

THE
VOICE OF PITY

FOR

South America.



VOL. IV.—1857.

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

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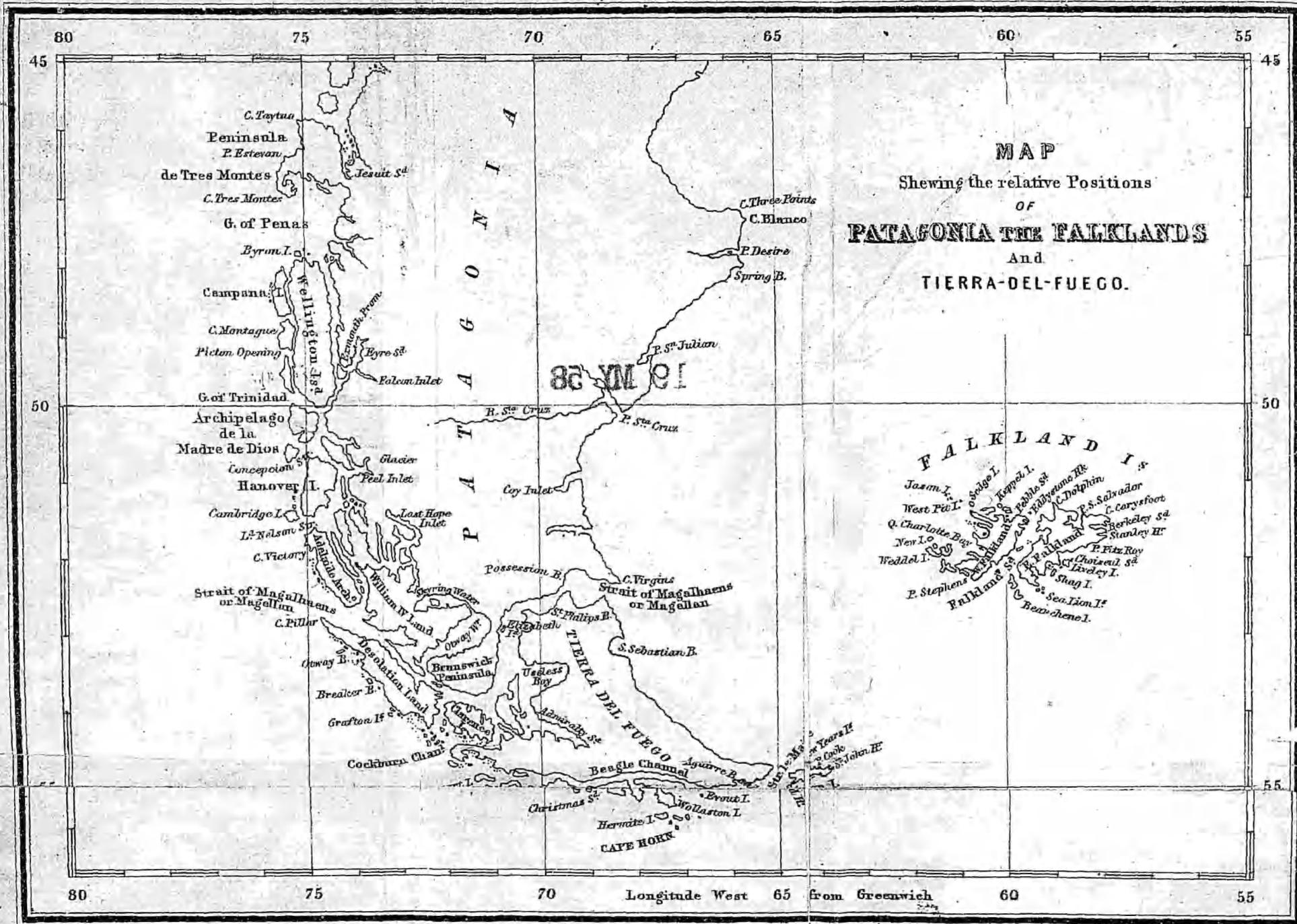
B. P. SHEPHERD; NOTTINGHAM, DUNN AND SON.

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MAP
 Shewing the relative Positions
 OF
PATAGONIA THE FALKLANDS
 And
 TIERRA-DEL-FUEGO.

Longitude West 65 from Greenwich 60 55

Missions—past, present, and future.

It is a favourite dogma with Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, and which they get their followers to believe, though it can scarcely impose upon a well-informed schoolboy, that "Protestantism is cursed with sterility;" that is, that the reformed faith has no power to propagate itself; and this in the face of the fact, that the number of Protestants in the world is about ninety millions; in other words, that since the momentous day when Luther,

"The solitary monk that shook the world,"

found the Bible in the library of Erfurt, not three centuries and a half ago, the religion of that book, as distinguished from the religion of Rome, has been disseminated throughout the world to that extent.

The argument is, that Protestantism is a negative system, and as such wants vitality and cannot make progress; but the sophism here consists in regarding the religion of Protestants only on the side of its antagonism to Popery, the truth being, that what is called Protestantism is the old religion of the apostles and prophets stripped of the blasphemies and absurdities with which ignorance,

artifice, and superstition had encumbered it. In its scriptural aspect it is primitive Christianity, and in that character it is a positive assertion of Divine truth, and is no more sterile now in its constitution or its effects, than it was on the day of Pentecost, or during the apostolic journeyings of St. Paul.

There is a view, however, it must be confessed, in which the Romish imputation seems justified by facts. For centuries after the glorious Reformation light broke through the mists of Popish error, there appeared, with a few rare exceptions, among those who partook of its blessings, no practical sense of the obligation that rested on them of resuming the heavenly task which had been suspended for so many ages, of proclaiming the gospel of the grace of God to the heathen nations of the earth. Their work was literally more of a Protestant than of a Christian character, more of antagonism to Rome (valuable doubtless and greatly blessed of God,) than of evangelism in the earth. As such indeed it was rather negative than positive, although even in that aspect it was urged forward with a truly missionary spirit, and bore missionary fruit. These things, however, ought its propagators to have done, but not to leave the other undone. Among the honoured exceptions to this general rule, the small but truly Christian Society of United Brethren must ever stand out

in distinguished prominence. Dating their existence as a religious body from before the Council of Constance in 1414, rendered infamous by the treacherous martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, whom they are justified in regarding as the founders of their community, and who themselves owed, under God, their spiritual illumination to our own "morning star of the Reformation," John Wickliff, they very early, and when but a few hundreds in number, planted the gospel on the slave-trodden soil of the West Indian Islands, and in spite of inconceivable hardships and discouragements, upon the ice-bound shores of Greenland. In our own country two societies, that for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Christian Knowledge Society, claim an existence of more than a century and a half; but the latter avowedly is only a colonial society, without any reference to the heathen; and the other, although of late years exhibiting much life and activity, stirred up doubtless by the example of other and younger societies, does not appear for more than a century after its incorporation to have made many successful aggressions on the kingdom of Satan.

The nineteenth century is par excellence the era of Christian missions. As regards Great Britain, the foundation of the marvellous superstructure of evangelical propagandism was laid in

troublous times, amid a war of stupendous proportions, and a drain on the country of men and money that filled the world with astonishment and politicians and financiers with dismay. Then, when the English mind and English energies seemed absorbed with the one vitally important subject, the country's naval and military resources, their expansion and their support, in view of a threatened invasion on the one hand, and the interruption of commercial enterprise on the other: then, when the earth heaved beneath the earthquake of French revolution, when French infidelity went forth like a consuming fire, to devour as in one vast conflagration every thing Divine, every thing sacred in the earth; and when the storm of war was heard to burst not only over the whole continent of Europe, but over the whole world, and even Christian men trembling for their country's safety and their country's faith, could not feel that God was in the earthquake, the fire, or the storm: a "still small voice" from the lips of the Anointed One reached the ears and penetrated the hearts of a few of His praying people, suggesting to them a system of military tactics such as none of the princes of this world knew any thing of, but such as should prove a sure defence for their beloved country in this its hour of peril and distress. The great Captain of our salvation ordained, that as Satan was now marshalling his

hosts for a more than usually fierce attack upon the religious and social welfare of England, the tide of warfare should be turned towards his own territory, and that in his most cherished fastnesses he should encounter the keen edge of that weapon, mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds—the Word of the living God.

At that suggestion from above, the Bible Society sprung into existence, as an armory from whence the soldiers of the cross were to be supplied with weapons suited to their spiritual warfare, and in such quantities as, with the grace of God upon their spirits and energies, they should presently require. The founding of that noble institution at that particular crisis was a happy omen of missionary success; for why more Bibles and why more translations, unless the confines of the professing Church of Christ were to be enlarged, and “nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues,” hitherto excluded, were to be brought in, and this not as subjects of the papal see, to which we are told spiritual fecundity only belongs: for in such a case an institution for the supply of crucifixes, beads, scapulars, agnus Deis, gospels, cords of St. Francis, holy bones, holy stones, and all such trumpery would alone be suitable; but as freeborn Protestant men and women, asserting for themselves and their children the right to hear and to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of

God? The character of the new era which was about to dawn upon England and the world, was indicated by the formation of the Bible Society; and therefore Missionary and other Christian Societies made their appearance in rapid succession; or, we should rather say, Missionary Societies of every feature, and of various adaptation, for all Christian institutions for the employment of the preacher, the schoolmaster, the scripture reader, or the press, are strictly Missionary Societies.

For the last fifty years the strain upon the professing Church for the support of this numerous and increasing mission progeny has been great. The age of miracles has long past away, but how wonderfully has the supply of means kept pace with the demands on Christian faithfulness and responsibility. All the discoveries in science and art for which the present century is remarkable, minister in one way or another to the rapid and extensive dissemination of gospel truth. Steam power, whether applied to printing or to locomotion, has contributed immensely to the work. Stereotype printing has been found a valuable auxiliary. Improvements in manufactures, in agriculture, &c. have lent material advantage; and who knows not how largely commercial enterprise and success have ministered to the accomplishment of the Church's yearnings after the enlargement of her borders and the dispersion of her light?

It is not unnatural that a certain amount of uneasiness should be felt even by Christian minds, at the rapid multiplication of Christian Societies in our day. Viewed only with the eye of sense, every new society seems to enter into competition with those already in operation for public favour and support, and to endanger the latter's stability and success; but faith and experience judge differently. If the system of societies for carrying on the work of the Redeemer be a scripturally sound one, and if the specific object for the accomplishment of which any new association is formed be one in which the glory of God and the spiritual welfare of His people are involved, and if the eye of the framers of it be single as regards that object, we are not at liberty to calculate consequences from any human point of view. The voice of the Eternal is heard above all the remonstrances of carnal reason, saying, "Go forward!" and we dare not disobey. Whatever our hands find to do, we must do it with our might, and *at once*; for we are warned not only that there is no devising or working in the grave, but that the grave will not wait for us. As far as we are concerned, now is the accepted time; and no true follower of Jesus will be content to delegate his work to his successor.

But the fact is, new societies have not acted prejudicially on the old. It is notorious that the latter are making rapid strides in the acquisition

and use of means, notwithstanding the increasing number of younger institutions with similar objects starting up around them. May we not rather say, however paradoxical it may appear, that these facts stand in the relation of cause and effect? the very multiplication of instruments of aggression on the kingdom of Satan, and of rescue of the children of God from his hands, which some complain of, must bring the subject continually in its various aspects before the minds of the Christian public, and act with stimulating effect upon them. Hence missionary feelings are awakened and sustained, and every fresh enterprise thus becomes promotive of others, which in their turn propagate their kind. Besides, the more startling the rapidity with which societies are multiplied, the more crying must appear the spiritual destitution of the world, and all the more shameful the supineness and neglect of ourselves and our predecessors in the unshared enjoyment of Christian privileges and blessings. Decidedly the world is older now than it was fifty years ago, and the coming of the Lord draweth nearer. If then more than two centuries of opportunity since the Reformation has been lost, we are constrained to crowd into the short time which may be yet allotted to this dispensation the work that might have been spread over so many neglected years now gone for ever. The Lord of the harvest has conferred on us this

distinction, and He will give—nay, has He not given us strength, resources, grace, for the accumulated labour?

We of the Patagonian or South American Mission, are new intruders in the judgment of some, new pioneers to further spiritual conquest we trust in the opinion of others. Under the most singular dispensations of Divine Providence have we been drawn into the mission field. Why is this? For no reason peculiar to us, but one in common to us with all other Christian labourers, the Lord's time has come. He has a people among the long benighted and long neglected South Americans, and they are to be gathered out. The gospel herald is to stand in their midst to make proclamation, and they shall hear it. All that the Father has given to Jesus among these poor savages shall come to Him. The question is not, shall we blow the gospel trumpet that they may hear? If we are the instruments selected, *we must*. Nor is it, will the Church of Christ in these lands contribute with their prayers and their money to the work? All that is sure. The only enquiry to which we are to listen comes from above, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" The reply of faith is, "Yea, Lord." The act of faith is to go forward. Genuine missionary work shall prosper. We believe ours to be genuine, for it is prospering. We count our disasters to be our

triumphs, for by these we perceive that Jehovah alone is to be exalted; and this lesson is never taught but to those whom the King delights to honour. Incipient disaster and apparent defeat have inaugurated all the most successful missionary enterprises of our day. We too have received the seal manual of the Eternal Three—its motto is, “Cease ye from men.” Lord, impress it upon our hearts and the hearts of all our “companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ;” “so will we sing and praise Thy power.”

Arrival at the Falklands.

We were enabled to conclude our last volume with the first journal of the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard, and we feel assured that its contents not only afforded relief to the heart of many a warm friend of the Patagonian Mission, but that they have drawn forth heartfelt expressions of gratitude to Him whom the winds and the waves obey, for the favourable voyage vouchsafed to the *Hydaspes* and her precious freight, and the health and safety of all on board. Thus far has the renewed attempt to carry the word of life to the long neglected natives of South America been wonderfully prospered; and thus far have we received intimation from on high, that as regards our Mission, the night of heaviness is passing away, and the morning of joy is at hand. Glory be to Him who loves, and feeds, and keeps the flock!

The 4th of June, 1856, will be a memorable day in the history of—shall we say—the Church of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia? as that on which the first ordained missionary to these benighted localities set sail from Plymouth, one of the distinguished ports of privileged and happy England; content to abandon their home comforts and attachments, at the bidding of their beloved Redeemer, who intimated to them that He had a people to be called out from among the savage and degraded natives of those inhospitable shores. We are permitted now to follow the intrepid messengers over the large expanse of water that separates them and the scene of their labours from us; and it is pleasant, and will we trust be profitable, to glean from the journal already given a few topics worthy of note, and calling more especially for Christian congratulation, gratitude, and praise.

We cannot help feeling thankful that the head of the Mission party, the Rev. G. P. Despard, was so entirely exempted from sea sickness during the voyage, and thus was enabled to attend without distraction to the special duties devolving on him, among which of course the most valuable were the religious services engaged in both on Sundays and week days; and in reference to these, the general state of the weather during the thirteen weeks of sailing is well worthy of note—only three Sundays was public worship interrupted, and most week days were available for the religious routine laid down. This included not only morning and evening worship, but daily instruction of the young on board, and constant conversation by the catechists with the crew. A course of mutual instruction and improvement in the Spanish and Hebrew languages seems to have been systematically pursued. Our readers are aware

how indispensable is a knowledge of Spanish in almost all parts of South America. Hebrew was cultivated, doubtless with a view to the translation of the Scriptures into the languages of the native tribes, when the happy period calling for such a work shall arrive. On Sunday, July 6, the *Hydaspes* crossed the line, when, after a sermon by Mr. Despard, from those cheering words, Eph. i. 13, 14. Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn, beginning,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand," &c.

was sung by the Mission party, and afterwards, "God save the Queen." "And then," says Mr. D., "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 the Evening Hymn, and cheered heartily." The scene we doubt not was peculiarly animating and impressive. As a happy omen, we trust, of the numerous spiritual progeny which shall be born of the word and the Spirit, through the instrumentality of our beloved brethren in Christ, Emma Bartlett, the herdsman's wife, was safely delivered of a daughter on the 28th of August, in the midst of a storm of wind, and almost in sight of the destined haven.

Stanley, the seat of government at the Falklands, was reached on August 30. What Christian heart does not beat responsive to that of dear Despard, as he contemplated the land towards which his thoughts and aspirations had so long been turned—the field of his future spiritual conflict, and the scene doubtless of many a momentous event, now mercifully draped with the curtain of futurity? "This morning," he says, "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." So be it, Lord, we earnestly respond. How encouraging was the reception which our dear friends encountered at Stanley, from the Governor, Mr. Moore, down to the humblest inhabitant. We adore the kind and tender interposition of our Saviour God, as exemplified in so cheering an introduction to their appointed station and work. Soon was the intrepid missionary enabled to lift up his voice in the new world, as he had often and faithfully done in the old: having landed on Tuesday, the 2nd of September, he filled the Colonial Chaplain's pulpit on the following Sunday, the 7th, and declared the spirit in which he entered on the Mission work, and the strictly gospel principles on which it was to be conducted, by announcing as his text Rom. i. 16. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek." God of His infinite mercy grant that great grace may rest upon him, that he may feel himself but an earthen vessel containing precious treasure—nothing in himself, but by sovereign appointment able to do all things allotted to him through Christ which strengtheneth him.

Encouragement.

"An old proverb says of certain persons, that they cannot fall without picking up something; so the soldiers of Christ can draw some advantage from everything, to the glory of their Lord."

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Arrival of our Missionary at Keppel Island.

We have the pleasure of announcing the interesting fact that Mr. Despard has paid already three visits to Keppel Island; and although his deeply interesting journal is given at length in an Occasional Paper published this month, we cannot refrain from laying before the readers of the "Voice of Pity" the following extracts for the contents and tone of which we desire to praise the Great First Missionary.

Sept. 19.—"It was dark when we anchored in Committee Bay, some distance from the south shore. It was an anxious moment, for we knew not whether the two gentlemen might not be absent or even dead. By and bye, Mr. Turpin discovered a light on the hill side, as from a window: then we set up to shout, "Ellis, Ellis, it is Despard come." No answer but the hoarse bark of the penguin. We joined voices, but still the response came not: James fired his gun with no better effect: so we were fain to content ourselves with knowing, one, at least, was alive, and waited for the morning to know more. Our run had been set down as possibly a week, or even a fortnight, so we were in good spirits and thankfulness to God, that we had made it comfortably in thirty-six hours, including nine hours laying to.

Saturday, 20th.—By daylight we were on the alert, and perceived a nice house on the hill side, with the English ensign flying over the roof. No person, however, made his appearance. We got the *Victoria's* boat to put us ashore, with some of the live stock, and advanced to the house. The situation struck us as well chosen, being a valley something to be compared to the hoof of a horse's foot—the hoof edge representing the sloping hills on each side; the hollows, two valleys with a water course in each; the frog, the elevated ground on whose middle stands Sullivan House; the opening at the heels, the debouche of the valley upon the Cove Creek; and the toe, the hill above Sullivan House. On the rise just above the Creek, was a neatly made brick storehouse; and near, a cart body and wheels, not yet wedded into one machine—a dog roped to a barrel, and

sundry other barrels. A bridge of stones crossed the brook, then the ascent, for a few paces, was by a broad road newly made; this merged into a well beaten foot path; just above, another fine dog was moored to his kennel, and stalking about were four pair of Upland geese, (a very beautiful bird, nearly the size of our Michaelmas dainties) stalking about with perfect *non-chalance*; further on, a ram with *four horns*, one of them straight up like a bayonet on his head, a prodigious beast, was tethered to a stake; and two wild boar looking sows, with bristling manes, long snouts, long tails, and long legs, came squeaking and smelling close behind us. By and bye, Phillips and Ellis came running down the sloping path, and from a distance called out, "Are you Mr. Despard?" Before I answered, Mr. P. said, "Oh yes, it is he," ran forward, put his arms round my neck, and kissed me. Dr. Ellis shook me warmly by the hand—they were both looking remarkably well, and comfortably dressed."

In reference to the possessions of the Patagonian Mission in the Island, Mr. Despard writes (our readers are aware that we have a loan of the entire Island from government for twenty years.)

"The Surveyor General consulted me about the land to be in the grant—160 acres; and I decided upon Cranmer Vale: so he has promised me a sea frontage, including Brook Cove and three adjoining Coves, altogether half a mile, and a half a mile in depth—reaching some way above Sullivan House—a very pretty piece of real estate for our Society. Mr. Baily said Despard Vale will feed one thousand head of cattle, and the Island is well adapted for raising horses. The large Government Map is very correct."

Some account of the resources of our Mission Colony will be read with solemn interest by those who remember the fate of dear Captain Gardiner and his lamented party.

Thursday, 25th.—"Landed early to perambulate our Mission Island in company with Dr. Ellis, leaving the rest to finish housing and storing provisions, books, &c. and sorting, stacking, and securing against high winds and tides the timber. Mr. Bailey first pointed out to me and the doctor, the bounds of our territory; with the

extent and quality whereof we have reason to be content. Ellis and I then worked our way in a N. W. course, through Despard Vale to Lake Sophia (after Miss Atkinson) we saw thirty or forty geese feeding in different spots, so tame as that a stone, well thrown, might have bowled them over. On the lake were espied three couple of teal, five wild ducks; on the banks a couple of snipe, dog-larks; and over our heads flew, with a pleasing cull note, two red-breasted starlings. Separated from Lake Sophia by a very short run, is Lake Elizabeth (after Mrs. Allen Gardiner); and to the north is Lake Webb (after our Edinburgh Treasurer.) They are all three shallow, though not small lakes, (about a mile in circuit) and probably contain trout, but want a punt to navigate them and get at the fishing grounds. Near Lake Webb, we saw a beautiful small heron, of a light blue color. Thence we proceeded to an extensive shallow bay, whose shore was sand, white in color, and almost marble in solidity of footing, which the doctor said would be a first rate glass material. Urging our way in through clumps of tussac, some much higher than our heads, at least the shoots of the plants were, we came in sight of Saunders' Island, being, to appearance, three high hills, connected by narrow plains—a picturesque region, and much more extensive than I had expected from the map. Again, through tussac groves, and along a rocky shore, of easy march, we reached a part of Gull Point. Here a spectacle of great curiosity presented itself. Some hundred of grave looking woleniaks, (a very large species of gull) sitting upon high round stools, made of moist black mud, and waiting, in sober and silent patience, for the auspicious moment when a fine, large egg, should come to the birth under each. They were so tame as to suffer us to push them off with our hands, and when so insulted, they did nothing more than walk round their circular mound, and clamber up again another side. This was only one out of three or four similar rookeries along this coast. The eggs these birds lay are delicious, and weigh each five ounces; so that if we can accomplish a voyage to this spot, we may gather, in one day, between 500 and 600 eggs, that is, at least 2,500 ounces of wholesome meat, or 150 pounds odd, without bone. Then there are log-

gerhead ducks' nests, and penguin rookeries—both good in their contents of wholesome and palatable food. Thus, with four or five days' labour, we may have an equal number of 100 pounds of food. From Gull Point, we ascended Beacon Hill, and, along its top, travelled a wide grass plain three quarters of a mile broad, and covered with food for cattle, in summer at least. Hence, we descended, and by Four, p.m. were on the beach again, and giving our help to the bearers of burdens. There was much, very much, to satisfy me in this nine mile journey—plenty of food for man and beast, in herb, and bird, and fish—a wide and well sheltered vale for cultivation, with a good slope for draining, and plenty of water for drink."

We rejoice in the satisfaction expressed by our dear brother. He adds—

October 4th.—"I sent all ashore, and the *Victoria* weighed, carrying me back to Stanley, and carrying, at same time, abundant proof of the abundance of game in it, in some 50, or so, fine geese hanging under the stern, being the spoils of our short afternoon's shooting. I had the old song of goodness and mercy in my heart at least, for a safe and short passage thither, and good weather, and success in landing everything, and in seeing what a comfortable home, here in the south, God has provided for us. Down the N. W. passage to Pebble Island. Anchored for the night. Next morning, Saturday, 27th, weighed, and beat through Tamar pass safely; and, by Quarter-past Nine, p. m. after a pleasant voyage, anchored in Stanley harbour. Great was the surprise of my wife at receiving me back so soon, and great my satisfaction at being back. To have gone to Keppel Island, stayed there eight days, and returned back in ten days, was a proof that our distance from Stanley, need give no concern for our safety to friends at home. And I was glad to have done this in another vessel than our own, that our friends may see, if anything happens to our schooner, it is still possible to work on the Mission without her. Thank God! thank God! from the very bottom of my heart."

We shall conclude our Extracts with the solemn appeal made by Mr. Despard to his friends at home, praying that the Holy Spirit may commend it to the hearts of many, for Christ's sake.

“Let all who read and who hear this, pray that grace may be given to us, to long for the conversion of the heathen as our grand object, and to labour for it as our most proper work: and then for the preservation of the vessel and her company, in these trying voyages; and that the hearts of the poor natives may be prepared to receive our friendly visits, and to entrust us with the charge of their children. Surely, if an inspired apostle saw fit to beg the brethren at home to pray for *him*, we, poor half spiritual, half carnal men, have far more reason to solicit an interest in all your prayers.

Dear brethren and sisters in Jesus, pray for us that the Holy Ghost may inspire, and guide, and sanctify us, and may prick the hearts of the heathen in these man-forgotten, man-neglected lands. God be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in spirit and in truth, prays

Yours very affectionately,

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD.”

Capt. Snow, R.N.—Rev. J. F. Ogle.

The peculiarly distressing duty devolves on us of announcing to the friends of the Patagonian Mission, that Capt. Snow and the Rev J. F. Ogle are no longer connected with the Society. Carnal policy, or what the wise ones of this world would call a due regard to the interests of the Society, would suggest, perhaps, a bare announcement of the painful fact; but we dare not admit either as an element of the work in which we are engaged. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal; our object is the dissemination and enthronement of truth; and if we desire the streams to be pure, we must be careful to preserve purity at the fountain head.

The friends and supporters of our Mission, among whom our little serial circulates, and for whose information and encouragement it is sent forth, do not believe, we feel assured, that the success of the Redeemer's work in South America or elsewhere, is in the least dependent on the excellency of the human instruments employed. They know that the gospel treasure is committed to earthen vessels—liable to be marred, broken, or dashed in pieces, and that before the eyes of their short-sighted admirers, that the excellency of the power, exercised by them, may be of God and not of them. Ever since the first movement made towards the establishment of our Mission, we have been receiving lesson after lesson to that effect, and the rod of the Divine Teacher has been unsparingly applied. In this we cannot but rejoice as an earnest of great success, for where great triumphs of Christian zeal and faithfulness are to be vouchsafed, we may expect that in Sovereign jealousy and Fatherly kindness great meekness of wisdom and self-renunciation will be inculcated.

Our friends are of course aware that on the Rev. G. P. Despard, who, with so great sacrifice of earthly advantages offered himself for the work, the Committee devolved the superintendence of the Mission, constituting him the head of the whole missionary party, and exacting from them individually a public acknowledgment of his authority, and a pledge that they would heartily submit themselves to his control. The wisdom of having one directing and controlling head over the Mission body at such an immense distance from home, no one can question; and as regards the selection of the person to fill that office, we conceive there can be but little, if any, difference of opinion. Mr. Despard went out thus appointed and thus acknowledged, but unfor-

tunately, on his arrival at Stanley, Falkland Islands, he discovered that Captain Snow was unprepared to recognise his authority, and demurred to placing the *Allen Gardiner*, of which he was Master, at his disposal. Moreover Mr. Despard found that he had made arrangements for an early return in the schooner to England. Under these circumstances he had no alternative but to apply to the authorities in the island, who took prompt measures to frustrate a plan so greatly prejudicial to the interests of the Mission. The *Allen Gardiner* was detained at Stanley, but without Captain or crew, and Mr. Despard was obliged to proceed on his visit to Keppel Island, in the *Victoria*, a trader belonging to the Falkland Islands Company.

In the absence of any explanation from Captain Snow, we will not venture to assign any motives for so strange a departure from the wishes and instructions of the Committee; but we rejoice to announce that previous to Mr. Despard's last communication he had waited on him and expressed regret for what had occurred, referring to himself in such terms of Christian humility as became the character which he bore previous to his leaving England. Of course he has resigned his connexion with the Society, as after what has occurred, the confidence which ought to be reposed in a man occupying his station would be wanting. It now appears that he entertained and expressed views as to the way in which the Mission should be conducted which were at variance with those adopted by the Committee, and prescribed to the agents whom they employed: and he considered himself at liberty to make use of the Society's vessel in carrying them out. On that ground we may somewhat account for a line of conduct which, humanly speaking, is calculated to injure the work. But having

thus briefly, and as tenderly as possible, explained the cause of Captain Snow's separation from the Society, and expressing our satisfaction and thankfulness that he has received grace to acknowledge error, we shall conclude our painful remarks by commending our erring brother to the prayers of all who know the plague of their own hearts, and who are taught of the Spirit to "consider themselves lest they also be tempted." For Captain Snow the Committee continue to entertain the kindest feelings. And of his Christian character they do not desire, notwithstanding what has occurred, to suggest the smallest doubt. A contention of so sharp a kind once occurred between two apostles that they were compelled to depart asunder one from the other, and thus must we expect collisions between the best of men, because all men are compassed with infirmities. Let us pray, let us fear, let us forbear.

As regards Mr. Ogle, our readers will agree with us in saying, that he can scarcely be said to have gone out in the service of the Society. He volunteered to accompany our Missionary, Mr. Despard, paying all his own expenses, after having contributed very largely to the funds of the Society. Of course then the Committee never considered themselves responsible for his selection as one of their agents, although, judging of his zeal in the cause from his sacrifices of money, home, domestic ties, &c., they could not but indulge a sanguine hope that he would prove a valuable auxiliary. They regret to say that in that hope they have not been sustained by subsequent events. Mr. Ogle, perhaps, from the peculiarity of his position, has claimed an independence of action, which of course was quite inadmissible if he was to be recognised as one of our Missionaries. Indeed some strange hallucination of mind seems to have seized

him, almost from the moment of the arrival of the Mission party at Stanley, to be accounted for only on the ground of ill health, or some sinister representations made to him by certain parties there. Very shortly after landing he resigned his connexion with the Mission, and thenceforth spoke and acted as one who had reason to feel aggrieved. In proof that Mr. Ogle was the victim of some unaccountable delusion, Mr. Despard has transmitted home the following curious document in the shape of a letter written to him by Mr. Havers, a Roman Catholic gentleman at Stanley, and Manager of the Falkland Islands Company.—It is dated October 3, 1856.

“ Sir,

“ The Rev. J. F. Ogle having learnt that the South American Mission Society’s Schooner, *Allen Gardiner*, is about to be laid up in this port, or employed *otherwise* than in the service for which she was destined, and being desirous of obtaining the temporary use of her for that service only, has instructed me to submit to you the following proposal for his account. Mr. Ogle proposes to charter the *Allen Gardiner* for a period of four months from the day of signing charterparts, for the purpose of going in her himself as an agent of the Patagonian Mission Society, and prosecuting the objects of that Society. The vessel, with all her apparel, stores, &c. as she now lies, to be placed at once at his disposal; he to find a duly qualified master and crew, pay all wages, and provide all provisions during the period of his charter, and to pay the sum of £150 for the use of the vessel, which he will deliver up (the act of God, dangers of the seas, fire, enemies, &c. excepted) at the expiration of the above period, fair wear and tear only excepted, to yourself, or the duly

accredited agent of the Mission, either here or at Monte Video, as may be required.

“ Requesting, &c.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“ THOMAS HAVERS.

“ Rev. G. P. Despard,

“ Acting Owner of the Mission Yacht,

“ *Allen Gardiner.*”

To which strange proposal Mr. Despard replied.

“ Sir,

“ In reply to your application on Rev. John Ogle’s behalf, I beg leave to say that the *Allen Gardiner* will henceforth be employed by me according to the directions of the Patagonian Mission Society, with which the aforesaid Rev. J. F. Ogle has no connexion, having tendered his resignation (which was accepted) some days ago.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“ G. P. DESPARD.

“ Thomas Havers, Esq.”

What could have induced Mr. Ogle to suppose that Mr. Despard would be content to settle down at Stanley, or elsewhere, in idleness, while his office was filled, and his vessel employed by another, we cannot imagine, certainly not any symptoms of indolence or indifference to his work on the part of our dear brother, who in little more than a month from reaching the Falklands, has landed all the stores at Stanley from the *Hydaspes*, again shipped them on board the *Victoria*, landed them all again at Keppel Island, and surveyed that island from end to end; returned to Stanley, secured another captain and crew

for the *Allen Gardiner*, again in her reached Keppel Island, and from thence sailed to Monte Video for provisions, and to secure other advantages to the Mission, not to speak of the legal and other arrangements which he had to enter into, at much sacrifice of time and mental and physical exertion, in connexion with the unhappy attitude assumed by Capt. Snow. These extraordinary exertions certainly do not argue any flagging of heart or energy on the part of the superintendent whom our gracious God in His mercy has placed over our Mission; no, rather do we apprehend some mental obliquity in the case of the Rev. Gentleman, on whose behalf the strange proposal was made, and we are not without suspicion, looking to the religion of the party who penned it, that some deep stroke of jesuitical craft was aimed at the cause of Protestant Missions through the side of a weak brother, who unhappily did not calculate on the possibility of Romish misrepresentation of a Christian minister's acts and motives. But is it not written, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision?" "No weapon that is formed against His people shall prosper?" What would we that the Lord should do for an ill-advised brother? "Lord that his eyes may be opened."

Our Map.

We rejoice to present to our friends a copy of our Map, as a help to them in tracing with solemn interest the steps of the loved and lost ones, who have pioneered us to our Mission field, and of following with prayerful anticipation of success, the movements of those who now occupy the ground and claim these regions for the King of kings.

Missionary Motives.

The zeal and earnestness with which Christian Missions have in all ages been pursued, would be one of the most cogent arguments in favour of Christianity, as exemplifying its power to subjugate to itself the natural selfishness of the human heart, had we not before us the case of the scribes and pharisees, who, although hypocrites in religion, “compassed sea and land to make one proselyte,” with the fearful result of “making him twofold more the child of hell than themselves:” also the case of the Saracen and Turk, whose fervent ambition to propagate the religion of the false prophet has never been surpassed: and likewise that of Rome, who, in the self-sacrificing earnestness and devotion of her missionaries in every age and country, has given a lesson to Protestant Churches, which they would be all the better for learning and reducing to practice.

These examples warn us against hazarding such an argument for the truth of our holy religion as the Missionary spirit which it inculcates, or the Missionary devotedness which not a few of its adherents have exhibited. There is but one test to which we can appeal with confidence, and that is for the most part beyond the reach of human observation—the motives with which Missions are

undertaken, and their operation carried out. Now these may be as carnal and as selfish as those which prompt the most ordinary commercial speculations or military enterprises; they may be the mere ambition of personal distinction, or of ecclesiastical acquisition and aggrandizement. They may have no reference either to the glory of God or the welfare of man. They may be nothing better than affectation of religious zeal, as in the case of the pharisees, "to be seen of men." They may be the overflowings of a mingled imposture and fanaticism, as in the case of the moslem propagandism by fire and sword; or they may be the daring assumption of universal sovereignty, to which are to be ascribed all the missionary efforts of the papal church. And as each and all of these are naturally engendered in the human heart, and come not into collision with any of its fallen instincts, there is nothing in them to prove the constraining power of a principle which seeks to subdue all things to itself.

Such a principle is the Christianity of the Bible. It is the principle of God manifest in the flesh; and bringing humanity, in all its features, powers, and developements into union with, and in subjection to, the Omnipotent One: of whom, and through whom, and to whom, are, and must be, all things. And it is just in proportion as this principle is operative in the efforts that are put

forth in Christian Missions, that they are manifested to be of God : that they develope the Spirit of Him who is the Great First Missionary ; and that they can receive no disappointment, for the Spirit of the Omnipotent is in the wheels by which the heavenly machine is carried forward, and it must reach its destination as surely as that divine decree is irreversible—" My word that goeth forth out of My mouth, shall not return unto Me void : but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it."

How much of vain, impatient, and unbelieving anxiety would be spared to the friends of Missions, were their eye but single as to the object with which they should be undertaken, and the result that should be looked for. That anxiety arises avowedly from fear of failure ; whereas, if the work be of God, it cannot fail. But it may be said, we have read of failures in efforts made at various times and in various quarters of the globe, by the holiest and most devoted of men. For five years the United Brethren are said to have failed in Greenland : for seven or eight years the Church Missionary Society seemed to fail in New Zealand : for twelve years a similar result attended the same Society's operations in West Africa : for twenty years the friends of the London Society mourned over the unfruitfulness of the Mission in

Tahiti. And what shall we say of China, of Abyssinia, of Turkey, where, as far at least as the moslems are concerned, our brethren of the American Board seem to have spent their strength for naught? Must we not call the attempts in these places, in ordinary language, failures too? Yes, and we have tears from the friends, and taunts from the adversaries, of Christian efforts for the conversion of the heathen, because of our admitted failures; and yet these are only failures in the human aspect of the question. Pity is it that such should almost exclusively be the aspect in which Christian Missions are regarded by the great majority of Christian believers. Our primary, almost our sole object is to convert men; and if, notwithstanding all our appliances, and means wisely and systematically employed, we do not succeed in that, we take up the language of wailing; we confess ourselves, and what is worse, even God too, outwitted by Satan.

Fie on us for giving such an advantage to the evil one and his progeny. For the last fifty years the work of Missions has gone bravely on. Millions of money have been expended; thousands of devoted men of all denominations have laboured as evangelists in the dark places of the earth; and the Church at home has been each year on tiptoe expectation for the conversion of the world. But what are the facts? In view of

such an expectation, the result is almost ludicrous. Satan still reckons his subjects by hundreds of millions, while we reckon our conquests by hundreds. Since we commenced our modern aggression on his territory, nearly two generations have gone down to the grave with a lie in their right hand: that is, a number of human beings exceeding the whole population of the globe, has passed away, and we are still only on the threshold of our work. If, then, our only object has been to convert the heathen, we have miserably failed; and not all our self congratulations in reports or on platforms will save us from the humiliating conclusion that we stand checked, baffled, worsted.

But, no—the salvation of our fellow-men, though earnestly commended to our highest and holiest sympathies, is not the primary, far less the exclusive motive by which our Missionary enterprises should be urged forward; “Glory to God in the highest,” must ever be the key-note. Whatever we do, even the most ordinary of our avocations, we must do ALL to the glory of God. He must be the Alpha and the Omega of every thought and action—sympathy with the creature, considered in itself, and judged of by itself, is an estimable quality, and cannot but command respect, but as the leading impulse to Christian zeal and energy, it cannot but be offensive to Him who is a jealous God, and who will not give

His glory to another. When the Son of God came forth from the bosom of the Father to seek and to save that which was lost, His great object was to glorify His Father's name on the earth, and when about to seal that work with His blood, He testified to His Father that this was the result at which He had arrived, as it was the high commission which had been entrusted to Him—"I have glorified Thy name on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Looking away for the present from the Jews, we ask what is the purpose, scripturally declared, of preaching the gospel to the gentiles? Is it that all the nations of them should, as such, be converted to God? Certainly not. The counsel of God in the matter is plainly and simply declared in the remarkable decision pronounced by the Apostle James, in the assembly of the apostles and elders at Jerusalem, convened to consider an important question affecting the gentile Church, as recorded in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, "Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the gentiles to take out of them a people for His name," that is for the glory of His divine character, as developed in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, with their effectual results, when applied to sinners of mankind. The last command of the Redeemer on earth was, "Go ye into all the

world and preach the gospel to every creature," and this for a witness to all nations, and then for the ingathering of the family of God—our work is to preach the gospel to every creature, with the earnest desire that God's ways may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations—God's work by the Holy Ghost is to apply the word to whom He will. When we have done the former, we have done all that is appointed for us to do.

But, then, are we not to yearn for souls? Yes, verily, we are to yearn, and weep, and pray, and labour, that our brethren in the bonds of a common humanity may be saved. But why, primarily? That heads, and hearts, and hands, and tongues, now enslaved by the evil one, and employed in the accomplishment of his diabolic purposes, may be set free for, and consecrated to, the service of the Triune Jehovah; and, secondly, that the children of God scattered abroad may be brought in to share with us in the joy of believing, and in the hope of glory. In such an object there is nothing of self or of earth. We aim not at the triumph of human power, or the enthronement of human wisdom. We desire not to enlarge the borders of this Church or that, or to swell the number of our denominational adherents. We "tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King." In so doing, we accom-

plish a great work, the results of which we cannot foresee or calculate, but they must be for the honour of Him who has received "the heathen for His inheritance." Should not a single individual among those to whom we herald this great fact, respond to our proclamation, let no one say that we have failed in our mission. We did not undertake to create ears and hearts for such a message as this: that is the work of Deity, and that work must be performed before conversions can take place. We rejoice with joy unspeakable, when such signs of our apostleship appear; but should they be withheld, who shall taunt us with failure in not doing that which all the creature wisdom and ability of the universe must attempt in vain? Ours is no such commission. We should not pretend to it. We are like John Baptist, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness"—we herald Christ crucified, and we must leave to the Holy Spirit, whose office it is, to compel minds and hearts by nature at enmity with God, to bow beneath the sovereign yoke of the Redeemer.

Owing to the ordinary demands of the Christian public that Missions to the heathen should have conversions to parade at annual and other meetings, there is a tendency in the writers of reports and in platform speakers, to dwell rather upon what is called the success which the Missionaries

have achieved—that is, the number of their conversions, than the principles on which their work is conducted—the obligations which Christians owe to the Redeemer—God's dealings with His servants whom He designs to employ, and the character of the message delivered. These are wholesome topics, and cannot but prove edifying to the hearers, while the interest that is awakened and sustained by the recital of cases of conversion (which are, indeed, when simply and soberly referred to, productive of joy and gratitude in the heart of the believer), bears too much the character of an equivalent for money contributed, or an argument in favour of increased liberality, to be consistent with the only pure and holy motive that ought to actuate the children of God in whatever they begin, continue, or accomplish, in the self-denying spirit of the religion which they profess. There is also a danger of the principle being laid down, that the preaching of the gospel in the world is only worthy of the Church's patronage and support, when it proves itself capable of conferring benefits upon man—not merely when it is bearing testimony to God, and accomplishing the purposes which He has purposed in Himself.

The subject is inviting, but we must forbear to pursue it at this time. What we have written may lead some of our friends to enquire into the

character of their Missionary zeal, and their expectations from Missionary labour. We cannot help thinking that our Mission is one appointed of God in our day to test the principles on which such enterprises are conducted. The mysterious death of its promoter, and first labourers, must appear to human apprehension a disaster. It can only be so as a mark of God's displeasure at the work and its agents; but, if it turn out, as we confidently expect, rather to the furtherance of the gospel, what shall we say? Why that man's wisdom is foolishness, and that ours is an enterprise which God has peculiarly marked for Himself; and we shall do well to keep that in remembrance, so as to make Him our motive, and to rejoice in any result that He is pleased to accomplish by us, as the one most conducive to His glory, and most promotive ultimately of the good of His people.

Visit to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres.

The readers of our last Occasional Paper (No. 5) will have observed that Mr. Despard concludes his journal thus:—"17th, (Friday) wind fair and strong. At 6, a. m. sailed away from Keppel Island, and shaping a course for Monte Video." The month referred to is October, 1856, and the visit to Keppel Island was the second which our Missionary had paid. He was now on his way to Monte Video, to secure, if possible, a captain and

crew for the *Allen Gardiner*, of which she stood in need owing to circumstances mentioned in the last number of "the Voice of Pity." The continuation of his journal, which happily has arrived in time to enable us to insert it in our present number, will shew what he did there.

"October 31st, Friday.—At half-past seven we dropped anchor just inside the British sloop of war *Harrier*—good protection—having reached it through the blessed care and guidance of the Lord, who calls Himself a Man of War, whilst He is to us a Prince of Peace."

"November 1st, Saturday.—Next morning early, we saw all flags flying, ashore and afloat, and were reminded of the Fiesta de Todos Santos, and that probably we should do little business on shore; accordingly, and soon after breakfast, Mr. Ingleville, clerk to Messrs. Visser and Co., came off to see what he could do for us. Under his convoy, Captain Beard and myself proceeded to the custom house—British consuls, Mr. Tomkinson and Mr. Samuel Lafone,—and made our wants and wishes known to these parties, who severally promised their aid. From Mr. Lafone, I was conducted to Mr. Pendleton, the chaplain, and found from him a hearty welcome to South America, and an invitation to preach for our Society in his Church to-morrow."

"November 2nd, Sunday.—Preached from 1 John iii. 17; and afterwards invited the congregation, for their own sake, as well as from other considerations, to support this cause. Attended Mr. Pendleton's French service. Dined at Mr. Samuel Lafone's. Could not help admiring all the way by which the Lord has brought me to see and converse with this gentleman and others in South America, so soon after departing from England."

