, Africa, and North America, this poor savage will join in singing the glorious anthem, “Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.” Are we presumptuous in entertaining a confident persuasion that it has been reserved in the providence of God, for this Society to prove, with new force, that if Church Missions have succeeded in India, it is not on account of the intellectual acumen, or superior intelligence of her population; that if they have succeeded in Western Africa, or New

Zealand, it is not owing to any superiority in the races which inhabit those countries, much less to any uniform plan or system which has been followed in all cases alike,—but that even among the lowest of mankind, in a physical and intellectual point of view, and by the adoption of a plan differing in many of its features from any heretofore adopted by Church Missionary enterprise, results will follow equally glorious and equally gratifying to all who love to watch a spreading Gospel and look for the coming Bridegroom? No: we are persuaded there is no presumption here. If God is pleased to grant us that success in labouring for which such bright instances of faith have occurred, and such valuable Christian lives have been laid down, and in praying ardently for which so many Christian hearts are now engaged—and assuredly he *will* grant it, sooner or later—then will the position of our Mission among Church Missions be such as to make it a standing monument of the truth, that even the lowest of our race are not out of the reach of the Gospel's saving and elevating power, and, at the same time, to make it a striking testimony to the vigour and reality of that faith which could lead English Christians soberly to devise, seriously to plan, and perseveringly to carry on operations for the conquest even of Tierra del Fuego, to the Saviour's kingdom of

“righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.”

Yes! within the wide range of Church Missions, there is not one to be found similar in its history, in its field of labour, and in its plan of operations, to that which has been commenced by the Patagonian Missionary Society;—one which has been projected by a martyr to the cause; one which aims at the conversion of the poorest and lowest of the human race; and one which—combining in it the characters of colony and Mission, and thus making a provision for the personal safety of the Missionaries and permanence of the Mission which has been rendered unnecessary in the case of other Missions, by the prior existence of colonies on the fields of labour themselves—shews a firm determination, by the grace of God, to adhere with persevering tenacity to the desolate shores of Tierra del Fuego until, in the Lord’s own time, the frozen barriers melt away, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ, borne through the land on a springtide of mercy, shall have free course and be glorified, even among those squalid savages whom we may now well blush, as Christians, to look upon; but who will yet—and we say it with the most undoubting confidence—be transformed, as in the spirit of their minds, so also in the appearance of their bodies, by the power of the new creating Spirit.

Pray earnestly, dear reader, for the advent of this day of grace to poor dark Fuegia; for who does not see, even in the anticipation of it, one more token—and there are many—of the near approach of a still more glorious day; even the day of Christ's appearing, and of the gathering unto Him of all nations, tongues, and peoples?

Financial Chapter.

As we do not wish our friends to be working in ignorance of the real state of the Society's finances, we think it well to devote a short chapter to the subject. A glance at the amount of contributions which have been received, during each of the last six years, is very encouraging, as shewing the gradual growth of our cause in the public estimation. Beginning with the small sum of £115, in the year 1850, there have been received, successively, in the year 1851, £136; in 1852, £480; in 1853, £960; in 1854, £2800; and in 1855, £2400; and thus, by the blessing of God, from an income, in 1850, wholly inadequate to establish a Mission in South America, we have reached, for the last two years, an income which is sufficient for the present—that is for the maintenance of the Mission which has been already set on foot. The excess of the income of 1854 over last year, is attributable solely to the extraordinary efforts which were made in that year for the equipment of the "Allen Gardiner," and we may therefore confidently trust that the Society's income henceforth will

never descend lower than £2400. This is all the more gratifying, because that is exactly the sum which, it is calculated, the expenses of the Society will amount to for the current year, and for such time as its agents do not exceed the present standard, *which, it is hoped, will not be very long.* And when the time for extending Missions does come, we feel quite certain that adequate supplies will be forthcoming, as they have been in times past.

Here, then, is what we have to call upon our friends to do;—to use all their efforts to supply the Society during the next year with, at least, £2400; we say at least—because though that sum will meet the expenses of the year, yet the Committee feel it desirable to add all they can to a reserve fund, which they shortly hope to establish, with a sum of about £1000, which they have in hand for the purpose; such a fund being necessary, for reasons which will be obvious to all our readers, and upon which, therefore, we need not enlarge. Now we feel it is, or ought to be, quite unnecessary to lay down any fixed plans by which even the humblest can help to raise these funds. A quick and ready love is the best prompter we can have in all our plans for the glory of God. We wish, however, to mention, that irrespective of the usual collecting cards and Missionary boxes, which can be had from the Secretary, he has also a supply of penny-a-week cards, whose design is very simple, and which, if diligently filled up, will give very material aid from very small contributions. The plan is simply for one person to take the office of Treasurer, and apply for 100 cards. These 100 cards are to be distributed among ten receivers, whom the Treasurer undertakes to find. Each of these receivers, in like manner, distributes the ten cards to ten collectors,

whom he undertakes to find; and, lastly, each of these collectors finds ten subscribers of one penny a week each. The result will be that at the end of the year the net, when drawn in to the Treasurer, will be found to have swept in with it no less than £216. The Secretary will thankfully send these cards to any one who applies for them. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The World's Madmen, the Lord's Creditors.

Our good friend John Bunyan, as our readers doubtless well know, described in his own peculiarly quaint way "a man whose neighbours thought him mad," because "the more he gave away, the more he had." And we cannot but hope, that notwithstanding many appearances to the contrary, there are yet to be found a few more possessed of such a desirable mania. *Blessed is she, or he, that believeth.* Such is still the motto which welcomes our highest confidence in the eternal issue of all actings of faith towards Him who cannot lie, whose grasp is Omnipotence, whose are the treasures of earth and heaven, and whose riches are unsearchable.

It is not thought madness if a merchant, intent on the pursuit of wealth, risks *even more than his all* in a costly cargo, and sends it far away across that treacherous element which spares not to wreck the fairest treasures consigned to its trust

but it is a thing wondered at, and spoken of with a sneer, if a Christian merchant, intent on the high and holy aim of glorifying his Lord, invests but even a fair proportion of the wealth for which He holds him steward, in His Treasury—though the words are printed over it in immortal characters — “LOOK! WHAT HE LAYETH OUT, IT SHALL BE PAID HIM AGAIN.”

It is not thought madness, if, for the gracing a fair form of earthly loveliness, a father purchase a rich jewel, which costs him dear, though perchance the bosom it is to deck may not long beat warmly beneath its sparkling brightness; —but it is a thing wondered at if a Christian father, preferring for the dear one entrusted to his care the simple, scriptural ornament of “a meek and quiet spirit,” —casts his gold where the glitter of earthly jewels will not be given him in exchange; but where, rather, a jewel of priceless value — the reward of saving a soul from death—a jewel to shine hereafter and for ever, is the blessed recompense to be obtained.

The secret is, that the light of Time dims the light of Eternity, and men forget—as they walk in the shining of sparks of their own kindling, which reveals to them only a few paces in advance on the road they are treading — that there is an unfathomable distance beyond, of which they are taking not the least cognizance;

concentrating all their thoughts upon the little space which precedes the next turn of the road.

Man's maxim ever is, and ever will be, "*Lay up for yourselves treasures upon earth.*" God's motto dashes this to the ground, "*Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.*"

It is sometimes encouraging to trace indications of God's faithful promises to repay all efforts and sacrifices made for His sake, being fulfilled even in this world. Though we are not to look for our recompense here, yet, to keep our poor weak faith alive, our kind and generous Father sometimes unlocks his treasures here, and gives His children an earnest of their full reward. The following facts will illustrate our position.

"There were," writes Mr. Jay, "a good man and his wife in Hampshire; they were in humble circumstances, but they felt their obligations to divine grace, and gave a helping hand to the plans which were formed for the conversion of sinners. At last the man began to reason with his wife that they were going behind hand, and must do less. She still urged that while so many were perishing around them they should not relax, saying that they must trust to the Lord, who could make it up for them in a way they least expected; and they still kept on doing good, and the Lord *did* appear for them in a way they least expected. They had a profligate son who

had for years been the grief of their hearts, and had impoverished their substance by draining them of all the money he could procure from them. Shortly after the circumstances to which I have adverted, a letter came from this son—the mother opened it. Her heart yearned over her son, though he had well nigh broken it. The letter was too much for her, she laid it aside till her husband returned from labour, and then she told him—Here is a letter from our son. Oh! said he, do not give it to me: I suppose it is only asking for more money to consume upon his sins. However, on her entreating he took it, and began to read it, and soon the big drops rolled down his cheeks when he found it filled with professions of penitence for his sins: for the word of God had come with power to his soul, and he had become a new creature, and he now declared that it would be his endeavour to study their happiness, and as long as he had hands to work, *to contribute to their support during the remainder of their lives.*”

Reader! when *you* are working for God be sure that *God* is working for you!

E. C.

Departure of Mr. Schmidt.

Our friends will learn with great satisfaction and thankfulness to God, that a young man, a native of Germany, who is to engage in the work of the Mission, in the important capacity of Linguist, or translator, sailed for Monte Video on the 4th of January. The greatest of all *external* difficulties to the spread of the Gospel, is that which commenced at Babel; and one of the most anxious considerations which have confronted the first Missionaries to every heathen land, is, How are we to hold intelligible communication with these people? It is a blessed thing to remember that the same God who made the languages of the various races of mankind to become so manifold, in order to prevent the spread of wickedness—not only can take away this difficulty from before those who go forth to spread the blessed Gospel, but that he actually has done so in the most striking manner heretofore. The Bible, translated into no less than 127 languages, is, indeed, one of the brightest and most striking features of the times.

The attention of the Rev. G. P. DESPARD was early directed to the importance of finding some one capable of helping in the important work of learning the Fuegian and Patagonian tongues, and reducing them to a system, as far as possible; and having heard of Mr. THOMPSON'S SCHMIDT more than a year ago, as a person who had a decided talent for learning languages, as well as a heart desirous of serving the Lord Jesus with *every* talent, he put himself into communication with him, and the result was Mr. SCHMIDT came to reside in his house for a year, that Mr. DESPARD might have an opportunity of finding out what his talents really were. The year has

elapsed, and Mr. DESPARD having given the highest opinion of Mr. SCHMIDT's character and capabilities to the Committee, they have appointed and sent him forth to the Mission as Translator, having first commended him in prayer to Him who will have it said, "*There is neither speech nor language where their voice is not heard, and their sound is gone out into all the world,*" and who, having made their tongue, can enable it to speak of the wonderful works of God to every nation in its own language. The following are the instructions which the Committee delivered to him before he sailed:—

"Dear Sir,

"The Committee having appointed you Linguist, or Translator, to the Patagonian Mission, it now becomes my pleasing duty to address you, in their name, a few words of Christian counsel, previous to your departure for the Mission station. They have received from the Rev. G. P. DESPARD, in whose house you have resided for the past year, such an account of your Christian character, and talent for acquiring languages, as to induce them to hope they are consulting for the interests of the Society, and the good of souls, in appointing you to that important office; and they earnestly pray that your future career may be such as to justify them in entertaining that hope.

"Upon your arrival at Keppel Island, you will consider yourself under the superintendence of Mr. ELLIS, until the Missionary's arrival, which, it is hoped, will take place shortly after your own. When he arrives, you will consider yourself under his immediate control, and look to him for such advice, counsel, and direction, as you may from time to time require. You will ever

bear in mind the great object which the Committee have in view, in sending you out—namely, that you may acquire the languages of the Fuegians and Patagonians as soon as you possibly can; and having acquired them yourself, that you may so systematize them as to enable us to give these people the Holy Scriptures in their own tongues, and as to make it a comparatively easy thing for the other members of the Mission party to acquire them. This, however, is not to prevent your endeavouring to make yourself useful in any way the Missionary may point out to you. You must be prepared to lend a helping hand whenever it may be required, and to engage in any work which he may think desirable; and, in short, you are to consider yourself as one bound to undertake anything or every thing which may be considered conducive to the interests of the Mission.

“It is hardly necessary to point out to you the difficulties, trials, and temptations with which you may expect to be surrounded. The Committee have a good hope that you have long since well weighed these things—that you have “counted the cost,” and are ready to encounter them all, so that you may but faithfully fulfil your obligations to the Society and to the souls of men. They would, however, press upon you the importance of remembering frequently, and renewing daily the dedication of yourself—body, soul, and spirit—to God’s service, and of keeping alive within your own soul, that flame of holy love which you seek to spread among others; for so alone can you expect to exhibit the savour of a Christian life and conversation, and effectually to serve the Church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“Finally, they would urge upon you the importance

of cherishing a brotherly feeling towards all your fellow-labourers, and of promoting the same feeling among them, so far as in you lies. Separated from home and friends, no doubt many little differences may arise between them from time to time; the seeds of dissension may be sown by the great enemy; and it may need all the tact, the forbearance, and the good offices of a mutual friend to bind up the one, and to root out the other. Your position will be such as to afford you peculiar facilities for cultivating the friendship, and gaining the confidence, of all your fellow-labourers; and the Committee earnestly trust and pray that you will use it for the furtherance of peace and Godly quietude among them.

“And now, we “commend you to God, and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.” Be faithful; be diligent; be long-suffering; be a healer of enmities, and a lover of peace; uphold in your life and conversation the pure light of the holy religion you profess; let it be reflected on all around you, and shine brightly on the dark regions to which you are going;—and so will the Lord Jesus himself, who is “our peace,” keep your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God; and in the last great day salute you with the blessed words, “Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord!”

“For the Committee,

“GEORGE DESPARD, SEC., P. M. S.”

Our Mission Library.

We have only space most cordially to thank those kind friends who have so promptly and liberally responded to our appeal for books in the last number. All our friends will learn with satisfaction and gratitude to God that a Liverpool friend has nobly come forward and offered to place a fine vessel, of 600 tons burthen, at the service of the Missionary and his family, to convey them, free of charge, direct to the Falkland Islands, in the month of April.

He will not, therefore, be leaving so soon as we at first expected; and if, in the meantime, other friends wish to add more books to those already contributed—a catalogue of which will be found on the cover—they will be thankfully received by the Rev. G. DESPARD, Secretary, 3, Seymour Place, Clifton, and acknowledged in the next number of the "Voice of Pity."

A Hint for Children.

"My dear T——," said a little boy to his elder brother, "you ought, indeed, to collect for the Patagonian Missionary Society." "And why ought he to do it more than you, Master L——?" interrupted his mother. "Well! dear mamma, I am ready to try," was the little fellow's reply to the question,—and he at once set about it.

At night, as Mrs. O—— passed his bedroom door, L—— called her to him, and said, "Mamma, I think I shall succeed and get half-a-pound for the Mission." "Why do you think so, my dear?" replied his mamma; "because," said he, "I have prayed to God, and He will help me!" And he *did* succeed; for a few days after he brought to me *one pound*—partly gathered from the inmates of his home, and partly supplied from his own, and his brother's, little store of pocket money.

Now, my little reader, why should L—— collect more than *you*? And why, if *you* pray to God, should he be more successful to gather and give a whole pound than you?

Don't wait to find out a reason for putting the attempt from you—but like L——, go at once, and *do* succeed.

Psalm lxvi. 3.

(Prayer-book Version.)

"All the world shall worship thee, sing of thee, and
praise thy name ;"

'Tis thy promise, and thy Church prays Thee to fulfil
the same :

Bright Sun of Righteousness arise ! and let thy beams
dispel

The darkness that has clouded earth, since our first
parents fell.

'Tis true thy children long have been as lights in this
dark world ;

The Word of life has been held forth, the Gospel-flag
unfurled ;

But oh, we ask a wider spread of Thine own truth abroad :
Nor can we rest till Thou appear Creation's Rightful Lord !

We hail the welcome signs that shew the Figtree's
budding shoot,

But oh, still more we long to see the day of ripened fruit,
'That happy time when thou shalt reign as king of all
the earth

O'ersubjects made the sons of God by new & second birth.

No dismal night shall then succeed the dawn of that
bright day ;

No earth-born cloud arise to dim our Sun's celestial ray
But God himself shall dwell with men, and making all
things new,

Shall verify his promised word, "The faithful and the
true !"

The Allen Gardiner at the Missionaries' Grave,
Earnest Cove, Tierra del Fuego.

"At 6 A.M." (Oct. 18) writes Capt. Snow in the interesting and valuable accounts just received from him, "I was on deck, enjoying one of the most delightful mornings I had experienced for a long time. A cloudless sky; brilliant sun; smooth sea; and, at no great distance off, the mountainous land of Tierra del Fuego, now free from the slightest mist to hide the jagged peaks and bold outlines that shewed themselves. Staten land, too, was clearly visible; but conspicuous above all else was the famous Bell mountain, nearly 5000 feet high by Capt. King's measurement. As this Bell mountain was immediately over the east part of Acquire Bay, and must have been always in view of Capt. Gardiner and his party, it took a sketch of it, and of the surrounding hills and coast-line; and also got sights for time again to try my chronometer. Soon afterwards a breeze got up from the N.N.W. and prevented me from doing more than dodge about near the land; but at noon this breeze died away, and being succeeded by a strong S.W. wind I was able again to make an attempt to enter Spaniard harbour. This after some exertion I accomplished, and at 3.30 P.M. had the great satisfaction of placing the

Allen Gardiner in safety immediately between Cook's river and Earnest cove, and sufficiently far up the harbour to be somewhat guarded against any southerly sea that may come in. The moment the anchor was down and the vessel secure, so as to relieve my mind from all consideration on that point and permit me to turn it to others, I felt as one in a dream.

“The Allen Gardiner at last in Spaniard harbour and at anchor! Allen Gardiner?—and a name belonging to a ship! Most wonderful ac-
thy ways O God! What! a ship named after and looking upon the very spot where miserably perished the individual so named! A ship and crew, with food in great abundance, resting upon those very waters the bordering shores of which contain the starved and lifeless remains of him in remembrance of whom she is called: So true is it, that it is a fact now *accomplished*, no longer to be hoped for, and it makes the mind almost lose itself in a passing dream.

“Immediately the sails were furled, and every-
thing made snug on board, I had the cutter (the Richard Williams) got ready, and soon afterwards was on my way in her towards Earnest cove. This cove was nearer the leeward entrance of Spaniard harbour than where I had anchored, and at first I had some doubt as to where I should find it: at length, upon rounding

some rocky patches. I observed a sandy bight, and leaving this I soon discovered a dark looking mass which I concluded to be Pioneer cavern. In another moment the boat brushed by 'the only rock that was in the way,' and the next instant her keel grated on the beach. I then had the mournful satisfaction of standing on the spot where the remains of Capt. Gardiner were discovered. I believe there was not one of us but paused and trod lightly as we approached the place—a place hallowed by the circumstances connected with it. It was easily known by the fragments of the Pioneer still lying there, and a heap of stones, remains of rope, hawsers, &c. adjoining. For a moment or two I stood and gazed upon these memorials of the past, and then giving orders respecting our boat to haul her well up out of the surf, I proceeded towards the cave. As I approached it, I perceived some writing upon a tree on my right, and where the ground was on an ascent. This upon examination proved to be the Dido's mark in her own name, and consequently I thought that somewhere here I should find the grave. It was not, however, so high up, but on the beach where several stones marked the spot."

Capt. Snow then records his return to the ship, and describes his visit on the day following as follows :

“The day was remarkably fine, clear, and mild; and altogether I could not but gratefully consider that the hand of our God was indeed upon us for good on this especial occasion. It strikes me that it will better convey to the reader’s mind what took place on that morning, and in that hallowed spot, if I place a picture before his mind, than an ordinary account of the circumstances would. Let us then go mentally together on board the *Allen Gardiner*, lying at anchor about a mile off the shore. See, she is all alone—that little vessel built in a distant land and there consecrated for the special object which has brought her here; there she is quietly reposing on the waters of *Tierra del Fuego*, with national and mission colours flying, while the mission party have gone on shore to perform what they evidently look upon as a sacred duty. Let us go on board and silently behold what is going on, while we also take a glance around, and bring before us the entire picture. And first of all behold the scenery. Is it not far superior to what you would have expected? Look at this harbour: it is, you see, the western arm of that great bay; and at its head you observe some grassy plains, and a small winding river. That is called *Cook’s river*, and the plains are called *Marsh’s plains*. You can see how really cheerful they appear, and how, in

carrying the eye along from them to the left to the little hills above, and the slopes below, every part seems covered with an evergreen foliage. The trees are numerous, and in some places presenting the appearance of thick forests. Such is the case over that sandy beach in the bay or cove where the mission party is now assembled. At the back, you perceive an apparently dense mass of shrubs and trees rising gradually from near the water's edge. On the left of the cove, and somewhat projecting into the sea, is a dark mass of rock, from 40 to 50 feet high, its surface at the rear and top dotted over with a few shrubs and trees. This is the exterior of a tolerably large, but damp and gloomy cave, which we will presently examine. Farther to the left, you may observe a rugged termination of the land. This is the southern Cape of Spaniard harbour; its northern extreme being Grey island and Cape Williams. Near the cove, and off the terminating points, you see several patches of kelp and some dangerous rocks; and on the sandy beach in that cove, and also at the head of the harbour, you can plainly see the surf even in this calm day, breaking heavily and with a sullen smothered roar.

“This, then, is the picture that comes before you, as standing on the Allen Gardiner's deck you glance at the scene. And now, for a mo-

ment more, carry your mind's eye back to some incidents which occurred here four years ago."

Capt. Snow then gives a touching description of the events which occurred from the landing to the death of Capt. Gardiner and his devoted companions, which we are compelled to pass over from want of space. Having described, also, the visit of the American vessel, and the discovery by her of the catastrophe which had taken place, and also the visit of H.M.S. Dido, and the final discovery by Capt. Morshead of the whole party and their remains, he proceeds thus :

"And now, before we move away, let us pause awhile and ask, What of those papers, journals, and remains thrown about on the sandy beach; saturated with the spray of the sea: no one for weeks to attend to them;—yet there they were, some in one ship, some in another ship; but all destined to reach the far-off home of the departed ones, and eventually cause to be fulfilled their dying words and hopes! They had perished, and were not themselves to do the work they had come to labour in; and, humanly speaking, when their emaciated bodies were found upon the strand, there seemed not the smallest probability of any one else ever coming to do it; and yet—yet what?—Why here, my friend, here as you stand in fancy by my side

upon the deck of a well furnished, newly-built schooner, here is the very thing accomplished, even in a higher degree than was ever expected. Say you not, then, there is more in this than meets the eye or comes within the ken of earthly wisdom? Answer for yourself, and may your answer prove the gaining of a friend to our cause! But now, for the present, as it is on shore in Earnest cove. There you see clustered around the heap of stones which mark the grave of the departed ones, a solemnized and deeply affected group. Some of those who form the group have been newly added to the vessel's crew; they were shipwrecked mariners, and are here assembled without any of that previous knowledge of the circumstances that the rest had: still they, too, are sensibly affected, and appear greatly impressed with what is going on.

At the head of that group is the Captain; on one side of him is the catechist, and on the other side both of his officers: while kneeling down by the side of the grave, her head bent low, and her eyes streaming to tears which fall fast upon that grave, is one whose woman's feelings at such a time could well be excused, even were there not men in the same way affected, to keep her company. Humble as the *ark* was, ye devoted ones! balm would it have been to your hearts could ye have known that *ark* would have been rendered!

“And now you who stand by my side in this mental picture, you can see that there are about to be interred some remains of what was once a human being like yourself. They were found and recognised to be such; and consequently with reverence and the suitable forms are placed within the grave. The service, read by the catechist, and appropriate hymns being finished, a tablet with the following inscription thereon, is nailed and securely lashed to the tree nearest and over the grave :

S A C R E D

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LAMENTED MISSIONARY MARTYRS.

ALLEN F. GARDINER, Capt. R.N.
RICHARD WILLIAMS, Surgeon,
JOHN MAIDMENT, Catechist,
JOSEPH ERWIN, Carpenter,
JOHN BRYANT, Boatman,
JOHN PEARCE, ditto
JOHN BADCOCK, ditto

who, after much fatigue and privation from want of food, departed this life between June 28th and September 6th, 1851. Their remains are buried close by. This tablet was erected (wonderful to say, yet remarkably instancing the inscrutable ways of divine Providence) by the

Captain (W. P. Snow) and the crew of a vessel built according to the wishes of the above-mentioned Capt. Gardiner, and named after him : Mr G. Phillips, catechist, assisting in the erection, and reading a suitable service for the occasion ; the whole under the direction of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society, to whom the vessel belongs, and of which Society Capt. Gardiner was the founder." Then follow the names of the Committee and Vice-Patrons, Hon. Secretary, &c. and date, October 19. 1855.

"This being done, the service concluded, and an address from the Captain to the men finished, the group dispersed, leaving the Captain and his wife alone, as requested, on that sacred spot. There for a few moments they remained, with what feelings and ideas must be imagined by the reader. No one could have stood, as those two did, upon that place, without being under the influence of similar feelings. In many strange places, and various parts of the world, had they been together—among the barbarous and savage natives of wild lands, as well as the highly civilized inhabitants of continental cities ; but in no place had they stood hand in hand under such singular and awe-inspiring circumstances as here. Therefore pause a moment, reader, ere you think of them lightly for giving

way to feelings they found it vain to try and repress, and having made all due allowance, accompany us on our visit of inspection to the cave, and other places frequented by Captain Gardiner and his party. And lest I should tire my friend who has been mentally by my side, and looking on as I described, I will now proceed with my narrative in the ordinary form, only requesting him to remember certain features I pointed out in the picture I put before him.

“As I before observed, this day was the anniversary of our farewell meeting at Bristol, prior to our leaving England; consequently, it seemed to me very suitable in our service over the grave, to have the same hymn, and in the same form as used on that occasion; indeed they appeared exceedingly appropriate, and were therefore sung by the whole of us, with the one of Capt. Gardiner’s own composing. After we had concluded our duties at this sacred spot, and I had given the men a short time to look about them, I sent the mate and some of the crew on board to look after the ship, merely retaining on shore the three old hands remaining from the crew that shipped in Bristol, and the second mate. I had brought on shore shovels, picks, &c., with matches and lanterns, and we now proceeded to the cave to search it well for anything more which might, perhaps, be yet

remaining there. This cavern is so well described by Mr. Williams, in his Journal, (see Hope Deferred, page 371) that I need not go through the same description again; but in approaching it from the beach it was necessary for me to help my wife by walking myself in the water up to my knees, and supporting her as she got from piece to piece of rock as best she could. I can very readily understand how Capt. Gardiner was taken off his legs by the heavy surf near the entrance of the cavern (see Hope Deferred, page 244) and thrown into the water; for during the whole time of my visit, both at high and low water, there was so great a wash right up to the mouth of the cave and against the rocks, that it required a firm footing and care to prevent us from being capsized. The interior was damp, and smelt most unwholesome; striking a light I examined every corner of it to the extremes. Wet was dripping down from the roof, and puddles had formed in several places. Heaps of small muscle and limpet shells were seen, and a few fragments such as a shirt collar, part of a blue serge frock, bits of rope, quadrant case, besides a stove bedded in the stony soil, were collected together, but nothing of any importance was discovered. We then returned to the sandy beach, but before leaving I took a few rough outline sketches, and es-

pecially the rock, and inscription Ps. lxii. 2, 5, 8. thereon. Upon the largest stone on top of the grave was the following, in black paint:

CAPT. GARDINER,

Sept. 1851.

and on the tree where I fastened the tablet was the Dido's name. Continuing our walk along the beach, a few yards further on we came to the remains of the Pioneer: there is nothing left of her but a portion of her side, and that has been burnt, whether by natives or other visitors I am unable to say. Some tins, cork, and remains of hawsers, (the rope now quite rotten) was all that could here be seen. We next crossed the brook or mountain stream, (Hope Deferred, pp. 245, 375) and soon afterwards arrived at the Hermitage, (pp. 208, 209) where are still to be seen 'the poles placed against the impending face of a cliff,' the signs of the fire that burnt Capt. Gardiner out, and the pieces of rock (some of them as much as I could turn up) that had fallen down as he describes. On the top of the Hermitage, I found some shrubs in blossom, the flowers being of a beautiful orange colour. I do not know its name, but gathered some branches and afterwards took a sketch in colours before the blossoms had lost their brilliancy.

“Having now finished in Earnest cove, I returned towards the boat, took another long and thoughtful look at the spot around me, and then embarked to go and visit the other place at Cook’s river. There the character of the scenery is quite different to that at Earnest cove. It is much more pleasing to the eye, and more varied also. It seemed to me a much more suitable place to be in than Earnest cove, but then my visit was on a fine day; perhaps in bad weather it might be different. It is full a mile and a half from the cove, and, except at certain times, it must have been difficult for a communication to have been kept up between the two parties. We were soon examining this place, as we had done the other. Three good boats, anchors, and chains were found and sent on board, and some trifling remains of fine blue cloth clothing, now quite rotten. The frame of the boat, broken and burnt, was visible, and the iron deck which lay apart by itself. There was a broken stove, iron pot, sole of a well-made boat or shoe marked with the letter W, and a few odd things of no particular use or interest, beyond that of having belonged to those who had suffered there. Such as we could manage to get into the boat were sent on board, but the iron deck, now too heavy; and our time on this the first visit, when it was important I should run no risk, was too

precious to wait while we could get it off; therefore it remains still in the same place.

“It was in the afternoon when I at length got on board. The wind had got up; and looking at my glasses, I found we still had a chance of fine weather, but not for much longer, as they were beginning to fall, and that with a S.W. wind. It would therefore either be a northerly breeze, or a blow from this quarter. I had depended on my glasses in making the stay I was now doing in Spaniard Harbour, (two nights and part of two days) nor was I deceived, as I had experienced beautiful weather.

“We had thus been permitted to do all that was so desirable for us to do at present, and I was therefore gratefully content. Accordingly on the following morning, at an early hour, with the wind from N.W. I got under weigh, and with feelings of mournful satisfaction, at being permitted to lie at anchor so quietly during my visit, stood out of Spaniard Harbour.”

May we not see in this first visit of the Allen Gardiner to the missionaries' grave, abundant proof that “their labour has not been in vain in the Lord?”

Jemmy Button alive, and on Board the *Allen Gardiner!*

In our last number, when speaking of Mr. Schmidt's departure, we took occasion to remind our readers of the difficulty which the first missionaries to heathen lands have always found in the want of some means of holding intelligible communication with the natives ; while at the same time we took courage from remembering the fact that God has hitherto cleared away these difficulties from before his servants in a striking manner. Even as we were writing those words, despatches were on their way from Capt. Snow, informing us of the wonderful fact, that the Lord, in a way which none else could have contrived, has in a great measure cleared away this difficulty from the path of our mission.

Some twenty-five years ago a poor Fuegian lad, named Jemmy Button, because he was purchased for a button,* was brought over to England by Captain Fitzroy, with a few other natives of Tierra del Fuego. He remained at Walthamstow for nearly two years, and was there partially educated, and then sent home to his native land, having acquired the English language. Who could have ventured to predict that this circumstance would be the means, five and twenty years afterwards, of greatly lessening the chief

* See Vol. i. p. 60.

difficulty in the way of evangelizing that dark heathen land? Yet so we may safely hope it will be, as appears from the following narrative, by Captain Snow, of the Allen Gardiner's visit to the Beagle Channel in November, 1855.

“At 1 P.M. (Nov. 1) we got a breeze, and having cast off the canvas, away we went under a crowd of sail for the entrance of that part of Beagle Channel which leads to Woollya. In a short time we had neared the Murray rapids; and now Button Island was quite close, and the hills over Woollya in sight. Hopes or fears were at last to be realized; and deeply grateful I felt in being permitted to get thus far.

“As I stood by Button Island, towards Woollya, large numbers of the natives were observed on shore, and several canoes; but at first none ventured off. The idea, however, struck me that if *Jemmy Button* still lived, he might perhaps be on this Island, instead of at Woollya; and to give him, as I hoped, some knowledge of who and what we were, I had the British colours run up to the masthead. No sooner were they displayed, and floating in the air, than I could see one or two of the canoes hastily paddling towards us, while at least some hundred natives were clustered in groups around their large fires, upon various eminences, in a bay we were passing. I was, as may be supposed, very anxious.

“I did not, however, shorten sail until one of the canoes, outstripping the others, came within hail; and even then it was so close in shore, I only deadened the ship's way for a moment, as I

stood on the raised platform aft, and sang out to the natives 'Jemmy Button, Jemmy Button!' To my infinite amazement and great joy—almost rendering me voiceless for the moment—an answer came from one of the four men in the canoe, 'Yes, yes, Jam-es Button; Jam-es Button!' at the same time pointing to the second canoe which had nearly got alongside. To down with the helm; throw the ship up in the wind; shorten sail; call all hands who were getting their supper; and put the vessel's head in the bay towards Button Island; was but the work of an instant—and for that instant so extraordinary did that English tongue from a native sound upon my ear, that I was unable to prevent a momentary confusion. My wife, Mr. Phillips, and the officers rushed on deck from their tea, and for a moment or so, I believe so utterly astonished were we all at such a sudden realization of our most sanguine wishes, and *here* instead of at Woollya as I had expected—that there was no one on board but felt nearly struck dumb. In another second or two Jemmy Button, the very man himself, the protégé of Captain Fitzroy, the one upon whom our mission rests so much of its hopes, was alongside well and hearty, and giving me a welcome in broken words of my own tongue! The next instant he was on board the Allen Gardiner, shaking hands as heartily and friendly as if he had known us for years. Previous to his coming on deck, seeing that we had no accommodation ready for him to get up the ship's side, he sang out, 'Where's the ladder?—Jam es Button, me' and we had to throw him a rope to mount by, getting the ladder

rigged immediately afterwards. The great excitement his arrival produced was shewn by the crew in various ways expressive of boundless astonishment. Yes, it was indeed most strange and fortunate—and you who feel as we did, the Almighty's hand in it, cannot fail to acknowledge it likewise as we did! Perhaps there may be some who say, What fuss about a Fuegian savage speaking a few words of English! But to such I would say, Not so, my friend. Pause and reflect before you utter such a remark! Think of the hopes of the mission; ask yourself whether this may not be the grain of mustard seed originally sown by Capt. Fitzroy, matured by kind teachers in England, and yet to be watered and cultivated by the Patagonian Missionary Society, until it becomes a goodly tree under the branches of which many shall take shelter?

