

THE
VOICE OF PITY

FOR

South America.

VOL. V.—1858.

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

LONDON:

WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT;
24, Paternoster Row, and 23, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.
EDINBURGH, W. P. KENNEDY; GLASGOW, D. BRYCE; DUBLIN,
G. HERBERT; BRISTOL, I. E. CHILLCOTT; CLIFTON,
B. P. SHEPHERD; NOTTINGHAM, DUNN AND SON.

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The New Year.

Very heartily do we embrace this opportunity of wishing our readers a happy New Year. We throw not this wish lightly off. The spirit in which we utter the words is not conventional. The desire of our hearts is based upon the loving-kindness of that God, who "makes all things work together for good to them that love Him." And indeed we have much need of this assurance in these days. Too lately have we been reminded of what a year may bring forth. What ensanguined sorrows, what harrowing scenes, what fierce and bitter trials, may be unfolded within the rapid circle of twelve months! Not without the keenest impressions of these calamities, do we utter the words, a Happy New Year!

The cup of sorrow may be very full, and running over in too many cases. Worldly fortunes have been broken, and bright prospects clouded, by the storm which has swept over our mercantile arrangements. And the families of our working classes must, we fear, continue to suffer many privations, from the shock which the trading community has sustained. These are clouds which hang over our horizon. True it is that more cheering news reaches us from the East; and that, after this baptism of blood, we may

hope for better things. But yet the nation is still sick at heart from the horrors which have been perpetrated in India; and bosoms still heave with agony at the thought of husbands and fathers, sons and daughters, horribly and ruthlessly subjected to tortures which made death merciful. It might almost seem, perhaps, under such circumstances, that we must pronounce the word *happy* with faltering lips. But we utter it in faith, in dependance upon that God in whose hand rests the direction of all things, and who "stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind." If we can but realize the meaning of these words of the prophet; if under the emblem of the winds, which come and go freely at the bidding of Heaven; if in the expression "*His* wind," we can recognise the sovereign claims of the Most High in ordering the affairs of men, then may we rest in deep tranquillity, and our spirits lie unruffled as the sheltered waters of some mountain lake, although the earth tremble, and men's hearts are failing them for fear. Amid all the rude trials which come upon mankind, and break in upon the peace of the world, the Christian heart need not fear, so long as it regard the majesty of Him who sitteth on high, and delights to be called our Father. Do our readers ask us for a motto for the coming year? We know of none more suitable than, "Be still, and know that I

am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Enough to calm many an anxious spirit, and to charm away corroding cares, may surely be found in these words. And if under their influence we can enter upon another year, we may well anticipate that happiness which belongs to the children of faith.

But the present season reminds us, moreover, of the duty of redeeming the time, which is gliding so swiftly past us. And to this end a voice seems to say, Be more in prayer, and "in labours more abundant." Prayer undoubtedly should stand first, because from it are derived strength and capacity for labouring in the service of our Lord. And certainly we have much need to pray. The Christian wins his greatest victories at the throne of grace. Let him for awhile trust only to himself, and lose sight of his dependance upon God, and what result must follow? There may be great energy displayed, extensive means employed, the manifestation of much earthly wisdom, aided by a fiery zeal; but the blessing from above does not descend, and vanity is stamped upon the whole. Therefore it is that at the present moment we desire especially to press our readers to be much in prayer for our Mission, and all connected with it. The Committee at home, and those en-

gaged in operations abroad, alike require their hands to be upheld, and their counsels and operations to be guided by a wisdom which is profitable to direct. And how shall we best expect this, but from the united and unwearied supplications of the children of God? Let us be assured, God does answer prayer. It is a spiritual law, in obedience to which blessings descend on man. Let others vindicate the laws of nature, we at any rate will maintain the dignity and the stability of the laws of grace. It is in conformity with, and not in violation of, His own arrangements, that the Almighty Father, in the mystery of His power and love, orders His providences in such wise as to meet the daily and hourly outgoings of the prayer of faith. And if the difficulties and trials, to which our Society has been exposed, only lead its members to remember where to look for help and guidance, we thank God for such trials, and look forward with confidence to a great outpouring of blessings.

But we must labour also. The work before us is not light. And at present the encouragements of success are not great. But if it be God's work it must go on. Earnest patient continuance in well doing can alone entitle us to expect the crown of joy to rest upon our efforts. The history of all Missionary enterprise proves the emptiness of a hope of rapid results. But if the work is slow in

its progress, we yet trust it may be of lasting duration; and that the seed of truth, which our Missionary and Catechists have gone forth to sow, may hereafter bring forth much fruit to the glory of the name of Christ. "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Diversities of Operations, but the same Spirit.

The multiplication of religious societies, in the present day, seems a stereotyped objection to every new effort for the advancement of truth. There is a fear lest Christian liberality should be overtaxed, or rather perhaps that portion of the public, which is distinguished for its liberality. We attach no great importance to this fear. Rather do we hope that the present increase of societies is a sign of a widening basis of benevolence. There is a suspicion, moreover, in our minds, that the funds of private Christians might be farmed better for God's service than they yet have been. A majority, perhaps, of persons do good more by the bye than with any direct and clear arrangement of purpose. There is little of laying themselves out for God—little of managing their resources as stewards of God. Under the law a tithe was dedicated to Jehovah—under the gospel of love what

might Christians be supposed to dedicate to Him who gave Himself for them?

We certainly do not mean to deny that this is a time when there are "many calls," but if these calls are from God and for God, we shall not wisely neglect them. Our safest plan, perhaps, would be to regard every real opening for the reception of the truth, as an intimation from God that He has a duty for us to fulfil. And if old means are not sufficient to meet the case, then new ones must be brought into play. Centralization is not the principle of action amongst ourselves. Independent thought, and liberty of choice, bring with them independent action, and the most diversified results. There is a dislike of monopolies, whether they be political or religious. A man may be benevolent—quick in his sympathies—ready to engage in works of charity. But tell him that his benevolence must flow in this particular channel—his sympathies find scope for exercise in this particular sphere—that he ought to work indeed, but then it must be in such and such a direction—and you at once cramp his zeal, and send his charity into bonds and imprisonment. We do not, of course, advocate a spiritual Quixotism; but we do demur to the wisdom of that spirit which acknowledges no necessities, and allows no claims beyond the range of its own experience. There is too much jealousy of what is termed

“another society”—and under the influence of this passion, people forget to inquire whether a more than human hand may not have moulded its origin. We are led to make these remarks owing to the strange feelings and opinions, which some entertain relative to the Patagonian Missionary Society. We make no reference to those who are hostile to Missionary efforts in general, or to those who hold principles contrary to those professed by this Society. We speak of those who stand aloof more on the question of expediency, and from a suspicion, perhaps, that God’s work in Patagonia may cripple God’s work in other quarters of the globe. A small special society, it is said, not holding principles distinct from those held by other societies working on a large scale, is not expedient. There should always be uniformity of means where no distinction of principle exists. In the application of principles which are identical complete unity should prevail. Because there is a Church Missionary Society, no other society, not embodying some fresh principle, should exist within the Church. This, we apprehend, is the line of thought adopted by those whose indifference to the claims of our Society arises out of jealousy for that one, whose doctrine and discipline we profess to adhere to. Now we take entire exception to this. The direction of principles in action may admit of the widest differences of judg-

ment. Two men hold the same views, but the plans for their respective developement may be, and often are, very diverse. We will go further, and say, that the very diversity of plan in carrying out their views may be anything but prejudicial. The most happy consequences may follow. There may be co-operation of principle, and diversity of agencies. And the one so far from hindering the other, may essentially assist its growth and achievement. But to return to the point in question. If it can be shewn that the aborigines of South America are to be neglected till the Church Missionary Society can embrace them in its arms; if it can be shewn that no other Church of England Society can take them up without hindering God's work in other portions of the earth; if it can be shewn that our Society in particular trespasses either upon the funds of the Church Missionary, or on the territory occupied by its agents, then we may possibly be led to doubt the expediency of calling a new machinery into existence, and of devoting our energies to the evangelization of the abject races of the South American continent. But no such hypotheses can be maintained. The heathen of South America are as precious in God's sight as those of New Zealand, Africa, or India. The command of Christ to preach the Gospel to every creature is written as with a sunbeam on the inspired page. And if the means already at

work for the extension of Christ's kingdom are insufficient, or too limited to admit of application to new spheres, we then boldly state that any new opening in a new region is a call and a warrant for new and special agency.

It was such an opening in South America which called our Society into being. And facts abundantly prove that neither as regards funds, or the places to which our Missionary efforts are directed, do we interfere with the Church Missionary Society. Our objects, however, and our principles, are identical. And only because that Society could not undertake this special work, and it was a question of a new agency or none, did the founders of our Mission lay in faith those plans which are now in operation, for the preaching of Christ to the tribes of Patagonia and Fuegia. We still trust to see our claims more largely acknowledged, and our brethren generally, who uphold the older Society, affording us an increased measure of sympathy, and a certain share of means too, for the execution of a design so glorious in its character, and so blessed, we trust, in its results.

Dr. Livingstone's Travels.

Many of our readers may not yet have perused the interesting volume of "Missionary Travels in South Africa," by Dr. Livingstone. In the absence, therefore, of any recent intelligence from our own special sphere of Missionary duty, we venture to lay before our friends some extracts from a work, which must hold a leading place among the publications of 1857. We make few comments. We should state, however, that Dr. Livingstone originally intended to devote his energies to the cause of God in China, but, the war then raging having prevented the realization of his purpose, he embarked for Africa in 1840, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. He had prepared himself for the work before him by an early life of toil, and an earnest pursuit of knowledge under great difficulties. But qualifications of a higher kind were not wanting, as the following will show.

"Great pains had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of our free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour, but it was only about this time that I really began to feel the necessity and value of a personal application of the provisions of that atonement to my own case. The change was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of 'colour blindness.' The perfect freedom with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for His mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since. But I shall not again refer to the inner spiritual life which I believe

then began, nor do I intend to specify with any prominence the evangelistic labours to which the love of Christ has since impelled me : this book will speak not so much of what has been done, as of what still remains to be performed before the Gospel can be said to be preached to all nations.

“In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. Turning this idea over in my mind, I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire ; and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for that enterprise.”

Having arrived in Africa, he set himself earnestly to acquire the language. And his determination of character is conspicuous in the matter. In the Bakwain country, he takes up for a time his position, and of this occasion he writes :—

“Here, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, I cut myself off from all European society for about six months, and gained by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of that section of the Bechuanas, called Backwains, which has proved of incalculable advantage in my intercourse with them ever since.”

Sechele—the chief of a tribe called Baknena—not only embraced Christianity, but expounds its doctrines to his people ; and of him we read :—

“Sechéle was seated in his chieftainship when I made his acquaintance. On the first occasion in which I ever attempted to hold a public religious service, he remarked that it was the custom of his nation, when any new subject was brought before them, to put ques-

tions on it; and he begged me to allow him to do the same in this case. On expressing my entire willingness to answer his questions, he inquired if my forefathers knew of a future judgment. I replied in the affirmative, and began to describe the scene of the 'great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away,' &c. He said, 'You startle me—these words make all my bones to shake—I have no more strength in me: but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going.' I got out of the difficulty by explaining the geographical barriers in the North, and the gradual spread of knowledge from the South, to which we first had access by means of ships; and I expressed my belief that, as Christ had said, the whole world would yet be enlightened by the Gospel. Pointing to the great Kalahári desert, he said, 'You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons, when more than the usual supply of rain falls, and an extraordinary growth of water-melons follows. Even we who know the country would certainly perish without them.' Re-asserting my belief in the words of Christ, we parted; and it will be seen further on that Sechele himself assisted me in crossing that desert which had previously proved an insurmountable barrier to so many adventurers.

"As soon as he had an opportunity of learning, he set himself to read with such close application that, from being comparatively thin, the effect of having been fond of the chase, he became quite corpulent from want of exercise. Mr. Oswell gave him his first lesson in

figures, and he acquired the alphabet on the first day of my residence at Chonuane. He was by no means an ordinary specimen of the people, for I never went into the town but I was pressed to hear him read some chapters of the Bible. Isaiah was a great favourite with him; and he was wont to use the same phrase nearly which the professor of Greek at Glasgow, Sir D. K. Sandford, once used respecting the Apostle Paul, when reading his speeches in the Acts: 'He was a fine fellow, that Paul!' 'He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak.' Sechele invariably offered me something to eat on every occasion of my visiting him.

"Seeing me anxious that his people should believe the words of Christ, he once said, 'Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like, I shall call my head men, and with my litupa (whips of rhinoceros-hide) we will soon make them all believe together.'" The idea of entreaty and persuasion to subjects to become Christians—whose opinion on no other matter would he condescend to ask—was especially surprising to him. He considered that they ought only to be too happy to embrace Christianity at his command. During the space of two years and a half he continued to profess to his people his full conviction of the truth of Christianity; and in all discussions on the subject he took that side, acting at the same time in an upright manner in all the relations of life. He felt the difficulties of his situation long before I did, and often said, 'O, I wish you had come to this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs!' In fact, he could not get rid of his superfluous wives, without appearing to be ungrateful to their parents, who had done so much for him in his adversity.

“In the hope that others would be induced to join him in his attachment to Christianity, he asked me to begin family worship with him in his house. I did so; and by-and-by was surprised to hear how well he conducted the prayer in his own simple and beautiful style, for he was quite a master of his own language. At this time we were suffering from the effects of a drought, which will be described further on, and none except his family, whom he ordered to attend, came near his meeting. ‘In former times,’ said he, ‘when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me.’ One reason why we had no volunteer hypocrites was the hunger from drought, which was associated in their minds with the presence of Christian instruction; and hypocrisy is not prone to profess a creed which seems to ensure an empty stomach.”

We now give a few of Dr. Livingstone's reflections on the effects of Missionary efforts.