From Sunday to Thursday was spent by our dear

brother in active and prayerful exertions to ship a crew to his satisfaction, still trusting in Him who ordereth the hearts of all men. "God knows," he says, "a crew is wanting for this vessel, and will, I believe, send us one all complete before long." This devout assurance was penned on Wednesday, after much discouragement, and on Thursday he writes: "found three men, two A. B.'s and a cook;" these he describes as "respectable and pleasant-countenanced men;" one American and two Germans, speaking English. "I trust," he adds, "they will prove the men I have been seeking." Not finding a captain, he decides on retaining the one he has (Beard) for some time longer, and despairing of completing the number of his men at Monte Video, he proposes to visit Buenos Ayres for that purpose, where he learns seamen are more easily procured. Accordingly, after paying farewell visits to several friends of the mission, "at 6 p. m." he says, "I steamed away in the *Pampero* for the aforesaid Puerto." His journal proceeds:

"7th, Friday, at 7.50.—Off Buenos Ayres, very flat place and, save in size, very much inferior in appearance to Monte Video—landed half in boat, half in cart drawn by horses, out into water deep enough to reach their backs and the boards of the cart, with every probability of being treated to a cool bath in the Rio de la Plata, I yet reached the shore in safety and dry clothes, thankful for the one and enjoying the other.

"Whilst at the Consul's, Mr. Ford made an arrangement to go with him and take me to Mr. H. Smith's estancias, about eight leagues off, this afternoon, to spend the night and return to-morrow. I was heartily glad of this, because it would give me an early opportunity of seeing the interior, and I might gain useful ideas concerning camp life and Indian habits.

“At four the horses were ready, but Mr. Parish being about to leave to-morrow for a visit of some days in Monte Video, could not conveniently leave his office, so that the chaplain and myself had to ride alone. We passed through a country to me very interesting; from the novelty of its plants, flowers, insects, birds, horses, men, country carts, quintas, chacras, estancias, ranchos, pultenas. Only two towns met our view, St. Jose de Flores and Moron. At the former place we had some difficulty in floundering through a *pautana*, or quagmire across *the high road*. From Moron we saw the sun set (in this country a wondrously fine spectacle) and the moon began to assume conduct of us and other benighted *camp* travellers. I think this part of our journey, through six miles of space, was pleasantest, for we had a fine breeze to cool us, the road was over grass, without dust; we had fire-flies sparkling in every direction, the *tæra-tæra* (a plover) calling in its strange voice, the *biscacho* running every now and then across our path, and frogs croaking, whistling, and groaning far and wide. At half-past seven we completed our twenty-four-miles ride, at which was I nothing grieved, for my limbs had not been in saddle for nine months, and were very stiff. Mr. Hellier and Mr. Joseph Green, the former the future manager of this property, and the other a guest, were very friendly. Provision was soon found for our refreshment and beds for our rest.

“One can't help regretting the entire absence of religious and educational advantages which these country people suffer from, especially the English managers and labourers. The only Protestant, that is, Christian clergymen, in the whole region of Buenos Ayres, (I fancy even in the Argentine Confederation) are two Church of England—one Prussian evangelical—one

Scotch presbyterian--and one French minister. An active, zealous, Missionary pastor might affect much good, even among professing Romanists. As to schools they have none—one manager, a Roman Catholic, said he would gladly give a governess £100 per annum, and if she would engage for five years, he would pay her passage in the chief cabin of the steam packet out and home, but he wanted (himself a Roman Catholic) the accomplished daughter of an English Church clergyman, as better educated, and better mannered, than an Irish Roman Catholic.”

“14th, Friday. The incoming of many visitors made this an idle morning. This, my last day in Buenos Ayres, calls me to shew the advantages of my visit here—I have made the cause of our Society known—have received in donations £48 : 6—have found a suitable mate for the schooner—having made several valuable acquaintances, among them Mr. Parish, the consul, who spontaneously offered to assist in any way the cause—have gained insight into the manners of South America—have learnt that a missionary to the Pampas Indians can *here* learn their language, master of it can go hence one hundred leagues west, and throwing himself into the hands and under the protection of a semi-civilized cacique and exhibiting a flag of truce, can live among the Rancones. At half-past 6 left in the *Menai* for Monte Video—arrived here.”

On Sunday, the 16th, he preached again in Mr. Pendleton's church, and dined with him, returning on board the *Allen Gardiner* for service there a quarter before 8 p. m. After this his time was spent mostly in getting his cargo on board, and when he had an opportunity getting into conversation with parties who could give him intelligence of the country, native tribes, &c.

Thus turning every moment to account, and proving—praise to the grace of our God—that he was no unprofitable servant to the cause which he had taken in hand.

On Tuesday, the 18th, he concludes his interesting journal, but adds a few lines addressed to the secretary, referring principally to the pecuniary advantages of his trip (which will be found in another place) and to the names and wages of the men whom he had been enabled to engage, and thus concludes :

“I economise as much as is for the *good* of the cause ; the committee will not desire me to do more. With the large balance I hope to have enough to pay for our island and settle all that business. It is one of my not lightest crosses to have to do with money matters, for I utterly hate them. I hope God will give me wisdom and fidelity in this branch of His service.

“I hope to sail Thursday evening, and in twelve days thence to be in Stanley, and before Christmas to have made my first trip to Patagonia. Pray for us, that we may be faithful, active, and courageous in God’s service. I long to hear and read what has been done in England for our society since June.”

Long before this meets the eye of our friends, they may, trusting in the Divine blessing on our Missionary, conclude that his direct work has fairly begun, at least that the field of future spiritual warfare has been surveyed by an experienced soldier of the cross, the order of battle arranged, and much of future military tactics decided on. From all accounts that reach us, it appears to be a noble and promising enterprise. The God of battles is on our side ; the Captain of our salvation has gone forth with our small but intrepid band. *The pitchers have already been broken, and the light within them has been displayed.* Let us but boldly and faithfully shout, “the sword of the

Lord and of Gideon ;" and a voice from above will soon reach the friends of the Patagonian or South American Mission, " Arise, for the Lord hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian."

A Missionary's Wife and Children.

It is to be feared that the sympathies and prayers of the friends of Missions are too often and too exclusively engaged for the Missionaries individually, without consideration of the many and severe trials to which their wives and children are exposed. Now we would engage both in behalf of the beloved partner of our Missionary, and the five children under her maternal care, and dependant almost exclusively on her Christian culture and guardianship. If the sacrifices and self-denial of Mr. Despard were avowedly great in embracing, under his circumstances, the life of toil, peril, and exile which he is undergoing, what shall we say of her, who, reared in the lap of Christian civilization, and accustomed to the comforts, the refinements, and the amenities that distinguish the position of an English lady, suddenly finds herself transported into a condition of almost primitive rudeness, and the necessity of engaging in occupations the most servile and laborious? or of them, who, without being able to appreciate the lofty principles by which the sacrifice has been induced, and is sustained, yet feel all the painful realities of the change from comforts and luxuries at home, to every species of discomfort and inconvenience abroad? We are far from saying that *they* ought to complain, and we thank our God and theirs that very different is the spirit they exhibit; but we say that *we* ought to feel the tenderest

interest in their lot, and never forget to present their names and circumstances before the throne of grace, that they may be sustained and sheltered by Him to whose cause they are dedicated, and that they may realize all the sustaining and gladdening assurance of a Saviour's love. That our friends may see that we do not ask for their prayers and sympathies without cause, we subjoin a few extracts from Mrs. Despard's letters, written to various friends, not with the least idea of their publication, but which have been kindly placed at our disposal.

“ I have but a short time to scribble, and wish to tell you as much as I can of ourselves, but it must be in a rough way. Here we are in a poor hut, or cottage if you like, containing four rooms, one of which is a kitchen, where Margaret (the servant) sleeps, the other is a wee sitting room with white washed walls; two garrets above contain Miss H. and our four girls; in the other Mr. D. and I and Patty sleep. The poorest houses in the high road are palaces compared to this place. I have turned into a complete servant, for M. cannot do every thing; I wash, do house work, clean knives and shoes, cook, &c., as I prefer the help Miss H. can give being given to the children and their lessons.”

To another friend Mrs. D. writes :

“ The houses are of wood and painted white; Stanley is exactly like the picture in the *Illustrated News*. The governor and his lady are very kind and friendly, indeed so are all here. Every thing is dreadfully dear. Eggs, 3s. a dozen; butter, (salt and bad) 3s. 6d.; and flour, £4 to £5 a barrel: washing, 4s. a dozen; a reel of black cotton, 7½d., and every thing in proportion.”

“ October 31st, 1856.—There are only four gentlemen's families, all the rest of the population are poor

people or Government workmen. I do not think I ever was, indeed I know I never was, in such an uninteresting spot as this, nothing but high mountains and high stony hills, vales of stones, but not a tree or shrub or flower to be seen. In the spring and summer a few of the latter and some vegetables come up, but they do not last long, and labour is so high, the wind so violent, and so little warm sun to be felt, that people will not cultivate the land. I am told Keppel is very superior to this place, warmer and more sheltered. I know not when we shall go there, as we cannot procure workmen, therefore the work to be done progresses but slowly, notwithstanding all our party is on the Island, and doing their best to advance matters. We have been here nearly two months already—it is wonderful how fast time flies—I suppose it will be nine months before I and the children shall be able to take up our abode at Keppel. God's will and His time is best. My husband is now away at Monte Video, whither he is gone to get a captain and crew for the *Allen Gardiner*. I have managed to make our cottage comfortable, notwithstanding the walls are only white washed, and we have neither carpets nor curtains of any kind; the sitting room is 10 feet by 12, and the whole place is nothing more than a poor person's house, who gave it up to us at a rent of £36 a year. This is the only place we could get in the town, such a town as it is; about eighty or one hundred houses of different sizes; none containing more than four or six rooms, except Government house, which is all built on one flat; the wind is too high for storied houses. We only get meat twice a month: this is the month for eggs, and a neighbour the other day sent me in seventy-one penguin's eggs, each of which is equal to three hen's eggs."

“November 5th, 1856.—We have very bold and rocky scenery here, rather too much so, for the eye wearies for want of green and trees, flowers, &c., and the wind is more trying than can be imagined. I suffer from rheumatism more than I did at home, I cannot walk nearly so well, and as there are no horses fit to ride, and only two carts in the place, I do not wander very far. Half or more than half the population are Roman Catholic, and as they have no priest or chapel of their own, they go nowhere. The Protestant congregation numbers only sixty to seventy, but seldom more than fifty come to church. On Sunday we breakfast at nine, after which we sing, ‘Come, let us join our cheerful voice,’ then comes Scripture reading and family prayer, then the children say over to me their portions of texts, and hymns, &c., which they have learned during the week, then we get ready for church. At one we dine, at three church again, then reading aloud till five, at five tea, then the children say their catechism, after which one reads to Margaret (the servant), and I to the other children till seven, when we all assemble and sing hymns till eight, at which hour we have family prayer, and then the children go to bed, and I take Margaret for an hour’s instruction in her Bible, then supper, and bed. I intend next Sunday to make Emily and Bertha teach our neighbour’s two little children; she is a Roman Catholic, but will be very glad to have them taught—she herself often comes in when Mr. D. is at home and instructing the children. Her husband is a German, and a Protestant, and she is a very nice person, and very kind and attentive to me. I think it will do E. and B. good to teach these children, and bring them into training for the Patagonian children. E. and B. are very good, and do all they can to help, and make themselves

useful. I have turned into quite a clever servant of all work; much may I thank my dear mother for the way in which she brought us up, to learn to do everything required in a ménage. Here all ladies are servants in the morning, and return to their original state in the evening, which, except on ironing days, is passed in work, reading, and music. I wish Mrs. — could just see what I am obliged to get through, and I am thankful to say with a cheerful and resigned mind, knowing that I am called to the work by One who gives me strength according to my day. Time passes on very quickly; my greatest trial here is, being separated from my husband; not knowing where he is keeps me in such a dreadful state of anxiety, that it brings on neuralgia, and deprives me of sleep."

"Stanley, Nov. 19th, 1856.—I am thankful to say we are all well. This is a very healthy climate, and its being free from all damp and vermin of *any* kind, is a great thing in its favour. We all go on much the same as when I last wrote. We often sit of an evening and talk of you and yours, and our other dear friends in loved England, and wish we could send you some interesting accounts of the natives; but you, as well as we, must have a little more patience. This is our summer, it seems so very odd to see the young seeds and plants springing up, and a few miserable spring flowers and vegetables sold at an extravagant price! Indeed, everything, let it be eating, drinking, dress, furniture, it is all one, is at least one hundred per cent. dearer than in England. Fancy yesterday, I was asked 6s. at a store for a small mouse-trap!

"I cannot tell you *what faith* it requires to live the life we are now doing—pray much and often for us, dear friend; never give over, for we more and more

need patience, resignation, courage, strength, and *much grace*, more prayerful hearts, more Christian love, and ready obedience to the will of Him who knows what is best for us."

Our Missionary.

Our readers have, we have no doubt, like ourselves, perused with humble gratitude to our prayer-hearing God, the Extracts which we are enabled to insert this month from the last Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard, just received. The great value of that Journal seems to us to consist in this—that it exemplifies, most satisfactorily, the untiring zeal and earnestness of our Missionary in the work to which he has devoted himself. All praise be to the grace so abundantly bestowed upon him from above—so constraining, so directing, so supporting—to that grace we know he looked for direction, before offering himself for the work—and to that grace we feel assured he now looks, as his only resource in every season of doubt, difficulty, or need. That is our confidence regarding our brother. Much as we love and respect him, we dare not trust in *the man*; but we ask, and he asks continually, the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Jesus, the Son of God, to be his sufficiency, and we feel "that we have the petition that we desire of Him."

The friends of our Mission, then, will not be surprised to hear that the confidence of the Committee in their superintending Missionary is not only unabated, but, if possible, increased by the experience they have had of his devotedness to the cause since his arrival at the scene of his future labours. His whole heart is manifestly engaged in the interests of the Society. Wherever he has gone, his sole object has been to gain friends, funds, and information for the cause, and the Lord has crowned his exertions with marked success. At Stanley, from the Governor downward, all parties seem to have received and helped him with cordial good will. In some difficulties there, which, considering the quarter

from which they emanated, we deeply deplore, the authorities of the Island, after searching and solemn enquiry, declared themselves entirely in his favour, and gave him decided and effectual relief. At Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, whither he proceeded in search of a crew for the *Allen Gardiner*, he encountered the most gratifying reception from the British Chaplains and their congregations, and secured some most valuable friends for the Society, receiving from them substantial tokens of their interest in him and his work, by donations and subscriptions amounting, in the one case, to £34 : 5 : 6 $\frac{1}{4}$, and in the other to £48 : 18 ; which latter sum would have been much larger but for the unfavourable state of the weather on the Sunday when he made his appeal, which prevented many members of the congregation being present. By making judicious use of opportunities also, he obtained much valuable information concerning the native tribes, of which, with God's blessing, he will be able to make effective use. We especially direct the attention of our friends to the opinion of Christian and intelligent men who have resided for years in the neighbourhood of these tribes, as to the value and need of our Mission ; and their practical determination to encourage its operations. To some parties at home, not fully alive to the importance of the Patagonian or South American Mission, and to others who even doubt the necessity for such a work ; such testimony will, we trust, appear conclusive on the subject. Altogether, the necessity for our Missionary's visit to Monte Video, instead of directly to the natives, which we were at first disposed to deplore, has decidedly fallen out to the furtherance of the gospel in various ways ; and what with the contributions of friends, the opportunity of carrying the mail to and from Monte Video, and the conveyance of cargo, the funds of the Society were benefitted to the amount of nearly £140 by the trip—expenses of course excepted.

Before concluding our remarks, we consider it necessary, owing to circumstances to which we hope we shall not be obliged further to advert, to remind the friends of the Society, that it was deemed by the Committee indispensably requisite to invest the superintendent of our Mission, previous to his departure, with the most ample powers to deal with all parties in their service and

under his charge, in the manner which should seem to him best calculated to secure the welfare of the Mission, even to summary dismissal of those, who, after impartial and prayerful investigation, should be proved to have acted in violation of the rules laid down for the direction of their conduct, or the instructions delivered to them either previous or subsequent to their departure from England. These powers will be found clearly defined in the instructions given to the Rev. G. P. Despard at the farewell meeting, held in Clifton, on the 14th of May, 1856, a report of which was inserted in the June number of "the Voice of Pity." We shall venture to quote an extract or two from those instructions, that our friends may see at a glance the position occupied by our Missionary, and that, considering the man and his difficulties, they may be prepared to sustain the Committee in their determination to assert against all impugners the authority which they have delegated to him, and which they see not the remotest cause to withdraw or to curtail:—

"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."

Again, in reference to the Missionary ship, *Allen Gardiner*, which was provided expressly for the conveyance of the Mission party, their stores, &c., and which must necessarily be always at their service, the instructions are equally explicit:—

"With regard to the schooner, it will be for you to

direct where 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."

Knowing from ourselves what is in man, we fully recognise the danger of entrusting any human being, however distinguished for Christian probity, even for a short time, with irresponsible power; but under the circumstances of a Mission like ours, there really is no alternative. We have to choose between the certain anarchy, strife, and disorder, of many rival heads, and the possible despotism of one. We have chosen the latter, and we still think wisely, and according to Scripture rule and precedent. If we can promise anything for a poor fellow-worm like ourselves, we feel bold to say that, through the mighty power of Him whom we weekly and monthly invoke in our public capacity, and the spirit of Christ Jesus, our dear brother Despard will not assume lordship over God's heritage, but will be an ensample to, and a humble fellow-worker with, those over whom he is placed.

We shall just add, that all the members of the Mission party at home and abroad were fully apprized of the responsible position to which Mr. Despard was appointed by the Committee previous to his sailing from England, and, on his arrival at Stanley, that position was fully recognised and sustained by the authorities in the Island.

We do not expect to carry on a work like that which we have now in hand without hindrances and discouragements—such have been again and again encountered by the servants of the Most High, especially at the commencement of an enterprise in which Satan's kingdom is encroached on, and the universal dominion of the King of kings asserted. Troubles, we know, will arise to us from within as well as without. It was even so in the apostolic age, (see Acts xx. 29, 30. 1 John ii. 19. Jude 4.) and these are necessary, or they would not be allowed. But the cause is God's, and He is sufficient to maintain it against all opponents. We have to believe, to wait, to pray—

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Money for Missions.

The subject of funds wherewith to carry on our various aggressions on the kingdom of Satan, is one that engrosses a large share of the attention of our evangelical executive—the Christian men and women who constitute the machinery whereby the operations of our religious societies are set in motion, and continued to their final result; and like all other subjects of exciting interest it seems to grow by that whereon it feeds, and to claim larger attention year by year.

It is surely questionable whether the prominence given to this carnal element of our Christian undertakings indicates a healthy condition of the spiritual body by which such undertakings are conducted. It is asserted, and properly, that the age of miracles, strictly speaking, has passed away, and that ordinary means must be employed, even in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the ingathering of His people. But God's care of His church—all praise to Him, has not ceased, or the power of His coequal and eternal Son to subdue all things to Himself. The work that is to be done by the proclamation of the glorious gospel, we know shall be accomplished, the number of His elect shall be completed, and His kingdom in time set up; no power of earth or of

hell shall prevent or retard these glorious events; and as Jehovah has purposed and promised them, so He can and will find the instruments whereby they are to be brought about. Again, the times and the seasons are put by Him in His own power, not in ours. We cannot either anticipate or postpone them, but must wait on Him in faith and prayer for the particular juncture which He has ordained as the fulness of the time, and when His plans are to be developed and executed. Why then do we allow in ourselves a mode of speaking that is inconsistent with these great and fundamental truths? "If we had more money we should gain such and such conquests for Christ—we should extend His empire over such and such persons and countries;" and because funds are not supplied in sufficient quantity, "Christ is despoiled of His sheep, sinners are perishing, and Satan everywhere triumphs." Can anything be more insulting to God than such language as this? And that it conveys no exaggerated representation of the sentiments ordinarily expressed, we may just refer for proof to the language employed by a talented Christian minister and essayist now no more, who while referring in terms of just reprobation to the niggardliness with which contributions for missionary objects were doled out, exclaims, "that but for such unholy parsimony the Church of Christ might ere this have chained the idol mam-

mon to the missionary car and dragged it triumphantly through the world." And this language has been applauded by thousands of admiring Christian readers.

We cannot believe that scripturally-taught men and women really mean that God is defeated in His plans for His own glory, and the eternal salvation of His redeemed people, by the want of so many pounds, shillings, and pence that remain in the coffers or pockets of His earthly creatures, and which He cannot extract therefrom. Such an idea is too extravagant to be entertained for a moment; they only mean, we feel assured, to speak of the things of God in the language of men. But is there any actual necessity for this? Is it a procedure that God will bless? and one which must be resorted to under the necessities of the case? We believe not. On the one hand it is highly derogatory to the character of the Most High, and cannot be sanctioned by Him; on the other it is only the suggestions of carnal policy that can render its adoption expedient, and that surely should find no place in so high and holy a work as the manifestation of the triune Jehovah to a long-benighted world. No, we will do well always to remember that it is God's cause we are engaged in, and it must not be defiled by the intrusion into it of any element with which it will not coalesce; it will not be advanced one iota

by the unbecoming attempt to make the world believe that God is defeated or disappointed in His eternal counsels, because the idolatry of money is a more constraining principle in the hearts of professing Christians than the love of Him whose sacrifice of Himself for them they loudly and confidently affirm. He will find instruments for the fulfilment of His purposes, though not a human hand is moved or a shilling contributed; and if the tongues of men refuse to proclaim His sovereign grace in the cross and the sepulchre, "the very stones will immediately cry out."

The craft of the evil one seems exhaustless in resource, "Yea, hath God said, the silver is mine, and the gold is mine, and the hearts of all men are in my hand—you must not rest upon that assurance—He neither will nor can supply the necessities of His own work; upon carnal agencies and cunning devices you must rely for the support of your religious societies and Christian enterprises;" and so Christian men and women meet to discuss and separate to carry out the one all-engrossing design of raising money for this Christian project and that, and because they cannot believe that the Lord of the vineyard has put the project into their hearts, and that He knows and will supply all its exigencies, they must tax their human skill and industry to the uttermost to supply the all-potent silver and gold, which for the time-

being is the god of their idolatry, the mainspring of their new undertaking. What wonder then that schemes the most unseemly, nay, sometimes indefensible on the ground of common honesty, are resorted to for the purpose of raising the requisite funds. What wonder that the vanities and frivolities of the world are enlisted in the service of the money-hunting project; that when the high and holy principles by which the followers of Jesus ought to be incited to every sacrifice for His cause, fail or are distrusted, recourse is had to the lowest and meanest motives that actuate the children of this world, and that the caterers for God's glory and the salvation of sinners virtually say to the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God—"We want your money, for we admit that faith and prayer have failed us, and as we know how absurd it would be to appeal to you in the name of Him whom you despise, we invoke the aid of your selfishness, your vanity, your frivolity, your love of carnal excitement. We know your moral taste; and have prepared a banquet for you accordingly; our *table is spread* for you—the viands are such as we know you relish—the company will be, at least in appearance, of one heart with you; nothing offensive to you shall meet your eye or your ear—for the time being Dagon shall reign alone, there shall be no ark of God to disgust him, or endanger the integrity of his head or

his hands?" All this is natural on the assumption that money is the one thing needful, and that the Most High has left the earthly agents of His purposes to their own invention for raising the necessary supplies.

But as a plain, matter-of-fact principle, funds must be provided for our Christian undertakings. Who says that? God or man? If God says so—"He knows what we have need of before we ask Him;" and He says, "Ask and ye shall have;" "Prove me now, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The question is, have we proved God and found that He was wanting to our expectations? There is a man of God in Bristol who has had need of thousands upon thousands of pounds for a certain Christian and philanthropic undertaking, and he tells us, and we for one entirely believe him, that he has never asked any one but God for the money, and he has got it, "exceeding abundantly above all he asked or thought;" and cannot other Christians do likewise? We do not mean to say that those to whom the Lord has given the means, whether large or small, should not be reminded of their responsibility for such a talent to Him, and that their attention should not be directed to the various channels in which Christian

liberality should be caused to flow to the glory of Him who has said, "Freely ye have received, freely give;" but we would protest against what we consider a growing mischief in the Church of Christ, and one we believe insidiously introduced, and kept in exercise by the great adversary, namely, the idea of the omnipotence of money as an evangelical agent, and the consequent engrossment of the minds of our Christian friends, male and female, actively engaged in Christian objects, with the desire of obtaining it. We have been long of opinion that the pecuniary resources for any Christian work will be abundantly provided in proportion to its genuineness as the work of God, and the faith and prayer which are given for its use; and that is just the same as saying, when Jehovah's time comes for the accomplishment of any purpose of His wisdom and love, the agents, the funds, and the principles by which it is to be conducted, will be found ready to carry it forward to its triumphant issue.

Now, as regards our Mission, we cannot but marvel at the bounty with which all its pecuniary wants have been hitherto supplied, and the hearts of God's saints still practically exercised in its behalf; and when one and another Christian friend writes to say, "I send you a donation for your society," or "I forward you the amount of a collection made by me in behalf of your funds,"

it seems like the voice of God telling us to go forward, and fear nothing about pecuniary supplies. "This is my work, and I will sustain it." How far more blessed are the means thus obtained, both to those who give, and to the cause to be supported, than the proceeds of any carnal scheme for augmenting our funds, and rewarding our own ingenuity. We feel assured that all we need is, that the Christian public of these lands should be convinced that the Patagonian or South American Mission is a divinely appointed agency, and that Jehovah's time for favouring the long-neglected tribes of South America has come, and they will feel constrained to lay their offerings at the feet of Jesus, with their hearts' desire and prayer to God, that to Him every knee in that continent may soon bow, and every tongue confess Him to be Lord to the glory of God the Father. To this effect we hold that the communication of intelligence regarding our Mission, whether by the press, the pulpit, or the platform, is a perfectly legitimate instrumentality in the prosecution of our work, associated as it must be, of course, with the laying down of scriptural principles as to the dissemination of gospel truth throughout the earth, and the privilege of those already admitted to the fellowship of God's dear Son, to be the channels of its conveyance; and we cannot help feeling that were the tone of our

Missionary sermons and addresses somewhat more elevated than is usual, were there less anxiety manifested to turn the occasion to pecuniary profit by appeals to the sensibilities of the hearers, by touching pictures of human suffering, or ludicrous illustrations of human folly, craft, or depravity, the occasions afforded for declaring what has been, and what remains to be done in this sin-blighted world of ours, might be turned to far more profit, both to those who give, and those who receive. Christians should not require to be either amused or melted into liberality to the cause of Christ. In such a case God is ignored, both by the speaker and the hearers. Let a plain, unvarnished statement of the case in hand be made—then let broad scriptural principles of Christian obligations be propounded—a simple and solemn reference to what God has already done may be added, and with invitations to prayer and ascriptions of praise to the author of all, the speaker's task will becomingly conclude; and thus God is magnified, and through the Holy Spirit's influence many a hearer may receive far more in their own souls, and feel it too, than they can possibly give to the spiritual necessities of others.

If we want money for our Societies we must have hands to give; but for that we must have hearts to feel. Unregenerate hearts will not

feel, either for God's honour or man's salvation. All legitimate appeals for assistance, therefore, must be to the spiritually enlightened and renewed—possessors of a living faith in Christ, and sharers of His love to the Father, and pity for the children of men. To such, the opportunity for contributing to the work of Missions, should present itself under the form of a privilege; but should that not be the case, there is here manifestly an opening for affectionate, yet honest remonstrance on the part of the preacher or speaker, and a valuable opportunity for appeal to those high and holy principles by which believers in Jesus profess to be actuated. To the mere worldling, what can be said to induce an act of liberality to God's cause? Certainly nothing that a man of God can consistently say. One who fears not God nor regards man in the highest sense will not recognise our motives, and dare we condescend to adopt his? Our work is for God, and in honour to Him; and in expectation of His blessing, we must restrict ourselves to the instruments which He has made ready to our hands.

Letter from Miss Despard.

We are sure our young readers will be glad to see what the dear children of our missionary think of the new and strange scenes to which they have been introduced by their honoured father's determination to devote himself to the cause of God among the savage people of South America. He has taken them with him as, to a certain extent, the sharers of his toils and self-denials; and every young person who enjoys the blessings of home comforts and advantages, will be able, in some degree, to sympathize with those who, but lately in the possession of all these, find themselves placed in very different circumstances, and exposed to dangers and inconveniences which they once little dreamt of encountering. The following interesting letter, written by Mr. Despard's eldest daughter, not thirteen years of age, to a friend in England, gives such pleasing evidence of intelligence and cultivation of mind, that we have requested permission to insert it in the "Voice of Pity;" and while doing so to entreat from our readers, young and old, their earnest prayers in behalf of the writer, that the Spirit of God may consecrate her talents to the glory of Him with whose work she is now so intimately connected; and that the love which she exhibits for the productions of nature may be sanctified and elevated to the full and devoted recognition of Him who is the God of nature, and equally the God of grace.

" Stanley, October 29th, 1856.

" My dear Mrs. A.,

" We arrived here quite safely on the 2nd of September, after a slow though prosperous voyage, having fair winds as far as the Line; then changeable; after that fair; then gales and strong breezes. We sig-

nalled to three ships, and spoke to a fourth; the first was the *Sarina*, homeward bound; the next, the *Ogon*, bound from Liverpool to Calcutta; then the *Napoleon*, from Marseilles, the one we spoke to; and lastly, the *Rebecca*, a Bremen ship.

“We caught three Albatrosses, beautiful birds, with snow-white breasts, silver-grey backs, and such fine large wings, black above and white underneath. We also saw three Cape pigeons, pretty birds, white spotted with black; and a great black bird, called a Cape hen.

“We have seen a good many whales, quantities of flying fish, a great number of porpoises, and two or three sharks; we also saw a dolphin, it looked so pretty under the water, playing in front of the ship.

“Once, before we crossed the Line, we saw a great number of large Jelly fish, they looked so beautiful under the water; and one night we saw a great quantity of bright animalculæ, so that each wave was like a roll of fire.

“We have seen such beautiful sunsets, so that the sky looked like crimson, and the reflection made the water look purple and gold; and after them the skies used to be studded with brilliant stars.

“It was very amusing, in a gale, to see all the things tumbling about; we had a frame to the table, but it was not of much use in rough weather, for the cups used to spill over, and the biscuits slipped out of the tray, and the sugar out of the bason, and we had some trouble to get our meals.

“The second night we were here we spent on shore in our house; it has only three rooms, one of which is upstairs, and is divided into three; the other two are, a kitchen (with a partition run up in one corner for a bedroom for the servant) and a sitting-room.

“We have our piano out of the case; it is not at all spoilt. There are two or three pretty flowers here; one is rather like the snow-drop, only it does not hang its head; it is white streaked with purple, and called the ‘Pale Maiden,’ or ‘Falkland Bell;’ another is the flower of the scurvy grass, which is like a small white convolvulus, and smells like almonds; and the last is like a yellow daisy.

“Some of the houses here are made of wood, and roofed with shingle; and others are built of stone.

“Father has been to Keppel; he seems quite delighted with the place, and says that the house is built upon a little rising ground, with two brooks running at the foot. He says there are growing there, a kind of wild auricula, daffodils, and quantities of ‘Pale Maidens.’

“The pigs that they brought from Monte Video have grown rather wild, and they chase those we brought with us about.

“When father went there he saw a Molymauk rookery—that where they build their nests—and he says they looked as if they were sitting on little round cheeses.

“We have tasted the penguin eggs; they are much larger than a hen’s egg, but not no nice; the white does not boil hard, but is like a jelly; and the Molymauk’s egg is equal to eight hen eggs. Mother put one into an Indian meal cake, and it was quite enough.

“The people here make their bread with leaven, as there is no yeast; and it tasted quite sour when first we came here. We have tasted the preserved peaches which they sell here; the red taste sweet, and the yellow have a stronger taste.

“As they were heaving the leads before we entered Port William, there was found sticking to the bottom of the ship a pretty little pink shell; it was very small.

“Dr. Hamlin has a retriever dog, called ‘Lady;’ she is such a funny creature. When her master goes out and leaves her at home, she gets one of his slippers, puts it in front of her, and lies down and takes care of it. Mrs. Hamlin has such a nice flower garden; she has daffodils and quantities of flower seeds. She says that stocks grow splendidly; and she has some nice sweet-briar trees, they smell deliciously.

“I hope you and William and Mrs. J. and family are quite well. I must now conclude; and with much love and many kisses,

“I am ever

“Your affectionate young friend,

“EMILY G. DESPARD.”

Sketch of Protestant Missions in Guiana.

While we are endeavouring, under God, to establish a Protestant Mission at the southern extremity of South America, we ought not to forget or overlook the efforts which have been made by other bodies of Christians in the north.

It is now nearly a hundred and twenty years since two Moravian brethren set out from Holland, under the protection of a trading company then established in Surinam, to labour for the conversion of its heathen inhabitants. They had been invited by a planter to reside on one of his estates, for the purpose of instructing his negroes in Christianity. They settled accordingly on a small tenement offered to them, in the midst of a forest, about a hundred miles from the sea coast, and called it Pilgerhut. They had here many difficulties to contend with. The necessity of providing for their own subsistence, without help from any one, left them little time

for either acquiring the language, or for making use of it, when acquired, in the instruction of the wild Indians who frequently passed their habitation. In about ten years, however, they were joined by two other brethren, with their wives, which materially lightened their labour, and enlarged their means of usefulness. About the same time the services of a mulatto boy were placed at their disposal by his master. That boy afterwards became a convert, and was of great use to them as an interpreter. But in order to hold much intercourse with the Indians, it became necessary for them to take long journeys, to wade through broad rivers, and pass nights in hammocks slung from trees. Still, in the midst of all these difficulties, they contrived to draw up, in the Arawak language, a concise narrative of the life and sufferings of our blessed Saviour, and a summary of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which they carried about with them and explained to the natives as they had opportunity. But it was ten years more before any general impression was made upon the natives. Before this they had mocked the missionaries and turned them into ridicule. But now many of them undertook to be their guides through the woods, that they might bring them to their homes, and hear from them the word of God. An aged Arawak woman was the first to come forward. She was baptized; and after her the applications for baptism were numerous. After a time some of them requested leave to erect huts upon the missionaries' land, that they might live near them, and receive their instructions. In 1750, eleven Indians from the Spanish possessions, on the Orinoco, came to settle under them. Others followed. Some elderly persons came on crutches a journey of four or five days, till at length there were two hundred living in their settlement, besides a hun-

dred more who formed part of their congregation. But their peaceful progress was interrupted, sometimes by the jealousy of the colonial government, at another time by an epidemic sickness, following upon a famine; and in 1763, a general insurrection of the negroes against the white people occasioned the destruction of all their property, including their manuscripts, and compelled them to abandon their settlement at Pilgerhut.

In another number we hope to shew how Moravian simplicity and perseverance gradually overcame all obstacles, and collected a believing people who, even to this day, bear testimony, by a consistent and holy life, to the truth as it is in Jesus.

Our Society in London.

Of the ultimate success of the work which God has given us to do in South America, we are more and more convinced, because He has marked it peculiarly for Himself, and shewn to those whom He deigns to employ in it where its strength lies, not in their efforts but in His wisdom and grace; and we rejoice to find, that among His people everywhere this is the prevailing sentiment.

During the past month meetings have been held in various parts of the great metropolis, in behalf of our Society, with signal success. The object aimed at in these meetings has been to lay before our Christian brethren of every class a simple statement of the circumstances in which our Society originated, together with its present operations and prospects. These are yet entirely unknown to some, and but imperfectly understood by others; but we have the satisfaction of reporting that

wherever the attempt has been made to give them publicity, it has been attended with such a result as convinced us how wonderfully our unerring Counsellor has adapted His providences in connexion with this work, painful as they have been to us, to the enlistment of the hearts of His people in behalf of this new demand on their Christian sympathy and support.

Every new enterprise, whether for good or evil, desires to commend itself to the vast community of London as to the head and heart of the empire. Stamped with the approval of that great centre of human activity for and against God, it seems to go forth authenticated and commended to the esteem and confidence of all whom it concerns. Hence London is the seat of all our great societies—their birth-place, their cradle, and their stronghold—and as in our day societies, especially those for religious and philanthropic purposes, have multiplied and are multiplying in a ratio beyond all precedent, the difficulties which each succeeding one has to encounter in its attempt to secure publicity and patronage, must necessarily be great and increasing. The clergy and ministers of various denominations who occupy London spheres, must feel themselves well nigh overwhelmed by the numerous applications made to them for the use of their churches, school-houses, &c., and their own personal influence in behalf of the numberless institutions, new and old, devoted to the spiritual, moral, and social wellbeing of our race; and every individual of either sex, distinguished for their Christian or benevolent tendencies, is daily assailed with solicitations for co-operation in these various schemes of usefulness.

We have not chosen London as the seat of our home operations, although we are not insensible to its advantages; but our lot for the present seems to be cast in that

city from whence the martyred founder of our Society went forth to his last conflict with heathen darkness and Satanic rule. We desire however, like others, to be recognised by the Christian hearts and intellects of the great capital. We think that our object is not inferior in importance to any entertained and promoted there; and we judge that the solemn history of God's dealings with us which we have to relate, is one that must place our enterprise in the first ranks of Christian efforts. Acting on these impressions we have ventured, during the past month, to address ourselves to various parties in the great metropolis, both individually and collectively, and we are thankful to say, with marked success. We were prepared for difficulties to be encountered, for representations of the already overcrowded state of the field we came to cultivate, of the complete engrossment of all ministerial time and attention, and of the exhaustion of pecuniary resources on schemes already in operation. We even had some little apprehension of being considered intruders, and incurring reproof; but we have the pleasing task of recording the fact, that everywhere and by everybody to whom we addressed ourselves, we were received with Christian kindness and courtesy, and were listened to with attention and respect. In several of the suburban districts we held meetings, some of them crowded ones; and the statements made before large and intelligent audiences produced evidently a solemn, and we trust, a permanent impression. To some of our friends in the upper ranks, who opened their drawing-rooms to our deputation, and invited their friends to listen to details of our proceedings, we feel much indebted, and not less so for the opportunities afforded of enlisting the sympathies and soliciting the prayers of our humbler brethren. It is true that we

very generally heard, as we anticipated, of the great pressure on time, money, and exertion, by other instruments of home and foreign usefulness, and of the impossibility of admitting additional appeals into pulpits and districts; and in such cases of course we lost opportunities that we desired for making our work known; but in not a single instance have we been unkindly repulsed, or when the real character of our object became known, even coldly received. We acknowledge with gratitude the brotherly cordiality with which we have been received by Christians of all professions, naval, military, legal, mercantile, medical, and clerical, and of all sexes and ages. For the hospitalities so freely offered and extended to us in the name of Him whom we represented, we offer our hearts' best affections and our prayers; and we earnestly supplicate that the Christian intercourse enjoyed in the domestic circles of our kind entertainers may be productive of mutual advantages that shall be remembered with joy in the coming kingdom of our beloved Redeemer. To our fellow helpers in our work, and to all who shall become so in the great city, we say not only we give thanks to you, but we trust soon to say, the Church of God in South America offers you its grateful acknowledgments. May He in whose hands the work is, make you to abound more and more, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight.

On looking back to our London visit, we enjoy the pleasing conviction, from all that we saw of Christian sympathy with us in our movement, that our Divine Head is working mightily in the hearts of believers in its favor; and that the diffusion of the Gospel among the native tribes of South America, in our day, is an event prayerfully to be anticipated. The enemy is, we know, at

work to discourage, and, if possible, to disappoint us; but this fact is only an additional evidence that the set time has come. This, we feel, is the opinion of many others; and if it be so, we need not concern ourselves about the means, pecuniary or otherwise, by which the Mission is to be carried on. We may be told there is no room for us in this parish or that town, but He, for whom there was no room in the inn of Bethlehem, and yet who shall fill the whole earth at last, will cause us, we trust, to take root in every part of our country, and fill, ultimately, the whole South American Continent with the fruit of our labours. To Him be all the glory, as in Him, and through Him, and to Him, must be all the work.

Memoir of Allen F. Gardiner.

At length a Memoir of the devoted founder of the Patagonian or South American Mission has issued from the press. We need only mention that it is from the pen of the Rev. J. W. Marsh, M. A., Vicar of Bleasby, Notts., brother-in-law of the departed Christian warrior, to establish it in public estimation as the most complete and authentic record of all that the Christian world desires to know, and which it would not willingly let die, regarding the remarkable man of whom it treats. It must be a subject of encouragement and thankfulness to the friends of our Mission, that the interest attached to the solemn events by which it has been inaugurated, so far from declining, seem every day on the increase, as is witnessed by the enlarged demand for information on the subject, and the rapid sale and circulation of the

Society's and other publications in which such information is to be found. Already a third edition of "Hope Deferred not Lost" is in preparation; Dr. Hamilton's Memoir of Richard Williams is a work of deserved popularity in the religious world, and now the earnest demand for a life of Capt. Gardiner is responded to in the volume just issued from the press. We venture to assure our friends and the Church of Christ in general, that their expectations concerning such a work will not be disappointed—as a narrative it is full of incident and striking adventure, sufficient to engage and interest the mind even of a novel-reader; clear, full, and simple in its language, it must prove one of the most attractive volumes in a parochial lending library, and above all, as an exponent of the inner life of one of the most remarkable Christian philanthropists of modern times, it is sure to be hailed as a most valuable acquisition to our Christian literature. The advantage of such a publication to the interests of our Mission cannot be over-rated. We hail it as one of those indications of the good will of Him who dwelt in the bush to our undertaking, which we are receiving day by day, and encouraged by which we feel sustained in our exertions, and relieved from much of those anxieties which necessarily attend on the position we occupy, as standing between the Christian public and a great and responsible evangelical work, exposed to the assaults of enemies without, and sometimes the coldness and suspicion of friends within, but ever and anon hearing the voice of the Ancient of Days saying, "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in South America."

Letter from Monte Video.

The following extract of a letter from our dear brother Despard to a friend in England, will, we feel assured, afford as much pleasure to our readers as it has done to us.

“Monte Video, Nov. 20th, 1856.

“My dear F.

“Knowing how anxious a mind you have, and how prone to anticipate to-morrow’s evil, I write to account for your not hearing from — by this mail. The mail has not been sent up from Stanley. Why did I not bring it? because I left some ten days before the time of despatch. Why did I leave Stanley? because I wanted to get the ship manned and the island manned; I could not ship a crew at Stanley, and Bartlett and his wife, and Billy and Nanny could play their part in our new town, only by my leaving Stanley to carry them to it. I have been here since the 31st October; so long, only because I have been unable before to provide a first mate. Five seamen (including second mate) and Captain (Beard) I have all right. As for a cook, I was obliged to go to Buenos Ayres to look for the wanted article; but this was by my ‘Wise Counsellor,’ overruled for good, inasmuch as the Society became known, and a good collection was made. An opportunity was afforded me of enquiring into the possibility of putting such a man as — here, to learn the Spanish and Indian tongues. He would do, because so much accustomed to riding, apt at learning languages, dark in complexion, and ready to speak of Christ; but he would not do unless he were very sparing in his habits, and unless the Society could allow him at least £250 a year, besides his travelling expenses. A man that would ride

out frequently in the camp and off, 20 or 30 leagues, calling at the Estancias and Rauchos, would be able to serve our Lord much, in distributing portions of Holy Scripture, and acquiring habits of life and information to fit him for a more extensive journey, say 100 leagues to the west, where he would fall in with the Raucones Indians, a tribe very powerful and much dreaded on account of their cattle-driving propensities. The price of living is exceedingly high, in house rent, servants' wages, fuel, and bread. Horses are very good, well formed, strong, tough, and cheap. A gentleman told me he bought one two years ago for *twenty pence*, rode it hard for five days, then gave it away; but their keep in town is an ounce of gold (£3 6s.) a month. The climate is very healthy, the country interesting. I rode one evening 24 miles into the country, and back next day, a ride longer than I ever before perpetrated. Another day I rode 12 leagues, from 6½ a.m. to 2½ p.m., in weather hotter than the hottest with you, and did not suffer from it. A healthy man could soon accustom himself to 30 leagues a day, riding with ten or twelve horses, to change from one to another. Much wealth is made here in the care of sheep. A man comes with nothing but his hands and a willing mind; he is placed in an Estancia with two thousand sheep—he receives half the wool and half the increase—in three or four years he is worth £2000. A man at the Estancia I visited, came to it three years ago with £120, and no experience; he is now possessor of nine thousand sheep, worth 7s. 6d. each, besides the value of the wool; he is now going 50 leagues off, to a hired farm, to work for himself, and if he continues at the previous rate, what will he be worth in thirty years? Corn lands are more numerous in the Banda Oriental than in

Buenos Ayres, where the locusts prevail. In this country you may buy half a square league for less than £200, with no clearing, no manure required; and wheat, maize, pears, peaches, and quinces, soon begin to give a very great return. A house will cost £150, pair of bullocks £10, horse £3. So that a man who could bring out £500 with him, would be a substantial farmer in a most beautiful country; but the heat and dust, and a rough life, must be borne with, and plenty of personal fatigue. There are no Indians known in Paraguay; they have been killed, swallowed up in intermarriage, or died away. I am sure many are disposed of in the second method, for in the Monte Videan troops, I saw to-day several complete Indian faces. There is nothing in either Buenos Aryes or Monte Video to please the eye, except their sunsets, which are indeed magnificent. An ornithologist, or a botanist, will find abundance to employ his science. When you receive this, you will be thinking of the new year ('57), and reflecting on the many strange events that have transpired in the old one. Whoever expected, two years ago, that I should be writing to you afloat, in the harbour of Monte Video? How entirely are we in the Lord's hands, to send us, or to do with us, as He pleaseth, and what sane man would wish it otherwise?—let us each realize this our position more and more for our sure comfort. God bless thee, and make thee a blessing, dear F., and give thee a good heart under every appointed trial; blessings to thee, prays

“Your affectionate,

“G. P. DESPARD.”