“Directly I recovered my astonishment, I asked Jemmy where I could bring the ship to anchor, but though he understood and answered me, saying, ‘Good place here, up there,’ he appeared to be evidently so affected and confused as to be unable for a while to reply to the many questions pouring in upon him. I therefore left him to himself for a moment or two, while, attended by a dozen or so of canoes filled with a crowd of gaping natives, I brought the ship to an anchor in the bay, rather too near a rocky projection, which was, however, the only place where, in the excitement created, I could find good holding-ground. As soon as the ship was secured, I returned to my interesting visitor. Here was the very man who, twenty-five years ago, was received as a boy into Capt. Fitzroy's boat, near this

spot, brought by him to England, educated at Walthamstow by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and finally returned to his native home in the hope—as the good Captain himself expresses it—‘that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people (Jemmy and three others brought from another quarter to England at the same time) with other natives from Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kindness from Jemmy Batton’s children, prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands, and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour.’ And now this very man, after an absence of twenty-one years, once more among the countrymen of those who had treated him so kindly! He, as well as ourselves, must necessarily have been much affected: he would call to mind many things, as it was evident he did—by his tongue, as it were being loosened, and words after a moment’s thought coming to his memory expressive of what he wished to say. There was no connected talk from him but broken remarks, and short enquiries in our language, which shewed he had never forgotten it; and as it appeared, *had not omitted teaching his wife and children.* ‘Ingliss countree; flag; yes; me know; very good; Capt. Fitzroy; Byno; Bennet; Walthamstow; Wilson; very pretty bird (a canary I had in the cabin;) my wife very good looks, bright coloured (alluding to her rosy countenance; all good in Ingliss countrec; long way off; me sick in hammock; very bad; big water sea; want braces; (this when I gave him

a pair of trousers to put on) and many such observations fell from his lips. Jemmy (he calls himself Jam-us Button) was easily recognised, as also his brothers, from the resemblance given of him in Capt. Fitzroy's narrative. He was, as on the occasion of that gentleman's second visit in 1834, quite naked, having his hair long and matted, and his eyes affected by smoke. The same words used by Capt. Fitzroy to describe him are applicable now, even to the wife, and was also (this being his second wife, and a very young woman) 'good looking,' and seemed to be much attached to her husband and children. Indeed, when Jemmy had been on board some little time, and in the cabin out of sight, Mrs. Button's calls for him were loud and frequent; 'Jam-us. Jam-us,' said she, at the same time rapping hard against the ship's side with a paddle. Jemmy was soon equipped in some of my own clothes, and speedily he was sitting at a table eating from a plate, and using his knife and fork as we are accustomed to use them. The opportunity was not lost by me for obtaining some information from him as to the language spoken by his people; and, by trying several words, I found that the *Tekeenica* column of words in the vocabulary contained in Capt. Fitzroy's appendix to his narrative, is the correct key; and by it, therefore, so far as it goes, communication can be held with the natives in these parts, though not with the Yappo Tekeenicas at Banner Cove and neighbourhood. Another supposed difficulty, therefore is, I may venture to say, removed to the path of the mission, and again I may remark that I believe there is

now a great opening for letting in a flood of light upon this hitherto darkened land.

“Jemmy Button has two brothers and an uncle; has had two wives, and a family of three children grown up and one quite young. One of his sons is married, and his daughter, though still very young, is betrothed to a man old enough to be her father. This girl I should suppose to be about fourteen years of age; she is mild and gentle in her appearance, but, like her mother, deformed in the legs, and dwarfish. Jemmy's brothers are fine-featured men; but the whole tribe seemed to me inferior in physical qualities to those in Beagle Channel and eastward. No one attempted to get up the ship's side until permission was obtained from me through Jemmy; and though such a great number of natives in their canoes were around us, yet they remained as quiet and peaceable as if we had previously obtained some power over them. Jemmy told me about Matthews, and ‘bad fellow,’ York, who, with his wife Fuegia Basket, was ‘gone long time to other countree!’ At Woollya, he said, ‘sometime plenty fight; ’nother country. men come there; now no feels (fields) for eat but good feels for look,’ (meaning nothing growing there, but might be made grow as the ground is good, &c.) ‘He never live there now only little time; but by and by he go over to Woollya and look again.’ ‘Spese I come praps I find him there; I tell Bennet, Captain Fitzroy, Mr. Wilson, he remember them; Ingliss countree very good; Ingliss countree long way; much water; make sick; plenty hammock; and this he several times repeated. He said,

when I hoisted the English flag he knew good ship, and he came to see. He distinctly intimated that no vessel had been there since Capt. Fitzroy, but I am inclined to think he misunderstood my question. He asked my name and wife's; also the ship; wanted a book, and I therefore gave him one of the proper character, with some plain Tracts, a Voice of Pity mentioning something of her object, and I wrote a few other particulars. My clothes were small for him, as he is a somewhat portly, corpulent man. He would make in his appearance, if dressed, a capital bold, manly-looking English man-of-war's-man; but neither he nor his people seem to like the sea. We must visit them—and this I promised to do in a few weeks time.

“At sunset the whole party, with Jemmy, left the vessel to its own quiet, and through the night nothing disturbed the watch but the barking of the dogs. The next morning, exactly as the sun began to rise, Jemmy came off again, and was speedily followed by even a greater number of canoes than on the previous evening. My time however, was now short—for many reasons I could no longer remain: the weather though calm was threatening, and it was all-important that I should if possible complete my cruise, and, above all things, impart the tidings that Jemmy Button was alive. I told him I must go and he regretted it; asked me to come back again; but would not himself accompany me, or persuade any others to do so. I therefore loaded him with presents, such as blankets, shirts, an axe, clasp knife, (these he asked for very earnestly) and several other things; and then, after

another chat, an affecting farewell—kind on the part of all the natives—I saw them off, tripped my anchor, made all sail, and was towed out of Button Cove.”

Help us, dear reader, to give God thanks for this great encouragement; and pray with us that the hopes thus excited, may, in His own good time, be fully realized.

News from Patagonia.

Capt. Robertson, of the *Mary Catharine* from Callao to Loth, with a cargo of guano, entered the Cockburn Channel of Magalhaens Straits September 1st, 1855. He had several visits from the Fuegians in their canoes, and states them to be a very harmless, friendless people, quite anxious for fair traffic. They begged for articles of clothing, particularly children's clothing, and one of them asked for a bonnet. They were grateful for gifts which the Captain and his wife bestowed, and after having received them, pressed the acceptance of bows and arrows, and neck ornaments of bone, upon the donors. The Captain pointed out on the Admiralty chart, by Capts. Fitzroy and King, (which, by the way, he says is excellent) two beautiful spots, islands in that Channel, where missions to these people may be safely established.

He visited *Punta Arenas*, (Sandy Point) the Chilian convict settlement, on the opposite side of the Straits, where he found the Governor, Mr. Scythe, was a Danish protestant, speaking and writing English well, and

under him an English protestant carpenter, and an English protestant blacksmith. There were a few Chilian soldiers under an officer, and a dozen convicts, with a *Romish Priest*. The Governor was very anxious to establish a school, and had for some time taught the children himself, and he has written to the Falklands to induce the colonists to open a commercial traffic with him and his people.

Capt. Robertson and his wife met with very great civility from all here, and found also a *Patagonian who can speak English*. He heard of Casimiro's* friendliness, and was advised to enquire for him at Gregory Bay, but did not touch there. He feels assured that a Missionary to both Patagonians and Fuegians along the coasts of the Straits, will be well received by the natives, and by the authorities at *Punta Arenas*. He bought also many guanaco, lion, and ostrich robes, made by the Patagonians, two of which I purchased of him as curiosities. Governor Scythe gave him a paper describing the temperature and winds of the Straits for 1854 and 1855, written in English, which he has handed over to me for the use of our Captain.

Capt. Robertson takes a great interest in the natives, and wishes to enter upon a trade with them for seal-skins and other commodities.

Our readers will mark in these facts, *openings* appearing through the hand of God.

G. P. DESPARD.

Glasgow, Jan. 31, 1856.

* Capt. Snow states in the letter just received from him, and dated December 22nd, that he was about to proceed at once to Gregory Bay, in search of Casimiro. We may therefore soon expect to hear whether he is still alive and friendly. [ED.]

The Allen Gardiner at Banner Cove.

We gave, in our last number, extracts from Capt. Snow's journal, referring to the events which took place at Spaniard harbour and Button island, on the occasion of the Allen Gardiner's first visit to Tierra del Fuego, in October and November last. We have now the pleasure of presenting our readers with extracts from the catechist's journal, relating to the natives who were visited at Banner cove on the same occasion. Capt. Snow's account will be found in full in the Occasional Paper for February. Mr. Phillips writes—

“On Sunday morning, October 21st, we entered Banner cove, a charming place, and first-rate anchorage, being well nigh land-locked. We had no sooner cast anchor than somebody cried out, ‘There they are, the natives are coming off!’ All eyes were strained in the direction pointed out, and soon a canoe, with an old woman and three men, paddled towards us. They did not approach close to the vessel, but kept at a very respectful distance, throwing their arms wildly about, and chattering away most vehemently. They were wretched-looking objects, their black hair hanging disordered over their shoulders, but closely cropped on the crown of the head; while skins of seal or beaver were round the upper part of their bodies. A fire was near the middle of the canoe, and one was constantly baling out water from its centre. The well-known ‘Yama schuma’ was constantly

repeated. We beckoned for them to come nearer—an invitation they speedily accepted, and two of them were assisted up the ship's side. As they sat in the canoe, one would have thought them to be of a fair height; but on their reaching the deck we found them to be not above 5 feet, 4 or 5 inches, the lower limbs being very disproportionate to the rest of their bodies. They were not so hideous-looking as the plates in Capt. Fitzroy's book represent them. They have a dark brown colour, jet black eyes, high cheek bones, broad chests, and excessively large abdomens, the lower extremities being thin and small. Capt. Snow gave them several trifles, with which they were much delighted; and the crew dressed the old man in a pair of trousers, tarpaulin, and cap, and he appeared at once metamorphosed into an A. B. seaman. They walked up and down the deck with Bunning, who was quite free and humourous with them, patting our stomachs and wishing for every-thing they saw. They were given a piece of pudding by one of the men, but would not eat it, though they pretended to do so, putting it to their lips, and making motions with their mouths, as if in the act of chewing. The same with a piece of moist sugar. We let them stay on deck for a considerable time, and their curiosity led them to pry into every nook and corner. They were remarkable mimics; whatever you said was repeated by them, and your actions closely watched and faithfully imitated. The old woman in the canoe, and Jemmy, kept up a constant fire of small talk, interspersed with the oft-repeated 'Yama-schuma.' When they were all in the

canoe again, we tried what effect music would have on them, the Captain striking a few notes on the concertina; we afterwards sung the doxology, to which they listened with much attention. As it was getting late, we signified our wish that they should leave, which they understood, and paddled off to their wigwam.

“ Oct. 22nd, Monday. Rose at 4 A.M., my watch on deck till 6. Arrangements have been made to keep up a constant watch on deck, while we are at anchor about the islands. I have therefore agreed to take from 4 A.M. till 6, and from 6 P.M. till 8. It is necessary to have two persons on watch, one fore and the other aft, to be on our guard against the natives should they attempt any evil designs, though we do not apprehend any. I should state also, that Capt. Snow has drawn out certain regulations to be observed by all on board, in order to ensure our safety, as far as human means allow. At half-past four, I observed a smoke rising from the wigwam, and at a little after 5, when the cook had lighted the galley-fire, and made it evident to the natives by an exhibition of smoke similar to their own, that we had risen, a canoe put off bearing its screaming occupants quickly to the vessel's side. It contained the same party as yesterday, with the addition of a young woman whose cheeks were adorned with her own blood, oozing from a slight puncture made between the eyes. Although they had been furnished with some clothes yesterday, they came in a state of nudity, with the exception of a piece of seal's skin hung over the shoulder. After breakfast, the Captain and I went over to Tent cove,

Garden island, to search for traces of Capt. Gardiner's visit.

“After landing, Capt. Snow made some suitable observations to the boat's crew, and read some extracts from ‘Hope Deferred,’ relative to the immediate spot, as also the beautiful and touching lines composed by Capt. Gardiner. We then offered up prayer to Almighty God for a blessing on our labours, and on the directors and supporters of the Patagonian Missionary Society. We soon came to the enclosure made by the late mission party, at the place where they were so much troubled by the natives; but although we made a diligent search, failed to discover any indication of hidden goods or provisions. We then went across to Round island, and afterwards coasted along Picton island. In sight of those melancholy notices, ‘We are gone to Spaniard harbour,’ ‘Go to Spaniard harbour,’ which were almost as fresh as if they had only just been inscribed on the rocks. We landed here for a short time and sailed thence to the opposite shore, where the natives were living. At our approach they hurried from the beach, but being beckoned back, they hastened to the boat, looking much astonished, and wondering what ever we had come for.

“Capt. Snow desired all to remain in the boat, and be prepared to push off with him immediately in case of need. Several men gathered round him when he landed, shouting and gesticulating vehemently, and as he advanced towards their wigwam, the women and children retreated in great haste. He was partly hidden from me by the intervening bushes, and as I saw numbers

around him, and heard a tremendous noise, with much confusion and clatter of tongues, I immediately left the boat in charge of Bunning and joined him. My fears were groundless, although we were not yet quite certain of their friendly intentions. As soon as I was amongst them they pulled me about, patting me on the chest, and wishing to return the compliment, (as it was no doubt intended to be) I patted them pretty vigorously in return. They continued talking at a fearful rate, with a constant repetition of the 'Yama-schuma,' pointing to various articles of dress which they wished for. They mimicked us in almost every word and movement. One burly-chested man took me in his arms and gave me a most hearty squeeze, which, though by no means agreeable, I thought it best to receive with a good grace. I was like a feather in his grasp, and he could easily have carried me off to the back settlements, nolens, volens, had he been so disposed. He afterwards embraced Capt. Snow, and two of the seamen. They would allow no one but the Captain to enter the wigwam. Including infants, there were about twenty of them. Several of the women (who were all very young) had a most lively and interesting cast of countenance, and exhibited, in a greater or less degree, a large amount of intelligence. The boys were pretty-looking little fellows, and only wanted washing and clothing to be good subjects for petting and caressing by those who are fond of children. Their little faces were round and plump, their teeth white, and eyes jet black and sparkling.

"The women were greatly pleased with the

notice I took of their children, and kept appealing for something for the *piccanino*. One little boy in particular I was much taken with, and had a romp along the grass with him, the parents all the time keeping a watchful eye upon me, and enjoying my amusement with the child, whose laugh rang through the trees right merrily. After staying with them for a short time, we put off in the boat, and thus ended our first visit to the natives of Tierra del Fuego.

“ After we had dined on board, we set out in the afternoon for another visit, accompanied this time by Mrs. Snow. There was a canoe full of natives alongside, and as they could not keep up with our boat, we took them in tow. The rapid rate at which their light vessel cut through the water, and the novelty of the whole affair, fairly convulsed them with laughter, though every now and then they were fearful of being upset. However all got safely to land, amidst an incessant chattering of unintelligible jargon. The natives allowed Capt. and Mrs. Snow to enter the wigwam, but as for myself, (being a bachelor, I suppose) the like privilege was not accorded me. I managed, however, to peep into the domicile, and observed a famous fire in one corner, with the women and children squatting round. Mrs. Snow tells me that upon her entrance they were most anxious she should have a comfortable seat, and not be inconvenienced by the smoke. This is another proof of the kindness of their disposition, and that savages though they be, they possess a politeness and amiability which sometimes are not to be found amongst many who are considered to have advanced to a high state of

civilization. After examining their canoes, one of which, not quite completed, exhibited much strength, symmetry and neatness, and which the Captain was anxious to barter for, as a specimen of Fuegian skill and manual dexterity, but did not succeed; and after making them many presents, we went across to the opposite shore to look at a deserted wigwam. The men brought up the picks and shovels from the boat, as we espied, painted on the top of one of the supporters, 'Bottle under this pole;' but though all hands set to work vigorously, we discovered nothing.

"Tuesday, Oct. 23rd. A heavy gale from the S.W. this morning; but notwithstanding this, and a fall of snow which occurred in the afternoon, the Captain and I went ashore. We found only one man there, to whom we have given the name of Jemmy, who we fancy is the head of the party, and who has always accompanied the others in the canoe to the vessel. I was permitted this time to enter the wigwam, which had a fire in the centre with women and children squatted round. I could not discover utensils of any kind, and concluded that their cooking apparatus must be of the most primitive kind; to wit, their fingers and the burning embers. The only manufactured articles I observed, were some neatly-made baskets of stout reed-grass, which contained muscles and the fungus of the birch tree. I left the Captain in the wigwam, and proceeded to the beach, where were Jemmy and an old woman we suppose to be his mother. I knelt down, and motioned them to do the same, which they immediately

did; and then pointing them upwards, I poured forth an earnest prayer to God that he would bless those to whom we had come, by bringing them out of darkness into light, and causing them to know Jesus Christ as 'the way, the truth, and the life.' As we rose from our knees, there was plainly visible on the dark features of the natives an expression of awe and wonder. Oh! may the Giver of all good grant that this, my first missionary act, may speedily be followed up and extended!

"I have omitted to mention one or two incidents in to-day's adventures, which I may as well record. As I had given several head-dresses away to the females, I thought I ought to have some slight return. Accordingly, I solicited one of the females to give me her necklace of small shells, which she very readily and pleasantly presented me with, and seemed very much gratified at my accepting her ornament. These necklaces are very neatly made of small shells strung on twisted fibre, but are, as we found out afterwards, the receptacles of numberless unpleasant little creatures. At another time the Captain was desirous of taking Jemmy's height; and it was most amusing to see the operation performed; for Jemmy kept fast hold of one end of the tape-measure, and wished to appropriate it to himself. However, it was secretly transmitted to my keeping, and after I had conveyed it to the boat's locker and returned, Jemmy carefully examined my sleeves to see where I had hidden it. As we were just leaving, the feeble old man picked up a tin pannikin out of the boat, and was going to walk off with it.

but being detected by one of the seamen, he gave it up after a little entreaty.

“Wednesday, Oct. 24th. This is a memorable day—the first anniversary of our leaving England to engage in the missionary work. In the afternoon a party consisting of Capt. and Mrs. Snow, Bunning, Griffin, William Boyd, Mr. Jones, (second mate) Ali and myself, went over to Garden island to commemorate, in the enclosure, the love and goodness of our God. After two acorns (part of Miss Atkinson’s gift) had been planted in that memorable spot, I read and commented on the 96th Psalm, concluding with prayer in behalf of those to whom we have been sent, ourselves, and friends at home. Just as we were about to leave, two men and two women paddled across to see what we were about. Mrs. Snow was again the centre of attraction. She gave one of the young women a needle, cotton, and a little bag, and shewed her how to sew, which evidently pleased them. As the Captain had gone to some distance with the seamen to shoot some birds, the natives, supposing that Mrs. Snow might be Mrs. Phillips, put the question to me by signs which were perfectly unmistakeable. I made them understand that the lady in question was the property of the Captain. We had brought a tin hook-pot and pannikin with us to give them, and as we wanted water to shew them how to use it, we intimated our want to them. Bunning accompanied one of the men some distance into the wood through brake and bramble, and soon returned with a pot full. He said that he and the native had a *charming unintelligible chat* as

they went along; I expect interspersed with many humorous sallies on Bunning's parts; and that after trotting on some distance at a rapid rate, the Fuegian stopped suddenly, peered about the ground, thrust a stick into it, and then with a grunt of satisfaction turned and scraped up the earth until he came to water, which was found at a very little depth below the surface. The natives pronounce water exactly as we do. The fungus they are so fond of is like a small apple, of a pale salmon-colour, and almost tasteless.

"Saturday, Oct. 27th. We went on shore to day. I had been giving the puppy 'Kep,' one of the offspring of Patagon and Fugey, a cold salt water bath, by throwing him several times into the sea. This so caught the natives' fancy, that Jemmy thought it would be equal sport to give Griffin a plunge, which he forthwith attempted to do, but desisted on my expressing disapproval. Griffin took it all in good part, which was the wisest course.

"Sunday, Oct. 28th. A day of calm and tranquil rest. Divine service morning and evening in the cabin.

"Monday, Oct. 29th. 8.15 A.M. weighed anchor. On the western point were groups of natives witnessing our departure. We have left with them, I trust, a favourable impression of our character, and I am only longing for the time when in company with the coming missionary, I may help to sow the good seed among them."

Our Mission Station at Cranmer, Keppel Island.

Mr. Ellis, the surgeon and superintendent of the mission party at Keppel island, has sent home a long and interesting account of the employments in which he and his fellow-labourers have been engaged since the date of their arrival. He gives, also, some valuable information respecting the plants, soil, and productions of the Falkland Islands: but as we are naturally anxious to inform our friends of what has actually been done at the mission station, we must commence with the details given by Mr. Ellis, reserving his descriptions of plants, soil, &c. for a future occasion.

“Our temporary dwelling,” he writes, “when we first slept in it, consisted of a roughly-built shed, divided into compartments by partitions of about seven feet high, which were not carried up to the roof: it was therefore some time before it was really habitable, and we had to expend a good deal of labour upon it to make it so. Then we had to land our goods, stores, &c., stow them away, arrange them and make inventories. The roof had to be felted and twice tarred; and, to say the truth, our temporary dwelling cost us nearly as much trouble as a permanent one would have done. Afterwards a workshop was added, and a shed for our dry stores, cart wheels, &c. We also built an outhouse and fowl-house, and all this without cutting or injuring any of the boarding. We also cleared away a space of ground 20 feet wide by about 100 yards long, which cut off completely the spot in which our

dwelling was placed, as a protection from fire. Such was the state of things when I went to Stanley, leaving Mr. Phillips in charge of the station, with a list of things to be done in my absence. I returned from Stanley on the 1st of April, and the following are the principal things done from that time up to the 24th of May.

“I may remark, by way of preface, that the uncertainty of our position at this period made me feel at a loss what to do, until we received advices from the Committee on the Allen Gardiner's return from Monte Video, whither she had gone for letters on the 5th of April; nevertheless I kept all hands busily employed every day, and the time has not been lost, as we now know what we *can* do, have thoroughly investigated the spot, and acquired many little bits of knowledge and experience not easy to define in words, but of much practical utility.”

The following were the things accomplished between the 5th of April and 24th of May.

“Made a stone pier 6 feet long by 6 feet broad for the boat; and also a girdiron of scantling nailed together for the boat to drop on.

“Cleared about an acre of ground in front of, and round the house; also banked it up at the back, and fixed there a cask and shoot for rain water.

“Made an out-storehouse for powder and a portion of our provisions, as a precaution in case of fire.

“Put up styes for the pig, made of boards brought from the shore.

“Erected a large boiler with brick, under the cliff, on a platform of stone about 2 feet high, to raise it above the tide-level.

“ Boiled seal-blubber, from which we obtained about ten gallons of seal oil.

“ Killed four seals, the skins and blubber of which we transported overland from the island.

“ I had cut some peat before I left for Stanley, and cut some more after my return, which was, however, cut too late in the season to be of any service.

“ We spent nearly three weeks in gathering boards and drift-wood from the shores of Keppel island, and conveying them to the station. The transport of these, as it had to be done principally overland, entailed a good deal of labour and inconvenience on us.

“ We set four beds of potatoes, which had been sown before I went to Stanley.

“ Had all our timber stacked properly to keep it dry; and six casks put up. The stores having been given to us mixed indiscriminately, and imperfect, Dayas had much trouble in sorting and putting them up.”

On the 24th of May, Mr. Ellis proceeded to commence building the permanent house. He gives a very clear statement of the reasons why he thought it best to choose a different site for the permanent house from that on which the temporary dwelling had been erected; and after three days of anxious deliberation and prayer for guidance, as well as careful investigation for a suitable site, he came to the resolution of getting the foundation laid and the house erected on a most eligible site, if possible before the return of the Allen Gardiner: he could then inform Capt. Snow that the station was ready for the reception of natives, whenever they might be

brought over, in accordance with the Society's directions.

“On examining our materials, however,” he goes on to say, “I found that some of the plates and portions of the house had not yet been discharged; and as it was impossible to erect the house without these, I determined to do all that could be done under the circumstances—plan and erect the foundation, and get every-thing in readiness for building the house.

“The site chosen is in a locality pointed out by Capt. Snow. It is firm, dry, and commands an extensive view. It is a rising ground at the foot of Keppel mountain, overlooking the promontory on which our temporary dwelling stands, and commanding a view of Keppel and Pebble islets, and the three hills of Pebble island, while any vessel entering Keppel sound can be seen from a long distance. The soil on this spot is of a reddish brown colour, not boggy or peaty, of good consistency, from a foot to 2 feet in depth, lying on a subsoil of yellow or brown gravelly clay, which when dry crumbles easily, and is neither too heavy or tenacious. The front aspect is N.E. by E., and Keppel range protects it from the S. and S.W. On each side of it are two little valleys, each provided with a stream of clear fresh water; and these uniting at the foot of the hill, run for a short distance, and then pour their united waters into the bay. The hillock on which the foundation stands, springs like a root from the base of Keppel island, from which it descends by a gentle declivity, terminating abruptly just above the place where the two streams unite. It is accompanied by two

ridges which originate like it, but continue to the shore ; near their termination they describe a slight curve, approaching each other so closely as only just to leave room for the stream to make its way into the sea. It will be observed, therefore, that in front of the site we have chosen, there is a broad flat piece of land, surrounded like an amphitheatre, and sheltered from nearly every prevailing wind ; while through it flows the stream already mentioned, which passes into the sea through the narrow gorge or cut which has been described.

“ On the 28th of May, the foundation stone was laid ; it is 3 feet by 2 : on its surface there is a square depression deepest in the centre, containing a memorial of the occasion, and a Victoria shilling and penny covered by a square plate of brass set into the stone. The memorial, written on drawing paper, was as follows :

Patagonian Missionary Society.

Cranmer settlement, Keppel island, West
Falkland.

This is to commemorate the laying of the foundation-stone of this house, to be called
Sullivan House, on the 28th of May, 1855.

Present—

J. Ellis, superintendent,
J. G. Phillips, catechist,
John Webber, mason,
Richard Dayas, carpenter.

“ EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE, THEY
LABOUR IN VAIN THAT BUILD IT.” Ps. cxxvii. 1.

“FOR OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO MAN LAY THAN THAT IS LAID, WHICH IS JESUS CHRIST. IF ANY MAN’S WORK ABIDE WHICH HE BUILD-ETH THEREUPON, HE SHALL RECEIVE A REWARD.” 1 Cor. iii. 11, 12.

“Mr. Phillips commenced with prayer; I read 2nd and 3rd chapters of 1st Corinthians, on which I ventured to make a few remarks; and Mr. Phillips closed with another prayer.

“We have laid a foundation of stone 31 feet square; the walls 18 inches in width. In consequence of the unevenness of the ground, the wall rises 4 feet high. We got the stones from a quarry which we opened near the spot, wheeling them thence to the foundation, which consists of six walls of stone and clay, to be afterwards pointed with lime according to Capt. Sullivan’s recommendation, and as practised at Stanley. Our work consumed, according to calculation, about thirty cartloads of stone.

“The following articles have been made: a knife-box, tool chest, and bread locker; a small bookcase for the mission library; * a rung ladder; hand barrow for wheeling stones, and two garden barrows; also a frame for seedlings, with oiled calico as a substitute for a glass, made by myself, as an experiment, from some wreck timber.

“Such were our occupations up to the 3rd of August; from that time up to the 24th of September, we have been employed at the following works:

“Made a second ladder, 18 feet long, with oak rungs, of wreck timber.

* Thanks to many kind friends this will soon have to be discarded for a larger one. ED.

"Made a table for the sitting room, and a chest of drawers with three large and two small drawers; also the frame of a cart out of some oak from wrecks. This last was a puzzling piece of work to us, and I hardly think we should have succeeded at it, if I had not in my possession a work on "British Husbandry," wherein are diagrams of various kinds of carts, with observations on the most useful varieties.

"Had a piece of ground 100 feet by 50, dug up in front of the foundation for a garden.

"Gave the boat two coats of paint, repaired and made some sails for her.

"On the 24th of September, we began the erection of the house.

"We have not caught any fish yet, though I have no doubt, from the quantity disgorged by the shags when frightened, that there is plenty to be had. I saw a seal one day bring up a large fish, which he threw about and caught again, for a long time, as a cat might play with a mouse. It might seem strange that we see so few thrown up by the tide on the beach; but this is to be accounted for by the number of birds (ducks, teal, geese, redbills, shags, &c.) which are always to be seen seeking their food at the margin of the water as the tide recedes.

"We have, as you may suppose, to supply ourselves and the animals, to attend to our cooking and washing, &c.; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday are our regular working days; Saturday is generally occupied in giving out stores, cooking, and other preparations for the sabbath, which is our day of rest. We have a Bible class every Tuesday and

Friday evening for mutual improvement, and the study of the Scriptures. I occasionally read aloud, also of an evening, some approved work of good tendency, such as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; *Sir Roland Ashton*; *The Confessor*; *A Jesuit Tale of the Times*, &c., to relieve the monotony of our winter evenings. * * *

“The health of our party has been generally good. During the month of August, Webber was ailing for a few days, and had rheumatism in the neck. Shortly after the arrival of the *Allen Gardiner*, we had some warm weather, with cold, raw evenings, accompanied with fog and damps, and all my party, with some of the crew of the *Allen Gardiner*, Mrs. and Capt. Snow, had colds in the head, and the cook a sore throat, so that I had (considering our numbers) a large list of patients: however our maladies did not last longer than a few days, and like many a poor brother at home, I am thankful to say I soon found myself without a patient. Captain Snow informed me that there had been an epidemic among the children at Stanley, which had carried off a great many: the disease affected the throat, and was of a low type. Mr. Hamlyn attributed it to exposure to the cold and damp with insufficient clothing.

“Mr. Phillips is about to proceed (Sept. 24th) to *Tierra del Fuego*, and that God may protect and guide him in his important errand is my fervent prayer. How often shall I think of him, and the absent vessel, and await, with fervent anxiety, their return. By that time I hope we shall be in our new house, and with what joy and beating hearts shall we run the ensign up when we descry the white sails of the *Allen*

Gardiner approaching Keppel Sound. Whoever the clergyman be you send to us, I hope he will be thoroughly devoted to the cause; a man of enthusiastic temperament, whose energy and inward fire can infuse itself into the hearts of others. Such men are rare, but may God bless and prosper the committee in their choice."

None need be idle.

The secretary has received the following letter from a lady who takes a warm interest in the Patagonian Missionary Society. He need make no apology for inserting it, as it proves so clearly the truth of what was said in the Financial chapter with which we presented our readers in the February number, namely, that a quick and ready love is the best prompter we can have in all our plans for the glory of God:—

"Dear Sir,

"I have been so successful in my sale of flower seeds, that I am able to send you 10s. It has often occurred to me when I hear so many say, "there are so many things now-a-days to subscribe to, and they cannot give to all," that, by a little effort, more might be done. Many ladies in the country, fond of their gardens, could easily gather a few seeds (mignonette especially), and putting them up in 6d. or 1s. neat little packets, dispose of them amongst their friends; observe the packets should contain six or twelve different sorts of seeds. I have been thus particular, thinking you might, through

your publication, suggest the idea. For myself, being for weeks and months often, from neuralgia and other ailments, a prisoner to the house, I find it a pleasing occupation to be able to do a little to aid the Mission. * * * Mrs. W. also has a monthly Missionary working party at her house, when intelligence is read aloud, and the fruits of the ladies' handy-work given to different missions. With many apologies for thus troubling you, and wishing you 'good luck in the name of the Lord,'

I remain, &c.,
J. E. B."

Thus we learn from this poor invalid, who we doubt not enjoys blessed fruits from her active zeal in the cause of her blessed Master that "none," not even the sickly and delicate, "need be idle."

Visit to Scotland by Rev. G. P. Despard.