“The Bakalahari, who live at Motlatsa wells, have always been very friendly to us, and listen attentively to instruction conveyed to them in their own tongue. It is, however, difficult to give an idea to an European of the little effect teaching produces, because no one can realize the degradation to which their minds have been sunk by centuries of barbarism and hard struggling for the necessaries of life: like most others, they listen with respect and attention, but, when we kneel down and address an unseen Being, the position and the act often appear to them so ridiculous that they cannot refrain

from bursting into uncontrollable laughter. After a few services they get over this tendency. I was once present when a Missionary attempted to sing among a wild heathen tribe of Bechuanas, who had no music in their composition; the effect on the risible faculties of the audience was such that the tears actually ran down their cheeks. Nearly all their thoughts are directed to the supply of their bodily wants, and this has been the case with the race for ages. If asked, then, what effect the preaching of the Gospel has at the commencement on such individuals, I am unable to tell, except that some have confessed long afterwards that they then first began to pray in secret. Of the effects of a long-continued course of instruction there can be no reasonable doubt, as mere nominal belief has never been considered sufficient proof of conversion by any body of Missionaries; and, after the change which has been brought about by this agency, we have good reason to hope well for the future: those I have myself witnessed behaving in the manner described, when kindly treated in sickness often utter imploring words to Jesus, and I believe sometimes really do pray to Him in their afflictions. As that great Redeemer of the guilty seeks to save all He can, we may hope that they find mercy through His blood, though little able to appreciate the sacrifice He made. The indirect and scarcely appreciable blessings of Christian Missionaries going about doing good, are thus probably not so despicable as some might imagine; there is no necessity for beginning to tell even the most degraded of these people of the existence of a God, or of a future state, the facts being universally admitted. Everything that cannot be accounted for by common causes is ascribed to the Deity, as creation, sudden death, &c. How curiously God made these things! is a common

expression; as is also, 'He was not killed by disease, he was killed by God.' And, when speaking of the departed—though there is nought in the physical appearance of the dead to justify the expression—they say, 'He has gone to the gods,' the phrase being identical with "*abiit ad plures.*" "

The following must conclude our extracts for the present:—

"Many hundreds of both Griquas and Bechuanas have become Christians and partially civilized through the teaching of English Missionaries. My first impressions of the progress made were, that the accounts of the effects of the Gospel among them had been too highly coloured. I expected a higher degree of Christian simplicity and purity than exists either among them or among ourselves. I was not anxious for a deeper insight in detecting shams than others; but I expected character, such as we imagine the primitive disciples had—and was disappointed.* When, however, I passed on to the true

* "The popular notion, however, of the primitive Church is perhaps not very accurate. Those societies especially which consisted of converted Gentiles—men who had been accustomed to the vices and immoralities of heathenism—were certainly anything but pure. In spite of their conversion, some of them carried the stains and vestiges of their former state with them when they passed from the temple to the Church. If the instructed and civilised Greek did not all at once rise out of his former self, and understand and realize the high ideal of his new faith, we should be careful, in judging of the work of Missionaries among savage tribes, not to apply to their converts tests and standards of too great severity. If the scoffing Lucian's account of the impostor Peregrinus may be believed, we find a Church probably planted by the Apostles manifesting less intelligence than even modern Missionary Churches. Peregrinus, a notoriously wicked man, was elected to the chief place among them, while Romish priests, backed by the power of France, could not find a place at all in the Mission Churches of Tahiti and Madagascar."

heathen, in the countries beyond the sphere of Missionary influence, and could compare the people there with the Christian natives, I came to the conclusion that, if the question were examined in the most rigidly severe or scientific way, the change effected by the Missionary movement would be considered unquestionably great.

“ We cannot fairly compare these poor people with ourselves, who have an atmosphere of Christianity and enlightened public opinion, the growth of centuries, around us, to influence our deportment; but let any one from the natural and proper point of view behold the public morality of Griqua Town, Kuruman, Likatlong, and other villages, and remember what even London was a century ago, and he must confess that the Christian mode of treating aborigines is incomparably the best.”

The Early Struggles of Missions.

II.—NEW ZEALAND.

In our last number we drew the attention of our readers to some of the instructive facts connected with the origin and early progress of Missionary work in Western Africa. We shall now briefly sketch some of the leading features in the history of the New Zealand Mission, which in many particulars bears a strong resemblance to our own enterprise in South America, and whose annals we shall find rich in suggestion, encouragement, and example for ourselves.

And, first, as regards the ground to be occupied. If Fuegia be a country of wild and degraded savages, New Zealand, though in itself a far more inviting region, was a land of bloodshed and cannibalism. It was peopled by a race to whom war was a pastime and a delight.

Perpetually fighting amongst themselves, they followed up their victories by atrocities too dreadful to be believed, and treated their prisoners and captives with revolting cruelty. Slavery in its severest forms prevailed amongst them, and when, following in the wake of Captain Cook, succeeding voyagers sought their shores for purposes of traffic, the ferocity of the inhabitants—though not indeed unprovoked on the part of their European visitors—was such, as to make the history of their intercourse a mere recital of massacre and bloodshed; so that the very name of New Zealand excited every where terror and disgust. To such a race as this, did the holy and devoted Mr. Marsden—for a long period the British chaplain at Port Jackson, in New South Wales—determine, by God's blessing, to send the Gospel of love. As in the case of the Patagonian natives brought to England by Captain Fitzroy, occasional intercourse with New Zealand chiefs, whom a spirit of enquiry and enterprise frequently led to visit New South Wales, had aroused an interest in their nation, and in some degree facilitated the entrance of the Missionaries into this hitherto unknown land. Mr. Marsden's earnest appeal to the Church Missionary Society in England, induced them to form a plan well calculated, as they thought, to promote the evangelization of the island. They proposed to send out a Mission colony, consisting of a few pious artizans, with their wives and families, as pioneers of future more direct Missionary effort. Two of the Mission party were first despatched to New Zealand to ascertain the practicability of making an immediate settlement on the island. Their report, after a stay of six weeks, was so favourable that Mr. Marsden at once purchased a brig called the *Active*, on his own responsibility, for the purposes of the Mission; and, at the close of the year

1814, the settlers were conveyed in her to New Zealand, and located in a suitable spot in the Bay of Islands, close to the native village of Rangihoua. Mr. Marsden accompanied them, and, having seen a rude habitation erected, and all the needful stores and effects landed and secured, returned in the *Active* to Port Jackson.

The Mission party at this time consisted of Messrs. Hall, Kendall, and King—with their wives and children, Mrs. King's mother, two sawyers, one smith, and three labourers from Sydney. Months would elapse before they could again be visited; and, although at first, the feelings of the chiefs towards them were most friendly, yet we cannot doubt but that dark forebodings would sometimes arise, as they contemplated their position—a feeble band of unarmed men, and defenceless women and children, in the very centre of a people whose name was synonymous with barbarism and cruelty. And, indeed, the trials of these days were neither few nor light,—we can but glance at them here. The desultory habits of the natives, both old and young, proved a serious bar to the attempts made for their instruction, added to which, the daily contact with a people revolting in their persons and habits, was a sore exercise of patience and self-denial. Subsequently, worse traits began to develop themselves in the natives—a daring spirit of thieving and mischief led to the injury, and sometimes destruction, of all kinds of Mission property. Gradually the settlers lost all their cattle and pigs, through the wanton attacks of their neighbours, and were at last reduced to great extremities for want of food. Nor were their lives safe from menace. Insults and threats of the most frightful kind were continually heaped upon them, so that in after years Mr. King was wont to say that he could not look back on those days without

shuddering. Yet, amidst all these dangers and difficulties, these devoted men never lost sight of the ultimate object of their Mission. None of them being literary men, they naturally found the language a great obstacle to their attempts at teaching, yet in spite of this some slight progress was made. A school was established, and some degree of attention secured for direct spiritual instruction. Constant wars, however, disturbed the progress of evangelization, and the little good that was being done, seemed often quite forgotten and swept away. Four years and a half passed before Mr. Marsden again visited New Zealand. He then brought with him additional labourers, and formed a new station at Wai-mate, the residence of Hongi, a powerful chief. Here the work at first prospered better than at Rongi-houa, but, afterwards, the chief's conduct, hitherto friendly, greatly altered, and the Missionaries were exposed to great dangers and trials. Still the work went on, though the conviction gradually deepened in the minds of the labourers, that more direct spiritual effort, apart from all secular employment, was indispensable to success. About this time they began to hold prayer meetings amongst themselves, and they date thence the first real influence for good which they obtained over the natives.

In 1823, the Rev. Henry Williams, with his wife and family, joined the Mission, and was settled at Paihia. The difficulty of procuring food, led him to attempt the construction of a small vessel, to be employed in the service of the Mission between New Zealand and New South Wales, and, with the help of Mr. Hall, he succeeded in building a little bark, named the *Herald*, of 55 tons burthen, which was launched on 24th January, 1826, and in which he immediately sailed for Port Jackson, bringing back with him his brother, Rev. W. Williams, who had come out to join the Mission.

Years passed on without any visible improvement in the state of New Zealand. Wars between the various tribes became even more frequent than formerly, and the possession of fire-arms, which was now becoming general, seemed to heighten the relish with which the natives had always engaged in these sanguinary expeditions. Ten years after the arrival of the settlers, one of the party then writes: "Our preservation among this people is little less of a miracle than that of the Three Children in the fiery furnace, for we are in the heart of Satan's kingdom." And Mr. Davis who had lately arrived says, "the Mission is in a very dark state; we are surrounded by enemies. But the hand of the Lord is very visible; and though we may be obliged to leave the country for a time, or may even be devoured by these cannibals, yet the cause of Christ is beyond the power of Satan to hinder. Only, O Lord, increase our faith."

We cannot but pause to admire the faith and patience of these humble servants of their Lord. Without any positive evidence of success, not a single convert having yet been made, they were content to labour on, trusting that the slow and almost imperceptible effects of Christian influence amongst these heathen, would in God's own time be developed into more open and tangible results. This discipline was doubtless intended to make them feel, as Mr. Williams expressed it, "how little controul one man's heart has over another; it is the Spirit that quickeneth." The first convert who was baptized, was an aged chief, in a distant village, whose end testified that he was in reality resting in true faith on the only foundation, Christ Jesus. This was a solitary instance however, and although a manifest improvement was gradually being effected in the external habits and conduct of the natives, two years elapsed before another

convert, the first fruits of twelve years indefatigable labour, cheered the heart of Mr. King. At the end of three more years, barren of incident, a marked change was evident. In 1827 Mr. Davis brought from Sydney various portions of the Bible and some hymns, printed in the Maori language. The delight of the people was unbounded, and a growing desire for instruction manifested itself among them. At length the time of harvest approached. Several parents brought their children for baptism, and in time themselves came forward as candidates for the rite. The work steadily progressed, and the seeds of truth which had been so long in germinating in the stubborn hearts of this people, when it did at last spring up, grew, and blossomed, and bore fruit, which was indeed to the praise and glory of God. The details of the work at this period are of the most deep and engrossing interest. We can only give some idea of the general result.

At Waimate the Missionaries found an able coadjutor and beloved friend in the chief Ripi, who earnestly laboured to communicate to his people the blessings he had himself obtained. Many were the encouraging instances too which occurred of the effects of the Missionaries' labour in the surrounding villages.

In the three settlements in the Bay of Islands the progress also was great. The natives in many places established schools of their own, and the New Zealand Sabbath, as described by Col. Jacob, who visited the stations in 1838, was observed in a manner which might well put to shame many parishes in Christian England. On the northern coast were five stations, all in a prosperous state, although they had to contend with the evils attendant on the presence of an increasing number of European settlers, and the proselytizing efforts of a Romish bishop and his priests, who arrived in 1838.

In 1833 the remarkable discovery took place that some captives, taken in Hongi's wars had, after having lived some time in one of the Mission families, escaped to their own country, carrying with them the elements of Christian knowledge there acquired, and having communicated them to their countrymen, had prepared the way for the immediate and successful establishment of Mission stations amongst the southern tribes.

The populous districts to the south of the East Cape were also entered upon by the Missionaries, after a partial but most remarkable evangelization had been effected amongst the people by natives who having been detained at Paihia in 1833, had there learned to worship the God of the Christians, and had subsequently been conveyed back to their country by Mr. W. Williams. Here a body of native teachers was at first sent, who laboured diligently amongst their countrymen, so that when in 1840 Mr. W. Williams undertook the charge of the whole district, forming a parish of two degrees and a half in length, and containing 36,000 souls, he was supported by a band of twenty native teachers, and found a church, 90 feet by 44, already constructed, and congregations in different places amounting altogether to 8000 persons.

We have only space remaining to give a few statistics, shewing the state of the work in 1854. In the northern district there were 3 stations (2 having been for good reasons relinquished) having 4 European Missionaries and 2 catechists, besides 30 native catechists and 741 communicants. It contained 10 chapels built with boards, and between 30 and 40 of native materials. In the middle district there were 9 stations, with 10 European Missionaries and 5 catechists, 226 native teachers, 5220 persons under instruction, and 100 native-built chapels. In the eastern district, under Archdeacon W.

Williams, there were 5 stations, 6 European Missionaries, and a catechist, 109 native teachers, and 2735 communicants. A native from this district, Rota Waitoa, was ordained on Trinity Sunday, 1853, to the office of deacon, having been eleven years in St. John's College, Auckland. In the western district there were 4 stations, and 4 ordained clergymen, 193 native teachers, 3587 children and adults in the schools, and 1756 communicants.

We cannot better conclude this sketch than in the words of one, who, by the most active and minute personal inspection of the Mission stations in New Zealand was well qualified to judge, and who thus gives his view of the general work of the Mission:—"Christ has blessed the work of his ministers in a wonderful manner. We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to the faith. God has given a new heart and a new spirit to thousands after thousands of our fellow creatures in this distant quarter of the earth. A few faithful men, by the power of the Spirit of God, have been the instruments of adding another Christian people to the family of God. Young men and maidens, old men and children, all with one heart and with one voice praising God, all offering up daily their morning and evening prayers; all searching the Scriptures, to find the way of eternal life; all valuing the word of God above every other gift; all, in a greater or less degree, bringing forth and visibly displaying in their outward lives some fruits of the influences of the Spirit. Where will you find throughout the Christian world more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the kingdom of Christ?"—*From a Sermon preached at Paihia, in June, 1842, by the Bishop of New Zealand.*

Learn to Labour, and to Wait.

Great suspicion rests generally on what are called religious revivals. The discredit of excitement unduly wrought up is popularly attached to them. And, doubtless, within the sacred precincts of religion, attempts to excite, or controul—to quicken or direct—spiritual emotions are, more or less, exposed to the dangers of excess. But however much we doubt the expediency of, so to speak, getting up revivals—which to us seem only excellent as the result of spiritual influences in spontaneous action—we are, nevertheless, disposed to regard them as subject to principles which, if not rigidly definite, have, notwithstanding, steady claims on our attention. No apology for the caprices of judgment, to which even the best of men are liable, can, we think, satisfactorily explain the firm hold which such occasions have taken upon many devout and enlightened minds. They depend rather upon certain principles which the heart has adopted, and which underlie its feelings and dispositions. Whence these principles are derived it may not be easy to pronounce authoritatively. But we suspect they are in some measure the results of a generalizing process, conducted within the limits of individual experience, and afterwards corroborated in thoughtful minds by familiarity with the history

of the Church's growth. Certain it is that the history of the Church of Christ, like that of the regenerate spirit, forms not one long dazzling train of light, uninterrupted in its splendours, and momentarily growing more intense in glory. Chequered and fitful does it present itself to us, gleaming forth at one time with a heavenly brilliancy, at another having its brightness dimmed, and its beauty marred; now kindling up into a pillar of fire, and now flickering feebly on the ground, perilled by the tramp of the hostile foot. Not the precision of troops moving on parade, but the march of an army on the scene of war, does the progress of truth resemble. The vicissitudes of war belong to it, and with such we must be content. If, in the strifes of worldly power, desolation, and the foot-prints of death, mark too surely the foeman's track, yet displays of heroism, and the magnificent trophies of victory, dazzle with their splendour, and fill the scene with strange fascinations of glory. For not so much in unbroken prosperity, as in great successes seasonably achieved, does the human mind delight. They are the decorations of history; the jewels which spangle the breast of fortune. To have no drawbacks, no defeats, would be fatal to the swell of joy which accompanies triumph. Thus the Christian looks eagerly out for seasons of prosperity—and of blessing. And if experience forbids the hope of con-

tinuous success attending the advances of Truth, he only the more ardently desires that there should be at times fuller manifestations of its power, and a richer profusion of its triumphs. And this desire is ever encouraged by the records of the past. For whether we look to the glorious effusion of Pentecost, which added so many souls to the hitherto small circle of believers; or, scanning the later history of the Christian Church, observe its eras of light scattered up and down wide expanses of gloom, we are struck with the fact that long periods of depression, succeeded by remarkable outbursts of life and energy, are characteristic of the developements of truth. Not the ever mid-day brightness of the solar orb, but coruscations of light meet the eye; the smouldering fire, fanned by the Spirit's breath, shooting up ever and anon with wondrous force and brilliancy to form new centres of illuminating influence. And if this be true of the past, it is no less true of the present and of the future. Take for instance, as illustrations of this principle, the familiar cases of Mission work in Sierra Leone and New Zealand. How many years, and through what dark experiences, did Christian hearts "in patience wait" for the fruit of their labours. Judging from the first years spent in resultless toil, the work might well have been given up as a failure. The expenditure of life, of money, of time, was not slight.