Prayer for Missions.

Ours is an age of zeal and activity, whether for good or evil. The enemies of Christ and His cause are no longer content to offer a passive or silent resistance to the gospel, and the object which it contemplates. They are up and doing—neither shame nor fear any longer induces concealment of infidel or anti-scriptural sentiments, and every agency of money, tongue, pen, and influence, is employed to stay the threatened progress of evangelic truth, and to compose the human mind again to its former sleep of darkness and death.

This state of things is among the signs of the times. To evoke this atheistic activity, there must have been a corresponding activity, and of a formidable character too, among men who profess themselves on the Lord's side—principles of gospel truth, long dormant, must have started into new and practical existence, and tokens of coming disaster to his empire, must have convinced the great adversary of God and man, that he could no longer afford to carry on his works of darkness silently and insidiously: but that he must boldly and openly rally all his forces to the great battle that was coming, and which would prove a life or death struggle to him, and to his human dupes and instruments.

Blessed be God this is the actual state of things. With much defect and short-coming everywhere, the people of God are shaking themselves from their slumber, and already putting on their beautiful garments in anticipation of the coming of their King; and not only are those already called out more earnestly "holding fast that which they have, that no man take their crown," but they are turning their eyes everywhere throughout the earth, with earnest desire that God's hidden ones of every nation, kindred, people, and tongue, should be called out also from the mass of human ignorance and corruption in which they lie concealed, that when the "marriage of the lamb is come His wife may have made herself ready."

They know that the gospel trumpet is the only instrument that can be successfully employed to awake the sleepers and arouse the dead; and to human hands that trumpet has been committed, and human lips must blow it. Long did that trumpet remain suspended on some rusty nail in the cell of a convent, or the cloister of a cathedral, judged useless by the parties who occupied the one or the other, who cared not to awake with it the echoes of their own dark aisles and dismal corridors, and who having from long neglect of so precious a gift, lost the faculty of calling forth its sounds—could not carry it abroad among the slumbering nations of the earth, which they vi-

sited indeed, but without the trumpet, and which in their vain attempts to arouse by other means, they only consigned to deeper and deadlier slumbers. But God in His own time and season transferred the wondrous instrument to hands prepared to receive it, and to carry it into many a valley of dry bones. There He has taught His servants to give its music to the gales, which have borne it into many a city of the dead, and charming away the foul fiend who long presided there, to startle its ghostly inhabitants into new and spiritual life, that they might be monuments of His resurrection power for ever and ever.

But where are the agents to carry the trumpet, and where the entrance for its introduction to the inhabitants of the earth? Ask Him whose the trumpet is. No human skill or power is available in this matter. Nor, should the agents be found, and the entrance provided, could the magic instrument be blown to any effect unless the air breathed into it was mingled with breath sent down from heaven, and the notes produced were conveyed to the ears of the slumberers through the same hallowed medium. We must not only "prophecy upon the bones, and say unto them O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord," but we must "prophecy unto the wind, and say to the wind, thus saith the Lord God, come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these

slain that they may live." In other words, we must not only preach the gospel, but we must invoke the resistless power of the Holy Spirit to give resurrection life to the objects of our Christian sympathy and Missionary zeal.

We cannot look upon the present state of the Mission field and compare it with the features which it presented fifty years ago, or even less, without being struck with the marvellous improvement which it presents in every department, and also with the fact that its developments are proceeding year by year in a continually accelerated ratio, and this owing to circumstances which owe not their design or accomplishment to men—at least not in reference to evangelical operations. Commerce, war, political negotiations, may be referred to as the proximate instruments employed for the removal of national barriers and prejudices—the opening of ports long closed against the foreigner, and the rescinding of intolerant laws and customs which for ages seemed to present an insuperable hindrance to the entrance of the religion of Jesus. Look to what quarter of the world we may, it can scarcely any longer be said, Missionaries cannot be sent there, or the door is utterly closed against the admission of the gospel: on the contrary, the Lord has emphatically in our day set before His servants an open door, and the most cursory observer of the events now crowding

themselves into the world's history, must observe that whatever other tendencies they exhibit, one effect seems invariably produced by each as it occurs—the providing some new opening for Missionary enterprise—some new facility for interference with the spiritual darkness of heathen lands.

No Christian mind can tolerate the idea that these things have happened by chance, or that they are the product of what are called ordinary and natural causes. Instrumentalities certainly have been employed to produce them, but believers in the sovereignty of Jehovah know that they spring from the eternal purpose which He has purposed in Christ Jesus. But more than this, we believe that He, in His infinite and condescending love, has given them to the prayers of His people, who for years past have been “sighing and crying to Him for all the abominations that be done in the midst of the earth.” Many a man of God, we feel assured, like our own dear Dr. Williams, of Woodchester, has, in the secrecy of his own closet, been making the condition of the heathen world and God's cause therein a subject of earnest and persevering supplication at the throne of Grace,* and it was not possible that such supplications, dictated and sustained by the Holy Spirit Himself, could be offered in vain. We are more and more convinced that in the

* See “Hope Deferred not Lost,” p. 13 (note), 1st ed.

great day it will be found that it was the praying people who ruled the world. The wicked king Ahab had much reason for saying to Elijah, when he met him, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" when, as we are told, it was in answer to his earnest prayers, "it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months." Doubtless it was of the Lord's counsel that the idolatrous nation of Israel was to be punished, but He was pleased to make the judgment dependent on the prayer of His servant—"a man subject to like passions as we are"—to put honor upon His chosen one, and to exemplify the power of "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man." Even so it is now: sighs from Christ-loving hearts are wafted upwards "when none but God is near," and down come political storms and tempests; social earthquakes upheave the earth, the adamantine walls of some long shut-up Jerico fall down before the advancing tread of His spiritual priests, the two-leaved gates are opened to His warriors, and showers of rain from heaven descend upon regions hitherto barren and unfruitful, to turn them into gardens of the Lord.

"Ye, then, that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth;" and as this consummation cannot be effected until "the times of the Gentiles are ful-

filled," you will not only "pray for the peace of Jerusalem," but for the ingathering of the saints of God from Gentile countries also. Many, we fear, whose sympathies are deeply engaged for the children of Abraham after the flesh, do not reflect that in intimate connexion with the "building up of the tabernacle of David which is fallen down," is the seeking after the Lord by "the residue of men, and all the Gentiles upon whom His name is called;" and that before the end comes, which is to accomplish Jehovah's eternal purposes to the nation of Israel, "the gospel of the kingdom must be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." Our covenant God, therefore, must be asked to facilitate and hasten the work of Missions to the heathen "that the Deliverer may soon come out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob;" and in this view of the case, they are the real friends of the Jewish cause, who are prayerfully and practically exercised in proclaiming Jesus to the slumbering nations of the earth, opening up field after field for Missionary work, and "sowing beside all waters, and sending forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

One of the most promising indications that "the times for refreshment from the presence of the Lord" are at hand, are the numerous calls to united prayer with which the Church is

avored in the present day. These calls seem to come from all sections of the professing Church, and they chiefly relate to the outpouring of the Spirit on the Mission field. They tell us that the High and Lofty One is suggesting to the hearts of His people of every name, that the time and season for a simultaneous aggression on the kingdom of darkness has come, and that He will have His people to "put Him in remembrance" of His promise—"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert." Such calls are sure to be responded to in many a section of the already cultivated field—many a congregation, many a household, and He who has drawn it forth, will "give ear to the voice of His people when they cry unto Him," and make many a "wilderness and solitary place glad for them," and many a "desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

We feel assured that prayer has been the key to unlock to us the surf-bound shores of Tierra del Fuego. Prayer has filled with prospering gales the sails of our Mission ship, and the same all-potent instrument has raised us up the men, who, following in the wake of the devoted Gardiner and his associates, have gone forth

ready to "hazard their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus." Our dear brother Despard, on whom so much labour, thought, and responsibility devolves, beseeches his Christian friends at home to pray for him. His companions equally call upon us for the uplifting of our hearts and hands in their behalf, and we who conduct the home operations of the Mission, weekly respond, "God forbid that we should sin against God in ceasing to pray for you."

Brethren and sisters, we are peculiarly dependent on a gracious and Almighty Father who will be enquired of, although He orders all things after the counsel of His own will. Give us, then, the use of your closets—commend our work to your fellow-men as much as you please—enlist everywhere human instrumentality in its behalf, as far as you scripturally may—defend our noble cause to the uttermost against all gainsayers; but, above all, and with all pray—pray in your closets, pray in your families, pray in your social meetings, for the entrance and spread of the gospel in South America, to the glory of our triune Jehovah, and the gathering out from its degraded tribes of many a living stone for the everlasting temple, "built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone."

The Bishop of Rupert's Land.

We have the pleasure of informing our friends that the Very Rev. Dr. Anderson, Bishop of Rupert's Land, has, in the kindest manner, accepted the office of Vice Patron of our Society; thus adding another to the number of Missionary Bishops who appear in the list of our Vice Patrons. However much our home prelates may hesitate, and perhaps wisely so, before consenting to identify themselves with an enterprise such as ours, our Colonial Bishops know too much from personal experience of the deplorable condition of the heathen world, to take much time for deliberation as to the prudence or practicability of this scheme or that of Christian enterprise for introducing the word of life into the dark places of the earth; only let the object be to preach the Gospel, in consistency of course with the constitution of the Church which they represent in foreign lands, and they cannot but rejoice to identify themselves with the attempt, and lend to it all the advantage of their position and influence. We confess we feel proud of placing the names of such men on the books of our Society, not because of their social rank, which in such a work as ours is of little value, but because of the missionary position which they occupy, the missionary spirit with which they must be actuated, and their Christian testimony to the importance of the object which we have set before us.

In the accession of the respected prelate who now appears for the first time as one of our Vice Patrons, we feel more than ordinary satisfaction, from the fact that the Rev. Robert Hunt, his Lordship's Chaplain, and one of the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society labouring in North West America, was the Catechist who

accompanied dear Capt. Gardiner to Patagonia, in Dec., 1844, when he made his second visit to that country, in the sanguine hope of forming a Mission settlement there; and what hardships he endured and perils encountered on that occasion in company with his departed friend, the readers of "Hope Deferred not Lost" know very well. There is probably no living man who can better testify to the necessity for, and difficulties of, the Patagonian Mission than Mr. Hunt, and no doubt he has often described them to his respected diocesan, who, far from considering our undertaking either premature or impracticable, after all he has heard upon the subject, does not hesitate to lend the influence of his name and position to the attempt to follow up the object contemplated by him whom the world has branded as weak-minded and rash, but whose memory we are satisfied his friend and coadjutor considers it a sacred duty to defend from such reproach. That he has been enabled to do so effectually, we may collect from the addition of the name of the Bishop of Rupert's Land to our list of Vice Patrons, and while we feel thankful for his Lordship's patronage, we ascribe all praise to the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls for this and all the other encouraging tokens of His Divine interference in our behalf which we receive from time to time.

Sketch of Protestant Missions in Guiana.

(Continued.)

We now resume the narrative of the Moravian Mission to Guiana. Shortly after the violent termination of the settlement at Pilgerhut, the Colonial Government had become so impressed with the value of the services

of the Brethren, that at their request, in 1763, a new Mission was begun among the free negroes at Paramaribo. Here they were under very different circumstances from their predecessors at Pilgerhut. In Paramaribo there was a Church for the Lutherans, and another for the Reformed. But the charge of the Brethren was to introduce Christianity among the negroes, and to visit any estates where the masters would permit them to instruct their slaves. As many masters, however, disliked their interference, the work was at first much impeded. But before the end of the century they numbered about three hundred negroes as their settled congregation, and many thousands scattered over the different plantations of the colony. To these last the Brethren carried the good news of the Gospel, though there being no practicable roads, their communication with them could only be carried on by water, an undertaking encumbered with so many difficulties, arising from the distance of the plantations, the want of proper appliances, and the frequent impossibility of assembling the negroes at the only times which the Missionaries could command, that the progress of conversion was necessarily slow, and the supervision of the converts defective and uncertain.

Indeed, it was not till 1779 that the Brethren obtained permission to preach in any of the plantations, others being still closed to them. In the mean time attempts continued to be made for the benefit of the Arawaks and free negroes; and the Brethren struggled on amidst all difficulties with more success than could reasonably have been expected under their many discouragements. In 1825, the first regular day school was established, in addition to the ordinary Sunday school, for their instruction; and now the prospect of emancipation began to render the masters desirous that their slaves should

be prepared for the change. They began, therefore, to look with favour upon the laborious and self-denying exertions of the simple-minded Moravians, who alone were permitted to hold any intercourse with their slaves. In 1828, a new impulse was given to their efforts by the formation of a society for spreading Christian knowledge among the black and coloured population. This society, having influential supporters in Holland as well as in the colony, received the approbation of the Colonial Government, who now bestowed a patronage upon the society, which was in some respects as injudicious as the hostility which they had sometimes manifested before; for they passed a regulation, that no heathen should be admitted to the right of citizenship, nor consequently suffered to carry on a trade, or to give evidence in a court of justice. The effect was, as might be expected, to increase the number of professing Christians, by letting in some who had no real faith in the Saviour. Still, after all deductions that can be made, it remains that a considerable number was brought out from darkness into the light of life, whose example has had a beneficial influence on the remainder.

In our next number we hope to bring before our readers the present state of the Brethren's Mission.

Memoir of Allen F. Gardiner.

We could do little, last month, but refer to the Memoir of Capt. Gardiner, just published by the Rev. J. W. Marsh. In the absence of intelligence, this month, from the scene of our Mission, we think we cannot do better than enrich our pages with a few extracts from that in-

teresting volume. The following refers to a voyage to S. America, made by Capt. Gardiner in 1843, for the purpose of distributing Bibles and Tracts in the interior.

“Seven days brought the packet to Madeira, where they remained two days. This gave Capt. Gardiner an opportunity of visiting Dr. Kalley, one of those good men of our own country who, from time to time, find their way into foreign prisons, because, at the command of their Saviour, they choose to circulate the Scriptures wherever they go. Dr. Kalley was a Scotchman, who had come to Madeira five years before. He opened a hospital, which was productive of great advantage to the neighbourhood; but as he persisted in distributing Tracts and Bibles, and receiving all who came to him for explanation, he brought upon himself the fierce indignation of the authorities. Still he went on quietly and steadily, and succeeded in setting on foot several schools, into which no other books were admitted but the Bible and the Spelling Book. In order to stop these proceedings, Dr. Kalley was imprisoned, and some of his schools were closed.”

Again we are informed,—

“Gardiner paid a visit to Dr. Kalley in the prison, and found him in a large airy apartment which had been assigned to him through the kind influence of a Portuguese gentleman who had benefited from Dr. Kalley’s medical knowledge.

“The same gentleman had provided him with furniture and many little luxuries. Two men of such fellow-feeling as Kalley and Gardiner needed little introduction to one another. Capt. Gardiner says, ‘Dr. Kalley, is, I think, about thirty-six years of age, rather tall, with an open countenance, and very dark hair. His wife is full of animation. His mother, an aged lady, was also with

them.' A very earnest conversation ensued relating to the subject which was in the heart of both; and on taking his leave, Gardiner felt encouraged rather than depressed, in his present Mission, from witnessing the all-sustaining effect of Divine grace on the happy family he was just leaving in prison."

It will be remembered, that after Capt. Gardiner and his coadjutor, Mr. Hunt, had failed in forming a Mission Station in Gregory Bay, the former determined to make his next attempt among the Fuegians, and returned to England to communicate his plans and solicit pecuniary aid. On his arrival he traversed England and Scotland, holding meetings and delivering lectures on the subject. In reference to this part of his work, Mr. Marsh says,—

"Like other lecturers, he met with the usual impediments of cold looks, cold words, and cold receptions, but never spoke to a cold audience. Occasionally ten or twelve persons, arranged in two formal rows in a large room, with their backs to the side walls, certainly had a cold look; but the speaker, being full of information, and having his heart in the right place, the chilly audience became gradually warm. On one occasion, having advertised a meeting on the projected Mission to Tierra del Fuego, he suspended his maps, and stood ready to speak. But no one was moved, even by curiosity, to enter the room. Gardiner, therefore, took down his maps and went away. In the street he met an acquaintance who, having apologized for his own absence from the meeting, expressed his surprise that it was so soon over, and enquired what sort of a meeting he had had. His reply was, 'Not very good, but better than sometimes.' 'How many auditors did you have?' said the other. 'Not one; but no meeting is better than a bad one.'"

The state of education among the descendants of the

proud conquerors of South America does not appear to be indicative of the schoolmaster being abroad in that quarter of the globe. It illustrates, very strikingly, the old policy of Rome, and shows that where she holds undisputed sway, the amount of mental exercise imposed on her votaries is not very formidable. If, as she says, ignorance is the mother of devotion, her children in the new world must be remarkable for their piety, if we may take the following cases as samples of the whole. Mr. Marsh represents Capt. Gardiner as again looking for openings for the circulation of the Scriptures, and says,—

“Travelling with a mounted guide along a broken rugged district, he took the direction of Valladolid. In the course of the journey he approached, but was unable to visit, the remains of the old royal road of the Incas, which extended from Cuzco to Quito over the lofty ridges of the Andes. He learned that two Missions were in operation amongst the Independent Indians, under the direction of the Ecuador Government. But the state of education amongst the Spanish population seemed at a very low ebb, if we may judge from one or two incidents. A lady, in one of the towns that he passed through, hearing that a foreign traveller had arrived, invited him to her house, and asked if he knew an intimate friend of hers, who was a native of Genoa. Fortunately, Capt. Gardiner had been at Genoa, and though he did not know her friend, was able to describe the ‘superb’ city. But it must have been difficult to repress a smile when she proceeded to enquire which was the largest city, Genoa or Italy? and whether Europe was not a little on this side of Spain? Another time a Curè asked, whether London was not a part of France? and was surprised to find that Britain was an

island, and enquired whether it was an island in the sea? Another person, of good station, inquired about Jerusalem; and supposed that the chief part of the English trade was with Jerusalem. The same person asked whether Constantinople were still in existence or not?"

It is evident that the whole continent of South America, whether Papal or Pagan, is one vast region of mental and spiritual darkness, and should engage the sympathies and exertions of all who love the Lord Jesus. Dear Gardiner strove not only with the heathen but with the nominal Christian, and found that the one needed his Christian labours quite as much as the other. He gives this specimen of a so-called pastor.

"June 8. The Sub-Curè rode up and paid me a visit on his way to a confession. I had some earnest conversation with him. He confessed that he had never seen a Bible, but only some extracts from it in their services. He asked me whether we had the right of baptism amongst us; and whether we had bishops; and whether they were consecrated by the Pope? I told him that we had the right of baptism as commanded in the Bible; the bishops were consecrated by each other; that we found nothing in the Bible respecting the Pope; that Jesus Christ alone was Head of the Church. He enquired then, 'Who has the keys?' I replied, no man; the word of God alone opens and shuts; and whatsoever is not in conformity with God's word, will not stand. The Pope cannot change the words which are contained in the Bible.

"The Curè took my remarks very good humouredly, and said, 'I ought to come and live there.' I told him I wished to send him a Bible, by the study of which he would be able to ascertain whether all I had said were

true or not. Don José Alvarao was present during the whole conversation, and seemed greatly to enjoy it, evidently favouring the statements which I advanced."

On his return to England, he took an early opportunity of sending Bibles to this poor man and others to whom he had promised them.

To those who know something of poor Gardiner's family circumstances, the question has doubtless occurred, how he felt justified in leaving his wife and children for such long intervals as his voyages and journeyings required, and suspending those domestic duties which devolved on him as a husband and a father. Perhaps it is not generally known that in most of his wanderings his family accompanied him; and that even in the erratic life which they led, their mental and spiritual interests were carefully attended to. Mr. Marsh says on this subject,—

"In this narrative an attempt has been made to delineate the personal history of Allen Gardiner, without intruding into the privacy of family life. Yet it is due to his memory to state, that notwithstanding his frequent absence from home, there were few persons whose individual influence has been more lastingly felt in their own household than his. He was a strict disciplinarian, and regarded God's approval of Abraham, expressed in Gen. xviii. 19, as a lesson to all parents and masters; but the exercise of authority never lost him the confidence of his children. Their first impulse, on devising any little scheme of pleasure, was to consult their father, being certain that he would enter heartily into it, and share their enjoyment. He took great pains with their religious instruction; and while travelling with them in foreign countries, adopted some ingenious expedient for adding to their little stores of knowledge in an enter-

taining way. At those times also his inventive powers were unceasingly exercised for insuring the comfort of his wife and children while encountering the petty inconveniences of a traveller's life."

Our friends will be pleased to learn how our superintendent Missionary, Mr. Despard, first became interested in the work to which he has devoted himself and family. This information Mr. Marsh's book supplies, and further reveals the secret of the success which has attended the cause since he became identified with it, and the source of the zeal which burns in his own bosom, and which he has been enabled, through grace, to communicate to many others.

"In the course of his journeys as a lecturer, Gardiner became acquainted with the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard, of Redlands, Bristol, a man of courage, energy, and piety, and a ready supporter of the cause of Missions at home and abroad. When therefore difficulties thickened round the infant Society, when money for the projected Mission came slowly in; when Mr. Ritchie, who had been indefatigable in discharging the office of Honorary Secretary, left London for Liverpool, and no one of the existing members of Committee was able or willing to succeed him, Gardiner appealed to his warm-hearted friend, Pakenham Despard, to assist the failing cause with his practical energy. In his diary is the following entry: 'I was delighted again to converse with my dear friend Mr. Despard: talked to him about a Committee in Clifton. He said that he was in the habit of meeting a few friends periodically, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and prayer, and he thought they would willingly become members of such a Committee; he will himself join us with all his heart.' In March, 1850, the Committee met for the last time in

London, and elected, as members of their body, Mr. Despard and those of his friends who had consented to aid them with their counsels. It was resolved, at the same time, that the Committee should meet in future at Bristol instead of London, for the purpose of enabling Mr. Despard to undertake the laborious office of Honorary Secretary."

We shall conclude our extracts with one of solemn interest in the retrospect of the sufferings allotted to the faithful man whose indomitable perseverance and singleness of purpose it so well illustrates. It also bears honourable testimony to the well-known liberality of a Christian lady, now no more. Alluding to poor Gardiner's proposal that two launches should be constructed for promoting the Mission to Tierra del Fuego, Mr. Marsh says,—

"His plan was accepted, and Gardiner was intrusted with authority to carry it out. He had a difficult task before him. When endeavouring to obtain support, he met with a warm and hearty friend here and there, but found that in general the interest once excited had died away like an unfed flame, and few were willing to exert themselves sufficiently to consider the case, and give their support or not according to its merits. At last his hopes of success were roused to the highest pitch, by the liberality of a lady at Cheltenham. She said, 'You wish to enter on this Mission to Tierra del Fuego in the present year. What sum of money is necessary to provide the adequate means for the purpose?' Gardiner replied, 'Seven hundred pounds.' 'Is the want of money the only obstacle to your undertaking?' 'I have no hesitation in saying that it is,' was the answer. She then said, 'You shall have the money on that understanding,' and it was paid. The Committee heard of

this generous gift with thankfulness, but resolutely declared that they would not consent to send forth a Mission, even now, unless an additional three hundred pounds were raised; for, as they declared, it would be necessary to have at least that sum in hand, in order to be prepared to send further stores and provisions. But the time was drawing on when they must go if they wished to save the antarctic summer. Those who knew Captain Gardiner, will appreciate the prompt resolution with which he replied, 'The expedition shall not be detained for three hundred pounds; I will give it, if I cannot raise it in the mean time.' "

The Seed of the Mission.

The more we see of the deep and solemn interest felt and expressed by increasing numbers of friends and supporters of our Mission, in its operations and progress, the more are we struck with the method employed by our wonder-working God to bring it into note and observation before the world. It is just in harmony with the heavenly policy adopted towards the Church both in primitive and reformation times. The saints of God were called upon to bear witness, even unto suffering and death, to the genuineness of their faith and hope in the crucified and risen One, and this under the expectation, on the part of their persecutors and murderers, and probably the apprehension of weak brethren, that the light which they reflected would be extinguished, and the religion of the cross arrested in its progress, and finally driven from the earth. But it was found that wherever

the corn of wheat died, it brought forth much fruit; for every light that was extinguished, a thousand flashed forth; and for every tongue that was silenced, multitudes were unloosed to tell everywhere what wonderful things Jesus had done for the souls of men.

At the intelligence of the melancholy fate that had overtaken the devoted Gardiner and his party in Spaniard Harbour, the civilized world stood aghast, and men untaught of God contemplated, with unrighteous satisfaction, such an issue to an enterprise which they could neither understand nor approve of, as they supposed would render all future attempts in the same direction impossible; and even some of God's own children were induced to think that enough had been done to try whether the Lord's time had come for preaching the Gospel to the natives of South America, and that the failure of all dear Gardiner's attempts, and such a melancholy and startling catastrophe especially, indicated that this was not the time, and ours was not the generation in which the work was to be done. Others there were, however, and their numbers have wonderfully and rapidly multiplied, who viewed the matter very differently; they could weep for the fallen heroes, but rejoice in their glorious end, for their own sakes, and for the sake of the infant Mission. With prophetic eye they saw what an impulse, under the Divine blessing, it would give to the cause; and they felt that the Great Missionary had now set His seal to the work and claimed it for Himself. Among these was the excellent prelate who presides over the infant Church in China, Bishop Smith. As soon as the sad intelligence reached him in his distant diocese, he addressed the following characteristic letter to the Rev. E. G. Marsh, father of the bereaved partner of Capt. Gardiner.

“ St. Paul’s College, Hong Kong,

“ My dear Sir,

“ July 14, 1852.

“ I cannot refrain, even at this distant quarter of the globe, from pouring out something from the fullness of my heart’s feelings at this time, at the detailed intelligence which the last mail has brought of the end of Capt. Allen Gardiner.

“ I cannot *condole* with you, deeply as I sympathize with you and your widowed daughter in her and your heavy loss.

“ I must even congratulate you upon such a death—met in such a work, and gilded by such glorious confidence and hopes.

“ The last entry in the journal, and the last note of our departed brother, are a most precious legacy to the Church at large. Seldom have I felt anything equally touching—seldom have I had a more beautiful illustration of the power of inward religion and faith in the soul.

“ I doubt whether a long life of successful missionary enterprise could have done more good than those sweet sentences; no sense of hunger nor of thirst, after four days spent without bodily food, a grateful acknowledgment of the tender mercies of a gracious God; the love and consideration mutually shewn among the fellow sufferers; everything in that closing scene will be remembered in the history of Missions; and, like Joseph’s body, these missionary graves in Patagonia will be an earnest and pledge that the Mission will be sustained and blessed.

“ Will you accept the accompanying mite? I wish my many calls here permitted it to be more in amount, as a pledge that I shall pray for your sorrowing family, and the Patagonian Mission.

"It is not an honor which falls to every family, to have contributed by their suffering such a bright page to modern Missions. I would pray for myself and for all my fellow-labourers in this infant diocese, that we may in our last end, whether on land or by sea, whether by robbers or by tempest, whether by protracted sickness, or by the sudden hand of death, each realize the blessed joy and confidence of Captain Gardiner and his associates.

"They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

"I remain, my dear sir,

"Yours very sincerely in the bonds of Christ,

"G. VICTORIA."

Our Mission Party.

We have looked anxiously this month for intelligence from South America, but none has arrived. The delay, however, is easily accounted for by the fact that Mr. Despard has, in accordance with the intention expressed in his last communication, visited Tierra del Fuego, where he must find himself without any medium of intercourse with Stanley or Monte Video, unless by our schooner, which he is obliged to retain for his own use; and hence, as he is not likely to pay a hasty visit, and may have discovered openings for the furtherance of the Mission cause, even beyond his expectation, he doubtless prefers to subject the friends of the Society at home to a little suspense rather than imperfectly accomplish the main work of the Mission. It is a season for the exercise of faith and prayer; and we feel assured that our cause will not suffer from the employment of both.

* * * Just as these lines were in print, a letter arrived from Mrs. Despard, dated January 19, stating that her husband, accompanied by Mr. Gardiner, had sailed a fortnight before for Tierra del Fuego, in the *Allen Gardiner*.

The reflex Blessing of an Interest in Missionary Work.

Our great dramatic poet has represented the exercise of mercy as being "twice blest—blessing him that gives and him that takes." The description is applicable in a far higher and more comprehensive sense to Christian charity, or love, which the Apostle Paul describes in language of more than Shakesperian beauty and sublimity, as so exercising the heart of the believer, that while all around enjoy its fruit, the tree itself cannot but be fed continually with rain and sunshine from above.

In the first place, it must be obvious that a genuine interest in Missions can only be felt by one who enters deeply into the mind of God, and who for that purpose must have received of the Spirit of Him who said, "Lo I come to do Thy will, O God," and who came into our world, the Great First Missionary, to plant the tree of heavenly knowledge in the yet sterile soil of our benighted world. Such a spirit must witness to those who have it that they are the children of God—"heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." While constituting them agents for

carrying out the purposes of a Covenant God to His children scattered abroad, it must be the author of love, peace, joy, and every other divine motive, in the souls of those who possess it; and while intended to operate directly on objects of external regard, that cannot be done without the internal sanctifying of affections, and awakening of feelings, which are to be employed in the work. But this is all for the individual advantage of the parties so acted on, as well as for those who shall be objects of their Missionary zeal.

Secondly, the work of Missions such as God suggests and will own, necessitates a thorough acquaintance with the means to be employed, and the end aimed at, in its prosecution; and this not as a theory, but as a matter of happy and grateful personal experience. If the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has been made, through the Spirit, "the wisdom of God and the power of God" to us, we know what it can do for others; and if the Grace of God has been magnified in the conversion of such sinners as we are, the same result is to be attained in the recovery from the fall, of every member of the human family, of whatever color or crime, to whom the Word is sent as "the savour of life unto life." Of the efficiency of the Gospel, then, the friends of Missions must have some idea, and for its triumph their hearts must yearn; but this must necessarily induce an

habitual reference to these great objects of interest, and in seeking to make them plain to others, and having them continually before ourselves, we cannot but be led to much "searching of heart" in connexion with what our gracious God has done for us, and our obligations to Him. It is true indeed that many profess a great concern for the success of Missionary efforts whose minds do not recur to these great principles; but we have elsewhere endeavoured to shew that the object of such persons is not in harmony with God's object. They exemplify little more than the dictates of a carnal philanthropy, which has man's welfare alone for its object, and who do not, and perhaps cannot, see that the primary motive of every Christian enterprise must be "Glory to God in the highest." Such parties, of course, derive no spiritual benefit from the work in which they may be engaged, since it is not a matter between them and God, but only between them and their fellow creatures.

Thirdly, that we may pursue what devolves upon us in the advancement of Missions intelligently and practically, it is absolutely necessary that we acquaint ourselves with the actual condition of the field to be occupied, or which is occupied, by our Missionaries. The moral and spiritual state of those for whom our Christian sympathies are awakened, must come under re-

view; and we cannot but be led to contrast their individual and social condition with our own, and to enquire into the cause of the vast difference that exists between both—which gives so marked a superiority to us in all the relations of life, and places them so infinitely below us in the scale of human existence. Our Christian faith, our Bible, our Sabbath, our religious privileges from day to day, our stated ministrations, alas! ordinarily liable to be undervalued because of the freeness and fulness with which they are enjoyed, must acquire new and increased value in our eyes from the conviction thus awakened, that it is to them we owe all the advantages we possess; and that because heathen countries are destitute of them, their inhabitants present to us those features of human debasement which we deplore, and would fain remove. As Christian Missionaries, we believe that the one thing wanting to those in a savage state is the Gospel; and if we ourselves have felt its power, we know how it will operate upon those among them to whom the Spirit conveys it with saving influence. How much, therefore, must the value of that Gospel be enhanced in our eyes; how precious must appear the love, power, wisdom of Him who has sent it forth as the healer of all human disorders, the assuager of all human woes; and how deeply must we feel indebted to Him who has caused the

light of that glorious Gospel to shine upon our land when it, too, was in a heathen and savage state—to give the blessings of Christian civilization to all, and newness of heart, life, and hope, to the special objects of His sovereign love; to make them not only fit for the highest citizenship of earth, but for that which belongs to them as denizens of that heavenly kingdom into which nothing shall enter “that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they only which are written in the Lamb’s book of life.”

Fourthly, such an acquaintance with the actual condition of the heathen, as we suppose every sincere friend of Missions will be sure to acquire, cannot but operate profitably on the heart in turning its reflexions in upon itself, and supplying food for deep and solemn meditation. “And such were some of you,” writes the Apostle to the Corinthians, after depicting the character of those who shall not enter the kingdom of God. And a similar reflexion must suggest itself to the mind of one who, knowing what God has done for his soul through the sacrifice of His Son, on contemplating the sad picture of human misery and depravity which every heathen country presents—“such were you when you were yet in your sin and ignorance of God, and such you would still be had not God put forth His omnipotent power

in your behalf; and, by the revelation of His Son, emancipated your soul from the bondage of corruption, and put His Spirit into your heart, crying, 'Abba Father.' " And such a reflexion as this must lead to two valuable conclusions—*First*, that, by nature, we have nothing in ourselves to boast of over the savage. He is a true type of the fallen man in the eye of an all-seeing God. Superficially we may, as members of a civilized community, present a somewhat more pleasing appearance to the eye of our fellow men, and society decidedly gains by the process of exterior cultivation; but the child of nature, as he has been called—and, perhaps correctly, if we understand nature as opposed to grace—represents man as Satan has left him, after accomplishing in him his plans of disorganization and decay, and as he must remain, as far as genuine recovery goes, as long as his Creator leaves him to himself. And, *Secondly*, that regeneration is the work of Jehovah alone, and can be nothing less than a new creation. Take a Fuegian savage, and place him beside a Brainard, a Henry Martyn, or a Mc Cheyne; and say whether any school of philosophy, or any system of secular education could convert the one into the other? There is no reason to doubt that a Fuegian savage might become a Newton, a Priestly, a Watt, or an Arkwright: mental capacity, of which he may not be the least deficient,

and severe study, might elevate him to the highest form in science or art; but without the new birth by the Spirit, he could not become a lively member of Christ's little flock. And the child of God, whilst humbly seeking to glorify Him in Missionary zeal and evangelic labours, must have this enquiry continually suggested to his mind,—“Who hath made thee to differ?” The reply must come from a heart exercised by the deepest humiliation on the one hand, and the most ardent love and gratitude on the other; and in such exercise will be found the health and growth of his spiritual faculties.

Fifthly, taking even lower ground, we cannot but see that such a portraiture of savage life as comes frequently before the minds of those practically interested in Missionary operations, cannot but lead to awaken feelings of gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of all things, that our lot has been cast in a country on which the light of civilization has long beamed—where the blessings of law and order generally prevail—and where every man may, for the most part, “dwell safely (*confidently, marg.*) under his vine and under his fig tree, from Dan even to Beersheba.” How slow are Englishmen to acknowledge the peculiar social advantages which they enjoy. Proverbially are they a nation of murmurers; and with what shameless effrontery do demagogues and agitators,

in their attempts to arouse the worst passions of their countrymen, attempt to deny the goodness of the Lord to this nation. But to a mind not warped by the most incorrigible prejudice, that goodness must shine out with undimmed lustre whenever an opportunity is afforded for contrasting the condition of civilized and evangelized England with that of Tierra del Fuego, for instance, or any other country upon which the light of Christianity has never shone. Who, that knows anything of such regions, would be willing to exchange their lot with that of any native there—subject to all the privations, hardships, perils, and miseries, with which the history of Missions has made us familiar? It needs, therefore, only such information as the friends of Missions are daily coming in contact with, to enable us to judge, by contrast, of the number and extent of our home blessings; and this, through grace, may lead to a constraining sense of our obligations to Him from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift.

We might instance many other collateral benefits to be derived from an active share in Mission work, at home or abroad—to which we may refer at another time. But we must not conclude without mentioning one which God the Spirit has Himself suggested, — “The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also him-

self." They to whom a Missionary spirit has been given, have received grace of the Lord to be faithful, and in the exercise of that precious gift, they need, and are constantly supplied with, sufficiency from above.

Thus are they ever under the guiding and fostering hand of Him who has called them into His vineyard, and has promised to be with them there. The spirit of supplication as well as of Grace is poured out upon them, and they cannot but be much in intercourse with God. The object after which their hearts yearn, namely, that "God's ways may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations," cannot be accomplished by any power or wisdom of men. They know that "the Lord must give the word," and then "Great will be the company of those that publish it." His time, too, must be waited for; and however widely and faithfully the seed is sown, without His rain and His sunshine there will be no harvest.

All this leads to closet work, without which committee work, collection work, or even preaching work is of little avail. We remember how, when our dear Lord fed the multitude with a miraculous supply, the bread to be distributed was first put into the hands of His disciples; and how that, after the distribution, their portion, which had previously been but five loaves and two

fishes, was enlarged to twelve baskets full, that is, a basket full for each where there had not been half a loaf. Surely there was a promise for the distributors of the Bread of Life in this. When others are being supplied by their agency, they will not be forgotten or overlooked. The hand that is employed in dealing out to the necessities of others, shall itself be filled; and the heart lifted up in aspiration to God in behalf of the ignorant, the outcast, and the wretched, will itself be further and further removed from the ills which it deplores, and the spiritual destitution which it prays a bountiful Saviour to relieve.

Mr. Despard's Journal.

On reference to our February number, it will be seen that Mr. Despard's Journal in our hands up to that date, concluded on the 18th of last November. He was then at Monte Video, engaged in many necessary occupations for the benefit of the Mission. His journal, which has recently arrived, was resumed on the 19th, and is occupied at the beginning with details of money transactions to be settled previous to sailing—the purchase of a mule for Cranmer, also a goat for Mr. Gardiner, engagement of a mate for the "*Allen Gardiner*," the getting of them and other things on board, &c.; and then Mr. Despard says, after a three week's detention at Monte Video, he and his party set sail for Keppel Island, on Friday the 24th, from which date we shall allow him to speak for him-

self, merely expressing our grateful acknowledgments to a God of all grace, power, and love, for His continued care of those, whose safety in body and soul, we regard with such unspeakable concern.

“*Monday, 24th.*—Fine all day, but no wind; settled up accounts with Beard for monies entrusted to him, to pay off men, &c. About seven, p. m. a pampero suddenly sprung up; violent storms of rain, wind, thunder, and lightning followed each other in rapid succession. About eight, Beard called me hastily from my book in the cabin. Do, said he, come on deck immediately. There indeed an appalling sight met me. A huge ship, which had anchored yesterday a good way off, had dragged her anchors, and was drifting right upon us rapidly. She was not more than five yards from our bows, and every minute we expected to feel the decisive shock, which would send the poor *Allen Gardiner* and all on board to the bottom, in the raging storm. I knew death to be very near, but I felt no alarm. I looked within, and saw that my soul loved God, because he had loved me and died for me, and that I could be happy in holiness; yet I prayed for the preservation of the vessel, as needed in our Missionary work—for myself as husband, father, head of the band, —for the crew as not yet in Christ; and soon was I able to take comfort by seeing the threatening monster begin to drift parallel to the schooner’s side, and soon to fall astern, without touching her at all, to fall off to a very safe distance, where she brought up. Another large vessel was driving towards us, but did not come dangerously near. We held on by chains and anchors well, and, though she plunged and rose up high, as the waves came across her bow, she took in only spray. By nine, the pampero began to lull, by three, there was

a comparative calm. Up to December 5th, nothing to note, save alternate stimulants to hope for a short passage given in a fair breeze, and disappointment of the same, occasioned by foul winds and stormy seas. The work of the vessel has been quietly carried on. Our German cook occasions, now and then, grumbling in the fore-castle mess, by his negligent preparation of their *cluff*, and runs the risk of retaliation at the hands of choleric Davie, by having the gluey duff stuck to his head. Life on board irks an active landsman much, when deck is so wet that he cannot pace—cabin is so tossy that he cannot sit—berth is so dark that he cannot read; and this state of things is of two and three days duration. Yet the Missionary landsman voyaging, will try to regard this as part of his allotted cross.

“*December, 6th.*—My birthday; since I had a family, the first I have spent from it. I hoped, and rather sanguinely, for this and other much more weighty reasons, to have reached Stanley by this day. But here we are about five hundred miles apart, and guided by atmospheric phenomena: we expect this distance will not be passed much before Christmas day; yet how many reasons there appeared in favour of a quick passage back; that the natives may be visited at once; that the Society money may be saved, and wages spared; that the vessel may escape wear and tear, on an indirect voyage; that an anxious wife may be relieved from pain of an unexpected length of separation; that the Mission band may be superintended, and refreshed, and redirected; that communications from home may be received and expeditiously answered; that a mason, in place of Webber, departed and deceased, may be taken to Cranmer. What reason there may be for delay, reason cannot see, so faith must discharge her

office to guide the doubting soul to rely on the good and wise sovereignty of God. It was a hard struggle to restrain my emotions, on once again seeing my wife and children standing at the head of the jetty to receive me. In the pleasure of their embraces, the pain of a long separation without mutual communication was healed, and, God heartily, though as always, insufficiently glorified.

“*Tuesday, 16th.*—Attended at the Government Office, to complete the purchase of our town plot in Keppel Island, and to receive title deeds for it, and the lease of the rest of the island—seven thousand acres for twenty years. Thus the Society is now permanently and legally in possession of Cranmer, and no longer holds the ignoble position of a squatter in the world, such as we have stood in, for the whole term of our being in the field. We were kindly invited to dine with the Governor, and enjoyed a cheerful evening with him, and Mrs. Moore, and two or three of the gentry of Stanley.

“*Thursday, 18th.*—Principally occupied in completing my arrangements for the voyage to Patagonia. I hoped to have sailed this day, but the winds and waves have been so adverse, departure has been impossible; this I the more regret, because a nice little lot of cattle, some ten heifers, with a bull, is waiting below, at Sparrow Cove for shipment, to form the future supply of roast beef, milk, butter, and cheese, for our happy family at Cranmer. To-morrow, however, I hope the weather will be moderate enough to allow the *Allen Gardiner* to sail again, on her most appropriate voyage; not that I feel happy to leave my family, just, too, at the festive domestical season of Christmas, but placing, as I hope ever to do, duty before pleasure, I am anxious to do my Master's work at once. To Him I trust those most

dear to me, and would fain expect the same care for them as has ever already been exercised.

Friday, 19th.—The wind was this morning quite fair, and so my traps were early embarked; but, it was not before half-past twelve we were under weigh, for our Captain is not railway in his movements, hence I fear his appointment will not give satisfaction to the superintendent, whose propensities run towards despatch. Our destination was Sparrow Cove, off Mr. Bowden's territory, that we might take in eleven head of young cattle, to make a commencement for our stock of beef at Cranmer, and while waiting for these to be driven in, a party was to go down to Tussac Island to procure a supply of fodder for the voyage. In half-an-hour we were at anchor in Sparrow Cove, about three Mr. Bowden came down with his men in his boat from Stanley. Soon after this we landed to see what sort of a place there is here, and what steps were being taken to get our live cargo. Nothing more broken down and dilapidated can well be conceived, for a place still partially occupied, and the dilatoriness of the Guachos in getting ready, gave small hopes of speedy return with stock. Took a walk with the proprietor to see his grant. There are some favorable situations on it, in regard to shelter from winds, but the surface seemed covered everywhere with coarse dried-up grass, as though the season were now midwinter, instead of midsummer, in fact, the temperature is quite that of winter. Mr. Bowden came off, and spent the evening with us, and gave a very dolorous view of a settler's prospects in this colony. About half-past nine o'clock our boat's company returned in Mr. B.'s large cutter, bringing many bundles of Tussac. At night it rained heavily.

Saturday, 20th.—About twelve held up sufficiently

for us to go on shore, but the wind blew very strongly on. The ground a complete bog up to the house ; cattle just arrived, some forty cows with young calves, small yearling heifers, and bulls, very thin and poor in every respect, we might have picked out half-a-dozen yearlings not very bad among them. To get them on board was the question. This could not be done all the afternoon and evening. Captain went on shore at six, to see about it, but embarking was still impossible. Mr. Bowden asked if I would take them Sunday morning, for if not, as they had no fodder in the corral, he could not keep them until Monday, but must let them go again to their haunts, Saturday night. This of course could not be allowed, so the cattle were let out again, thus losing the time and wages spent in collecting them, and losing too the fair wind we had on Friday, for Keppel Island. But such is the will of God that the Falklands should be a region of wind perpetually against every such enterprise. Since the latter end of September there has been nothing but squalls from every adverse quarter, with rain as incessant. The cattle were bespoken for Wednesday last, on Thursday morning they were accordingly got in, but on neither day could we leave the settlement. On Saturday they were rounded in again, but we could not get them on board. Doubtless if they are brought together the third time on Monday, Tuesday it will blow again, so as to prevent this being of any use. Falklands ought to be changed into *Balklands*.