On Saturday night, Jan. 18th, after a prosperous journey of fourteen hours, I reached the northern capital, and straightway proceeded, by invitation, to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Webb, our treasurer, where I remained enjoying sweet communion in brotherly love during my stay in Edinburgh. On Sunday I preached morning and evening for our Society, in St. Thomas' Church, and was much encouraged by the large amount of the collections, as well as by the friendliness of the Rev. T. K. Drummoud, and members of his congregation. On Monday, 21st, I gave an address in Free St. James' to a cheering assembly, being assisted by Rev. C. Brown, the minister. On Tuesday we had an anniversary meeting in the Queen's School Rooms, and so numerous was it, that not less

than fifty persons had to go away, being unable to obtain admission ; Brown Douglas, Esq., one of our committee, was in the chair, and gave an admirable speech ; Rev. Moody Stewart prayed, and after the address another clergyman, Dr. Thompson, commended the cause most warmly to the meeting, and successfully, for the collection exceeded what was usually made, viz. £16. odd. Tuesday evening some forty ladies and gentlemen were assembled at James Cunningham's, Esq., another member of our committee, and formed a very attentive and apparently interested audience, whilst other more minute details of our missionary work were given. Wednesday, Perth was visited, but the several friends of the cause did not advise a meeting. Thursday I proceeded to St. Andrews, and on Friday saw Dr. Wm. Brown, formerly for twenty years minister at Buenos Ayres, now Professor in the University, and obtained his promise to assist us cordially in our work. Friday evening Glasgow was reached, and our secretary consulted as to a meeting in the place. Saturday Rev. Charles F. Miles and several other influential clergymen, amongst whom I may name Rev. N. McLeod, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Brown, Mr. McDuff, Mrs. McGill, Dr. Robson, Dr. Smyth, were visited and found most friendly, and a preliminary meeting was arranged for the following Wednesday. Sunday two sermons, the last with collection, were preached in St. Jude's. Monday Stirling gave an opportunity for describing our mission in a numerous assembly, convened in Dr. Beith's school room, by Rev. W. Reid (editor of the British Messenger) ; here the address was supported by Rev. Mr. McCockle and Mr. Peter Drummond. On Tuesday, Edinburgh again entered. Wednesday visited first Leith, and had a most interesting and important interview with Captain Robertson,* and then returned to Glasgow. The kind friends before-named, with Mr. G. Burns, assembled at 2 P.M., and decided that a public meeting would be likely to succeed on the Monday following. In the evening had the privilege of

* The details of this interview were given in our last number under the head of News from Patagonia.

addressing a few warm friends at Rev. C. F. Miles'. On Thursday, after a morning spent in calling upon those who would be likely to take a share in our home work; had the same privilege granted me at Mr. G. Burns, where I found a most friendly hospitality during nearly a week in Glasgow. Friday Ayr was visited, or more strictly, a very warm-hearted and zealous lady-friend of the cause in Ayr; Paisley, and the Rev. Mr. Dickson in it, having been taken on the way: God prospered the efforts made in Ayr, so that a meeting was decided for Tuesday, the 29th January. Sunday, the 27th, a sermon was preached on a general subject in St. Jude's, and at half-past six Mr. N. McLeod's missionary meeting of about seven hundred persons was addressed from the pulpit of the Barony Church; the collection was unusually large. Monday afternoon we had our meeting in the large room, in St. George's Place, and it was quite full, and supported by some sixteen clergymen of the city; Mr. G. Burns took the chair. A most important step to support the cause in Glasgow was taken in consequence of the meeting, namely, the formation of a Ladies Committee, under the patronage of Miss Oswald, of Scotstown, and conducted by Mrs. G. Burns, as treasurer, and Miss M. Kirkland, secretary; there were twelve other ladies gave in their names as members, who are well known for their ability and zeal in the service of Christ.* Monday evening Dr. Ritchie invited some friends, and they gave kind attention to the details of our plans, &c. Tuesday evening the meeting at Ayr came off, and though the weather was very unpropitious, the academy was filled; the chair was taken by Mr. Procurator Fiscoe Murdoch, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Dykes; and when the long lecture was concluded, Rev. Mr. Grant and Mr. Montgomery recommended the cause very warmly. From Ayr, on Wednesday, Feb. 2nd, our course lay homeward.

Grateful thanks are due to the Sovereign Disposer of all hearts, for the unvaried kindness that every where

* The first fruits of this Association have just been forwarded to the secretary, £90 8s.

was shown, and for the most cordial co-operation rendered by all those to whom application for assistance was made. These things are, not presumptuously, to be regarded as additional proofs that our mission has His approbation, and in due time will result in the conversion of many souls unto the Lord our Saviour.

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD.

Proceedings in Ireland.

We have great pleasure in informing our readers that Meetings have been attended in Kingstown, Dublin, Cork and Belfast, by the Rev. G. P. Despard, with truly gratifying results. At Kingstown a Ladies Association has been formed, with Miss K. J. Townsend, of Flower Grove, Dalkey, as secretary, which promises most favourably.

In Dublin an Hibernian Auxiliary has been organized, consisting of the following officers :—

President.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.

Committee.

Ven. Archdeacon of Dublin.

Rev. John Alcock.

Rev. Hercules Dickenson.

Rev. Alex. M. Pollock.

Edward Townsend, Esq.

E. Batty, Esq.

C. Gausson, Esq.

Hon. Treasurers and Secretaries.

Charles B. Wale, Esq., the Palace.

Rev. J. George Scott, 1, Salem Place.

The meeting at which the Auxiliary was formed was held at the Music Hall, on the 3rd of March, with the Archbishop of Dublin in the chair; Rev. G. P. Despard as deputation, Rev. A. Pollock, Rev. Maurice Day, and

the Dean of St. Patricks also addressing the meeting. The following were the Archbishop's remarks:—"I would only remark upon the account given us, that Capt. Gardiner's expedition (whose zeal and devotedness no one can fail to admire) having failed in the manner it did, ought to be one of our greatest encouragements in the present case; for it is manifest that *his* whole scheme was not wisely conducted. The mode which is now being adopted is altogether contrasted with it, and is on a completely different footing. I may use the kind of argument used by Demosthenes to the Athenians when they had lost a battle owing to the ill-conducted arrangements which had been made. He told them he congratulated them upon the very great errors they had committed, because, he said, if they had used the proper means, and nevertheless been defeated, there would have been no hope left; but now they ought rather to be encouraged than disheartened on account of the errors they had committed, for they could avoid them for the future. The plan of Captain Gardiner's expedition was ill-concerted, and met with a corresponding failure; but the present plan seems to have avoided all the errors, and I trust, therefore, will meet with the opposite result." (applause.) The collection was £20.

At Cork there was a well-attended meeting, with the Dean of Cork in the chair, collection £6 odd; but a great interest was excited, and many cards distributed, which we hope will largely swell this sum.

At Belfast there was a crowded meeting, John Hand, Esq., in the chair. The Rev. Wm. Mellvaine introduced the lecturer, whose interesting address was most encouragingly received. There was a small collection, but an Auxiliary was formed, with John T. Abbott, Esq. as secretary. On his return from Ireland, Mr. Despard attended a most encouraging meeting at Cheltenham at which £25 were collected.

Our readers will join with us, we are sure, in thanking God for these encouraging facts. We are persuaded that the good work which our Society has taken in hand, will never be suffered to flag for want of funds.

The Allen Gardiner Rounding the Horn.

Our readers have already been informed of the proceedings of the Allen Gardiner from the time of her arrival at Spaniard harbour to that of her departure from Button Island, where Jemmy Button and his family were so providentially discovered. We do not think we can carry out the object of this publication, that of conveying to our friends as much information as possible about the country and people where the Patagonian Missionary Society has commenced to labour, better than by inserting the concluding part of Captain Snow's most interesting narrative, which traces the course of the Allen Gardiner from Button Island round Cape Horn, and home to the Mission Station at the Falklands. And we are the more anxious to do this, as this is just that part of the narrative, which, giving a full description of the uncertain nature of the navigation of those Southern Seas, teaches us, not only how thankful we should be to God for the past protection he has vouchsafed to the mission vessel and her party, but how altogether dependant on him we are for the future. Human skill and prudence are both to be prized and exerted; but under such circumstances as Captain Snow records, we learn most forcibly how vain and futile they are without God's protection; "Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost that build it."

It will be recollected that Captain Snow was on his way to Woollya, the native place of Jemmy Button, when he discovered him at Button Island.

This however did not prevent his proceeding to that place, and others, with what object, will appear in the course of his narrative.

“After leaving Button Cove for Woollya.” he writes, “for an hour or so I was hampered with light baffling winds amongst some strong eddy tides, and high mountain bound channels, down the ravines of which came sudden gusts of great fury. I passed close to Woollya, which was quite deserted, and apparently without a living inhabitant. It seemed a pretty looking place, yet nothing to equal Picton Island, and Banner Cove, the Beagle Channel east of the Narrows, or Clay Cliffs. After passing it the scenery became very wild and rugged. Ponsonby Sound presented more of the appearance of *bleak* Tierra del Fuego than any other place we have yet seen. The wind meantime had freshened up, and coming on in squalls, finally burst hard upon me before I was well clear of danger. I had not however undervalued its power to do harm, but was ready, and reduced canvas soon made the little vessel able to bear the gale. With her bows now off, now on, (for the wind was flying round in fierce squalls of snow and hail and rain everywhere) she stood gradually to southward. An unnamed Sound on the right was safely passed, then the S. W. point of Navarin Island, and at length a fair wind for a time off Tekenika Sound ran us on towards Packsaddle Bay. But it had now freshened to a hard gale, and with more of steady westing in it. I therefore determined to anchor in some safe harbour if one could be found near. Vanverlandt Island was passed, and Packsaddle neared: but here the wind appeared to come

with greater fury. I hoped however for a slant, and consequently stood on for Orange Bay. I got close to, and was well up to its entrance, when in a terrific blast the ship heeled over, and I was obliged to use some nautical manœuvres to save her from a perilous position. At first she would neither *stay* nor *wear*; and she was jumping into a short heavy sea, enough to bury her. Altering the arrangement of the sails was not sufficient, until at length I managed to get her before the wind, and then bore up with a flying gale for Goree Roads, where I anchored at 5 P.M., having had a following wind except for an hour or so in Ponsonby Sound, all the way round Navarin Island.

“The gale increased, and the next day it was blowing very hard. I therefore deemed it fortunate that I left Woollya when I did, since if I had been there now I might have been in some danger, as the anchorage was doubtful. I was obliged to lay at anchor in Goree Roads until the 6th, when, the gale abating, I got under weigh once more for Orange Bay to see the natives there; but again I was baffled; for about noon it hardened up as before, and the squalls were so fierce that I could barely keep canvas on the vessel. I managed however to reach Gretton Bay in Wollaston Island, and there dropped my anchor. As this was another known locality of the natives I determined to use the time I lay here in communicating with them; and accordingly, when it moderated sufficiently to let me get away in the boat, though it was still blowing hard, I started off, taking such things as I might require for a stay perhaps longer than usual, as

it was likely I should be away all the night. I saw the vessel well secured before leaving her, and having given certain orders to the mate I shoved off from the ship at 3 P.M. towards an opening in the land which appeared to indicate the existence of an inner Bay. Such I soon found to be the case; and here in Wollaston Island, and not so marked in the chart, which however by its tracing would lead to the inference, I discovered a spacious and secure harbour. On referring to the United States' Exploring Expedition I found some mention made of a harbour in Wollaston Island; and this probably is it. I went across the western harbour (for there are two) and saw wigwams but no natives.

“I landed on a shingley beach, where nature seemed to exist in all its purity and loveliness; a deserted wigwam was close by, and I could not but fancy that had I been one of the natives, and with my present ideas and feelings, I should have preferred that spot to any other to dwell in. Leaving the boat and taking one man with me, I walked to the summit of a tolerably high hill at the back of the wigwam. The view from this elevated position was very grand and beautiful; and I could see not only the large extent of this new harbour, but an apparently clear channel to the S.W. right through to the Pacific. Smoke appeared in that direction, and accordingly I determined to sound in the harbour and see if the ship could be brought in, and through, as it would save the necessity for attempting to get round in a rougher sea. I returned to the boat, bringing a curious piece of rock I picked up on the top of the hill, and then commenced to ex-

amine the depth of the water. This I found sufficiently deep in any part of the Channel through which the ship would have to go; and therefore returned without any further delay. The next morning I weighed anchor, and took the Allen Gardiner into this new harbour, myself aloft all the time, and the lead constantly going. We passed through the harbour, and then entered the Channel. Here I found the flood-tide setting through very strong against us. It ran down the kelp, but I was on my guard, and the wind was now fair, and not too much of it. The Channel was rather narrow, but tolerably straight, and on the western side of it a bight presented itself apparently affording an anchorage secure from all gales. Passing this, and having never less than seven fathoms, we came to a part of the Channel where two projecting rocks, one on each side, presented the appearance of a gateway, and consequently I could not help naming them the Junction Gates, the waters leading to, and coming from the Pacific, reuniting there. A little beyond this was the open sea, and the Hermit Islands, but here we were stopped. The wind changed and got foul, and the tide being against us I thought it wise to retreat, and consequently turning the ship round, anchored in the bight I have mentioned. I called this anchorage "Foul Wind Cove," and upon sounding around and across it, found it was a passable place, though the eddying tides, and the *williwaws* made it less desirable than the large harbour.

"I went on shore, but could see only deserted wigwams, the natives probably having concealed

themselves. From the top of another curious high hill I could trace the course of several lakes inland, and coves, apparently secure, leading from the large and small harbour. On the top of these hills there are three lakes of pure water, at one of which we quenched our thirst; and there was only wanting the Hospice to make me fancy I was again on the summit of St. Gothard Pass in Switzerland. The characteristics of both are, many of them, similar, snow, rocks, lakes and, close by, desolation, while a glance further off gives quite a different picture. I returned from the summit to Mrs. Snow who had accompanied me on shore, and after another search for the natives we all went on board. The next morning finding the wind was still foul, and increasing, I got under weigh, intending to try and get round the S.E. part of Wollaston Island, and through Franklin Sound to the westward; but after an hours' trial I was once more obliged to give it up and again anchor, this time in Middle Cove, N.E. corner of Wollaston. The wind increased greatly and I was glad the ship was in a secure and *known* anchorage.

“The squalls becoming more violent I was obliged, about midnight, to get up, and in the midst of a heavy hail storm let go the second anchor, and gave the ship both cables out an end, the one anchor having 90 fathoms of chain. Yet even with this I feared she would not hold, for the gale was truly terrific; indeed it was almost impossible to walk the deck. A short sea got up, but fortunately nothing to hurt; had there been much sea on, I think I must have slipped for fear of parting, and hove to outside. To be prepared

for any casualty I had reefs and storm sails ready ; and the next day finding the gale still heavier, I was obliged to send down all the yards and top masts, run the jib-boom in, and have nothing presented to the wind but the lower masts. For five days did this gale, the heaviest I have experienced for some years, continue. On one occasion, during the night of the third day of its prevalence, I was on deck when a furious squall of hail and wind, like a tornado, burst upon us, with a force like the blow of an enormous sledge hammer. The little ship trembled again ; you could hear every part of her move under that tremendous blast, and I might easily fancy her a living thing shuddering with the apprehension of the wrath and power of those terrible elements she was calmly striving to resist. On that wild coast, near that dark and frowning land, during that inky night relieved occasionally by fitful gleams of a strange and peculiar light, with the large hail pelting upon one like showers of bullets, I could not but feel deeply anxious ; but by this time I had full confidence in the ship, in the anchors and cable ; but above all, in Him who ruleth the raging of the seas, and whose own the ship is.

“ On the sixth day, after a hasty inspection on shore, finding four wigwams but no natives, I got under weigh, the gale being over for the time, and the weather fine once more. We passed close along the land ; and on the S.E. parts of the Island saw the natives in numbers ; thus ascertaining the fact that they are to be found here also. The wind now fell light and baffling, and between Deception Island and Wollaston it was flying in all directions. Still

I hoped to get up Franklin Sound, and anchor in St. Martin's Cove: but was again frustrated. A sudden breeze came right down the Sound, and I therefore bore up to the southward for a passage I saw between Herschel and Deception Islands. This latter is evidently volcanic, the streams of lava being clearly perceptible. As I entered the new passage, keeping everything in readiness for any manœuvre that might be needed, I had the lead constantly going, and found in no place we passed less than 8 fathoms. Directly the ship had got through, we felt the long heavy swell of the Pacific; and as the breeze was freshening and I saw smoke on Horn Island, I determined to keep under its lee, and if I found a good anchorage there, to avail myself of it. The wind preventing me, however, I did not consider myself justified at the present moment in delaying there by beating to windward. I stood, accordingly, as close in to the S.E. rocks of Horn Island as was safe, passing them so closely that I could see their position under water, and could have tossed a biscuit on shore. I then luffed up for the Horn itself. There it was, that dreaded, mighty, and tempestuous Cape! bidding defiance to the ocean storms, and mountain waves that dash against its surface! There it stood a singular pyramidal mass, with its triangular side facing the mysterious south! But I cannot now indulge in these reflections. Indeed I find time and space compel me to be almost too brief.

“I took a rough outline sketch, got up to within two miles of the huge Cape, saw the fires of the natives, thus ascertaining the fact that they live on all, or nearly all, the islands, as far as to

the Horn itself—and then with increasing wind and rising sea stood on to the westward until I had brought the Cape to the eastward of us. This done I had our beloved flag, the national colours of dear old England, hoisted at the main, with the Missionary flag at the fore, and then with an excusable and hearty burst of joy from my lips, responded to by the men, I gave the order “to uphelm and bear away for we had fairly doubled the celebrated Horn!” Yes, the little Mission schooner had gone safely from her native land through the pathless tracks of Ocean, among wild scenes and untamed men, even close to, and round, Cape Horn! well might all belonging to her be gratified, and gratified we were as well as truly grateful to our God. I could only keep the flags up for a few moments, as the wind was fast coming on to a gale again, and the seas, as seas off the Horn almost always are, were high and rolling with a long swell. I soon found that I could run the ship no longer, and consequently was compelled to heave to and let her drift, which suited us well, the wind being from the west. But it was a fearful night we had; every place had to be battened down securely, lest a sea should break on board. The tossing about was most unpleasant, and all on board were sick with one or two exceptions. During the night a sea struck us aft, and tried the vessel’s strength, doing however no damage, except throwing the man at the helm over the wheel, and deluging the decks. Not even a portion of her bulwarks washed away! Nothing save a loose port and trifling things carried overboard. Well: seeing, as I do in Stanley, so many vessels calling

there with losses, and immense damage to the hull and upper-works occasioned off this Horn, I am all but surprised myself to find we escaped so scatheless! It would be absurd for any one to say there is not the hand of God in this. It may be asked why did I go to this place, and what was there to call me there? I have only time to say in reply that I conceived, and still do conceive, it was *my duty*. Is it nothing to be able to say the Allen Gardiner has been where few vessels would dare to go, on her appointed duty of seeking out the haunts of the benighted, that it may be known in future where to find them, and proclaim to them the glad tidings contained in Christ's Holy Gospel?

“The next morning with decreasing wind, I wore ship, and stood in to the Barnevelts for smoother water, and then kept on for Lennox Island. This I did not reach till after dark, and was therefore compelled to go into the cove, aided only by the light of a dark night, and feeling my way with the lead. “Light of a dark night,” may seem strange but one's eyes get accustomed to the darkness, and objects are distinguished which would not be perceived by the unpractised eye. On the following morning I landed, and found the natives had moved from their old quarters; but seeing smoke on New Island I determined to go there, and try once more if the two lads were still willing to come away with us. I filled up my water on board, and while this was doing Mrs. Snow and I went in the boat up a small river as far as it would take us, but discovered nothing of importance. The men were then allowed to go on shore, wash their clothes, bathe, &c., and finally.

on the 20th I got under weigh, upon my return to the Mission Station intending to call at New Island. I passed safely through the straits of Le Maire during the night of the 20th (Nov.) the land being within sight all the time, and after a quick run of one day from the Straits was up with the Falkland Islands. I passed round the south side, close in, and the following morning safely anchored in Stanley Harbour. Here I found the new Governor, Capt. Moore, R.N. who received us most kindly, and a day or two afterwards inspected the ship, and stayed some time with us, making many enquiries about our late cruise."

"Before I close I would address a word to the merchant, who, granting that we can accomplish the object we have in view, yet says, "what good would it do *us*?" I would ask him were it not wise to guard against all chances where a risk is known? And look what risk there is in that vicinity where I have lately been! Look at that vessel lately lost on the rocks about the Horn, and her crew who nearly all perished! Might she not have been saved had the natives been civilized, christianized, and Missionaries established there? And again, what saving to your ships in that tempestuous sea if they could run, in heavy gales, to some secure and friendly anchorage close by? Say not then "what good will it do *us*?" for you more than any will be benefited thereby, and should therefore aid those who are striving to bring about this great and important object!"

Our Mission Station at Keppel Island.

We now fulfil the promise made in the last number, and present our readers with Mr. Ellis's remarks on the plants, soil, productions, &c. of the Falkland Islands. He writes :

“I have begun to collect accounts of birds, &c. as also to stuff the varieties I meet with, and to make a series of sketches introducing bits of the natural scenery. When they have reached a sufficient magnitude to be interesting I shall send them home. I imagine that a Falkland and South American Museum will be interesting, and might perhaps be of pecuniary benefit to the Society in more ways than one. I am in great want of scientific books relating to these Islands, and also some chemical apparatus : but the first opportunity I have I shall try and repair these deficiencies. The other day whilst quarrying I found some pieces of what appeared to be metallic ore, but had not sufficient means of testing it, a blowpipe being necessary for such experiments. I found also some laminæ of good coal between the layers of stone ; also some fossil impressions in the sandstone. Good coal has been found, I believe, in the Falklands, and if so its discovery should quickly change the prospects of these Islands. As far as I have myself seen there is nothing promising in the strata, but I am a very indifferent geologist.

“On the S.W. of the Island there grows a quantity of the Falkland box, which agrees so well with the description given of it by Fitzroy and others, that I need not attempt a description.

It grows close to the shore on banks, or, more generally, out of fissures in the cliffs, whose rocky surfaces are in some instances entirely hidden by its abundant and evergreen foliage. There is sufficient of it in Keppel Island to keep us from ever wanting fuel: its growth is too knotty and tortuous to make it serviceable for other purposes. The wood has dark veins interspersed with numerous small black knots, and would look very well polished. The tree itself might be serviceable for hedge-rows, being very dense in its foliage from the ground to its summit. Some of the trunks are from 4 to 6 inches in diameter.

“The Fachinal, or Funchal, grows 4 to 5 feet high in sheltered spots, and might be serviceable for hedging, or even for hedge-rows. It makes tolerable fire-wood, after being kept for some time to get rid of the sap. Some of the branches are as thick or thicker than the wrist.

“The other day, for the first time, I found a bunch of tussac in bloom; its efflorescence so closely resembles that of a grass, that had not its solid stem and undivided sheaths proved it to belong to the Cyperaceæ, I should have put it down as such. Its inflorescence, in the density of its panicles and general appearance bears much resemblance to our *Dactylis Glomerata*; its florets are hermaphrodite, each being provided with three hypogynous stamens, and two long feathery styles seated on the germen. Each locusta contains two or three florets which are enclosed within two or three acorned glumes, and having each two paleæ, the outer palea having the long awn. It is said to belong to the genus *Carex*; but if you have any knowledge of botany

you will perceive that the above characters do not correspond with the characters usually given by botanists to that genus. In fact the tussac seems to be a connecting link between the two orders: as an herb it possesses the nutritious properties of a grass, but in its habitat and growth it resembles a sedge. I tried as a salad a species of cochlearia which I found growing by the mouths of fresh-water streams, but it proved too bitter and sulphurous in its taste to be agreeable. At the further extremity of the Island we discovered a large seal rookery, inhabited by six or seven females, one large male, and from twenty to thirty young seals. Their encampment is among the tussac from between the tufts of which we espied their heads projecting on our approach.

“One fine calm day we crossed to Saunders’ Island in our boat, and returned with some rabbits, and a beautiful species of hawk which I skinned and stuffed. We saw traces of rabbits everywhere, and I observed in the neighbourhood of their warrens a quantity of fine short grass, especially in one large open space surrounded with a hedge of funchal. I noticed a similar amelioration in the grass at Stanley, and Port San Carlos, a proof how uncultivated land is benefited by occupation, whereby its herbage is kept short, trodden and manured in return for the benefit of support which it gives. I could not help admiring this instance of God’s benevolence, that the earth should become more capable of sustaining, *by sustaining*. How vast would be the benefit to the now sterile soil of the Falklands, and how much would their climate be ameliorated by civilization! One may imagine safely that the

art of cultivation is probably as yet in its infancy; that chemistry and botany, the one in discovering the most productive species of plants, the other by researches into the natures of soils, manures, and the elementary principles of plants, may produce most wonderful results, and multiply the present fertility of even the most highly cultivated lands threefold.

“The weather, after some months experience, we have found to be very much as described in Capt. Fitzroy’s work, and in the reports of Governor Moody. It has been unusually dry, I am told, hitherto, with occasionally, some sharp frosts, and snow, but neither to the extent we generally have in England. I hope that we shall not have a wet spring, a season to which we look forward with some anxiety. I had prepared some account of the weather, but being much pressed for time I forbear from sending it for the present.

“Neither my faith nor ardour in the cause abates on closer acquaintance, nor can I believe that Capt. Gardiner, and his fellow martyrs have sacrificed their lives in vain. A brighter day will, I feel assured, dawn for South America; already God has opened more than one door for us, and I look forward confidently to the day when the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour will be preached there in its purity, divested of the mists and idolatries of Rome. I am rejoiced to find that the scientific and literary men of the present day are becoming more and more sensible of the truths of revealed religion. I have myself passed through the fiery ordeal of doubt, and learnt the insufficiency of mere knowledge to afford comfort

or peace. I still love science indeed, and scientific researches; but I have been taught by experience to give it its true value, and nothing more.

“ I read in the “Voice of Pity” an interesting account of the new opening in South America, and I heard from Capt. Snow of Mr. Vernet’s visit to England, your interview with him in London, and his offers of assistance to the Mission. I trust the opportunity may not be lost. Mr. Havers at Stanley offered to take as many Patagonians as we could bring over, stating that they make excellent Gauchos. I am inclined to think that these offers of assistance from commercial men are not wholly disinterested. In Otuquis, for instance, the labours of missionaries by converting the aborigines, and inducing them to lead settled lives would convert dangerous marauders into industrious labourers and settlers. The importance of this consideration is clear, when we consider the difficulty of procuring, and at the same time the great demand for, labourers, in all new colonies. If these were once procured, almost anything could be done in such a climate.”

Rev. G. P. Despard’s 3rd Missionary Tour.

Monday, March 24th.—A meeting was held at 7 p.m. in the Parker Street School-room, St. Giles’s, Rev. Samuel Garrett, chairman. There was a numerous and respectable auditory, amongst whom was Mr. Purcell,

now a scripture reader, but who formerly was assistant to his late father-in-law, school-master at Walthamstow; had been entrusted with the teaching of the Fuegians there; amount of collection, £4 5s.

Tuesday, March 25th.—There was a very crowded meeting in the spacious school-room at Great Missenden, Rev. Joshua Greaves, Vicar, with Hon. & Rev. Lord W. Russell, in the chair, and some dozen of the local clergy on the platform; the interest taken in the society was evinced by an unusually large Collection, £13 5s. 4d.

Wednesday.—Rev. W. Niven gathered the friends of missions together in the school-room at Chelsea, and took the chair; it was evident from the attention of the meeting that the interest of friends has not diminished here; Rev. Mr. Hamilton and R. Ellis, Esq. supported the speakers by their presence on the platform; the sum gathered was in advance of the last Coll. being £10 0s. 7d.

On the 27th, Thursday, through the very active exertions of Miss H. M. at North Brixton, there was a full room, presided over by Rev. J. McConnell Hussey, to hear the statements; these were not made in vain, as £3 2s. 4d. dropped into the collecting-basin proved.

Friday.—Bedford was visited, where the usual active exertions of Capt. Young had prepared the way for a full meeting, with Capt. Stewart, M.P. in the chair; but a full meeting came not, though many respectable persons did, and evinced interest by attention to the ad-

dresses given by Capt. Sullivan, R.N. and Rev. G. P. Despard, and by the collection, which, with donations, amounted to £8 13s.

On Sunday a sermon without collection was preached in Trinity Church, on behalf of the society, the happy results of which may be looked for in increased interest and subscriptions through the year.

Monday, March 31. —Important visits were paid in London.

Tuesday, April 1. —Rev. J. Ogle and Rev. Mr. Despard served as deputation to Leicester, and through the kind assistance of Rev. Mr. Hill, were permitted to address a respectable auditory in the Town Hall, collection, £4.

Wednesday, 2nd April. —Rev. Mr. Kerr arranged a meeting in the St. Mary's school-room, Leamington, and the best success attended his efforts, and those of our other zealous friends in this fashionable place, for the room was very full, and the collection exceeded the last by many pounds, being £18 2s. 7d.

Thursday, 3rd April. —Lt. Col. Ward received the deputation most kindly at Tunbridge Wells, and in the evening a meeting was held, presided over by Rev. Edward Hoare, the Rector, and attended by several other clergymen and a number of interested friends, rather less, however, than was expected, owing to most unfavourable weather; the collection reached £5 17s, and permanent effort was proposed, the results of which as

far as they are pecuniary, were to be committed to Col. Ward, in his capacity of secretary for Tunbridge Wells.

Friday, 4th.—We had a most encouraging meeting at Worcester, with Rev. John Davies in the chair, who in his opening speech, strongly urged the claims of the Society on the support of the Church, and read a letter from his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Wilson, describing the Fuegians as they were when under his care at Walthamstow; the collection in the room amounted to £13 14s.

Saturday and Sunday were devoted to Liverpool, to make arrangements for a future meeting, and with success, as will appear.

Monday, April 7.—A meeting was held in St. Matthew's school-room, Rugby, with Rev. Wm. Tait, Incumbent, in the chair; the room was full, and so was the collecting box, with £4 17s. 6d. in it.

Tuesday, April 8.—The Patagonian cause was advocated for the first time in Bicester, by request of Rev. J. W. Watts, the Rector, who presided at a crowded meeting in the school-room; there was no collection after the lecture, but the next day a goodly gathering of money was made at the Parsonage; £2 17s.

Wednesday, 9th.—Rev. W. Pennefather, as on two former occasions, threw open his hospitable doors to receive the Society's representative, and had prepared a very attentive and numerous company in his beautiful school-room, to devote their usual monthly missionary

evening to our cause ; a collection exceeding £6 followed the lecture.

Thursday, 10th.—Trinity Church, Cambridge, was put at our service by the Rector, Rev. Chas. Clayton, Tutor, of Caius, for a sermon without collection, but Mr. Clayton allowed his name to be given to receive contributions, and G. T. Braine, Esq., of Christ's College, was also named as the Hon. Sec. for Cambridge, and was willing to render like kindness ; Rev. Sparkes Sealey, M.A., was our kind host for the time.

Friday, 11th.—Rev. D. White, just come to Dover, proposed a meeting in his school-room, Trinity Parish, which, however, through bad weather and short notice, was rather thin ; the collection was £3 9s.

Saturday the 12th was occupied with the journey from Dover to Liverpool.

Sunday, 13th.—A sermon was preached in Christ Church, Cloughton, by request of Rev. Dr. Blakeney, the Incumbent, who preached on the same (Patagonian) subject in the evening, whereby upwards of £22 were realized for our cause.

Sunday Evening.—St. Paul's, Prince's Park, was preached in by consent of Rev. Dr. McNeile, with a collection following of £36.

Monday, 14th.—At 7 in the evening the chair was taken in Hope Hall by Adam Hodgson, Esq. : Rev. W. Falloon opened the meeting with prayer, and spoke, after a very valuable speech by the chairman, and a

Report by Rev. Mr. Gent, very strongly in favour of the mission.

The association was reorganized with many valuable names as committee, H. G. Webster, Esq., Treasurer, and Rev. Mr. Gent, Curate of St. Paul's, Dr. McNeile's Church, as Hon. Sec., and a good hope may be entertained that the same energy which Liverpool people exhibit in matters of the world, will be evinced by our association and its officers in things of far more enduring concernment; a good collection was made, but the exact amount was not known when we left.

Tuesday Evening.—A Church Missionary Society Meeting was attended and addressed at Walmley, near Birmingham.

Wednesday, 16th.—Rev. John Connington received us at Southwell, Notts, and introduced us to a full meeting in his school-room. Rev. Mr. Connington took the chair, and opened proceedings with prayer and an appropriate address, and was followed by Rev. Thos. Macdonald, Incumbent of Trinity Church, Nottingham, in one of his lucid and fervent speeches; and that this told well was proved by the collection, very large for the place, of £8 2s. 7d.

Thursday, 17th.—Rev. G. P. Despard returned to his temporary home, desiring to be very grateful for God's unfailling protection during his many journeys: for His help in the labours assigned to His servant, and for the kindness with which he was received.

May the issue of all that has been done and said aright redound to our Lord's glory, the salvation of souls, and the encouragement of the Church.

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD.

More Labourers for South America.

We rejoice in being able to announce that some important additions have been made to the Mission-party about to sail. The Rev. J. F. Ogle, already a munificent benefactor of the society, has volunteered to go forth at his own expense, as Assistant Missionary. More gratifying still, Allen W. Gardiner, Esq., B.A., of Oxford, the only son of the honoured and lamented founder of the society, has come forward and offered himself as Catechist to the mission, on the same terms as those upon which Mr. Ogle has volunteered to fill the post of Missionary Assistant. It is needless to say how intense has been the gratification felt by all the friends of the society at these most unexpected and providential occurrences. They are indeed "for signs" from Him who has lately been accumulating in quick succession encouragements to the friends of the South American Heathen to go forward hopefully.

As it is hoped the Farewell Meeting at Clifton will take place on or about the 14th of May, we earnestly request all our readers who cannot be present on that occasion, to set apart the day for special prayer in behalf of

our brethren who are about to leave us on this glorious mission. The whole work has been in a singular degree, a work of faith and prayer, and if our faith has of late been greatly encouraged, let us beware how we relax in fervent, believing prayer, for God's blessing upon the work. There are some of our friends we know, who formed a Union for prayer some time ago, in behalf of the society and its work; we trust they still continue it, and that many of the Lord's people will at this time unite in earnest prayer for our dear brethren and sisters about to part from us.

Poetry.

Can I, a little child,
 Do anything for those
 Who are by sin defiled,
 To lighten their sad woes?
 I do not see a reason why
 I should not, if I do but TRY.

First, then, I would implore
 The Lord to change their hearts;
 Then from my little store
 I freely will impart;

That some kind teacher may be given
To point to Christ, the way to heaven.

How would such joyful news
Their inmost souls delight!

And who would then refuse
To give their feeble mite,

That all the heathen world may know
What blessings Jesus can bestow.



Farewell Meeting,

At the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on Wednesday, May 14.

The 14th of May, 1856, will henceforth be a memorable day in the annals of the Patagonian Missionary Society. We therefore feel no ordinary pleasure in devoting this number of our little journal to record, in a permanent shape, the proceedings at the Farewell Meeting held on that day. The several speakers have dwelt with such admirable force upon the reflections which are naturally called forth by it, that we cannot bring ourselves to add another word. We only pray that the perusal of the proceedings may prove as profitable and solemnizing to those who were absent, as the witnessing of them did to those who were privileged to be present.