The returns were as nothing; it was a waste of the funds of simple-minded Christians, who trusted too easily to the enthusiasm or folly of others. Such was the opinion of those who, confident in the wisdom of the world, could afford to estimate slightly, and smile at, the helpless aims of misguided piety. Yet what are the results? After a long drought came a gracious rain, and the wilderness of so many years has blossomed as the rose. And this is the experience of other Missions, of which the two mentioned are but examples. Now let us apply this fact to the circumstances of our own special field of Missionary labour. It will be no strange thing if years pass over our heads without bringing home intelligence of large spiritual results. But still silently and secretly the preparations are going on, which, in God's due time shall issue in noble successes. The issues are in God's hands. Did He, day by day, let us see a regular return for our spiritual labours, we should soon demand it as a right, and usurp the glory which belongs to Him alone. So when we are most taken up with the excellence of the means employed, and the plans of execution adopted, He may see it needful to pour shame upon these, that we may learn more of the meaning of the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." Nowhere do we find this more beautifully figured forth than

in the circumstances attending the first miraculous draught of fishes. On the shores of the lake of Galilee, while the dawn still slept upon its bosom, some fishermen were washing their nets. They had toiled all night, and caught nothing. Presently there drew near, with a numerous throng attending, One who delighted to call Himself the Son of Man. He enters into the fishers' ship, and sitting down teaches the people out of the ship. His gracious words are finished; and now, addressing Peter, He bids him to launch out into the deep, and let down his nets for a draught. "Master, we have toiled all the night, and taken nothing, nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." This was the reply, a reply indicating faith in Him whom he had thus early learned to address as Master. We are not to suppose that any hesitancy is couched in the word *nevertheless*, but rather an expression of confidence in Christ, who had given the command. "At *Thy* word,"—in spite of all success being wanting to our past efforts, in spite of the most fitting season for fishing, viz. the night, being past,— "at *Thy* word," I will let down the net. The rewards of faith soon followed, and through the multitude of fishes the nets began to break. Now this miracle, like all the miracles of Christ, is intended to teach us something. It is not merely a wonder, but a sign. And of what is it the sign?

Of many truths, indeed, but especially of such as are connected with the casting of the Gospel net, wherein to catch men. For the circumstances of the miracle all point to this. And here, at any rate, is an incident full of significance. The ship, the nets, the favouring hours of night, the zeal and skill and toil of the weary fishers, were not effectual to their purpose. It was not until the Lord gave the word that the fish of the sea were guided into the net, and rewarded the toil of those who through the anxious night had caught nothing. But it was in the use of the ordinary means that our Lord caused this success to attend His future disciples in their present occupation. The ship, the nets, the fishers' skill, were all required. For awhile, perhaps, they had seemed but ill to repay the outlay upon them. They had been productive of nothing during one long night, and possibly oftentimes before; but now they are in readiness for bounties already provided, and the owners reap a harvest of reward. See we not a hint here to Christians that they should have all things in readiness, and be diligent in the use of means, waiting the Lord's time for an outpouring of blessings? Long periods passing without bringing in returns of labour are not to discourage us, but rather are they intended to make us "wait upon the Lord," in the confident expectation of His ultimate blessing. And surely it is at *His* word we are

letting down the net. For not only have we His general command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, but we have a special call from God to attend to the spiritual necessities of South America in the life and death of Capt. Gardiner. If the faith inspired in the heart of a Marsden was a Divine summons to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of New Zealand, can we doubt that a like faith kindled in the heart of the noble Gardiner is a summons also to proclaim Christ to the aborigines of South America. "At Thy word," said Peter, "I will let down the net;" and we too, animated with a like spirit, and at the word of the same Master, do now let down the Gospel net.

We add but a few words more suggested by the effect on Peter's mind of the miraculous draught of fishes. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." It may be the Lord is waiting to give the blessing till He sees a like humiliation of spirit forming in us. So long as we count upon the means employed, and exalt our own prudence, He defers the moment of success; but when, in confessions of our weakness and His power we wait for His word, and the immediate operation of His will, then assuredly the crown of mercies shall descend, and our long waiting be more than recompensed. "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

Our Mission Station, and Plans and Prospects.

Mr. Garland Phillips, one of the members of the Mission party who sailed, in 1854, in the *Allen Gardiner*, has arrived in England. His voyage home, in an American clipper—the *Great Republic*—was the quickest ever made by a sailing vessel from the Falklands. The mail has been quite outdone. His reports of persons and things sound very differently from those with which the public at home has been lately favoured. We have no gloomy prophecies, no railing accusations, no imputations of unworthy motives urged against those who, with genuine self-denial, have gone forth to execute, by the help of God, the plans of our Society for bringing the Gospel to bear upon the heathen of South America. Mr. Phillips, indeed, tells us that on his first going out, he cherished too sanguine hopes regarding the progress of the direct Mission work; but then he had not calculated on the disturbing influences and repulsive forces, which, alas! too often interfere with the regular and progressive developement of the best conceived plans. We are happy, however, to assure our readers and friends that Mr. Phillips speaks in the most unqualified terms of the Rev. G. P. Despard's energy and self-devotion, as well as of the zeal and harmony prevailing amongst all

members of the Mission. Whatever delays and impediments there have been in carrying out the details of the Mission schemes, these we are told belong to the period preceding Mr. Despard's arrival, although the energy now displayed by our Superintendent may have brought them lately into more conspicuous notice. Had the right man been (as was vainly supposed at one time) in the right place from the first, the cause of God would not have been dishonoured, as it has been attempted to dishonour it of late; and our Mission vessel, instead of, as formerly, being idle for months together in Stanley Harbour, and her crew diverted from the purposes for which they were engaged, would have been instrumental in executing those fundamental arrangements upon which the spiritual plans of the Mission depended so much for their developement. Deeply, indeed, must we all deplore that the first two years of our Mission enterprise abroad should have been marked so strongly with evidences of the infirmity of man. And humbling indeed is the thought that one in whom so much confidence was placed, and who should have been a centre of unity and a pattern of self-controul, allowed himself to give way to the most groundless suspicions, and to break up the universal harmony. But we will make no reprisals here upon one whose statements, however extreme, are calculated rather to astonish

than to alarm; and regarding whose opposition to our work we may well lay aside all fear, knowing that in the sight of man, as in the sight of God, our motives and objects require no disguise, and no false colouring, but only covet the strictest and most impartial observation.

The state of our Mission Station at Keppel is thus spoken of by Mr. Phillips. "I thought, when I left home in October, 1854, that, ere two years had elapsed, the Mission amongst the Fuegians would have been realised; that we should have become intimately acquainted with their habits and language; that our communications with, and among them would have been many and frequent; and that Fuegian youths would by that time have been located at Keppel, and receiving instruction. But these were pleasant day dreams. Keppel Island, when we landed there, was a barren, desolate place; nothing but a dreary, uncultivated waste. When I left, it was far otherwise; a wondrous change had been effected. Instead of one unvarying scene of mountain, hill, and dale, what meets the eye? On entering its noble and spacious harbour, the Mission Station—Cranmer—meets the eye. Sullivan House—the residence of the Superintendent—has a commanding aspect on the hill. As you land, on the right, stands a compact and neatly finished store house. On the left, and facing the

water, are the carpenter's shop, dry store, stone stable, and piggeries. As you advance a little upward, your attention is drawn towards a large, square, modern building—the Cænobium; and I fully expect, ere this, another store house has been erected in its rear. From the beach, a famous broad road has been cut out, levelled, and macadamised, for some distance; and the remainder of the roading is marked out to Sullivan House. As you proceed along this path, you find opening up to the view, under the lee of a hill, two substantial stone-built cottages; the first, consisting of two rooms on the ground floor; the second, a double house, each compartment having a room above and below. These are not frail tenements, but such as will stand every inclemency of the weather, and last for any number of years. Again, a very bare piece of land has been brought under cultivation, producing excellent vegetables, especially potatoes. Turf-fencing of great extent has been raised. And eleven head of young cattle, with a few sheep, browse on the famous pasturage. And who have worked this pleasing change? Not men who have been engaged from their youth in hard labour and laborious employment. There have been no navvies to quarry stone, and carry heavy timbers, but those who have been brought up to labour with the head rather than the hand; men who, while debarred from all the amenities

of life, and those comforts which home alone can produce, have, nevertheless, put their shoulder to the wheel, and with head, and hand, and heart, gone steadily on, and prepared a comfortable Mission Station in a lone and hitherto uncultivated isle, making a home for the soldier of the cross, a place in which the heathen can be taught a Saviour's love, and trained to habits of usefulness and civilization. Here is now a general depôt for the South American Mission; and finally, I hope, a training school for future *native* Missionaries. The old adage—'Rome was not built in a day'—may be applied, I think, in our case, as a hint of patience to those who enquire, What has been done? Two visits have been paid to Tierra del Fuego, and one to Patagonia. And now I fully expect Mr. Despard is at the former place, and with two or three of the Mission party will, for a *short* time, make a trial of remaining on shore among the natives, and endeavour by all means to persuade some to return with them to Keppel. I feel convinced, that had we gone long ago to Woollya, we might have brought over Jemmy Button and his family. Soon, however, I do trust this shall take place, and then we shall have reason to 'thank God and take courage.' "

We purposely omit some other remarks with which Mr. Phillips has kindly favoured us. They breathe a sort of heroic affection for our Superin-

tendent, and are inspired with the most perfect confidence in his qualifications for the post which he occupies in connection with our Mission. We may add, that from private conversation with Mr. Phillips, we are in every way cheered regarding the work which we have in hand. And we are tempted to believe that God has permitted the weak instruments employed, at home as well as abroad, to be humbled in the sight of men, only to manifest more entirely that the work is His, and the blessing His, when the fruits of our ministry appear. May He guide us aright, teaching us to love Him more than our own plans, and to adhere to them, or modify them, as the leadings of His providence suggest! Many difficulties have presented themselves already, only to shew how, in faith, they may be met and conquered; and most heartily do we sympathise with those who have already so patiently and unobtrusively borne the burden and heat of the day. Our friends will not read, without giving "honour to whom honour is due," the closing words of Mr. Phillips's letter: "The public at home know not a tithe of the inconveniences and discomforts attending a residence on a lonely isle; hard work, hard fare, and none of the social comforts of home. However, the worst is past. A settlement has been established, which in a few years will be almost self-supporting; and by the

'good hand of God,' I trust, the time is not far distant when the inhabitants of Patagonia, and the isles, shall hear, believe, and live."

Dispatches from our Mission Party.

The mail, bringing letters from the Rev. G. P. Despard and Mr. Ellis, has arrived, but we have no time to give more than a brief summary of information. The Mission party were all well, and the progress of the Mission Station was most satisfactory. The great trial of the Society's plans remains to be made. We mean, the getting natives from the main land to occupy the Mission Station. Our Superintendent ventures on no speculations regarding success in this matter. But confidence of success forms the basis of his thoughts and the motive of his efforts in arranging the affairs of the Station.

The last portion of Mr. Despard's Journal, given in the December number of "The Voice of Pity," was written at Rio de Janeiro. The Journal is resumed at the same place; but it comes down to the period when, after returning to Keppel and Stanley, he was about to sail for Monte Video, to reship a crew, and see if a Captain for the *Allen Gardiner* had arrived from England. We regret that our Superintendent must have been partially disappointed in this last particular, for not until the 9th ult. did Mr. Fell, our newly-elected Master for the Mission vessel, quit England. But it is a great satisfaction to know that the wants of the marine department of the Mission are likely to be met, before

long, by the arrival of one who, the Committee believe and hope, possesses, not only nautical skill, but the invaluable qualifications of Christian character. One thing calls for special gratitude—that whilst other, and larger vessels have been driven in damaged by the violence of storms to Stanley Harbour, the *Allen Gardiner*, during the most boisterous season of the year, and over the stormiest of seas, has suffered no particle of damage, but been most happily prospered in her voyages. Owing to the lateness of the receipt of letters by the mail, we must defer further particulars until our next number is issued.

The Early Struggles of Missions.

III.—RUPERT'S LAND.

In our review of the early history of some of the principal Mission Stations in connexion with the Church of England, we are now led to a portion of the globe nearer to that which attracts the special interest of the friends of the South American Missionary Society. And while, in retracing some features of the work at Sierra Leone and New Zealand, we could not fail to be struck with many points of analogy with the work we have in hand in Patagonia and Fuegia; such analogy will, we think, become more apparent still when we pass from the eastern to the western hemisphere, and examine the peculiar nature of the difficulties which met the promoters of evangelization in North America, and the means which, under God, proved so effectual in their hands to reclaim and instruct the untamed inhabitants of those desolate regions.

Few of our readers will need more than to be reminded of the prominent characteristics of Rupert's Land, the scene of those interesting operations of which the Red River colony is the head quarters. In climate and natural features the country resembles, and cannot probably lay claim to any superiority over, the southern extremity of the great American Continent, and the races which inhabit it have many habits and pursuits in common with the Fuegian and Patagonian. As in their case, the only habitation of the North American Indian is the rude tent or wigwam, which forms but a miserable shelter from the severity of a northern winter. His clothing is scanty and insufficient to meet the necessities of the climate; his mode of life roving and predatory; his supplies of food are most uncertain; and his only possessions of value are his horse and his canoe. For a long period previous to the arrival of the first Missionary the Indians had been brought into frequent contact with Europeans at the various stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, which have been planted at immense intervals throughout this vast territory, for the purposes of trade and commerce. This intercourse, to the shame of the European it must be said, was productive of nothing but misery and degradation to the poor Indians. Those in the neighbourhood of the forts were used like slaves, and their abject condition is thus described by an eye-witness:—

“The Indians are sunk to almost the lowest state of degradation to which human beings can be brought; their life is spent in struggles for its support, and they pass on from infancy to death without comfort, without hope in this life, while no bright gleam of future hope enlightens their dark and cheerless path, for no one has ever told them of a Saviour's love.”