“*Sunday, 21st.*—Wind less boisterous, but weather very cold, found the comfort of a fire in our little cabin. ’Tis very trying that I should be these three days here, just three miles from Stanley doing nothing, when I might have been enjoying there the company of those so dear to me. We had our Sunday services at half-past ten and

seven as usual, on both which occasions I endeavoured to improve the minds of my nautical congregation in the knowledge of God's word,—first, on "Faith," from Heb. ii. 1; and second, 1 John i. The intervals of time were filled up with private reading and meditation, and bodily exercise, in this case profiting much.

"Monday, 22nd.—Captain and crew astir early, getting boats on board for a start. By the time this was effected, and I must say they were very slow about it, the wind chopped round *dead a head*, and so here have we to stay for another twenty-four hours, which will make the fourth in Sparrow Cove; henceforth to bear the name in my list of Tarry for Nothing Cove. Oh that we had a nice smart sound steamer, by which we might be independent of winds. About these *Balklands* we shall always be dilly dallying in a sailing vessel, unless a smarter Captain by pulling off at every favorable turn in the wind, makes a difference in our navigation. The *Cuba* brig which brought in the shipwrecked crew of the *Lord G. Bentinck*, ran down Port William yesterday, to find her way south, round to the Horn, but found the gale so strong she put back hither, and still lies here. This makes her one hundred and fifteen days from *Shields*. Before I left Stanley I commissioned Captain Smiley to fetch ten sheep from Rio Negro, and a milch cow with calf. I hope he may not be so baffled in getting them as we have been with the horned cattle. I am inclined now to think we shall do better in rearing sheep than oxen, inasmuch as for food they will be more convenient, and they will not require such expensive keepers, and so impracticable keepers as Guachos. A few for beef occasionally, and for milk, will do very well, but not to the extent that some friends have advised. But we shall learn by degrees.

“We employed our delay not unprofitably in the evening, by overhauling the ship’s arm chest, and freeing from rust as much as possible, and oiling our weapons of offence and defence. A strange employment it looks for a messenger of peace, just before starting to tell of mercy and love between God and man—and man and his fellow; but if arms are to be in a Mission vessel, those arms must be kept from destruction, as much as every other part of our Society’s property, and a persuasion in the mind of the natives, before they *can* understand our character and objects, that we are *able* to resent any hostile attack upon us, by preventing such attack will secure for us time, so to explain ourselves as to make the active use of such weapons always unnecessary. Besides of these pieces of ordnance, the greater part are serviceable to procure game as food for ourselves and companions.

“*Wednesday, 24th.*—At four, a. m. abreast but far to the north of Keppel Island. From seven, a. m. beating dead to windward against frequent squalls to get into Committee Bay. The weather very cold, and accompanied by severe rain. At quarter-past six anchored in quarter less four fathoms, twenty-two and half feet, the schooner drawing astern ten feet three inches, and one and half mile from the landing place. Such is Beard’s excessive caution. I objected to the distance, and was answered, ‘It is a better berth to get out to sea from.’ Soon after we cast anchor, the doctor, with Messrs. Gardiner, Phillips, and Turpin, came off in their dinghey, all well and happy, and everything going regularly and comfortably at Cranmer. This all was very gratifying to see and hear. They had been very anxious about me, because thirty days more than expected had gone since my departure. When they get used to the patience-trying nature of navigation, they will become more easy at such

disappointments. Captain wanted to defer to another day such live stock as we had, but I insisted on their being put on shore this evening, which was accordingly done, and most satisfactorily.

“Poor Mulo took to the water as soon as second mate Betts, his kind groom, went overboard to assist in beaching the *Happy Escape*, and so saved anticipated trouble in landing him. Monte, the goat, two young pigs, boar and sow, and Jos, the house kitten followed. Right glad was I to see Philippi safe, treading the soil, and cropping the sweet grass of Cranmer Valley, for his five weeks knocking about on board ship, had so often knocked him down, that he was quite knocked up, and the battered state of his skin made him a pitiable object to look at.

“Enquiries were promptly made, and as promptly gratified, as to the progress of works, etc. in the settlement, whereby it was found that our English live stock had been materially diminished by death; Victoria, the ewe sheep, which was already declining in the *Hydaspes*, had died, as supposed, from wet and cold. The ducks had descended in number to four, and the cocks and hens to five. On the other hand, the five runaway South American sheep had been found, and put under the care of Dick Woolcombe, (our Devon tup.) The English animals are in prime condition. In works,—a shop for the joiner, with permanent frame and temporary walls (the floor boards of the cottages), was finished and occupied, being placed very conveniently just above where timber can be landed, and over against the store-house. The Mission garden, three hundred feet by fifty, is enclosed, dug, and the major part sown and planted. Bartlett’s own garden, pretty completely enclosed with a very well made high turf wall, and a winter’s supply

of good peat dug out of it. This done by hfm in play time, i. e. after half-past five, p. m., and on Saturday half holidays. Joiner's garden is also enclosed, and Mr. Turpin's well begun. A road leading through the vale, to Sullivan House, has been laid out, and begun upon, but its course being bad for draught, a new one with a more gentle ascent along the side of the southern hill, will be made just above the cottages, and where there will be a more solid flooring than in the turfy valley.

“*Christmas day, 25th.*—And away for the first time from my dear family, but I would say, not away from my dearer Lord; I hope the next I may be with them as well. Went ashore with captain, officers, and all the crew, save him of the galley, who had to attend to the boiling of Christmas puddings—articles not dispensed with, even here in the Falklands, and in *midsummer*, (with winter cold, and fires.) This, with the shore party made a congregation, large enough to fill the Sullivan House drawing (and dining and cooking) room. We had Service and sermon on Luke ii. 10, 11, and afterwards the Communion Service and Lord's Supper—communicants being the Doctor, Messrs. Phillips, Gardiner, Turpin, and Schimdt, my boy Tom, and the farmer. Joiner has never been a communicant, and none of the ship's company care for “these things.” This is the first ordinance of the kind engaged in on this island since its creation. We (I certainly) felt happy in celebrating our Saviour's love in coming into the world in form as a man, and service as a minister of mercy to men, and venture to look forward to repeated opportunities of the kind; and when reclaimed Firelanders and Huillecheemen may partake at the Lord's table as rejoicing members of His happy family.

I was invited to dine with the brethren, and did it

gladly. Our fare consisted of roast goose and plum pudding—our beverage, water from the brook. No regrets were felt—at least none were expressed, that we had not such variety and delicacy of viands, or such domestic comforts of family hilarity as were being enjoyed by our friends at home; and if we were not hilarious, we were contentedly cheerful. After dinner, we resolved into a conversational party—or rather, an audience with a speaker; at which, the necessity of every one learning the vernacular Spanish of South America, and of giving attention to mechanic arts and hardening bodily labours, was pointed out and enforced by illustrations supposed apposite. When the audience broke up, the Doctor, Phillips, Frank, and I, started to cross over to Ellis Point, and then to walk across Macdonald Peninsula to Taylor Beach. We moored the dinghey, and with a leading wind, soon reached the landing place. The walk proposed was taken, but no discoveries made, else than of three whale's ribs that may come in for an *arbour* in a garden by and bye. We have a view to the amenities of life. The row back was heavy, and wet with wind and spray. Christmas tea came after Christmas dinner, and a very sorry affair for our party indeed—though they did not think it so. We sat round the stable door, mounted on a small table for our board, with its brown, unwashed surface uncovered and undisguised—whereon were cups, broken and unbroken, all sizes—small mugs—no plates—no knives—hard and rather musty sea biscuit, without butter or other relish—tolerably good tea and sugar. Lo, our furniture and food for a Christmas table. None remarked (aloud) this contrast to old English comfort—none seemed vexed or in any wise put out by it. I think we may augur good

from this, and from the fact that men unused to bodily hard labour, are out at half-past six every morning, digging peat till breakfast time. From after breakfast, and morning prayers at half-past nine, are some quarrying, the Doctor for instance—some wheeling barrows of stone, Mr. Gardiner for instance—some building in mud and clay, (stone!) walls, Mr. Turpin—Tom Bridges (he has been brought up to labour with both head and hand) digging out, and tempering clay for the builders. Foster the joiner, working cheerfully and skilfully at mason's craft—the farmer digging the virgin ground, or building fence walls of turf round the Mission garden, or building stone walls for a pigstye. Frank Jones gathering fire fuel—the other two cooking and getting ready otherwise for the noon's frugal repast. At two, this same party is at work again till half-past five. This routine, cheerfully followed throughout the week, in this out-of-the-way, blustering region, by persons not accustomed to work, is a cheering fact. Should it be asked how this bears upon the Gospel business entrusted to them, the answer is, to introduce the arts of common life among such men as Firelanders, and Huillecheemen, the Missionary must know them himself and work personally at them. How can he do it unless he be taught? Where can he be taught better than here, in a similar climate, surrounded by similar difficulties? Common laborers might be employed to do it. Yes, but when the work was done common laborers would not avail for Missionaries, and common laborers are very hard to be got even decently moral, and their cost is nearly to that of these uncommon ones. It should be understood also, that the little evening spare time our brethren out here have, is spent in learning Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and such like;

and that when winter comes in, a brisk school business will be driven here. This day has been very stormy and cold, and yet it is to correspond with an English twenty-eighth of June! The climate is nevertheless very healthy, and the rain falls frequently; evaporation is so rapid that the ground almost immediately after is even dusty, here at least; in Stanley, when I left, the damp ground was like a saturated sponge.

“*Friday, 26th.*—I contemplated to day taking a strong crew of the shore party with the *Happy Escape* by the *Allen Gardiner* to Saunders Island, to look after wreck stuff and rabbits; and provided these should be too much for our pinnace to bring round, to use the schooner; but otherwise to send the Mission party back in the evening, and to go on to Patagonia. This nice arrangement however was balked by the captain's wanting to take in here ballast and water, and the weather not favouring. Mr. Gardiner, with his traps, came on board early, to be ready for a start. In the evening, the doctor and two or three others came off in the dinghey, to get some clothes and boots out of the little 'venture' that I am taking to trade with in straits at the Cluban Settlement. The wind blew so strong off shore, they were afraid to row back, as Mr. Phillips is not a good oarsman. Mr. Schmidt can neither steer nor row, so we made up beds for them in the cabin, and had a cheerful evening, and then a comfortable night together.

“*Saturday, 27th.*—Wind and wave still too threatening—therefore we kept our guests till dinner was over; then the ship's gig took the dinghey in tow, with two rowers in it, and all got safely on terra firma again, rather pleased than not with this little change from the monotony of their life. I spent the afternoon (half holiday)

in walking and talking with Bartlett, and projecting a new and better road to Sullivan House.

“*Sunday, 28th.*—Went ashore through spray and splash (Beard is so careful not to endanger the bottom of his vessel that he places more than two fathoms under her keel—but this requires a mile and a half distance from Brook Cove, our landing) and had full service with all hands, in the house, at eleven, a. m.—sermon on 1 Cor. xv. 45—the Second Adam a quickening Spirit. After dinner, (goose, cold; plum pudding, cold; potatoes, hot.) I took a long walk with the doctor. Truly, in the language of the Psalmist, compared with Stanley, we have here in Cranmer a goodly heritage.

“We returned to Sullivan Point at half-past five, and had a frugal tea, after it evening service, and instead of a sermon, catechetical instruction of all hands (heads?) on the second lesson for the evening, 1 John v. The ship’s boat came off for Mr. Gardiner and myself, bringing the joiner, who had spent the afternoon on board. I believe our visit here at this time has been encouraging, and comforting, and directing, and therefore return thanks to God for enabling us.

“The weather was really quite warm, and though the breeze was not a zephyr it was benignant. I really anticipate the growth of corn, at least oats and bur, (Scotch Highland barley,) clover, Lucerne grasses artificial. The ground in many patches is covered with the flowers of the scurvy grass, resembling the pink field convolvulus, and large sort of chickweed; while the qualities of groundsel, in bunches of flower, would delight the hearts and employ the bills of swarms of bullfinches. In swampy places we find a coarse kind of grass, which Ellis says is wild wheat; which, cut and dried, would serve for thatching, and cattle bedding, to be trod into

manure. The fachinal is in full flower, and resembles Michaelmas daisy; it would make a good hedge-row, and bears transplanting. All hardy vegetables and flowers will grow and ripen well here. Even in Stanley, before I left, I saw pease luxuriant and full of flower; beans (Windsor), ditto; strawberries in blossom; currant and gooseberry bushes loaded with green fruit; lettuce, cabbages, potatoes, well up; barley, a foot and a half high. Sheltered places, manure, and care, are all we want to make good gardens. We ought to be most thankful to have so much better a region to dwell in and labour in, than our Mission brethren at the other end of this double continent, the Herrnhuters in Greenland and Labrador."

(To be continued.)

The Bishop of Meath.

We have much satisfaction in announcing that the Most Rev. Dr. Singer, Bishop of Meath, has, in the kindest manner, consented to have his name enrolled among our Vice-Patrons. The estimation in which Dr. Singer has for years been held in and out of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was a senior Fellow and Professor of Divinity, for his bold, uncompromising maintenance of evangelical truth and scriptural education, and his active connexion from the first with the Church Missionary Society, give to his accession to our cause a peculiar value which we know will be duly estimated by all who know (and who does not?) the distinguished prelate, who has given the weight of his character and position, and we doubt not will give his prayers too, to the important work in which we are engaged

Hindrances.

“It must needs be,” says our Divine Master, “that offences come”—stumbling blocks to God’s children, and hindrances to God’s work, that is, designed as such by those who put them in the way, and who watch maliciously and anxiously for the falling over them of the little ones, and the stoppage by them of the work.

But God will work, and who shall let it? Onward must roll the chariot wheels of the “King immortal, invisible, only wise, and only omnipotent, and who only doeth wondrous things.” To every attempted obstruction in the way of His eternal purposes, He addresses Himself in the one form of speech, “Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain;” and again, “I will overturn, overturn, overturn it:” and thus it ever has been from the hour when Satan sought to quench the light of Israel, by instigating the murder of righteous Abel, to the present time, when with no less virulent hostility to the Redeemer and His cause, and no less skill and industry in the use of hell’s tactics, he tracks the feet of God’s saints, and lays in their way snares, temptations, and hindrances, suited to their various infirmities, and liability to

fall. He knows that hitherto he has been invariably defeated in his object, even when he has obtained some shew of advantage in particular cases, as in those of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David, Peter, &c.; but as he cannot cease from sin, he will never depart from his fiendish plicity towards the Church of the living God until that Church is established in all its beauty and glory on the ruins of his kingdom, and he is consigned to the everlasting fire prepared for him and his angels.

But it may be, and doubtless often has been asked, why does our omnipotent and all-wise God permit this work of systematic obstruction to go on? The answer is—Just because He is omnipotent and all-wise. Power can be developed only in collision with power, and wisdom seeks its triumphs in encounters with the really or affectedly wise. Our God commends Himself with all His attributes to the minds and hearts of His children, and in the career of the evil one He has provided for them a lesson of heavenly wisdom, which must lead them step by step to the acknowledgment of Him as the only source of all sufficiency and perfection in physical, moral, intellectual, or spiritual being. With the ability of Satan for mischief, and subtlety in devising schemes of aggression, they are but too well acquainted. With such abounding proofs of both within and around

them, it were idle to affect ignorance, or express doubt. He is a formidable antagonist, and with such an one fallen humanity in its best estate cannot contend. Whatever be man's intellectual or moral capacity, he is as nothing in the presence of such a foe, who only waits for permission from above to sift the giants of the earth as wheat and tread the loftiest under foot. Man wants a deliverer, and he is obliged to confess it. To his fellow-man he is prone to look in such a case, and were the evils and dangers of his present lot less formidable than they are, he would be satisfied to lean upon the human arm, and to ignore the existence of the Almighty; but by painful and mortifying experience of human impotence in relation to spiritual things, he is constrained to acknowledge his need of a friend stronger than Satan, and through grace to look to Him who is mighty to save.

Scandals, offences, or hindrances, are the weapons which the enemy employs chiefly at the commencement of a good work in the soul or in the world. They are specially adapted to the case of those who are yet young in the faith, and consequently infirm. They likewise seem calculated to retard some new project of Christian usefulness, and they address themselves to human wisdom, worldliness, or pride. We see this exemplified in our Lord's history. He came into

the world as the Benefactor of man, and proved both His will and ability to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. Yet He was not generally received as such: what prevented so apparently obvious a result? The reply is—Satan hindered by the use of his ordinary instruments, he addressed himself to the human wisdom and carnal pride of those who called themselves God's people. He cast down before them the humble origin, the mean exterior, the lowly deportment of the Man Christ Jesus, and the Jews stumbled at that stumbling stone. But thus was it predicted—"He shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling, and for a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel, for a gin and a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem;" and so it has been ever since. Christ, if He is received at all, must be received as He is: but for this unregenerate humanity is not prepared, and when the spirit first brings Him near to some long benighted heart, or induces some new attempt to assert His claims to a long lost world, the stone of stumbling is again pushed forward, in hopes that a fall over it will again produce discouragement and defeat. "Christ crucified" is still "to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness;" and all hindrances to the progress of the gospel offered by Satan or his emissaries will be found to derive their being and form from this state of things.

It is painful to reflect how readily even those who profess an interest in the extension of Christ's kingdom, fall into the various snares laid for them by the arch rebel, and stumble at the most trifling incidents of an apparently adverse character that arise in the progress of the work; discovering manifestly a latent fear of ultimate defeat to God and His cause, and yielding a deference to the policy and power of Satan, which is quite unbecoming in those who know that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of Christ. At one time a minister or a Missionary disappoints the expectations of those who have given him their confidence, and built much on his piety and his zeal; at another the committee of a religious society is accused of acting partially or injudiciously; again, some unforeseen disaster occurs in connexion with a Mission or a Church, which every one after it has happened, wonders had not been foreseen, and provided against; sometimes a Mission station turns out unhealthy, and sometimes a Church is found to be badly constructed for hearing: in each and all of these cases and similar ones Christian people are "offended;" and, alas! that we should be obliged to add, "betray one another and hate one another," while the plea for such unseemly feelings and conduct is, righteous indignation for the injury inflicted on God's cause; but the real injury, if any, is the

mastery obtained by the evil one over the hearts, the tongues, and the practice of those who are ostensibly engaged on the Lord's side.

Do we feel quite assured that Christ is the wisdom of God, and the power of God, to all who believe, both Jews and Greeks, and that He cannot fail in either capacity to accomplish His eternal purposes whatever be the instrumentality employed? Then there is no occasion for fear—much less for wrath, which worketh not the righteousness of God. Human agencies must not only be defective, but that they are so, it seems the wise purpose of our God ever to keep before our eyes. The result to be achieved is one thing, and the instrument whereby it is to be accomplished, is quite another—one is divine, the other human, and they may be expected to bear marks of their respective characters. It is surely not consistent with sound wisdom either to expect from the one that which belongs only to the other, or to apprehend that both must fail, because one exhibits characteristic marks of weakness and imperfection: on the contrary, the weakness of the instrument is the strength of the cause, for in the sovereign policy of Jehovah it is ordained that when the eye contemplates any work of grace or providence in which the progress of His kingdom is involved, it should rest upon nothing with satisfaction, but the words inscribed upon it in charac-

ters of living light—Jehovah Shammah—the Lord is there.

There has never appeared in the earth probably a more telling illustration of this great principle than the work in which we are engaged. Consider it for a moment; no one will venture to say that the gospel should not be preached to the aborigines of South America—that it should not be done in our day, that it should not be attempted by us. The work is laid marvellously on the heart and conscience of a man who cannot rest under the burden; all whose powers of mind and body it engrosses, agitates, impels into unwearied action; under its stimulating power he is hurried across seas, mountains, continents, deserts. He disregards the ties of home, kindred, country, social and civilized life; he tramples on all considerations of health, safety, property, repose. He acts like a man possessed, and so he is—possessed with the eternal purpose of Jehovah, now only made manifest—to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus, in regions from which it has been hitherto excluded, towards which the sympathies of His people had never heretofore been turned, and where Satan consequently had wielded his sceptre, both papal and pagan, over the hearts of millions with unrestricted sway. He essays the introduction of the word with which he is charged at this point and that of the South American

Continent, but Satan hinders. At one time native prejudice is the weapon employed against him; at another, papal intolerance. But no sooner is one avenue found closed, than he presents himself, with his message, at another; all seem equally guarded by the vigilant foe. At last he thinks he discovers a chink through which the light may penetrate. He hastens home to communicate the joyful intelligence to his brethren and sisters in Christ, who he supposes will be equally interested with him in the discovery. Here again the adversary has been before him—ears and hearts are equally closed against his communication. From north to south and east to west of his beloved fatherland he rushes with his recital of South American darkness, misery, and death; but some turn away incredulous; some smile at his enthusiasm; and not a few condemn his rashness, call his scheme wild and impracticable, and deplore the expenditure of time and energy on so hopeless an undertaking. Satan seems to triumph, but the work of God shall be done. Gardiner is a chosen vessel unto Him; and if it is not given to him to *live* down his difficulties, he shall *die* to conquer in the good cause. Who was not prepared to say that his death and that of his devoted companions was not the greatest hindrance of all? Surely the door was now closed finally, hopelessly. No, it was

now opened. Gardiner, Williams, Maidment, Erwin, Badcock, Pearce, Bryant, your prayers are heard; your sufferings, resignation, martyrdom, are come up for a memorial before God; the veil drops from the eyes of incredulous brethren at home, and hundreds rush forward at the sound of your dying cry to occupy the breach in which you have fallen, and take possession of the land in which your dust reposes. Satan's hindrances are turned into helps, and who now doubts that the Patagonian Mission is a divinely appointed work, and ought to be supported?

We know that we are not yet done with hindrances—should we wish to be? Certainly not, for the ultimate triumph of the Redeemer's cause will shine forth all the more gloriously, because of Satan's attempts to obstruct or mar it. Difficulties, disappointments, will spring up, and even dear friends, weak in the faith, will shake the head, and shoot out the lip, but "the breaker has gone up before us." He has shewn us that the work is His, and He has uttered his defiance to all gainsayers. Dear reader, cannot you trust Him? The human instruments may not be worthy of your confidence. You may doubt their ability—their discretion—their zeal, but once you have made up your mind that the time for favoring the natives of South America has come, do not imagine that any amount of human incompe-

tence, or even treachery, can ever retard the progress of light to the region which they occupy. If the men now employed, either at home or abroad, are not of His selection, be assured that He will supersede them, and find others to take their place. Be prepared, we pray you, for disasters, disappointments, mistakes—the treasure is in earthen vessels; but do not be prepared for the defeat of Him, “which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.” When you hear of this or that delay in the work, this or that error in the proceedings at home, or defect in the character or temper of our brethren abroad, ask our covenant God that you may not be “offended,” and renounce your confidence in Him, and your interest in the work. Remember the awful denunciation, “Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord.”

Mr. Despard's Journal.

(Continued.)

Tuesday, 30th.—Before leaving my berth, found the vessel was passing through the water; and by after breakfast we were outside of Keppel Island, with a south west wind: going fast to the north west, to clear those isles so much dreaded by Falkland navigators,—

the Jasons. The sea was rough, and the consequence of this upon myself was, for the first time, sea sickness.

Wednesday, 31st.—About eleven, a. m., our jibboom was carried away (broken in twain) by a heavy plunge into the sea. There was no other on board, only a spare topmast, three feet short. Our position was 23 degrees east of Keppel Island—that is, we had lost so much ground in twenty-eight hours. The wind was foul for returning to Cranmer, where indeed is no spar—but quite fair for Stanley, where we had one likely to do, or else where we can buy one. I therefore directed a return to Stanley. Other ends will be served by this step; I can look after Maclaughlan, a more enterprising sailor, who is now master of the company's schooner in which he took me first to Keppel Island and back, and leaves his present employ on the 14th of January. This is the last day of the year—to me fraught with more important events than many I have passed: change in my mode of life, responsibilities, country, climate, circumstances, cares, and sorrows, of varied kind. What concerns the inner man, and his relations to Christ, I forbear here, in a journal to record; but simply say, that my hearty desire has been to have Him to dwell in me as my perpetual guest and guide, and to live and die for His glory. Ye who love Him, His work and His servants, pray that my desire may be fulfilled and accomplished in the new year. He that hath the Son hath life: He that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

Mr. Despard and his party were ready for sea again on the 7th of January, 1857, but were detained at Keppel by contrary winds until the 13th, when they sailed for Patagonia. (See p. 140, and Occasional Paper, No. 6.)

Life in Keppel Island.

The following interesting sketch of our Mission colony, in its social and domestic aspect, has been forwarded to us by our catechist, Mr. Garland Phillips. We consider that it cannot but prove attractive to our readers, and may serve to bring our brethren at a distance more vividly before them, and engage for them an increased share in their sympathies and prayers.

“ Oh ! how I long for the day, and I trust it is not far distant, when in company with dear Mr. Despard I shall again be on Fuegia's shores, when amongst the dark children of sin and sorrow that word may be sown which gives in its entrance light to the soul, and understanding to the simple ; that word which never has returned, and never shall return unto Him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereunto He may send it. Then shall this spiritual wilderness break forth—“ to us who once in moral darkness sat, light hath arisen freely,” and truly shall come to pass the glorious prediction of the Spirit by Isaiah, “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.” For such a time of joy, let us labour, pray, and wait. I am delighted to hear of the growing interest that is taken in our Mission, by the public mind at home, who no doubt have expected, and do expect to hear of great things achieved out here. I feel assured that now we have a bold and intrepid leader, with whom it will be a privilege and an honour to associate, we shall soon enter on our campaign, and make an attack on one of the enemy's strongholds. The way to Tierra del Fuego has been pioneered, the ground has been traversed, a friendly communication with some of the natives has been established, who anxiously, without

doubt, are awaiting a revisit. Thus many apparent difficulties are removed, and the path lies open before us. May we soon go in and possess the land, and bear away some trophies from the spiritual battle field, to adorn and grace the Saviour's crown. Difficulties and dangers will still be before us, perils by sea, and perils among the heathen; but faith looks above them and beyond. She sees on high the great Captain of our salvation leading us onwards to conflict, and as "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," having learned to endure hardness; and having the confidence that *He* will *lead* the forlorn hope, ever at its head to encourage and to cheer,—

"We heed not the toil, we fear not the foe,
 Though rugged the path, the pathway is clear;
 And with hope in the heart we look not below,
 But keep the eye fix'd on Him who is near,
 Still leading us on."

For want of *real missionary* enterprise, I must give you a few stray passages from my journal, which can only relate to matters connected with our Mission House. And first, with respect to the various individuals who have come to dwell here, and who have cast in their lot and part with us. Mr. Ellis and I could formerly roam *ad libitum* over the roomy house, but now, *tempora mutantur*, we are fairly cabined, cribbed, confined. The arrangements are these—I turned out of my room, and gave it up to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, as it has a stove fixed in it. Mr. Ellis occupies his former berth, and I and the boys (Tom and Frank,) sleep in the blue room. Although this is rather close quarters, yet I have this advantage, in occupying the small zotheca at the back as a private sitting room, which I find a great comfort, as heretofore the lads were often passing through my room to theirs; and also the front room being a general

sitting-room, I was continually disturbed by conversation, &c. Messrs. Schmid and Turpin occupy the large room, and Carpenter the small, above. Mr. Gardiner has his wooden cot at the foot of the hill. I find in Mr. Gardiner a man of sound judgment and sterling piety; and the only thing I regret is, that I cannot enjoy more Christian fellowship with him. As he has signified his wish to reside with me in our new cottage, I look forward, you may apprehend, to much sweet communion with him.

Messrs. Schmid and Turpin I am much pleased with; some of the conversations I have had with the former, respecting the Divine life in the soul, the Christian warfare, and the home of the pilgrim, have been to me like oases in the desert, refreshing and invigorating. Tom Bridges is a very affectionate lad, he loves everybody, and I do believe everybody loves him. He is rather an untidy boy, more so than Frank; but the latter does not possess the ingenuous open character which Tom so clearly displays. They are both under discipline, which at times seems rather irksome; but I think they both have sense enough to perceive that it is for their ultimate good. Frank is an intelligent, active boy, and with a tight rein and loving rule may prove, or rather does prove, a most useful subsidium in the kitchen. The carpenter is an orderly, industrious, and clever fellow; seems to thoroughly understand his business, and able to turn his hand to various and multifarious occupations. He has just repainted the little dingy, *Maidstone Hope*, and she looks smarter than when she first came from the builder's hands. He has fitted a back-board for the steersman, on which he has very tastefully painted a scroll and the name of the vessel, and on either side, the British and Mission flags. Strange

to say, he is as excellent a musician as our late carpenter, Richard Dyas. He is the one amongst us that has the most loneliness, for being shut out by his position from the general room, and having no fellow, single labourer, he is of necessity much by himself. He at first seemed much discontented, and would fain return; but I am happy to say he now puts a more cheerful face on the matter, as I have frequently told him that ere long he will find things more comfortable and home-like, especially when "the family" come to reside here. He told me a few evenings since, that he should like to stay a couple of years out. I consider him a most useful man for our station. One thing he lacks, which I trust our heavenly Father will speedily afford him—a true and living union with the Saviour. Bartlett and his wife are a worthy couple: he is industry personified.—At work (if not in working hours, at his own garden, every spare hour,) early and late. He has run up a noble turf fence along the Mission garden. Mrs. B. is an active, energetic person, and no doubt William finds it pleasanter with a wife out here, than he would without one—all his domestic comforts nicely cared for, &c. &c. If ever a man wanted a helpmeet, he will find it out here. The little baby is a lively girl, and is well and thriving. It is quite cheering to think at times that we have on this lone isle such a little piece of life's best poetry. In fact it was a gala day for me, when I first caught a glimpse of its interesting and innocent looking face, it was so long since I had seen anything of the sort. Our little staff is divided for the present into two companies, the in-door and the out. The former, including Mr. Schmid, Frank, and myself; the latter, Messrs. Ellis, Gardiner, and Turpin, Tom, Bartlett, and joiner. It may surprise you that it requires three per-

sons to be engaged in preparing food, &c. for eight; but when the new party came, I consented for the comfort of each and all to superintend the domestic economy, as there was none other that could take the responsibility. And although my past career in the culinary department has been more lengthy than agreeable, still there was no loophole for escape. And now in the first place, there is nothing like a regular time for meals; and plenty of out-door exercise creates in these latitudes a large demand for the nutritive supply; and it is a sure axiom, that men cannot work if they do not well eat; and as ours are all able and industrious workmen, I have endeavoured to the best in my power to set before them good substantial meals, and with as great variety in dishes as our stores will allow. Now cooking here is a bit of a bore, for it is always under high pressure and great difficulties. In the first place, our kitchen range is a pretty toy, rather than a cooking apparatus. In its oven you can bake a small cake *in time*, with patience; but when you have the fact that we have only a little biscuit, and that for high days and holidays, and bread is required four times a day, you will perhaps rather marvel how it is effected. The method at Stanley used for bread making is this, they have a large iron dish, with lid, (called a "shadrole,") which they place under the grate, on hot peat ashes, and then let burning ash fall on the lid and cover the sides. The bread within gets well baked. We have a shadrole; and since our fresh arrival have had fitted up a capital back-kitchen, with a large grate, adapted for burning great quantities of peat. But, alas! our stock of peat is very slender, and we are obliged to reserve all now for the ensuing winter, for house-warming; so that we cannot imitate the Stanley folks. However, indebted as we are to the island having

been burnt, we have had an abundant supply of branches of the jachinal, and roots of the diddydie, which burn capitally, and emit a famous heat. This has to be fetched from some considerable distance from the house, and occupies a third of one person's time, and then it requires one person to be constantly feeding the fire. Then there is the keeping up of another fire, to cook meat, puddings, &c.; and what with cleaning and clearing up, roasting coffee, &c. &c., there is a perpetual motion from "morn to dewy eve" in the Soyerian sphere. We all rise at 6, A. M. and turn out to our several work at 6:30. Breakfast punctually at 8; prayers at 9, conducted by Mr. Gardiner and myself alternate weeks. We sing a hymn, read a portion of the Old Testament, with exposition and prayer. Out to work immediately after; the lads having learned a lesson from Butter's Spelling, (just to keep their heads in!) after breakfast, say it to me before going to work. Dinner at 1, P. M.; work again at 2. Tea at half-past 5; and evening prayers at 7, when a lesson from the New Testament is read. On Thursday we fetch up stores for the week, and on Friday make extensive preparations for Sunday's meals. We have no cooking on Saturday (and of course none on Sunday); but as we all leave off work for the day and week at 12, A. M., we in the house have a general clear up. The Saturday *half holiday* is a decided boon; most frequently some one or more at the wash-tub, while others take a stroll, or shoot a few geese. On every evening, except Saturday, from 8:30 to 9, we study Spanish in company, and on Saturday evenings I have, and occasionally at other times, read aloud some portion of "Campbell's Martyr of Erromanga," to strengthen and animate us in *our* future Missionary enterprise. Sunday is the "Pearl of Days" with us; and though

"We have no village bell,
 See not the distant spire;
 No waving corn the valleys swell,
 Nor lovely flowers attire
 The dreary scene—all barrenness,
 Mocks but the longing eye,
 And on the ear tells heavily
 The raging surf hard by.
 Oh! England, fairest fatherland,
 We think of thee and sigh!

"The Sabbath's golden time
 Shines brightly on our road,
 Faith hears a heavenly chime
 Direct from God's abode.
 She sees the pearly gates,
 The streets of gold, the throng;
 And full of joy no longer waits,
 But raises high her song.
 Oh! heaven, fairest happy land,
 We think of thee and long!"

Our Sundays *now* are very delightful. Having had Monachism so long, we fairly rejoice in having such a goodly company of fellow-worshippers. It reminds us more of old times, when we praised God in the sanctuary, amidst the great congregation. We have breakfast precisely at 8, A. M. Previously we sing a hymn, I read a Psalm, and pray. Divine service at 10:30, A. M. when Mr. Gardiner assists me by reading the lessons. I read a sermon both morning and evening. Dine at about 1, P. M. In the afternoon Tom and Frank learn a hymn, which they repeat to me; and I hear them read and catechise them, and when I have them in my private room pray with them. They are very well-behaved lads, pay much attention to all I say, and Tom appears

to have an abiding sense of the goodness of the Lord Jesus to him. May it ever be with him, and increase! Tea at 5, prior to which we all sing a hymn. Divine service at 6:30, P. M.; and spend the evening in reading, singing, and conversation. As Tom is a pretty fair flutist, we are enabled to have much harmony in our praises. At 8:30 the lads retire, and we then read attentively some interesting and instructive book, calculated by its lessons to impart decision of character, moral courage, and holy boldness in the Lord's work, to us who have need of an elevated piety in this perilous but lovely service. The Life of Martin Luther is our present book in hand. I have omitted mentioning, that on Thursday evenings we have a class for learning the "Theory of Music," under the direction of Mr. Schmid, who has kindly agreed to give us an hour weekly.

December 11th, 1, P. M. The *Nancy*, Capt. Smylie, has just anchored. She has been to a wreck off the Jasons. I close this letter, as I expect she will start immediately for Stanley....."

Recent Intelligence from the Mission Party.

During the past month communications, dated as recently as March 14th, have come to hand. We rejoice with thankfulness to announce that at that date our friends, both at Stanley and Keppel, were well. A very interesting visit has been paid by Mr. Despard, accompanied by Mr. Allen Gardiner, to Patagonia, full particulars of which have been transmitted to us in a journal kept by our Superintendent Missionary; and as we wish our friends at home to be put in possession of the most

ample intelligence in our power to communicate, we have resolved to publish Mr. Despard's journal in an occasional paper, which we hope will be in their hands almost as soon as the June No. of the "Voice of Pity."

Meanwhile we have the pleasure to insert here a very interesting compendium of the voyage, in a letter addressed to the Secretary by Mr. Allen Gardiner, promising that the details furnished in Mr. Despard's journal will afford the fullest information to those whose curiosity may be stimulated by the contents of this letter.

"Committee Bay, Feb. 28, 1857.

"My dear Sir,

"We started, on the 29th of December, from Keppel Island for the Straits. Off the Jasons we met with a very heavy cross sea, and the schooner carried away her jibboom. Not having a trust-worthy spar on board to ship in its place, Mr. Despard and the Captain determined on putting back to Stanley, and we arrived there on New Year's day. We were ready for sea again in a week, but were detained by gales and contrary winds till the 13th of January. I expect the schooner never made a passage with so large a party on board, as Mr. Bowden, the owner of a sealing schooner, the *Perseverance*, accompanied us with his Captain and crew. She was on the rocks at Saunders' Island, and they were in hopes of getting her off if we would take them round. We reached Saunders' Island on Monday, the 26th of January, and finally started for the Straits on the following Saturday. After a very favorable passage we cast anchor in Port Famine, on Sunday, February 8th. The whole of the following week was spent in cutting down trees, and rafting them off to the vessel. One morning Mr. Despard, the Captain, and I, went up the Sedger

River in the dingy. There were fine woods down to the water's edge on both sides. We saw an old Fuegian wigwam on the bank, with the usual heap of mussel shells outside. One evening we visited the old Chilian settlement, Fort Bulnes. There were the ruins of a fort; two heavy guns were still lying on the ground, and some cannon balls. The frames of the houses had been left standing; one large one had evidently been used as the barracks. The burial ground was sadly dismantled. The enclosure was partially burnt; a large wooden cross chopped down; and the wood tablet, to the memory of that unfortunate officer, Captain Stokes, of the *Beagle*, (who shot himself in Port Famine) was broken in pieces, but the inscription was still legible. On Monday, February 16th, we got under weigh for Sandy Point, the present Chilian settlement, about thirty miles to the eastward of Port Famine. Before we came to an anchor, the Governor put off in a boat, and boarded us. He was very civil, and took tea with us. After tea we went on shore, and were very agreeably surprised by being met on the beach by about half a dozen Patagonians. They were clothed in guanacco skins and horse-hide gaiters. The countenances of one or two were decidedly pleasing. The tallest might have been about six feet three. One of them was accompanied by his wife, who I guessed to be five feet ten or eleven. They were really fine-looking fellows, but had that peculiarly anxious expression of countenance which is said to be characteristic of savage races. Wisale, the cacique, who gave my father so much trouble, we were told, had come to a violent end amongst them. Casimiero is the present cacique, a Chilian officer of great stature, and almost worshipped by the Patagonians. We were several days at anchor in Gregory Bay. It is

a dangerous place for a vessel, and the anchorage is very distant. One day Mr. Despard, the first mate, and I, travelled in quest of the Patagonians. It blew a very heavy gale of wind all day, and on our return in the evening we found the boat's crew still on shore, not having been able to rejoin the vessel; of course they were very hungry. Fortunately we had some provisions with us, which were of course at once made over to them. About seven o'clock they were very anxious to attempt to get off, as it had moderated a little, and I am thankful to say, reached the vessel in safety. Not considering that the gig would carry eight persons safely, I proposed remaining the night on shore, and slept in the boat sail under a bush. The next morning was a lovely calm. We kept company with an American barque in the Straits as far as Port Famine. To our surprise, when at Sandy Point, we saw her coming back. The Captain and I went on board, and found that he had come back, discouraged with the bad weather, the heavy squalls, and I think a little bothered by the natives; I only wish we had seen as much of them as he did. They came off in their canoes, and climbed up his sides like monkeys.

"We anchored this evening in Committee Bay, find them all well. The *Satellite* has been here, and the *Siren* brig of war. They brought some flour from England, which was very acceptable, as the flour was out. Governor Moore was on board the *Siren*, making his tour of the islands. They told us that Mr. Bodin's vessel, the *Perseverance*, had been got off and gone to Stanley.

"Believe me your's respectfully,

"ALLEN W. GARDINER."

"To the Secretary of the Patagonian

Missionary Society, Clifton, Bristol."

Sketch of Protestant Missions in Guiana.*(Continued.)*

Within the last thirty years the growth of the Mission of the United Brethren in Guiana has been more rapid. New stations have been occupied. In 1835, one was formed at Charlottenberg, as a point from which the Missionaries might extend their operations to all the surrounding estates. Others were successively fixed in the course of six years at Worsteling, Salem, and Bam-bey, with relation especially to the free negroes, who at first resisted their intrusion, as an attack upon their superstitions, but afterwards yielded in some remarkable instances to the gentle influence of the gospel: and now it appears, from late reports, that the total number of negroes and coloured people under their pastoral care, approaches nearly to twenty-two thousand, of whom nearly one in ten are communicants. Still the impediments are numerous and formidable. Slavery lingers there in part. The marriage of negroes is not yet recognised in the courts: and temptations consequently abound. The unhealthiness also of the climate, and the position of some of the stations near extensive swamps, are injurious to the health of the Missionaries: besides which, as is usual among a newly-converted people, it was found, that when the young persons, who were first baptised in infancy, grew up to manhood, they had not the same all-absorbing value for the gospel which their fathers had, who had felt the miseries of heathenism before they embraced it. Nevertheless, there is a considerable number, who serve the Lord in a holy walk and conversation; and a free negro congregation at Bam-bey, which has since been transferred to a healthier spot, exhibit some pleasing fruit of their labours. There

are also now chapels there, and training schools, and all the other appurtenances of a well-ordered Mission.

We now close this brief sketch of the proceedings of the United Brethren in Surinam, with one or two specimens of the sort of Christians, who were formed under their ministry. "A negro," (says one of them, in 1854,) "who had been robbed, came to me one Sunday before the preaching, to tell me of his loss. His box had been broken open, and his whole little treasure, consisting of a few florins, which he had carefully saved, taken out of it. This man remarked, 'I sincerely pity my poor fellow-bondsman, who has allowed himself to be deceived by Satan, and seduced, to commit this sin: and I bless my God for having graciously preserved me hitherto from a like offence.' A baptised negro woman told me, on occasion of our usual preaching, that formerly, whilst in her heathen state, she had been extremely passionate and quarrelsome, so much so, that neither her mother, nor her husband, could ever succeed in pacifying her. Even beatings, imprisonment, and repeated banishments to other plantations, had been insufficient to effect anything. On the contrary, this vice seemed to be growing stronger from year to year. But ever since she had heard the word of God, and had been baptised, a change had taken place within her. 'That,' (said she) 'has set me free from this evil thing: and now I live a cheerful and happy life. The more thankful am I, therefore, to my Saviour for His grace.' "

Many other instances, both of changed life and happy death, may be read in the periodical accounts of the United Brethren, who have laboured so long, so patiently, and so consistently in the Lord's service. We have yet a few particulars to communicate concerning other labours in the same blessed field.

The Time is Short.

Arrived at the middle of the year, and having passed the longest day, the progress of time urges itself upon our attention. We stand as it were on the Pisgah height of faith and hope, and look down the valley by which we have toiled to our present position, and onward along the rugged path that still stretches out before us, and along which, if spared, it is our destiny to travel as best we may.

We all, perhaps, have sung some time or other the words,

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the prospect o'er.

But have we considered what such a position imports? "Get thee up," said God to Moses, "into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho, and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession." This was intended as a great indulgence granted to a faithful servant in the prospect of death. His time was short. He "must die in that mount whither he went up, and be gathered unto his people," and knowing that he had but one desire, to "see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon," and although he was not permitted at this time to "go

over and see it," the Lord graciously vouchsafed him a view of it from the top of Pisgah, and in some extraordinary way "caused him to see it with his eyes." We have no doubt that he died rejoicing.

To those endowed with a genuine Missionary spirit such a prospect, spiritually considered, must be one of unmixed pleasure. They, like Moses, are disposed to grieve that the Canaanite, the Amorite, the Jebusite, &c. are still in the land which God has promised to His chosen Israel, but their Father Himself assures them that it is that which He has promised to His own, and nothing can prevent their occupation of it. "Only," He says to them, "be strong and of a good courage, fear not nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God He it is that doth go with thee, He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." The soldiers of the cross are reminded that they are to be employed under their great Captain in rescuing the inheritance from the hands of the spoilers and restoring it to Him and His people.

The gathering of the Lord's hosts on the confines of the usurped territory, and the note of preparation rising loudly from every quarter of the camp, indicates that the time is short. Some of the Lord's warriors, who have passed their forty years and upwards in the wilderness, may not live to see the land wrested from its usurpers,

and even the most youthful soldiers now alive may die on the mount of faith and spiritual sight, but the day of conquest cannot be far distant, and however near or remote the time, and whether we die on this side Jordan or not, it is a blessed thought that the promised inheritance is sure to all the seed, and whoever is privileged to be alive and remain when our Joshua comes to take possession, not an heir of God and joint heir with Christ shall be found wanting in the day when the brows of the conqueror are encircled with the diadem of victory, and His throne is erected on the ruins of a dark and daring usurpation overthrown for ever.