The smaller room proving insufficient to accommodate the members who were pouring in, it was resolved, before the proceedings began, to adjourn to the large room. About Half-past Two, BISHOP CARR arrived, and on taking the chair, said he regretted to be obliged to inform the Meeting that the Rev. G. P. DESPARD having lost the early train from Plymouth, could not arrive sooner than Three o'clock, and begged to apologize for the delay. He then gave out

Gardiner's hymn, commencing "Lord of the harvest now descend," which was heartily united in by most present. At its conclusion, the Secretary offered prayer, and the Bishop then addressed the Meeting as follows :

"My christian friends,—

"The object for which we are assembled on the present occasion, is one of deep interest ; for we meet to send forth messengers to preach the Gospel of our blessed Saviour amongst a people who know him not. We meet on occasions like the present, not, I consider, with mere speculative views, or to make some experiment, but under the command of our blessed Lord ; "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And in performing the duty thus enjoined, we rely upon that Almighty strength which has already converted multitudes of different heathen nations, and brought them into obedience to the Gospel of Christ. We remember the Saviour has said, "I am with you always to the end of the world ;" and we believe, from the success which has already attended the preaching of the Gospel in different heathen nations, that THE LORD is in the work, and is blessing it, and is gathering from us and from among the heathen, a people to his name. Now these are the views and the inducements which lead us to send out missionaries to the heathen. But there is something connected with *this* mission of particular interest. As we look upon the past we see much that is painful, and if we could forget the Almighty strength promised in the preaching of the Gospel, much that would be exceedingly discouraging ; but let us not look to the painful circumstances that have already taken place as anything like

a hinderance to, or a prohibition of, our work. For, far from that, all the circumstances that have occurred, painful as they are, have been but the means, under God, of awakening an interest in behalf of these natives of South America, of whom, perhaps, many of us had little thought. I view the very sufferings which have been endured, as having been overruled for this important end; for as we look back upon these sufferings, and find that we have not to sorrow over the individuals that endured them as over those who have no hope, but may trace them, I may say, to the very verge of heaven, and look upon them as having fallen asleep in Jesus—that Jesus in whom they continued to believe so long as it was in their power to communicate their feelings to others; the deepest interest is awakened in the cause for which they suffered. We also know that they offered up many and earnest prayers that God would stir up the minds of the christian church to send the Gospel into those regions. And we may look upon this assembly, and we may look upon the efforts that have been made, and upon the preparations that have lately been made, and upon the fact of a missionary offering himself to go forth into that land, as an answer to those prayers which were offered up under so much suffering and so many trials. We do not, as christians, look on such events as forbidding further efforts, but as rather disciplining the church. It is remarkable, you will remember, that when Moses had led the children of Israel out of Egypt, and when they had actually crossed the Dead Sea—that then they began to murmur, as if they were only likely to be led to starvation and misery. But what was the answer Moses was directed to give to them? He was to rebuke them for their unbelief and for their murmuring. These things

were but to prove them, whether they would be God's people or not.

“Now I look upon events such as are recorded in connexion with this mission, as events to discipline, to prove, and try the christian church, and especially to try those who are about to engage in carrying out the mission which was thus begun. Most unfavourable circumstances had occurred, most unlooked-for disappointment; and therefore these events were calculated to stir up the diligence, care, and anxiety and provision of those who should undertake the work at a future time; teaching them that preparation must be made before they went out, and all their appliances arranged before they sent our missionaries forward. Now, my christian friends, this has been done. The Committee engaged in sending out this mission, have been most careful to send out a suitable vessel, with smaller vessels, and provision, not for six, but for twelve months. Arrangements have been made with the colony at the Falkland Islands, (which is near) as well as with people at Monte Video, that the missionaries may secure such provisions, and such other assistance, as is required. Therefore I trust that we shall look upon past disappointment as having taught the Committee, and all concerned, a lesson which they have learned, and are diligently seeking to follow.

“There is another circumstance connected with this mission, which I think particularly striking and interesting. Already, in the first place, I may mention, there will be a christian community to receive our missionary and his family; therefore they will not be exposed at once to all the want, and all the inconvenience, which the first missionaries necessarily had to encounter. It appears to be also particularly favourable and desirable

that the missionary going out, should go taking his family, or a great part of it, and his establishment with him. At first, when I thought of Mr Despard going out with his family, I rather shuddered at it, because I thought that a European lady and family would be greatly discouraged by what they would have to endure; and perhaps at first this will be so to a certain extent. But I thought too much of the country in which I have spent a number of years, and under whose climate I have seen many persons, missionaries and others, fade and die away. But our missionary is not going to such a climate as that. So far as we can judge from accounts of the climate, it is favourable. In fact it is nearly in the same latitude as our own; consequently the temperature and the climate altogether will be, in many respects, pretty much like our own. It is represented, indeed, to be milder than our own, and that through the whole year. Therefore I trust the family will not be exposed to that suffering, which in the first instance I had rather anticipated. But there is another circumstance. In India, the missionary's family can have little or no intercourse with the native population; but that is not the case with savage nations. The fact is, they are going to an uninstructed and a simple-minded people, and a people who will take in a little time almost every improvement and every introduction of civilization as ameliorating their state. You will perhaps remember, that the Moravian missionaries who have gone simply to uncultivated, and what we may call savage people, in Northern lands, such as Greenland, and also the South of Africa—that they have gone with their families and colonised amongst the people, and introduced the various customs of civilisation, leading the people to cultivate the ground, instead

of living upon what they might take by chance in hunting or fishing. The family will exhibit amongst the people various advantages which the people themselves do not possess, and which mere male missionaries could not introduce. Again, the circumstance of a female missionary being with them, enables them to come into immediate communication with the families of the people, which is an important thing; also they will more readily entrust their children to the care of a female than they would to a man, whom they would consider as demeaning himself by instructing and taking care of their children. Therefore, from these different considerations, I think our missionaries are going out under favourable circumstances, so far as we can judge.

“With respect to the people themselves, they are, according to all accounts, in an exceedingly degraded and debased state, both of mind and body; but their numbers are great. In one account of Patagonia, it was represented that the whole population was two hundred thousand, and that the population of Tierra del Fuego, and of those islands, was about twelve or fourteen thousand. But let us look at these numbers in a christian point of view, and let us remember the value of one soul; let us bear in mind that each of these fourteen thousand or two hundred thousand natives, whichever number we take, has a soul as precious to him as our souls are to us. And then, what a state is that immense population in, knowing nothing of that one salvation, which God in his love and mercy has provided! Again, it is represented in one account I saw, that the natives of these islands seem to be exceedingly treacherous, deceitful, and ready to take advantage of the ignorance of Europeans that might be

amongst them. Another account I saw, represented them as being tractable, with a certain degree of delicacy; the account of Captain Snow credits them with delicacy of feeling, and also with a considerable degree of prudence of conduct in their various dealings with the missionaries and with each other. Therefore, I look upon the people themselves as of a very mixed character: some are doubtless of that treacherous character to which I have referred, and others are of that more amiable character to which I have also referred. But what has this to do with the thing? Whatever may be their state, the Gospel presents one remedy, and only one. Whether men be civilised or barbarous, treacherous or faithful, gentle or fierce, there is only one remedy to bring them to a right state of mind before God, and that remedy is the Gospel of Christ Jesus. We are, therefore, sending out that one remedy which we know, under God's blessing, will raise them up, meek and humble and faithful disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“Therefore, let us go on, minding our Saviour's command, and let us all go forth, offering up our prayers earnestly that God will strengthen our missionaries, instruct them, bless their ministry of the Word, so that it may take root in the hearts of the multitude and bring forth fruit in them to His praise and to His honour.”

The Bishop, who had been listened to throughout his address with marked attention, was warmly applauded at its close.

The Rev. E. G. MARSH, the venerable Vicar of Aylesford, Kent, who from his great age and experience, no less than from his long connexion with the Society which is endeared to him by many recollections, is justly looked upon as one of its parents, then came forward to deliver the Instructions of the Committee to the missionaries and catechists about to go forth under the Society's auspices. He said :

“ In parting with our friends, and dismissing them to the seat of their future labours, the Committee of the Patagonian Missionary Society desire to acknowledge the goodness of Almighty God, in suffering them at length to fill up their numbers and complete their organization. It was always the design of the Society to place the mission under the superintendence of a clergyman ; and it is only in consequence of repeated disappointments, that this intention has not been acted upon long before. But when difficulties after difficulties arose in the appointment of a clerical superintendent, at length their honorary secretary—who from the very moment when the late Captain Gardiner was removed from the scene, had been indefatigable in keeping alive the interest, and promoting the efficiency of the Society, determined to abandon his engagements in this country, and devote himself to the advancement of a cause to which he had long consecrated all his energies. The Committee most thankfully accepted his offer, which has since been followed by others ; and in particular the Committee desire to record their gratitude to Messrs. Jones, Palmer & Co., of Liverpool, who have most liberally undertaken to convey the whole

missionary party, free of expense, to the station now occupied by the Society in the Falklands.

“The position of the Society at the present moment is peculiar. The first missionary detachment was sent in the summer of 1854, and has since been put in possession of an island, where they have every opportunity of forming a mission-station for carrying out one of the objects of the Society, namely, that of receiving any natives of South America who may be willing to accept their hospitality, and who, being thus placed under their influence, may at the same time receive from them some of the first principles of religion, and also communicate to their instructors a knowledge of their own language. While this beginning has been made on land, Capt. Snow, the present commander of the *Allen Gardiner*, has succeeded not only in visiting that deeply interesting spot which is consecrated by the death of our first martyrs, but also in opening a communication with the only man in that region who is acquainted with England and the English language, and prepossessed in favour of English persons and manners.

“All this has been accomplished before the mission has been regularly constituted under its intended head. We may be very thankful that so much ground has been gained under an imperfect system, and may surely regard it as a token for good, when the measures of the Committee have been ripened into greater consistency. Accordingly, we have this evening the privilege of sending out two clergymen; one as the superintendent of the mission, the other as his coadjutor; and, associated with them, the son of the late Captain Gardiner offers himself as a catechist, that he may commence his missionary career under such circumstances; whilst a younger candidate, who is desirous to devote his

future life to the cause, comes freely forward and unites himself to our ranks. These our friends are now on the point of departure; and we are met here to give them their final instructions, and to bid them good speed in the name of the Lord.

“The Committee therefore first address themselves to the Rev. George Pakenham Despard. To you, sir, the Society desire to entrust the sole superintendence of the Mission. They have had long experience of your devotedness to the cause, of your minute acquaintance with all the details of the enterprise, and of your judgment in the decision of the various practical questions which from time to time have come before them. They have no doubt, therefore, that in the important duties which you have now to discharge, you will continue to entitle yourself to their entire confidence. They wish you to regard yourself as the recognised head of the mission in all its branches; and, since it has not yet had the advantage of a single resident director, to regulate all its proceedings; they desire you, in the first instance, to institute a careful enquiry into all that has been hitherto done, and to report to them accordingly. Of course in all matters that are not of pressing urgency, you will refer to them for advice. But considering the distance of place, and the necessity which may often present itself for prompt action, they invest you with full powers to direct such measures, and to employ such means and persons, as you judge most likely to advance the great cause which we all alike have in view. If, indeed, any case should arise, which God forbid, of alleged misconduct in any individual employed by the Society, they recommend you to take counsel with those of your brethren who may appear to you most competent to give advice

with impartiality and discretion, and, with their concurrence, to examine the case. But when the investigation has been completed, if your mind is satisfied with the result, they empower you to act upon that decision, by either acquitting and restoring, or, if need be, by removing from his present position, or even dismissing from the Society, the individual whose conduct has given occasion to it, only requiring that you will report to them all the particulars of the enquiry, and the grounds of your decision. In short, they look to you to make them acquainted with the character, capacity, and conduct of all who are engaged with you in the mission, with that freedom which can only be used between persons who have perfect confidence in each other. We of course place the affairs of the mission-station, and all the details of work, the division of time, and the exercises of devotion, under your control. With regard to the schooner, it will be for you to direct when, and on what service, and for what length of time, she is to be employed; but the details of the service, and nautical arrangements, will, as a matter of course, be left with the master of the vessel for the time being.

“It will rest with you to determine when and where, after due preliminary enquiries, a settlement on any part of Patagonia or Tierra del Fuego may be thought advisable or practicable, or what course can be most prudently adopted, without unduly compromising your own safety, or that of your colleagues, for holding intercourse with the natives either there, or in the Falklands. Still, though the Committee entrust you with this large discretion, they desire that no change may be made in the general scheme laid down by them for the government of the mission, without their sanction previously obtained. On this, however, and

all other subjects concerning the welfare of the mission and its several members, they rely on receiving confidential communications from you as often as may be practicable. You will of course keep an accurate journal of your proceedings, and forward it from time to time, together with journals and reports from any of your brethren, taking care especially to make up a balance sheet of accounts for their inspection once in every quarter.

“Having spoken so much at length to Mr. Despard, the Committee must needs be more brief in the observations they offer to his colleagues.

“To Mr. Ogle, they instruct me to say, that they look upon him as the coadjutor to Mr. Despard, acting under his authority, but assisting him constantly with his advice, and especially taking that share in the spiritual instruction of the missionary settlement, and of the natives who may visit it, which may be assigned to him. We trust, Sir, that in this connexion you will both be able to act together with perfect cordiality, and with mutual esteem, support and affection.

“To you, Mr. Gardiner, we address only a few words of advice and encouragement. We regard with great satisfaction the devotedness of your heart to a cause endeared to you by so many recollections. You will naturally regard yourself as holding a subordinate situation to the two clergymen with whom you sail. But they, also, will regard you as a younger brother—while they have also particular satisfaction in knowing that, in addition to the ordinary qualifications of a christian missionary, you have taken pains to acquire a certain degree of medical knowledge and experience, which will be of eminent service among the barbarous tribes with whom you may be thrown into contact.

“On you, Mr. Turpin, the Committee rely with confidence that you will accept cheerfully any post to which you may be appointed, and that you will enter into it with the constraining energy of divine love; by thus discharging the inferior offices of the mission with fidelity, you will not only gain experience in the work, but also, in the language of St. Paul to Timothy, ‘purchase to yourself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.’

“The Committee are unwilling to close this address, without a parting word to Mrs. Despard and her children. The importation of a christian family into the settlement, is an element of great value in our missionary arrangements; and we trust that the education of a christian household, under the eye and subject to the observation of many a Patagonian or Fuegian visitor, will exercise a wholesome influence not only on them, but through them on the community to which they belong; and we cannot but indulge the hope, that many a mother in those savage climes may hereafter look back with respect and gratitude to the first christian parents who set them the example of a family trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

“The points to which our attention has hitherto been directed, relate mainly to the outward management of the mission. But all exterior regulations (you are well aware) will fail of their effect, if the interior work of the Gospel be not all the while carried on with renewed vigour in your own hearts, in your devotional exercises, in your family arrangements, and in all your mutual intercourse.

“Suffer us, therefore, in conclusion, my dear friends, to congratulate you all on your appointment to highly honourable offices in the church of Christ. We hear

much in these days of Apostolical succession, but the true successors of the Apostles are christian missionaries, men who strive, like them, to preach the Gospel, not where Christ is named, lest they should build on another man's foundation, but as it is written, "To whom he was not spoken of, they shall see, and they that have not heard shall understand." But in proportion to the greatness of the work, is its responsibility; men who attempt to recommend religion to those who are strangers to it, must themselves experience its power; they must shew, by their lives and conversation, more especially by their patience under provocation, by mutual love in their intercourse with each other, by their meekness and gentleness towards all men, by their superiority to the love of gain, and the motives of ambition, but most of all by their concern for the welfare of others, and by their self-denying zeal in promoting it, and by their steady resolution to know nothing among the heathen but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, that they are men of another spirit from the world around them, and the secret of this difference must be sought in the Word of God, and in prayer. Let nothing, then, hinder you from the daily study of the Scriptures, from the maintenance of private and social prayer, and that love of souls which characterizes the true disciples of a crucified Master, that so the heathen may be disposed to say, "We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

"If ever any difference of sentiment should arise among you, remember the Apostolical directions, "All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: let brotherly love continue." But after all, neither your example, nor your labours, nor your patience, nor your forbearance, will ensure your success.

God alone can prosper your work. To him, therefore, we commend you, and to the word of His grace, imploring Him to go before you in the power of His spirit, to make a way for you in the hearts of His people, to guard you from evil, to guide you in duty, and make you wise to win souls! And may he reward your diligence with abundant success, that so you may rejoice in the day of Christ, that you have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain."

The Rev. G. P. DESPARD then rose to reply, and said :

"Right Reverend Sir, Gentlemen of the Committee, Christian Friends :—Permit me, in receiving this most responsible charge, and yet one which has conferred upon me the very highest honour I could have aspired to,—permit me, first, in the presence of you all to lift up my hands and give my thanks to that Lord Jesus Christ—who, though we see him not, is yet present amongst us—that he has been pleased to confer upon me so high and noble a work. Thou Saviour, that knowest the hearts of all men, knowest that from my earliest years I have desired to be thus employed, and though thou hast kept me waiting years for this opportunity, yet thou, in thy mercy and love and forbearance to me, hast granted it.

"And now, gentlemen of the Committee, you have taken upon yourselves the responsibility to invest me with this most important, and most difficult, and most arduous, and yet most honourable work, consider what you have done in doing this. You have taken upon you the serious responsibility to support, to the utmost of your ability, this work you have undertaken. I there-

fore call upon you to co-operate with me in your counsels, and endeavour, in every way that lies open to you, to forward this work ; and I call upon you, both when united in council and when separate in the closet, to give me the help of your prayers. My brethren who are to accompany me, you have heard the duty that is to be placed upon you ; that I have been made responsible for the management of this important mission ; that, through the Committee, I, under whom you are, and under whom you propose to act, have been made head ; and I must call upon you to promise me that you will always render to me what my demands, if just and christian-like, may require at your hands. But you must remember that it is to God, and not to man, that this work has been entrusted ; therefore I will enjoin you always to co-operate with your prayers, and to remember whom you have to deal with, and to forbear if aught amiss—through inadvertence or sin—be committed. My christian friends of the Committee, to your hands I entrust myself, and what belongs to me, under God ; and as far as man can act, I rely upon your judgment, co-operation, assistance in every way. I am going forth, I know, to be exposed to great dangers, and know not what may befall me. I know not but the Lord may appoint to me an end similar to that to which my friend and brother, Captain Gardiner, was exposed. But, under God, I confidently commit myself to your hands ; and if He remove the father and the husband, I know you will never permit the wife and the children to want. I appeal to you, ladies and gentlemen, for your co-operation, and trust you will not allow this work to fall through for want of your support.

“ And now must I say farewell ? It is a sad word ! Farewell home, where I have spent the best of my life.

Farewell scenes of labour, where, with much failure and much error before God and man, I have yet endeavoured to work. Farewell field, where I have endeavoured to sow the seed of the Word, that shall rise up to the glory of God, in the salvation of souls. Farewell, I may say, to the birthplace of my children. Farewell to the place where those very dear to me are waiting for the resurrection. Farewell, my brethren in the ministry, from whom, both alone and in council, I have derived much that is profitable to my soul. Farewell brethren in Jesus Christ, before whom, and with whom, I have ministered and worshipped, to the common good, in future, of us all. Farewell benefactors, most bountiful, through whose kindness the losses incurred in my removal have been reduced : and, as I see many young ones present, I say farewell to you my dear young brethren ; among such as you I have laboured for years ; such as you I have sought to bring to that Jesus from whom our hopes both in time and in eternity are derived. We know we must part once ; but we are advancing to a world where the word 'farewell' is unknown. There, dear brethren, all these farewell Meetings will vanish away in the heavens, never more to be seen, and that tranquil union with Christ Jesus will be our joy, and we shall praise and bless Him that ever we were permitted to speak one word, or do one act in His name, or experience one such sad, yet happy Meeting as the present. May the God of our Lord Jesus Christ—may the Father of mercy—may the God of all pity—may the Spirit of holiness, truth and love descend upon us all, and bring us up yet more and more in the faith of Jesus Christ ; making us all more able, as well as more willing to work, in whatever state of life we are placed. Farewell—farewell."

Need we say how heartfelt was the sympathy with which this heartfelt farewell was received?

Mr. W. ALLEN GARDINER, in reply to his instructions, said he trusted he should always render to Mr. Despard that cheerful obedience which he had a right to expect; and in all other respects he would do his utmost in the work he had undertaken.

Mr. C. TURPIN wished to acknowledge that he humbly felt he was duly called of God to this work, and he would shew his obedience to Mr. Despard. He wished the Meeting farewell.

The Rev. J. B. CLIFFORD, was then requested by the Bishop to address the meeting: he said:

“I have often stood before you on deeply interesting occasions, but I do not recollect one on which my feelings have been so deeply concerned as on the present occasion. If I consulted myself and you, I think it would be almost better to leave the effect where it now remains. We have had the hearty farewell, of one we have often seen on this platform, whose voice we well know, and whose energies in this cause we know to have been so great, and so admirably directed. My only simple duty is, as a Bristol man and a clergyman, to give a kind of pledge, so far as I have a right to express the feelings of the Meeting, to those dear friends who are now going forth on this very important and, I trust it may prove, very delightful and encouraging work. Our dear friend has said much of his

own, and has reminded us of our own, responsibility. I think it is an occasion when we ought, with our whole heart and strength, to give proof that we are feeling our responsibility—I mean in the sight of God, who alone can search the heart. Mr. Despard has called upon us to feel our responsibility—he having undertaken a work encouraged by us. I feel that, standing here before him as we do, to wish him farewell, we ought to give, if we can, a pledge that we will support this mission. We are not to allow this Meeting to evaporate in mere feeling. I rejoice to say there are many faces present on this occasion I have never seen here before, and all those present must feel doubly pledged to this work. I see some of my dear brethren in the ministry on the platform, and I am sure that when our dear friends are gone forth, they will not forget them, but will be ready to aid with a good word, and hearty hand, and with prayer, and in many other ways, a cause thus curiously, and specially, and bravely begun. I do think, my dear friend, [turning to Mr. Despard] I may say to you, that the Bristol friends and clergy on the platform will not forget you, but will be willing to aid you in this work. Though I have not a word from them to this effect, yet I feel I am perfectly justified in putting this construction on their present meeting together. I trust we shall be hearty in our co-operation. It is an important work; and when we think of our dear friend going forth, with his life in his hand, we are induced to give him powerful support. I do not say we all have our seasons for remembering special objects in spiritual prayer. Let the Patagonian mission and its labourers, make one of our important items to be noted down for special, devoted prayer before God. I will only add one word more. We Bristol people

wish you a hearty farewell, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon you. You have wished us farewell, and the scenes of your home and labours farewell. We now bid you farewell to the land to which you are going. We wish you farewell when you are crossing the ocean in that vessel so providentially provided for you. We wish you farewell when you get to the land for which you are bound—when you meet the natives of that land, not in hostility, but in friendly intercourse; in the labour of preaching the goodness of God, whose power you have felt, and whose power you so eminently do prove. We wish you farewell in your home, in your little mission, in all your arrangements; and nothing will give us greater joy than to hear from time to time that you are faring well; that the blessing of Him who can make rich is resting upon you; and that you have it here not only in temporal prosperity, but in one and another convert, won by the power of that Word and Spirit, which you know how to prize, on which you depend, and the results of preaching, which you knew will not be in vain in the Lord. I believe that on the great day of the Lord, there will be men found—for God does nothing in vain—and this mission is not in vain—I believe there will be men found on that great day gathered from Patagonia and other parts of South America, who will sing their songs of triumph and their hosannas that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. So that we may say of them, as of all the glorious throug—

“ I ask'd them whence their victory came,
 They with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,
 Their victory to his death.”

May God bless you in the name of the Lord.”

The Rev. CLEMENT D. STRONG, one of the Committee, being then called upon by the Bishop, invited the Meeting to unite with him in commending the missionaries now going forth to the favour and protection of the Lord. And it was felt, as that vast assemblage responded to his invitation and joined heartily in his fervent prayer, that here indeed was to be found the brightest of all pledges for the safety of the missionaries and success of the mission. At the close of the prayer, the doxology was sung and the benediction having been pronounced by the Bishop, the Meeting separated, leaving at the doors an offering of £36; and thus terminated an event which for many a coming year, we trust, will be looked back to, by those who enjoyed the privilege of being present, with no ordinary feelings of solemnity, interest, and gratitude.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER OF REV. DR. WILSON.

The following extracts from a letter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, who, it will be recollected, assisted in the education of the Fuegian natives at Walthamstow, have been forwarded to us by the Rev. John Davies, of Worcester, and are of peculiar interest at the present time.

“Many years ago Capt. Fitzroy was sent out by the Government to make an accurate survey of the Coast and Islands about Cape Horn, South America. Capt. Fitzroy is a man of large benevolence, and having become acquainted with some of the inhabitants of those parts, he conceived the idea of bringing three or four of the people to our Country, there to make them acquainted with some of the primary arts of civilized life,

and then to restore them to their homes, with the hope that they might promote thus far the well-being of others.

“He enticed four on board his vessel, one by offering to him a button, and he thenceforth went by the name of James Button. Of the four natives whom he brought with him, one man died of small pox, almost immediately after he landed. Two youths, York and Button, he brought to Walthamstow, and placed them under the care of our infant school-master and mistress. Button was by far the most intelligent, he managed to pick up a few English words, and before he left, I was able to communicate, but in a very imperfect way, a few simple ideas: ‘Button;’ ‘Mr. Jenkins made that wheelbarrow;’ ‘Mr. Barber made that house;’ ‘who mad the sky, and the trees?’ ‘Not know, our land, Mr. Wilson.’ He seemed to have no idea of a God. He confessed that he had eaten human flesh, but having once acknowledged it, appeared pained if the subject was mentioned to him again; he had some ideas of moral rectitude, and said of a man who had stolen, ‘He bad man.’ ‘Button, shall I go to your land and preach to them?’ ‘No, Mr. Wilson, not go our land, bad people in our land.’ They used to attend at our church, and once he said, ‘Mr. Wilson go our land, we build large church for him.’

“After a time Capt. Fitzroy obtained another appointment to complete his survey; and by his advice I wrote to a member of the Government, and asked permission to send out two missionaries with the returning natives. Leave was given, and a promise that the crew of the ship should land and assist in erecting the first missionary house, and setting in order the first garden. We sent out a young man named Matthews. He asked to be left in the house alone for a fortnight; when Captain Fitzroy returned, he found that the natives had robbed Matthews of all he had, and left him to starve; but Button stuck by him to the last, till he was taken on board again and carried to New Zealand, where he had a brother who was a missionary; Button, after being employed by Captain Fitzroy during the voyage, as his servant, was left among his friends, when Capt. Fitzroy returned home.

“When Capt. Fitzroy returned again to those parts

one of the first canoes which came off from land to the ship, brought Button in it. He was received on board; after an hour or so, an exclamation was heard from the canoe beside the ship, 'James Button come, the canoe ready.' The Captain asked how this happened. Button said that having forgotten his own language while in England, he had taught his wife to speak English. You will perceive, my dear brother, the overruling hand of God in this—preparing the people for the work of the missionary among them.

"There is so much difference in the language of the many tribes which inhabit the islands of Cape Horn, that they do not understand each other. The four which were brought to England spoke different dialects. It would seem probable that, under the instructions of the missionaries, the several tribes will adopt, more or less, the English language among them, and so the difficulties of the missionary work be much diminished."

LETTER FROM REV. R. HUNT.

We have much pleasure in inserting the subjoined letter from Mr. Hunt, who accompanied Captain Gardiner to Patagonia in 1845, and is now one of the Church Missionary Society's missionaries in Rupert's Land, from which, as well as from his donation in aid of the Society's funds, it will be seen his interest in the Patagonian Missionary Society continues unabated.

"Church Missionary Point,
 "English River, N.W.A.,
 "January 1, 1856.

"The Rev. G. P. Despard,

"Rev. and Dear Sir,

"Although we are not here quite so lonely as is the earthly resting-place of our late dear friend Captain Gardiner, and his companions—lately in tribulation and patience, now in joy and felicity, 'a holy brotherhood'—yet we have, perhaps, even fewer opportunities of intercourse with the old world than may be enjoyed 'from

that uttermost end of the earth.' But even here, and from thence we at length hear 'the glad song's triumphant strain,' prophetic that hope and faith and Christ 'shall triumph over their graves;' that there will be a resurrection of their spirit to enter into many witnesses. I think it probable that you will not want men so much as means: also that your present plans are likely to obviate the ignorant hostility of the poor Tierra del Fuegians: but, at the same time, I also think that you must not hope to defend your shores against their love of 'Galita' (?) &c.

"Will you permit me to say, that I premise you will procure accurate information, from the most authentic sources, as to the natural capabilities of the locality you may select for your first station. I should deem such a remark unjustifiable, did I not know that Captain Gardiner and myself had good reason to repent of our reliance upon statements concerning the most important matters, such as this, that fish were plentiful at Gregory Bay; and a little corn appears to have contributed to the result of Captain Gardiner's last and crowning effort. Such statements may be quite true for a few weeks in the year, at some localities; but perhaps it will hardly be safe, in your case, to trust to anything less than an almost constant supply of some kind of food—now this, now that—procurable on the spot; and, generally speaking, garden produce not indigenous to the soil, such as potatoes, would be as difficult to secure from pilfering hands, as imported provisions.

"I apologise, and beg your acceptance of the little I can do, by natural means, as a token that "my hope is not lost." May I also trust that those friends of the Patagonian Mission who formerly prayed for me, do not forget me and the wandering Indians at the opposite end of the earth.

"I am, Rev. and Dear Sir,

"In christian sympathy and love,

"Most truly yours, &c.,

"ROBERT HUNT"

The Departure.

It is with sincere gratitude to the Giver of all good, we announce to our readers the departure of the Rev. G. P. DESPARD, and his companions, for the scene of their labours. On Sunday night, June 1st, the *Hydaspes* reached Plymouth, having left the Tyne on the morning of the 23rd of May. On Monday, active preparations for the embarkation of the stores and other property of the Mission party were commenced, the weather being as lovely as could be desired. Many friends came from different quarters to take a last farewell of the Missionaries, and see them set sail for their destination. Their visit will be long remembered by them with feelings of the deepest interest and gratitude.

Tuesday evening had been fixed upon for the farewell meeting at Plymouth, and by that time such progress had been made in shipping the stores, &c., as to permit our brethren to attend it with satisfaction. The chair was taken at seven o'clock, in the large school room belonging to the Parish of Charles, by the Vicar, the Rev. H. A. Greaves, M.A., who commenced the pro-

ceedings by giving out the beautiful missionary hymn—

“O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail,
 With a glorious day of grace ;
 Blessed Jubilee !
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.”

After this had been sung, a chapter read, and prayer for God's blessing upon the proceedings of the evening offered by the chairman, he addressed the meeting, which by this time was very crowded, and reminded those present of the object for which they were assembled, namely, to bid farewell to their dear brethren who were about to sail for the Falkland Islands, whither they were going to preach the everlasting gospel to the neglected and degraded natives of the southern parts of South America. It was impossible, he said, not to be reminded by the occasion of Capt. Gardiner's visit to Plymouth several years ago, and of the sad fate which had since befallen him and his companions, but they saw before them an evident proof that the servants of the Lord had not been deterred by these sad occurrences, from going forth to preach the gospel to the South American heathen, but on the contrary, were encouraged by them. I do not, however, mean to occupy much of your time by any remarks of mine, as you have come together not to hear me, but our friends who

are about to leave us, and as the moments are precious, I will say no more, but introduce to you once more, our friend and missionary brother, whom most of us have had the privilege of hearing before, the Rev. George Pakenham Despard.

The Rev. G. P. Despard, who was most cordially received, then came forward and said,

“Mr. chairman, christian friends; there are occasions when even a christian, under the restraints of grace, may be permitted to boast, and such an occasion it appears to me is the present, when we are met by so many friends in Plymouth. A few years ago we had scarcely any supporters here, and so great is the change, that I can hardly help feeling as if I were in a dream. At that time our christian enterprise was branded as a wild, foolish, harebrained undertaking, and the newspapers, and many other publications represented it as enthusiastical and impracticable. But a wonderful change has come over the minds of christians, and this owing in a great measure to the influence exercised by the death, under such painful yet happy circumstances, of our beloved brother, Capt. Gardiner; this has been as it were a leaven hid in the meal, it has gradually pervaded the minds of christians, and stirred them up all over the country to come forward and refuse to allow a work commenced under such circumstances to fall to the ground. But sir, we must not forget

that however true this may be, it is not expedient for us to boast; it is not our's but the Lord's doing, which is marvellous in our sight, and therefore we must give heed to the inspired admonition, 'Let him that glorieth glory in the Lord,' and not in man. Ah, my christian friends, unite with me in boasting of Him! Him who is the first and the last, the alpha and the omega. Oh, let us boast in Him who, though He is so high and exalted, yet has condescended to become the servant of us all! Oh, let us make our boast in Him who gives strength to His people, and goes before them and prepares a way for them in the hearts of His people! Let us make our boast in Him who gives His spirit and His word, those mighty agencies for the accomplishment of His purpose! Let us boast of Him who is the object of His people's faith, and gives them His hope to be their crown of rejoicing! Yea, let us make our boast of Him who is the head over all principalities and powers, the giver of all strength, here and everywhere present!

"In the few remarks which I shall make to you on the present occasion I will direct your attention to *the work* in which we are about to engage, and to *the workers*.