In 1811, a colony was formed on the Red River, by Lord Selkirk, who invited settlers from Europe and Canada to take up their abode there. Some of these being French Roman Catholics, were from time to time visited by a priest; but for the Protestants no ministers were provided; and throughout the whole extent of the Hudson's Bay territories, no place of worship of any kind was to be found. The first attempt to benefit the mixed population of Red River, composed of Europeans, half breeds, and a few native Indians, was made in the summer of 1820, when the Hudson's Bay Company, in conjunction with the Church Missionary Society, sent out a Clergyman, the Rev. John West, to act as Chaplain to the colony, and Missionary to the Indians in the vicinity. At the colony, Mr. West was cordially welcomed, and his labours were blessed with much success, in restoring a more moral and Christian tone to the society there, and removing many causes of sin and scandal amongst the settlers. With regard to the Indians, the plan which suggested itself as most likely to benefit them, was to form a school for native boys, where they might not only receive religious teaching, but be also instructed in general knowledge and some of the simpler arts of civilised life. The wild and roving habits of the Indians, however, presented formidable obstacles to this plan, as any degree of restraint or confinement was irksome to them; but Mr. West, having had two boys entrusted to his care on his journey to Red River, one at York Fort, and the other at Norway House, resolved to make the attempt; and with these two boys as a nucleus, he formed an establishment, of which, in 1821, he was enabled to write that the building would soon be ready to receive as many boys as British benevolence would enable him to support. He

frequently made expeditions into the adjacent country, with a view of becoming acquainted with the natives, and of inducing them to send their sons to the colony for instruction. In 1822, the Church Missionary Society resolved to adopt Red River as a permanent Mission Station; and when Mr. Jones, the new Missionary, arrived, in 1823, he found a small wooden Church erected, and a most encouraging state of things at the colony. The Sabbath was well observed, and the Church filled with attentive hearers. Soon more Church accommodation was needed; and, with the aid of the Governor, Mr. Jones succeeded in erecting a new Church at Image Plains, ten miles lower down the river. The schools numbered 169 boys and girls on the Sunday, and there were now 12 Indian youths in the native establishment.

But before we proceed further, we shall do well to review the external circumstances of the Mission, which in this respect bears a close affinity to our own. We must recollect that it was planted in the midst of a vast and barbarous region, where the inhabitants are compelled to depend entirely on their own resources for subsistence. A very small portion of land had been brought under cultivation by the Europeans, who had also a considerable number of cattle; but the rest of the population were dependant entirely upon hunting and fishing for their support. If, as was sometimes the case, either of these resources failed, the colonists were reduced to great straits, and thus the Missionaries found themselves compelled, from the first, to cultivate the land and rear cattle to supply their schools and families with food. The calamities of the years 1826 and 1827, when flood and famine succeeded each other and desolated the colony, were nobly met by the energy of the

Missionaries, Mr. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Cockran. By the greatest personal exertions they barely succeeded in preserving the Mission family from actual want, while their privations were many and severe. Amid these outward trials, however, God gave them much spiritual encouragement. The Churches were crowded, and the number of communicants increased. But this work was chiefly confined to the Europeans and half breeds. With the exception of two aged persons, a man and a woman, of whom the former was baptized, and the latter died in faith, the natives had scarcely yet been reached. But when, in 1829, Mr. Cockran and his family removed to a new Station, called the Grand Rapids, a more promising sphere of usefulness amongst the Indians opened upon them. Mr. Cockran's position here may best be described in his own words:—

“I am obliged to be minister, clerk, schoolmaster, arbitrator, agricultural director, and many other things, to this mixed and barbarous people; and it is no sine-cure. They are scattered over twelve miles of country, without roads, full of swamps and miry creeks, where, in wet weather, I have the utmost difficulty in reaching them. I have everything to teach them; to enter into their personal concerns, to be a peace maker, and to teach them to manage their temporal affairs. Wearying as all this is to the flesh, it is very beneficial to the people; it leads them to look on me as one of themselves: they feel they can depend on my friendship, they know that I shall advise them only for their good; and this leads them to listen with a willing ear when I tell them of spiritual things.”

In two years from his settling at Grand Rapids, Mr. Cockran's congregation had increased from thirty to three hundred; whilst the change in the habits and

morals of the people testified to the reality of the work. Some touching instances of conversion occurred; and in 1836, the aspect of the Station is thus described:—

“The log-houses of the Christian part of the population had been made neat and comfortable dwellings, each with its little garden and farm yard attached to it; the once dreary, swampy plains, were now covered with herds of cattle, or adorned with waving corn; a Church, school, and parsonage house, had been erected; and the din of the conjurer’s rattle had been exchanged for words of prayer and songs of praise. Above sixty children attended at the day schools; the number of communicants was nearly seventy; and the flock which was continually increasing by the baptism of adults from the remaining heathens in the settlement, now amounted to six hundred.”

But the experiment on behalf of the Indians which met with the most signal success, and displays most wonderfully the zeal, patience, and energy of Mr. Cockran, was the establishment of an Indian village or settlement exclusively for natives, where they might be taught husbandry and induced permanently to locate themselves, and thus be brought within reach of Christian instruction. Great were the difficulties to be encountered at the outset, and two seasons passed before Mr. Cockran could persuade the Chief Pigwys to allow the land to be appropriated for this purpose. A winter of great scarcity made them more willing to try a new mode of procuring food; and in 1832 Mr. Cockran began his work, by taking two of his servants, with a yoke of oxen, to Netley Creek, the spot fixed upon; and there commencing operations in concert with seven Indians, who alone out of two hundred could be persuaded to join him in his labours. The week was devoted to this

hard toil, and on Saturday he returned to the Rapids for the duties of the ensuing Sabbath. Very trifling results at first followed; and the greatest patience was necessary with these untutored beings, some of whom immediately consumed the whole produce of their first harvest in Indian feasts, leaving the winter store wholly uncared for.

In 1833 a new settlement was formed at Sugar Point, where the soil and position seemed more favourable, and here the progress, though slow, was steady. A house was built for the chief, and one Indian after another joined him, and shewed considerable energy and diligence in clearing the ground, sowing the crops, and building for themselves rough but substantial dwellings. A schoolroom was erected, and some degree of order gradually induced amongst the scholars, who however had frequently to be released from their studies, to follow their old pursuits, from their susceptibility to the complaint called "thinking long." At length a mill was established, which more than anything seemed to rouse the Indians from their apathy, and by degrees more direct means were taken for their spiritual benefit. In 1835 an afternoon service was begun; and as the congregation in the following year had increased to a hundred, a church was projected, to which Mr. Cockran's people at the Rapids gave willing aid, and on January 4th, 1837, it was opened, under circumstances of peculiar encouragement and joy. In the year following the old Chief Pigwys, after a long probation, was baptized; and when, in the summer of the same year, Mr. Jones took leave of him, on his departure for England, Pigwys sent a letter to the Church Missionary Society, entreating that they would send out a minister to take charge of the Indian village, and reside amongst them. This

request was acceded to; and in the autumn of 1839 Mr. Smithurst arrived, and entered upon his charge.

We have dwelt more in detail upon this portion of the history, because it serves as a specimen of the way in which the work was carried on at the stations afterwards to be established; and although success has followed exertion more largely in some cases than in others, yet the difficulties and encouragements are in all substantially the same.

It only remains for us now briefly to sum up the general results. The wandering habits of the natives often led families from distant tribes to take up their abode at the Indian village. The better things they learned there, made them long for the extension of the same blessings to their distant countrymen. The openings thus made known, led in 1840 to the formation of the Cumberland Station, where Henry Budd, one of the two boys entrusted to Mr. West, on his first arrival in the country, was sent as catechist, until an ordained Missionary could be appointed. From this distant station, others yet further removed were projected; and in 1842 Mr. and Mrs. Cowley arrived from England, and proceeded to Manitoba Lake, where they still labour on, though with less encouragement than at other stations. A few years later, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt took up their abode at Lac la Ronge, eight hundred miles distant from Red River, with every prospect of an abundant blessing on their labours. The arrival of the Bishop of Rupert's Land in 1849, spread joy and happiness throughout the various stations. After a long course of study under the Bishop's own eye, Henry Budd was ordained, and returned to the scene of his early labours, where Mr. and Mrs. Hunter had for some time been in charge, with the hope of soon forming an additional settlement at

Moose Lake. The Bishop resides at the upper settlement, where the education of the native youths especially occupies his attention, and where he hopes at some future time to establish a college for young men intended for the ministry. Here also resides Mr. Cockran, as Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company; while the Middle Church, the Rapids, and the Indian Village, all flourish under the care of their respective pastors. When recording his delight on the occasion of consecrating a new Church at the Rapids, the Bishop writes, "I cannot reflect without self-abasement on the toil and labours which others have endured in laying the foundation of the Church of Christ in this land, while I have at once so much enjoyment in reaping the fruit of their self-denial, of their days and years of constant hardships. May God bless and guide me in raising the superstructure: may He enable me in His mercy to strengthen and consolidate the whole!"

Our readers will, we are sure, respond to this prayer; and this slight record of the faith and patience of our brethren in the work of Christ may, we trust, once more stimulate our efforts, and brighten our hopes of reaping, even in dark benighted Fuegia, a harvest of immortal souls.

Perfect through Sufferings.

"Perfect through sufferings,"—Christian, if thine heart
 Within thee faint, and tremble at the rod,—
 Consider Him, who bore for thee its smart,
 Nor strive to shun the path thy Saviour trod.

"Perfect through sufferings,"—though He were a Son,*
 No other way that lesson might He learn:
 Only through death, life's victory must be won,
 And Calvary's shame, the crown of glory earn!

* Heb. v. 8.

“Perfect through sufferings,”—yes, there lay the road,
 And He would tread no other:—love so great,
 His human will had moulded, and bestowed
 A strength that sunk not 'neath the o'erwhelming weight.

Vainly in one bright blaze concentrated shone*
 Earth's gathered kingdoms with their majesty;
 He turned from all the pomp that was His own,
 To Kedron's shades, and dark Gethsemane.

“Perfect through sufferings,”—He rejects the crown,
 The cross untasted—Sacrifice Divine!
 And shall Thy servants marvel if the frown
 Of a world's hatred mark them still as Thine?

O shall our love and zeal so faintly burn,
 Our hearts still cling to visions of content:
 Still fondly covet gifts which Thou didst spurn
 With steadfast soul on Thy high mission bent?
 Forbid it Lord!—yet not with such stern hand
 As stripped 'Thine own sad path of every beam,
 Dost Thou, O Merciful, of us demand
 Th' unsparing wreck of every cherished dream.

Thou stand'st alone, secure in awful woe,
 None might with Thee its pathless depths explore;
 None might with Thee through those dark waters go,
 When human love fled trembling from the shore.†

Yet must we follow o'er that stormy sea,
 If of Thy love some knowledge we would gain,
 For bliss like this shall our weak hearts with Thee
 Refuse to share the fellowship of pain?

O for such grace, unmurmuring, still to lie,
 While from our hearts with wise and patient love,
 Thy gentle hand dissevers every tie
 That would detain us from our home above!

* St. Luke iv. 5. † St. Matt. xxvi. 56.

Our Mission, and its Objects.

What are the claims of the Fuegian and Patagonian upon us as Christians? They can scarcely be called an interesting people. The inhabitants of China, destitute as they are of the true light, have yet a quaint civilization to recommend them. They are ingenious—industrious—scholastic,—rather exclusive, it is true. But, on the whole, we like them, and think it worth our while to fight our way into their esteem, rather than be treated with too much reserve. The inhabitants of India too are not without attractions to the European imagination. The fabled wealth and splendour of their princes; their refinement of manners and subtle intellects; their gorgeous temples, and the very systems of idolatry under which they worship, gloomy and diabolical though they be, have all combined to enlist the attention, and excite the ambition, and stimulate the adventurous spirit of Europe. But the races of Patagonia and Fuegia are altogether destitute of these attractions. While in other parts of the South American continent, forms of political life have in ages past reached an astonishing developement: while in Peru, for instance, we still find traces of the enlightened sway of the Incas, and possess traditions of an era, which to the present day

seems glorious: while even now there is spread over the greater part of South America the specious garb of a foreign civilization: we yet find the races occupying the extremities of that vast continent plunged in the darkest barbarism. The religious instincts of the heart have amongst them found no expression in temples made with hands, and the existence of a priestly class is so indistinct as to be more than doubtful. Their language is unconscious of written forms; and the variety of their dialects testifies to the isolation of feeling existing amongst the different tribes. Their wigwams, built in the *polar-conic order*, (to adopt our Missionary's phraseology,) shew an utter indifference to the excellencies of Christian architecture. And the state of art amongst them is something astonishingly low. Their arrows tipped with glass, picked up at hazard, or with whatever else their rude manufacture can produce; their spearheads of wood; and their *lasso* of whalebone for catching fish, suggest to us the most appalling absence of the useful no less than of the fine arts. In fact, it must be confessed that we are confronted by the naked and degraded savage, in those parts to which our Missionary efforts are immediately directed. But why not direct our efforts to such? Are they below our notice? Are we neglecting worthier objects? A thousand voices will at once exclaim, *look at home*. But the very fact of so

many joining in this cry leads us to suppose that our wants at home are not being overlooked. If all the denouncers of Missionary effort abroad, on the plea of spiritual destitution at home, are exerting themselves to ameliorate the evils which they deplore, we may then safely hope that without exposing our own population to loss, we can carry out the purposes of Him, who commanded the Gospel to be preached to every creature.