Some there are who cannot understand how those who are looking with prophetic eye for the return of their King, and for the things that are coming on the earth, can engage consistently in the work of Missions to the heathen, because they declare that the glorious millennial period, when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea is not, and cannot be, brought in by the preaching of the gospel, however extensively or successfully, but by the second advent of their Divine Head, who comes to subdue all things to Himself. In His days the waters of life shall flow, not in scarcely perceptible rills here and there, but in "waters to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over," and

these "waters shall issue out towards the east country and go down into the desert, and go into the sea, which being brought forth into the sea the waters shall be healed." No such extensive effect has ever been, or is likely to be, produced by any Missionary efforts which we could employ. In even our most favoured fields of gospel labour, and after years of toil, it may almost be said, "the water is naught and the ground barren," but the obligation to send the gospel into every land is clear and constraining, as a witness to all nations, and the more as we see the day approaching. The evangelization of the world by Missionary zeal, money, preaching, prayer, &c. is much too commonly held forth from the pulpit, the platform, and the press, as the hope of the Church, and surely if it be so, they who are looking for it have reason to despond, and if they expect this to be done before the coming of the Lord or the establishment of His kingdom, either event must be postponed to an indefinite period, since, looking to the spread of vital Christianity, it does not appear that we are many steps in advance of the apostolic age, when if true believers were not spread over as large a portion of the earth's surface, they did not come much short, if at all, of the sum at which they might be reckoned in the present day, or in any other more favored period of the Church's history, and

so we doubt not it will be till the Bridegroom comes, they will in every age constitute a "little flock" comparatively, but then that shall come to pass which is written, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

It is in view of the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour that we urge on the Mission work. "Who is that faithful and wise steward whom his Lord shall make ruler over His household, to give them their portion of meat in due season? Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing." To such a wise steward the cause of Missions peculiarly commends itself. He is expecting the return of the shepherd at every moment, and he would wish the sheep to be ready. It is his part to seek them wherever they may be found—to proclaim to them the joyous fact of their Shepherd's love to them, provision for them, and speedy return from heaven, where He appears in their behalf as "a lamb as it had been slain," to receive them for ever into the heavenly fold. To them such intelligence will be joyous, but it can produce no such effect upon the multitudes in every age who are not of His sheep, who cannot hear His voice, and who, like their anti-deluvian representatives, will be found when the Son of Man comes, "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, buying, selling,

planting, building"—anything but loving or looking for His appearing.

Brethren, the time is short, and the fields are whitening to harvest. May it be said to any of you, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" and if so, there is a voice now addressing you, "Go ye also into the vineyard;" although but a few hours of the day of toil remain, there is still work for you—work for all who in every place call on the name of the Lord Jesus.—Observe,

1. The time is short for the world, however confidently its votaries may cry "Peace and safety," or however sneeringly its scoffers may enquire, "Where is the promise of His coming?" As surely as the appearance of leaves on the fig tree indicates that summer is nigh, so surely do the signs of the times declare that the day of the Lord is near, even at the doors; and who in that world may abide the day of His coming? and "who shall stand when He appeareth?" That world rejected and crucified the Son of God, and the Father has an account to settle with it, for His dear Son's sake.

2. The time is short for the Church. Let her look well to her lamp, and see that she has oil in her vessel. "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." "What has she to do any more with idols?" Let her "cast them to the moles and to the bats." "Come out from among them, and touch not the

unclean thing." "Shake yourself from the dust," and put on zeal for Him who has chosen you in the bonds of an everlasting betrothment, and made you partakers of His kingdom and glory. Look to it, that when He comes to claim you, He find you about your husband's business, looking after the stray sheep of His flock, and feeding the lambs whom He carries in His bosom.

3. The time is short for ministers—none can be afforded for trifling with God's truth and men's souls, while they who have both in charge are engaged in "foolish questions, and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law, which are unprofitable and vain." Should not the shepherd feed the flock? Why treat them as swine and set husks before them? Be assured that when the chief Shepherd shall appear, no pastor will receive the crown of glory, but he who presents Jesus before his people continually, exclusively, as the bread that came down from heaven, that they may eat thereof and not die. Archæological devices, mediæval usages, and sacramental rites, may be good studies in their way, for those who like such things, but when substituted for Christ in the pulpit, or presented prominently before the eye of the worshipper, as the one thing needful, they look very like playthings from the devil's toy shop, with which he diverts the hearts and consciences of his children,

and would fain allay the cravings and cry for bread on the part of God's little ones, who may occasionally stray into his den, and fancy they are in their Father's house.

4. The time is short for the individual believer, who has been entrusted with much at the hands of Him who is gone to receive for Himself a kingdom and to return, and who has been charged to "occupy till He comes." To such an one the whole earth is but a sphere of usefulness, in which grace imparted, and talents committed, are to be employed to the honour and praise of Him, to whom "the heathen have been given for an inheritance, and the utmost ends of the earth for a possession." To every member of God's family the interests of the whole are dear; to every child of God the plans and purposes of such a Father must prove all-engaging, hence whatever their hands find to do for the household or for its Divine Head, they must do it with their might. Whatever others do they will serve the Lord. Believe, it is your happy privilege to feel that you are but a stranger and a pilgrim here, and yet to leave the impress of your brief sojourn on the world to which you do not belong, and when no more seen on earth to be felt and heard in the heavenly influence which you exercised, and the lessons of divine wisdom which in your conduct and conversation you were employed to impart.

Visitors to Keppel Island.

While Mr. Despard was absent in the *Allen Gardiner*, making his first voyage to Patagonia, our Mission station has been cheered by the arrival of several friendly visitors, who, feeling much interest in our work, were anxious to judge for themselves of the progress we have made, the character of our Christian labourers, and the nature of the home assigned them for the present. We have received several communications on the subject, both from members of our Mission party, and also from various gentlemen occupying official positions in the vessels which have visited the island; and as these are calculated to render the place and people familiar to us, we purpose to lay before our readers such extracts as we believe will interest them, and keep their minds and hearts engaged about our dear absent friends and their proceedings.

We commence with a letter received by the Secretary from our Catechist, Mr. G. Phillips.

“Sulivan House, Cranmer,

“Keppel Island, West Falklands.

“Rev. and dear Sir,

“Our Mission station has been so highly honoured of late, that I think a report of our doings will prove acceptable to you. The *Allen Gardiner* had been on her first trip to Patagonia, where, on the 20th Feb., (during her absence) the *Perseverance*, a sealing vessel belonging to Mr. Bowden, came round to us. He had been most successful in getting his schooner off the rocks, in Brett harbour, where she had been wrecked, and was now about to return to Stanley with his cargo of oil and seven hundred seal skins. He took breakfast with us, and very kindly carried letters for us to Stanley. I gave

him a number of Ryle's and McKenzie's tracts for distribution among his crew, who are a rough, godless class of men; and I trust that they may, through the Divine blessing, lead them to think on those things which belong to their peace.

“We were much astonished to perceive a large ship steaming towards our bay, and soon after drop anchor off Gascoigne Point. We did not know what to make of it, but supposed that his excellency the Governor must be on board, and come to pay us his promised visit. In the evening a boat came ashore with Capt. — and Mr. —, his Secretary; they brought us a famous quantity of letters from dear Old England. They did not stay long, but invited myself and Mr. Ellis to sleep on board; the latter accepted the invitation, but feeling unwell myself I declined. We were much surprised to hear that Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Moore, the Governor's lady, had come round with them.

“Who would ever have supposed that a large screw steamer should lie in Committee Bay? They brought us flour and biscuit sent by you. On Saturday, the ship's carpenter, with five joiners, came ashore to help our carpenter a little; and numbers of officers and midshipmen landed for a day's sport at shooting geese, &c. In the afternoon Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Moore came ashore, and inspected the house and grounds; and what with the novelty of two ladies, and the number of gay and brilliant uniforms, our once desert and forlorn island looked the very abode of cheerfulness and life.

“At about dinner-time we observed the *Siren* man-of-war brig sailing round the point, and drop anchor alongside the steamer. On Sunday morning, at nine, a boat fetched our party to attend Divine service on board the steamer. We had a quick and pleasant sail there, for

she lay at a long distance, and were received with every courtesy. The whole ship's company and marines, about two hundred and thirty men, were being inspected by Capt. — After introductions to the officers, we went into his cabin, and were introduced to his excellency the Governor. I was very pleased to see him again, for I could not forget his great kindness to me when I visited Stanley. Service was held on the lower deck, and a noble congregation it was. The Rev. D. E. D., the Chaplain, preached a most excellent sermon from St. Luke, 'What think ye of Christ?' and he illustrated and applied the text in a very clear and impressive manner. The singing was truly delightful, and I enjoyed the whole service much. Afterwards we took a turn over the vessel, which is a very fine one, and had a peep into the engine room and screw passage. She has twenty-one guns, (18-pounders) and an engine of 400-horse power. I had the pleasure of half-an-hour's chat with Mr. D. and found him a very agreeable companion. The senior surgeon, Mr. P., I was favourably impressed with, and felt gratified at his kind and friendly bearing. He made many enquiries about our Mission, its objects, struggles, and hopes of success, &c. He invited me to lunch with him and Mr. D., and then shewed me his berth, which was a charming little crib. I could not fail to notice, on entering, a portrait of his wife and dear little child. Oh how the heart loves to see something that reminds us of those we hold dear! We had some very sweet converse; and I may truly say, never did there spring up in my breast such a regard for a stranger as there did then for Mr. P. I should have stated that Mr. Duncan, a young Missionary to Vancouver's Island, took tea with us on Saturday. He is a nice fellow, and I only regret I had not more opportunity to converse

with him. He is sent out by the Church Missionary Society, and well provided by them for his sojourn there. He appears very sanguine about his work, and I could not repress his full flow of hope by any observations I might make on his solitary task; but I cannot help thinking that it would have been better had he a companion, for sometimes he may need support and encouragement. Were I not engaged in these parts, I would willingly share his labours in Vancouver's Island; for I believe him to be a man of a kindred spirit. I felt great pleasure in learning that he makes himself very useful on board ship, amongst the lads, in the way of scriptural instruction.

“Well, on Sunday, after service, we came ashore, and I and Mr. Ellis accompanied the Governor, Capt. —, and Lieut. B., of the *Siren*, up Mount Keppel; but the atmosphere was so hazy that we had but a very imperfect view. It was too steep for Mrs. Moore to ascend, so Mr. P. kept her company at the house till our return. Mrs. Bartlett's baby is made quite a pet of; and from the notice that Capt. — took of it, and a subsequent observation convinces me that he is quite a domestic man, for he recommended me and Mr. Ellis to return to England, marry, and settle down here, a proposition in which Mr. Ellis does not quite coincide. Mr. P. invited me to dine at the Captain's table, at six; but although I felt highly honoured by the kind expression of regard, yet declined, as I wished to have a quiet evening.

“On Monday, the *Siren* weighed anchor, and Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Moore returned to Stanley.

“On Tuesday, Mr. P. sent us a tin case of ginger nuts and some jams, with a volume for our library—‘North America and its Coasts,’ by Tytler. Very rough and tempestuous weather from Tuesday to Friday, when

the steamer sailed very early in the morning. They pass through the Magellan Straits and stay at Port Famine, and thought that they might possibly meet the *Allen Gardiner*. Much regret that Mr. Despard was absent.

"28th, Saturday. The *Allen Gardiner* returned this morning. All on board well, and had a pleasant trip. We went to them after tea, and heard the news about Patagonia. Mr. Despard will, as soon as he has unloaded the timber, start for Stanley; and on his return, Mr. Ellis will accompany him to Tierra del Fuego, and the places that we visited. I hope they will bring back Jemmy Button and family, and the two dear boys, from Lennox Island. The next trip afterwards will be to Patagonia, when I believe I go in the place of Mr. Despard.

"Yesterday (Sunday) we went on board, morning and evening, to service. We had two most admirable sermons; that in the morning from St. Luke—"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness;" and in the evening, from Genesis—"In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen;" and most encouraging it was to the believer, that in all difficulties and trials he should exercise Abraham's faith, and feel assured with him, that 'the Lord will provide.' We sang the 66th hymn.

"To-day (Monday) it is very wet, which will retard the unloading. We expect Capt. Smiley will be here soon with some sheep from Rio Negro, and Mr. Bowden with some horned cattle from Hope Place. We have lately erected another workshop, and finished the building of Bartlett's cottage. He will be able to take possession shortly.

"Tuesday, March 3. 2 p. m.

"I have only just time to close up this, as Mr. Despard

leaves us for Stanley. I should desire my best respects to the Committee; and trusting you will have every strength and grace from on high to fulfil your arduous duties,

“I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

“Your’s very faithfully,

“GARLAND PHILLIPS.”

“The Sec. Patagonian Missionary
Society, Bristol.”

The next extract is from the pen of the assistant surgeon of the steamer to which reference is made in the letter of Mr. Phillips, and is contained in a letter written to a friend in Edinburgh, who is a member of our Committee, and takes a lively and practical interest in the work to which the Lord of the harvest has called us. We take this opportunity of thanking our friend for the extract which he kindly forwarded to us, with permission to insert it in the “Voice of Pity.”

“After fourteen days’ passage (from Rio de Janeiro) we arrived at Stanley Harbour, Falkland Islands, on the 15th February; and it was there that all the associations connected with you were recalled to mind. Stanley Harbour is beautifully inclosed, but the surrounding scenery is frightfully bleak. After remaining four days we started for Keppel Island, taking with us Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Moore, the Governor, the Chief Magistrate, and the Surveyor, going round in H. M. brig, *Siren*. Accidentally reading over one of the Missionary Reports which Mrs. Despard and Capt. — possessed, I saw your name as being connected with this Society, and made up my mind to write to you, and this letter is the consequence. Mrs. Despard’s object in going round with us was to visit her future place of residence, and to make arrangements accordingly.

"The morning we entered Keppel Sound it blew a heavy gale of wind, and we had great difficulty in getting to the anchorage, although steaming full speed. All glasses were in requisition to look at the settlement. At first only one house was made out, chiefly from its having a very large red English ensign floating over it, almost, to appearance, as large as the house itself. Next morning I met Mr. Ellis, and from him obtained specimens of the plants of the island, especially of the Tussac grass. I also obtained some of their native tea plant, and made a trial of it on board. I can't reckon the number of guns that were taken on shore. I myself shot, and carried to the boat, six geese, eight ducks, and three teal. Somewhere between sixty and eighty upland geese were brought on board, the result of the first day's shooting. The geese are very tame; in one part of the island I drove before me, at the distance of twelve yards, a flock of about fifty of them; but after the first day's shooting, they got very wild. They possess an excellent flavor, and kept our mess in fresh provisions during the passage to Valparaiso.

"From the top of the hill above the settlement, upwards of a thousand feet high, you have a beautiful view of the ocean, dotted with little islands, but all very barren. On Sunday every soul in the settlement came off to Church, even Mrs. Bartlett and the baby; so that with the other visitors we had a large congregation.

"They all seem very happy, but it is almost a pity that the *working party* are not brought more in contact with the natives of the coast. We sent all our carpenters on shore to assist in making, repairing, and building huts. I have no doubt in this and other ways our visit was agreeable to them, as we brought them flour, biscuit, &c.

“Around the coast I spent two very interesting days dredging, and obtained some very pretty specimens. I may mention that they have pigs, goats, fowls, two mules, but as yet no cattle. On the return of the *Allen Gardiner* I understand that defect will be remedied.

“After a very pleasant visit we set sail for the Straits of Magellan. I had great hopes that we should meet the *Allen Gardiner*; and one day, when half through the Straits, we espied a schooner anchored in a little creek, which showed English colours; but on steaming up to her, we found she was a small screw steamer going through to Valparaiso. We anchored every evening at different parts of the Straits. For the first half the scenery is very poor, low barren coasts, and inhospitable plains; but the latter half was acknowledged, even by some who have been over the world, the finest, or rather the most magnificent they had ever seen, steep hills clothed with beech and other trees to the water's edge, and their summits crowned with snow.

“One day we espied some natives paddling towards us, but we did not wait to communicate, as our Captain was anxious to get to the anchorage before night. After coming to anchor in Fortescue Bay, I went ashore and paid a visit to some native Fuegians, although on the Patagonian shore. We took care to bring our guns loaded with ball. We found them very civil, their clothes consisting of a loose skin thrown over their naked bodies. A large party came on board, and most ludicrous scenes ensued. Amongst them were two women, almost in a state of nudity. Jack immediately set to work to clothe the women, by putting trousers on them, and putting pipes in their mouths. The men asked for ‘bef,’ ‘tabak,’ with which we supplied them. They ate the beef raw, sharing it equally amongst them-

selves, as is characteristic of the Fuegians. They are by no means a fine race of men, a little above the medium height, having very large mouths, and straight matted black hair hanging on each side of their faces. We kept a good look out on them, for they are great thieves. Our music pleased them exceedingly.

“We anxiously looked out on our passage through the Straits for any Patagonians, but we only saw their fires at a distance.”

The Captain of the vessel which brought Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Despard to Keppel is, we are thankful to say, a Christian man, and has long been an ardent friend and supporter of our Mission. He seems to have written to several friends in England, referring to his visit to Keppel, and stating his views. Two of these friends have kindly placed their communications at our disposal; one in the shape of the entire letter, which from its length we must reserve for a future opportunity; and the other as an extract, which we here insert.

“Keppel Island, 23rd February, 1857.

“—— Arrived safely here on the 19th, after a *most anxious* passage. Friday and Saturday (20th and 21st) it blew a gale, while we were snugly at anchor off the Mission station, not moving. Went ashore and found all well. Saw all the party, ten in number. Yesterday (22nd, Sunday) all came off to Church; had full service and singing. Saturday, landed Mrs. Despard on her island home, where her labours cannot commence for another year, no accommodation being provided for her and her children. Allen Gardiner's boarded hut is about the size of my little room, and by no means watertight. Mr. Despard and Allen Gardiner gone to get some Patagonians. Next October some of the party will leave; having been here three years, during which they

have been doing the work of common workmen; for instance, quarrying stones, landing stones, cooking, washing, &c. Their only servant left them. The carpenter and farmer are still with them; the wife of the latter the only female on the island, which is about twenty miles in circumference and eight broad; three high hills, one 1095 feet, which I mounted yesterday, and enjoyed a magnificent view."

"— Their present drawback is the total absence of labourers to put up their houses and establish their settlement. Dr. Ellis, the medical man, has to labour in a quarry the same as a labouring man, and the rest cheerfully follow his example; so that there is no lack of zeal and love on their part, and all appear cheerful and well contented."

"Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Moore leave me in an hour's time for the *Siren*, and return to Stanley. The visit of the former here has been a great help to her, as it has given her an opportunity of seeing her home, and a visit to the spot shews her what is required; and having the Governor and his wife with her, besides the presence of two men-of-war gives the Mission a certain standing; and also cheers them up who are labourers in the cause of Christ; and some of whom have spent nearly three years with but little change."

We shall conclude our extracts for the present, with one written also by an officer on board the war steamer. This gentleman makes some severe remarks on the policy which suggested the choice of Stanley as a Government Station; but we must remember that if the Falkland Islands, so conveniently situated for vessels sailing from the Atlantic into the Pacific ocean, are to be made use of at all, some such settlement as that at Stanley must be formed. Mr. Martin, in his work on the British

Colonies, speaks very favourably of this group of islands. As regards the climate, he observes—"Unquestionably the place is exceedingly salubrious; no peculiar disease has been contracted by those who have resided there several years, and persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints are stated to have experienced a great mitigation of their sufferings." Mr. Martin is an advocate for the formation of a penal settlement on these islands. He concludes his argument in favour of that scheme thus—"the cost of transport would be less than half that to Van Dieman's Land, and staple provisions might be had quite as cheap as at any other colony—beef and mutton at much lower rates; whilst ample employment might be afforded in various ways serviceable to the colony, and adapted to make it what nature seems to have designed it for—a useful naval station."

Undoubtedly at present, however, a residence at Stanley is accompanied with much hardship; but that is probably rather to be ascribed to the infancy of the settlement than any incapacity in the island for improvement by labour and art.

"This morning we heard the joyful news of land in sight, which proved to be the most northern point of the East Falklands. There is nothing very interesting or remarkable in the appearance of these islands. The land about the sea coast is flat and low, and in the interior there are few hills of any considerable height. At 5, p. m., we entered the land-locked harbour of Stanley, and anchored off the chief settlement of these islands.

"The colonists are about two hundred in number, living in wooden huts on one side of the harbour, in three long rows, one above the other. This is one of the most dreary and miserable places I have set my foot in. A moorish land, it is one of the last spots in the world

you could suppose any government in their senses would induce people to emigrate to.

“This island, the largest of the group, is called East Falkland, and from one end to the other, one vast extent of heath, bog, and rocks, alone greets the eye of the traveler. Not a tree or a shrub grows in the place, and no grain of any kind will come to perfection. Potatoes and antiscorbutic vegetables are the only productions fit for the support of human existence. Turf (peat) they possess in abundance, and of good quality.

“There are numerous herds of wild cattle roaming at large in the heathy plains, luxuriating on a sort of grass called tussac, very coarse and strong. These are hunted down and driven into a corral (a circle of ground in a valley, surrounded by a high wall, open at one end), where they are killed for the supply of the colony and of ships with beef, and also for the hides, which are salted and shipped to England. There is an abundance of wild geese, ducks, snipes and fish,—these constitute the resources of this desolate spot.

“The majority of the settlers are pensioners and Irishmen, who were induced to come here by the promise of one hundred acres of land for pasture, and ten more with a house, besides a cow and a pig. They arrive here, and to their dismay the one hundred acres are found to be bog and heath, about eight miles from the settlement, with a cow and pig as wild as ‘March hares,’ which no one dare approach, and a house of wood, through which the wind howls most piteously. Everything, except beef, is three hundred per cent. higher than in England. All seem dissatisfied with the place, and as soon as they collect a little money, go off to the old country again, or some more genial clime.”

“Mr. Despard and his family arrived here in Sep-

tember, after a passage of eighty-four days. The Doctor and Catechist of the Mission are at Keppel Island, in West Falklands, making a commencement in the work."

"Mr. Despard and Mr. Allen Gardiner have gone for the second time in the *Allen Gardiner*, to visit the Mission Station. Mrs. Despard, the governess, and five children remain here till some arrangements are made at Cranmer (Keppel Island) for their reception. I met them at breakfast this morning, and had a long conversation with Mrs. Despard about the prospects of this enterprise. She is very cheerful and has a great hope of the eventual success of the work. Humanly speaking, it seems to be a dangerous and hopeless undertaking, but the issues of this and every other human project are in the hands of *One* who will crown it with success, if after His will."

"Seated in our comfortable homes, surrounded by affectionate and sympathising friends, we can but little conceive the privations and hardships the Missionary has to undergo, who forsaking his native land, takes up his Master's cross, to proclaim the glorious gospel of a crucified Redeemer to the wild and savage inhabitants of little-known and far-distant lands."

Sketch of Protestant Missions in Guiana.

(Concluded.)

The preceding accounts under this heading relate to the labours of the Moravians in Dutch Guiana. But in British Guiana some efforts have been made by the Church Missionary Society, though at a later date, and on a smaller scale.

In 1830 the Society had two European teachers and a native in Demerara and Essequibo. But in the following year Mr. John Armstrong, a catechist and schoolmaster on some estates in Essequibo, was appointed to a new station on some lands granted by the governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, near the junction of the Essequibo and Mazaruni Rivers, for the instruction of the natives. On this land a building was erected, to serve for School and Church, Mr. Armstrong residing in a small hut, thatched and closed round, whence he set out in canoes to visit the Indians in their homes, living on their homely fare, and speaking to them of the love of Christ. The Mission was soon strengthened by the accession of Mr. Yond and Mr. Carter, the latter of whom states, that even in 1831 he had the satisfaction of witnessing the death-bed of a negro in the prime of life, who after calmly reviewing his sinfulness, and being much troubled by a sense of it, was heard to say, as if to himself, without any consciousness of the presence of observers, "All my hope is in Jesus. To Him alone I look to have my sin taken away." Mr. Carter adds, "I have almost fifty, who have learned to read in the New Testament." Mr. Yond, though settled at Bertica Point, was employed in visiting the wild Indians connected with the British settlements, at a distance in which it was necessary to pass through swamps, which were in some places thigh-deep, and to encounter many other difficulties arising from the wild habits of the Indians. In one of these journeys he came to a frontier-town, of which there was a doubt, whether it belonged to the British or the Portuguese. He was consequently compelled by the Brazilian government to relinquish a station which he had occupied there, and formed another at Warraporta. When in

1837 the Rev. J. H. Bernau joined the Mission at Bertica Point, he tried to induce the natives to quit their miserable abodes, and come and settle near him in decent houses, or to send him their little children, to remain with him for instruction ; and in 1839 they had actually built there three substantial houses and about twenty large cottages, surrounded by extensive provision grounds, and occupied by more than a hundred inhabitants. The colony helped him in erecting a Church and a Hospital, to which the natives themselves also liberally contributed. It was thus a happy and hopeful community, improving in human and divine knowledge, though their acquirements were of course humble ; and many are the touching incidents which might be selected from their annals. But it pleased God to visit them with many trials, small pox, measles, and the death or illness of almost all the successive labourers, who have taken part in the work : and now, Mr. Bernau being himself compelled to retire, the committee have engaged a clergyman from the colony, the Rev. Thomas Hillis, to occupy the station for three years, in hope, that in that time it may please God to stir up the heart of some faithful pastor to undertake the permanent charge of these few sheep in the wilderness, and save them from dispersion.

This brief sketch of the attempts made in Guiana to Christianize the natives may serve to shew us, that the work of Missions is a work of patience, in which trials and disappointments are to be expected, but that these trials are to be encountered in a spirit of dependance and prayer, under the assurance, that he, who now goeth on his way weeping, but yet bearing good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

A Missionary's Home.

Under this title we shall present our female readers with a brief sketch from the pen of our dear brother Despard, of the things that go on in the little domicile at Stanley, at present occupied by his wife and family. Some of those who remember them in their mansion at Redland, will be pained and perhaps a little amused, at this peep into the interior of their present abode.

“My wife has been laid up for two days from a bilious attack combined with exhaustion, from over-fatigue. She does too much work, and so does L. H. (the governess), but there seems no way to help it; not a servant, male or female—not a charwoman, nor helper, for an hour, is to be had for *love* or money. Yes, for the former motive—I came suddenly down stairs into our kitchen and dining room combined, this afternoon, and there was Mrs. H. in a silk dress, with going-out bonnet, on her knees, scrubbing the floor, to assist Miss H. She had come in accidentally, rather say purposely, to see my sick wife—found poor L. H. almost worn out with scrubbing, and, for love, set to work.”

Mr. Despard adds, “We shall get on better as regards labour at Cranmer (Keppel Island), because I have there my two boys, both helpful. Frank in doors, and Tom and Emma Bartlett, will lend a hand now and then. Besides, a woman—excellent to work when sober, a virago when drunk, as she often is here—can be persuaded to go thither with us, where she can get no drink.”

May we not devoutly hope and pray, that in the full enjoyment of the *spiritual* and the absence and disuse of the *spirituous*, the drunkard and virago will, ere long, be found “sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in her right mind?”

Missionary Meetings.

It may seem a reproach to the Christian Church that so much money and labour must be expended on the endeavour to awaken and sustain a Missionary spirit amongst us; and doubtless it does reflect on our principles that there is so little of spontaneous zeal and effort in our Christian communities, that it requires the constant working of a very costly machinery to stir us up to periodical efforts in behalf of a cause in which we consider ourselves and our fellow sinners so vitally concerned.

There is no doubt that if the Church was in a healthy state, the followers of the Great First Missionary would not wait to be acted on by an impulse from without in the matter of sending the Gospel into heathen lands. The spirit within them would be continually stirred up, as Paul's was, at the sight of the idolatries and other instruments of insult to the God of the whole earth with which the world abounds, and minds and hearts would be in a constant state of exercise on the subject of that sword of the Spirit which alone is calculated to encounter the great enemy and his devices. Every tongue would perpetually repeat, "Sword, go through the earth;" and the action being suited to the word, the soldiers of the cross would be

continually "entreated to receive the gift" necessary for supplying the machinery whereby that end was to be accomplished. But, alas! it is not so; and it is to be enquired whether the high pressure system of exciting pulpit appeals and stirring meetings, apparently demanded by the absence of such spontaneous devotion to Christ and His cause, are not themselves, to some extent, the cause as well as the consequence of a state of things so much to be lamented. Like the petted child indulged into helplessness, the Christian public has come to think that it must be fondled into the smallest effort of Christian principle, and must wait for its accustomed oratorical stimulus before awaking to a practical recognition of Christian obligation.

Much however as we may deplore the need of such exciting appliances, we cannot but perceive the great advantages which well conducted Missionary Meetings afford; and not the least of these advantages is that which the parties assembled derive from the object that brings them together. Ostensibly they come to shew their sympathy in behalf of some Christian scheme of home or foreign growth, which aims at the eternal good of them that are without, and who through grace and human agency are to be brought into the fold of Christ; but the real object of bringing them together is that by the recital of moving intelli-

gence, followed by stirring appeals, they may be urged to a more lively and practical interest in the cause to which their attention is invited; and if nothing but sterling facts be laid before them, and the reasoning from these facts, and from the broad principles of Christian obligation be conducted in language chastened by solemnity of thought, and be uttered with sobriety becoming the holy theme, it cannot but be to the edification of the hearers; and whatever be the result as regards the Mission project, those who assemble to countenance it cannot but feel, if they have themselves been brought to know Him that is true, that they are much indebted to the opportunity of hearing how their Divine Sovereign is extending His conquests over the earth; how His glorious Gospel is still the wisdom of God and power of God whenever it is brought by the Spirit into contact with the inner nature of men dead in trespasses and sins; and how similar is the effect in every clime and among every people of conviction of sin and conversion to God under the preaching of the word. These tidings, as in the days of old, must cause great joy among the brethren.

But not to dwell on these benefits, which must be obvious, Missionary Meetings are sometimes converted with peculiarly good taste and propriety into occasions for assembling together, in friendly

intercourse, Christians of different ranks in the social scale, who are not in the habit of meeting, unless in their respective congregations, as members of the same social circle. The opportunity we hold to be a valuable one to all classes; and it is peculiarly hallowed by the object that promotes it. It seems to say, Here at all events is common ground. As believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in that character only, we are interested in the work of Missions. The feelings in which that interest originates are not peculiar to earthly rank or station. They are not inspired by wealth, nor sustained by conventional dignity. Learning does not supply them. Intellectual ability does not promote their developement. In comparison with the poor heathen man, though of sovereign estate and power, the Christian peasant realizes the moral and spiritual grandeur of his position. The Christian prince can do no more. The poorest and meanest follower of the Lamb feels, as he contemplates the gorgeous magnificence of an oriental idolater, that he has wealth to bestow which would make that man rich, and nothing would induce him to exchange the unsearchable riches of Christ, of which he is the possessor, for all the empty dignity, and fleeting possessions of a Tamerlane or a Genghis Khan, while he feels that to these mighty conquerors he could a truth unfold that would rescue them from

a more abject slavery than any to which they had ever reduced the victims of their mad ambition, and convey a peace to their souls to which, in the sunniest period of their victorious career, they must have been strangers. The spirit of such a man revels in the anticipation of conquests to be achieved in the Mission field; and although his name does not stand prominently out from the Society's report, and he may never have been seen or heard as a platform advocate of the Society's proceedings, it will be seen in the great day to what an extent his prayers were heard, and his alms, however humble, went up as a memorial before God in behalf of the Mission in which he was interested.

The more we rise above the idea, that to fill the exchequer of the Society is the one thing needful, the more shall we value the co-operation of our poor, rich in faith, in the Mission work. There must be a practical sense in which the all-seeing Head of the Church declared that the poor woman who cast her two mites into God's treasury, had cast more in than all the sons of wealth and ostentation who had preceded her. Surely He spoke prophetically; He spoke to the conductors of Christian schemes; He consecrated to His own glory the poor man's penny, and commended him and his offering as valuable auxiliaries in every enterprise conducted in His name

and to His praise. If this be true, it is certain that we can more safely dispense with the membership of the nobleman or the wealthy commoner than with that of the humblest peasant or servant girl whose heart is filled with the love of Jesus, and who, in the fulness of that love, denies to self some innocent gratification that His treasury may receive the trifle that would lawfully purchase it.

Our Missionary Meetings should be so arranged, as that a genuine interest in the cause, whether in high or low, should appear to be the only qualification required in those invited to take part in them; and that no mere social distinction, independently of that qualification, should seem to render the possessor a valuable acquisition to the cause, because of the influence which that distinction enables him to exercise among men. It is not those who are mighty with men that we require, but those who are mighty with God; men and women who will not let the Omnipotent go, unless He blesses the cause in which they are interested; who will not only shew themselves at public Meetings, and profess with their lips a desire for the success of the good work, illustrating the extent of that desire perhaps by the price of a ticket for the opera; but who will carry home to their closets hearts filled with longings for the setting up of Immanuel's kingdom, and the gathering out from a God-rejecting world of those who are to shine as jewels in the diadem of the King.

We cannot help thinking that the more social the Meeting, the more profitable to those who attend, and to the cause. We are decidedly for drawing-room Meetings, as they are called, where some forty or fifty really thinking and praying people meet together, not to make speeches, but to talk over the subject in which they are interested in a friendly, informal manner. But we would not confine the entré to such a Meeting to those who are called drawing-room folks; and there we would draw the line of distinction between the usages of ordinary society, and the privileges of Christian intercourse. We would on such occasions remove the barriers of social rank, and make, as we have observed, a vital interest in the kingdom and coming of the Lord Jesus, with special reference to the enterprise in hand, the only test of fitness for admittance and participation in the proceedings of the Meeting. Oh! how much of genuine Christian experience and edifying suggestion do we lose, by not more frequently coming into Christian intercourse with our humbler brethren, and hearing from them, in their own untutored language, what God has done for their souls. Sure we are that many a genuine Missionary lies hid in the mass of our labouring population, whose heart glows with ardent love to the Saviour, and whose eye kindles with unaffected delight at the intelligence of the

triumphs of His word in every field of Missionary labour.

Drawing-room, or social Meetings, have this advantage over the more formal public assemblies, that as all present at the former may speak, and should be encouraged to do so, each person has the opportunity of asking for what he or she wants; while in the latter case they are at the mercy of the speakers, and must take just what they are pleased to give. And when these latter are selected, as often happens, not for their competency to inform or instruct, but because they are somebodies, and must be put forward, the bread that is hungered for is not unfrequently found turned into a stone; and no marvel that the hearers go empty away. This we believe is the true reason why religious Meetings are losing their attraction; so much so, that in most cases it is extremely difficult, and in some impossible, to get up anything like an encouraging audience for that which is declared to be a Missionary object.

Let us by all means then have our Missionary Meetings when and where we can assemble them; but let us remember, that the object of them is not, or should not be, to get a certain number of people together, from whom a pecuniary collection may be made, but rather to bring them in the way of receiving instruction which they might not look for elsewhere, of awakening a Missionary spirit,

and thus ultimately serving the Society and its members at the same time. Let us remember that the poor man's blessing is far more valuable than the rich man's benefaction, and therefore see that he forms an important element of our assembly, when we meet to forward the work. And lastly, as interest for the old formal Meetings, with moving and seconding of resolutions, and empty and often fulsome compliments to the Chairman, seems to be wearing out, let us try either the lecture system, which is admirable in its way, provided the lecturer is full of matter, and knows how to share it with his neighbours; or the friendly conversational chit chat gathering, around the inspiring teapot, and with the accompanying clatter of cups and saucers, if considered more social; and then let enquiries be made, and opinions expressed without restraint, taking care whatever plan be adopted, that all be done under a solemnizing sense of the presence of the Master, and with His blessing asked and realised.

MEM.—The Mission Box in a family is a good idea; but the Mission Prayer in family worship, earnest, pointed, specific, is a better.

Good News from Fireland.

We have now, with praises to Him whom our Missionary delights to call his "Wonderful Counsellor," to record the gratifying intelligence of the safe return of Mr. Despard and his party from the second visit of the *Allen Gardiner* to Tierra del Fuego. In our Occasional Paper, No. 6, published in June, we expressed a hope to receive the following month Mr. Despard's account of the voyage, and we have not been disappointed. His journal, carried down to Friday, May 15, and containing ample details, has arrived. We feel assured that the friends of our Mission will regard the information which it furnishes as the most encouraging that we have yet been favoured with; and as we cannot compress it into such dimensions as the Voice of Pity demands, we are constrained to encounter the expence of issuing another Occasional Paper, assured that the Lord will stir up the hearts of our supporters to aid us in this and all other efforts to interest the feelings of our Christian countrymen in the work to which He has called us.

From the 19th to the 24th of March, Mr. Despard was quite occupied in getting cattle on board the *Allen Gardiner*, for Keppel, conveying and landing them there. On that subject he writes, in his own characteristic style:—"Felt very thankful when I saw 10 heifers and a pater gregis safely enclosed within the posts and rails of our corral, a place which I had begun to think would never be thus furnished. Now we have placed eleven bodies of bovine kind between gaunt famine and our friends, which, with a score of pigs, seven sheep, geese, wild and tame, ducks of many sorts, and other fowls, form a tolerable protection against attacks of the ghastly monster." Having accomplished necessary matters at

Keppel Island, he weighed anchor on the 24th of March, for the "Land of fire," taking with him the surgeon, Mr. Ellis, and, at his own particular request, Mr. Allen Gardiner: and who will wonder at *his* earnest longing to accompany an expedition which contemplated visits to Spaniard Harbour, Earnest Cove, Picton Island, Banner Cove, &c.? Owing, however, to want of skill on the part of the Captain, (a new one,) or of attempting dangerous passages, the schooner was brought into such peril, by striking on a rock and other disasters, that our Missionary judged it prudent to put back to Keppel, and wait for a more competent Master. Accordingly they retraced their steps, and on the 26th took up a berth once more in Committee Bay.

Mr. Despard now determined to apply himself to the study of navigation, which the Governor of the Falklands, Capt. Moore, R. N., had suggested to him as a resource against the evils and inconveniences to which he was constantly exposed, from the ignorance or inexperience of the Masters whom he was obliged to employ. And His Excellency having kindly lent him the necessary books and instruments, he took advantage of his present leisure to make himself master of them. He did not, however, neglect other matters, which fared all the better for his presence and help. Above all, ministering to the spiritual welfare of the Mission party, and both by precept and example seeking to prepare them for their more immediate vocation in time to come. On this subject he says, "From what Mr. Phillips told me, it is evident that the station requires a Christian leader, whom all will be disposed to defer to, as a permanent resident. As far as God has gifted me with grace, and steadfastness, and judgment, I can be such an one for the time; but whilst I am engaged exploring, there

requires *another*. I believe my brief visits are good, for all are most respectful and attentive to my wishes, and receive a fillip from my suggestions without *smart*. They express much desire for my family to remove hither, and will work diligently, I doubt not, to accomplish this removal." In all respects Mr. Despard wrought as a brother labourer, putting his hands to every work, and having his eye in full activity, to see that nothing went wrong or was neglected. From an entry in his Journal, we conclude that he did not assume the airs of the fine gentleman at Cranmer. Speaking of Bartlett the herdsman, he writes, "A thorough good fellow the same, and hospitable withal, as I ought to say; for he has given me an invitation to dine in his new cottage to-morrow, 'if it is not making too bold.'

"Wednesday, April 1st. At work in the forenoon on the rails of the home paddock, and knocked off at dinner time, for want of good nails.

"Dined with the Bartletts, and confess to have received from them altogether the most civilized and comfortable meal in Cranmer. Such is the consequence of the domestic ministry of a respectable female. Emma B. proves herself a thoroughly serviceable wife and mother, and is contented with her position in this place. I heartily wish each man here had a wife as useful to him as honest William has. Had we accommodation, there would be wives brought or sent out to others, now aching bachelors."

Having "put" his new Captain (Sykes) "through a trial in the elements of mathematics and fractional arithmetic, and found him quite ignorant," he saw that he must not hesitate to supersede him in the command of the schooner; and as fortunately he had engaged a man at Stanley as A. B. one "Jim Bunt," whom he found

to be possessed of considerable nautical information, skill, and experience, he was not without help at hand. He thus notices "Jim" in his journal.—"Bunt is equal to the duty, I think, for he has been at sea since the age of eleven; he is now twenty-five. His father, who owned and commanded a schooner like this, took him with him; (Mr. Bowden remembers his father.) In her and other small vessels he coasted for years round England, West, South, and East, and Holland; was Second Mate of a vessel to Hong Kong, Mate of Bowden's vessel *Perseverance*, from Rio to Falkland. Has been sailing for three years in these islands, and passed Naval Board in Plymouth as *only Mate*. (I saw his certificate.) Dean strongly advised me to take him as Master. Bowden said he was a thorough seaman and navigator; with him I need not fear going to Tierra del Fuego." Accordingly, after much prayer and thought, Sykes was induced to resume his old office as First Mate, and *Captain* Bunt stepped on the quarter deck; an arrangement which was fully justified by the success, under the Good Pilot, of the voyage to Fuegia and back.

Being now provided with a competent Master, our Missionary could no longer restrain his yearnings after the poor Firelanders, but set sail once more, accompanied by Mr. Ellis and Mr. A. Gardiner, as before, on Tuesday, the 7th of April. We cannot attempt, with our limited space, to follow the intrepid voyagers in their progress; but as the Journal itself will soon be in the hands of our friends, in an Occasional Paper, No. 7, and will, we promise them, satisfy all their enquiries, we need not make the attempt. Suffice it to say, they reached Good Success Bay, having last anchored in *Hope* Harbour, on Easter Sunday, April 12. Next day Mr. Despard thus writes in his Journal:—"13th April,

Easter Monday. "It is rather remarkable, that our last harbour was "Hope," and our next "Good Success;" also that the first Missionary should reach this land on Easter Day, (a resurrection of the Mission which here died in Allen Gardiner,) accompanied by the son of the pioneer. God grant that the sequel may bear some resemblance to the spread of Gospel Day on the rising again of our Divine Sun."

The *Allen Gardiner* once more visited those localities consecrated by the Christian sufferings, heavenly resignation, and believing prayers, of the seven martyrs to the noble work in which English Christians were determined, through God's grace, to persevere. What they saw and what they felt, we must leave for the friend and successor of the devoted Gardiner to tell. But to relieve the anxiety of our readers on the subject of the living objects of their interest, we are happy to inform them, that a most friendly intercourse was entered into with the natives, both on board the ship and on shore; ample and most interesting details of which are furnished by Mr. Despard. We shall make just one extract from Mr. Ellis's Journal of the voyage, which has also arrived, and which supplies for the most part, though more briefly, similar information to that contained in Mr. Despard's. He is referring to the visits of natives to the schooner, for purposes of barter.

"May 9, Saturday. After breakfast, cutting poles in Banner Cove. Natives appeared in Cove from Cook's Passage, about 11, a. m. Two made for the spot where we were felling poles, landed, kept about us, and once or twice assisted in carrying poles down to boat.

"P. M. Removed to Tent Cove, to fell poles of winter's bark. Two of the men made a fire on the beach near us, and sat down by it, very quiet and friendly.

Gave them various articles. Went to wigwam. Mr. D. gave an axe to one of them, with which he appeared much delighted.

"May 10, Sunday. Came about us as usual this morning, but being Sunday, we did not traffic with them, so they soon left. Four canoes in Cove, fishing all day; two women in each. Each canoe moored to kelp while fishing; one edge depressed to water's edge: effect very picturesque. In the afternoon I went ashore with the First Mate and a seaman. Went into wigwam; counted twenty-four men, women, and children, grouped round the fire (seven men); one man made a space for me to sit down as I entered. Very friendly. My tie (coat) was an object of attraction to the men. My neighbour was constantly feeling it, exclaiming, 'Yammer schooner tie.' On my putting an ornament round the neck of one of the children, the women made their 'piccaninnias' stand up, and pushed them toward me, hoping I might exercise a similar liberality towards them; but on my motioning refusal, made them sit down again. We took two of the men into our boat, and gave them a row across the harbour and back again, to their evident satisfaction.

"May 12. Under weigh for Stanley. Leave our friendly natives with regret; a feeling in which they evidently share.

"15th. Anchored in Stanley Harbour, at four, a. m., this morning.

"Such is a brief history of our trip to Fuegia, a trip which I hope will be the precursor of an early settlement in Banner Cove, which I believe all concur in thinking a most suitable spot. Our communications with the natives have been very interesting and friendly, and all are favourably impressed with their docility and friendliness.

“ It is a strange sight to see placed side by side the savage and civilized man. The first impression is one of disgust ; the naked form, the long matted hair, which increased the apparent size of the head, the dirtiness of the person, and the strange uncouth gestures, all contributed to produce an unfavourable impression. The women particularly appear very ugly. But as the eye becomes accustomed to the naked form, and the entire want of attention to the toilet, and observes more truly the form and expression of the features, the impression of ugliness wears off, and some appear even good looking. They have all low foreheads, high cheek bones, and expanded nostrils. The nose was thin, though flat ; not thick, as in the negro : one had even an aquiline nose. I did not see one face, but I could remember similar faces in England. Those we saw were rather fair than swarthy. The forearms and legs were thin, and deficient in muscle ; the chest broad ; the belly protuberant (some of the old fellows were quite aldermanic) ; and the whole person smooth and plump. They were beardless. One or two of the older men had some hair on their faces, which, while talking, they were continually engaged in twitching out. Most of them were affected with sore eyelids. In some the eyelids had become partly united from this cause, so as to leave only a small chink. Their eyes were constantly running with water, which they wiped away with their long hair. Eruptions on the head, and boils, were not uncommon. Several of the women had lost the sight of one eye : one was afflicted with wry neck, and had her mouth drawn to one side. One elderly man had a most cadaverous paleness. All this among less than a hundred.