"*The work* we have taken in hand is a most arduous one. It will be carried on among probably the most debased of heathen tribes. These

people speak a language we do not understand, and of which as yet but very little is known; and further still, they are not well disposed to white men, and for good reasons; for the white man passing along their shores has subjected them to every kind of bad treatment; he has shot them down for his amusement, saying, come, let us have a shot at these niggers. They have been killed by the men of science, who thought they had nothing better to do, than to go out and to put them to death, for the sake of bringing their dead bodies over to Europe and dissecting them, to try if they had the same parts and proportions as the white man. And from these and similar causes it happens that these wretched people are inspired with a dislike and distrust of all white men. But friends, if the work must be pronounced difficult in sight of these obstacles, yet it is very easy in sight of other facts; for the Lord himself has gone before us, and has prepared a people for himself there, so that we shall find here a band, and there a band, ready to receive and embrace His truth. Look at Capt. Snow on his late expedition, how the Lord put it into the heart of that poor father at Lennox Cove, to take his two children and say, there they are for you, take them away and educate them as you will; for such no doubt was the meaning of his signs and gestures. Look at the fact that on the same

voyage he discovered, most wonderfully, that there are actually people in Tierra del Fuego who speak the English language! Look at the sixteen individuals here before you who have given themselves to this work, and are about to sail from this place for the mission field. The Lord has put it into some noble christian hearts also to give us the use of a vessel to convey us out, and she is now at anchor in your port, waiting for us. There is not the least fear either of our being destroyed by want, or being left to perish as our beloved friends did; for our station is so circumstanced and so provisioned, as to be secure against all accidents; and thus you all see we may safely say, the Lord has indeed given us a most prosperous beginning.

“ But we may say the Lord is with us for better reasons than any I have yet adduced; for has He not put it into many hearts to pray for us, and for our work? And shall we think that the Lord ever puts a desire or wish by grace into His people's hearts unless he means to gratify it? Truly we may say, as it was said to me by a friend the other day, the Lord of Hosts, and the Hosts of the Lord are with us.

“ And now my christian friends, suffer me to give you all my most heartfelt thanks for your kindness to me and mine, ever since we came among you. I was told, before I came

here, 'Oh don't expect any encouragement from the Plymouth people, for they are very cold;' but I think the Plymouth people are like an electric, leave it alone, and it is very cold, but rub it, and it soon gets warm; and so it needed only a little rubbing to warm up the hearts and sympathies of our friends here. Oh, dear friends, we reckoned upon this and were not disappointed, that a christian heart never can be cold. And now let me invite you to pray for us; oh, pray for us that we may be humble, pray for us that we may be wise, pray for us that we may be persevering and patient, to bear whatever the Lord may be pleased to put upon us; and be sure of it, we will not forget you either at the throne of grace; we will often think of you, and pray, as now I do, that God may be with you, that Christ may be with you, and the spirit of Christ in you. Amen."

The chairman next introduced the Rev. John Furniss Ogle to the meeting; he said:—

"I am sure that all who have tried it will be ready to agree with me when I say that the hardest part of a missionary's work is, very often, coming forward to address a meeting of this kind; for we are all aware that we have in ourselves no claim to stand before you as those who undertake so great and difficult a work, and therefore, it is with considerable reluctance that I stand here on

this occasion; but I shall esteem it a cause for much gratitude, if by so doing, I shall be enabled to fan the flame of love in any of your hearts. I feel it is a happy thing that we do not meet to ask your money, but your prayers. The Apostle Paul rarely solicits his converts or brethren, you all remember, for their contributions, but he does repeatedly and earnestly entreat their prayers; upon this he placed the greatest stress, and connected it most intimately with his success in preaching the gospel. We ask you therefore for your prayers, go forth with us in spirit, and put your prayers into such a form in our behalf, as you would think the missionary would do for himself. Pray that the elements of nature may be controlled for us, and made subservient to our purpose; pray for us that our bodily health and strength may be made equal to the great work we have in hand; above all, pray that those rude hearts may be touched by a sense of kindness and affection for us, that they may be enabled to see the simplicity and benevolence of our purpose in seeking them out; ask for us that we may not only have that excellent wisdom which concerns the soul, but that in temporal matters also we may be endued with wisdom and prudence, that we may do nothing calculated to excite the cupidity of the natives; pray that satan's power may be broken down in their hearts, and that

they may be led to bow themselves at the feet of Jesus. It is such prayers as these, prayers which every christian heart knows how to value, that we entreat you to give us; and for myself I declare, that did I feel sure of obtaining them at your hands, not a cloud would darken my brow, in going forth. Oh, remember, that though we are humbly undertaking such an arduous work, yet we are men of like passions with yourselves, and therefore pray for us continually, that we may be sustained by the everlasting arms."

The Rev. G. Despard, Secretary to the Society was then invited to address the meeting; he said:

"I was not before aware, sir, that I was one of those who were about to go forth to Patagonia, and that I should therefore have the pleasure of addressing a meeting which I understood to have been convened for the express purpose of receiving a farewell word from our dear friends who *are* about to leave us. But as you have called upon me, however unexpectedly, to say a few words, I cannot forbear from expressing the pleasure it gives me to be permitted to take part in this, the last meeting at which our brethren will be present. It seems to me to have been a providential circumstance that Plymouth should have been selected as the port from which they should sail; for I well know that it has long been the wish of my honored predecessor in the office of Secretary,

to find an opportunity for pressing upon the notice of the christians of Devonshire, the claims our Society has to their support and sympathy. And when I look round upon this great meeting assembled to take leave of him and his companions, and wish them good speed in the name of the Lord, I cannot help regarding it as a providential circumstance that our dear brother's heart should be cheered on the eve of his departure, by the assurance that he is leaving behind him in Plymouth many who will henceforth take a lively interest in his work, and give him the help of their prayers. And I think I may look for your assent, my christian friends, when I say that it confers upon the port of Plymouth a great honour, that it should be the place whence this large missionary party, one of the largest and best appointed that has ever left this country, at least in connexion with the church of England, should sail. It has long been famed for the merchandize it sends forth, and receives, and for the munitions of war which it supplies to inflict death and injuries upon the enemies of our country; but henceforth it can tell of a vessel sent forth from it laden with the merchandize of eternity, and bearing those weapons of heavenly warfare, which are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds. And I do trust the feelings of interest which have been excited

in your minds by the circumstance, may not be evanescent, or confined to the personal presence amongst you of the missionaries, but that long after they have departed, you will cherish a lively interest in them and their work, and help them forward by your prayers and contributions. And for myself, I may say that it will always give me the greatest pleasure to correspond with any of you, and give you all the aid and information in my power; and I trust that this is not the last meeting that will be held in Plymouth in aid of our Society—but when our friends have gone forth and we receive tidings of them, we may be permitted to send a deputation to lay the tidings before you.

“ And now, allow me to bid a hearty farewell to each of these our brethren and sisters about to leave us, in the name of this large meeting, in the name of the many friends who in corresponding with me express their feelings of affectionate interest, in the name of our parent committee, and of the friends of the cause all over the country; our best wishes and hearty prayers go with you; we pray that you may be protected, and kept in safety during your long voyage by Him who knows how to keep His people as the apple of His eye; we pray that when you reach the mission-field God may give you an entrance there, and bless you with abundant success. Nor

can I conclude better than by inviting you, my christian friends, as Mr. Ogle has so affectingly done, to pray earnestly and continually for these our friends, whom we may never see again. 'The prayer of a righteous man' we know, on the best authority, 'availeth much;' and if it does, how earnest and persevering should our supplications be. Pray therefore in behalf of our friends, for all those things which may have been suggested to you, and others which may suggest themselves; pray that they may have a safe and prosperous voyage, that they may live together in brotherly love, "in honour preferring one another," and that their great work may be prospered of the Lord, by his granting them much success and abundant consolation in all their labours.

The chairman next rose and said,—

"I respond to what Mr. G. Despard has suggested about our having a deputation here on a future occasion. I acknowledge, indeed, that I have been opposed to the introduction of new Societies, when it is so very difficult to support the old ones sufficiently; but I do not look upon this as a new Society, for it has been, in one way or other, in existence 12 years. I can only promise, therefore, that whenever there are tidings to impart, we shall be happy to hold a meeting, and receive a deputation. (Loud applause.) I now beg to call on our friend the Rev. F. Barnes, to say a few words."

The Rev. F. Barnes, who has been indefatigable in the formation of the Plymouth Auxiliary, of which he is Secretary, then came forward and said :

“It has been thought well that I should say a few words on this occasion, in order to lay before you the pecuniary results of our meetings lately held, and of other efforts ; but before I do so, I would say that I feel some degree of shame to think I do not stand before you as a missionary myself ; I have long wished to be one, and feel sad that it has been otherwise ordered. One of my college friends, some of you are aware, is already a missionary in China ; you see another before you to-night, Mr. Ogle, who is now going out on this mission. But to leave this point ; I think we should not forget, on this occasion, that it was from the port of Plymouth our noble puritan ancestors, the Pilgrim Fathers, sailed when carrying the gospel to *North America*, where it has since taken such deep root, and produced so much fruit ; and may we not hope that the same blessing will rest upon our friends now sailing from the same port to carry the gospel to *South America* ? He who gave success in the one case, can assuredly give it in the other.

I wish now to lay before you an account of the results of our different meetings ; they are as follows :—

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|------------|----------|------------|
| Collected at Devonport Meeting | ... | ... | ... | 3 | 0 | 11½ |
| Stonehouse do. | ... | ... | ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Christ Church do. | ... | ... | ... | 2 | 19 | 4 |
| Trinity Church do. | ... | ... | ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Trinity Church Sermon | ... | ... | ... | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| Do. do. | ... | ... | ... | 5 | 14 | 3 |
| Total | ... | ... | ... | £21 | 3 | 10½ |

Besides this the following donations and subscriptions have been received:—

| | | | | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|------------|-----------|-----------|
| Capt. Glanville's Children (sub.) | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Friend, per Miss Sandisford (sub.) | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| R. V. Legg, Esq. (sub.) | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Rev. H. A. Greaves (sub.) | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Miss Dikes (sub.) | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Dr. Salteau (don.) | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| M. C. (don.) | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Capt. Osborne (don.) | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Friend, per Mrs. Cook | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Do. per Mrs. Mew | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| In Memory of a Deceased Friend | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Miss Boger | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Bedford | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Friend, per Rev. H. A. Greaves | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | £6 | 13 | 6 |
| Making a total of | ... | ... | ... | £27 | 17 | 4½ |

“It has been suggested, that as our friends are in want of a cow to bring with them, a special fund should be opened for the purpose of buying one, to be called not ‘Plymouth,’ but by some name which will commemorate the fact of her having been given by Plymouth friends. For this purpose the following sums have been received:—

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|----|--|
| The Rev. R. Gardner | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 10 | 0 | |
| Miss Dickes, per Rev. R. Gardner | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | |
| Two Friends, per do. | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| Per Mrs. Greaves | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 17 | 6 | |
| Per Mrs. Wethered | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 6 | 15 | 9½ | |
| After Trinity Meeting | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 5 | 0 | |
| Miss Helman | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| R. V. Legg, Esq. | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | |
| Miss Martin | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | |
| | | | | | | | <hr/> | | |
| Total | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | £12 | 7 | 3½ | |

“ But this is not enough to buy the *whole cow*; it is thought that a suitable one cannot be had for less than £16; and as I am sure our friends would not like to send out *part of a cow*, I shall be glad to receive any contributions that may be given for the purpose. You are aware also, that no collection has been announced for this evening. Now I understand that no collection was announced for the Clifton farewell meeting either, and that yet some friends, not wishing to lose the opportunity, held a plate at the doors and received £36; perhaps, therefore, some kind friend would hold his hat at the door this evening and see what may be got.” (Laughter.)

The speaker then invited the meeting to join with him in commending the missionaries now going forth to the favour and protection of God; this he did in a long and most appropriate prayer, at the conclusion of which the chairman turned to the mission party, and in a most beautiful and affecting manner conveyed to them the hearty

good wishes of their assembled friends, and the assurance that their heartfelt prayers would accompany them on their glorious mission. "There is one word," he added, in conclusion, "we would wish to give you before we part, it is this: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." And "the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The benediction was then pronounced, and this most interesting and affecting meeting terminated. Mr. Barnes's suggestion, however, was not disregarded, for £13 were left at the door.

The next morning, Wednesday, June the 4th, the sun rose in a cloudless sky, ushering in a lovely day, and announcing that the parting hour was close at hand. It was a busy day for the missionaries; for though much had been done, much still remained to be done before all could be pronounced ready for them to go on board. Plymouth port has often presented a busy scene, but we much doubt whether it has ever presented to the christian's eye, in modern days, a more

animated and interesting aspect than it did on this day. The past trials and difficulties of the Society may well be supposed to have been uppermost in the minds of those present, while they watched a scene well calculated to inspire the hope that a brighter day had dawned for it; and many an inward prayer was breathed that such a bright beginning might be prospered of the Lord, and the first fruits be but a promise of a glorious harvest to follow. It was particularly affecting to consider that the only son of the lamented, but now happy Gardiner, was there, embarking life and talents in a cause which his father loved unto death; and if the blessed spirits of those who sleep in Jesus were capable of witnessing what takes place on earth, with what rapture and holy gratitude would this servant of God have regarded a sight, which of all others, proves most affectingly, that he did not suffer, neither labour in vain!

But the parting hour came quickly round; the last load of luggage was on its way to the steamer at three o'clock; and when all was ready the order was given; an affecting leave was taken by Mrs. Despard and children of the various friends who had come thus far to see the last of those so dearly loved; and as the little steamer passed quickly from the wharf, many an eye was full, and many a heart inwardly exclaimed, God

bless them. The Secretary, the Rev. J. W. Marsh, Dr. and the Misses Ogle, however, came away in the steamer to see all comfortable on board the *Hydaspes*, before taking a final leave. When she came alongside it was found that many other friends were on board, including the Rev. F. Barnes, Mr. Tollemache, and Mrs. and Miss Wethered—who had resolved to see our friends on board their ocean home before saying good bye. But the stores were speedily on board; and as a most favourable wind from the north-east had sprung up in the forenoon of the day, of which the Captain was anxious to avail himself at once, the order for the steam-tug's departure was given about six p.m., announcing that the parting moment had at length come.

Farewell ye noble-hearted men, who, not counting your lives dear, so that ye may *preach* Christ, have surrendered all that the natural heart delights in, for that glorious privilege. Farewell gallant hearts, which, undismayed by past disasters and present difficulty, have resolved that by God's help Christ shall be preached where he is not named. God speed thee on thy way gallant ship, owned by faithful men, and bearing with thee hope for many a dark heart, and life for many a dead soul. The hearts and prayers of many christians go with thee; the ocean that bears, and the winds that waft thee on thy glorious

mission belong to OUR FATHER, and by him can be made subservient to His blessed purposes. And if thou carriest men of faith, going forth to be Christ's Evangelists; and if prayer is made daily of the church unto God for thy safety without ceasing; and if thou art going to fulfil the *declared* purposes of Jehovah, we need not and we do not entertain a fear for thee and thy freight.

Dear reader, *they* are gone; what of *thee*? Thou soon must go upon a longer voyage—from time to eternity—from the present to the invisible world. *Are you ready?* Have you “spread the sails and caught the breezes sent to waft us o’er the deep?” If so, we know you will not refuse to go forth in spirit with our brethren, to pray for them as they themselves have most affectingly entreated you, and to give them your best sympathy and aid in their glorious but arduous work. Who knows but that there was some connexion between those seven starved and dying men at Banner Cove, in 1851, and the closets of christians here at home who forgot to pray for them? Let us never forget to what St. Paul attributes the true secret of missionary success when he says, “praying..... for me that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel.....that therein I may speak boldly as I ought to speak.”

Farewell Letter of Rev. G. P. Despard.

The kind letter received from the Rev. F. Barnes has proved the happy introduction to a new sphere of interest for our Society in Devonshire, which it is to be hoped, may grow wider every year. The beginning of operations was made in a gathering of Clergy and others at Mr. Barnes's house, on the 30th April, where, after due consideration, it was decided that instead of one large meeting, we should have several small ones in different places of the neighbourhood. Our very energetic friend arranged with his brethren accordingly, and bills and notices were in the sequel issued, the happy results of which notoriety I proceed to show in,—

A meeting held in the Old Classical School-room, Devonport, Rev. Mr. Adams, Chairman, May 5th. Here we had about 150 persons assembled, and were aided by an able introductory address from the chairman, and the collection was £3 10 11½. Two donations of £5 each followed.

Friday we were entertained by Admiral Thomas, at Stonehouse, and in the evening at 7 p.m. met a good number of friends in Rev. Mr. Nantes's School-room; the gathering was nearly a room full and the collection about £2.

On the 11th, a sermon was preached in Trinity Church; and the immediate fruits consisted in whatever was dropped into the alms-boxes round the church, and it amounted again to £2.

Monday, the 12th.—Another sermon was preached, with a collection, in Trinity Church, by the Rev. F. Barnes, and £5 10 received in evidence of sympathy with the Society.

Tuesday, the 13th.—Rev. Mr. Postlethwaite threw open his School-room, attached to Christ Church, Plymouth, and opened a cheering meeting with prayer and an address, which was followed by the advertised lecture, and crowned by a gathering of £3 at the doors.

Thursday, the 15th.—We had another meeting in Trinity School-room, when Rev. F. Barnes took the chair, and introduced our cause in one of his animated speeches, and we had a very encouraging meeting, with suitable hymns, and a good collection afterwards.

On the 16th, a lecture was delivered at Mayoralty Hall, 7 p.m.; the number assembled was rather small, but the attention was very marked, and the collection £4 1 8. Two poor little boys gave,—one 10½d., and the other 4½d., a large sum from each when weighed in the balances of Christ's judgement.

17th.—We had a very full meeting at half-past two in the large room, Royal Hotel, Torquay—our friend Miss J.'s exertions having been so much prospered. H. C. March Phillips, Esq. took the chair, and spoke in favour of our mission with his usual ability; when the lecture was concluded, Mr. Phillips proposed the formation of an auxiliary, which was carried by acclamation, and the names of gentlemen on the platform received for the committee; they were Rev. Messrs. Hogg, Pitcairn, Warner, (in the room) H. C. March Phillips, Esq., Dr. Lucas, Capt. Ward, R.N., Secretary and Treasurer, George Atkinson, Esq., R.N. Amount received in the room, about £20.

19th, Monday.—There was a very full meeting in the Exchange Hall, Nottingham; Rev. J. W. Brooks, of St. Mary's, in the chair. Rev. John

Marsh, Vicar of Bleasby; Rev. Thomas Macdonald, Incumbent of Trinity; Rev. W. Milton, Incumbent of New Radford; Rev. G. P. Despard, were speakers. The collection came to £20. Thomas Adams, Esq. entertained the deputation in his residence, at Lenton Firs.

20th, Tuesday.—There was a small but very respectable meeting at Weston-super-mare, in the Town Hall, with a small collection afterwards. Rev. W. Hunt presided with much kindness, and gave a very feeling address on the occasion.

Wednesday, 21st.—Through Mr. John Young's efforts we were enabled to give a lecture to a large assemblage in James's Street Infant School-room, and were encouraged by a collection of £4 12.

On the 25th, being Sunday, two sermons were preached, one at East Teignmouth Church, and the other at Bishop's Teignton. These opportunities were owing to the exertions of Miss A., our Teignmouth Secretary; and though pecuniary results did not immediately follow, interest has been deposited in many hearts, which will appear by and bye, in substantial aid.*

I must not conclude this brief sketch of my last missionary tour in England, without calling the thoughts of the reader to a consideration of events which have transpired in our Society's career since March, 1850, when this Committee was first settled at Clifton; at that time our dear Capt. Gardiner was in England, and labouring with his indomitable energy to gather friends and secure labourers for his important work;—hardly

* The Secretary has since received the sum of £6 9s. 6d. as the result of the above sermons—a sufficient proof that Mr. Despard's confidence was well-grounded.

was an amount of the former obtained, though the latter came as required. Our efforts after, for some months, were directed to settle for the second expedition to Tierra del Fuego, and to find means to reach those who conducted it, with requisite supplies. Through the autumn of 1851 we were kept in suspense about the operations of our friends; this, however, was removed in the spring of 1852, by the heart-rending news of the fatal disaster under which Capt. Gardiner and his party fell the preceding autumn; the Lord supported us under this discouragement and affliction, and gave us many to help in different parts :in Liverpool we found warm support, as likewise in Southport and Nottingham; and our plan for renewing the mission having been extensively made known, we received contributions sufficient to enable us, in the autumn of 1853, to begin to build our mission-schooner; the funds increased, and the vessel progressed, so that in July, 1854, we launched her, and by the 24th of October she was all ready for sea—with boats, and stores, and provisions, house, and storehouse, and captain, crew, and land party in her—and that day sailed for the Falklands. And now, consider how we have advanced since then, for we have an Island in occupation named Keppel, house built, party on it, vessel tried in most severe gales and proved efficient, natives visited and found friendly, a missionary party of seventeen persons now (May 31,) awaiting the arrival of a good barque to convey them out. The party consists of Rev. G. P. Despard, Rev. J. F. Ogle, missionaries, A. W. Gardiner, Esq., B.A., and Mr. Charles Turpin, catechists, Mrs. Despard, governess, servant, and seven children, William Bartlett, herdsman, and

his wife, and a carpenter. Our funds have wonderfully increased, and the formation of 31 auxiliary associations in England, Ireland, and Scotland, both proves the spread of interest, and promises ample support; several new places have received visits during the year '56, and associations have been established. We can now name an archbishop, four bishops, and a peer of the realm for vice-patrons to our society, and we have been encouraged by the promise of an annual subscription from the Bishop of Mauritius.

We write not thus, we hope, in the way of boasting, but simply in testimony to the countenance given by our heavenly Father to our purpose and plan. To Him be given all the praise and all the glory; and that these may be magnified yet more and more, as one who ought chiefly to be grateful to Him, I earnestly entreat all who read these lines to work with our Society in counsel, in effort, in prayer, and in liberal contribution. To those who have been with me in these ways helpful, I hereby tender my most hearty thanks and affectionate brotherly farewell. May our covenant God in Christ, dear christian friends, be with you in grace and goodness; may the Saviour whose kingdom you seek to publish attest his approbation of your efforts by His best gifts; and may the spirit of life, and love, and heavenly peace dwell in you richly, and mature you ripe'y for your everlasting rest. Dear brethren and sisters, pray for us, that a door of utterance may be given us, and that we declare the gospel with all purity, and boldness, and unction of love among the heathen, writes

Your obedient servant in Christ,

GEORGE PAKENHAM DESPARD

31st May, 1856.

Fuegian Children—will they go to Cranmer?

Such is the question often asked by those who, aware of the plan which has been recommended by the projectors of the Patagonian Mission, are inclined to doubt whether it is, in all respects, a practicable one.

Those friends of the heathen who have narrowly watched the course of events which have occurred within the last twelve-months in connection with our Society, will, doubtless, have ascertained with much thankfulness, that a circumstance has recently happened which proves, beyond all question, that it is quite possible to obtain permission from some of the Fuegians to bring their children over to Cranmer, for the purpose of educating them, and acquiring their language. In the last Occasional Paper issued by the Society, (No. 4,) was given Capt. Snow's brief account of his interview with the natives of Lennox Cove, while on his way from Banner Cove to Woollya. He mentions therein, very briefly, the fact that he found in that place a father who willingly consented to part with his children, and place them under the white man's protection. We consider this to be so important and interesting,

so well calculated to awaken the gratitude and stimulate the zeal of the kind friends who have been well satisfied, yea rather rejoiced, to labour and pray for South America hitherto, even though simple faith in God's promise, and obedience to Christ's plain command, were all they had to cheer them on, that we venture to give extracts from the Catechist's journal, which enters more particularly upon the circumstances which attended the fact in question, than Capt. Snow's narrative.

We are now waiting patiently to hear tidings of the happy expedition which sailed from Plymouth on the 4th of June; and, next to waiting upon God in continual prayer and dependance, we cannot adopt better means for cherishing in ourselves the spirit of patience, than that of dwelling on any past tokens of His favour, which He has been pleased to give us.

"We anchored in Lennox Harbour," writes Mr. Phillips, "a large and well-sheltered anchorage, at 12 A.M., on the 30th of October. In the evening a canoe put off from the shore containing a very fine looking young man, who had regular features, expressive eyes, and a beautiful row of white teeth, and two women to whom an opposite description would apply. We named the man "Lennox," and gave him several presents. They kept up an incessant chatter, like our friends at Banner Cove, though in a different

dialect. The next day we went ashore, and visited the wigwam. We found its inmates to consist of a small family of six or seven persons. Wishing to see with what facility they would part with their children, we made signs to a little boy of about seven years of age, that we wished him to go on board with us to shew him the vessel, &c., but we could not persuade him to come. We then went to the opposite shore, where there was a wigwam, whence the old man had shouted to us on the preceding evening. On landing, the man—a finely-built fellow—approached us accompanied by two lads, one about seven or eight years old, and the other about twelve. We went into the wigwam after the usual patting of chests, &c., and saw the only female, a poor blind old woman, apparently the man's mother, crouching over the fire, also a little sharp-looking fellow of about five years old. I thought, although these lads were very young, yet great benefits would result to themselves and others, if they could be persuaded, with their father's consent, to accompany us to Cranmer. We soon ingratiated ourselves with them, and they agreed to go with us to the ship. Our intention was to bring them back the same day, or, in case they should be willing to stay and their father gave his consent, to take them with us to Cranmer. The youngest of the

three kept close to his father, who would not permit *him* to go with us. It reminded one of Jacob and the beloved Benjamin. We were all delighted, and thought that at last our work had begun in real earnest, and that we should have some Fuegian children at the Mission-station to train up for the Master's service. Poor boys, they were very thin, and wretchedly clad, having nothing to cover them but a piece of seal-skin thrown across their shoulders. Think of these, ye well-fed, well-taught, well-clothed children of happy England, and while you thank God for having favoured you so highly, deny yourselves, in gratitude to Him, of some trifle, and appropriate it for the benefit of the wretched little children of Fuegia. Well, we set off for the ship, the father talking away and throwing his arms about, intreating us, as I apprehended, to be sure and bring his children back. When we came to the boat, the children crouched down in the stern-sheets, and their bright eyes sparkled so brilliantly, and they looked so pleased and happy, that my heart was quite drawn towards them. Mrs. Snow and the crew were quite astonished at our success. The eldest boy kept close to me, and put his arm lovingly round my waist, and looked up into my face, as much as to say, 'I think I may trust and love you.' 'Yes, my poor boy,' I mentally replied, 'if it is

the Lord's will that you should come with us, you shall have our unremitting care and attention.' The brother is a timid little fellow, but with such a confiding, though shy manner, that hard must that heart have been which could not have been deeply touched with his anxious, half-fearful demeanour. The little fellows soon found which was the warmest part of the ship—the cook's galley—and thither, after we had put some clothes on them, they smilingly retreated. We gave them some biscuit and other food, but their appetite was very small. While they were with us, the party we had visited yesterday came alongside, and after they had talked to the children for some time, the youngest began to fret, and wished to leave us and go with them. Capt. Snow was not desirous of bringing any children to Cranmer at the present time, until the Mission is more completely organised, and, satisfied with ascertaining that it is possible to carry out this part of the Society's plan, he resolved to return the lads to their desolate home. Accordingly, after we had given them a tin-plate and spoon each, with other trifles, we brought them back to their father, who seemed much pleased at their safe return. We gave him a shirt, and some other little things. Next day we weighed anchor, delighted at having found this new encouragement."

The Three Fuegians.

The following very interesting connected history of the Fuegians who visited England in 1830, is extracted from a speech made by a warm friend of our Society—Capt. B. J. Sullivan, R.N., of H.M.S. *Merlin*—at a Meeting recently held at Bedford in its behalf. Most of the particulars have been already given in previous numbers of this magazine; but as some of our readers might wish to see them gathered into one short article, and as circumstances have recently occurred which lend them a peculiar interest, we think we cannot do better than insert the remarks of one who has himself been an actor in some of the scenes he records.

Capt. Sullivan commenced his address by giving a deeply interesting account of the early history of the regions to which the mission was destined, since they were first explored by Europeans.

“Down to the year 1825, little was known of Patagonia, or the adjacent group of islands separated from the mainland by the Straits of Magellan, and called, expressively enough, Tierra del Fuego, and what little was known only led men to avoid them. The principal visitors were the American sealers, whose intercourse with the natives only seemed to convert their timidity into absolute hostility. On one occasion, the

American captain had actually amused himself by firing grapeshot amongst the natives crowding on the beach. In 1826, the Admiralty sent an expedition to survey the southern coasts of South America, under the command of Captain King in the *Adventure*, and Captain Stokes in the *Beagle*. In 1828, Captain Fitzroy took the command of the *Beagle*, and in 1830 returned to England. In the course of the following year, a second expedition was undertaken to continue the survey. While the *Beagle* was moored in Townshend Harbour, on the S. W. coast of Tierra del Fuego, a whale-boat belonging to the ship was stolen by the natives near Cape Desolation. Mr. Murray, the master, and five other men then constructed a boat of branches or wicker work covered with the canvas of their tent, and in this coracle three of the men escaped to the *Beagle*. Aid was brought to the remainder of the party, and a vigorous search instituted for the missing boat, but it was not forthcoming, though they found some of its gear. The women and children were taken on board in pledge for the missing boat, but of these all had escaped before the *Beagle* cast anchor in Christmas Sound at the end of the month, with the exception of three little girls, two of whom were restored to their own tribe near Whale-boat Sound. The third remained,

with the title of Miss Fuegia Basket, on board. In Christmas Sound, one man was taken as a hostage, and as an interpreter and guide. He was named Boat Memory.

“Some time afterwards, while exploring the Beagle Channel, Captain Fitzroy met with three canoes, and persuaded the men to give up to him a fine stout lad in exchange for some buttons. Probably they did not intend to sell him, but on the whole they seemed content with their bargain. He was called James or Jemmy Button. They also took one man from an island in Christmas Sound, and he was called from a cliff promontory near, York Minster. York Minster was then twenty-six years of age. Boat Memory twenty, Button fourteen, and Miss Basket nine. These four were brought to Plymouth, where Boat Memory fell a victim to the small-pox. The others were received as inmates in the house of the master of the Infant School at Walthamstow, through the kindness of the Rev. W. Wilson. They were presented to the King, (William IV.) and Miss Basket counted among her treasures a bonnet that had adorned the head of Queen Adelaide, and a ring which had graced the finger of the same royal lady. As there was some doubt about the assumption of the survey, Captain Fitzroy had already made preparations for returning the three

South Americans to their own country. But at the instance of the hydrographer royal, the survey was resumed, and the expedition (in which Captain Sullivan took part) was one of the most successful and important in maritime annals. Capt. Fitzroy's purpose was to deposit York Minster and little Basket among their own people near March Harbour, and then to return through the Beagle Channel, and land Button with his tribe, the Tekeenica. But foul weather disturbed the original arrangement. York fell in love with Miss Basket, and became so jealous at times, as to require the interference of the captain. At length they reached Woollya, Jemmy's much vaunted home, and here it was resolved to establish the Fuegians, and to form a Missionary settlement under a Mr. Matthews, a Missionary mechanic.

"The susceptibility of these savages for civilizing and educational influences, might be gathered from the success of the experiment with the three taken to England. York Minster was too old to take to reading, but he was quick at discerning and catching practical hints. The girl on her way back was received into an English family at Rio Janeiro for three months, as nurse, and there she mastered Portuguese so far as to converse fluently. The same opportunity occurred at Monte Video, with the same

results as to the Spanish. She was intelligent and sprightly in her intercourse with the various officers on board, and could joke as well as any of them. Jemmy was the favourite of the ship, and his progress in civilization was most conspicuous in his excessive dandyism. In his own country two years previously he was a naked savage, but then, even in weather which made the officers thankful for their rough coats and greased boots, he would make his appearance on deck with polished boots and well brushed broad cloth. Matthews, the Missionary mechanic, was landed with him, and proceeded to build houses for York and Fuegia and Jemmy, and to plant gardens. An abundant supply of necessary and unnecessary things had accompanied them from England, even to toilette services and sets of cut glass. Jemmy was met by his three brothers. He understood what they said to him, but could not reply. At first there was every appearance of security for Matthews, but after a further experiment he was removed.

“ On revisiting the spot, Woollya, twelve-months after, it was found that the savages had relapsed very nearly into their original state. Jemmy Button came paddling up in his canoe. He was all but naked : his hair matted, and his eyes weak from smoke ; the wigwams deserted.

and the gardens trampled underfoot. He could still speak English, and, indeed, to the astonishment of all, his companions, wife and brothers, also mixed many English words in their conversation with him. He said he was well, had plenty of fruits, birds, and 'ten guanaco in snow time,' (the skin of which furnishes a covering.) He had a wife besides, who was decidedly the best looking female in the company. He had dressed a fine otter skin for Captain Fitzroy, and one for Bennett, his particular friend on board. His story was one of misfortune. He had been twice robbed. York had succeeded in defending his own property from the rapacity of the natives, by standing with a spade at his door in a threatening attitude. He had been engaged a long time in building a boat of planks, and in an unlucky hour he had plundered Jemmy of all he had in the world except a huge carving knife, which he retained as an ornament round his neck, and had gone off with his wife and his plunder to his own country. It was the opinion of all on board, that the cunning old rogue had planned all this long before, and that with this end in view he had desired so earnestly to be placed with Matthews and Button, rather than be landed on his own country. Eight years after, an English vessel put into a bay in the Magellans for water, and there was found a

woman who said, 'How do? I have been to Plymouth and London.' She was also pointed out as late as 1851 to two captains, by the governor of a Chilian settlement. York Minster, also, was then seen. During the ten years of the survey, he (Capt. Sullivan) had been intimate with the Patagonians. They were more honest than the Fuegians, but even they had been driven into taking reprisals, by the treacherous conduct of European and American voyagers. In 1853, England caused the Falkland Islands (which were a British possession) to be evacuated by a settlement from Buenos Ayres. Captain Sullivan was engaged in this survey, and at one time intended to settle there permanently; but the breaking out of the Russian war altered his projects. Since the establishment of a government settlement much good might be looked for, as the Church Missions had seldom proved successful until a government establishment had been formed; for example, Sierra Leone and New Zealand."