But the claims of the Fuegian and Patagonian, as well as the claims of mankind at large, upon the attention of Christians, must never be regulated by our ideas of what is wanted at home. Their claims are positive, not relative. And the very degradation of which we have spoken, so far from alienating our interest, and our sympathy, should awaken in our hearts the deepest sense of their necessities, and stir us up to do something in their behalf. They are fallen creatures, degraded from their high original, and utterly stripped of the dignities of that perfect manhood in which Adam was created. Sin has made shipwreck of their souls; and their whole possessions have been stranded on the very shore of existence. We may indeed be tempted to despise them; but the temptation comes from Satan, who has made them what they are, and would fain set them up as objects of our ridicule. The Christian, however, must never forget how closely interwoven

are their interests with his own. A threefold cord unites the varied sections of humanity together. A common origin—a common curse—a common hope. The differences which exist are but the outgrowths of sin, exaggerated, or modified, by the malice of Satan, or by the grace of God. And our duty it is, on whom the true light shines, to manifest that light to those thus lying in darkness. We should be false to our common manhood—false to that God who, in the denunciation of the serpent, uttered words of hope for man—and false to the grace which has elevated ourselves, were we to hold back from any race of men the blessings and glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. The claims of the Patagonian and Fuegian then are by no means weak, if we regard them as connected with the first promise of a Saviour for man. And, when we come to consider the leadings of that Divine Providence, in deference to which the efforts of our Mission enterprise took their rise, we cannot but be struck with the fact, that God was bidding Christians to take compassion upon those, who too long had been overlooked and despised. The zeal of Captain Gardiner was in a marvellous manner directed to these abject races of mankind. Point after point did he try in the vast continent of South America, with a view of introducing to the aborigines the pure Gospel of Christ. The results of his efforts,

though often hopeful, were not such as to form any satisfactory basis for Missionary operations on the eastern or western coasts of South America. But towards the very southern extremity a favourable opening seemed to reveal itself, and he determined to enter upon it. Here at any rate did he hope to get a hold upon those tribes, which under different names, and with different degrees of barbarism, compose the lower strata of the South American population. The Roman Catholic influence had been the great difficulty in getting at the native tribes higher up in the continent; but in the extreme south this influence was scarcely perceptible. We cannot refrain from making here an extract from the very interesting Life of Capt. Gardiner, by the Rev. J. W. Marsh, M. A. The writer has previously described the varied but baffled attempts at proclaiming the Gospel in South America, which had been made by the subject of his Memoir. At the point where our extract begins, he is referring to Gardiner's intentions of making another effort, but at the extremity of the continent, southwards:—"Such was the determination of Gardiner. He had tried to effect his purpose from the east and from the west; he now resolved to try from the south. There he at least hoped to avoid papal difficulties. Bunyan speaks of two giants, Pope and Pagan: it may be questioned which of the two is more difficult to deal

with; but it is certain that it is easier to deal with one at a time, than with the two altogether. As to his further plans, let Gardiner speak for himself. ‘ Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian population, where they are most civilized and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned towards the south. Happily for us, and (I trust,) eventually for the poor Indians, the Falkland Islands are now under the British flag; and although the settlement is poor, still it is the resort of numbers of whalers, and of the small sealing vessels which frequent the Straits of Magalhaen. The Patagonians about Gregory Bay, in the north-eastern part of the Straits, have always evinced a friendly disposition to foreigners, and it is to that spot that I am now particularly turning my attention. We purpose to proceed to Berkeley Sound, in the Falkland Islands. Making this our place of residence, I intend to cross over in a sealer, and to spend the summer among the Patagonians. *Who can tell but the Falkland Islands, so admirably situated for the purpose, may become the key to the aborigines both of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego?* ’ ”

Thus in the providence of God, spiritual designs for the evangelization of the heathen of these parts were growing in the heart and mind of the lamented Gardiner. To say that he failed in his efforts is an error. He perished indeed, but his

designs still live. They are his bequest to the church of Christ. And we trust that our Mission Station at Keppel is destined to realise the glorious idea of the Falklands becoming the key to the aborigines of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego.

Nor are there wanting signs of further openings for the Gospel in other parts of South America. Our Missionary has at different points gained interesting information on this matter. At Monte Video and at Rio de Janeiro the results of his enquiries, as to the opportunities afforded for bringing the Gospel to bear upon the native Indian population, were alike encouraging. And to those at all acquainted with the lamentable condition of these aboriginal tribes, the pressing need of communicating to them the pure words of life cannot but appear. Their numbers are vast. Their minds are in thralldom to the most gloomy superstitions, and their modes of life indicate the deepest degeneracy of character. The habits of different tribes vary of course widely; and some are less degraded than others. But, to quicken the interest of our readers in the welfare of the South American aborigines generally, we give the following extract from an article on the population of Peru in Bell's Geography.—“The *Conibos* will take a whole year to hollow out a canoe from one tree, fifteen or twenty yards in length, and from five to seven quarters broad, which is accomplished

by means of sharp stones and fire. These, with a number of other tribes on the Apurimac or Ucagale, before it is joined by the Tunguragua, flatten the heads of their infants, in order, like the Omaguas, to resemble the full moon. The girls go entirely naked, while the married women wear a slight cincture; but among many other tribes complete nakedness is universal. They seem to believe in one God, of a human form, who retired to heaven after making the earth; but do not venture to adore him, except during earthquakes, which they believe to proceed from the footsteps of their God, who visits the earth in order to see how many exist. They also believe in an evil spirit, of whom the most sagacious, for the sake of emolument, dare to declare themselves the priests, and regulate in his name, amours, intrigues, health and sickness, and their warlike campaigns. They also believe in another life, and imagine that thunders are the battles of that distant world. Some believe in transmigration, and suppose that the souls of their chiefs animate tigers and monkeys. The dead are disinterred after a certain period, and the bones washed and preserved; but some tribes eat the flesh of their dead."

Such is a picture of some of those tribes, which our Society, relying on the Divine guidance, aims ultimately to benefit by the Gospel of Christ,

The prospect is not bright to human eye; but faith reaches far into the future, and sees the triumph of the cross, and the establishment of Christ's kingdom of peace. Do our readers desire to share in these triumphs?—to hasten the coming of the Prince of Peace? Let them not then shrink from difficulties, or despise the day of small things, but in prayer and faith come forward and help a Society whose chosen sphere of labour is South America, and whose single aim is the glory of God in the salvation of man.

Continuation of Rev. G. P. Despard's Journal.

We are thankful to be able again to occupy the pages of our monthly Journal with intelligence from abroad. And our readers will not fail to thank a heavenly Father for his protecting care manifested to our Missionary brethren. Those who have watched the progress of our evangelical work, and have accompanied it with their prayers, may sometimes feel anxious about its apparent slowness. But we bid them not to be discouraged. In the history of all undertakings of this kind, the rate of progress is chequered and slow. And we need only look to the political efforts of our own day, to see that the execution of designs, however ably and perseveringly carried out, is very different from the conception of them. England, which boasts of being the most practical nation on earth, and whose wealth and mechanical appliances are so abundant, has had again and again to learn to its cost that her efforts may be baffled by the commonest circumstances of life. Rain, and cold, and

snow in the Crimea, and rain and heat in India, have caused in their turn the English heart to sicken with impatience, at the losses which they have inflicted, and the delays which they have made in executing a nation's vengeance. But God has given to our race "a fixity of purpose and effort in pursuit," which, if rightly directed, lead to glory and honour; and we do trust that in setting their hands to God's work, Christians may not easily be discouraged, but patiently persevere until the blessing, which maketh rich, descends, and their labours are crowned with success.

The cheerfulness of tone which marks the Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard, is in itself something to be grateful for. He is roughing it greatly. On board our little Mission vessel he gets but little rest, and we are told that in his person he shows signs of the wear and tear that his efforts for the Mission have entailed. The work which he has had to do ought to have been completed at the time of his arrival at the Falklands. But we do now sincerely trust that the preliminary labours of the settlement are sufficiently advanced to allow of a more complete direction of effort than hitherto to the pure Missionary work. A small vessel, it will be seen, has been added to our means of usefulness, and of safety abroad; and will, we trust, prove an efficient helper, in facilitating intercourse with the nations on the coasts of the main land. The voyages to Monte Video and Rio de Janeiro have been made for wise and necessary purposes, and at seasons when visits to the natives could scarcely be made. Thriving associations have, moreover, been formed in these places; and the sympathy and zeal of friends there, are such as to encourage our efforts at home, and lead us to count upon their steady and liberal aid.

Mr. Despard thus sums up the results of his visit to Rio :—

“ We have much to be thankful for during our stay at Rio. We have had no one sick on board ; we have suffered no accident to the vessel. I have made several kind friends, all of whom will be ready at any time to help us ; and have got materials for projected buildings at Cranmer.

“ *Tuesday, September 29th.*—A blank occurs in the Journal from the 4th inst., because the journalist deemed it unadvisable to enter the occurrences of these intervening days, which had no interest in them, and were so much alike that they could have been designated no otherwise, than by ditto, ditto, ditto, under heads of the first. Suffice it to record the mercy of Jesus Christ the Lord, in preserving the life, health, vigilance, and activity of all on board, and in permitting His regular worship, and reading, and exposition of His word, week days and Sundays. He has sent us a few days of fair wind to cheer, and many days of storm to try us. For the greater part of ten days we were lying to in Pampero, with stormy gales and very high seas off the Plate, and have had altogether, the longest and stormiest passage, ever endured by me in the schooner. She proves a very safe and dry sea boat, but excessively slow, especially on a wind, and with very close reefed sails, makes six points leeway. From the encumbered state of the deck, as well as from sea and motion, we have been unable to get any exercise, which has been rather trying, because sleep has refused in consequence to come at night ; and since we have entered latitudes south of Rio de la Plata, we have suffered much from cold feet. Reading, reflection on the past, and a conjecture on the future, with study of the Word, and endeavoured com-

munion with my God, has served to pass away these tedious days.

“We are now within twenty miles of Keppel Island, but the weather is too thick to approach the land. We have directed our course hither first, rather than to Stanley, because we have 8,000 feet of wood on deck, and on the top of our other cargo, which must first be displaced, so it is best to land it at once at Keppel Island. Besides, I must get from the Colonial Secretary a certificate that it has been landed in that island, to send to Rio, and secure Custom House drawback; and I require to know what stock of provisions in Cranmer will be required. My heart and head are at variance in this decision, for the former urges immediate voyage to Stanley, to see and embrace its best beloved; but in this and every instance, be duty to my Master’s work my guide.

“Four, p. m.—Came to anchor in Committee Bay, without having lost a rope yarn since leaving, three months ago, and having gone 3,200 miles over a stormy sea, at the worst season. Herein behold the goodness of God, and His answer to many prayers. Drank tea with our brethren in the Cœnobium, where I think they look more comfortable than in Sullivan House. They did not seem very anxious to hear news of our doings, so much as to tell news which a sealing party had brought from Stanley. The sealers put in to get a boat repaired, which was done to their satisfaction, and in gratitude they gave quarter cwt. of sugar to our people, an article of which they were in want.

“*Wednesday, September 30th.*—God favoured us with a beautiful calm day, and all hands took advantage of it to land the boards from the *Allen Gardiner*, and stack them so as to preserve from wet and wind. I lent my

aid most willingly in the labour, both for example and exercise sake. And a working man, I sat down with a working man (Bartlett) to a very comfortable dinner, in which a leg of Keppel Island mutton played the most prominent part, and fat and sweet it was. My evening meal was taken in the Coenobium with the Mission party, with whom afterwards I held a parting service of praise, and prayer, and exhortation. By night we were ready for sea, and had our English joiner on board to take back to Stanley, at his own wish. The Station however enjoys the services of a St. Helena man—an ingenious, industrious, and good tempered fellow, in F.'s room.

“*Thursday, October 7th.*—By seven, under weigh. By three, got round the point of Short Low Island, at the entrance of Keppel Sound—so long did it take to beat fifteen miles against a W. N. W. wind. At midnight, with a strong fair gale, we were off Cape Dolphin. At seven, passed Cape Carysfort, and at twenty minutes past eight, a. m., of Friday, October 2nd, we were off Cape William, and at ten minutes past ten, were at anchor in Stanley Harbour. There we found a mammoth clipper, the *Great Republic*, 4,000 tons burden, and three other merchantmen. Landed immediately, and ran to my longed-for home—found wife recovering from a severe attack of lumbago, and children all well. I spent a very, very happy day with them all. Afternoon, busied in opening the great case which Col. Ward and other friends had stuffed full of every kind of useful article nearly. The Lord richly reward such for the pleasure they give us. Evening, read my letters.

“*Saturday, October 3rd.*—Visiting friends.

“*Sunday, October 4th.*—Assisted the Chaplain in service and Lord's table, and in the afternoon, preached

on God's inspection of men, and His test of their understanding—search for God.

“ *Wednesday, 14th.*—Letter from Mr. Bowden, again offering me the *Perseverance*, and for £400—paying at my convenience. There are many advantages gained by possession of this vessel. She is very strong, A. 1. fourteen years, all oak built and copper fastened. She is a very good sea boat. Her size 39 tons register, 70 tons burthen, fit to sail round the world. She will be a great addition to our security at Keppel Island, as it will be of little moment to us how long the *Allen Gardiner* is absent. In the *Perseverance*, we can all go to Stanley at any time. Should the *Allen Gardiner* unfortunately be lost, we can still go on with the Mission without delay. Should it be necessary to send the *Allen Gardiner* home for any purpose, we have the *Perseverance*. Should there be any alarm for the safety of the *Allen Gardiner*, we can send the *Perseverance* to look after and help her. I was very much perplexed what to do, fearing the cost on one side, and fearing the loss of a good opportunity of improving the condition of our Mission on the other. I sought advice of my Lord, and begged Him not to allow me to act amiss; and at last determined on offering Mr. Bowden £400 in two instalments, one at three months after sight, and the other at nine months after sight, so as to give the Society six months between paying times. Should he accept this offer, I might think it right.

“ *Thursday, 15th.*—Saw Mr. Bowden. He accepts my offer. So the *Perseverance*, with whale boat, dinghey, &c., belongs to the Patagonian Missionary Society. I had previously examined the ketch, with Bunt's help. She is quite sound and dry, but in a very dirty condition from guano, and her cabin (a very small one) and her

forecastle (a very large one) are quite dismantled. Her mainsail wants mending, her mizen, jib, and square-sail are serviceable. She is, from extreme of gunwale at bow, to extreme of taffrail, sixty-three feet, or eight feet shorter than the *Allen Gardiner*; from side to side, twelve feet, or six feet narrower than the *Allen Gardiner*. She was built at Christchurch in Hampshire, in 1847, a cutter, and lengthened to a ketch in 1849. She cost at Rio £210, hull only, and by the time she was fitted for sea and brought hither, £560. This was in 1854. Bunt set to work as soon as the bargain was completed with the *Allen Gardiner's* hands, to clean and fit the *Perseverance* for a voyage to Keppel Island, where she is to remain till required for extraordinary turns. She is to be thoroughly painted and finished comfortably inside, at the leisure of our station carpenter and other hands.

“*Saturday, 17th.*—On board *Perseverance*, overhauling sails, &c. Made some advantageous purchases for schooner, from Mr. Bowden. Making box with divisions, to contain differently sized nails, for our Station. Every day this week two or three very long letters have been written. Have enjoyed myself much at home, and feel more comfortable, through this and quiet nights, with plenty of sleep. We are in the Antarctic April, and certainly have weather less changeable in humidity and aridity, than in England, and less cold. Some folks say there is no perspiration to be procured in these islands; I have however discovered this abundantly, the last week, in walking with my children on the camp, and working with my tools in the shop. May be the dry complainants seek only the desired moisture in a sedentary life by the chimney corner, or a stroll to and fro in the High Street. ‘Pale maidens,’ daisies, and a

sort of small white cuckoo flower, are now showing numerously.