“ As regards their language, implements, and other particulars, I will not further trouble you ; as no doubt

Mr. Despard will send you ample details on these subjects."

Besides Mr. Despard's and Mr. Ellis's Journals, we have received a letter from Mr. Allen Gardiner, briefly describing the voyage and its results. He does not attempt any account of his own feelings, on visiting his devoted father's grave, and the graves of those who with him sacrificed their all, even their lives, in the service of a beloved Redeemer. The feelings of a son under such circumstances could not be described, and he therefore wisely refrains from the attempt. We can, however, imagine what they must have been. And we should not wonder if on that sacred spot in Earnest Cove, beneath which slumber the remains of a revered parent, whose heart's desire and the object of whose constant prayer he was well acquainted with, he solemnly dedicated himself anew to God and the cause of the Gospel in South America. He is the son of the Christian warrior who fell nobly in the battle of the Lord, and to him his father's sword descends. He is his father's heir, and is entitled to that portion which he took out of the hand of the Amorite with his sword and with his bow, and where his bones now repose, as an earnest and promise of future occupation.

Mr. Gardiner's letter is addressed to the Secretary, and is as follows.

Letter from Mr. A. W. Gardiner.

"Stanley Harbour, May 16, 1857.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"We sailed from Keppel Island on the morning of the 24th of March, with a fair wind from the N. E.; but were suddenly brought up before passing Saunders'

Island, by striking on a rock near the entrance of Burnt Harbour Passage. Providentially it was half tide when she struck, so that in the evening, when the tide rose again, she swung off; and after a very anxious day we anchored at a little distance for the night. The next day it blew a gale of wind, so we could not get under weigh till the following morning, when we returned to Committee Bay. It is hoped that the schooner has sustained but little damage. Her false keel is, I fear, injured; and much of the copper torn off.

“On the 7th of April we again started from the island, with one of the sailors acting as Captain; and we anchored, on the 8th, in Hope Harbour. On the 10th we sailed through West Point Pass, and ran before a fair wind for the coast, sighting land on Sunday morning, Easter Day, April 12th. We went through the Straits of Le Maire in a gale of wind, and ran for shelter into Good Success Bay, which was reached about three o'clock, after a very rough passage. The tranquillity of that Sunday evening, in harbour, was very refreshing. We reached Spaniard's Harbour on the 16th, and had a few days' beautiful weather for landing and visiting Earnest Cove and the Cavern. We then encountered a heavy storm, which lasted nearly five days. Our position was unsheltered, and the schooner rode very uneasily at her anchors, making it a very anxious time. When the weather moderated, we got under weigh and anchored in Banner Cove, at one, a. m., April 30th. It was so dark, that the boat was sent ahead to reconnoitre with a signal lantern.

“Monday, May 5th. We got under weigh this morning, and stood for the entrance of the Beagle Channel. A thick smoke was seen on the beach, on the opposite side to Bloomfield Harbour. The boat was lowered,

and after a very long pull we got near enough to distinguish the natives. A canoe put off and was soon alongside of us. Their voices were very loud and earnest, but we were very soon engaged in barter with them, and one of them took hold of my oar to pull his canoe closer to our gunwale. We returned to the vessel and stood into the harbour.

"Tuesday. Soon after daylight three canoes came off to us. After breakfast we went ashore and paid them a return visit. They seemed highly delighted at getting into such close quarters with us, and their dog was soon quite friendly, and even so far forgot himself as to wag his tail. Three canoes came to us from the main land in the afternoon. It is about four miles across. They had plenty of provisions in the canoes—fish and spider crabs. Fires were burning in all the canoes.

"May 7. Lennox Island. This morning two canoes, containing about thirteen natives, old and young, came alongside. Some of them came on deck, and seemed quite at home with everything but the pig. About dinner time the boats were sent on shore to fill the water casks. The Captain walked with me to the wigwam, and one of the Indians accompanied us back; some more following. They assisted us to roll the water casks down to the edge of the surf. We paid them another visit in the afternoon. They were much pleased with a grey duck shot for them. I have got two young Fuegian dogs—Bob and Jenny. They are a small terrier race of dogs, a great contrast to the big Patagonian dogs, and much better adapted than them for travelling in canoes.

"Banner Cove, May 9. The Indians returned to-day in five canoes, and occupy the wigwam in Cook's Passage. It is certainly a large one; but with the large

wood fire in the middle, twenty-six natives of all ages, three dogs and some puppies, there was not much to spare. They were much surprised at the rapidity with which our axes brought the trees down. Two of the men helped us carry them down, and of course received presents—knives, clothing, fishing lines, and scarlet comforters, were exceedingly acceptable.

“Stanley Harbour, May 18. Monday. We anchored here on Friday morning, about four a. m., having sighted the Pembroke Light, about dark, on Thursday night. Had great pleasure in meeting my friend Mr. Ogle again, and in talking over our respective voyages. He gives a good account of Rio Negro, as regards the country, but the settlement was at war with the Indians. He brought me a very nice she-goat, which will go to Keppel Island with me this trip; so that our live stock on board now will amount to one goat, one pig, four little dogs, and six rabbits.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“Yours respectfully,

“ALLEN W. GARDINER.”

Rev. J. F. Ogle.

We have been favoured with a letter from the Rev. John Furness Ogle, who accompanied our Missionary to the Falklands, which we have great pleasure in inserting. The spirit which it breathes is quite consistent with the character which our Rev. brother enjoyed in this country, and which we have no doubt he will sustain in whatever sphere the Lord of the harvest may allot to him. It is not more disparaging to Mr. Ogle than to the most eminent saint of God who has ever trod this fallen

earth to say, that owing to this or that peculiarity of temper, or this or that error of judgment, he could not accommodate himself in all points to the rules laid down for his guidance ; or that however honestly and ex animo he had subscribed to those rules in theory, he found he could not, from difficulties in his own temperament or position, carry them out, when required to do so by an effort of practical self-denial. The fault in our dear brother probably lay in this, either that he did not see that his position was really and necessarily a subordinate one, or that with reference to his social and clerical antecedents, he did not in offering himself for it sufficiently calculate the difficulties which he would have to encounter in himself while occupying such a position. The friends of the Society have deplored the result ; but we may confidently assert, that not a spark of genuine Christian affection has been alienated from our brother in consequence. We may assure him and all who know and love him, that no harsh judgment has been passed upon him by the Committee ; but that every member of that Committee rejoices at the opportunity of recognizing him in connection with the Mission work, although not identified with them as heretofore. This is no doubt as the Lord would have it to be. Our contemplated field of labour is a very large one, even the entire of the South American continent : it is all before us, and where to choose. Surely our dear brother will not jostle us, whatever locality he may select for himself and his work ; and we promise him that we shall hail his success with gratitude and joy, and shall willingly lend him our "Voice," to call upon the Church at large to rejoice with him over every sheep of the Lord's pasture which he shall be the privileged instrument of bringing into the fold.

“El Carmen, or Patagones, March 11, 1857.

“Rev. Sir,

“I consider an account of my proceedings due to you, as I am still using the name your Society invested me with, of a Missionary to Patagonia. I remained in Stanley till January 13th, waiting for an opportunity of getting to the Coast; none occurred. I then accepted an opportunity afforded by the visit of an American, Captain Smyley, to go to Rio Negro, the extreme north of Patagonia. It is my visit to this locality of which I come to speak. We sailed January 13th, leaving the *Allen Gardiner* in Stanley Harbour, Mr. Gardiner and the Rev. G. P. Despard on board. They were going to Tierra del Fuego; but on the way to call at Keppel, and to assist a crew of sailors who had wrecked their vessel. The *Allen Gardiner* had met with an accident, and put into Stanley for repair. We had a fine voyage, though wind adverse. Immediately on leaving the Falklands, the cloudy, stormy climate was exchanged for sunshine, and light summer weather. We could see the cloud banks lying on the islands, even when they were out of sight.

“On Friday, January 23rd, we sighted land, having been driven by a moderate gale from S. W. to the N. of Rio Negro. It was Sunday afternoon before we got into the river; it is a bar entrance, and can only be passed at high water, having but eight feet on the bar. The heat was now very great, being 76° at night, when off the river, and 86° the next day in the river. I have good news from my visit. The *Indians* of the tribes Chillenians, Tehuelches, Pampas, and Aucases, resort to this place for trade. I was not so happy as to meet with them; their visit is not till winter, and there is war of a sanguinary character between the Indians and Spaniards. The Tehuelches, or Indians of the South, which are Patagonians proper, have concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the government settlement at Carmen. This is a powerful tribe of 2500 families. The chief, Yankitnez, is a warrior, and has acquired the use of firearms. He fights for the Spaniards against the Indians of the North. In August last, the 27th, a fierce attack was made by these Indians; several tribes united for the purpose of destroying a small fort, at the entrance

of the Rio Negro. The pilot, a resolute American, with five or six men, defended their mud-built fortress against one thousand Indians; many were mounted, and armed with the lance. The contest between the musket and the rude weapon of the Indian proved unequal, and the Indians were repulsed with severe loss; it is said of forty-five men: the skulls and bones of four, still on the ground, are witnesses to the work of death. I observe in these no inferiority of cranial development; the heads are large and full, foreheads high, cheek bones large: the bones are of men of ordinary stature. The Pilot says, they were not taller than himself; he is a finely made man, above six feet in height.

“The Indians have stolen the greater part of the cattle and horses of the Spaniards, and greatly impoverished the country; their inroads have also put a check upon all trade, and discouraged the efforts of the agriculturist. No land is occupied more than a mile distant from the river bank, and forty or fifty miles up the river all occupation ceases. When it is considered that this river is navigable 300 miles from the sea, that fine land, level and exceedingly fertile, extends to a distance of two leagues, three on the south side, admirably adapted to growth of wheat and all the cereal crops, also for sugar, tobacco, and fruits of every kind, semi-tropical, and that the Spaniards are desirous to occupy this magnificent territory, and that the government of Buenos Ayres makes very liberal overtures to foreigners in this and other parts of their territory, the magnitude of the evil will be readily perceived. It appears to me a circumstance peculiarly favourable to our object. The jealousy of a Protestant Mission will be counterbalanced by the hope of its tending to civilize and reduce to amity the Indian tribes. The Commandante of El Carmen has expressed to me in a very friendly manner his satisfaction to hear of our efforts, and his willingness to give them every countenance in his power. It is my wish, I may almost say my purpose, to return immediately and locate myself, and occupy a small portion of land. I shall have the double object of intercourse with natives who may from time to time visit the town, and of domesticating some of them in my household. I find many of all tribes, hostile as well as friendly, in the families

and employ of Spaniards; to these I have addressed the few and small efforts of instruction for which this voyage has afforded opportunity. I might spend much time in describing these interviews; of them generally I may say, they have been invariably very friendly. The Indians, oppressed as they have been by Spaniards, and little regarded but as slaves, hear with great interest of the devotion and disposition of Christians in a country so powerful and so distant as England. I have mentioned Captain Gardiner to them; their eyes glisten with pleasure, and I have seen the tear roll down the dark complexioned countenance of more than one. I am confident that these people are remarkably intelligent, and in no small degree open to instruction. I am obliged to return to Stanley for letters and remittances; it is my hope to return hither in about six weeks' time. Our return was projected more than a fortnight since; indeed we set out on the 17th instant, but have as yet got no further than the mouth of the river. We encountered a gale of wind, carried away our foremast, and completely disabled the ship. I ask pardon for somewhat of haste in this letter, and for its brevity. I have many other correspondents, from whom details of interest may be procured, if you should think any of my scanty efforts worthy of notice to the Christian supporters of our Mission. Rev. Sir, with an earnest prayer for blessing on you and all our friends, even as you pray for us,

"I am your servant in the Lord,

"JOHN FURNESS OGLE."

We shall only add, that we regard the attempt of Mr. Ogle to establish Missionary relations with the natives in the neighbourhood of the Rio Negro with extreme interest. We need scarcely say, that we wish him God speed. We are aware of the anxiety of the Buenos Ayres Government to establish an European colony there. They offer every advantage in the way of civil and religious privileges.

Missions and World-Movements.

The disturbances which have broken out among the Sepoys in Bengal have given an opportunity to the enemies of the cross of Christ, which they are always ready to avail themselves of, to aim a blow at the religion which they hate, with the hope to retard, if not to prevent, its destined progress throughout the earth.

On other Missionary Societies, whose field of operations is included in the disturbed region, will more especially devolve the duty of rebutting the charge made against Missionary proceedings in British India; but it would not, we conceive, become us, young as we are as a Missionary Society, and far removed from the theatre on which the great battle of the Lord God Almighty is manifestly now being fought, to withhold the expression of our Christian judgment at so eventful a crisis, or to remain silent when the cause of the Redeemer is being openly assailed, and the sacred work of Missions to the heathen is being evil spoken of.

There is nothing new or original in the policy of taking advantage of public calamities to cast odium on the religion of Jesus. Since the day that Nero set Rome on fire that he might charge the Christians with the destruction of the imperial

city, the ingenuity of Satan and his dupes has been taxed with fiendish pertinacity to prove that the gospel scheme, of which the motto is "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to man," is chargeable with all the violence, disorder, and misery that earth has groaned under from the advent of the Prince of Peace to this hour, that is, to employ language with which we are familiar, that the remedy provided by the Most High for all the disorders which the fall has engendered, is worse than the disease; and that our world would have presented far more decided features of social prosperity now if the Son of God had never appeared, and the Bible had never been written.

We know that facts elicited from an impartial comparison between the palmiest days of heathen civilization, and any period in the history of Christendom, are quite sufficient to refute so monstrous an assertion; but we do not care to occupy such low ground in the controversy. We insist that though it should be proved that all the social convulsions, and all the heartburnings that have ever occurred since the Redeemer first trod this earth, were fairly chargeable to the religion which He introduced; and although godless and carnal men might justly complain that they have been disturbed and distressed by its presence and its interference with them, still the argument

concerning it is all in favour of its introduction to the world, and its dissemination among the human race.

If men were brute beasts, and began and ended their career here, it would be questionable whether, considering the many troubles to which they are born, it were not a pity to deprive them of any delusion in the indulgence of which they find rest to their uneasy spirits; but for them there is an eternity of existence, and not an eternity of delusion. It is the grossest absurdity, therefore, to speak of the kindness or generosity of abstaining from the use of any means, however ungentle, to dissipate a slumber of ignorance, ungodliness, and falsehood, which if continued to the grave, the last trump shall exchange for a consciousness of woe that shall never have an end.

Of course the prince of darkness chooses not that his victims should be aroused, he teaches them to feel angry that they should even be suspected of being asleep; and when God's children hear, amid their slumbers, the voice of their Beloved calling to them and saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away," the sleepers are taught to be angry with the wakers, and to resent, as an uncourteous reflection upon them, the uprising of those who lay beside them, bound with the same chain, and occupying the same prison floor of darkness and impurity.

The absence of all sensibility to sin and its consequences, is one of the worst features that a sinner can exhibit; as a surgeon would say of a wounded or diseased limb which had ceased to give its owner any uneasiness, that such a symptom was alarming, for mortification was thereby indicated; and our Divine Physician is too faithful to the office which He has assumed, to overlook the tendency to it in those whom He takes under His care. He loves peace, but not the peace of death. Peace in heaven, where holiness shall reign; not peace amid the festering impurities of earth, where tears that cease to flow stagnate at their source and gender corruption; and hearts that throb not at sorrow's touch, invite frigidity and turn themselves to stone. He came not, therefore, to send peace on the earth, but a sword; a sword in the hand of the descendants of Cain, to keep in exercise the vitality of the children of God; a sword of a very different kind, not carnal but spiritual, in the hands of His messengers, to slay the natural enmity of His redeemed ones, and burst asunder their prison fetters, and the ties that bind them to the world. Thus, wherever the Gospel finds admission, these two swords, or rather this one sword with two edges—the two-edged sword proceeding out of the mouth of the Son of Man, carries on its complex work, and renders the peace for which worldlings sigh impossible.

The men that "turn the world upside down"—the messengers of the Gospel have found their way to India. For many years the worshippers of the golden image, which Beelzebub the king had set up there, succeeded in excluding them from their territory; but the conquerors of the Mogul empire could not succeed in fighting against God; when His time came, Missionaries were no longer obliged to steal into Hindoostan through a Danish settlement; the door was thrown widely open through an act of the British legislature, and the soldiers of the cross have boldly marched into the heart of the Company's territory. Predictions were not wanting then of disaster to the brightest colonial gem in the British crown through the preaching of the cross among the intolerant Mussulmans and fanatical followers of Brahma. They who uttered them have, for the most part, returned to their dust; but their descendants of the same school—the school of the false prophets—now take up the cry, and boast of the sagacity of their fathers.

It is just forty-four years since Christianity was legalized in India, since the seeds of discord and disruption, according to the theory of these prophets, were sown under authority. They are now, however, only beginning to bear fruit. If this be a religious war, may we not assert that not the introduction of Christianity into India

but its success, is producing such a result? Its introduction was neither resisted nor resented. It was perhaps despised, and its utmost efforts set at defiance; but Satan is now beginning to bestir himself, he feels that the efforts even of a mere handful of men scattered over his broad peninsula, armed with the sword of the Spirit, are becoming really formidable, and their efforts serious enough to demand a gathering of his forces to do battle against them. Hence the present religious movement, if that be the real character of the Sepoy insurrection, which if insisted on by the enemies of our faith, we are not careful to deny.*

But what response shall Christian Senators—shall Christian constituencies—give to the vatici-

* How truly lamentable are the following sentiments, from the pen of an Englishman, who probably calls himself a Christian. They are extracted from a letter written to the *Times* newspaper of August 7, signed F. S. Head. — “I have no doubt whatever, that an honest, though mistaken, belief in our desire and intention to put down their religion, has been the sole cause of this outbreak. By a most foolish subservience to ignorant saints, the Government have for years past given far too much countenance to Missionaries, and schemes for conversion of the natives to Christianity.” Our Missionaries will scarcely own the impeachment, as far as the Government goes; but we have a strong suspicion that the “ignorant saints” will in the end prove themselves too much for such profound thinkers as Mr. F. S. Head.

nations of the worshippers of the golden deity, who tremble for their craft? shall they adopt the augury, and contemplate a repeal of the Act of 1813? God forbid! Will they go so far as to admit that the Missionaries are the peace disturbers, and wish that their operations might be controlled and their progress hindered? We hope not; although we think that the insatiable thirst for gold that characterizes the commercial spirit in this country, capable of stimulating its victims to any Judas work that may be cut out for them by the enemy of souls. It matters not, however, what puny man—puny in his mightiest conceptions of hostility to the King of kings, may think or do, there is a voice perpetually rising above the loudest roar of human or satanic wrath, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." If India has been given to England as a field of spiritual conflict and victory, it matters not what misconceptions as to the object of its annexation to the British crown, may be entertained by the subordinate and blind instruments of His will, India shall continue under British rule—India shall continue to be occupied by British heralds of a crucified, risen, and coming Saviour; and the time shall probably arrive when, to the confusion of the enemies of Christ and His cause, it will be found that instead of God's servants endangering the existence of our Indian

Empire, their presence and labours were the paladium that ensured its safety, and their conquests in the Gospel field were more effectual in consolidating and securing our vast dominions, than the military talents of a Clive or the statesmanship of a Wellesley or a Warren Hastings.

It is often the Divine policy to permit disaster on the eve of some signal achievement in the field of spiritual warfare, that His appointed agents may measure their strength against the crisis, and be ready to admit in the hour of victory, that this is His work, and that to Him alone the praise belongs. We confess that, led by this view we look for some extraordinary impulse to the Mission work in India, as we do in China, in Turkey, and in other scenes of political or military disturbance. After the wind, the earthquake, the fire, comes the "still small voice;" and then it comes with power irresistible and effective.

We of the Patagonian Mission have had our disasters on the very threshold of our work; already we feel their beneficial results, and what we first deeply and not unrighteously deplored as a heavy calamity, we can now accept with thankfulness as a furtherance to our cause. What trials await us yet we know not; but we cannot help feeling, that humble as our beginnings are, they are calculated in time, and under the unerring leadership of the "Immortal, invisible,

and only wise God," to be vitally connected with the interests of a continent. Satan and his agents may laugh contemptuously at our infant struggles, but it may not be long before our presence is felt, and the complaint go forth against us that we do "exceedingly trouble" the peaceful retreats of heathenism and barbarity. God grant that it may be so, and that we may be permitted to have a humble share in that shaking of the nations which must harbinger the coming of the Desired One, who alone can bestride the whirlwind of political or religious strife, and say to its angriest elements, "Peace, be still!"

A Missionary's Comforts and Discomforts.

We think that we ought not to withhold from our friends some portions of Mr. Despard's Journal that have been very interesting to us, as representing his individual feelings and views, both as regards himself personally, and in his relations as husband, father, Superintendent Missionary, and Minister of Christ. We shall therefore make a few extracts from that portion of his Journal not inserted in our Occasional Paper, No. 7, as being unconnected with the actual circumstance of his visit to Tierra del Fuego, which was the subject that we wished specially to bring before our friends, and therefore occupied our Occasional Paper with that alone. Our readers will, we are sure, thank us for not withholding from them such extracts as the following:—

“March 14th, Saturday.—The long expected mail came in at last, bringing to me a few welcome letters from our Secretary, from Rev. J. S., Mr. G., Mr. T. of Dalkey, Rev. C. S. of Christiana, the Chaplain of Clifton Union—all very cheering; but I received gratification not the least from two notes, penned by M. A. V. and J. H., Students in the Stapleton Training College now, but formerly pupil teachers in the school of the Clifton Union. The day was spent in perusing these, hearing read many my wife received from friends, writing answers, and getting matters forward for departure on Monday.

“15, Sunday.—Officiated at the desk in the morning, when Mr. Faulkner preached on ‘Repentance.’ Afternoon, preached on Jacob’s mistaken judgment, ‘All these things are against me.’ Engaged with my children in religious exercises in the evening.

“Find myself greatly at a loss on shore for a place of retirement. In the house there is none, and the weather is too boisterous to seek one outside. When settled at Keppel Island, I must contrive such a place for myself.

“16, Monday.—This day fixed for sailing. Heavy rain, and wind dead against departure. Could even this be effected, Mr. Bowden says he could not get the cattle in for me at Sparrow’s Cove; so I was constrained to say to Maclachlan, wait till to-morrow. Did I not feel that the business in which I am engaged is urgent, I should prefer remaining here till my wife was at least able to come down stairs; but the thought of the little that has been done, and the much that remains to be done, continually urges me to expedite my movements.”

Our dear brother thus refers to his plans for the future, and concludes that portion of his Journal which

was intended for the March Mail, but which was not included in the packet received by us in May :

“It is pretty certain that if Capt. S. is good for his work, the *Allen Gardiner* will go to Rio in June, carrying up probably Mr. and Mrs. Bowden as passengers to pay, and bringing down so much freight as to fetch £100; together with shingle and lumber for Cranmer to save £25; and £25 saved is, they say, £25 gained. If Capt. S. is not good, (which ultimately proved to be the case,) we must lie in Committee Bay, and work when weather permits it, ashore.—This the men are bound to do by the Articles. I must now say, Farewell! May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our Father, because He hath chosen and adopted us in Him, sanctify you wholly in mind and heart, and give you ability to do His will, as in every thing generally, so particularly in this work towards His name. May your partner in things conjugal be also a part-receiver in things spiritual. May you both be drawn to remember before the throne of grace, your distant, troubled, comforted brother, G. Pakenham Despard.”

We mentioned in our last number, that Mr. Despard had been obliged to put back to Keppel, on the first occasion of his setting sail for Tierra del Fuego, owing to certain disasters encountered by the schooner. The following is his own account of the occurrence.

“24, Tuesday.—Schooner under weigh. When I got on deck before breakfast, found us with perfectly fair wind and smooth sea, going south, towards the inner passage to Hope Pass. Just as we had finished morning prayers, by 10 minutes before 10, our bow ran right upon a rock. Sykes and all hands in commotion. In a few minutes, by help of a kedge and warp from the stern, she was brought round somewhat; but no power

could remove her foot from the rock. By dinner time she was very much down astern, and listed so much on starboard side, as to take in water on deck by her stern scuppers. Here indeed is a position of trial, heretofore unexperienced; but it seems the Lord's will to put all manner of difficulties in our way.

"I know whoever looks at the Falkland Islands chart will exclaim, 'What business had you in those intricate channels?' The only answer is, 'None.' Nor should we have come into them, if the young Captain had consulted the old parson on board; but he felt very eager to make a short passage to and from Fireland, and was over confident of his hardly tried skill, and consequently brought us into this hobble. Here we had to stay till $4\frac{1}{2}$ p. m., when a high spring tide brought us to an even keel, and at 5 we were off; but only to get on a worse berth. Sykes, in haste to get away from one reef, put on too much sail; so before we got the ship under command, she was broadside on another, under her starboard bow. Wind and tide conspired to keep us on, and it seemed pretty certain that without lightening the vessel of her ballast, and getting out a heavy anchor and cable chain, we should not get her off. Unexpectedly, however, at 6 she moved off of herself, and great was the bustle and flurry on board—all masters, no men. We moved on, but abreast of Channel Point had to scramble over a reef any how, bumping and scraping as we moved on. By $6\frac{1}{4}$ we came to anchor in the east entrance of Burnt Island Pass, where we are now.

"Dilemmaed as to the course I ought to follow, anxiety to further the grand object of the Patagonian Missionary Society, make me anxious and willing to proceed, even under these circumstances, to Fireland. But the experience of to-day teaches me Sykes is rash,

and not full enough of resources in emergency, nor in dangers self-possessed enough to serve as Commander. Moreover, I fear now the men would distrust his command. Bunt seems energetic and knowing, but too hail fellow with the men to be Captain; and how should I do with Sykes? I have consulted my Mission companions. They express willingness to hazard their lives with me in this voyage, (hazardous, because of deficiency in Master's skill,) but think to-day's mishaps a providential omen that we ought not to take it now, return rather to Keppel Island, and there employ the men in shore labour. I am happy to find, that beyond scraping her coppering below a little, and splitting four feet along her false keel, she (the vessel,) has met no damage. The pump has been tried, and confesses no leak. Whilst her bow was dry on the reef, we had a new sheet of metal nailed on, where there had been one, either now, or on some former occasion, knocked off."

These surely were painful occurrences, sufficient to put our dear brother's faith to the test. He feels them keenly, as we should expect a man in his responsible position to do; but he feels and speaks like a man of God:

"Sorely tried by this event. I believe we have been to-day in more intricate navigation than any we shall have to meet in Fireland. Through here are williwaws, strong tides, and steep rocky channels, where anchorage is hardly to be found, and such a distance from help; as if we got into trouble, we could not possibly escape. And now the men will not put confidence in their commander, and in a pinch disobey his orders. If I go over and succeed, it will shew better the feasibility of our plan; should I fail, then hope will fail too. Should I put it off now, the voyage cannot be attempted before

December, that is nine months hence, for in winter—June and two following months—the weather is too dark. September and October I shall not have a fit Captain. November and December I am bound to visit the Plate; go to and come back. May the Lord Jesus, in whom I trust, act as Wonderful Counsellor and direct me in this trying matter!”

Who ever trusted in the Lord and was disappointed? Our brother committed himself in this trying emergency to the God of his salvation, and He said, “Return.” So, painful as was the disappointment of his long-cherished hopes to visit the graves of the honoured dead, and to search out the living objects of Divine love, he did not hesitate to give orders for retracing their steps to Keppel. He had, however, another painful duty to perform, and he did not shrink from it. He must express plainly to the Captain his opinion of his incompetency preparatory to removing him from the command of the Mission ship; but he takes his own time for it.

“25, Wednesday.—Wind N. W. but very strong, and the sea rough. Captain early began to think of going to sea, but I stopped him; for should we touch, it would be no light touch with such weather, so we remained at anchor in Burnt Island Sound all day. The time was spent in reading, drawing, and working, and a boat was sent out to sound the passage to Keppel Island, whither it was resolved we should return. Told Sykes this morning, in a quiet way, my opinion of his performances yesterday, that they did not justify me in going with him as commander to the coast. He was chagrined, and spoke of the injury an alteration in his position would do to his character. Was sorry for it; but if he proves unfit for a position which himself earnestly sought, the disappointment of losing it must fall on his own shoul-

ders ; better he should lose what he has *not* gained, the reputation of a Captain, than we what is of infinitely more importance—the vessel, with our hopes of success for years, if not our lives.

“26, Thursday.—Hearing the windlass at work, up early to see how things were being done, and to give the influence of my presence to the authority of our Captain. Fine day and pretty fair wind. With much anxiety for an hour, observed the working of the ship through Reef Channel into Port Egmont. I had humbly and earnestly prayed aid from the great Master Pilot, and it was given—thanks be to His name, for by 11 a.m. we came quite safely to anchor, once more, in Committee Bay.”

At Keppel our Missionary found abundance of occupation; “with his own hands,” like Paul, “ministering to his necessities and to them that were with him.” Let us give, from his Journal, a few specimens of his work.

“The first thing necessary was to put our owners’ property into a careful order, into which it must be confessed it has not yet been brought; joists, rafters, flooring, dooring, sashes, beams, logs, oars, and stores, lying in very fraternal, but by no means desirable confusion. This afternoon, and the best part of Friday, 27, employed by Ellis and self in righting work, which we completed; so that now the carpenter can find immediately the very piece of stuff he requires; and the timber yard looks like a miniature English Baltic wharf.

“Saturday, 28.—Went ashore early after breakfast, and set about constructing a stand for the oars; a job which occupied my hands both fore and afternoon, but was completed, so that now those highly valuable and expensive implements are placed high and dry, and out of the sun. In the afternoon made my first attempt with the Governor’s sextant, to take the sun’s altitude,

and pretty well succeeded. Found Mr. *A. B. Bunt* acquainted with the reading of the instrument, and Mr. *Captain Sykes* knowing as little as myself, the quadrant being his tool."

"*Jim Bunt*" was not the only person in connexion with our Mission party, who, though occupying a humble position, was found to be possessed of qualifications for a higher. Mr. *D.* says,

"Had a conversation in the boat going ashore with *Tamzer*, our German sailor, and discovered in him a well-educated man, a Latin, Greek, and French scholar, and acquainted with his own literature, and the more popular of our works.

"Monday, 30. — After breakfast went to work on shore, in assisting to put up paling round our home paddock; an enclosure of two hundred feet square.

"4th April, Saturday.—Being a rainy rough morning, remained in the ship. Put *Sykes* through a trial in the elements of mathematics and fractional arithmetic, and found him quite ignorant; nothing uncommon, I suppose, with navigators in merchants' service; yet is he quick to apprehend, and intelligent generally. Afternoon ashore. Party enjoying half-holiday, and ship's company gone to shoot geese. (They brought thirty-one on board, and Mr. *Gardiner* sixteen more; so that what with geese and four widgeons, we have a good supply of fresh meat to begin our voyage with.) Walked and marked the ground for a road from *Brook Cove* to *Sullivan House*.

"Evening.—Had *Bunt* to sign an agreement to serve as Captain from *Committee Bay* to *Fireland* and back, and to return to his 'article' place of *A. B.* in return to *Stanley*. Had all hands to declare before *Dr. Ellis* and *Mr. Gardiner* that they would serve under *Bunt* as under

Maclachian. Thus our Captain Sykes is again first Mate.

“5th April. Palm Sunday.—Shore and sea. Hands mustered for worship. Sermon on Matt. xxvi. 28.—the new covenant in its bearing, God-ward and man-ward. Afterwards Lord’s Supper administered to all land party but Frank, Joiner, Emma Bartlett, (with her baby) and Schmid (indisposed). Dined ashore; meditated for afternoon service.

“3 $\frac{1}{2}$, afternoon service. Sermon on Heb. v. 6.—Christ as Priest and King.

“Evening service with crew at seven.”

The readers of our last number and of our Occasional Paper, No. 7, are aware that the voyage to Tierra del Fuego was again attempted on Tuesday, the 7th, and through the loving kindness of the Lord, with every success,—“Jim Bunt” proving himself an able Captain, (an *A. C.*, as our dear brother would say, as he had already proved himself an *A. B.*) Whether Mr. Despard will be able to retain him in his new capacity we know not, but we should rejoice if the Lord were to put it into the heart of some God-fearing Master or qualified Mate to offer himself for the command of our Mission ship. Mr. D. has asked us if we can find such an one for him.

Sketch of Protestant Missions in Guiana.

One more paper is necessary, to complete our sketch of the Guiana Missions. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel entered upon that work in 1840, when Mr. Brett was deputed to commence a Mission on the banks of the Pomeroon. He was alone, and his solitary

place of residence was most unpromising. He was settled on a strip of cleared land, which had been abandoned by a gang of negroes, who had been employed upon it. He found there three wretched huts, rendered almost inaccessible by long grass and weeds, and exposed in every part to wind and rain, and a wooden building, in which some itinerant Minister had occasionally preached. In the course of time he rendered this building fit for the performance of Divine worship, and converted one of the huts into a decent habitation for himself. Here he gradually assembled a congregation on Sundays from various distances around, amounting to more than eighty persons; and on week-days he paddled across the river, to search them out. The first tribe with whom he came in contact were Waraus, a wild and dirty set, upon whom little impression was at that time made. The next were Arawaks, a superior race in many respects; and the third Caribs. After a time he was able to hold intercourse with all these tribes. He began by explaining to them the creation, fall, deluge, the promulgation of the law on Mount Sinai, and other leading facts from the Old Testament. But at length he came to the same experience with other Missionaries in different parts of the world, that nothing seemed to have a permanent effect on their hearts, but the narrative of the passion of our Lord. Nothing but the love of God, manifested in His Son dying for their sins, appeared to create more than a temporary interest in any of them. "I found it to be so (says he,) with the Caribs, Waraus, and other tribes at a later period; and I am satisfied that, unless this be the groundwork of a Missionary's teaching, his labour is but nought." He now began to hear some of them offering up prayer with one another in their own language, and was encouraged. The Caribs, who were

the last tribe that he visited, were a savage people, and had been cannibals. But several of them yielded to the gentle influence of Christianity; and, when it pleased God to visit them with the small-pox, which committed fearful ravages among them, they became more earnest in their inquiries, and more diligent in their attendance on the means of grace. One of them, who was baptized by the name of Cornelius, became an eloquent expounder to his countrymen of the great truths which he learned from Mr. Brett. After a time, Mr. Brett was admitted to holy orders. In 1842 Mr. Smithatt was sent out by the Society, to take charge of a negro district. His station was called Caledonia; and, although he encountered much difficulty in inducing the people, who were deeply engaged in native customs and superstitions, to listen to his message, yet during a sojourn of nine days among them, he succeeded in persuading about thirty Indians to commence attendance at his station. In 1843 the Missionaries were visited by the newly appointed Bishop of Guiana, who purchased a fine hill for the settlement. The Mission was afterwards strengthened by the addition of Mr. Nowers; and the number of worshippers increased. But in 1845, from August to September, all the Missionaries were laid aside by sickness. Nevertheless, a blessing seemed still to attend them: for, when they recovered, their congregations soon grew more numerous, and with so much advancement in religious feeling and principles that, when they afterwards heard of a famine in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, they offered to contribute cassava and other provisions for the relief of the distressed. Being told that these provisions would spoil on their passage, Cornelius then produced ten dollars, which he had earned in the sugar plantations, saying, that he

would give one for himself, and one for his wife; and was willing to lend the remainder to any one, who would devote it to that object. In this spirit the matter was taken up; and the result was, that in that week there were raised and sent off twelve pounds, as a contribution from the Pomeroon Mission.

Besides the stations already mentioned, there was another on the banks of the Moruca, called Waramuri, to the formation of which the Indians cheerfully gave their labour without wages. There three hundred natives attended instruction, and sixty-five children were received in a school, while thirty canoes would pour out their numbers, to swell the congregation, besides others, who travelled by land. There Peter, a Carib chief, was baptized, with his wife and children, after three years' instruction; and the progress of the Mission was cheering, when it pleased God to remove one teacher after another, till at length the buildings became deserted, and the station fell into decay. Those in Pomeroon also were involved in similar ruin. But Cornelius continued to visit the dispersed Christians; and, when the Bishop of Guiana came again, to inspect their calamitous state, and procured a sum of two hundred and forty dollars, to restore the Mission buildings in Pomeroon, that faithful convert set an example of active industry to his countrymen, and the work was executed with as much speed as the scantiness and defective nature of their tools would admit. But Waramari still continues in a state of destitution. Pomeroon, therefore, is again the chief seat of the Mission; and Mr. Brett still lives to superintend it, while many portions of the Scriptures have been translated into the Arawak tongue, and actively circulated.

It is gratifying to observe the various attempts which

have been made by different bodies, to introduce the light of Christianity among the natives of Guiana. If we regret that it has not made greater progress, we have reason yet to acknowledge with deep thankfulness, that perseverance and self-denial, with the Divine blessing, have already accomplished much ; and we may cherish the hope of still greater results hereafter, when it shall please the Divine Head of the Church to shine upon these feeble efforts, and render them more effectual.

We are now endeavouring to begin a similar work at the southern limit of the American continent ; and glad shall we be to see a dawn of such success breaking forth upon the darkness of Fuego and Patagonia, which has been granted to the labours of our fellow-Christians in the north. It is a work of faith, of patience, and of prayer ; and our little Society, which is seeking to find an entrance for the Gospel in that remote quarter, will not willingly relinquish the hope, that God will graciously prosper the attempts made in His name, and in dependence on His grace, at these two distant extremities of the land, till their widening influence shall spread over the intervening space, and bring all its varied nations to unite in one song of praise, and to ascribe salvation unto our God and to the Lamb.

The Secretariate of our Society.

A Society means an association of individuals combined for the accomplishment of a common object. A Society commonly entrusts its interests to a Committee composed of a few members of the Society, and empowered to meet together from time to time, to discuss and decide such questions as may arise touching the promotion of the work in which they are engaged. The Committee form the Council of the Society ; and when

that body determines what is to be done, there is another party needed to execute its decisions, and that party generally is the Secretary, who may be called the executive of the Society. In the case of Missions the Secretary stands between the Committee and the Missionaries, to receive and convey their respective communications; and again, between the Committee and the supporters of the Mission, with a similar object, and with the additional duty of receiving and keeping account of the funds entrusted to the Committee for the support of the Mission.

The Secretary then, standing in this responsible position, between the Committee and the public, should always be within reach of both—always in attendance upon the Committee, and always “at home” to the friends of the Mission in their applications to him, whether personally or by letter; and this he can only be when in daily attendance at the office where the business of the Society is transacted.

Now, besides the Secretary referred to, there is need of another agent, whose duty it is not to stay at home and centralize the Society in some locality, and be its always accessible representative there, but to go forth among the cities, towns, and parishes of our country, and if needs be, of other countries, carrying the Society as it were along with him, to exhibit and commend its objects to those who are yet ignorant of them, for the purpose of multiplying its adherents, and increasing its pecuniary and other resources. Whether such an agent ought to be required is another question; or whether, if ministers and people were faithful, deputations and all their abuses and expences might not be dispensed with, is not now to be discussed. Professing Christians must be stirred up to the help of Christian enterprises, and Societies must send their travelling Secretaries round annually to the Churches, as wholesale traders send round their commercial travellers to the shops and warehouses that take their goods. Granted, then, that someone must travel and speak for the Society, it is manifest that the attempt to devolve that duty on the Secretary, is to defeat the very object for which the office of Secretary was created, and therefore seriously to derange the working of the Society.

The present Secretary of the Patagonian Missionary Society has, since his appointment in December last, been making the experiment of uniting the offices of home and travelling Secretary. The result is just what might have been expected, both departments have suffered; and as in consequence of his preferment to an important ministerial charge in Bristol, he has found himself under the necessity of resigning the Secretaryship, he has ventured to advise the Committee, in justice to the Secretary, the Society, and the public, to appoint his successor solely for the business of the office, where he will find ample employment for his time and talents, and to engage the services of a clergyman of piety, energy, and power to represent the Society on the platform and in the pulpit wherever openings for his services may be obtained, to sustain the interest of the Missions in Associations already in existence, and to form new ones whenever opportunities may occur. The increasing attention which our work is obtaining throughout the three kingdoms, leaves no room for doubt that in such a department there would be found full occupation; and that with the blessing of our Great Head, such a labourer in the cause would soon render the expences of his office a matter of very trivial consideration.

The present Secretary has the satisfaction of resigning his duties into the hands of a gentleman, the Rev. W. H. Stirling, who seems every way qualified for their fulfilment, and who it is expected will, with the Lord's gracious permission, enter on his work the 25th of the present month. The Secretary, in taking official leave of the friends and supporters of the Mission, would record his cordial sense of the Christian kindness and courtesy which have marked the rather extensive correspondence with which he has been favoured from all parts of the country, and the genuine hospitality which he has enjoyed from brethren and sisters in the Lord during his deputation tours in various localities. The domestic intercourse to which he has been admitted on such occasions will, he trusts, be productive of more than a temporary effect. He ventures to hope also that in not a few instances valuable friendships have been formed, and a mutual interest in pilgrimage trials and struggles awakened. For all this he feels thankful to Him who doeth all things well.

Regarding the Mission, the Secretary retires with the most sanguine hope of its ultimate success. He has traced the hand of the Most High in it from month to month; and he believes that it is now, through grace, in the way of realizing the expectations of its promoters. But they must "wait on the Lord." An unbelieving anxiety on the part of the Committee or of the Church, "either to tell or to hear some new thing," may be visited with the suspension of the work for years; he therefore says, with solemn earnestness to both parties, "Be patient, therefore, brethren." Lastly, the Secretary rejoices to feel that though his position in the Society is changed, his interest in its welfare, his study of its proceedings and progress, and his humble co-operation with its friends at home, may continue unabated.

Changes.

Changes are ringing on the bells of time,
 Winds from afar convey them to our ears;
 On some they fall and dwell with pleasing chime;
 To some they speak of hopes that end in tears.

It is for change we sigh, and toil, and pray,
 The heart grows weary with the things that be;
 As day to night, and night succeeds to day,
 We hail the change, though nothing more we see.

It is the voice of the unchanging One:
 "No rest except in holiness and love;
 "No rest for thee but in my changeless Son;
 "No place of rest but in the realms above."

Harvest Home.

We may now speak with confidence of the abundant provision which a God of providence has made for us this year, in the precious fruits of the earth; and whilst feeling many a pang at the sad intelligence borne to us by each Indian mail, from friends and relations involved in the calamities of our Eastern Empire at home, in our dear native land, the sight of barns filled with plenty, and the enjoyment of undisturbed social peace, call for songs of loudest praise to Him who alone giveth "the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

"It is a good and pleasant thing to be thankful," and if the merriment of our farm-houses at the in-gathering of the teeming produce of the earth, were the expression of genuine gratitude to the bountiful provider, its tones would be among the sweetest sounds that earth produces, the homage of hearts attuned to the love and worship of Jehovah. But alas, how rarely is the Giver recognized in His gifts; much more frequently does the proprietor of grounds that brought forth plentifully, take council with his own deceitful heart in the

matter of his increased possessions, and prove himself a fool by promising his soul food, drink, and merriment in the use of that, which however abundant, cannot reverse the decree of a sovereign and insulted Judge, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

There is something melancholy in the mirth of unregenerate persons, "enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." One can conceive how easily all that hilarous enjoyment, with which they celebrate some festive occasion, might be turned into consternation, and wailing, and cries of agony, "at the appearing of Jesus Christ." And Oh, how testing is that fact of the true character of those scenes of joy, which, like Belshazzar's feast are fertile in praises and libations to the "gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone," but which contain no element of gratitude or praise to Him, Who "gives us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness!"

Were it not that we know how dead and unspiritual the human heart is in its natural state, we should marvel how such an occasion as a harvest home should fail to inspire thoughts of heavenly things, and to conduct the soul by holy meditation into the midst of those mysteries of

Divine grace, which seem to lie hid in the things there present to the view. For example :

1. The ground now trodden by the feet of the joyous throng, and which has just parted with its rich store of grain, has passed through several changes, before it brought forth fruit in its season. In its winter state, it looked bleak, and empty, and uninviting, and no toil of man at that season could have revived its dormant energies, or clothed it with bloom and beauty. He, who hath put the times and the seasons in His own power, must be waited for, and the sun must take his appointed place in the heavens, before life and fertility are imparted ; then the labour of the husbandmen was demanded, and the plough and the harrow must pass through and over that ground, to open it up to genial influences from above, and to remove hindrances to the springing up of the tender blade from below. Productiveness is thus advanced, and now a new process occurs—the sower goes forth to sow. “ When he hath made plain the face of the ground, doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye in their place ? ” And then the ground is left to the action of the air, the rain, and the sunshine, and the seed “ springs up, the sower knows not how, first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear ; ” and

then he puts in the sickle, for he knows the harvest is come, and he comes into his barns, bringing his sheaves with him; and his wheat, by and bye, shall be gathered into the garner.