The speaker concluded a deeply-interesting address, by pointing out the manifest design of Providence in all these movements in South America.

“Look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again.”

The following beautiful anecdote, which some of our readers, we dare say, are acquainted with, illustrates very strikingly the truth of the above declaration of the Word of God. We believe that numbers could add their testimony to shew that he who watereth others, is very often watered himself; and that, though after we have done all that has been commanded us, we can only say “We are unprofitable servants,” yet God oft-times does encourage His servants to perseverance in His service, by allowing them to taste some of the fruits which He has been graciously pleased to declare He has attached to the labours and self-denial of His servants.

“In one of the lovely vales with which England abounds, resided some years ago a happy and industrious pair, who, in the midst of their toils for daily bread and their anxiety for the welfare of their family, had not forgotten ‘the one thing needful.’ The house of God was their delight, and they had long found a solace for all their cares, in *Christ*, which made their daily bread sweet, and their daily toils light.

“The close of her life was spent by the aged woman on the bed of affliction, where she ex-

hibited the power of the Gospel in a meek submission of herself and hers into the hands of a gracious Father. Her departure was connected with the following remarkable circumstances.

“It was just the time when the blessed Missionary cause was first coming into notice, after the church’s long neglect, and she had heard of the benevolent project of those godly men who broached the *then* ridiculed scheme of sending the Gospel to the heathen. Just before her death, she called her daughter to her bedside, and taking a small parcel from under her pillow, said, with much solemn emotion, ‘I wish you to give the twenty pounds contained in this to the Missionary cause, and depend upon it you will never have reason to regret fulfilling my wishes.’

“This daughter inherited no small share of her mother’s spirit, and accordingly fulfilled her dying request. She had a son, who as he grew up gave symptoms of a heart and mind very different to those of his mother and grandmother. He proved utterly unmanageable, either by tenderness or authority; he threw off all regard for his friends, forsook them, entered the army, and altogether vanished from their sight. Oh, who can tell the pangs a godly mother feels when her first-born, perhaps her favoured son, turns out ill! But though lost to *their* sight, he was

not lost sight of by the eye of his Heavenly Father. His providence led him, after many wanderings, to India, where after some time he was thrown in the path of a faithful Missionary, who spoke earnestly with him about his soul. He was much impressed by the good man's words, and at length, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, his heart was subdued, and he became a truly converted man, giving such evidence as convinced the Missionary that it was indeed a work of grace which had taken place in him. After a prudent trial of his steadfastness, the Missionary was so satisfied with the devoted zeal, piety and talents of his young convert, that he procured his discharge from the army, and took him under his immediate care, encouraging him in a design he had formed of dedicating his talents to the Missionary work. How lovely such a change! when from being a vicious and abandoned profligate, a young man becomes a faithful soldier of the cross, and is, by the grace of God, turned from the kingdom of darkness into that of His dear Son!

“As soon as an opportunity occurred, he wrote to his poor sorrowing mother, who had never allowed a day to pass without earnest pleadings at the throne of grace for her poor lost son. He detailed the merciful dealings of God with his soul, and the singular alteration in

his employment, accompanying this with expressions of humiliation respecting himself, and earnest entreaties for her forgiveness. Let a parent conceive the mingled emotions of surprise and rapture with which his mother received the letter. What a moment was that! What a gush of feeling overcame the good woman when she thought of her mother and the twenty pounds! The return was indeed a hundred-fold poured into her own bosom!

“ We are anticipating, however, the course of our story. Before this good news had reached the heart of the sorrowing mother, she had the anguish of seeing another brother following in his brother’s footsteps. *He* had early given promise of being all that a parent could wish; but Henry, for that was his name, fell by that snare which ruins so many—EVIL COMPANY. He resolved, like his brother, to enlist, and go to India. This announcement seemed like tearing asunder the tenderest feelings that entwined the poor mother’s heart; one son already lost, another treading in his footsteps! It seemed almost too much for nature to bear, even though supported by grace. She wept and prayed, and implored him to alter his resolution—but all in vain! She had at length to give him up, too, as lost to her, but enjoyed the only comfort left

to her—that of remembering both she and the wanderer were in the hands of a gracious God.

“ Henry sailed, and arrived in India without any knowledge of what had befallen his brother, or even what part of the world he might be in. He had not been long there, before he became so ill, from the change of climate acting on a weakened constitution, that all hope of his life being spared was given up. The messengers of mercy, however, thanks to the Missionary Society, were to be found even in that distant land, and he, too, like his brother, was found by one of them, who ministered affectionately at his dying bed. The very sight of God’s minister, as well as his conversation, reminded him at once of the scenes of home. He recollected his father’s house; the good instructions of his mother, her prayers and tears and love: and it was soon evidenced by his softened and contrite spirit, that the long winter which had passed over it had not sufficed to destroy the good seed which had been sown. The Missionaries with joy did all they could to forward the work of grace, praying earnestly with him for the pardon of his sins and the peace of his soul, and had the unspeakable happiness of reaping a rich reward for their labour.

“ And now, observe how wonderful God is in his doings towards the children of men. While

the younger brother was thus lying upon his dying bed, the elder, who was ignorant of all that had occurred, had occasion to visit that part of the country where his brother lay sick; and being on intimate terms with the Missionaries was, on his arrival, informed by them of the interesting case which absorbed so much of their attention and solicitude, and brought by them to visit the dying man. We may guess the surprise and emotion with which he found it was no other than *his own brother!* And we leave our readers to fancy the indescribable satisfaction which was felt by the brothers, in being permitted to meet under such circumstances, and recount to each other the wondrous things that God had done for their souls. At length Henry died, and the surviving brother wrote to inform his parents of the illness, the change of heart, and the death of his brother. This letter he gave to a friend, who promised to deliver it himself. On arriving in England, he proceeded to fulfil his promise, and found the poor mother rejoicing over the first letter, which she had only received the day before, owing to its having been delayed on its passage. We can well imagine, then, what a conflict of joy and grief filled her soul, when she opened and read the first part of the second letter which announced Henry's death. She almost feared to read on.

lest in the same moment that she was permitted to rejoice over the conversion of one son, she would have to mourn over the impenitent death of the other. But when she had read the letter through; when she read how the two brothers had met; how the elder had witnessed the last moments of the younger; how Henry had met with the Missionaries, and had been converted by God's blessing on their efforts; how he had died in his brother's arms rejoicing in his Saviour;—'Oh,' said she, 'it was indeed cordial to my soul! How marvellous are the ways of heaven, that both my sons, after turning aside from the ways of God and every means of instruction at home, should be converted in a heathen land;—oh, that twenty pounds,' she thought, 'what blessings to me were hidden in that twenty pounds!'"

And thus it is, dear reader, that they who give to the Lord, often receive from Him a bounteous return. The earth gives up her moisture, and receives it back in the fruitful shower. The husbandman consigns his corn to the ground, and is cheered by the abundant harvest. And so the spiritual husbandman who sows to the Spirit, will surely receive his harvest, perhaps like the woman in our story, an hundred-fold in this life present, but without fail in the world to come.

Farewell Address of the Committee of the
Edinburgh Auxiliary to Rev. G P. Despard
and Companions.

Edinburgh, 16th May, 1856.

Dear and honoured Brethren,—We cannot allow the deeply interesting occasion of your departure to pass, and remain silent. We know that we can say, with truth, that we have not been silent at a throne of grace, in your behalf, but that many supplications have been ascending from many christian hearts in Edinburgh, that He, who maketh the winds and the waves His ministers, and who ruleth in the raging of the seas, and in the tumults of the people, may be with you on your voyage, may bring you to your desired haven, may open up before you a great door and effectual, may say to the heathen to whom you go, “Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm,” may make you the instruments of incalculable and ever extending spiritual good to the Patagonian tribes.

Nor can we help thinking, that in the large band of labourers that have arisen (some of them so very unexpectedly), and have cast all earthly considerations behind them for Christ's sake, we behold an answer to the prayers of those martyrs who endured such hardships in:

the first attempts to found the Patagonian Mission, and whose journals afford such touching evidence of the earnestness with which they pleaded with God for the land of their adoption. You, dear Brethren, are the answer to their prayers, the reward of their fidelity and constancy even unto death, and in such a band of labourers as is to crowd the *Allen Gardiner*, we behold God doing for them "exceeding abundantly above all that they were able to ask or to think."

We cannot refrain from congratulating you on the auspicious circumstances compared with theirs, with which you leave our shores. You have all the benefit of their experience, and may learn many precious lessons even from their disasters. You go forth equipped with means and appliances which they were unable to command, and which at that period, it would have been vain even to ask. The interest of the churches is turning to you in a degree not very common in the case of an early Mission; and men have begun to discover and to acknowledge, that instead of being quixotic, your enterprise in itself and in its relation to the tribes and tongues of South America, which stretch northwards towards the centre, is one of profound importance. There is even a growing feeling, that when the foundation of the Mission was made

so deep, God meant to rear upon it a noble superstructure.

And now, Brethren, with one heart, we commend you to the providential care of that Father, without whom even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, to the sympathy of the Great High Priest who hath passed into the heavens, to the guidance and consolation of the Divine Spirit, to the fulness of blessing folded up in that promise which is so peculiarly the property of all faithful Missionaries, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

F. Richardson, St. Thomas Chapel.

A. Moody Stuart, Free St. Lukes.

William Glover, D.D., Greenside Parish

D. T. K. Drummond, St. Thomas Chapel.

Andrew Thomson, D.D., Broughton Place Church.

J. H. Balfour, M.D., Professor of Botany.

John H. Skinner.

James Walker.

James Cunningham.

William F. Burnley.

William R. Clapperton.

F. Brown Douglas.

R. T. Webb, *Treasurer*.

Hamilton Hay, *Secretary*.

Poetry.

“ And he said to his servant, go up now, and look toward the sea. And he went up and looked, and said, there is nothing; and he said, go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.”

Have not our prayers been heard on high?

Have they in vain been made?

The wilderness doth not rejoice—

The desert still is sad;

Oh! shame on us! in unbelief distressed,

Behold! a small cloud rises in the west!

A little cloud—it rises still,

Soon towards those hills 'twill lower,

And o'er those weary plains will fall

In fertilizing shower;

Rejoice! it rises in the far, far west,

Rejoice! those dying lands may yet be bless'd!

Then gracious Spirit! come, descend!

Cause the soft dews to fall;

Parched hill and valley call on Thee,

The dried up fountains call;

But till Thou come, no harvest will they yield,

But then, in vain we plough the barren field.

The cloud arises! yes! 'tis there!
 But must not there remain,
 Brethren! arise! join *prayer to praise*—
 It must descend in *rain*;
 Oh! supplicate again the Lord of heaven,
 To perfect what He has already given.

Strong be our faith, and He *will* hear;
 It is *Thy* work, O Lord,
 Which our poor love would feign attempt;
 What was *Thy parting word*?
 No! a deaf ear we *would* not, *could* not lend
 To the best wishes of a loving Friend!

The cloud is rising! Fuegia rise!
 Araucan, lone and weary!
 And Patagonia, lift thine eyes
 And see thy plains so dreary,
 Burst into bloom with everlasting flowers,
 And soothed with genial dews and gentle showers!
 The cloud is rising! Jesus! we adore!
 But we'll be bold in faith, and ask for more!

T. A. O.

The Pampas Indians.

The following description of this deeply interesting tribe of South American Indians, is from the pen of one who has travelled through the regions they inhabit. Our readers are aware that the tribe derives its name from the Pampas, or Great Plain of South America, through which its members roam, and which stretches over a vast extent of country, from the base of the Great Cordillera of the Andes to the shore of the Atlantic, a distance of nearly 1000 miles. The Spaniards, on the discovery of the country, exterminated a large proportion of this unfortunate race: the rest they treated as beasts of burden, and during their short intervals of repose, the priests were ordered to explain to them that their vast country belonged to the Pope of Rome! The Indians, unable to comprehend this claim, and sinking under the burdens they were doomed to carry, died in great numbers. It was therefore convenient to spread the report that they were imbecile, both in body and mind; and seconded, as this was, by the greedy voice of avarice, it soon became a statement apparently uncontradicted. But we are thankful that travellers have been found,

who considered the condition of *man* in South America to be at least as deserving of attention as its natural scenery, mines and productions, and to these we are indebted for knowing how contrary to fact is the above estimation of the Pampas Indians. The traveller to whom we are now alluding, declares it to be his firm conviction, from what he saw and heard of them, that they are as fine a set of men as ever existed under the circumstances in which they are placed.

The Indians who inhabit the vast unknown plain of the Pampas, are all horsemen, or, we should rather say, all pass their lives on horseback. The life they lead is singularly interesting. In spite of the climate, which is liable to great variations, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a Cacique; but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good, there they are to be found, until it is consumed by their horses, and then they migrate to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but subsist almost entirely on the flesh of their mares, which they never ride; and the only luxury in which they indulge, is that of washing their hair in mare's blood. The

occupation of their lives is *war*, which they consider as the noblest and most natural employment; and they declare that the proudest attitude of the human figure is that which it assumes when bending over his horse, man is riding at his enemy. The principal weapon which they use is a spear 18 feet long; they manage it with great dexterity, and give it a tremulous motion which has often shaken the sword from the hand of their European adversaries. From being constantly on horseback, the Indian can scarcely walk. This may seem singular, but from their infancy they are unaccustomed to walking. Living, as they do, in a boundless plain, all their occupations and amusements must necessarily be on horseback; and from riding so many hours the legs become weak, thus causing a disinclination to an exertion which every day becomes more fatiguing: besides, the pace at which they can skim over the plains on horseback is so swift, in comparison to the rate at which they move on foot, that the latter must seem a cheerless exertion. As a military nation they are to be much admired, and their system of warfare is peculiarly unincumbered and characteristic. When they assemble, either to attack their enemies or to invade the country of the christians, they collect large troops of horses and mares, and then

uttering the wild war-whoop, they start at a gallop. As soon as the horses they ride are tired, they vault upon the bare backs of fresh ones, keeping their best until they come within actual sight of the enemy. The whole country affords pasture to their horses, and wherever they choose to stop, they have only to kill some mares for food. The ground is the bed on which, from their infancy, they have always slept; the flesh of mares is the food on which they have ever been accustomed to subsist, and they therefore meet their enemies with every advantage. To people accustomed to the cold passions of civilized nations, it would be impossible to describe the savage, inveterate, furious hatred, which exists between the Gauchos and the Indians. The latter invade the country for the pleasure of murdering the former, and in the contests which take place between them, mercy is unknown.

“Before I quite understood this,” writes the author to whom we have referred, “I was galloping with a very fine-looking Gaucho, who had been fighting with the Indians, and after listening to his report of the killed and wounded, I happened, very simply, to ask him how many prisoners they had taken? The man replied by a look which I shall never forget—he clenched his teeth, opened his lips, and then sawing his

fore-finger across his bare throat for a moment, bending towards me and striking his spur into his horse's side, he said in a sort of low, choking voice, 'Le matan todos,' (we kill them all.) But this fate is what the Indian firmly expects, and from his earliest youth he is prepared to endure not only death, but tortures—if the hard fortune of war should throw him alive among his enemies. And yet how many are there who would accuse the Indians of what we call cowardice! The great cause for this accusation is, that the Indians have almost always been known to fly from fire-arms. When the Spaniards first entered South America, they were regarded by the Indians as Divinities, and perhaps there was nothing which made them seem so in the eyes of the natives, more than their possessing weapons which, resembling the lightning and thunder of heaven, sent death among them in a way they could neither comprehend, nor avoid; and although the christians are no longer considered as divine, yet the Indians so little understand the nature of fire-arms, that it is natural to suppose the danger of these weapons is greater in their minds than the reality.

“The religion of the Pampas Indians, if their miserable superstition may be called so, is very complicated. They believe both in good and bad spirits, and pray to both. If any of their

friends die before they have reached the natural limit of life, they consider that some enemy has prevailed upon the evil spirit to kill him, and they assemble to determine who this enemy can be. They then denounce vengeance against him. These disputes have very fatal consequences, and have the political effect of alienating the tribes from one another, and of preventing that combination among the Indians which might make them much more dreaded by the christians. They believe in a future state, to which they conceive they will be transferred as soon as they die. They expect that they will be constantly drunk, and always engaged in hunting; and as these poor dark children of nature gallop over their plains at night, they will point with their long spears to constellations in the heavens which they say are the figures of their ancestors, who, reeling in the firmament, are mounted upon horses swifter than the wind, and are hunting ostriches! They bury their dead, but at the grave they immolate several of their best horses, as they believe that their deceased friend would otherwise have nothing to ride. Their marriages are very simple. The couple to be married, as soon as the sun sets, are desired to lie on the ground with their heads towards the west; they are then covered with the skin of a horse. and as soon as the sun rises at their feet, they are pronounced to be married.

“The Indians are very fond of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and when they are at peace with the circumjacent provinces, they often bring skins of ostriches, hides, &c., and exchange them for knives, spurs and liquor. Upon the day of their arrival they generally get drunk; but before they indulge in this amusement, they deliberately deliver up to their Cacique their knives, and any other weapons they possess, as they are fully aware that they will quarrel as soon as the wine gets into their heads. They then drink till they can hardly see, and fight and scratch and bite for the rest of the evening. The following day they devote to selling their goods, for they never will part with them on the day on which they resolve to indulge in drinking, as they conceive that in that state they would be unable to dispose of them to advantage. They will not sell their skins for money, which they declare is of no use, but exchange them for knives, spurs, sugar, &c. They refuse, also, to buy by weight, which they do not understand, so they mark out upon a skin how much is to be covered with sugar, or anything of the sort which they desire to receive in barter for their property. After their business has been concluded, they generally devote another day to drinking, and when they have got nearly sober, they mount their horses, and with a loose rein

and rejoicing in their new spurs, they stagger and gallop away to their wild plains."

Alas! that the white man, wherever he has gone, should be the means of adding to the miseries of his less civilized brother, rather than of alleviating them! Not only has the sword been drawn to subjugate him, and an attempt made to chain him in the fetters of spiritual thralldom; but the demon vice of drunkenness has been brought into the field, and effected more towards the demoralization of the Indian, than anything beside. But we think there is something marvellous in the way the tribes of South America have withstood not only the sword and the religion of the Spaniard, but, notwithstanding the debilitating and demoralizing influences of the vices introduced amongst them, still continue independent, and a source of perpetual alarm and terror to the invader of the soil. And when we contrast the present condition of North with that of still fairer South America, not only as respects the state of the native tribes, but also morally and politically, we cannot help regarding the difference between them as deeply instructive. In the North we see the red man gradually, but surely, yielding before the advance of the white man, and rarely offering anything like successful resistance: in the South we see all the might and

chivalry of Spain held in check by the children of the soil. In North America we see the revolted colonies of England becoming a vast empire, unparalleled for growth in population, in territory, in the useful arts, and in political importance : while in South America we see the revolted colonies of Spain incapable of making way in the face of the opposition of the aborigines, sinking gradually into comparative insignificance. And so it is that God's displeasure seems to follow wherever a spurious and corrupt Gospel finds an entrance into any country. The moral and political consequences are such, as considered either in themselves or by way of contrast with other countries where the true light has been diffused, as to make men exclaim, Where the truth is not, there is confusion and every evil work !

We trust the day is not far distant when, notwithstanding the political and other impediments which block up the way, the Missionaries of our own Society will find access to the Pampas and other Indians, and shew them that while their object is to bring them into captivity to the obedience of Christ, yet the yoke of this captivity is easy, and its burden light ; for it transforms slaves into freemen, and delivers men from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Home and Foreign Intelligence.

We have much satisfaction in stating that the *Hydaspes*, in which the Mission party embarked for the Falkland Islands on the 4th of June, was spoken with on the 25th of the same month, in 9.40 North latitude, having made good progress so far. We trust we may soon receive tidings of their safe arrival at Stanley. We are also glad to be able to state that letters have been received from Capt. Snow, dated Monte Video, June 24th. He was then on the point of sailing for Stanley, to meet the *Hydaspes*, having just succeeded in shipping a new crew, the period for which the former crew was shipped having expired.

We beg to inform all friends and collectors, that the Accounts for the year will close on the 1st of September, and therefore any sum not yet sent to the Secretary, should be forwarded at once. The Anniversary Meeting of the Society is fixed for the 10th of September, and will be held (D.V.) in the Victoria Rooms. Meetings have been held at Shrewsbury, Southport, Deal, Rochester, Aylesford and Maidstone, during the course of the present and last months, and, we rejoice to say, in most cases both the attendance and the collection was good. Letters for any of

the Mission party should be addressed to them to the care of JOHN DEAN, Esq., Stanley, Falkland Islands, *via* Monte Video; the rate of postage being 1s. for any letter under $\frac{1}{2}$ an oz., and 1s. additional for every additional $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. or part of one.

The Olive Leaf.

How often when persons are in doubt as to the course they should pursue, no guiding providence appearing to lead them on, do we hear this expression used concerning them, "they are quite at sea!" This may be said in a sneering and bitter spirit, yet it is very expressive of a state of doubt and uncertainty. Imagine a ship far from land; no beacon point, no friendly lighthouse, can be distinguished. The stars are not discernible through the thick storm clouds; there is no compass whereby to steer; on all sides nothing meets the eye but a waste of water, and the ship drifts on, we know not whither.

Nearly four thousand years ago, all that remained of the human family were thus drifting about on the fathomless ocean. Not one mountain top was visible, and the weary eyes of the forlorn voyagers looked in vain for a vestige

of that fair earth in which they had so lately trod. Sense and sight had nothing left on which to lay hold; faith was the only support left to the Patriarch's heart, as he looked forth upon the waters, and felt the frail ark, which he had built, tossed about like a cork upon the troubled waves. At length, at the end of seven long months, the ark no longer moved; it rested upon the mountain of Ararat, and great must have been the joy of Noah and his family, as he realized that the solid earth still remained, though as yet invisible. Three months elapsed before the tops of the mountains were seen: that was a fair sight, when the rising sun gilded the hill tops, and receding waters, hour by hour, revealed them more to view. Forty days had expired, and still no footing had been found upon the earth either for man or beast. A raven and a dove were both sent forth; but while the former appears to have occasionally returned to the ark, the dove, less strong in wing and bold in nature, had found no rest for the sole of her foot. At the end of seven days, she again went forth, and after a day spent among the green bowers of the renewed earth, she came back again to Noah, with "an olive leaf plucked off, so Noah *knew* that the waters were abated from off the earth." It was a little thing that olive leaf: it was only a leaf, it was not fruit, but oh! dear

friends, it was an earnest, a fair pledge of what should be; and as Noah reverently and thankfully received it, he felt that the covenant which God had 'established' unto him was not broken, or the promise failed of its fulfilment.

Why have we dwelt upon a story which all know so well? Simply because we desire to remember that God's way of dealing with his people is not changed, and these things are written for our encouragement and admonition. We have often heard it said, that the Mission to South America was a wild speculation, and those who were engaged in it "were quite at sea!" They had little to guide them in the formation of their plans; they had no opening among the natives—who were a wandering people, of whose language little was known. If Missionaries attempted a landing on the shore, they would be robbed, perhaps murdered; in short, it was madness to think of a Mission to Patagonia! Well! it may seem so to flesh and blood; but God's children have a sure word of promise—they have not ventured without that! It was a long time they waited, and had but little progress to report; it was true the Mission ship was built, and sent forth, while christian friends at home were untiring in their zeal and in their prayers. It was true that a Mission settlement had been made in the Falklands, and that a

self-denying and zealous minister of the Gospel is about to go as Missionary to break up the fallow ground, and labour in the new soil. But what resulted from all these efforts; of what *fruit* could the Society speak. Not one soul has yet been converted, or one enquirer aroused! No! dear reader! the time of fruit is not yet come, but we can tell you of "an olive leaf plucked off," an earnest given that the dark waters of spiritual ignorance are receding, and that though little more than the tops of the mountains are seen, we believe that the moral "wilderness shall yet be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

You have heard of the kind reception of Capt. Snow among the wild Fuegians; of his kneeling in prayer among them, while a sacred influence seemed to charm and rivet their attention. You have heard of the wonderful providence which has preserved the life of Jenmy Button, and which led him to the coast just at the moment that the *Allen Gardiner* hove in sight. Is it not wonderful, that after the lapse of twenty-five years, he still remembers so much of the English language, and has so warm and grateful a recollection of the good "Ingliss countree!" Do you think that all this is chance, or do you believe with the writer, that it is "the finger of God," His hand generously stretched

forth to encourage His children to yet further exertions? May we not believe that He who has granted us this symbol of peace, this "olive leaf," will in His own good time, give us also the ripened fruit, when "those who have gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

H. S. A.

Anecdotes of the Fuegians.

CAPT. WEDDELL was one of the first voyagers who landed amongst the Fuegians, so far back as 1822. The account which he gave to the world upon his return to England, strikingly agrees with the accounts which have been given by subsequent visitors to the same regions. Previous to his time, although Cape Horn had been frequently sounded, yet it was always at so great a distance, that nothing was known of the coasts and harbours of the Southern parts of South America, and still less of the native tribes who reside there. Since then others have visited them, and written accounts for our instruction; and, as was before said, not only do their accounts strikingly corroborate his, but they echo his opinion that the condition of the

poor Fuegian is a disgrace to the age in which we live. Before he became acquainted with them, he had invariably heard of them as beings possessed of little more than animal instinct, and incapable of being instructed. But he saw reason, from his intercourse with them, to condemn this opinion as most unjust; and declares that he found them to be not only tractable and inoffensive, "but also in many of their employments active and ingenious." One of their characteristics struck his attention particularly, and has since excited similar surprise in the minds of others, namely, the remarkable facility with which they imitate not only the actions, but the very words of those with whom they may be brought in contact. There has since been an opportunity of ascertaining how far this characteristic bears upon their susceptibility of education, and with the happiest results. We allude to the case with which our readers, doubtless, are familiar, of the natives who were brought over, in 1830, to England, by Captain Fitzroy—all of whom, (with the exception of one who died shortly after landing) though of ages varying from 26 to 14, acquired the English language after ten months instruction, while one of them, during the course of the return voyage, acquired both Portuguese and Spanish, so as to be able to converse in them with tolerable

fluency. The following anecdote, related by Capt. Weddell, is a striking instance of the facility with which these savages copy the gestures and words of others.

“On one occasion,” he says, “a sailor of the *Beaufoy* had given a Fuegian a tin-pot full of coffee, which he drank, and was using all his art to steal the pot. The sailor, however, recollecting after a while that the pot had not been returned, applied for it, but whatever words he used were always repeated in imitation by the Fuegian. At length he became enraged at hearing his requests reiterated, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, said in an angry tone, ‘You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin-pot?’ The Fuegian, instantly assuming the same attitude, called out, ‘You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin-pot!’ The imitation was so perfect, that every one laughed except the sailor, who proceeded to search him, and found the missing article under his arm.”

In the above anecdote, it will be observed that another characteristic of the Fuegians is touched upon, namely, their propensity for thieving. We rejoice to perceive, from the account recently sent home by Capt. Snow, that this propensity does not exist in the degree we should have expected, at least among the natives of Picton Island: for he states, that during the

whole course of the week he remained there in October last, they shewed honesty in all their dealings; so much so that upon one occasion when a dispute arose as to the precise article which was to be given in exchange for something they had solicited, they immediately restored what had been given to them.

Our readers will recollect, also, the account given by Capt. Snow, of the remarkable quietness and attention with which they looked on when he knelt down amongst them and offered a brief prayer to God in their behalf, and with what silence and respect they learned from him to look to the blue sky above, and repeat after him in a reverent manner, 'God,' as if they had some idea of the existence of some divine power, external to themselves, upon which they were dependant for all things. We were reminded by this occurrence, of a somewhat similar scene which took place on the occasion of Captain Weddell's visit to them many years before, which we give in his own words.

"I gathered the natives round me," he says. "and producing a Bible began to read it, making signs of death and resurrection, and supplication to heaven. They manifested no understanding of my meaning, but as I read and made signs, they imitated me, following me with a gabble while reading, raising and lowering their voices

precisely as I did. They looked me steadfastly in the face, in evident astonishment. One held his ear down to the Book, believing it spoke, and another wished to put it in his canoe; in short, they were all apparently interested in it: but one of them in the meanwhile (alas! so it will always be where the spirit of the Book is not in the man!) stole my tinder-box!"

Well might he conclude his observations upon them in these words, which we commend to the reader, as having been penned some thirty-five years ago:

"I have only now to recommend these people, in whom I have taken a lively interest, to the philanthropic part of the world, as presenting a field for their exertions, quite untouched, to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-men. True humane and religious charity is best bestowed on those who need our help, and *are willing to receive it*; and this is certainly the case with these Fuegians, who of all men with whom I am acquainted, seem most destitute of everything which tends to nerve the human mind to exertion:" and elsewhere, "who though the most distant from civilized life, are the most docile and tractable of any savages we are acquainted with, and might easily be instructed in those arts which raise man above the brutes."

We bless God that the right means of instruct-

ing and civilizing man are now being brought to bear upon them ; and that the *Divine* instrumentality for permanently benefiting the *soul* as well as the *body*, is at length being introduced amongst them.

The Gaucho.

The aboriginal natives of South America, are not the only inhabitants of that part of the world who stand in need of being enlightened by the Gospel. Throughout that vast country there are to be found numbers descended from the first invaders of the soil, who, born and trained in the bosom of the Church of Rome, are sunk in darkness of peculiar intensity. Into the South American Provinces civil and religious liberty can scarcely be said to have ever penetrated : and Popery, unwatched by the jealous eye of liberty, has therefore had full licence for a foul and peculiarly demoralizing development of itself. Soldier and priest once marched through the country arm in arm together, the one armed with musket and sword to destroy the last vestige of native independence ; the other to cast abroad over the survivors of the carnage, the fetters of spiritual despotism. In looking now upon the condition of the descendants of those men, we see traces of something resembling what has been called Poetical Justice. Politically, morally, and religiously, they are scarce superior to the savage tribes they once despised, but have since learned, by their ineffectual attempts to subjugate them, to respect.

Restricting ourselves, however, to the consideration of their moral and religious state, it is notorious that the

great mass of those who resorted thither from old Spain to repair their broken fortunes or gratify their cupidity, have suffered a terrible retribution in the persons of their descendants. Noble and priest, cavalier and peasant alike, have bequeathed to South America and the world a race of men who, retaining the name, have well nigh lost every thing characteristic even of a spurious Christianity,—while in many instances the usages of barbarism have succeeded to the customs of civilized life. And what is worse still, the inherently despotic genius of Popery, fostered as it has been by an undisputed supremacy of such long duration, seems to have girt in its wretched slaves with a wall of adamant, which bids defiance to all attempts to preach the Gospel amongst them. We trust, however, the day is not far distant when there may be an opportunity, through the good providence of our God, to proclaim the truth to the European, as well as to the aboriginal, Pagan of South America. We insert an extract relating to the condition of the Gauchos, from which it will be seen how earnest we should be in our prayers to God, for the multiplication of openings in South America for the propagation of the truth, as well as for the multiplication of means at home for sending out Preachers to enter in and fill the land.

“The situation of the Gaucho,” writes one who has carefully examined it, “is in great measure independent of the political troubles which engross the attention of the inhabitants of the towns. Their number is small, and they are scattered here and there over the country at wide intervals. Many of them are descended from the best families in Spain; they possess good manners, and often very noble sentiments: the life they lead is wild, but interesting; they generally

inhabit the huts in which they were born, and in which their fathers and grandfathers lived before them, although to a stranger they appear to possess few of the allurements of 'sweet home.' They are all built in the same simple form; for although luxury has ten thousand plans and elevations for frail man's abode, yet *the hut* in all countries is the same: and therefore there is no difference between that of the South American Gaucho, and the Highlander of Scotland, except that the former is built of mud and covered with long yellow grass, while the other is formed of stones and thatched with heather. The materials of both are the immediate produce of the soil, and both are so blended in colour with the face of the country, that it is often difficult to distinguish them. The corral is about 50 or 100 yards from the hut, and is a circle of about 30 yards in diameter, enclosed by a number of strong, rough posts, the ends of which are struck into the ground. Upon these posts are generally a number of idle-looking vultures or hawks, and the ground around the hut or corral is covered with bones and carcasses of horses, bullocks' horns, wool, &c., which give it the smell of an ill-kept English dog-kennel. The hut consists generally of one room, in which all the family live—boys, girls, men, women and children—all huddled together. The kitchen is a detached shed, a few yards off: there are generally holes, both in the walls and in the roof, which one at first considers as singular marks of the indolence of the people. In the summer this abode is so filled with fleas and binchucas, that the whole family are compelled to sleep on the ground, in front of their dwelling. In winter they sleep in the hut, and the scene is a very singular one. As soon as the traveller's supper is ready, the great iron spit on which the beef

has been roasted, is brought into the hut, and the point is struck into the ground. The Gaucho then offers his guest the skeleton of a horse's head, and he and several of the family sit round the spit, from which, with their knives, they cut very large mouthfuls.