“*Sunday, 18th.*—This has been indeed a day of rest to me; for I have had no public duty to discharge. I attended divine service twice. The morning sermon was on the hell-desert of forgetting God. Service in the afternoon, followed by a sermon descriptive of Daniel, and of his zeal and steadfastness in religion, especially in prayer. He was a grand man, and yet not above kneeling three times a day; was a busy man, having under him a vast empire, and yet could find time for praying thrice daily; and was an old man, and not grown weary of prayer. Afternoon and evening were spent in happy Sunday employments with wife and children, and intervals in reading *Life of Henry Martyn*.

“*Wednesday, 21st.*—*Allen Gardiner* and *Perseverance* ready for sea; wind veering about. It was the afternoon however, before they got under weigh. Mr. Dean took passage with me in order to see our settlement, and see something of the West Falklands, hitherto a *Terra Incognita* to him, though he has been sixteen years in this part of the world. The wind blew fresh and fair at four, p. m., our consort was got clear and put out to sea first, and then at quarter past five, we, after a hard try at our anchor, sailed away after her. About six we came up with the *Perseverance*, with mainsail split in a squall, and bound to return to Sparrow Cove for repair. We had a strong breeze, and by night were past Cape Carysfort. We carry a very old horse, called ‘Gammon,’ as a present from Mr. Ogle to Mr. Gardiner, as also a ewe lamb from Rio Negro, a gift from Capt. Smyley to my wife, as also three months’ stores for our Station.

“*Thursday, 22nd.*—Wind westerly, beating all day. Poor old Gammon already almost a skeleton, refuses to eat, and kicks a great deal in the horse-box. A great

deal of sea, and scarce farther on our voyage at night than in the morning.

“*Friday, 23rd.*—Weather more moderate, wind same. Old Gammon, aged twenty, breathes his last, the victim of hunger ashore, and sea-sickness afloat. Afternoon, made our way with safety through Tamar Pass, and at half-past eight, p. m. we were at anchor inside of Pebble Sound, off the entrance of Port Parvis, but near Pebble Island, it being too dark to venture through the north-west pass.

“*Sunday, 25th.*—As we were in an exposed situation, and the wind fair and strong, we hove up anchor, and progressed towards Keppel Island, but could not clear north-west pass through opposing tide and not sufficiently favouring wind, without anchoring again for a couple of hours, inside a nameless islet, on the north of same. By quarter-past four, p. m. we anchored in Committee Bay, being just four days from Stanley. After a while the Mission gentlemen came on board, and were invited to worship at seven, as were also a strong party of sealers, belonging to the *Malvina*, now at anchor in our bay. They both came, and our little cabin was choke full. We had the evening prayers, sung psalms, and heard a sermon from 1 Tim. i. on the ‘glorious Gospel of the blessed God,’ in which the preacher remembering that half his hearers seldom or never attend any place where Christ is taught, endeavoured fully, though briefly, to set forth the good news of the blessed God, and how glorious it is both to Him and to man. Our ‘young men’ say the sealers have been in the bay some days, but have been very civil and obliging, even gratuitously helping them in their labours, whilst in reciprocity our carpenter has gratis made some little repairs in their schooner. It may be that these rough

men, not caring in Stanley to go to church, may be induced in their visits to Cranmer to come to our chapel, and may receive there, some of them, the words of eternal life. Lord grant it! is our sincere prayer.

“*Monday, 26th.*—Beautiful morning; landed early with Mr. D. and with him also inspected the place. In three weeks the work seems to have been to complete the walls, roofs of the cottage, and to make the interior of the mason’s abode habitable, and to lay a course or two of a new kitchen chimney at Sullivan House. The Mission garden, in the newly dug section, has been temporarily fenced in. Our herdsman has begun to break the colt; all hands have paid visits to Gull Point, to pillage the colony of mollemauks of their oval treasures, and have come off moderately victorious in their forays. Mr. D. seemed on the whole pleased with Cranmer. He proceeded with gun in hand and basket on back, and biscuit in pocket, on a journey of inspection, across the island, toward Port Egmont, whilst we gave ourselves to the more prosaic employment of seeking peat bogs in situations convenient for carriage, and in attending the landing and storing of the schooner’s cargo. Till noon the weather was warm and the air still; then it clouded over and became cold. Towards evening it blew a gale, which at night had the violence of a hurricane. Mr. D. returned late, thoroughly wet, and moderately persuaded of the goodness of our island.

“*Tuesday, 27th.*—A very cold March day. Employed in planning certain improvements in and about Sullivan House, necessary to make it a place of comfortable residence for my family. Afterwards in conjunction with the Doctor, marked out our first high road, to lead around the east side of Cranmer Vale, to our house, from Brook Cove, and to be conducted by and bye on the

coast to the same place. There is this advantage in road making we possess over our fellow-colonists at the other end of America—We have no trees to fell, or stumps to remove in our work, and save in one narrow place, no water nuisance to abate.

“As Mr. Phillips is leaving the Mission, who divided the chaplaincy thereof with Mr. Gardiner on week days, and discharged its whole duties on Sundays,—I was obliged to lay the whole weight of the duty to-day on Mr. Gardiner. Dined with my young brethren, and spent a cheerful mid-day hour with them. Evening spent in inscribing the name of our Society within the covers of a number of useful books given to our Library by Mr. Ogle, with frequent and agreeable dippings into them, in one of which I read that in 1814 or 1815 an American Captain, Barnard, had been left with four hands on New Island (Falklands) by a party of English, who piratically seized his vessel, and left without provisions or ordinary weapons for providing. Yet had he and his men subsisted, and he, for months alone, on eggs and birds found on the Island. Those who are a very short time resident here, will not be surprised at this. Our Mission party has gathered one thousand eggs from our mollemauk poultry yard, and each member shows the sustaining and fattening nature of such food. One egg contains ten ounces of meat, breakfast enough for one.

“*Wednesday, October 28th.*—Cold and squally day, but rather an improvement upon yesterday. The crew and shore staff have been all day busy in getting out our bricks, and I am quite delighted to see how great a pile they make. *Perseverance* not yet come in.

“*Thursday, October 29th.*—Started after breakfast with Mr. D. and Dr. Ellis, in our whale boat, under steerage of Capt. Bunt, for Saunders Island, as my friend and

self were curious to see the ruins of the first English colony in these islands. Left our vessel at quarter-past eleven, and after a rough passage, under sail nearly the entire way, reached the Old Settlement at twenty-four minutes past twelve. We visited the ruins of the old place, and then walked on the track of a former highway, half-a-mile to Sealer's Cove, where the Governor's house and garden can be discovered by mounds and boundary stones, and where are remains of the settlers' gardens, and wild daffodils. Capt. Mc Bride, R. N., founded the settlement of Port Egmont, in 1766, one year after M. de Bongainville laid the foundation of his, in Berkeley Sound. In eight years time the English colony was removed, in three, the French. The former left ruined houses and a race of pigs; the latter, ruins, and races of cattle and horses, now forming herds in the East Falklands. The Falklands were deserted by the English, French, Spanish, and Buenos Ayrians, who in turn claimed, and colonized, and so remained untenanted till 1820, save that from 1811 to 1813, an American sealing Captain, Barnard, with his three men, resided on New Island.

“Thought as I viewed the old ruins, now ninety years old, what if ninety years hence some voyager visits Keppel Island, will he have nothing more to say of us, than that we built houses, laid out gardens, and left live stock behind? God give us grace to leave such a memory as *this*—here live and laboured the men who first carried the Gospel and blessings of Christian civilization to the natives of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, and with such happy results, that these once formidable savages are now peaceful traders.

“There are no ruins of a church at Port Egmont; perhaps had there ever been such a building, the colony

had continued to this day. There is no *church*, that is, no distinct building for public worship, at Stanley. The late Governor erected a building for an Exchange, and the present Governor has converted one wing and room into a chapel.

“Returned to Cranmer. At thirty minutes past eleven, *Perseverance* came into harbour.”

The Box Opened.

We have been favoured with a short extract from a letter written by the Rev. G. P. Despard, dated October, 1857, and also with a summary of a letter written by Mrs. Despard, acknowledging the receipt of a box filled with presents from friends at home. We feel sure our readers will welcome these agreeable varieties of Missionary intelligence. And those who have contributed their tokens of affection towards the contents of the box, cannot but rejoice at the glimpse of pleasure which they get as they read of the happy faces at Stanley, and almost seem to hear merry cheerful voices ringing through Mrs. Despard's letter, when article after article is produced from the well-packed and well-filled box.

We at once present our readers with the summary of Mrs. Despard's letter, which has been kindly furnished to us.

“We have much pleasure in intimating to the friends who so kindly sent contributions to assist a lady at Weston-super-Mare in sending out a box to Mrs. Despard about this time last year, that the box has been safely received, and that Mrs. Despard has written to the lady to request that she will convey her most sincere and heartfelt thanks to all those friends, who so kindly remembered her in her island home.

“The opening of the box afforded the greatest enjoyment to all, especially to the children, who were unbounded in their exclamations of delight in taking out parcel after parcel and discovering such a number and variety of things.

“Mrs. Despard says, that ‘every article is most useful, and the box was so well packed that not a single thing has been injured, and there is such a stock of some articles that they will last us for years.’ She mentions that as her servant ‘Margaret’ had left her some time ago, having behaved very badly and gone off to Monte Video, she had taken the liberty of giving the parcel which a lady had so kindly sent out for her, to her present servant, who is a useful, well-behaved girl, and which she trusts the kind friend will not object to.

“The interest and sympathy which so many kind Christian friends have thus manifested, some of whom are unknown to her, have been, Mrs. Despard says, a great comfort and encouragement to her, and few, she adds, can know what a happiness it is to experience such sympathy when alone in a distant desolate place, where there are so many difficulties of various kinds to contend with. She says she is very happy in the work she has undertaken, and trusts as the children grow up that they will also be a help to their parents in the Mission work.

“Mrs. Despard was to have gone to Keppel Island towards the end of December, as she longed, she said, to spend her Christmas in her future island home—a wish which has since been realized.”

The following short extract from the Rev. G. P. Despard’s letter to a friend, and dated October 15, 1857, is not without interest. We have read it with encouragement.

“I fully anticipated difficulties with climate and

circumstances of living, and with men out here, and therefore have not been 'ashamed,' but so far the Lord has helped me, and I can trust Him for difficulties to come. Your sympathy is good and comforting. I am alive to the advantage of an early settlement in the land of the natives themselves, and shall seize it in a few months more. * * * * * We want men like those who first sat down in New Zealand, for our field. * * * * *

"I thank God my health has continued unbroken in vigour for more than thirty-one years, and would fain be able still to enjoy it, and spend my body and mind in His glorious work. Did He only make my soul to prosper as my body doth, it would be well indeed.

"The Mission party, human infirmities cleaving to the regenerate, are estimable young men, and work hard in Keppel Island, and are most attentive to my wishes.

"With God's permission I go to the 'Plate' next month to obtain a new crew, (the time of my present one being then up.) After my return and the conveyance of my family to Cranmer, our schooner will go again to the natives, for, I hope, a longer and more successful stay."

Our Supporters in South America.

At the close of the year 1843, Captain Gardiner arrived at Monte Video, and there "formed the acquaintance of Mr. Birch, the English chaplain, and of Mr. Lafone, a well-known merchant. With these gentlemen," we are told in the Memoir of Captain Gardiner, "he had much conversation about the various plans which might be practicable for introducing Christianity to the heathen, as well as a knowledge of the Bible to those who only

knew its truths through the dark lantern of Popery. He was assured that if a Protestant Mission were established in Patagonia, he might safely depend on their raising £100 a year from the Protestant congregations at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, and Valparaiso." The interest, which was excited by Captain Gardiner in reference to Missions to the Aborigines of South America, has not died out in the places just mentioned. The sympathy of friends there is of a most cheering and practical character. The £100 will be more than realised annually, if present results do not deceive us. Mr. Lafone, and other residents in Monte Video, have manifested to our Missionary, and to the work in which he is engaged, the most cordial sympathy; and the Rev. Snow Pendleton, the present British chaplain, has proved himself a friend in word and work. An act of kindness and liberality, on the part of Mr. Lafone, we must not omit here to mention. To meet the wants of our Mission party at Cranmer, and of those, who we hope may be induced to come there from the main land, it was deemed advisable to purchase some sheep at Monte Video, and our Superintendent, therefore, bespoke some. Accordingly, "twenty nice two-year old ewes" appeared, and were shipped—forming a most hopeful resource for our Mission Station. But our readers will, we are sure, appreciate them all the more when they know that they are the gift of Mr. Lafone. The collection in money amounted to £23:14:6. And when we recollect the liberal subscription made at Rio de Janeiro previously, and the interest there excited by our Missionary's visit—not to mention that existing at Buenos Ayres, and, we believe, at Valparaiso—we cannot but "thank God and take courage."

Openings for Missions in South America.

In our last number we alluded to certain openings in South America for Missionary agency. We again refer to them, because we feel that it is right for Christians to be as much alive as possible to their responsibilities in this matter. The great difficulty which Captain Gardiner had to encounter, in his attempts to introduce the Gospel to South America, was Romanism. The watchful, jealous eye of Rome was never for a moment off his track. The very Bibles even, which he so perseveringly, and so successfully, as it seemed, laboured to disseminate, were, we believe, for the most part burned, and destroyed after his departure. Well, the power and influence of Rome in those parts are still in exercise. And to our shame it is reported that many of the popish priests in South America have received their education in the state-endowed college of Maynooth. But in spite of this there seem to be some genuine openings for the truth in certain parts of this continent. We shall proceed presently to point out to our readers the indications which we possess, respecting these openings. Many of our readers, indeed, are doubtless already in possession of some of them. But the subject is not unimportant, and we make

no apology for recalling attention to it. It must not, however, be for a moment supposed that in speaking of openings in Brazil, for instance, we postpone to them the claims of Patagonia and Fuegia: God forbid that it should be so! Where our van-guard perished there must the battle of the cross be waged. The banner of love must wave over these now hallowed shores. We must not rest till the islands of Fuegia shine with the beacon-lights of truth. But at the same time let us ever remember that our responsibilities do not end there. When God makes an opening, He gives a call. The duty of the Christian Church is to answer that call. And we therefore lay before our readers two or three short extracts from the Rev. G. P. Despard's journal, bearing on this matter, with a view to stirring up their sympathies for the cause of Christ, and securing their increased efforts in its behalf. But we also ask attention to certain extracts which we make from the very interesting publication of a most interesting society called the *Spanish Evangelization Society*. We cannot but feel that the agency of this society in South America, among the Roman Catholic population, has a most important bearing on the efforts of our own Society, in connection with the aborigines of South America. The success of the one must materially affect the success of the other. May God, in His condescending love, bless all

the feeble efforts of His people, and cause them to rejoice in the triumphs of the Gospel of His Son.