And here is the history of a grace-transformed heart, like a field that the Lord hath blessed; once that heart was hard and dead and barren, ice-bound with selfishness, and pride, and unbelief; a God-hating, sin-loving, Satan-possessed heart. In vain did human affection or human skill essay to penetrate its hardness, or plant a germ of holy thought or feeling there. Nature will not yield to human effort, and God's time had not come. But in the eternal purposes of Jehovah, there was a seed-time and harvest for that heart, and therefore there was a season of piercing sorrow and harrowing trial; and the stony hardness of that heart was broken up, and its depths of carnality and ungodliness were laid bare. Then did the divinely-appointed sower cast in the seed brought down from heaven, and the Sun of righteousness arose upon it, His wings dropping health, comfort, and fertility; and then did the life-giving Spirit breathe gently, yet powerfully upon it, rolling away the clouds of error, and the dark vapours of corruption, and imparting and stimulating new and quickening influences. The seed sprang up, God's word; the truth, as it is in Jesus, soon produced its fruit; old things passed away, and all

things became new. The regenerated heart loved God, rejoiced in Jesus, and was filled with holy emotions of gratitude and joy. Every affection of that heart sprang up to God, and in process of time, the subject of the heavenly husbandry was ready for the harvest, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, in prospect of the eternal harvest home.

2. Look at those sowers who now take their places amidst the laughing throng that celebrate the gathering in of the fruit of their labour. Do they not look upon those fields with peculiar interest? Time was when they first entered on those fields; when all around was cold and damp and cheerless, or bound up in the icy fetters of winter. The soil over which they passed was empty and bare. Perhaps the wind blew cold and penetrating, and a drizzling rain descended, warning them to flee from the perils and discomforts of a wintry atmosphere, to the shelter and enjoyment of home; but no, though everything was now discouraging to their view, they shrunk not from their work, because they knew that "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." They, therefore, were content to sow in hope, and wait, if need be, for months and months to come, before enjoying the fruits of their toil—feeling assured, however, that they should finally reap, if they fainted not.

And what more lively and perfect emblem could we have of those messengers of glad tidings, who, at the command of the great Husbandman, go forth into heathen lands to preach the everlasting Gospel; to tell of Jesus, His love, His sorrow, His sufferings, His death, and glorious resurrection for the deliverance of His people from the avenging curse of an insulted God, and the deadly grasp of an implacable foe? The successful result of such a work seems small indeed when compared with the character and condition of the people to whom the message is sent, but more than equal to the ability of those who undertake it, not to speak of the nature of the message, which must appear very foolishness to the meanest intellect in its carnal and unregenerate state. But to those whom the Divine Husbandman calls as labourers into His vineyard, there is given grace to feel that, with the hidden process through which the heavenly seed passes on its way to the conversion of the sinner, they have nothing to do, nor are they accountable for the preparation of the hearts of their hearers—the soil in which the seed is deposited—all that is of the Lord. “In the morning they sow their seed, and in the evening they withhold not their hand, for they know not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”

And can anything be more dreary or cheerless

than the prospect that lies before the Missionary as he leaves friends and home behind him, to enter upon a long career of labour and endurance among savages; to be subject to their rudeness, their caprice, their violence; to wake up in the morning and encounter no faces but those of beings scarcely human, and to hear no voices but the wild, discordant tones of chattering or screaming barbarians; to be subject, day by day, to the uncouth manners and loathsome habits of men, women, and children, subject to no rule, constrained by no principle of shame or self-respect, and giving unrestrained license to the basest and most ferocious passions of their nature. This is no extreme picture; and this is the lot of the great majority of the sowers who go forth into heathen lands to sow the precious seed of God's word. But they go forth in faith; they look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen. The prospect that meets their eye now is dark and dreary; but they know that it is the Gospel which has made their own happy land to differ from that of their adoption, and they cannot doubt that the same divine provision for humanity's defects in England, is equally efficacious to encounter them in Africa, in America, and the isles of the sea. Let the blessed word only be proclaimed—let the Holy Spirit only breathe upon the hearts and understandings of

those who hear, and the most heathen land, the very abode of spiritual sterility and disorder, will soon be turned into a garden of the Lord.

3. And shall not those exult beneath whose sickle the teeming harvest has fallen, and who have been privileged to reap where others have sown? Theirs has been purely a labour of joy. They have watched the golden grain from its earliest appearance in the tender blade. Their hearts have been gladdened by the sunshine and the showers with which it was visited from above; and because of the many perils which it has braved, and the fears and anxieties it has excited, they rejoice more in the maturity of that corn field, than in the more sublime and imposing grandeur of the largest and loftiest forest trees over which the rain and the tempest pass in vain. In the spiritual husbandry the reapers are the angels. They are intensely interested in the coming harvest, and look down with keen delight upon the preparations made for its arrival. They have watched with parental care over the sowing and its produce, and more joy had they in the repentance and conversion of one trembling sinner, than in the unwavering loyalty of a hundred spotless beings like themselves.

O, what a harvest home for men and angels that will be, when God commands the latter to put in the sickle because the harvest is come. Then will the

wheat be gathered into God's granary from every nation, kindred, people, and tongue, and then will the beloved Redeemer sit down amongst His shining throng to celebrate the out-gathering and in-gathering of those for whom the "corn of wheat fell into the ground and died, that it might bring forth much fruit." In prospect of that eternal festivity, who that feels a Saviour's love will not resolve to have a place and a work in the seed time, that they may have a joy and a glory at the in-gathering. God forbid that any who read these lines should be constrained in that great coming day to exclaim, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved"

The Latest Journal.

The last mail has brought us full intelligence about our Missionary and his party. The latest letter written by him is from Rio de Janeiro, and is dated August 12, 1857. His visit to that city, which our readers will remember is the capital of Brazil, was for the purpose of trying whether he could stir up an interest among the British residents for the work in which he is engaged, similar to that which he was so successful in awakening at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. He also had in view the employment of the crew of the schooner at a season of the year when he could not visit Tierra del Fuego. Previous to his sailing for Rio de

Janeiro he was much employed at Keppel, and his Journal is full of that Island, and the progress of the work therein. Our friends will be glad to hear what he says of the Falklands generally, he writes :

“The more I hear and see of these Islands, the more am I convinced of this, the *abundance* of human food to be found in them *easily*. There are geese, upland and brant (?) grey ducks, widgeon, teal, snipe, curlew, herons—excellent eating, fish literally in *thousands*, eggs in tens of thousands, wild celery most abundant, also a very palatable cabbage cress. Then sheep, oxen, pigs, and goats thrive admirably, and turnips are here a most abundant and very delicate garden vegetable. A man with a gun and plenty of ammunition could live luxuriously anywhere in the Falklands, and even without *these*, for the *birds* are so tame that *stones* suffice for their *destruction*. But for winds most perverse, and for climate most unamiable, commend me to Her Majesty’s Colonial Possessions in the South Atlantic.”

During his absence at Tierra del Fuego, the brethren whom he left behind had not been idle, and on his return he was glad to find that much progress had been made in the erection of the Mission buildings. He says :

“Monday, June 1st.—Mr. Gardiner and the Doctor got their things together early and went ashore, I accompanying. Found that the cænobium is up, walls and roof, and makes a handsome addition to the settlement ; the second cottage raised three feet from the ground ; cattle all well—ditto rest of the stock.”

We rejoice to learn that the supply of food, both animal and vegetable, is, in the gracious providence of our God, continually on the increase, our Missionary thus reports progress in that direction :

“Bartlett reported favourably of the yield of potatoes, and likewise the quality; also that we have good prospect of swarming in the Island with pigs; also that the Mission Island sow has been killed and produced 144 lbs. of excellent meat, most of which has been converted into bacon and hams. Let no friends at home fear for the abundant diet of us out here. The Doctor shewed a storehouse provided with at least four months' supply of every thing, save bread and tea, which we can make up from on board, so if the place be not visited for this time they will not lack any comfort.”

All parties are kept to their work, but that work necessarily assumes various characters. From the following extract it will be seen that in versatility of talent and occupation, the man proves superior to the beast.

“Tuesday, June 2nd.—Yesterday and to-day crew have been busy in landing our cargo of Fireland wood, which is fairer to look at than what we brought from the Straits. This morning I set our cook, who is a blacksmith by trade originally, to make a new joist for the stove at Sullivan House, completely rusted out, which by the afternoon he accomplished. I inspected Juan's work at the cottage, and found it solid and good; pity he cannot make himself happy here, for we have much need of a mason's services—cottages, walls, chimneys, quay to build! Mulo has been very serviceable in hauling stone, and Farmer has actually twice ridden him, not however without being once run away with and once bogged! ‘but then you see, sir, we want one for drawing, and the likes of that, and not for riding,’ is honest William's consolatory reflection.”

Our brother feels that he must be a faithful shepherd to the little flock over which he presides at Keppel. Among his sheep he must not suffer one black one, lest

the others be corrupted. This obliges him to exercise at times a little wholesome severity, as in the following case.

“Saw the mason at work, told him he must get his things ready to come on board this evening. ‘Didn’t know—another man here now—another rule—did not much want to go.’ Well, I don’t send you away. You preferred going to giving up profane language. I am a minister of Christ, and must keep Christ’s law and enforce it. He says we must not swear, so I say you must not swear. If you prefer not to swear, and to stay to going, you need not go. I left him to think. By and bye he came to say he did not want to go. He has got a Bible and a New Testament in Spanish, and I hope and pray God may open his eyes that he may become wise. The loss of his valuable services would be much felt, and there is so much masonry to do. After dinner, Doctor, Captain, and self, started on a cruise in our long boat to Dry Island, to ascertain its capabilities as a pig and goat preserve. It was beautiful weather we had, and a fair though very light wind, so that we had a pleasant though long passage of forty-five minutes, (the distance from ship two miles.) We landed and walked round the bay, secure boat harbour, crossed the gravel neck, (covered at high tide) and I ascended, (only 70 feet to the highest point) whence the whole can be seen. It will exactly suit us, being so near Keppel Island, and all in smooth water, about one mile by half a mile, enough tussac, not too much, has very secure harbours, a shore covered with excellent roofing stone, and as good gravel for walks and roads, and some (at least) natural peat fit for fuel. I hope to get it as the complement to our 7,000 acres, or at any rate for £1 : 1 annual rent. We can then place pigs,

goats, and rabbits on it. The wind being light we were one hour and thirty-five minutes in returning, partly by sails, partly by two oars."

Having decided on visiting Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Despard repaired to Stanley to make preparation, but previous to departure, he says he "wrote a long fatherly address to be read to the Mission party." He had also some business to transact at the Colony, to which he thus refers :

"10th, Wednesday.—Saw Mr. W. K. about Dry Island. Wanted to get it as a complement of our 10,000 acres. He said we already had more frontage at Keppel Island than is usual with purchased land, and could not expect further indulgence. I argued that it would be only just for Government to give us every indulgence, inasmuch as our establishment is an important nucleus for the settlement of the West Falklands. 'It is not politic,' said he, 'to settle West Falkland till the East Falkland is well colonized, therefore your plea does not hold.' To this he adhered, so I had only to pay £1 per annum, and secure Dry Island, which I did."

The readers of our Occasional Paper, No. 7, will remember poor Sykes, the first mate of our schooner, whom Mr. Despard tried to promote to the rank of captain, but found after some trial so incompetent that he was obliged to reduce him to his original position. The following account of his end will be read with solemn feelings.

"I have omitted to record that last Tuesday, Wheeler brought the melancholy news, that Sunday morning, Sykes, last first mate of our schooner, had been drowned in Port Pleasant. The dingey of the sealing shallop in which he was engaged got adrift; Sykes, contrary to the dissuasion of the other sealers, insisted upon going into

the water to bring it back ; he swam out of the kelp, then was taken with cold or cramp, called out loudly, ' oh ! oh ! ' and sank to rise no more. His body was not found. Thus died a young, strong, and very moral man. He was rash, and prone to attempt more than he had skill to perform. I have written to his friends in England to break the sad tidings."

What a lesson of mortality ! May the Spirit sanctify it to all our hearts. May it constrain us to enquire are we resting on an immovable foundation, even Jesus, the Rock which no storm or billow can ever shake.

Surely a Missionary's sensitiveness must often be severely tried. Fancy the happy transition which a musical ear must undergo from the last squeak of a dying pig to the first tones of a newly-tuned musical instrument. Our brother writes :

"18th, Thursday. Cut up pig, being essay No. 1 in butchering, and repaired piano forte, looking after preparations for sea."

None but those who have been long absent from home and friends can realize the pleasurable excitement caused by the arrival of packages that speak of fatherland and of objects of tender remembrance there, whom neither time nor distance has been sufficient to alienate from us ; such parties will understand the feelings here portrayed.

"Monday, June 29. Astir early to see our packages in the *Victoria*. Captain B. had them brought up to us at 11 a. m. Three, one from Mrs. F. one from Mrs. B. and the other from Mrs. W. There was a regular hub-bub of excitement in our dining kitchen as I eased off the tops and opened up the contents of these precious chests ; but as always happens in human affairs, disappointment was mingled with delight. None proved the most important to the family, namely, that containing

the most valued memorials of distantly placed friends ; and to the little folks the great cakes of Scotch bread, a dear friend in wealthy Glasgow sent, proved mouldy through the heat of the tropics ; but then was there not *reason to rejoice in two boxes full of things in dress and implements, most useful in our negotiations with Firelanders and Huillichees, and in the other with commission goods and presents to ourselves?* I for one was not any thing but boastful in my luck—such a warm waistcoat, such two pairs of gloves, not to be had in South America for love or money, such warm hose, and oh ! such a half dozen shirts ; then new books, and all saturated and perfumed with kind thoughts and feelings. I'll now defy all anti-borean breezes to reach the integument of my outer man with their icy breath. When the business of unpacking, examining, and restowing was concluded, got to my pen, and wrote answers to Mrs. B. Mr. F. the Secretary, Miss R. Mrs. A. Mrs. H. Mr. F. Miss H. my brother, and reserved the rest of my friends to talk with on my way to Rio. Thus a busy and very happy day was spent, and in it, I trust, the God of love was not forgotten by us."

However anxious we at home may be for the commencement of real Missionary work by our brethren at Keppel, we may feel assured of it that they are no less so, and waiting is no less an exercise of faith to them than to us. That such exercise is needful to both parties we cannot doubt, and it is a subject of satisfaction and thankfulness to know that amidst their multifarious secular employments our brethren are "continuing steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." Mr. Despard writes :

"It is a comfort to know that we leave our young

men (at Keppel Island) in good health and strength and spirits, and human infirmity excepted, in harmony, with plenty of provisions and live stock, and plenty of work to employ their time usefully. I would they had among their employments their proper one, training and teaching natives, but, for this it pleases our Saviour we should yet wait, and if it pleases Him it *ought* to please us. I humbly hope, and constantly pray, that open doors may be set before us, to accomplish this, and by my late visit and its consequences, am led to expect our desire is soon to be granted. Cranmer will indeed be furnished complete, when there is in it a *school of natives*.

“5th July, Sunday. Service in Sullivan House—crew and officers of the ship with all shore party, save Emma Bartlett, and Juan, constituting a congregation of eighteen persons. Sermon on the Gospel for the day. Two prohibitions in gradation, with two negative promises; two commands also in gradation, with two positive promises; two reasons for the foregoing in gradation, too. People very attentive, and a blessing upon the Word expected. Lord’s supper administered, notice having been given before I left Cranmer last time. Communicants, Ellis, Phillips, Gardiner, Schmid, Tom Bridges, and Bartlett. We may hope there was a real presence of the Lord among us, (though not in the bread and wine,) to sanctify our souls by remembrance of His death, and faith in it as an atonement for our sins—could not help remarking how in the concluding prayer, care is taken to avoid, rather to dissipate the *Denisonian* idea. Accept this our sacrifice, of what?—the body and blood of Christ in the elements? No; of praise and thanksgiving. ‘We, and all Thy whole church may obtain remission of sins.’ By what?—the performance of this sacrifice? No; by the merits and death of Thy Son.

‘Here we offer and present,’ what?—a dead or living Christ in the elements? No; our living selves of whose presence and acceptability we have no doubt.”

We certainly should not think of preparing our Missionaries at home for their work of preaching the Gospel by putting them through a course of menial employments, and yet, considering how necessary it is that men who go among savages, to commend Christianity to the eye as well as to the ear, and first of course to the former, should be ready to exemplify the power of Christianity in every department of life, even the lowest and most laborious; we cannot regret that our Missionaries are receiving such training as Mr. Despard describes.

“Our Missionary young men are certainly not very nice in their avocations, *videlicet*, Ellis and Turpin paying the canvas roof of their new quarters with that very delectable dubbing, coal tar—Gardiner plodding through mud, mire, and muscles, leading the mule in draught of heavy stones and bricks for building—Schmid digging the Mission garden—Phillips attending the cuisine. Not having anything very precise to do, I acted as spectator of works, and arranged in my mind the position of future structures.”

Our Mission schooner, *Allen Gardiner*, is, we know, the subject of much anxious concern and earnest prayer to our Christian friends at home. We cannot help thinking that our Divine Pilot has led that little vessel, upon the safety of which, humanly speaking, so much of the success of our undertaking depends, safely through the many perils, and some of them imminent ones, which she has encountered since leaving these shores. We know that this is the conviction of our Missionary, and we rejoice at his determination to suffer no dishonour to God on board a ship which has been solemnly dedicated

to Him, and the care of which He seems so graciously to have accepted.

“July 11th, Saturday.—The day of launch, *i. e.* of nautic birth to the *Allen Gardiner*, so she has been now three years afloat. No boasting has room in this case, for she has not done half of what might have been accomplished, had she been in hands inspired with zeal for our Lord. She has been just three visits to the natives, two in the last six months. The crew have been busy all day getting water off from the shore, having to roll it up to their middle in water, till it floated, (in the casks) and then to tow four in a row through a mile of kelp to the schooner. Afterwards the casks had to be hoisted and lowered into the hold, and the rest of stores and gear stowed for our voyage. All hands, including Bunt, employed, save Mr. Boyd, sick of a severe bruise in the back by a stone of 1½ cwt. falling on him, so I did not take a boat for the shore, which otherwise I should have done, notwithstanding constant rain, but employed myself in putting my bed chamber, 5 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. to rights, and in other matters, domestic and literary.”

“July 12th, Sunday.—Informed that none of the men were going to church. Enquired and learnt from D. (one of the two grumblers, T. being his mate) that they were going to wash their clothes. ‘Not on Sunday in this vessel,’ said I; ‘it has been built, launched, and sailed in God’s service, and His holy day is not to be profaned in it with impunity.’ If you wash, it will be at your cost. ‘He had never before washed on Sunday;’ ‘nor will you now,’ said the Captain, ‘you had three weeks nearly idle in Stanley, plenty of time for washing, and there is nothing in the articles about giving you an afternoon in the week, so you have no cause to complain.’

‘It is very ill of you,’ added I, ‘getting as you do, everything to make you comfortable in this schooner, and yet offering such an affront to God, as to neglect His worship and profane His day. The time is coming, when you must repent, but it may be too late. Remember Sykes, suddenly cut off.’ They were ordered into the boat, and bade take their jackets, as they would have to remain on shore, whether they came to church or no; and on shore they had to abide, morning and afternoon. One relented in the afternoon, and came to church. Sailors are like children; the better they are treated, the more they want; and, whenever offended by an officer, fly at God, by refusing to come to His worship; that is, when hurt by another, they hurt themselves the more. F. and J. absent from service also, and all three landsmen in afternoon. We sadly want workmen influenced by Christian principles here; how will it do by and bye for native lads to see the irreligion of our men?”

Mr. Despard set sail from Keppel for Rio-de Janeiro, on the 14th of July, with a fair wind, which, however did not continue. He seems to have suffered much from the rolling of the vessel, and was obliged, for many hours together, to keep in his berth. However, the good and gracious Master, whom he was serving, gave him on the whole a favourable voyage; and he was enabled, much to his satisfaction, to conduct divine service regularly, on board. As the coals fell short during the passage, he and his companions seem to have suffered from cold; but, through mercy, they arrived safe at their destination. His observations on the objects that engaged his attention, as he comes in sight of land, are interesting. He thus proceeds:

“30th, Thursday.—Passed river Plate. Beautiful day,

but wind fallen very light. No right to complain of cold now, from 62° in cabin, got into shade on deck in the afternoon. At work on a model for a wind saw mill. Cape pigeon caught by the foot, and having been decorated with a ticket tied round its neck, and bearing ship's name, place, and date, let go again. These birds have been known to follow the same vessel from the Indian Ocean to St. Helena. When she runs fast they hasten; when she is slow, they loiter; but always flying, to and fro over her wake, and close to the stern, they seem never to sleep, if they do it must be flying. Latitude 33° we have not once sighted a vessel, 17 days out. We shall make our three weeks of it to the first Brazilian port, St. Catherines.

“31st, Friday.—Pretty fair and warm. Small brigantine seen about five miles off, first ‘sail ho!’ since we left Falklands.

As everything connected with the Falkland Islands is now a subject of interest to our friends, we extract some observations on eggs, which seem to be a staple commodity of those islands. Mr. Despard appears to have an eye to the use which may be made of this circumstance in connexion with the support of the mission in time to come.

“1st, August, Saturday. Dull weather, with topping sea, wetting decks considerably. Captain fishing for Albatrosses, though he hooked two, failed in bringing them on board, happy escape for the poor things; the only use to which they would have been put, their feet would have been converted into purses or tobacco pouches. The feathers of sea birds, though softer and more fleecy than poultry's, are ever greasy and liable to get musty; were it not for this, ‘our islands’ as I must call the Falklands, would be able to drive a good trade in feathers and down.

These roamers of the sea, by their eggs, can supply an immense provision to the inhabitants of the ocean islands, when they breed. Highly rancid in their own flesh, no disagreeable taste is imparted to their ova, on the contrary they are rich and very palatable; and these birds, unlike the fosters of the land, who prefer sequestered and solitary spots for nidification and laying, delight in open ground and in society; so that thousands of nests, and tens of thousands of eggs may be found in a couple of cubic yards. Though they usually lay but two, or at the most three eggs, yet, by removing them as fast as laid, they will deposit eight or nine; and individuals are found laying for two months in the year, October and November. I have read that oil and white of eggs make an excellent hard cement, or varnish. As then we have these materials in abundance, we may succeed in producing this useful article, and it may be manufactured for exportation."

"2nd August, Sunday. Wind fair—from six to eight knots; rather overcast and unpleasant weather, with occasional sloppings over the bulwarks. Service morning, 10½. Sermon on John xxi. 17. — "Lord, Thou knowest all things, and Thou knowest that I love Thee." Peter's full perception of the deity of his Master; love, its cause, its confirmation, its work; reasonably required from us by God. Evening service, 7; commentary on Romans viii. 12—17, being the epistle for the day; showing what the flesh, or principles of the world, is, and what the principles of God. How to mortify the deeds of the one through the influence of the other, under the teaching and help of the Holy Spirit, proves life eternal in the subject of such influence. Intervals filled up with reading Liefchild's Sabbath Day Book, a verbose and dull production to my thinking;

Spanish Evangelical Record, No. 2, which contains one mistake at least—that, Brazil excepted, the Spanish language is spoken from Cape Horn to the Caribbean Sea. I wish it were so, for then our work with Firelanders would be rather more expeditious. Our vessel rolled so constantly, creaked and rattled, that it was enough to distract a man of calmer brains than me. We have never had such constant agitation as in this voyage; but “all things for the Lord’s sake” be my motto.

“3rd August, Monday. Wind and weather ditto. Vessel sighted from mainyard. ‘Land ho!’ at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, a.m. supposed to be Cape St. Maria Grande, south of San Catharina 30 miles; we may be in port by to-morrow at this time, just in time to catch the mail for England.

“By 3, p.m. we were working our way towards the southern gullet of San Catherina. The passage seemed very narrow, with a reef, over which the sea broke white in foam and sheet, high on the left, and a projecting point on the right; but the wind was beautifully fair, so we went on. By and bye we espied just by Shipwreck Point, (Punta Naufragos,) a neat mansion, with one or two outhouses hard by, and people walking about. Then we came in full sight of a fort, on the craggy isle, whence the reef ran out, and just under it rude barracks, with negro soldiers in various attitudes, and on a piece of green, three bullocks grazing. We then up with colours and jack at the fore for a pilot; but no pilot came, tho’ a man in straw hat paddling up in a canoe was at first (and as it proved mis-) taken for him. Nevertheless sounding constantly we sailed on up this narrow channel, passing single cottages and small groups of houses on either hand. Both sides we had high hills, and their look was very much that of Fireland, without the snowy crown. By 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, p.m. we dropped anchor for the first

time (in my career) in Brazilian waters, off the village of Cedros, and with the falling of the anchor rose my thanksgiving to that gracious God, who has for twenty-one days guided and guarded us without hurt or loss of any kind, through 1400 miles of stormy and boisterous ocean, and this followed prayer that He would guide us still, and prepare us trusty friends, a good market, and an opening for the cause. My present plan—subject to a pair of 'ifs,' is to make arrangement with an agent here to purchase the articles required by our Mission, and by Mr. Dean; to leave the vessel, and charge Bunt to have these things expeditiously embarked; then to proceed, on the 7th instant, by the mail steamer to Rio Janeiro; make there my enquiries respecting openings Missionary, and an appeal to the English community for help; return on the 17th, and finding cargo under hatches, return to the Falklands. The 'ifs' are that there be here a suitable market, and a to-be-trusted agent; that the steamer for Rio from the Plate touches here. Let Him who is wise determine what my steps shall be. Amen.

(*To be continued.*)

The Infant's Offering.

Our readers will unite with us in thankfulness, that some of our brethren and sisters in Christ have been permitted to rejoice the hearts of our beloved Missionary and his family, by sending them the testimonies of love and esteem referred to in this number of our publication. But we desire especially to invite the attention of our youthful readers to *one* of the boxes, received by the Rev. G. P. Despard, which has touched and warmed his heart; and which, in the hands of the blessed Spirit, may prove as a live coal, to quicken the fire of love, in

the hearts of the youngest members of the Lord's family. In the large town of Liverpool are many godly men and women, to whom a voice from on high has said, "Remember Patagonia and Fuegia." They have heard and obeyed the call; but there is also an assemblage of infant children in that great town, to whom, as it would appear, the same words have been spoken, and whose hearts have been stirred up to say with the child Samuel, "speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth." A lady writes: "I assure you there are many little ones in Miss ——'s school, who have become very familiar with the Patagonian Mission, and the names of Mr. and Mrs. Despard." But what could infant children do, to *shew* their interest and their love? They had scarcely any money to spend, but somehow or other they contrived to get materials, to make up presents for the poor savages; and when they wanted pins, they went about, and *picked them up*, and brought them to their kind teacher as "Patagonian Pins." At last they collected a great many things together, and sent them out to Mr. Despard with the following note: "Please sir, this is a box of things for the poor Patagonians, please tell them we love them, and we would like to tell them how God loves them, and Jesus came from heaven to save sinners, and will come again soon, for His own people. We ask God to make them ready for Him, and to make your heart glad. From the little children of St. Bride's Infant School. February, 1857."

Dear children, if the Lord gives you a work to perform, which He is sure to do, if you belong to Him, He will help you in it, show you how to do it, and accept your feeblest effort, for the sake of His dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Means and the End.

This is a mechanical age, we are told. And doubtless when we see Bibles printed, and battles fought, and chicken hatched by the appliances of steam, it is useless to deny the charge. But is the charge altogether a damaging one? The progressive sweep of events seems at any rate to negative the idea. It may be that Man stands out less prominently as Art prevails; and that individual power falls more into the background now than in the days when a Loyola or a Luther awakened the religious instincts of Europe, and marshalled them for the battle. It may be that this dominant mechanical spirit moulds, and tempers ambitious action; or curbs the eccentric efforts of unquiet hearts. For the advances of science, however rapid, are yet orderly. And the spirit of adventure, to be successful, must seldom over-step her orderly arrangements. The most scientific general wins the battle. Method, with all its commonplaces, has entered the field of enterprise. And enthusiasm itself must act a handmaid's part, or risk becoming quixotic. But, in submitting to these conditions of our time, we must not suppose that the objects towards which modern efforts are directed lose *caste* in proportion to the methodical, or, as we say, mechanical mode

in which they are pursued. The noblest and most spiritual efforts take their place side by side with the commonest, and most selfish, in the arena of life. In the same way the greatest men move up and down amid the meanest of their race, hampered and restrained by the conditions of a world, which in spirit they are not of. The discerning eye must separate between the good and the bad, the wheat and the chaff. This warning is not useless: for there is a cavilling spirit abroad, and a tendency to degrade the true character of objects by ridiculing the means adopted to achieve them. The multitude rarely estimate rightly the processes of action. They can understand a result, but the influences at work to produce that result they are often ignorant of, and oftener despise. New Zealand being a Christian country; Sierra Leone being a centre of Christian light for Western Africa; the converts to Christianity in India being loyal; the strong but strangely elemented Christian tone of opinion in China; these are facts, which the world admits, after scoffing for so many years at the instrumentality, which God has blessed to their production. Much, very much, imperfection do we lament over even in the holiest efforts of man: but where shall we look for human work unmarred, and unblemished by the finger of sin? There is enough to make us "thank God and take courage," when we

know He accepts our services, and crowns them with a blessing. The weak things of the earth are chosen to confound the mighty. And, indeed, it would seem to be one of the arrangements of Providence that some of the noblest results of Christian effort should be linked with, and continually affected by, the incidents and impulses of every-day life. Thus Missionary enterprise, with all its lustre of triumph, and manifold achievement, yet puts on its outer garb of familiar life; and in deference to the circumstances of the day maintains its festive gatherings, and organized associations, its printing presses, and its platforms.

We certainly have no sympathy with those who refuse to acknowledge that in the survey of the varied Christian agencies in the world there is much that is beautiful, much to fill the heart with gratitude to God. It may be, indeed, more agreeable to the taste of some to concentrate their gaze; and tracing, perhaps, the outlines of an apostle's history, to group together the varied instances of apostolic faith, serene in danger and triumphant in difficulty. Such an outline filled in with all the warmth, and brilliancy of colouring, which a loving spirit can command, may win the heart perhaps more than the wide-spreading agencies of a later Christianity. And surely in this little journal, connected as it is

with God's work in South America, the name of one of apostolic faith and zeal, the leader of the "forlorn hope" against the fortresses of spiritual darkness in that quarter of the globe, need not be mentioned, as furnishing the outlines of such a picture. But it were wrong to suffer any personal histories, full of spiritual heroism though they be, to warp our minds and cloud our eyes, as we gaze upon the manifold forms, which religious effort in modern times is assuming. We are far from claiming for these forms that complete symmetry, and regularity of growth, which leave nothing to be desired. But viewed in the light of heaven—and as respects the spirit which animates them—we may safely and thankfully regard them as among the fairest features of the Lord's kingdom upon earth.

We know how difficult it is for people generally to take such a view of the case. Far easier, and more frequent, is it, to find fault, and (instead of seeking to discover on earth testimonies to, and instruments of, a divine purpose and work) to exaggerate short-comings, and disparage the holiest aims. And yet is it really to be wondered at, or made a cause of serious offence, if earthly instruments prove unequal to fully carry out a heavenly work? How feeble are all human things, how weak is every natural voice and symbol to embody, and to express the truths of

God! What a heavy mass of rude and shapeless matter does the surface of our planet offer when robbed of the genial rays and warmth of heaven! It is the clear blue arch over-spanning all—and the floating cloud—and the sun-light in the valley—and the star-crowned peak, and purple twilight—and the crested wave flushed with crimson—that make our world so lovely, and the habitation of beauty. But what if to one gazing on some glowing scene at even-tide, and rapt in admiration, a bystander should seek to break the spell of pleasure by discanting on marsh miasms, or the offensiveness of vegetable decay? Well might the indignant spirit rise, and bid the disturber hush; or pity weep for one with eye too dim to see the beauty and expressive harmonies of the world around him. Yet if such an one excite our indignation or our pity, what shall be said of him who, blind to the glory of the work of God, and the beauties of the spiritual landscape, is ever pointing out defects, and harping upon failures? Are we wrong in supposing that the candid and reflective mind discountenances all such ill-judged criticism? We think not. And in fact, to ourselves it seems at once the privilege and the sign of a generous heart to register triumphs rather than defeats; and, while by no means denying, but often grieving over, too partial successes, nevertheless to be content with what is best under actual circumstances.

It is unnecessary to look far for an illustration of our meaning in the foregoing remarks. The Mission work, of which the "Voice of Pity" is the journalist, is peculiarly apposite. Possibly no attempt to evangelise the heathen in modern times has encountered more obstacles, or been regarded with more suspicion. The noble deeds of Captain Gardiner were ridiculed by the world as acts of folly and imprudence. And no marvel, for the standard of virtue in the carnal heart is success. Crowned with this, crimes themselves look splendid and fascinating. Without it, virtue weeps and bears her cross. The friends, however, of Captain Gardiner determined, by the grace of God, not to be dismayed: and, with a zeal and wisdom, chastened by experience, appealed to the Christian public to carry out the designs of the lamented Gardiner, but with new and improved plans. Instead of the main land, the Falklands were to be the seat of the Mission station. A vessel was to be built, equipped, and used for the furtherance of direct Missionary work amongst the Patagonians and Fuegians; and for securing readily the necessary supplies of food for those composing the Mission party. On the strength of these carefully-arranged plans, sanctioned and approved by the most competent authorities, the Christian public came nobly forward to support the Mission, and it has suc-

ceeded thus far. On no other conditions, it may be safely affirmed, would the contributions of Christians towards this object have been advanced. The sad fate of Captain Gardiner, and his martyr brethren, naturally inspired all minds with the necessity of caution. And it may be added, that no mean authority considers the caution and foresight, which have been used, to be as necessary now as ever. The direct spiritual work may thereby perhaps proceed very gradually, and prove to some a cause of suspicion and anxiety; but faith with the public requires the Committee not to set aside their original plans, until experience decides on the expediency and safety of a settlement upon the shores of Patagonia, or Fuegia. Looking at this aspect of the Missionary enterprise, and stripping it of its true bearing and importance, some raise a cry against the society for wasting its energies in secular arrangements. Nothing but what is for the furtherance of the spiritual work, for the extension of the kingdom of our blessed Lord, and the deliverance of souls from death, will the Committee of this society sanction. Secular means, however, may be needful for spiritual ends. Yet the Falkland settlement is never intended to absorb the strength of a Christian zeal, excited on behalf of the South American races. But, while faith longs to enter without delay into the heavenly work, we must

not forget that it is quite in accordance with the will of God to do all that Christian foresight deems necessary to secure success. Keppel Island is but a base of operations for the soldiers of the cross in their advance on those territories, the shores of which are hallowed by the memorials of our noble van-guard, and the splendour of their faith in Christ. But difficulties have arisen and must arise, difficulties which may well send us to the footstool of a throne of grace. There we know they can be removed. The great author of Missionary enterprise—Himself the Sent of God—no sooner was baptized than He was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And shall His disciples be exempt from temptations in the wilderness? It cannot be. But faith shall overcome them all. Our promised Helper, our Guide, our Counsellor, and Comforter is the Holy Ghost. By His grace we shall not fail, or be discouraged. By His grace we shall be found faithful witnesses in South America of the love and salvation of Jesus.

The Latest Journal, (continued.)

When we cut short the Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard, in last month's "Voice of Pity," the *Allen Gardiner* was lying at anchor in Brazilian waters, off the village of Cedros. Not without a plan, subject, however, to a most important pair of "ifs," had our Missionary directed thither the little schooner's prow. The necessity for materially altering that plan, in deference to those rigid masters of ceremony, will appear as we fulfil our promise of continuing the Journal.

"Tuesday, August 4th.—Anchor weighed at 7 a. m., and sail made up the gullet of San Catharine; (what a singular expression, enough to create nausea!) and a very pretty sail too, for we kept passing country houses and hamlets on each side of this narrow, smooth water, in most picturesque placing. Thus we proceeded, sounding our way till 10 a. m., when we were in full front of Nossa Senhora do Desterro, the capital of the island and province. There were some eight schooners and brigs anchored in front, a cathedral raising its two square-corner towers in the rear, on the right, on an elevated platform, a fine mass of building with chapel in front, which we set down as government house, and on the left and round all, rose fine hills with trees, palm and others, and green opes intervening. At 10½ a. m. our anchor fell in three fathoms, our ensign floated at the staff, and our number lay at the main. No boat from the town, however, greeted our arrival. Captain and self prepared to land, and seek out the consul, Mr. Callandar. Just as the boat was being lowered, two authority cutters came under the imperial cabbage leaf, (Brazilian colors are green, with a yellow badge, crown imperial, a decayed spot in the leaf,) ergo, we

abode their honors' pleasure, an elderly gentleman in blue specs, and a thin little Portugee man following, came on board—descended to the cabin. 'Whence have you come?' (in Portuguese) what have you brought, &c. but his queries were interrupted by a civil, good humoured, very old gentleman in naval undress, captain of the port, speaking a very little English, who continued the examination and wrote particulars on paper. I was asked for my passport; had none of course from the Falklands. 'You must call then at the police office, at 9 a. m. to-morrow, but you may go on shore to-day, when and where you like.' Coming on deck, found a young German, clerk to a Portugee merchant, speaking English. Asked him for the British Consul. 'He died last week.' 'Mr. Callandar?' 'No, Mr. Hitton.' 'How?' 'He had been troubled with thieves, prepared a gun with a charge of salt wrapped in a rag, to go off by a string, so that the thief should discharge it on himself, and wound himself slightly in the extremities; was showing and explaining this machine to the wife of a German pastor, ministering to a German colony two miles hence, when, in his excitement, he pulled the trigger, and received the charge, not scattered, into his abdomen, and in two days died.'

"'Is there any English merchant in San Catharine?' 'No.' 'Can American lumber deals, and shingles be bought here?' 'No. Plenty of the heavy, native wood, very heavy and very hard.' 'Does the English mail packet stop here?' 'No. Two steamers a month, Brazilian, go to Rio, next on the 12th.' I saw at once my scheme, yesterday put on paper, must to day be modified; the *Allen Gardiner* must go to Rio, the fever is quite abated, and the port is safe. There is none here."

In a strange land, where the language, and religion,

and customs of the people are all foreign, and when business of importance presses one into action, the value of a single friend all must appreciate. No wonder then we find our active Missionary, under such circumstances, asking from God "guidance, and friends, and a good market." It is the sign of a spiritual mind to recognise God in all things. It is in fact only as the heart is capable of the highest spiritual worship, that it realises the precept enforced upon us as Christians, that "whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we do all to the glory of God."

"We manned the gig and landed, but not before I had given God thanks for our safe arrival, and prayed Him for guidance, for friends, and a good market. We came to the custom jetty, scarce were we up the stairs when a very pleasant looking young man enquired in English if I were captain of the English schooner? 'No; Bunt *there*.' 'Because,' said he, 'I am captain of a barque in the offing, have been here for provisions some days, know that it is a nest of sharks, and am willing to help you with them (against them, rather) all I can. What have you brought? what do you want?' We soon told him as much as suited our purpose, and sauntered along with him to see the place. He conducted us to the counting house of a merchant, who had been very friendly to him. Here we found the merchant and three friends playing cards, at 11½ a. m., just beside his desk. 'Not much business here, quotha.' What we heard on board was confirmed; but we found prices of farinha, meal, corn, rice, and coffee, much lower than in Stanley; coal, £4 : 12s. a ton; (Stanley, £3,) no deals, no shingles; they use tiles, which are £1 : 10s. a thousand, but too heavy for our winds, besides requiring a deal of mortar. On remarking to our new friend,

who had announced himself a German, how well he spoke our tongue, he said, 'I ought, my father was English; my wife, who is here, is English too.' Captain W. gave us all needful directions about custom-house dues, showed his bill of charges, introduced us to an agent (whom we are required to have,) got his charge stipulated, (Captain W. speaks Portugee well) took us to the market, got beef for us at a low price, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb, then accompanied us on board, and wrote out our manifest in Portugee, gave a price per bag of the produce I want, and the weight of the bags, (they go by measure, and so differ in weight.) Nothing could be more friendly and obliging than he. He made many enquiries about Stanley, Fireland, the Straits. He is bound round the Horn for Valparaiso, with cargo of yerba, in the *Bertha*, of 280 tons.

"After dinner, a frugal meal, as we have as yet only a few pieces of wood to make a fire, we went ashore, in company with our new friend. I made up my mind to purchase a few pounds' worth of the above-named articles, for our Mission party's benefit, and so was taken to the Brazilian gentleman, whose strange morning employment I have noticed. We were conducted to his *salle-à-manger*, introduced to Mrs. W. a nice little woman from Liverpool, item, to Mrs. Braziliano mercando, regaled with coffee, (wine offered but refused) gave a list of our requirements, which would be provided by the merchant, (he does not keep such things) without any charge for agency. After some pleasant conversation with the merchant and the ladies, through our W.'s hermeneutics, we sallied forth all four for a walk, traversed the town along the seaboard, and ascended to the hospital, which I wished to visit. From the area of this edifice we had a nice view of

the little harbour and town of Desterro, and in its several chambers of sickness saw some of our suffering fellow-creatures lodged most comfortably, I may say handsomely. One was an aged German, to whom I spoke, in his mother tongue, of the Saviour who shed His blood for sinners, and bespoke His love for him. The hospital is under sisters of charity, to one of whom I was introduced as a 'Missionary.' She asked in French if I was going to teach the people of this country. I said, the people of the south. On leaving her ward, we encountered a priest in his canonicals; to him I was not introduced, but we mutually saluted each other and passed on. There is a school for girls of respectable parents in the building, under the ghostly sisters, and a foundling ward, with a turning cage for the babies, with the inscription 'when forsaken by my parents, in Divine Providence is my shelter,' in Portuguese. One Brazilian remarked, 'negresses never bring children hither, because they feel no dishonour in bearing them;' he should have said, because being slaves, their masters claim all their increase, not caring for how they come. Hence we were conducted to the house and garden of our merchant's mother-in-law, where I saw coffee growing, bananas, and oranges, and cocoa-nut palms, new things and interesting. We were regaled again with coffee, and I was asked whether I were a padre, to which I of course said yes, of the Protestant faith. Captain W. said, that 'when Mr. Hitton was dying, the priests tried to convert him, but failing, they refused to inter him in consecrated ground, when dead.' There is no Protestant minister in the town, indeed I should think out of 8,000 or 10,000 inhabitants there are not ten Protestants. The government is said not to be bigoted, and as proof, to pay 600 milreis a year to the German Protestant pastor

of the German colony, whilst the usual priest's allowance is but 300 milreis (of 2s. 4d. each).

"Mrs. W. told me that in the camp neighbouring on Portalega, in Brazil, where she has been staying, are many wild Indians, who much molest by forays the inhabitants thereof. There is only one effectual barrier against them, the love of God, planted by the preaching of the Gospel and watering of the Spirit. May God permit us to minister in these to them some day. Whilst I am writing this our custom-house officer has been reading in the Portuguese Bible for half-an-hour, perhaps the first time in his life.

"I cannot help regarding the chronicled events of this day as a manifest answer to prayer. 'Raise us up a friend,' said the petition. He waits; the first person to salute us on landing, Captain W."

The rapid touches of Mr. Despard's pen reveal to us many a vivid glimpse of Brazilian life. Our readers will not complain if we follow them pretty regularly. The immediate work of the Mission is of course not dwelt upon at every point, for the *Allen Gardiner* was now chartered on a double errand. And although our beloved and trusted Missionary ever shows what is uppermost in his heart, and displays sympathies ever widening and deepening, for the service of his Master, while his soul is vexed with the world-wide manifestations of the power of evil, we must yet bear in mind that he was called to engage in the common businesses of life, and that his Journal, therefore, is largely occupied therewith.

"August 5th, Wednesday.—Breakfast over early and away for the shore. Called upon Senor Bonaventura D. S. V. and found with him still, Captain William W., our yesterday made friend. He interpreted for us to V., who with ready kindness took us to the

custom house, (Alfandega,) and set matters in train for our entrance and departure or clearance, and then went with me to the Oficio da Policia, as commanded yesterday, with captain of the port. My position as dono, or acting owner of the vessel, and Missionary was explained, and he agreed I did not require a pass as not coming under category as passenger, but I must shew myself at the Bureau; so to the Bureau-crat I did exhibit my reverend exterior, and was interrogated per French, into my nationality, antiquity, and benedixity, and was entered as dono negociand in his book, which is certainly a correct representation of the man under present circumstances, for I am as 'owner,' and as 'merchant.' Wonderful not even a rei to pay. All the ensuing time was spent in dawdling about, waiting for the authorities to write up all the documents necessary to allow a small schooner to be two days at anchor, quarter mile off, to take in a week's firewood, and twenty bags of cheap provisions, value as many pounds. This was business to occupy the custom-house officers, and Belgian consul and clerk (pro Consule Britannico) from 9½ a. m. till 3 p. m., but perhaps they played a game or two at cards, to refresh their wearied minds in that period.