“Born in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life he crawls about without clothes. As soon as he can walk his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life; with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs as they walk in and out of the hut. His amusements soon become more manly; careless of the biscacheros (the holes made by an animal called the biscacho) which undermine the plains, he gallops after the ostrich, the gama, the lion, and the tiger: he catches them with his balls; and with his lasso daily assists in catching the wild cattle. As his constant food is beef and water, his constitution is so strong that he can endure great fatigue; and the distance he can ride, and the number of hours he can remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. He conceives it is the noblest effort of man to raise himself off the ground, and ride instead of walk,—that no rich garments or variety of food, can atone for the want of a horse; and that the print of the human foot in the ground is the symbol of degradation. The religion which is professed throughout these provinces is the Roman Catholic. During the reign of the Spaniards, the monks and priests had everywhere great influence, and the dimensions of the churches shew the power and riches they possessed, and the greedy ambition which governed them. It is a sad picture to see

a hundred small wretched-looking huts surrounding a church whose haughty elevation is altogether inconsistent with the humility of the christian religion. And when it is considered that the churches in South America were principally built for the conversion of the Indians, it is melancholy to think that the priests should have attempted, by the pomp of their temples and the mummerly of candles and pictures and images, to have done what only could be accomplished by other means. But their secret object was to extort money. At Mendoza, the men and women are called once a year to live for nine days in a sort of barrack filled with cells, in which they are shut up to fast and whip themselves. The priests here lead a dissolute life; most of them have families, and several live openly with their children. Their principal amusement, however odd it may sound, is cock-fighting, every Thursday and Sunday. I was riding one Sunday when I discovered their arena, and got off my horse to look at it. It was crowded with priests, who had each a fighting-cock under his arm; and it was surprising to see how earnest they were in making their bets. The religion of the Gaucho is necessarily more simple than in the town, as his situation places him out of the reach of the priests. In almost all the huts there is a small image or picture, and they have sometimes a small cross round their necks. In order to get their children baptized, they carry them on horseback to the nearest church, and I believe the dead are generally thrown across a horse and buried in consecrated ground."

Anniversary Meeting.

Another year in the history of the Patagonian Missionary having passed away, it now becomes our pleasing duty to present our readers with an abstract of the proceedings which took place at the twelfth anniversary, held on the the 10th of September, at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton.

Seven years ago Capt. Gardiner, the Society's founder—then on the eve of starting upon his last eventful voyage to Tierra del Fuego—issued an appeal to the Christian people of England for a sum of £300 annually, which he thought sufficient to maintain a mission there, on the plan he felt obliged to follow. His appeal was answered by contributions amounting to little more than £100! How little could he have foreseen that, within seven years, the Society, fostered by his own sufferings and death, would attain to such a growth as it has now reached, possessing a large band of thirty persons engaged in the work of the mission, and an income of nearly £3,300!

Yet such was the state of things at the Anniversary just celebrated; and no wonder, therefore, that the Twelfth Anniversary of the

Society should be regarded by its friends with feelings of the deepest gratitude to Him whose thoughts are above our thoughts, and his ways above our ways.

The Chair, on this occasion, was taken, at half-past two P.M., by Robert Kingscote, Esq. ; and amongst those present, besides the several members of the Committee residing at Clifton and neighbourhood, were noticed the Rev. C. E. L. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, and the Rev. Daniel Cooke, of Brompton, Kent, who had kindly undertaken to act as a deputation on the occasion ; the Rev. Messrs. Clifford, Mansel, C. Buck, Lawrence, Thompson, J. W. Marsh, T. M. Macdonald, G. W. Robinson, D. Thomas, and S. A. Walker, &c. ; J. Bartley and F. W. Justice, Esqrs. ; Capt. Despard, (brother to the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard,) with other gentlemen. The Meeting was very respectably attended, and all present seemed to take great interest in the proceedings.

The Lord Bishop of Victoria had been invited to attend, also Bishop Carr, Rev. Dr. McNeill, and Rev. S. Minton ; but from various causes had not been able to be present.

We insert the Bishop of Victoria's letter, and are persuaded that all the friends of the Patagonian Missionary Society will join in our heartfelt prayer, that God may be pleased to

restore him to his diocese speedily, in renovated health and vigour.

BLACKHEATH,

August, 1856.

My dear Sir,

It is with unfeigned regret, on many accounts, that I am compelled by imperative need of rest, and attention to my health, in the prospect of resuming my work abroad some time next year,—to avoid for the present, engagements of the kind proposed to me in your kind letter. I thank you for the items of information respecting the new Missionaries. I enclose an order for two guineas as a donation to the good work, and wishing you every encouragement in its prosecution.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

G. VICTORIA.

REV. GEO. DESPARD.

The proceedings commenced by singing the hymn—

“From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator’s praise arise ;” &c.

after which the Chairman called upon the Rev. J. B. Clifford to offer prayer. When the prayer was concluded, he rose to address the Meeting, and said that he had not long been connected with the Society, but that he now wished to support it warmly himself, and as warmly recom-

mend it to the support of others. When he reflected on the deaths of Capt. Gardiner and his six companions on the bleak shore of Tierra del Fuego, he could not but admire the providence of God in giving us such accurate knowledge of their trials, their prayers, and the heavenly peace which rested on their last moments. That knowledge was gained by the preservation of their diaries and other papers, which, had not God watched over them, must have been destroyed either by time, or the force of the waves, or the inclemency of the weather.

“ I call such a preservation of the diaries and letters miraculous. It was no chance which brought those documents to their destination. We stand amazed and say it was wonderful; but, my friends, it is *not* wonderful, if we turn to our Bibles and there see how God stands by his servants who trust in him and devote their souls and bodies to the service of Jesus. We turn from the Bible to the grave, and no longer wonder that he gave his dying martyrs divine songs in their dark night. Shall a work thus commenced, fail for want of support? I have heard it stated by some that they dare not incur the responsibility of aiding a work thus commenced. But I say that *they incur a far greater responsibility in not helping forward this work.* The difficulties that stood in our way God has

lightened; many of them he has removed; he has raised up the men for us to carry on the mission, and he has also raised the means for us with which we are to support them. Thus provided, we are to go *where* we can, and *how* we can, to extend the gospel of Christ. It is true that Moses said, 'Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?' It is true also that Jeremiah said, 'I am but a little child.' But what did the Lord say to him? The Lord said, 'Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee.' God has sent us to the very ends of the earth to proclaim the gospel of Christ; and while we act on his directions we have a right to hope for his assistance. I believe that God has given a notoriety to this mission for his own especial purpose. By the deaths of its first agents God has shewn that death to His people is a harmless monster; they must often drink of Christ's cup, but they know while they suffer with him they shall also reign with him. Let us then, while we put our hand to the work of this Society; ask ourselves the question, Has the love of God in Christ been made manifest to us personally? Let us make it a matter of earnest prayer, that we may give ourselves up to the service of Jesus Christ, in whatever way he may condescend to employ us; then shall we be more fitted for the work which we undertake,

and we may look with confidence for an abundant blessing."

The Secretary was then called upon to read the Report. As this Report will be published in a separate form we forbear to give any account of it here, except so far as to state that the total Home Income of the Society for the year was announced to be £3258 8s. 5d., which, with a sum of £235 7s. 6d. received by Capt. Snow for the services of the Allen Gardiner in carrying the mails to Monte Video, gives a total income, for the year of £3493 15s. 11d., being an increase of £767 0s. 7d. on the income of the preceding year, or if we reckon the sum received by Capt. Snow, of £1002 8s. 1d.

The Rev. J. B. Clifford moved the first resolution—viz.

"That the Report now read be adopted, printed, and circulated; and that the Gentlemen composing the Committee for the last year, with power to add to their number, be re-elected for this year also, with the exception of the Rev. G. H. Harker, the Rev. J. Harris, and F. W. Justice, Esq., resigned; and with the addition of Robert T. Webb, James Cunningham, Hamilton Hay, George Burns, and Robert Kingscott Esqrs.;—and that the Ladies of the Corresponding Committee be also re-elected."

He stated that he had great pleasure in moving this resolution, partly because he considered that the Report was an admirable one in itself, and partly because it would be of great value in keeping before the Society's friends a short and distinct account of its operations for the year. It would give interesting information to friends, and remove objections from the minds of those who were not yet hearty in their support. The position occupied by this Society is a strong one. The more faith we have, and the more we abound in a spirit of prayer, the stronger will be our position. We thank God for having put it into the heart of our friend Pakenham Despard to offer himself for so noble and anxious a work as the superintendence of our mission to South America. Never shall we forget his farewell address in this place. I never remember my own feelings to have been called forth to so great a degree as on that occasion. May God bless him and us in the work to which we are called.

The Rev. C. E. L. Wightman seconded the resolution. He said that he had never been guilty of making a speech in his life, but that it gave him very great pleasure to *talk* to us about the affairs and prospects of this mission. There was nothing like having a few good stout difficulties to begin a right cause with; they formed

a good stock-in-trade. This Society had met with very great difficulties, and God had overcome them. He then related some very great difficulties which he had met with in his own parish—first, in providing a school room; secondly, in providing a teacher; and thirdly, in providing the requisite funds;—but by *faith*, *prayer*, and *patience* they had all been overcome. If he had had means himself to meet these difficulties he would have cheerfully given them, but he always had found that when he was most in difficulty God had put the means in his hand. It was very well known that the Committee of Council were in the habit of *ordering* (not suggesting) that school-rooms be built upon their plans and according to the dimensions they may give. This happened in his own case. He would have been deprived of their assistance if he had not obeyed their order. That he might obey their order, it was necessary to begin to build with very insufficient funds. The result was that he, as the responsible person, got into difficulties; but he determined to stand by his three principles—*faith*, *prayer*, and *patience*. On one occasion he was actually sued in the County Court for a debt incurred by the school. At this moment a small legacy came into his hands, which enabled him to pay the debt. Having thus known what difficulties were himself, he

could feel for the difficulties both of individuals and societies. We should offer very earnest prayers for the missionaries now engaged for this Society. There were some who did not forget to pray for Capt. Gardiner and his friends when they had left this country, and perhaps there was some connection between the fervent prayers of Christians at home and the peaceful end of their friends abroad. There seems also to have been a connection between the prayers of those dying men and the removal of difficulties which beset the path of this Society. It now seemed as if the difficulties were passing away, and God was opening wide the door and saying, "Go in and possess the land."

The Rev. S. A. Walker supported the resolution; and, in a speech of great animation, remarked that the Christian's question, with regard to any work which was entered into for the cause of Christ, should be, Is it according to God's will? The times and the seasons are God's, and the time seems now come for entering the ranks of this Society, as one commissioned by God to convey the knowledge of Jesus to the heathen of South America. God has a people in all lands, and He knows where they are. Our duty is to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. He will give it effect. God will

gather one here and another there into the fold of Christ, and when, by any humble means, God shall bring the knowledge of Christ's redeeming love to some poor heathen, the proof will be seen that missions like this are not in vain. We entertain no doubt that Capt. Gardiner was a man who acted under the direction of God's Holy Spirit, and that it was in obedience to God's suggestion that he went to South America; and we know that when God begins a good work he will perform it unto the day of Christ.

The Rev. Daniel Cooke moved the second resolution—viz.

“That this Meeting desires to thank God for the progress which has been made in the Society's work at home during the past year; and for the providential openings for the introduction of the gospel into Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia recently discovered.”

He said he must remind the meeting that Associations are the strength of a Society. The list of this Society's Associations presented a very good appearance; the sums received from them being in many instances on the increase. Still we want other Associations, and there is this great encouragement for their formation, that we have every reason to believe, according to the phrase of the day, that the right man is now in the right place. In Mr. Pakenham

Despard we have the right man for a Superintendent Missionary. Again, the Governor of the Falklands, Captain Moore, is a man favourable to this mission. I have the pleasure of knowing him well, and members of his family were communicants in my church. We seem also to have the right man for the Commander of our Mission Vessel, Captain Snow. And not the least wonderful thing we have to contemplate, is the discovery of the very man whom we most wanted to find, the first time Captain Snow sailed in search of him. I allude to the celebrated James Button. Thus does God fit together all things for his own purposes.

This meeting is not only an annual meeting, but a commemorative meeting, for it has been arranged to take place as near the anniversary of the day of Capt. Gardiner's death as possible. If any Society needs prayer your's does, and *now*. You have just started your men, and are awaiting the result with anxiety. I well recollect meeting Captain Gardiner at the house of his father-in-law, the venerable Mr. Marsh, of Aylesford, and I heard his scheme for establishing a mission in South America. I could not think it, as I afterwards heard others describe it to be, a wild scheme, except in as far as it may be a wild scheme to preach the gospel to any heathens or ignorant persons. But if any think

it was a wild scheme, I ask, Was it not a wild scheme, also, to preach to the Indians and the Africans? And then, think of the preaching to the ancient Britons—that was a *very wild* affair. Other Societies have met with difficulties as well as ours. The London Missionary Society lost their ship “the Duff,” with twenty-five missionaries on board, prisoners to the French; and yet it was a prudent Society. We are sometimes told that our zeal is greater than our prudence. We may be allowed to differ as to the prudence of our past career, but we are *prudent* enough *now*, and that ought to be enough for any one. I cannot sit down without adverting to one other point, for which I hope you will forgive me. I got into a scrape at a town in Kent, some years ago, by simply quoting what had been elsewhere said respecting its scanty efforts for the Church Missionary and other Societies. I said that I had heard it called the Dead Sea of England. Well, they did not like the remark, and I fear have hardly forgiven me yet; but I have now added up the list of Associations in Kent for this Society, (one of which is in the town I have mentioned,) and I have added up the collections made by those Kentish Associations; and unless I am very much mistaken, there are more Associations in Kent than in this County, and the sum collected by them is greater than those in

this, the special County of the Patagonian Mission. Again, am I correct in understanding that the once cannibals of New Zealand have sent £24 for the benefit of their Patagonian brethren, while the only Association I find mentioned for Bristol has only sent in £22? I trust that another year you will not let me say this, but that you will put forth a true Bristol energy, and let Bristol at once spring up to the head of all the Associations in England.

The Rev. T. M. Macdonald, in seconding the resolution, remarked, that a very strong parallel might be drawn between the career of Christian Societies and that of Christian individuals. The difficulties that seem to be ready to overwhelm a Christian in the position to which God has called him, are trials of his faith; they are necessary to the denial of self and the exaltation of Christ; but where faith is strong enough to meet the difficulties, God is faithful to honour and encourage that faith. There are many instances of this in individuals. And this very day much has been said applying this remark to the work of this Society. The Society was overwhelmed when the dreadful news arrived that *its founder was dead!* For a moment it seemed past all hope of recovery. But in this town there knelt one man before his God. He bowed

his head to receive the chastisement of that God, and with a heart humble and earnest, he poured forth the prayer of faith. God watched over him and increased his faith, and enabled him to say, "With God's help the Society shall be maintained." That man and this mission have been bound up together. We now think of them as one. Has not God honoured and encouraged the faith of that man? And has not God honoured and encouraged the Society which has gone on in faith? Could we have hoped for such a thing as that which we have now been listening to? Hostility on the part of the natives was one of our impediments, and now that is removed; for the Report has told us of peaceful communication between Europeans and *the natives of Tierra del Fuego*, and when Capt. Snow visited the graves of Capt. Gardiner and his companions, *all the Fuegians* he met were friendly. Another of our difficulties arose from the unknown languages. Here again God has opened the way. The Report tells us of two friendly natives, one a Patagonian, speaking the English language, and the other a Fuegian, also speaking the English language. Thus has God encouraged us. May we have greater faith and greater prayer, to enable us to follow the hand which is pointing out the way.

After a few words from the Rev. J. W. Marsh, the meeting separated. The collection amounted to £12 10s. 9d.

Indian Incursions

In the Province of Santa Fé.

The inveterate hatred which exists between the Indians and the so-called christians of South America, is lamentably attested by the continual massacres and cruelties which are committed amongst them. The Province of Santa Fé has been so constantly ravaged by the Indians, that there are but few cattle to be found in it, and people are afraid to live there. The traveller, in passing along the road, observes occasionally, on the right and left, the remains of a hut which has been burned by the Indians: and his companion—the Gaucho—will tell him how many people were murdered in each—how many infants slaughtered, and whether the females were killed, or carried away. The old post huts are also burnt, and the rough plan upon which the new ones are built shews the insecurity of their tenure.

The following notes from the pen of a traveller in that province, will help us to form some

conception of the misery which afflicts South America, and must continue to do so until the pure and holy principles of the Prince of Peace have supplanted the savage passions of man in his natural state.

“ I was in the centre of this dreary country,” writes the person to whom we have alluded, “ with a young Gaucho of about fifteen years of age riding beside me. His father and mother had been murdered by the Indians, and himself saved by a man who had galloped away with him, but being then an infant he remembered nothing of it. We passed the ruins of a hut which he said had belonged to his aunt; he said that about two years ago, he was at that hut with his aunt and three of his cousins, who were young men—that while they were conversing together a boy galloped by from the other post, and in passing the door screamed out, ‘ Los Indios ! los Indios ! ’—that he ran to the door, and saw them galloping towards the hut without hats, all naked, armed with long lances, striking their mouths with their bridle hands, and uttering a shriek, which he described as making the earth tremble; he said there were two horses outside the hut, bridled but not saddled—that he leaped upon the back of one and galloped away—that one of the young men jumped on the other, and followed him about

twenty yards, but that then he said something about his mother, and rode back to the hut—that just as he got there the Indians surrounded it, and that the last time he saw his cousins they were standing at the door with their knives in their hands—that several of the Indians galloped after him, and followed him more than a mile, but that he was upon a horse which was ‘muy ligéro, (very swift) muy ligéro,’ repeated the boy; and as we galloped along he loosened his rein, and darting on before me, looked back, and smiled at shewing me the manner in which he escaped, and then curbing his horse to a hand-gallop, continued his history.

“He said that when the Indians found he was getting away from them, they turned back—that he escaped, and that when the Indians had left the province, which was two days after, he returned to the hut. He found it burnt, and saw his aunt’s tongue sticking on one of the stakes of the corral; her body was in the hut; one of her feet was cut off at the ankle, and she had apparently bled to death. The three sons were outside the door naked; their bodies were covered with wounds, and their arms were gashed to the bone, by a series of cuts about an inch from each other, from the shoulder to the wrist.

“It appears that the Pampas Indians, who, in spite of their ferocity, are a very brave and handsome race of men, occasionally invade ‘los Christianos,’ as the Gauchos always term themselves, for two objects—to steal cattle, and for the pleasure of murdering the people; and that they will even leave the cattle to massacre their enemies.

“In invading the country, they generally ride all night, and hide themselves on the ground during the day; or, if they do travel, crouch almost under the bellies of their horses, who by this means appear to be dismounted and at liberty. They usually approach the huts at night and at a full gallop, with their usual shriek, striking their mouths with their hands; and this war-whoop, which is to intimidate their enemies, is continued through the whole of the dreadful operation.

“Their first act is to set fire to the roof of the hut, and it is almost too dreadful to fancy what the feelings of a family must be, when, after having been alarmed by the barking of the dogs, which the Gauchos always keep in great numbers, they first hear the wild cry which announces their doom, and in an instant afterwards find that the roof is burning over their heads.

“As soon as the family rush out, which they of course are obliged to do, the men are wounded

by the Indians with their lances, which are eighteen feet long, and as soon as they fall they are stripped of their clothes; for the Indians, who are very desirous to get the clothes of the christians, are careful not to have them spoiled with blood. While some torture the men, others attack the children, and will literally run the infants through the body with their lances, and raise them to die in the air. The women are also attacked, and it would form a true but a dreadful picture to describe their fate, as it is decided by the momentary gleam which the burning roof throws upon their countenances.

“The old women, and the ugly young ones, are instantly butchered; but the young and beautiful are idols, by whom even the merciless hands of the savage is arrested. Whether the poor girls can ride or not, they are instantly placed upon horses, and when the hasty plunder of the hut is concluded, they are driven away from its smoking ruins, and from the scene which surrounds it.

“At a pace which in Europe is unknown, they gallop over the trackless regions before them, fed upon mare’s flesh, sleeping on the ground, until they arrive in the Indians’ territory, when they have instantly to adopt the wild life of their captors.”

The Air Plants of the Province of Santiago del Estero, in South America.

In the year 1843, Capt. Gardiner made an attempt to circulate Bibles, as well as tracts, in some of the central provinces in South America. He travelled in a waggon drawn by mounted horses through the provinces of Bueno Ayres, Santa Fe, Cordova, and Santiago del Estero, till he reached Tucuman. His success was great both in Santiago and Tucuman.

In travelling through the province of Santiago, he experienced much inconvenience from the blinding dust, and the intense heat, which left him little opportunity for admiring the varieties of cactus and euphorbia, which are to be seen throughout the district, though not in such luxuriance as in other districts. There was, however, abundance of acacia and mimosa; and one remarkable phenomenon forced itself on his attention. Many small fibrous plants was floating on the air. Sometimes one of them was intercepted by a tree. It attached itself to a branch, and there flourished. The little waving plant had no need of a deep root, but seemed to make itself quite happy in its new quarters. Capt. Gardiner saw sometimes twenty or thirty of these plants on a single tree, but he adds—
“I have observed that those trees on which they

are the most numerous, are not in a thriving state. *Often the branches, to which they cling, seem dead, while the rest are green and flourishing.*"

These are not the only branches which are injured by air plants. Missionary Societies throw out good solid branches which are for a time abundantly fruitful. They keep up an active communication with the parent stem, and give promise of much fruit for many years. But there is an astonishing number of air plants in all parts of England; plausible fellows who can always shew the weak points of any mission they may happen to think of. Quick in raising objections, ready in shewing difficulties, they are very positive in asserting negatives as to any possible good resulting from the object in question. These human air plants attach themselves to here and there a branch, or perhaps a promising young twig, and this attachment results in the gradual destruction of the branch or twig. We know of a human air plant which attached itself by a fibre to a very strong and weighty branch of this Society. He stated that the Missionary Ship being only of 100 tons burthen, was too small, and he uttered a warning of the peril incurred by the use of so small a vessel. The fibre clung to the branch; the plant danced in the air. He meant well, poor fellow! but then, he was doing harm, until it was discovered

that this objecting air plant was more voluble than wise. On enquiry, from one of the naval Surveyors of the Southern Coast of South America, it was discovered that the Tender of the Beagle, which was employed in surveying the Coast, under Capt. Fitzroy, *was only 50 tons burthen.* On the receipt of this intelligence, the air plant was quietly detached, and without a murmur he floated away.

We may perhaps be allowed to suggest, that if there is any *once* fruitful branch of our Society which is so no longer, this decay arises from some presuming air plant.

If so, enquire into his pretensions, and if he has no better title to his position than the one mentioned above, just detach the clinging fibre in the first place; and then, if the branch will put itself into heartier communication with the parent stem, it will recover itself again.

The opening of a new year to the Society with the month of September, induces us to offer these suggestions.

The Allen Gardiner.

We are thankful to be able to inform our readers that further letters have been received from Capt. Snow, dated Stanley, July 19th.

announcing his safe arrival at the Falklands, from Monte Video, after experiencing a heavy gale, which the stout little Schooner weathered bravely. He was patiently waiting for the arrival of the Hydaspes, which he expected would enter Port William, about the 1st of August.

‘We live for Christ alone.’

“On Monday morning, at the moment the whistle disturbed me from my sleep, I had first been—after some hours of troubled and anxious thought, and disquieting fleshly fears—whilst sleeping in the night, refreshed and greatly encouraged by the sound, as it appeared to me in my sleep, of angels singing sweetly around me. ‘We live for Christ alone.’

See Hope Deferred not Lost, p. 327.

On a distant shore, where the breaker's roar
 Seem'd ever near to the sleeper's ear,
 There lay a man, who forsaking all
 Had left his home at the Saviour's call!

At the midnight hour, when tempests lower,
 His watch he kept, whilst others slept;
 And when the weary frame sought rest,
 Angelic watchers round him press'd.

Oh! a valiant fight, on that lonely night,
 Had the Christian waged with the Foe enraged;
 But the battle o'er, and the tempter fled,
 Sweet was the sleep around him shed.

Say! was it the sound of the storm around
 Which stole on his ear like a voice that is dear,
 Causing the heart from its slumber to break,
 Whilst the weary body repose must take?

Oh, no! 'twas the song of the angel throng
 Hymning the praise of "the Ancient of days,"
 Borne on the breeze, from the mansions above,
 To strengthen his faith, and replenish his love!

Sweet was its burden, rich was the guerdon
 Bestow'd on the saint, who was ready to faint,
 For the song that echoed around the throne
 Told 'the angel's life was for Christ alone!'

The sleeper awoke, for a summons broke
 On the startled ear, with a note of fear,—
 It told of danger, but fail'd to scare
 The servant of God, who had rested there!

He knew that his life, with trouble rife,
 Was yet secure, and could all endure,—
 For was it not true, though "in weakness sown,"
 In life or death, he was 'Christ's alone?'

Descriptive Outline of the Pampas,

By a Traveller in South America.

"The mountains of the Andes run about north and south through the whole of South America, and they are consequently nearly parallel to the two shores of the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, dividing the country between them into two unequal parts, each bounded by an ocean and by the Cordillera.

"It would at first be expected that these twin countries, separated only by a range of mountains, should bear a great resemblance to each other; but variety is the attribute of Omnipotence, and nature has granted to these two countries a difference of climate and geological construction which is very remarkable.

"From the tops of the Andes she supplies both of them with water; by the gradual melting of the snow they are both irrigated exactly in proportion to their wants; and vegetation, instead of being exhausted by the burning sun of sum-

mer, is thus nourished and supported by the very heat which threatened to destroy it.

“The water, however, which flows through Chili towards the Pacific, is confined in its whole course, and forces its way through a country as mountainous as the highlands of Scotland or Switzerland. The water which descends from the east side of the Cordillera meanders through a vast plain, nine hundred miles in breadth; and at the top of the Andes, it is singular to observe on the right and left the snow of one storm, part of which is decreed to run into the Pacific, while the other is to add to the distant waves of the Atlantic.

“The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth; and, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second

and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are

armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible, that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

“Although a few individuals are either scattered along the path which traverses these vast plains, or are living together in small groups, yet the general state of the country is the same as it has been since the first year of its creation. The whole country bears the noble stamp of an Omnipotent Creator, and it is impossible for any one to ride through it, without feelings which it

is very pleasing to entertain ; for although in all countries 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work,' yet the surface of populous countries affords generally the insipid produce of man's labour. It is an easy error to consider that he who has tilled the ground, and has sown the seed, is the author of his crop; and therefore, those who are accustomed to see the confused produce, which in populous and cultivated countries is the effect of leaving ground to itself, are at first surprised in the Pampas, to observe the regularity and beauty of the vegetable world when left to the wise arrangements of nature.

"The vast region of grass in the Pampas for four hundred and fifty miles is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one may gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour, and it is for some time that one looks in vain for those which in the great system of succession must necessarily somewhere or other be sinking towards decay. They are at

last discovered, but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene, and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die, and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay. A few places are met with which have been burnt by accident, and the black, desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct, when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground, while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.

“The rivers all preserve their course, and the whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive

out their cattle to graze, and, without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.

“ The climate of the Pampas is subject to a great difference of temperature in winter and summer, though the gradual changes are very regular. The winter is about as cold as our month of November, and the ground at sunrise is always covered with white frost, but the ice is seldom more than one-tenth of an inch thick. In summer the sun is very oppressively hot, and its force is acknowledged by every living animal. The wild horses and cattle are evidently exhausted by it, and the *siesta* seems to be a repose which is natural and necessary to all. The middle of the day is not a moment for work, and as the mornings are cool, the latter are evidently best adapted for labour, and the former for repose.

“ The difference between the atmosphere of Mendoza, San Luis, and Buenos Ayres, which are all nearly under the same latitude, is very extraordinary: in the two former, or in the regions of wood and grass, the air is extremely dry; there is no dew at night; in the hottest

weather there is apparently very little perspiration, and the dead animals lie on the plain dried up in their skins, so that occasionally I have at first scarcely been able to determine whether they were alive or dead. But in the province of Buenos Ayres, or in the region of thistles and clover, vegetation clearly announces the humidity of the climate. In sleeping out at night, travellers have found their poncho (or rug) nearly wet through with the dew, and their boots so damp that they could scarcely draw them on. The dead animals on the plain are in a rapid state of putrefaction. On arriving at Buenos Ayres, the walls of the houses are so damp that it is cheerless to enter them; and sugar, as also all deliquescent salts, are there found nearly dissolved. This dampness, however, does not appear to be unhealthy. The Gauchos and even travellers sleep on the ground, and the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres live in their damp houses without complaining of rheumatism, or being at all subject to cold; and they certainly have the appearance of being rather more robust and healthy than those who live in the drier regions. However, the whole of the Pampas may be said to enjoy as beautiful

and as salubrious an atmosphere as the most healthy parts of Greece and Italy, and without being subject to malaria.

“The only irregularity in the climate is the pampero, or South-west wind; which, generated by the cold air of the Andes, rushes over these vast plains with a velocity and a violence which it is almost impossible to withstand. But this rapid circulation of the atmosphere has very beneficial effects, and the weather, after one of these tempests, is always particularly healthy and agreeable.

“The south part of the Pampas is inhabited by the Pampas Indians, who have no fixed abode, but wander from place to place, as the herbage around them becomes consumed by their cattle.

“The north part of the Pampas, and the rest of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, are inhabited by a few straggling individuals, and a few small groups of people, who live together, only because they were born together. Their history is very curious.

“As soon as by the fall of the Spaniards their independence was established, and they became

free, the attention of many individuals of the Provinces of La Plata was directed towards the due constitution of governments which might maintain the freedom that was gained, encourage population, and gradually embellish the surface of a most interesting and beautiful country with the arts, manufactures, and sciences, which had hitherto been denied it; but the singular situation of the country presented very serious difficulties:

“Although immense regions of rich land lay uncultivated and unowned, yet something had been done. Small towns and establishments, (originally chosen for mining purposes,) five hundred and seven hundred miles distant from each other, were thinly scattered over this vast extent of country; and thus a skeleton map of civilisation had been traced, which the narrow interests of every individual naturally supported.

“But although a foundation was thus laid, the building plan of the Spaniards was missing. It had been destroyed in the war, and all that was known of it was, that it had been formed for purposes inapplicable to the great political system which should now be adopted.

“It was soon perceived that the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata were without a harbour; that the town of Buenos Ayres was badly situated; and as the narrow policy of Spain had forbid the planting of the olive and the grape, the spots which were best adapted to the natural produce of the country had been neglected: whilst for mining and other purposes connected with the Spanish system, towns had been built in the most remote and impracticable situations; and men found themselves living together in groups they knew not why, under circumstances which threw a damp over exertion, and under difficulties which it appeared hopeless to encounter.

Their situation was, and still is, very lamentable.

The climate easily affords them the few necessaries of life. Away from all practicable communication with the civilised world, they are unable to partake of the improvements of the age, or to shake off the errors and the disadvantages of a bad political education. They have not the moral means of improving their country, or of being improved by it; and oppressed by these and other disadvantages, they naturally

yield to habits of indolence and inactivity. The town, or rather the secluded village, in which they live, is generally the seat of government of the Province, and but too often affords a sad political picture.

“People who, although they are now free, were brought up under the dark tyranny of the Spanish government, with the narrow prejudices which even in populous countries exist among the inhabitants of small communities, and with little or no education, are called upon to elect a governor, and to establish a junta, to regulate the affairs of their own province, and to send a deputy to a distant national assembly at Buenos Ayres. The consequence is what might naturally be expected. The election of the governor is seldom unanimous, and he is scarcely seated before he is overturned, in a manner which, to one accustomed to governments on a larger scale, appears childish and ridiculous.

“In more than one province the governor is exceedingly tyrannical: in the others, the governor and the junta appear to act for the interests of their own province; but their funds are so small, and the internal jealousies they

have to encounter so great, that they meet with continual difficulties; and with respect to acting for the national interest, the thing is impossible. How can it be expected that people of very slender incomes, and in very small insulated societies, will forget their own narrow interests for the general welfare of their country? It is really against nature; for what is politically termed their country, is such an immense space, that it must necessarily become the future seat of many different communities of men; and if these communities, however enlightened they may become, will never be able to conquer that feeling which endears them to their homes, or the centrifugal prejudice with which they view their neighbours, how can it be expected that a feeble government and a few inhabitants can do what civilisation has not yet been able to perform; or that the political infant will not betray those frailties which his manhood will be incapable of overcoming? And the fact is, that each province does view its neighbouring one with jealousy; and it is invariably found that *mala gente* is the general appellation which the people give to those of the adjoining province,

and that they, as well as the inhabitants of the towns, are all jealous of the power and influence of the town of Buenos Ayres: and when it is explained, that the policy of Buenos Ayres is to break the power of the monks and priests; that these people have still very great influence in most of the distant provinces, and that the maritime interests of Buenos Ayres are necessarily often at variance with those of the inland provinces, it will be perceived how forcibly this jealousy is likely to act.

“The Gaucho has by many people been accused of indolence: those who visit his hut find him at the door with his arms folded, and his poncho thrown over his left shoulder like a Spanish cloak; his hut is in holes, and would evidently be made more comfortable by a few hours' labour: in a beautiful climate, he is without fruit or vegetables; surrounded by cattle, he is often without milk; he lives without bread, and he has no food but beef and water, and therefore those who contrast his life with that of the English peasant accuse him of indolence: but the comparison is inapplicable, and the accusation unjust; and any one who will live

with the Gaucho, and will follow him through his exertions, will find that he is anything but indolent, and his surprise will be that he is able to continue a life of so much fatigue. It is true that the Gaucho has no luxuries ; but the great feature of his character is, that he is a person without wants : accustomed to live constantly in the open air, and to sleep on the ground, he does not consider that a few holes in his hut deprive it of its comfort. It is not that he does not like the taste of milk, but he prefers being without it to the every-day occupation of going in search of it. He might, it is true, make cheese, and sell it for money, but if he has got a good saddle and sharp spurs, he does not consider that money has much value : in fact, he is contented with his lot ; and when one reflects that, in the increasing series of human luxuries, there is no point that produces contentment, one cannot but feel that there is perhaps as much philosophy as folly in the Gaucho's determination to exist without wants ; and the life he leads is certainly more noble than if he were slaying from morning till night to get other food for his body or other garments

to cover it. It is true he is of little service to the great cause of civilisation, which it is the duty of every rational being to promote ; but an humble individual, living by himself in a boundless plain, cannot introduce into the vast uninhabited regions which surround him either arts or sciences : he may, therefore, without blame be permitted to leave them as he found them, and as they must remain, until population, which will create wants, devises the means of supplying them."