In speaking of the results of his enquiries at Rio de Janeiro, relative to the means of bringing the Gospel to bear upon the aborigines, the Rev. G. P. Despard writes: "From what they (i. e. certain friends) 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." And again, "Mr. G. pointed out a locality, accessible hence by steam boat, where is a flourishing German colony, and access by river to numerous Indians, at which a Missionary may be at once placed, and amongst the Germans might live safely, comfortably, and cheaply." If now we look to Mr. Despard's journals written at Monte Video, we shall find fresh indications of openings for the Gospel. Thus he writes: "I ascertained to-day, on the best authority, that the vernacular Scriptures might be used here in the schools, and that Government would not obstruct a Scripture Reader in quiet ministry in Spanish. The priests have but little influence in the land." Once more: "Mr. C. told me also of a place on the S. F. where a Brazilian gentleman of his acquaintance, and of very liberal principles, has a large property,

and is introducing emigrants of all nations, and also where are many aborigines, in whom the proprietor is much interested. Mr. C. has promised to *sound* him upon introducing a teacher to the Indians without cost to himself."

If these indications seem slight, we yet believe they are genuine, and quite sufficient to stimulate our interest, our hope, and our prayers. But at the risk of being charged by some of our readers with giving information which to them is old, we copy, without further comment, part of a most interesting letter which appeared in the *Spanish Evangelical Record*, for November, 1857. It is written from Valparaiso, and is valuable to us as indicating the breaking down, in some measure, of that wall of popish influence which so fatally hindered Captain Gardiner's exertions in South America.

"The people receive me most gladly, and listen with the utmost attention. I always read a passage of Scripture, and then endeavour to explain it as best I can, and to enforce its prominent lessons. It is but a very small corner of the field in which I have been trying to do some good. I restrict myself in a great measure to the same houses every time I go out. Besides, I have thought it the better plan to try to make some progress in instructing a few, rather than pay rare and cursory visits to a great number. Toleration

is not yet conceded in Chili, and it is best to go on quietly and unobtrusively, in such a manner as not to cause opposition. I have had an opportunity of distributing a good many Bibles, and have read to a good many persons, whom from time to time I have found visiting their neighbours in the huts to which I have gone. I trust that thus some grains of the good seed are sown, and that good will result. As I have said, the people are invariably glad to receive me, and listen with much attention; very often giving audible assent to the necessity for a Saviour, and to the duty of now giving heed to the Gospel message. Beyond this I cannot say much; but let us pray that, unworthy and feeble though the instrumentality be, God may in his loving-kindness condescend to bless it.

“Chili, like old Spain, and like its neighbouring republics, is entirely and completely under the withering influence of debasing superstition. The country is filled with Jesuits, who have an iron grasp of the community, especially the female portion of it. The thinking men are either unbelievers or nominal Catholics, who go once a year to confession, and in their hearts contemn and loathe the priesthood, and the bands of brown and gray friars who swarm in our streets.

“I am very hopeful however, as to the future of Chili, and there are omens of better days for its spiritual condition. There is a large number

of liberal-minded men amongst the educated and intelligent; and, sooner or later, their influence must be felt. It was thought, till very recently, that the Government was under the thumb of the church; but you may have seen by the newspapers, in October last the Government went so far as to decree the banishment of the archbishop, if, within three days, he should not comply with the order of the supreme court, in a case relative to some proceedings of the canons of the cathedral in Santiago. The difficulty was arranged, but the country was electrified and delighted with the energy and decision of the Government; and ever since, men have seemed to breathe more freely. During that controversy and since, the *Revista Catholica* (the organ of the Jesuits in Santiago), fearing, perhaps, that advantage would be taken of it to turn public attention to the necessity for religious toleration, published a series of articles on 'Protestant and Catholic Morality,' the statements in which were entirely *ex parte*; and the conclusion aimed at was, that as Catholic Morality was so superior, it would be a fatal error to open the flood-gates for Protestant immorality. Seven or eight articles appeared before any one noticed them. The editor of the *Mercurio* then kindly lent me his columns to reply to the falsehoods which the *Revista* was thus quietly propagating. I did so in three letters, and the fourth and last he has now in his possession. I am glad to

say the *Revista* has not ventured to approach the most weighty portions of my letters, and has, in the meantime, dropped the discussion. I also know that public attention was directed to these letters; and the universal verdict, though occult in its manifestations, has been on the side of our Protestant faith. I know that not one, but *many*, of the Catholic clergy, who have no favour for the Jesuit and ultramontane section, have declared before their countrymen, openly, their satisfaction with the letters signed *Veritas*, and have acknowledged the defeat of their own champion. I tell you of this circumstance as being one of the signs which I look upon as hopeful tokens for the future of this fair land.

“ Education is also making progress. Contact with foreigners, a rapidly increasing trade, railways, and public improvements, as well as several liberal-minded newspapers, all tend towards a better state of things. I may mention, that a Protestant church—a regular ecclesiastical edifice, was built and opened nine months ago, and that we use it unmolested, though the words of the constitution are, ‘*La religion del estado es la Romana catholica cristiana—con exclusion al culto publica de cualquiera otra.*’* Efforts were made

* *Trans.*—‘The religion of the State is the Christian Roman Catholic, and the public worship of every other is excluded.’

in high quarters, by the priests, to put a stop to it, but without success. The president, I was told on good authority, declared he would not make himself the laughing-stock of the civilized world, by stopping our proceedings. It is to be hoped that the *de facto* toleration which we foreigners enjoy in Valparaiso may, ere long, become ours *de jure*, and that liberal measures may have an influence throughout the country.

Of late, the priests have lost ground very much. Ever since the Government shewed its energy in curbing sacerdotal intolerance and pretensions, the daily press has spoken out very plainly, and omits no occasion of holding up the superstitious practices of the clergy to public scorn. Articles from the European press, which breathe the greatest amount of liberal sentiment, are readily republished by them, and attention called to them.

“ I think this country is worthy the regard of your most excellent Society. In the honour and integrity of its public servants, in the stability of the national character and its superiority to surrounding Spanish American Republics, in the enterprize of native merchants, and in the extraordinary development of her trade and resources of late years, will be found most hopeful elements, humanly speaking, for the future welfare of Chili. Education is making progress amongst the masses, and already the better classes are all well educated.

Were the constitution liberalised, no country under the sun would present a more auspicious field for Protestant Christian effort.

There are in Chili three Protestant Churches for foreigners—two here, and one at Sota, where there are a number of our countrymen working at the coal-mines. One of the congregations here is connected with the Church of England; the other (under the pastoral care of the Rev. D. Turnbull) is made up of a union of almost all evangelical denominations—Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and others, and all unite harmoniously in worship and in good works. By this mail the children of the Sunday-school remit their last year's gatherings to the Foreign Missions of the Free Church; and they amount to the respectable sum of nearly £20 sterling. They vote annual gatherings some years to societies in the United States, at other times to England, and this year the amount goes to Scotland, where, I have no doubt, the remittance will be appreciated, as it may be unexpected.

“ I think, within the limits of a letter, it is not easy to convey to you a more general account of the state of Chili. If I can further the objects of your Society, I will have very great pleasure.”

**Letter from James Askwith Ellis, Esq. Surgeon
at the Mission Station.**

The following extracts from Mr. Ellis's letter will be read with interest by our friends. The information is not wholly new, but it is valuable as a confirmation of what we have already heard regarding our Mission settlement. The tone, moreover, is cheerful, and the style graphic. If at one moment Mr. Ellis appeals to our sympathies, and impresses upon Christians at home the hardships to which our Missionary party is exposed, he at another seeks to revive our hearts with his description of Spring in the Falklands. And we really must confess that the picture of Keppel Island under the influence of Spring is full of beauty, and does honour to Mr. Ellis's pen.

The hope, too, and eager expectation, in which the Mission party indulge regarding the spiritual duties which await them, cannot but be to us a source of deep satisfaction. And we are tempted to look forward to, and pray that there may speedily arrive, a spring-time of spiritual life and joy, which shall make our little Mission station the scene of triumph and of praise:—

“*Fatigued with our daily toils we find but little time and less inclination for writing or studious pursuits, my letter will therefore be brief, and relate principally to the progress of the works of the station, the direction of which, as you are aware, is in my charge during the prolonged and unavoidable absences of the Rev. G. P. Despard, and although we find it impossible to make our progress keep pace with our dear pastor's impatience and anxiety, I feel pleasure in recording the real and solid progress which we have made. The want of fresh provisions and vegetables is much felt, although our*

superintendent has done all in his power to render our situation as comfortable as possible; it is very difficult, to keep workpeople, or, indeed, any set of men content unless well supplied with food, for as they so frequently assert, work can't be done without it, a doctrine which they, in common with our great general, vehemently uphold—hence the increase of our stock acquires a two-fold importance, for it is impossible to obtain anything like an adequate supply from Stanley—hitherto we have only been able to get a taste of beef once every two or three months; in addition, we contrive to kill a pig occasionally, but want of material for fattening, and desire to increase our stock, prevent our using any beside the hogs. We expect to have a herd of sixty or seventy by the autumn. Our sheep have increased a little. A few weeks since I had two of the wethers brought by Captain Snow, driven in from the camp and killed. Although they had been quite wild for some time they were in excellent condition, and would not have shamed any butcher's shop in England—I mention this as a testimony to the excellency of our pasture. A milch cow of Mr. Despard, which he kindly brought to Keppel and allowed us to use her milk, yields from two to three quarts daily, besides giving some to her calf, a quantity which, though not large, is double what it is said to have yielded at Stanley. Our farmer, who is a very industrious, civil, and obliging little fellow, was for some time very dejected with the difficulty of managing 'these wild things,' and felt rather out of his latitude. He is now, I am glad to say, succeeding better, not less, I am sure, to his satisfaction than our own.

“Since I wrote last we have been located in the new building, named the Cœnobium, which, though very rough, (being in that respect like our mode of life)

has, nevertheless, promoted our comfort considerably. Notwithstanding, our situation is far from comfortable, for, in addition to hard labour out of doors, we have our domestic concerns to attend to, and our washing to do. Some of our friends at home may think lightly of these things, yet they form a round of drudgery which only the cause in which we are engaged, and a prospect of a change for the better, enables some of us to bear with patience. The comforts of home are only properly estimated when we are deprived of them. In circumstances such as ours it requires some energy to keep up a proper degree of cleanliness and attention to the duties of civilized life. Much credit is due to Mr. Gardiner for his exertions on this behalf. Every evening is mapped out in some way and has its appropriate tasks, and at his suggestion we have a debating club among ourselves, generally concluded by each of the members in turn delivering a short discourse on some general subject; for instance, Mr. Gardiner, *Life in the Castle*; myself, *Flight of Birds*; Mr. Turpin, *A Sunday in London*; Mr. Schmid, a relation of his personal experience in the Hungarian war of 1849. Such are a few of the subjects given. They have proved very beneficial in relieving our monotony, and the debates have been carried on with a good deal of spirit. Mr. Despard, no doubt, sent you home an account of his plans, which I have had carried into execution as far as possible, but not so far as I could have wished, notwithstanding every exertion on my part; I shall not, therefore, enter into any detail on this subject farther than to enumerate briefly what has been done during the last three months. Firstly, a stable of stone for two horses, thatched with tussac; the Cœnobium, &c. completed and entered; a shed of

turf put up for mason; two cottages erected, of two rooms each; the framework of a wing for Sullivan House completed, and some doors, &c. for a new store house; a quantity of peat cut for the ensuing year; about half an acre of ground dug up, partly sown and enclosed; the old garden has also been redug, manured, and sown with potatoes, &c. besides various other little matters being attended to, and I may add to this list a large quantity of stone quarried and hauled up to the spots where required; and this, I can assure you, has formed no small item of our labours. All these things have occupied more or less, a space of four months, some part of which time has been interrupted by bad weather, although cold and hail storms are braved by us. It is sometimes an accusation brought against Missionaries, that they lead idle and luxurious lives at the expense of other people, but, I am convinced that there are very few gentlemen in England that would like ten hours daily at the heavy labour of quarrying, or other heavy manual labours; indeed, it has required all the ardour of Missionary enterprise to enable us to endure it, and we, myself included, are looking forward anxiously to the time when we shall be able to bestow more time and attention on our more legitimate labours. As regards myself, however, I do not begrudge what I have done or endured in this work, or shall, whether I go or stay, for I regard, as I have done all along, our Settlement here, as the only secure and permanent basis for your Mission in this part of the world. I have had no experience of settlement founding elsewhere, but I should say, from the difficulty of procuring labour and material, that it is terribly up-hill work, here especially; difficulties which are increased by the ungratefulness of the soil and climate, and the absence of wood. These difficul-

ties are not only important in a material point of view, but also from their effect on the mind and spirits. We, I allude to ourselves, are anxiously looking forward to the completion of our cottages, and to getting our domestic arrangements more on a proper footing than can at present be accomplished, for at present our mode of life and the labours in which we are daily engaged, place us almost on a level with our work people, nay, I had almost said below them, for it may be said to be their natural condition, and one for which they possess decidedly a greater aptitude, yet, even they, at all events the single ones, who are accustomed at home to live in lodging houses, feel it. We have one advantage over them, we have more resources in ourselves, and hence, find the monotony of our situation less intolerable.

“Looking anxiously, as you naturally must do, for accounts of Missionary progress, I feel that my letters must be very uninteresting. Our party are also looking forward anxiously and impatiently to visits to the coast of Patagonia, there to expend some of that Missionary ardour with which they are filled. Nevertheless, they wait with patience for the word of command.

“The health of the Station has been interrupted only by a few slight ailments—in this respect my office is a sinecure, and I could almost forget that I am a medical man.

“Spring has commenced—we have had some beautiful weather; our pastures are already bespecked with the chaste white auricula in every direction, and the pretty sorrel plant, or scurvy grass, as it is here called, is full of bud; the tussac has long since bloomed, (which it does in the depth of Falkland winter), other grasses are beginning to ear; land birds are numerous, though their songs are but little heard, except when the

wind lulls, from the perpetual roarings of our boisterous winds; the pretty butcher bird, conspicuous with his brilliant crimson breast, flutters frequently across our path; the shores resound with the cries or combats of wild fowl, which having paired, defend with great pertinacity their mates from the pursuit of rivals, or their nests from pillage; everything, in a word, displays the renovating influence of spring, which has its charms even here.

“The *Malvina*, a sealing schooner, put in here last month to get a whale boat repaired, which had been seriously damaged in a heavy surf. This we were able to do for them, in return they provided us with some sugar, of which we were in want.

“They returned a few days ago, having had the unusual good fortune to kill a stranded whale, from which they obtained fifty casks of oil. They have also worked Pebble Island and the adjacent islets, on which they found a large quantity of seal elephant and lion. They remained in our bay for sometime, and tried out their oil at Snow Point. Their presence has not in any way interrupted our labours; they have in gratitude for our services offered (when they return) to bring us our letters from Stanley, or any other little matters we may need. They brought us from Pebble Island a quantity of the beautiful flints, some nearly transparent, others variously coloured, which are found on its beaches, and from which, I presume, the island derives its name.

“We have lately obtained a good supply of moule-moke eggs, of which you have heard before.