"All the protests, permits, certificates, bills, receipts, in-front-ments, and en-dorse-ments finished, and money paid by 3¼, and found that for coming without a pilot, and going out with one, for daring to occupy of salt water room off the town of our Lady of Desterro, just 71 feet \times 11 \times 10½ feet, for 48 hours, nay for 34, and for venturing to buy 20 bags of native produce, I must pay £7:10s. Truly it seems the aim of civilized government to hinder as much as possible commercial enterprise, and the exportation of produce. China everywhere.

"Senor V. all honor be to him as the stranger's friend,

he bought my goods for me and sold them at same price, and charged just nothing for agency, was as commissaire de ville at my service, and invited me to dine.

“A dealer in Farinha do Melho, wanted to charge seven milreis per bag because I am an Englishman, a foreigner. ‘You are a rogue,’ said V. ‘it is only five milreis in the market, and because he is a foreigner is the very reason you should not attempt to impose on him; I will therefore buy none from you.’ Captain W. and his wife came hither perfect strangers, and took up their lodgings at the hotel. V. had seen, but not spoken with them in the steam boat. He went to the hotel, would take no refusal to his proposal; that they should move to his house, and gave them hospitality two weeks; laid in all W.’s stores for him at cost price, and would not hear of a farthing for agency; offered even to lend him money on his word, to repay when convenient. People said ‘is the captain rich?’ ‘No, I don’t know.’ ‘Who is he?’ ‘No conosco, I am not acquainted.’ ‘But you have taken him and senora to your house.’ ‘Yes, they were strangers.’

“A little while ago three Germans came hither in distress from the Plate, called for relief on the German consul, who lives in a house of V.’s at half the rent. ‘Who are you?’ ‘I don’t know—go away.’ They called begging upon Senor B. ‘Distressed? here is a milrei (2s. 3d.) a-piece for your comforts, there is my warehouse for your lodging, and my provisions for your food.’ When the steamer for Rio arrived, he paid a deck passage for the three, thirty milreis. ‘Now, M. Consul, pay me half the expenses of these your Germans.’ ‘Not I, you were a fool to believe those you did not know.’ ‘Very well, such a man as you shan’t harbour under a roof of mine—leave in a month.’ ‘Please don’t.’ ‘Yes,

or your things are put in the street.' The hard-hearted consul had to turn out. But Senor B. da S. V. says, 'as for me, I do not believe one bit in the Roman Catholic religion; if the priest should come to confess my wife well, I would expel him the house, if to confess my wife sick, I would say, I will confess her myself, that's better, and then say, good bye, a happy journey to you. I like the Protestants best.'

"In San Catherine are five schools for boys, and masters are not hindered by government from sending their slaves to school. So Brazil is in advance of Virginia, Carolina, &c. which impose a fine of £10 on every one who attempts to teach reading to a slave. Whilst waiting to get off, an old negro came up looking sad. I asked him if he were sclavo. 'Si señor.' 'Born in Brazil?' 'No señor, in Africa. I was made captive and brought hither.' I gave him a trifle, which he gladly took, after first kissing the hollow of his hand, as if to sanctify the palm with an osculum of love ere it would be fit to receive love's donum; and then he looked up to Dios and imprecated a blessing upon the donor. There are of course many of these abused fellow men about to excite one's sympathy. Yet how much cheaper and better is free labour. A negro of four years old costs £100 English, a full grown man £500; interest for money can be had on good security (W. told me) up to 16 per cent. How much then does an owner lose in the interest of money, before his slave can be of any use, and after he has grown past labour, besides his food; and then the hour after he is bought he may lose all in the slave's death. Oh no, but slaves' lives are insured. And then there is the policy to pay in addition to loss of interest. Then slaves rob their masters right and left; if discovered are flogged. But they rob again and

again; they can be turned away or sold, as they can't be warranted free from vice. Slavery ranks with murder in God's court, 'He that stealeth a man and selleth him, shall surely be put to death.' How can a slave-owner say, Bless me, even me, thou God who releasest the captive, and art wherever Thou comest a free Spirit? Negroes were not doomed to slavery, it was Canaan's seed, not all Ham's, whom God thus punished. These negroes are sons of Cush and Phut.

"Put off in our gig at 3½, or say 4 p. m. in company with multitudes of oranges, lemons, bananas, and great squashes; fruit is very cheap here; 100 oranges for nine-pence, and 63 lemons for five-pence; more than 60 bananas nine-pence, great squashes six-pence. Got on board; guard dismissed; and as he seemed to take to the Bible, gave him a Portugueza Biblia, in the hope he may find eternal life therein.'

"Thursday, August 6.—So calm that we could not get more than three or four miles through the northern basin of this channel of San Catharine. I employed my time in letter writing; Captain in fishing, smoking, and eating fruit; and old Practico (the pilot) in sounding, (while the schooner was at anchor) and talking to himself aloud in *lingoa Portugueza*."

We now take up Mr. Despard's Journal from his arrival at Rio de Janeiro. How the Lord again prospered His servant and raised up new friends for His work, and permitted our Missionary to preach in His name the glad-tidings of great joy, will be seen in the course of the narrative which we now copy from Mr. Despard's Journal.

"13th August, 1857.—Rio de Janeiro. Immediately after breakfast mustered my letters and accompanied Capt. Bunt ashore. We went first to Mr. F. ship-chandler,

to whom I received a letter from Bowden. He was very civil, and promised all aid in his power. If length of days should speak with authority respecting places as well as things, Mr. F. ought to have some weight in opinions about Rio, as he has been here a sojourner for thirty-two years. Mr. F. sent his young clerk, Mr. Wm. C., to show us to the British Consulate, where I had letters of introduction to the Consul, Mr. W., and Vice-Consul, Mr. H. I gave in my letters and was kindly received, but *particular* attentions were adjourned to another day, as now they were all fingers full of writing for the mail to close this evening. There I found a letter in my dear wife's hand-writing, which I dared not open without inward prayer to receive its contents aright, either with meek resignation or grateful joy. The latter, praise be to God, was permitted to be my emotion; the burden being all well and proceeding pretty comfortably. Five letters from my children, three *autographs*, and two per mother-amanuensis—were much prized appendices to the letter. From the Consulate we were conducted to Messrs. P. & Co. to whom I had been introduced by Mr. O. and whom, as a chief house and first acquaintance, I named to the Alfantega as our consignee. Mr. W., the chief man, was out; but No. 2 was very obliging, and sent the ship's husband with us to custom house, where Captain Bunt had to be had about from clerk to clerk, (from 'pillar to post') for an hour or two, and was then informed he might call again to-morrow, and hand in a list of stores on board, &c. There were delivered sundry other letters of introduction and business, and a call made upon a watchmaker, who was so honest as to dissuade the repair of a watch at a cost of £1 7s. because not *worth* it!—not *mine*. Afternoon, ashore

again to hand in two other letters for England. Saw Rev. Mr. G., chaplain, he was very kind, showed me the way to his church, and complied with my request to use its pulpit in making known our Mission, not only once, (next Sunday) but following Sunday also; but the formation of an auxiliary I fear will not follow, Mr. G. being much out of health and spirits, and the country not having a *Mission tone*, but we shall see. Mr. G. said he had been well acquainted in Ireland with Captain Despard, our late secretary's father. He, Mr. G. was formerly master of a merchantman, and now a licensed pilot under the Great Harbour Master. Oh how deeply laden are the *craft* he has to conduct, laden with worldliness, a dead weight more perilous than those active transgressions, which cannot be carried without being felt. From the sea I was much pleased with a part of the town on the left of approach, and wished much I could wield the artist's pencil in oils to show its beauty thus to my friends; but the streets of the town, even principal ones, as Rua d'Œuvidor and Rua Direita, are narrow, with coarse ill-laid trottoirs, and down the centre, towards the sides' incline, runs the drain, open and unwholesome. There are no fine shops, and nothing worthy of the capital of the only empire in America, and of size nearly equal to Russia in Europe. The streets swarm with negro porters, (slaves, of course) running along with all sorts of things on their heads; bales, bags, boxes, bottles; sometimes enlivening their steps with an odd tune, the verbal burden of which sounded like jingo jango, ningo nango. Talking of slavery with Mr. F., he said, Brazilians are growing more and more inclined to emancipate the slaves, and, in proof, that there is now being raised by subscription and by several lotteries, a sum of money to be expended on the 7th September, the

day of Brazil's independence from the (little) mother country, in purchasing the freedom of as many Brazil-born slaves as it will go for; and also that the government has been petitioned to devote the revenue derived from the slave tax in the municipality of this city, for the same object. The old Portuguese, however, in Brazil, are staunch tories in slavery. There are about one hundred and fifty Chinamen here, employed in the Imperial dock yard. The shipping here is quite a forest of masts, off the island of Cobras, and three or four arriving daily. There are steamers cutting about in all directions. Some ferry boats to Braganza, (over the harbour), some tugs, some hospital purveyors, some long shorers, and one or two go across the great ocean. The city is lit with gas, the produce of English coal, and of this mineral there is here a very large supply; yet are there most valuable coal mines in Brazil, not worked for want of workmen. Mr. G. to-day introduced me to Captain H. of the *Indefatigable*, who had already heard my name and errand.

"14th August, Friday. We began to move early towards the loading ground, inside of Cobras Island, with, however, scarce an air stirring. At 9, the *Tamar* steam ship, for England, passed us very near, and on her deck was Mr. William R., late acting secretary of the colony at Stanley, we saluted each other cordially en passant. In him the Committee may find an uninterested authority as to our Missionary proceedings out here, and as to Keppel Island. We were obliged to tow up to our anchorage."

There is something almost amusing in the qualifications which Mr. Despard asserts for himself as a Missionary, in some of the following extracts. Well nigh everywhere he goes he claims a place in the ample kinship of nations, and has, we hope, his claims allowed.

"At 10, landed. I went to Mr. P., and saw the acting partner, Mr. W."

Having spoken on business, Mr. Despard continues :

"We conversed together on the fever, the Brazilian superstition, &c., sale of bibles, distribution of tracts. Afterwards, at F.'s he called to invite to dine and spend the day at Botafogo to-morrow, as it will be a holiday, the anniversary of a grand Romish lie, the assumption of the Virgin Mary, *i. e.* that like Elijah she was taken to heaven in the body. Here I met Mr. Mc L. and found him a native of Nova Scotia, and very well acquainted with several of my nearest relations there. He became very civil, and asked me to come and stay at his house. He has been three years a shipwright, he is a B. M. of Edinburgh, and has been a whaler, proving some versatility of genius. An American ship-chandler finding in me half a countryman, (my mother was born at Salem, Massachusetts) became also very civil and offered any assistance. Thus in my nativity the way was preparing for me to travel about as Missionary. If I find an Irishman, I am Irish (my father was so); if American of the United States, I am a first cousin; if an American of the colonies, I am a brother, my mother's family lived and do live in Nova Scotia; if a Portuguese, I am a compatriota, I was born in Lisbon; if an Englishman, I am in heart and spirit and life and education John Bull; if a Frenchman by ancestry on both sides, I am of France; by liking and language I claim relationship to Germans; by matrimony I have affinity with West Indians, Canadians, and Italians. This morning and afternoon have been busy looking up cargo. The day was rainy, and air still and sultry. Streets excessively dirty and disagreeable."

(To be continued.)

Head Quarters of the Society.

Our readers will be anxious to know the result of a Meeting which was advertised on the cover of last month's "Voice of Pity." It was held, according to notice, in the Society's Mission House, 6, Westbourne Place, and attended by such Members as convenience of locality, or anxiety for the cause, induced to be present. There were some who had not shrunk from a long night's journey, after their clerical duties on the preceding day of Humiliation, in order to take part in deliberations bearing so critically on the Society's welfare. Most grateful ought all to be to them. In the presence of so much energy amongst its Members, we may augur well for the Society's future. But not the display of zeal and energy so much as the undoubted manifestation of a simplicity of purpose, and prayerfulness of spirit, cheers us at this moment as we recall the circumstances of the Meeting. In an assembly convened on purpose to promote the free expression of opinion it was not to be expected that no difference would arise; yet amid diversities of opinion there was but one spirit—a spirit of love and conciliation, worthy of the hearts of those united in a common effort for the glory of God.

The relative advantages of London and Clifton, as the future head quarters of the Society, were largely canvassed; and the decision of the Meeting was in favour of Clifton. We only hope that the Friends of the Society in that place will, in the united power of prayer and faith, resume their Christian labours in its behalf, setting an example to the country at large of attachment to the cause, and zeal for Christ's command to "Make disciples of all nations."

The following lines, taken with but slight alteration from "Hope Deferred, not Lost," have been set to Music, and dedicated by the composer to the memory of the late Captain Allen Gardiner, R. N. We have not yet seen a copy of the piece, but the author's heart is evidently touched with sympathy for God's work in Patagonia, and we doubt not his production bears witness to the warmth of his feelings, and the excellence of his talents. The profits on the sale of the piece are, it will be seen by the advertisement, freely offered to the funds of our Society; and we have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to F. W.'s "Labour of Love."

"A VOICE FROM PATAGONIA;"

A MISSIONARY HYMN

Composed and Dedicated to the Memory of the late

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER, R. N.

BY F. W.

Words of the Hymn.

1.

Hear ye a voice from Patagonia's shore,
 Loud as the cry of Macedon of old?
 And can ye linger till the fated hour,
 When faith declines and fervour waxes cold?
 Why should ye doubt? though heaven forbear to smile,
 'Tis cause for tears, but not for dread dismay:
 Faith rides triumphant o'er the clouds of time,
 And casts each withering blight of fear away!

2.

Go forth in FAITH: those who have gone before,
 A sainted band, now prostrate round the throne,
 THAT PROVIDENCE, in cloudless light adore,
 Which we but darkly see, and faintly own!
 Go forth in HOPE: and o'er the darkest sea,
 Light shall spring up with gladness in its train:
 Ye yet shall raise the shout of VICTORY!
 GO FORTH IN LOVE! GO FORTH IN HIS GREAT NAME!

The Advent and its Lessons.

There is a pause in the natural year. The incessant activities of creation seem hushed, or at any rate subdued. A few auburn tints linger only as traces of autumnal beauty. And the blank aspect of field and hill-side warns us that we are upon the very frontiers of winter. It is still life in the external world. With pent-up breath, and muffled tread, the Present seems to wait for the birth-throes of the Future. And the spiritual year has its pause also. Its harvest-home was celebrated when the sweet memories of All saints—of the faithful who in all ages have out of weakness been made strong—struck a chord deep and world-wide in the bosom of the Church on earth. And now, in the attitude of faith, we wait for the opening out of that season which at once commemorates the first, and bids us look forward and contemplate the second Advent of the Lord of glory. The subject of these two Advents should not pass unheeded in our journal. The period, indeed, which lies between them, is beyond measure the most momentous in the history of the world, and along its course extends the vast field of Missionary enterprise. It was in the great crisis of time that a new manifestation of Divine power was given by the birth of Christ; and that

the mystery of grace in the redemption of mankind was brought to light by the Gospel. Then began a new era in the ages of the world: a new unfolding of the great drama of history, displaying higher civilizations and nobler instincts: a setting forth in fuller and sublimer form than heretofore the purposes of heaven regarding man. A firm belief in these purposes is necessary to elevate our views of life, and to impart to our aims a practical and efficient character. Only so far as we realize the unity of intention in the Divine plan, shall we labour wisely; and take our places in the vast laboratory of life, encouraged by the thought, that we are using the opportunities of our little work-day—not in idly heaping up a huge pile of blocks and fragments, without consistency or aim, but—in maturing and hastening on the erection of that temple, the designs of which were laid in heaven, and the purpose of which is the Redeemer's praise. Very chequered and eventful must the picture of the Church of Christ, in the present dispensation, appear to the thoughtful observer. Were he indeed to gaze upon it, and—without allowing for the bias of circumstances, or the peculiarities of her mission—expect to witness in her history the regular and perfect developement of her divine principles, we might well expect him to turn aside with painful misgivings and perplexing disappointment. But to judge fairly of the power

of the grace of the Gospel, we shall do well to reflect that not alone to form one perfect system, independent of all others amongst which it was planted, but to regenerate and mould afresh those already existing, was the intention of the religion of Christ. And accordingly we find it claiming as the legitimate sphere of its influence the established relationships of life, and modifying by its principles, or regenerating the most selfish and worldly policies. But, as might have been feared, the gain of the world has not been secured altogether harmlessly to the Church. For her sympathies have been too often chilled, and her spiritual energies impaired, by unguarded familiarity with the elements of the world. An ungenial atmosphere has tended to depress the vigour of her system. And the baneful effects will fill the beholder with sorrow. He may see indeed splendid triumphs of the Church of Christ. For her trophies are not few, or barren. But are there no drawbacks? Shall we, therefore, suppose that all is well?

More than eighteen hundred years have passed away since He who gave the command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and to "make disciples in all nations," ascended up to heaven. And how has the command been fulfilled? There was indeed a time when the Church of Christ seemed to put forth all her energies, and in the

early youth of faith and love she spoke, and the demons of evil fled before her.—The spread of the Gospel was rapid and decisive. Not Corinth alone, and not Athens, but imperial Rome herself trembled before, succumbed to, and finally accepted Christ. But how is it now? We have no wish to disparage our own times—no wish to affect an unnatural perfection for the early successes of the truth; but what do facts tell us regarding the present aspect of Christianity in the world? We give it as the opinion of some, that Christians are not relatively more numerous now than they were at the close of the first century of our Lord. There is something in this which says that all is not, and has not been, as it ought. Surely such an opinion should have no valid ground to rest upon. And yet we fear it may be true. But accept it or not, as we like, there remains at any rate this too palpable fact, that two-thirds of the earth's inhabitants are still in the darkness of paganism, while the other third is constituted of Mahomedans, Jews, infidels, and nominal Christians. And why is this? We pray daily, in the words of our Lord, "Thy kingdom come." We talk of the power of prayer—of the victories of faith—of the majesty and might of the Holy Ghost.—The blessedness of that time when the Prince of Peace shall reign, and sin, with all its circumstances of sorrow, cease, forms the familiar

imagery of our minds. We believe that it is the high privilege of Christians to haste on the coming of the Lord from heaven. And yet with all these pretensions, and hopes, and prospects, we act as those benumbed by the ice-bands of the world, and fatally conformed to its principles and practices. Take, for instance, India. What has England done for India at the close of her first century of empire? Something indeed individual Christians have done. And, at this great juncture of events, we believe we see in the tone of public opinion at home, the informing power of that Missionary spirit, which so unobtrusively, and in the face of so many obstacles, has sought to uphold the sacredness of Christ's command, and to preach His Gospel amid the idolatrous worships of India. But, looking at our responsibilities in all their breadth and fulness, how have we acted up to them?—how redeemed them? The case is too painful to be deeply probed now, when cries of anguish are being mingled with the shouts of victory, and the muffled sighs of untold griefs come wafted to our shores. But thus much we may say, that beyond keeping up a faint testimony for the truth, we have done little for India. Our noblest possession,—the glory of our own nation, and the envy of others,—has been left a prey to heathenism; and at the end of one hundred years, the truth in our vast Eastern Dependency is but

as a feeble ray struggling with the prevailing darkness around.

We know it may be said, that the truth is to be preached but as a witness to all nations. But may we not be founding upon these scriptural words base excuses for supineness and neglect? The safe path for Christians to pursue is that of obedience to Christ's commands. He would have them so to act as if his return were possible in their time, and contingent upon their efforts to hasten the completion of His kingdom. And while the unbeliever is tauntingly exclaiming, "Where is the promise of His coming?" the response should rise from every quarter of the earth, "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men; teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

But other considerations and duties press upon our attention in connection with the season of Advent. We believe it cannot be impressed too much upon the minds of Christians, that efforts to extend the kingdom of Christ commence ordinarily in weakness, and are carried out under similar conditions. We regard this as an established principle; but one which is by no means to

discourage us. We are reminded rather of the infant weakness of Him who was "born a Saviour." Not isolated and torn away from the great heart and centre of humanity, but received into its bosom, and enfranchised in its sympathies, did the Eternal Word appear. Magnificent in the expanses of His love, and unfathomable in the depths of His wisdom, with the Eternal Spirit ever and anon rustling through the garments of His incarnation, He yet submitted to the rude trials of poverty, was cradled in the manger at Bethlehem, suffered hunger and thirst, weariness and pain; He was tempted, He sympathised, and wept. Strange beginning of universal empire! And yet in this same apparent weakness, and subject to the same circumstances of earthly trial, must the disciples of Christ embrace their responsibilities, and enter upon their labours. The principle of humiliation and weakness, the principle of suffering and self-sacrifice, is the keynote of Christian enterprise, and the first condition of success. Our Lord's weary way lay through the wilderness, where Satan met Him; and through the jostling marts of men, where He was ridiculed and rejected. The retirement of an earthly home was chilled by a dark shade of unbelief, "for neither did His brethren believe on Him:" and taunts of being the carpenter's son were employed to quench the fire of His words, or to obscure the

brightness of His miracles, which shone as the beacon-lights of Deity. We ponder over this mysterious page of history, and, as we ponder, its truth and grandeur kindle the mind into a flame of wonder. And faith too learns its proper lesson, and sits down content at the feet of God's great providence. Surely the first Advent gleams with significance regarding the ways in which God's work is to be emprised, and the circumstances under which it is to be carried on in the world. And surely we may take courage amid the difficulties which beset us, and despite the cold looks of the world, and of those too whom we fain would welcome into the same fellowship of faith, when we strive to plant the pure Gospel on the shores of South America, and to preach among her peoples "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

But if we derive this lesson of encouragement from a consideration of the circumstances of the first Advent, we may not the less gain a lesson of duty from a contemplation of the second Advent of our Lord. Warnings against negligence and want of preparation are written deeply and with solemn emphasis upon the page of inspiration. The lengthening out of the present period of grace by no means implies a lessening of dangers. "This know," says the apostle, "that in the last days perilous times shall come;" and then follows a long catalogue of crimes over which the form of

godliness projects a cold and lifeless shade. St. Paul looks forward with anxiety to the future. The incipient stages of a spiritual degeneracy were already discernible, and a rank undergrowth of depraved affections, and intelligence, bade fair to force its way beneath the over-hanging branches of the visible Church. Hence the times would be perilous for believers. The voice of the apostle sounds as a note of warning—as the deep booming of the signal gun, announcing the sudden approach of the enemy, and summoning the Church militant to her standards. Through the grey mist of the early morning of the Church's history, St. Paul's wakeful eye and ear detect the serried ranks and heavy tramp of the foes of Christ; and with prophetic glance he sees the strife of battle ever increasing, and the dangers of the Church ever thickening. The soldiers of Christ must have their Inkermann; but victory ever waits upon the standard of the cross. We shall be "more than conquerors through Christ who loves us." But if this be the appalling prospect, what attitude shall we as believers assume respecting it? how far shall we be made chargeable with it? God forbid that we should say it cannot be avoided. Prophecy is not fatalism. These results, like all others, have a cause. And are we willing to accept the awful responsibility implied therein? "It must needs be," says our

Lord, "that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh." Words of fearful import! Who would not shake their terrors off his conscience? This is what as believers we must necessarily do. And this is what those who seek to extend the kingdom of Christ are hourly doing. Their efforts, it may be, meet not with all the success which they desire. But their duty is plain, and their pathway not obscure. The circumstances, which group themselves in prospect around the second Advent of the Lord, unmistakably arouse us to duty. May we be found faithful in the day of the Lord! And as regards that work, whose welfare we have specially at heart, let us in hope labour on. The shafts of ridicule and calumny shall fall harmless at our feet, while future results testify to the sincerity of our purpose, and the reasonableness of our faith.

Journal, (continued.)

We have now the pleasure of continuing Mr. Despard's Journal.

"15th August.—Saturday, being a fête, The Assumciao, we did not go ashore as early as usual, and I had time to think over the subject matter of my sermon for the morrow. Mr. W. promised to meet me at the landing place, and then to take me to spend the day with him at

B. But 12 came without him; so I hurried to the palace square—starting place for the gondolas (omnibuses)—to look for him. On my way through the Rua Directa, passed a whole body of French sailors, marching with muskets over their shoulders, in divisions, with officers and music, and returning from the cathedral, where they had been to pray for the soul of Napoleon. In a gondola I found my friend, and we had a pleasant drive to the very pretty and cool suburb, where he lives. His house is very pleasantly situated on the bay, and is all that a man with a comfortable income and small family could desire. But oh! what a rent—£230 per ann. unfurnished! I spent a very agreeable afternoon with this gentleman and his amiable wife and Mr. G., hearing much interesting, yet not altogether new things about the Brazils, but nothing about the aborigines, of whom they knew nothing. The Chaplain walked back with me all the way to the landing place—three miles—and put me into a shore boat, which put me on board. We started at a quarter before 7, but I did not get to the vessel before 8. All through the streets there were crowds of people going or returning from houses of entertainment, but not one drunk, nor one rude or loud in talk, or one policeman was seen. M. G. says, it is ever so; they are a good-natured, peaceable set, having no brawls and no fighting; they leave these things to our countrymen. Notes for sermon made.”

“16th, Sunday.—At 10 reached shore with two mates and three hands, dressed as few seamen are ever seen dressed, more like respectable, comfortable tradesmen; (so much for tee-totalism) they have money to spend in this way. Capt. B. could not come, being indisposed through indulging too freely in fruit. (I have deter-

mined to be tee-total in this also, whilst in dangerous latitudes.) Navigated a somewhat intricate course through the streets, with our men in tow, to the English Chapel. Introduced in the vestry to a very excellent young Englishman, Mr. M. At 11, Chaplain conducted; I lead in the Communion office, and preached John iii. 17.—The Mission of Christ—What its object was *not*—What it was. Congregation very loose in the large Church, but very attentive; about the size of that in Buenos Ayres. I announced a sermon for the Patagonian Missionary Society, and collection for next Sabbath; and Mr. G. is rather sanguine as to the result of that. God grant that a few feeble words of a feeble man may be effectual—may I not say?—to much good. Ask not for thyself great things in temporals, is good advice; but ask for the greatest and best in eternal, is also good; and ask for life and heaven, and the complements of these for others. Two ladies churched after service. Mr. G.'s house is perched on very high ground, reached by a steep path, past some Portuguese cottages of a very inferior class. After resting awhile here, expecting the Chaplain of the *Indefatigable* to join us, we took a walk towards B., to call upon two or three parishioners, who were expecting a visit. The Js. and the Gs. we found and sat with, to whom our Mission was introduced, they having been already interested by the morning's sermon. Mr. G. is a very clever man, and talks much; he is evangelical and warm-hearted. He walked with me to the starting place, where, at a quarter-past 6, I found our gig. No appearance of a Sabbath in the streets; shops of all sorts open. Yet only in one instance, where some slaves were boiling pitch and sand together, in the street, to pay over the roof of a house, did I see work carrying on. There were, however, carts standing ready for hire."

Hearts are all akin where the love of Christ really dwells. And so we find our Missionary, in the streets of Rio de Janeiro, enjoying sweet fellowship with the children of God; and while engaged in the necessary businesses of life, yet as they proceeded, "talking of the kingdom, and its all-important concerns."

"17th, Monday.—Paid an early visit to the city to see after our cargo; but as enquiries had not been completed by P. & Co., no conclusion could be come to. On board at 6, and found that Capt. L., of H. B. M. S. *Madagascar*, had called upon me; also Mr. B., quondam surgeon of the *Beagle*, and Jem Button's particular friend—he is now surgeon in Capt. L.'s ship; also Mr. R. C., B. and F. B. S.'s agent in Rio. I regretted much to have missed these gentlemen, as they are all capable of instructing me much in affairs of South America.

"18th, Tuesday.—Splendid sunny day; ashore early, shopping. Afternoon, at P. & Co.'s, to expedite things. Then, with a very poor chart to follow, worked my way through Rua after Rua, till I found C.'s house, perched on top of a considerable elevation.—(What a view from it of this magnificent place, in things of nature though.) Father out; daughter at home; had a long conversation with her, and a Mr. E., a visitor; from what they have seen and heard, they judge that a man, using due caution, might preach the Gospel in the vernacular in Rio even, and in country places amongst natives, with no molestation from the Government at least.

"19th, Wednesday.—Met Mr. C., by appointment, at Mr. —, a leading English merchant, and one who has found and estimates (who can say, duly estimates?) the great pearl, and who, in love to souls, is translating into the vernacular, James's 'Anxious Enquirer.' Mr. C. met me with all the warmth of Christian affection, prof-

ferred his services in any way; they were cordially accepted. From him I gathered very cheering information as to the sale of Portuguese Bibles in the Brazils; but he has too recently arrived in the country to have gathered knowledge respecting native races. We proceeded talking of the Kingdom, and its all-important concerns, on a long walk to the offices of Don P. II.'s Railway, there to find the chief architect, Mr. P., who is a truly devoted Christian of our Church, labouring in Sunday schools and personal exhortation in his Master's service, and who, moreover, is warmly interested in our Patagonian Missionary Society, and from Mr. P. to find all about bricks and boards. It was a long and hot, but pleasant walk, but failed in the chief object, for Mr. P. was at home, not in his office. We found, however, several English officials, (all architects, engineers, boilermakers, gas-fitters, &c., out here, are English—H. B. M. Don P. II. will not travel by land or sea, through the virtue of steam, without an English engineer,) and gathered from them valuable facts about tools and timber. Hove about and bore up for the exalted abode of Mr. P., and saw him—to love him—a most intelligent, friendly, pious, young man. He entered con amore into my business; gave me the address of an honourable Brazilian timber merchant, with whom he has large dealings, and promised at once to write him a note, commending me to his services. We had a good deal of conversation on home and foreign religious affairs. Mr. P. suggested the propriety of my opening a list of subscribers to our Patagonian Missionary Society in Rio, as well as gathering at Church. Behold! how here again God raises up friends, all very useful in their way—Mr. W. for our man of business, Mr. G. for Secretary and Treasurer to our Society, Mr. C. for helper, Mr. C. for guide and

interpreter, Mr. P. counsellor, Mr. B. to corroborate our statements about the Fuegians.

"I went and dined with the B. & F. B. S.'s agent, and we had Bible reading and prayer together afterwards. Mr. C. accompanied me to the boat. In the evening I enjoyed the *Record* report of the Church Missionary Society Meeting, in Exeter Hall, but was grieved to learn that our Vice-President, the second Bishop of Sierra Leone, is dead. Will the third Bishop of Sierra Leone be also Vice-President of the Patagonian Missionary Society?"

"20th, Thursday.—After breakfast pulled to the Sande landing place and met Mr. C., and proceeded to our timber merchant, where, save shingles, I could get all I want. These shingles, which are especially necessary to us, are certainly not to be had in Rio. Was much pleased, in this suburb, to see the many and spacious warehouses and wharves there are filled with timber and sea stuffs. In returning was introduced to Mr. G., whose mother is anxious to see me, for our cause's sake; hope to call on her. Business at P. & Co.'s and M. W. & Co.'s. After dinner boarded the *Madagascar*; left card on C. L.; and saw and had long and most interesting conversation with Mr. B., who was surgeon in the *Beagle* on both surveys; and was well acquainted with our three Fuegian hopefuls. He says B. M., who died at Plymouth, was far the best of them. Doing commissions in the afternoon; not an easy thing where one does not know the vulgar tongue, and where the shop folks treat you with the most perfect non chalance; saying in their manner, 'You are welcome to look about in my shop, but it is indifferent whether you find what you seek, or buy what you find; I had as lief see you go out as come in.'" The only cheap-to-be-bought thing in

Rio, said Mr. P., is glass, which I should therefore like to be able to eat, drink, and wear for clothes. Books are scarce in Portuguese, very dear, and old fashioned. Germany, said a bookseller to me, publishes more books in one year than all the literature of Portugal together. Are these people made indolent by the heat, or stultified by Popery? Mem: Many of the priests here, and Sisters of Charity, are Irish—Maynooth bred.

“ 21st, Friday. — Doing commission-agent all the morning. Afternoon, went to dine with Capt. —, in H. M. S. —, where I met my friend. None of the party was in thorough trim; the host suffered from tic in his face, one guest from a jecone affection, another, even myself, has tooth ache (the effect of biscuit grinding for more than twelve months on somewhat antique molars.) Our hostess was somewhat low from heat. We made out notwithstanding to enjoy our company for some four or five hours, and grateful for attention shown to a stranger. I was carried back at 8 p. m. to our schooner in a six-oared.

“ 22nd, Saturday. — Landed at 9 to expedite our cargo —too soon for the negotiants—took a view therefore of the Rio market, which was well supplied with fish, fowls, fruits, and vegetables; but oh! such meat, carrion rather. Oranges are here the staple dainty, and they are larger than what we call in England ‘forbidden fruit.’ From 10 to 1 hurrying to and fro through the length of the town, to get permits, which work, however, extended itself to some 3 or 4 p. m. all to get on board of a small schooner about 35 tons of things. Thus do wise governments facilitate commerce. Afternoon took the bus and went to Larmigerios, to call upon a lady, who by proxy invited me to visit her. She is one of the few in the place who

desire to live to God, and love God's people for His sake. With her I had some pleasing and I trust profitable conversation, on things of the kingdom. This lady gave me several anecdotes to illustrate the horror felt towards the confessional by both ladies and gentlemen in this country. On one occasion Mrs. — found a family in a very jubilant state, they exclaimed, 'Oh dear, you must embrace us, for we are angels to-day.' 'Oh! how is that, and why to-day?' 'Don't you know we have been to confession, and are forgiven? so we now, to-day, have no sins.' 'If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' So these poor people confessed that their creed was absolutely false. 'No truth in us.' Was earnestly pressed to stay and dine, but preferred to be on board in time for our evening worship. Mr. W. took me to see a Brazilian gentleman who knows much about the aborigines, and to interpret for me, but non est inventus.

"23rd, Sunday.—Auspicious weather; at Church by half-past 10; found Mr. G. had made excellent arrangements for the collection, and was in hope of a very good one; and that he advised lists for further contributions to be left with him and the consul, which I fortunately had prepared with a heading, briefly describing the Society, its plan, and management. Mr. G., not being quite well, was glad of my services to read for him in M. P. Sermon, Rev. iii. 7, 8.—The key-bearer and his key, the door, a door somewhere for every body; our door. Congregation unusually large and fixedly attentive, and collection £39, in 351,000 Reis; one dropping being 50,000 Reis, upwards of £5. This is the largest collection ever made in any Church for our Society. Mr. G. thinks the gathering will yet reach £50. He is ambitious at least to equal Buenos Ayres. I was anxious

about this sermon, for an interest in favour of it was, I am told, raised by my sermon last Sunday. The Lord, whom I sought to think for me, to feel for me, and to speak by me, helped me with recollection of my subject, matter, and self-possession, and words in delivery, for which His Grace be praised."

"Mr. G. had asked me to dine, but a particular friend of Mr. G.'s wished him and me to eat at a quiet family table, to which, from the last quality of the table, I assented. Going home from church, we were assailed, first by a violent shower of dust, the like of which I never saw, and then by a drenching rain. This, however, was all a trifle, in comparison of a violent pain which seized the tendon achilles of my right foot immediately after service, and well-nigh crippled me. This it did quite, in the evening, so that I was forced to hire a tilbury to drive to the boat-stairs. A similar attack I had once before at Ridgway. There was an agreeable company at Mr. —, the acting partner of a very wealthy English house, consisting of Rev. Mr. —, Chaplain of H. M. S. —, Dr. —, a leading physician, and the family medico, two gentlemanly young clerks of the house, Mr. G., and myself, and we had much conversation about Brazil and character of Brazilians. Mr. —, our host, said that there is not a more prospering port anywhere than this of Rio, and that he is firmly persuaded, Brazilians are sincere in their expressions against slavery. There is even a flourishing association for the purchase and immediate emancipation of slaves. A lady of property was recently applied to for a donation in support of this. Her answer was to summon her six slaves, and give the deputation their choice of one for emancipation, and then immediately to write his paper of freedom. The President of the

association gave two slaves for his donation this year. Slaves and free blacks are not treated here as in the United States; they are allowed to mix freely with whites, in Church, in public carriage, or elsewhere. Indeed, United States, the boasted and boasting, seems the only country on earth, where a swarthy colour is held in such antipathy. Reached the landing at half-past 7, hour too soon; whilst waiting, witnessed proof of the thoroughly ungodly character of sailors and masters. Boats going off crowded with men, been on shore for liberty. No sailors, no masters, in Church. Our master made a lame excuse for absenting himself, and of our men who could have gone, one would not, because he had not a clean white shirt; the other had a clean white shirt, but would not go because he would not. One stayed to cook (as Harry the cook went ashore yesterday and stayed all night,) the other was wanted to look after the boat. The fact is, the men had not a half-holiday yesterday, and so in spite they would not go to Church. This is their childish way, and the Captain had some plan of pleasure in view, with which Church-going would interfere; so, of our eight hands, only the two quiet mates followed me to Church. What an awful state our merchant navy is in. Masters and men thoroughly reckless of the day of account. Boat was to have met me at $7\frac{1}{2}$, p. m., but waited till 7.40 and none approached, so had to hire for 2s. 3d. a shore boat. When I got on board, was told the boat put off at 7, and ought to have been at steps by twenty minutes past 7. When O. returned, men said they had gone as directed, and waited twenty minutes. This was false, because no boat came or went from 7 till twenty minutes to 8, without my seeing it, a strong gas-light shining upon the landing. I believe

they did not go ashore at all, as a piece of spite, though I had nothing to do with their having no holiday, and they knew it; but sailors are children. Had evening service at 8, but could give no sermon, in consequence of pain in my heel. What a mercy that I had nothing of it, till all my important work was over.

The Early Struggles of Missions.

I.—SIERRA LEONE.

It is the remark of an old writer, that it often pleases God to send a death upon the means, before He vouchsafes to grant a blessing on the end. In the early history of Missions this has often been literally verified. The first steps of the Missionary upon an alien shore, have been across the graves of those who have already witnessed to the Truth, not in their lives only but in their deaths. Early and uninterrupted success is, we believe, unknown in the Missionary field. Faith and patience must be tried to the uttermost, and successive labourers must toil and die, uncheered by a single evidence that their "labour has not been in vain in the Lord." But the Rock of Ages remains unshaken; the promise of the Divine Word stands unaltered yet, and on this—and often on this alone—have many humble souls been content to labour and to wait, regarding whom it may now be said to their successors in the work, "other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." For the blessing has come at last, and the barren wilderness of so many years has at length been changed into "the garden of the Lord." We recall these things to mind, at a time when the friends and supporters of the Patagonian Missionary Society are witnessing the painful struggles of its early history, as illustrating and bringing home to us the comfort of the apostle's exhortation, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."

With a view to the mutual encouragement of ourselves and our readers, we propose to give occasionally

brief sketches of the early struggles of our principal Missions, beginning with those which have been the offspring of our own Church. Of these the West African Mission is the earliest in date, and presents in some respects very striking results. Few of our readers can we suppose be ignorant of the interesting circumstances attending the establishment of the colony of Sierra Leone. The benevolent labours of Mr. Granville Sharp and his friends in behalf of the destitute negroes in England, whose freedom he had won from the hands of the law after years of untiring personal effort, at length issued in the formation of a settlement of free negroes at Sierra Leone. On the 8th of April, 1787, the first settlers sailed from England for the shores of Africa, and by the aid of British liberality these outcasts from their mother country were enabled once more to root themselves in their native soil. It was not, however, until some years afterwards that any attempt was made to promote their spiritual welfare. In the year 1804 arose the first germ of the Church Missionary Society in England. It proposed at first to confine its operations to Africa and the East; and Sierra Leone was the place fixed upon whereon first to plant the standard of the cross. The settlers could scarcely fail to retain some grateful impressions of the English character, and the advent of the Missionaries was not likely to prove unwelcome. Nor did it prove so. These poor Africans pressed eagerly around their new teachers, to receive the word of life from their lips. But this was the one cheering feature of the case. At home, the opposition which the Society encountered, as it slowly won its way into public confidence and support, is too well known to need more than a passing allusion here. To educate Africans had long been considered a hopeless task. They were looked upon as inferior in intellect to the other races of mankind, and some were persuaded that it would be impossible even to teach them to read.

But there were more serious obstacles than these. The deadly nature of the climate of Sierra Leone seemed to place an insuperable barrier to the continuance of the work. At home the cry was often heard, "Sierra Leone ought to be given up. It is only the grave of Europeans!" So the world said. Enthusiasm in worldly

enterprise, the daring and fortitude which rises unabashed from a hundred defeats, and conquers fortune at last with an iron hand, is lauded and held up to the admiration of all. But heroism for Christ, perseverance in a religious cause, is branded with another name, and pity for those who have "thrown away their lives," is all the tribute the world has to give. And it was not wanting here. And in truth the scenes enacted on that pestilential shore might well sadden any heart. In the course of forty years, eighty-seven Missionaries and Catechists went out to West Africa; and out of these thirty-eight died. In the year 1823, out of five who went out, four died within six months. Yet two years afterwards, six more presented themselves, of whom three were Clergymen of the Church of England. Of these, two died within four months, and a third was obliged to hurry away in extreme illness. Next year three more went out, and two died in six months; so that in the course of four years, fourteen men had gone out, more than half of whom had died within a few months of their landing. Nor must we forget when estimating the number of those who fell, that most of these devoted men had wives, and that the deaths of these female Missionaries were at least as frequent as those of the men. Besides the removal of labourers from the Mission field, there were other trials, to which the work was continually subjected. At one time, a large Mission party sent out from England are shipwrecked, with the loss of a valuable cargo, though with no sacrifice of human life. At another, the misconduct of some member of the Mission saddens the hearts of the rest, and for a while damps their zeal. Another hindrance to the Society's operations was the example of the European residents, and the indifference to religion evinced by the official authorities of the colony. They also experienced much difficulty with regard to the government regulations, respecting the education of the liberated African children. The changes introduced by Sir Neil Campbell, on his arrival at Sierra Leone as Governor, in 1826, whereby the charge of these children was taken out of the hands of the Missionaries, who were henceforth to be merely the Inspectors of the Schools, which were now placed under native teachers, were found to operate most prejudicially upon the

success of the Mission work. A modification of the new regulations was soon found necessary; but it was not until the Colonial Government consented to commit the children to the care of the Missionaries in those villages, where schools had been already established by the Society, that the disadvantages under which they had laboured were partially removed. At first the Missionaries were scattered throughout the different maritime villages; but in 1818 they were all collected together, and settled in Sierra Leone, in order the better to educate and train native teachers, for sending out into the surrounding country. The dreadful mortality amongst the Europeans, rendered the training of a native ministry a subject of deep and earnest importance.

Yet, though keeping this object steadily in view, the labourers at Sierra Leone were long compelled to speak of their work in the language of hope rather than of encouragement. One of them thus writes to the Committee of the Society at home.—“This Mission has been established only about fourteen years. In consequence of illness and deaths, it has had to contend with numerous interruptions to the measures which were from time to time put in progress; the many changes in the agents for carrying on the work have hitherto rendered it impracticable for them to come to anything like a uniform plan of proceeding; the insufficiency of their number for the work before them has, up to this time, frequently prevented them from assisting each other with help in seasons of difficulty, and with advice in matters of perplexity. Let all this be well weighed, and let it be taken into consideration, that they have been men frail and fallible, and the charitable Christian will wonder that so much good has been done, rather than feel surprised that no more should have been effected.”

In 1825, twenty-one years after the establishment of the Mission, out of 10,359 liberated Africans, there were 3,000 regular attendants on public worship. In 1832 the number of worshippers remained the same, while the population had increased to 21,000. In 1825 the number of communicants was 493; while in 1833 it had fallen to 445. It was not until the year 1835, after thirty-one years of patient endurance and faithful labour, that a manifest blessing descended upon the little Church of

Christ amongst the heathen, and a spirit of enquiry was awakened in almost every village, which caused numbers to flock to the Missionaries for instruction. At that time many were added to the Church; and thenceforward down to the present time, the progress of the Mission has been most satisfactory and encouraging.

And now let us look at the results; they are greater than we can possibly estimate. Even at the present moment new facts are continually being made known to us, which reveal further purposes of mercy towards Africa. And looking forward into the dimness of futurity, there are not wanting voices—and they come not from the friends of Missionary work—which declare that a vision of splendour may be discerned in the distance, in which Africa, long uncounted amongst the nations, and trodden under foot by ruthless crime, rises into proud pre-eminence, and pours the treasures of her vast and gorgeous plains into the thousand channels of an ever-growing commerce; while a civilization unsurpassed by the vaunted triumphs of Europe, sheds its peaceful glories upon her myriad tribes. And we listen in silence, though we thank God in our hearts. For little does it avail to tell these worldly schemers what secret principle it is which, like a master-key, has alone been effectual to unlock the storehouse of Africa's wealth, and bless her children with that gift which contains the "promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." They do not know—they little care—that the pioneers of civilization in Africa have been the solitary huts of the Missionaries in the wilderness, advancing from South and West and East, year by year stealing a further march upon the heathenism around them, till at length the chain of beacon lights is complete, the interior is no longer a blank in our maps, and the merchant and the speculator strike eagerly upon the track, and reap a harvest of golden gain. And we rejoice, if in the splendid field thus opened before us, we see the Church of Christ as eager as the world to send forth her labourers to the work, that they may take possession of the land in the name of the Lord of the whole earth, and make known to its countless inhabitants the joyful sound of the Gospel of Christ.

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