A Scene in Buenos Ayres,

By an Eye-witness.

"The house which I had near Buenos Ayres was not only opposite the English burying-ground, but on the road to the Recoleta, which was the great burial-place for the town: about half-a-dozen funerals passed my window every day, and during the few days I was at Buenos Ayres I scarcely ever rode into the town without meeting one.

"Although the manners, customs, amusements, and fashions of different nations are constantly

changing, and are generally different in different climates, yet one would at first expect that so simple an act as that of consigning to its narrow bed the body of a dead man would, in all countries and in all places, be the same,—but though death is the same, funerals are very different. In the old world, how often does the folly and vanity and vexation of spirit in which a man has lived accompany him to the tomb; and how often are the good feelings of the living overpowered by the vain pomp and ostentation which mock the burial of the dead! In South America, the picture is a very different one, and certainly the way in which the people were buried at Buenos Ayres appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years, a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins, but generally the dead are called for by a hack hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are put, when away the man gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recoleta. There is a small vehicle for children, which I positively thought was a mountebank's cart: it was a light open tray, on wheels painted white, with light

blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart, (without its curtains, &c.) in which there was the corpse of a black boy, nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance: the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back and sometimes on his face; occasionally his arm or leg would get through the bar of the tray, and two or three times I really thought the child would have bounded out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich were generally attended by their friends; but the carriages with four people in each were seldom able to go as fast as the hearse.

“ I went one day to the Recoleta, and just as I got there, the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial-place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms

into the square-walled burying-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground upon its back: it had one eye open, and the other shut; its face was unwashed, and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied round its middle: the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the middle of the furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covering it so barely with earth that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and left it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor little child myself, when I recollected that as a stranger I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty years of age; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench.

This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burying-ground to the other: the corpses were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a moveable shutter which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step forward as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow that the man had great difficulty in laying the body in it, but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling:—the situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment any thing but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered

with a very thin layer of earth: the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really rammed the corpse in such a way that, had the man been alive he would have been killed. We then all walked away."

An Incident on the Pampas.

A heavy lumbering vehicle, like a large omnibus or carriers' van, comes rattling over the plain. There are a few small boxes on the top, and some larger ones below, for the wheels are high and the carriage wide. Five high mettled horses gallop in front, dragging the unwieldy vehicle. There is no watch-box or driver, but every horse is mounted by a wild looking peon, dressed in a series of ponchos made of homespun wool, and dyed in bright colours; equally gay horsecloths and sheepskins form the saddle gear, and tremendous spurs are seen on every heel.

Suddenly the travellers come to a stop—a front wheel is off and left behind a little way. The peons unhook the horses, and the inmates of the galera emerge from the door behind to

look about them. They are miles away from any habitation. Nothing is to be seen on all sides but undulating plains of grass as far as the eye can reach. Perhaps an ostrich may shew himself on the horizon for a moment and disappear, or a troop of wild horses may chance to come in sight and are off again, or possibly through an opening in the clouds they may discern the snow-crowned Andes. The travellers might wait long enough for help, but the peons are at no loss; from their capacious pockets, and from some receptacle on the top of the galera, they soon produce the requisite tools, and set busily to work. Within an hour the repair is complete, the horses are hooked on, the travellers in their places, and the journey proceeds.

Towards night a house becomes visible in the distance, a single tree grows beside it, and a circular cattle-fold, or corral as it is called, is close by. Two or three horses, ready saddled, are tied to posts. But there is no fencing except round the corral, and that is made of earth—no garden—no cultivation of any sort. The inhabitants come out bowing and curtseying and

smiling, and make the travellers welcome to the little they have to offer, *i.e.* water, raw meat, or a living fowl—perhaps a spare room, but no furniture beyond a sort of stretcher and a chair or two.

Another day they stop at what has the appearance of a forest of cactus. The ground is well trodden, for the grass is worn off. The universal corral soon presents itself to view. There is a wide ditch or moat beyond the cactus plantation; evidently the hand of man has been here, but there is little sign of habitation: there is a bridge over the moat and a narrow opening in the cactus hedge. The travellers enter, and find the plantation about twelve feet deep and that it surrounds a house or two, effectually protecting them from the attack of hostile Indians, who never appear except on horseback, and whose only weapons are spears and "bolas."

Lines written by Captain Gardiner, on
New-Years' day 1840.

Of one more year what now remains
Of all its sorrows, joys and pains !
But thoughts and deeds can never die :
And in that great, that awful day
When death no more shall hold his prey—
God's faithful book shall open lie ;
And every soul appall'd shall hear
The record of each fleeting year !

Then, washed in Jesus' blood, may we
From every stain of sin be free,
Redeem'd by sovereign grace :
Though hell-deserving, may we hear
Our Judge, our Surety, call us near,
To see his glorious face,
And join the blissful throng that raise
Around the throne their ceaseless praise.

Strike loud your harps angelic train,
Worthy the Lamb for us was slain :
Let heaven's high arch resound ;
With glory, honour, power and praise,
By grateful hearts, through endless days,
Be our Immanuel crowned ;
For He has bought us with His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God !

Safe Arrival of the Mission-party, and Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard.

The joyful intelligence of the safe arrival of Mr. Despard and his companions at the Falkland Islands, on the 30th of August last, must awaken the liveliest gratitude in the hearts of all who take an interest in the work they are engaged in. Step by step has the Patagonian mission advanced since the death of its intrepid founder, until at last we can rejoice in the assurance that a devoted minister of Christ, supported by the zeal and co-operation of GARDINER'S only son, is now located in the immediate neighbourhood of Tierra del Fuego, and will ere long be in the midst of its miserable tribes. We sincerely trust that each future account we receive from Mr. Despard may contain cheering accounts of the progress of the work which he has taken in hand; meanwhile we thankfully accept the intelligence contained in the subjoined journal, as an evidence that God is giving his blessing to our humble attempt to follow up the work commenced in 1851 by those who "being dead yet speak," and to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation in Christ to the perishing natives of South America.

We have great pleasure, also, in adding to the above statement the announcement that letters have been received from Messrs. Ellis & Phillips,

dated Crammer, July 26th, informing the Committee that they were in the enjoyment of good health up to that date, although owing to their long continued expectation of Mr. Despard and his companions, and the absence of the *Allen Gardiner* for some months, no further expedition to Tierra del Fuego had been undertaken pending their arrival.

Hydaspes, June 4, 1856.

About 5 p.m. this day we were regularly under sail to begin our long voyage to that field of labour which, it is our joy and our strength to believe, the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour has called us to work in. Friends had then all left, and the pain of parting from them and from the land of our birth or our fostering, containing so many more, was deadened by the cares and labours of settling in our floating home.

A slight attack of sea-sickness came upon our party from the youngest beginning to the elder ones, at tea time, 8½ p.m. This, and the confusion in the cabin prevented family worship this the first night, but Mr. Ogle and myself knelt at our Father's in the cabin, and besought His grace suitably adapted to our new situation, and His protection and blessing on the ship, her passengers and crew through the night.

June 5th. The night witnessed the rise of wind and sea: the former very favourable to our passage; the latter unfavourable to our passengers, all of whom, save myself, were sea-sick and continued so through the day.

June 6th. The sea moderated and so did the nausea marina of our party; the wind in gentle breezes blew right aft. We took thought to-day for regular public daily worship, and consulted our captain. Everything was conceded that we wished; but of course nothing had been asked to interfere with the regular work of the ship.

This arrangement was decided upon. Breakfast at 8½; worship from 10 to 10.20; study till 12; exercise till 1; then dinner and exercise again till 2; from 2 to 4 study; 4 to 5 exercise; 5 tea; 6½ to 7 reading and writing-class for men; 7 evening worship; after which the company to employ themselves according to their respective taste. I to conduct worship in the morning, Mr. Ogle in the evening. Worship to be begun with hymn; then a portion of Scripture read and expounded; after this prayer. On Sunday service at 10, Mr. Ogle to read and to preach; again at 3, with the reverse arrangement: evening 7, Bible-class with men.

7th. Saturday. The whole party being almost quite free from sea-sickness, we began our regular order. At morning worship I began Genesis, 1 ch. It was a novel undertaking, and trying to mind and body to conduct service on deck, with the wind blowing and the wave tossing the ship about, and to adapt it to the state of mind and feeling of the crew and mission company. The subject of study for the first half of our working forenoon was chosen in the Spanish language, and the other half we devoted to Hebrew. The afternoon we divided in the same way.

8th. Sunday. A fine but rough day; our appointed times were observed. In the morning

I preached from 1 Peter, v. 10, shewing that the inspired writer was of a craft to interest us in our present circumstances the more in what he has to say; that the name he gives to God should attract our especial notice and excite our highest expectation; what God has called us to; who are the called; by what means we are called; the prayer that the Apostle puts into our mouths; an emblem found in the mainmast, which must be furnished complete; strengthened, set up, and fixed in a solid base. The men were very attentive, and did not go back to the fore-castle without an earnest invitation to cast in their lot with christians through faith in Jesus Christ. In the afternoon Mr. Ogle preached a sermon written for the occasion, on 1 Peter ii. 11, in which he compared the christian's life to a pilgrimage. In the evening Mr. Ogle went forward and had serious conversation with the men.

9th. Monday. Pleasant but cloudy weather. Day regularly spent. I began to teach a Hanoverian seaman to read English; but this occupation I afterwards assigned to Mr. Turpin, who kept it up steadily to the end of the voyage. Mr. Gardiner commenced to teach another seaman, and persevered also. Mr. Ogle undertook to conduct a class in geography and navigation in the apprentices' cabin, which was well maintained for several weeks.

10th. This day we are south of Oporto. School work proceeding as usual.

11th. Wednesday. This day week we left the land of our fathers to go on a pilgrimage of mercy to the heathen of a far distant region. We then said Adieu to dear friends in Christ,

whom we may never meet again in the flesh, but who will often meet us in the spirit before our Heavenly Father's footstool. It was untoward that through the confusion and hurry of departure, we could not kneel with them in prayer before parting from them. Several objects of interest to young ocean voyagers here came in sight, viz. a whale, a Portuguese man-of-war, blubber fish, a sea-pigeon and porpoises. We have had two homeward-bound brigantines, sufficiently near to see their hulls. Till to-day the qualmishness of our party made us make up our minds to take our meals on deck *alfresco*, but now we have returned to the saloon below, to our great improvement in comfort.

12th. Thursday. Very calm, scarce a break of wind to stir the sails. We may be, and doubtless are, as much prospered by being delayed now on our way as hastened, for were we to get too soon farther south, we might get into a tornado, or violent storm of rain, to cause much inconvenience, nay even loss of life. The morning very pleasant, sun not too warm. The phenomena of the deep are increasing upon us daily, to call forth our admiration and praise of Him who caused the waters to bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life.

13th. Friday. We began this morning, at Mr. Ogle's suggestion, to say each after breakfast a verse self-chosen from the Scriptures, by rote.

14th. Saturday. We got this day into the N.E. Trades, and expect to-morrow morning to be in sight of Madeira. Till now our voyage

has been most prosperous. God who rules the winds and waves be praised for it!

15th. Sunday. This morning Madeira was plainly in sight, and continued visible till the afternoon, thus establishing Capt. Todd's accuracy, who said yesterday it would be seen at daylight. My morning sermon was from 1 Pet. iii. 15, meaning it as a discourse upon the hope of a christian and the proofs of divine inspiration of that Book on which it is founded. The people attentive through a somewhat lengthy discourse.

16th. We are now off the African coast.

17th. The only novelty this day was a bird somewhat *gullish* in appearance, called a boat-swain, and flying about us. Though we are in latitude of the Canaries, we saw nothing of the Giant Peak. Captain said he never saw such weather so fine as we have had since leaving Plymouth.

18th. Wednesday. Another day of God's favour, wind and weather both favouring us. To-day fortnight we left our English shores. How has it fared with us since? A little sea-sickness in the rest of the party, then good health, and the wind right aft without a shift and, save a morning shower once or twice, no rain have we had. Praise God for all this! I earnestly hope it may please God to cause this fortnight to be a sample of all the rest, that our ship mates may think praying men no bad cargo. In consequence of the feebleness of Mr. Ogle's voice, I thought it not right to tax him with the evening service, so this evening I took it upon myself, and began to read and expound from the 10th chapter of St. Mark, where Mr. Ogle left off.

19th. Thursday. We have to-day crossed the tropic of Cancer, and have had the sun all but vertical. Made the disagreeable discovery that my magazine of linen for the voyage has been left behind, so that I must content myself with a very small allowance of this comfortable article. We saw to-day, also, flying fish for the first time. They looked like things of white and blue glass, spring out of the water and flying with frequent vibration of their fin-wings, some distance in a long curve over the surface.

20th. It seems almost incredible that we are in the Tropics, as we have no sensible accession of heat. One of our party even complained of cold, and used fur to relieve her uneasiness.

21st. Saturday. Our latitude is $19^{\circ} 30'$, our distance from Plymouth over 2100 miles English, a very good progress in 17 days.

22nd. Sunday. Sermon Rom. v. 1, on Justification by Faith. In the evening Mr. O. had a sermon on the duty of shewing faith by works, an apt though undesigned sequel to the morning's discourse.

23rd. Monday. Captain joined our Spanish class; if he continue to attend and profit by it, and Mr. O. persevere in instruction of the men, this voyage will be very important to them in a temporal way. The phosphorescence of the water to-night was very remarkable, passing away in our ship's wake in roses of light.

24th. Tuesday. Weather getting much warmer below stairs.

25th. Wednesday. 3 weeks out and wind still fair! Lat. $10^{\circ} 31'$. Sighted a homeward-bounder, signalled and found her name *Sarina*.

Except Frank, all our party free from sea-sickness; the order of merit in seaworthiness stands thus; G. P. D., E. P. D., T. B., A. W. G., Charles T., E. G. D., Mrs. D., &c. &c.

26th. Thursday. We had this day contrary wind, and were obliged at one time actually to swallow up our latitude. W. E. by an unexpected and rapid whirl of the letter wheel was thrown up against the spanker-boom, by which he was knocked back upon the deck and nearly overboard. His knee was severely contused (I think the right word) and he himself stunned; he got well again in a week.

27th. Two of our ladies seriously indisposed, and taken in hand for advice and medicine by Dr. Gardiner.

28th. Rainy and tossing day. Governess and children sea-sick again.

29th. Sermon on Gal. v. 6.

30th. Two of our party, Frank and Miss Hanlon in a very weak state from sea-sickness. My second and third girls improving; thus mercy is mingled with trial in my lot. Thus the first month of summer closes, and nearly a month has been spent by us voyaging on the ocean. We have had some things to try us, but many more to cheer. May the good Lord, whose unworthy servants we are, shew his power evidently and his favour in our behalf through the next month, to the praise of His long-suffering goodness.

1st July. A very squally day, on which, however, we managed to keep school in Spanish and Hebrew as usual. The inconvenience we find in such weather is that we cannot muster the people regularly to family worship, because

we must have it in the saloon, and to consist of just a short passage of Scripture read, with prayer following.

2nd, 3rd, 4th July. Days wherein nothing new of any kind transpired. Our invalids are continuing to improve. The weather has been fine, though the wind so much Southerly and Westerly that we have not been able to keep so far to the Westward as is desirable for availing ourselves of the S.E. Trades. The officers think we were in them since day before yesterday: in lat. 6° North.

5th. Yesterday we were in $2^{\circ} 42'$ N. long. $25^{\circ} 30'$ West. We have Africa on our left hand, and South America on our right, and reach further South than India.

6th. Sunday. My sermon in the morning was from Eph. i. 13, 14.

At $6\frac{1}{4}$ p.m. we crossed the line, and celebrated the event by singing Heber's mission hymn and God save the Queen, and then we gave three hearty cheers, which were responded to by the men: ten of the men came aft on the poop-deck and sang God save the Queen and Evening Hymn, and cheered heartily; after which I addressed officers and crew in a few words of grateful acknowledgment for the attention shewn to us, to which Mr. Ogle added words of similar import; and I promised them a more *substantial* proof of our gratitude (D.V.) on Monday.

Thus our gracious God has brought us to the end of the first half of our sea journey, and we would fain hope that He will conduct us safely right through. To Him be ascribed praise and glory now and ever!

7th. Monday. Mr. O. and Mr. Gardiner insisted upon defraying the expense of the men's treat, which consisted in plum-puddings, a large ham, cheese and *butter*; (this Steward assured us would be a great dainty to them.)

8th. Tuesday. We are now in lat. S. $1^{\circ} 50'$, long. $31^{\circ} 30'$, and to-morrow expect to sight Fernando de Noronha. How nice it would be could we land and see how the seed of the Divine Word, scattered by our former party on this island, has prospered.

9th & 10th. Wednesday & Thursday. Stormy and disagreeable days. Wind such as to make it necessary to back, to clear the coast of South America.

11th. Friday. Cross sea, with swooping disagreeable motion. Lat. $4^{\circ} S$.

We shall have, as I fully expect, 13 weeks' passage, owing to the slow disposition of our otherwise excellent *Hydaspes*.

12th. Saturday. A very squally night; got through with the usual amount of trouble; wearied limbs; wild, short dreams, &c. Day fine overhead; windy aloft and *rolly* under the bottom. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ p.m. we saw in the loom of the distance the coast of South America, about off Natal (?) At 5 the outline was very distinct, being about 20 miles distant. This is the first glimpse of the land where my party and self expect, by God's permission, to labour in as ambassadors for Christ. May the Sun of Righteousness speedily dispel the clouds of Paganism and Popery which shroud this fair land!

13th. Sunday. A fine day. Sermon on Gen. xlii. 36. Read Norris Grove's Life, and wished

my heart might only be as his towards God and man.

Had service after tea by moonlight and lamp-light. Mr. O. preached on the Prophecy of Enoch.

14th. Monday. Passed very near a small barque working, as well as we, against a head wind.

15th, 16th, 17th. Stormy days, and in consequence our habits very irregular.

18th. Friday. An agreeable change in the water and the wind; the former having fallen into a smoother surface, and the latter come round more S. Easterly, so that we may make a winning tack of a few miles in the right direction.

19th July. Saturday. Last night we had a prodigious sea running and very high wind. We had, however, amid the tossing of the sea, the consolation of knowing we are advancing somewhat in the right direction.

20th. Sunday. Sermon 2 Cor. v. 8.

Evening a long talk with the children on Old Testament stories, and sang many pleasing hymns with them.

21st. Monday. We saw a dolphin to-day for the first time—very different in appearance from that thing which figures in heraldic devices; and in the afternoon had a French vessel, the *Napoleon* from Marseilles, so near that we spoke her, but could make little of the answers to our questions in *lingua Franca* but that he was 30 days out.

22nd. Tuesday. Nothing to record.

23rd. Wednesday. Signalled the *Ogon*, Yankee

clipper from Liverpool for Calcutta; 29 out, and we are 49 days from Plymouth. Lat. $11^{\circ} 44'$.

24th. Thursday. Weather getting cooler, though we have not suffered from the tropics, save a little at night down below.

25th. Friday. Most beautiful weather. We have made about 2 degrees in 2 days! Rapid sailing, truly!

27th. Sunday. Sermon Acts xxiv. 15.

The weather becoming very squally at service time we deferred the sermon till the afternoon.

28th & 29th. Furnished no new thing, but what have been the unmerited mercies of God.

30th. Now 8 weeks out, and having on the whole enjoyed the time considerably; our great drawbacks have been Miss ——'s 4 weeks illness, very hot nights below in the tropics, and, to several of our parties, the pungent visits of certain gentry whose name is unsavoury to ears polite, and whose evil doings are done under cover of darkness.

31st. Thursday. A most delicious day. Sun not too hot, breeze just cool, sea calm, motion scarcely perceptible.

August 1st. Friday. Lat. $21^{\circ} 35'$. Day as fair and pleasant as yesterday, and gentle wind right aft. The stern-sails all set and our course as we please, due South. Miss —— rather better. Wife complaining of dreadful headache, and I well as I have been, through distinguishing mercy of God, now these 30 years!

2nd. Saturday. Three beautiful dolphins appeared to vary the monotony of our sea life; one jumped whole length out of the sea at the bait on a hook, and hardly escaped its deadly point.

Rash fellow! the temporary gratification of his appetite nearly cost him his life, and many a poor sinner does just the same thing—perils a better life to have the pleasure of sin for a season, and a very brief one.

3rd. Sunday. Lovely weather. A fine Sunday is an especial advantage to people, like ourselves, whose only church-house is the deck, because the cabin below is so circumscribed and cumbered. Soon after reaching the poop we were much amused by the appearance of a whale just under our stern, going to and fro. We had a full view of his huge proportions, from a bird's eye position. We did hope he might find it convenient to continue his gambols at a distance during the time of our service, lest otherwise he might draw off the attention of the junior part of the auditory—and so it came to pass. Sermon 1 Thess. iv. 17.

At 12 we had the Lord's Supper administered and partaken of by all the upper members of the mission-party save Mr. O., who was suffering from head-ache, and all the lower save one. I preached again in the afternoon, on Luke xviii. 14.

4th. Monday. Most beautiful day, and very brisk wind.

5th. Tuesday. Stormy day. Dead lights put in for the first time. A night of trouble followed and alarm very great to one of our party—not me. Sleep during the night “hung not upon our penthouse lid,” as we were overrocked entirely. The children, who for some weeks were obliged to lie on the cabin floor, were jumbled up with drawers, crockery ware, broken basins, water cans,—a pretty mess of it. We wished

heartily for the day. Ship lying to under close reefed mantopsail and trysail, radder secured, and all to a regular storm.

6th. Wednesday. Weather still very rough; several squalls of rain came off with great eclat during the day. Tom caught a Cape-pigeon, a pretty bird, in form and feather about the size of its *land* namesake, only with a sharp hook on the end of the upper mandible, and bead-like tubercle just below the insertion of same.

7th. Thursday. Weather much improved.

8th & 9th. Friday and Saturday. Unmarked by anything save the unfailing mercies of God. Lat. $29^{\circ} 48' S.$, long. $41^{\circ} W.$

10th. Sunday. Wind fair, with a rolling sea. Sermon Heb. xi. 25, 26. Employed my interval time in reading Simeon's Memoirs.

11th. Monday. Tolerably pleasant, but evidently working up for a storm, and on

12th. Tuesday, it did come with plenty of force and bluster, and followed by a very heavy sea. All this lasted till about 2 p.m., then went down wind and kept up sea. We had a roughish night of it, but through mercy not much harm done, save to our repose. These sort of days are not progressive in anything but in instruction unto patience.

13th. Wednesday. Fair sea and fair wind; but the weather-wise among us say a heavy wind and troubling sea are near at hand—not much to comfort them who love easy times and whole bones. Engaged in *play-time* in reading Simeon's Memoirs, to my edification.

14th. Thursday. Prognostications of yesterday unpleasantly verified in very strong wind,

conveying a promise of more. If the wind only knew how much annoyance he gives us lands-folk, I am sure he would deal more gently with us.

15th. Friday. Very cold, with high seas; making to the West, but to the South less than nothing.

These days are very trying through the idleness they occasion, and the many and manifold discomforts we have, especially below; but as they are among the things appointed, we must bear them with patience and even *thankfulness*.

16th. Saturday. Save and except the weather, nothing to write about.

17th. Sunday. Sermon Matt. xxv. 24. Our afternoon, after second service, spent in instruction of the children as before; but we sang our hymns in the saloon instead of on deck.

18th. Monday. A most lovely day to our feelings, but miserable to our voyage. Three albatrosses caught by line and hook, and surprised us very much by their size, though they were by no means large for their kind, measuring only about 11 feet from tip to tip; but their feathers, particularly under the wings, were singularly fleecy and beautiful. Their parasites were two-thirds of an inch large,—head armed with two large and strong forceps. I was struck with the construction of the beak, which was that of a pair of very strong shears—the upper blade shutting into a double-edged blade below, with an ample hook in front. Foster shot a Cape-hen, which was retrieved from the water, and we sighted some huge blubbers in the water;

which at night shone lamp-like in the dark element.

“O Lord how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy goodness; so is this great and wide sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great.”

19th. Tuesday. Very hazy, and sprays all over the ship from stem to stern.

20th. Wednesday. 11 weeks out to-day, being one beyond our reckoning.

21st. Thursday. Tried by much walking to weary myself into a sound sleep at night.

22nd & 23rd. Nothing but a whale in sight to amuse us. Lat. 43° 33.

24th. Sunday. Hoarse croak of penguins heard—giving indications of our approach to land; ripple of tide noticed; sea-weed seen. Heb. vi. 19. My son's birthday. May he grow in grace and live to be a man of God, thoroughly instructed unto righteousness. This will probably be the last Sabbath spent on board, and will precede, it may be, years of toil spent in a dreary region, amid hitherto unexperienced dangers.

25th. Monday. My son's birthday kept with such festivity as we could muster, and such presents as were at hand; steward made him a cake ornamented with flags, and buns both plain and currant; and Mr. O. converted his state room into a pavilion and surrounded with pictures of savage life and Scripture incident, and then ensconced Master P. as King of Islands Cannibal on a throne, (his berth) for which dignity the aspiring boy was externally prepared by having

his brow encircled with a tiara of paper and feathers, and his shoulders covered with a crimson shirt. A comic description of the pictures, with singing and music, (of an harmonium) completed the evening's entertainment.

26th. Tuesday. Begun shore preparations, such as cobbling and sorting of walking boots, packing up books that had been used on board, I hope with edification to others, certainly not benefit to themselves in their body-material.

27th. Wednesday. The herdsman's poor wife expecting every moment to be confined, and no knowing one on board to help her through.

28th. Thursday. Wind very high, increasing at night to a storm, in the midst of which Emma Bartlett gave birth to a healthy female infant. Two females and the steward, a married man and formerly *mixer* to a surgeon, rendering their aid.

29th. Friday. Lying to all day. Very near land, but we could not venture to approach it, on account of the hazy horizon.

30th. Saturday. At quarter before 7 a.m. Mr. Longridge, the second mate, sighted land on the larboard bow, supposed to be Rugged Hill; wind light and fair, sea not rough. We are gradually approaching land, but my heart knows no joy from the uncertainty as to there being even common shelter for my wife and children.

This morning my heart was lifted up in prayer and in thanksgiving most earnestly to my God and Father in Christ, that He would make me meet for all the labours and trials I anticipate in no small measure or number on shore, and that He would not suffer His work for the glory

of Christ and salvation of souls to be marred through the unworthiness and insufficiency of His agent! About 3, near enough to see the light-house on Pembroke Point, Port William, and soon opening the port we saw a schooner standing out to us, which, by one sign after another, developed itself as the *Allen Gardiner*. My joy was very great, and half my load of anxiety removed, for I foresaw much difficulty in getting forward to Cranmer, and even to landing at Stanley, should our schooner be absent.

Just at the entrance of the port, the *Challenger*, bound for the guano rocks, passed us.

The appearance of the Falklands under a bright sun and clear sky was prepossessing, even though the hills be bleak and brown and the shores surf-beaten. We were pleased with the scene the more, as we had formed the worst possible opinion of the looks of the land of our missionary sojourn.

About 5 p.m. Captain Snow and young Mr. Dean, with the pilot Melville, came on board. Seldom have I shaken the hands of man with more hearty good-will than his. He had been expecting us about 4 weeks, as his last advice from home said we should sail the 20th May. He had been lying off the outside of the harbour 4 weeks, and was on the eve of a start to look for us stranded and shattered on some one of the many dangerous points in these parts.

Dropped anchor at 9.

31st. Sunday. Lay quietly at anchor all day. Had a peep at Stanley, and it looked very like a double row of comfortable bathing machines drawn up high and dry on the shore.

Service below : sermon Eccl. xii. 5. Though this was in the saloon we had all the watch, with the captain; and the same in the afternoon, when Mr. O. read a sermon of his father's.

Now my public service in the *Hydaspes* is done, I can safely say, according to what is in me, or by nature or by grace, have I done. May the evil be forgiven, and the good be made effectual unto spiritual good.

1st September. Monday. Wind and weather against lifting of the anchor. Captain Snow came to see us, and took off Mr. O., Mr. A. G., and Mr. Turpin. I being father, tarried with children and the staff.

In evening Mr. Dean, sen., and Mr. Bayley came on board.

2nd. Tuesday. Worked ship up; day very fine; dropped anchor, and went ashore with wife. Met Governor Moore and lady, who had most kindly invited us to dine, and spent the night in Government House. Most cordial and cheering was our reception, and I learnt, to my joy, that His Excellency had secured a snug house for my family, and a large dry lock-up store, free of cost, for all my effects. Introduced likewise to Captain Sibbald, R. N., and his lady, sister to Mrs. Moore.

Went up with Governor to see our future temporary home. It is a small house with four rooms, one being made into two by a canvas partition, but it is as big and comfortable as any now vacant, and is solid against wind.

3rd. Wednesday. Breakfasted by invitation with the Governor, and afterwards returned to the ship and began discharging our cargo. We

still continued on board, but our children were all received for the day at Government House. This was our last night spent on board.

4th. Thursday. We got lads up into our new house, which I take the liberty to dub Belle Vue, and without even so much as a plate to eat from, a cup or a basin to perform the morning's ablution in, we took up our night quarters there. High and low here in Stanley have concurred to give us a hearty welcome, and we must particularly mention the kindness of Mrs. Falkner, the chaplain's lady, who has been unwearied in her efforts to oblige us in this our very unsettled state. Mr. Dean, a principal merchant, insists upon our making every use we can of his help. The Surveyor General provided our poor hungry little folks with such a breakfast as a Falkland appetite knows how to relish:—in short, beginning at Government House and going all along, we number every house as the home of friends and helpers. I must not omit to mention that Mr. James Havers, Manager of the Falkland Island Company's property, came on board the *Hydaspes* as soon as she anchored and tendered most kindly his services as we might direct them. I could not but recognise the hand of God in all this—bringing us from dear friends in England, through dear friends on the sea, to dear friends again here near Cape Horn.

Same day dined, with others of our party, at Government House, with Captain Todd, of whom said the Governor, "I have a high respect, for his kindness and attention to you."

5th. Friday. Introduced to Rev. Mr. Falkner, who invited me to preach for him on Sunday and

assist in administering the Lord's Supper. Mr. F. said he would help forward the Mission all he could. Busy settling my family in their new home all the day—no easy task when the rooms are so small that a few boxes and trunks stop the way against in and egress.

6th. Saturday. Spent evening with Captain Todd and his officers, in the *Hydaspes*—of whom, as about to leave on Monday to prosecute their voyage to the Peruvian Guano Islands, I took leave. I also went forward and said farewell to every sailor by name. From the master to the youngest apprentice we met with nothing but kindness and attention, and were never compelled to witness aught in seeing or hearing that offended against propriety. It was my prayer that the Lord would provide such a captain and such a crew for us, and how to the word he answered. May we not take this as a token for good? Here it is the place to say that we kept up family worship almost to the last, certainly to the last fortnight on deck, every morning and evening, so as to furnish the ship's company with an opportunity of serving God and hearing His Word; and on Sundays we had, with only three exceptions, our service on board. Mr. Ogle kept up very constantly his morning instruction of the young, and the catechists continued zealously to visit and instruct the men in the fore-castle.

I believe our regret at parting from the officers and seamen of the good *Hydaspes* was mutual.

7th. Sunday. Our day of hope for the Mission. I trust our anniversary will be celebrated by sermons from many pulpits, and that tomorrow may see a goodly assembly in the Victoria

Rooms, to receive our Secretary's cheering Report, and to gather information which may give a stimulus to their exertions for the spread of Gospel truth in South America.

Preached in the chapel, which was full and contained seamen from the *Hydaspes* and *Allen Gardiner*; Rom. i. 16; and afterwards assisted in the office of Holy Communion. Thus does my first Sunday in this Southern island resemble my last in the Northern, for my last Sunday there I preached in Stonehouse and assisted at Lord's Supper. There were good many communicants. Yesterday the mail came in and brought me no letter from any one. Mrs. Despard, however, received several from her friends. *Syren*, Capt. Otway, 16-gun brig, came in to port. Mr. O. preached in the evening, and I read prayers at the desk. Went on board the *Allen Gardiner* at Captain Snow's request, to conduct the evening devotions there.

8th. Monday. Hitherto the weather has been lovely; bright sun and, for the season—very early spring—warm sun. Busied with inward improvements, as the weather forbade comfortable activity out of doors.

Introduced to Captain Otway, of the *Syren* brig-of-war, who proved son of Mrs. Otway, of Leamington, a warm friend of our Society and friend of my family for many years. Capt. O. said he served under my uncle in the New Zealand war. Mrs. O., at Leamington, told me she had a son on the South American station, and hoped we should meet: little did she then expect it would be here in Stanley. Gave in two letters to His Excellency, one to enter into

recognizances for Mr. Schmidt—an alien—another to obtain the legal transfer of Keppel Island to the Patagonian Missionary Society, as it has hitherto been held only by annual hire on service.

9th. Tuesday. Weather rainy. Attended at Government House to answer enquiries respecting our settlement in Keppel Island, and at the Police Court to register Mr. Schmidt. Children and myself paid a visit to Mrs. Snow in the schooner, and were much interested by her account of the Fuegian natives and their ways, when the schooner visited them in Banner Cove, Lennox Island, and Britton Island; and by sight of the curiosities, natural and artificial, she had picked up. From the latter it appears that the poor savages have considerable ingenuity, which, under our instruction, may be converted to valuable aids.

In the evening attended a lecture in the room of the Total Abstinence Society upon *Education*, delivered by a teetotal tailor; but it seemed that he confined his view of the important subject to disciplining the bodily appetite by the restraints of the teetotal pledge. I enrolled my name gladly as a member of the Society, by signing the pledge. Some knowing fellow said "Ah, sir, they want us working men to sign, but they the quality are not disposed to relinquish their own glass."