“The *Allen Gardiner* arrived from Rio on the 29th of September, and in one day landed and stacked 12,000 feet of timber, a most valuable supply, and much needed. She sailed on the 2nd of October for Stanley. On her

return to Keppel Island on the 25th, she brought Mr. Dean as a visitor, and landed a quantity of fresh provisions, of which we stood much in need, and a quantity of bricks.

“ We are looking forward with much pleasure to the arrival of Mr. Despard’s family, an event which we sincerely hope will not now be long delayed.

“ I need not detain you with any accounts of other occurrences, of which, you will, no doubt, receive an account from abler pens.

“ In conclusion, I beg to congratulate your Society on the prospects of speedily hearing of progress in the real Missionary work, a prospect which is daily becoming more and more a tangible reality. May God’s blessing rest upon your efforts at home, and may the efforts and prayers of our zealous brethren there, at last meet the gratification so long delayed of hearing that the Gospel has at last found an entrance among the miserable heathen of these regions.”

Journal Continued.

“ *November 4th.*—Looking after articles required for Cranmer and for our vessel, and writing letters to England.

“ *November 5th.*—No gunpowder plot celebrated in this part of the world. Not sufficient religious or patriotic feeling entertained for such a thing, may be, too many Papists to make it quite safe.

“ *November 7th.*—Took my children to see all over the *Great Republic*, the longest sailing vessel afloat. Her size and her accommodations, and her beautiful order and cleanliness much gratified the visitors, young and

old. Mr. Phillips has the rare fortune to return to England in her, and will find her in every respect a remarkable contrast to the schooner in which he came out. The latter would stow conveniently between the main and mizen mast of the former.

“*Sunday, 8th.*—This day was entirely a private Christian, as I was not asked to take any public part in the congregation. Day at home spent in a happy manner, ‘hearing them and asking them questions.’

“*Wednesday, November 11th.*—At six, p. m. anchor up and away with strong and fair breeze.

“*12th.*—Made a good offing in the night. No land visible this morning.

“*Sunday, 15th.*—The last three days have been very windy and very rough, and our progress has been so so only. This day had service as usual, morning and afternoon, with sermon on Christ, the Way the Truth and the Life, and in these three views the only Mediator with the Father. Evening, an address from Ryle. ‘I have somewhat to say unto thee!’

“*Wednesday, 18th.*—This day we were surprised to see the water filled with animalculæ, having the appearance of *hairs* from half-an-inch to three inches in length. Their number gave a greyish appearance to the water, and seemed to attract very many birds of the petrel kind.

“*Sunday, 22nd.*—Fine day. Service in the morning. Read a chapter from Abbott’s Young Christian, on ‘The Friend.’ Evening service well attended. Preached on, ‘How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?’ I long exceedingly for Sabbaths on shore, for these at sea are a weariness to me. My mind is ever on these rolling billows, like them tossing about and tumbling from one object of thought to another, and never in one stay. May I not hope that these are not far off?

“*Monday, 23rd.*—Beautiful weather—very calm. This afternoon the rigging was festooned and draped, (*literally*) with fine spiders’ webs, in tufts like cotton wool. When these were examined they were found still in charge of the original spinners and aeronauts, who had thus come forty-eight miles out to sea, doubtless, against their diminutive wills. They are welcome to work their passage back to River Plate on board our schooner.

“*24th.*—Reading Commodore Wilkie’s Expedition Round the World. He says that in Lower Peru are 800,000 Indians and half-castes, to 130,000 whites. The prevailing language is Quichna. Who cares for the souls of these 930,000 men and 80,000 negroes? Romish wolves. He says also that there is not now so much land under cultivation, as when Peru owned the Incas’ sway. Mighty evidence of the power of Rome to improve a land.

“*Saturday, 28th.*—Since Tuesday we have had fine warm weather, but very contrary winds. To-day, at half-past ten, we sighted Monte Video, and at twenty minutes past five, p. m. dropped anchor in two fathoms of water. Thus our voyage has lasted seventeen days. We have not carried away a rope yarn, sprung a leak, rent a sail, shipped a sea, or lain to once, nor even reefed them for more than five hours, but we have had only forty-six hours fair wind. Mercy then ought to be the burden of our song: our patience has been tried. The good Lord forgive whereinsoever in sort or degree it has been wanting.

“Called on Mr. Lafone, saw his lady, very kind. Returned on board at eight, p. m., having seen much improvement in this city since my last visit.

“*Advent Sunday, 29th.*—Church at half-past ten.

Met Mr. P. on the steps, who received me with the warm welcome of an old friend, and invited me to preach for him this day. I begged to be excused, and to be allowed only to assist in the prayers, but he insisted that I should preach, and as my principle is that of Mr. E., of Brighton, that in ministerial work a man, trusting in the Lord's help, should try to do whatever he is asked to do, I consented, and preached on John xxi. 11., showing the miracle, then its appropriateness, then its general application, lastly, its particular bearing on our Mission, and thus occupying the time of a respectable audience, I trust not unprofitably for forty minutes.

"It came to rain and blow very heavily after service, and it was with some difficulty we rowed the short distance between our schooner and the Iron Mole. I made a little address to our lads before church, so they were all present with Slater, and for the last time as the crew of the *Allen Gardiner*.

"Four, dined with Mr. Lafone and his family. We had much conversation on colony and Mission affairs, present and prospective, interesting to all parties. Ordered boat at half-past seven, did not come till eight. Service at ten minutes past eight, and sixty-seventh Psalm explained.

"*Tuesday, December 1st.*—Early went ashore. At Consul's engaged in shipping and unshipping men. Dined at H. M. Chargé d'Affaires, and found a very agreeable small party, from whom much pleasure and instruction derived, the latter useful in our Missionary work.

"*Wednesday, December 2nd.*—Dined at Mr. Mc L.'s, our consignee here, and had a very agreeable evening, conversing chiefly on subjects of a religious bearing. Mr. Mc L. is of opinion that the people of this country,

even such as are of the first respectability, at least the female portion, are wholly ignorant of the common facts of the Bible, have no habit of reflection, and their education is to play a little on the piano, read, and write. He asked a lady come from church what she had been doing? 'Oh, worshipping at such a shrine.' Who was the saint? 'Theresa.' When did she live? 'Quien sabe.' What did she do? 'Quien sabe.' You worship then you know not what? 'Possibly,—but no consequence!' Heard that two hundred Vaudois have just come out to form a colony at Nanguaz, bringing their pastor with them and schoolmaster. May they prove a spreading leaven in the land. Mr. P. kindly accompanied me to the Mole, and I reached my floating home by a little before nine, and found all our new crew on board, in good condition.

"*Thursday, 3rd.*—On shore at ten, after two hours' letter writing. Custom House, overhauling goods already landed. At four, p. m. dined with Major M., the Vice-Consul, quite in a family way. Had much agreeable and profitable conversation on Missionary topics, and enlisted the interest of the young folks in favour of Firelanders. Major M. kindly saw me on my way home at half-past nine, p. m. I am happy to think this gentleman takes a favourable view of a Sailors' Home in Monte Video, and promises to endeavour to promote such an institution.

"Reached Iron Mole. No boat or boatmen. Had to seek a night's lodging in an hotel. Went to C. to enquire, and there found Dr. G., a Frenchman, whom I had been introduced to the day before. He was very obliging, and went with me from one hotel to another till he found a comfortable bed room in the Grand Square, and on the way, sometimes in Spanish, some-

times in French, entertained me on the subject of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. He told me there are several half-caste Englishmen among the Patagonians, sons of English sailors and Patagonian women, who are great men, but with European features, and speaking the native tongue. These would be favourable to us, and are to be found in the vicinity of Port Desire. The Patagonians in the straits, said Dr. G. are 'mansos,' *tame*, but these are 'muy mansos,' *very tame*. I asked to whom the country of Tierra del Fuego *belonged*? He said, to those who civilize it—to you, if you succeed. The Buenos Ayrians claim it, and so do the *Chilians*, but Portuguese and Dutch have the right of discoverers. The Pope, he said—but that was all nonsense—drew a line through the Atlantic from N. to S., and gave all the land on this side to Portugal, and all on that side to Spain. Surely it was the direction of God that I found at that hour of the night so complaisant and agreeable a guide in a strange land and among people of a strange land.

"5th, *Afternoon*.—Met Capt. S. of the British brig *Mignonette*, who requested me to give a service in his vessel to-morrow afternoon, stating he had a Bethel flag on board. This I was glad to promise. On my way to the boat, a tall, clean-looking man accosted me, and offered himself as cook and steward. 'Who are you?' 'A Frenchman.' 'Have you been cook and steward already?' 'All my life.' 'Your name?' 'James Jones.' 'Jones is not French.' 'My father was a Welshman, my mother French.' 'Come on board to-morrow.' Where was his certificate? I looked into his face and saw it. This, and trial, are the only criteria of sailors. The certificates are *always* 'good and sober'—'good' often meaning good for nothing; 'sober' meaning to be qualified by, when he can't be otherwise.

“ *December 6th.*—I enter to-day on my forty-sixth year. All I can say of the years gone by is, they have not been years of idleness. The good Lord overlook my errors, pardon my sins, and accept my most-imperfect services! At 10.30 ashore for church. Mr. P. requested me to perform all the service, and he would conduct the organ and singing. Preached on Rom. xv. 29, making an appeal at the conclusion for Patagonia.

“ At Three service in the *Mignonette*. The Bethel flag failed to bring the mariners to the house of God. We had our own crew, the crew of the brig, and a pious Captain from the *Scot*. His crew, being foreigners, did not come. I prayed and expounded Job xxii. and we sang two hymns together. The congregation, about twenty persons, were attentive. Capt. S. was once Sailors' Catechist, under the Pastoral-Aid Society, at Shields. He grieves much at the difficulties he finds in combining Chaplain and Commander. He is going down to Tovie, in Patagonia, and promises to write me word how he finds the natives.

“ Mr. Lafone asked me to dine, so I went there after the Bethel service, and rejoiced to hear that he had arranged an evening gathering for half-past eight, when I was to lead in evening prayer and to preach. Mr. L. Mrs. D. and I had much interesting conversation on Church matters and Scripture truths. The former and self continued this uninterruptedly till 8.30, when there was a goodly gathering in the drawing room, and we had full service and a sermon from Hebrews xii. on the Christian race. I ascertained to-day, on the best authority, that the vernacular Scriptures might be used here in the schools, and that Government would not obstruct a Scripture Reader in quiet ministry in Spanish. The priests have but little influence in the land. Could not

the Foreign Aid Society place a teacher here? There are Spanish refugee Protestants at Geneva, why could not one come hither? Mr. L. also favours the idea of a Sailors' Home, and thinks there would be no difficulty in raising funds, but in finding the 'Manager.'

December 7th.—All our goods safely received in the evening. Mr. Mc L. arranged, and the ever-kind consul effected, that our goods should not pay the register and warehouse at the custom house, as private supplies for a Mission to the Indians. Would this be conceded in England? In the afternoon dined at the consul's, met there Capt. H., of H. M. S. V. and the chaplain, and spent a very agreeable time.

December 8th.—At thirty minutes past eleven, went to Mr. Lafone by request, and received from him directions to go across to Saladero and receive the twenty ewe sheep. He gave me an order to this effect, and sent a trusty clerk to see me off in a lighter. We started at thirty minutes past twelve. Got across the harbour by one. Peons at dinner. A Welsh farm labourer took me over the large works here building, to prepare the staple exports of Banda Oriental, viz: hides, horns, bones, jerked beef. I was much interested in their vastness and ingenuity of construction, and wondered at the purse and the brains employed here. These works, on which one hundred men are employed, are a field of labour for an active Chaplain at Monte Video, where the proprietor would give him not only permission but personal assistance to carry on in English and Spanish the Lord's work. Twenty nice two-year-old ewes were in the corral, having been sent for express, and these were very carefully carted down to the shore-boat, and with a good supply of alfalfa (lucerne) embarked at four; but it took an hour and a half to get them on board. This done, I spent the evening at Mr. L.'s, having been again invited to dine.

"*December 9th.*—Very early ashore to make a finish. Received from Mr. P. this year's subscriptions and donations, amounting in all to £23 : 14 : 6. Busied in paying bills. Found at Mr. L.'s that the twenty sheep are a *present* from him to the Society.

10th.—After breakfast paid my parting visit to the Consulate, where the utmost liberality was shown in remission of all fees, and in such effectual interference with the authorities here, that the *Allen Gardiner* has been treated almost as a man of war, because she is 'for peace,' and not because she is a yacht. Apropos to cargo—I hope our friends will notice in my accounts that there are no port charges on the cargo made by the authorities at Monte Video. When applied to on the subject, and requested to remit them, as this cargo constituted supplies for a Missionary Society, the authorities replied,—whatever religious views the Society held, their object was, no doubt, philanthropic, and, therefore, the charges should be remitted; so we paid none to the Custom House. Is there not food for hope for Monte Video in this liberality?—We paid, indeed, three Patagans and a half, (i. e. 15s. 2d.) to the Consul for the British Hospital, but this, no one could complain of, either for its amount or its object. Before this hospital was established every ship paid fees according to tonnage to Lacasa de Caridad, (House of Charity, or General Roman Catholic Hospital) but now the Government have made over what formerly came from British vessels into their own pockets, viz: to the British Hospital, through the hands of our excellent Consul. His *own* fees, the Consul presented to the Society, and an ounce of gold into the bargain! May every foreign port only possess such a representative of British power as Edward Thornton;—a statesman, a gentleman, and a Christian.

Our Work, and its progress.

“The *Allen Gardiner* will be despatched almost immediately for Patagonia, and convey three of our Missionaries to hold intercourse with the natives. My place for some months will be Cranmer. I have been from June 4, 1856, to December 27, 1857, almost constantly on the sea, and have made in that time twenty-five passages, and I find it necessary, in furtherance of our fixed plan, to spend my time now on land. God maintaining me in sense and health, God giving me grace of Christian zeal, I will never allow of any unnecessary delay, or lose any opening for the spread of the truth in South America.” These words, penned by our Superintendent abroad, form part of a letter to one of the many kind friends of our Mission. They were written January 3rd of the present year. Our readers, we are persuaded, will enter with no little interest into the facts stated above. They bring before us, in a brief compass, the arduous nature of those duties which have fallen to our Superintendent’s lot since he quitted the shores of England. In the fulfilment of the necessary conditions of our Mission plans, he had, at the time he wrote, been “almost constantly on

the sea" for the preceding eighteen months. This period covers of course his voyage from England to the Falklands, and in the twenty-five passages we must number those comparatively short ones between Stanley and Cranmer. Still the fact remains the same. And whilst friends at home have been going on in the quiet routine of daily occupation and amusement, or in the bosom of their families have enjoyed the calm resting places of affection, our Superintendent abroad has been cooped up within the narrow quarters of the Mission schooner, separated, except for brief intervals of time, from every member of his family. And while thus separated from his family he has been wholly taken up with the affairs of the Mission. The voyage to Monte Video and to Rio de Janeiro were not excursions without a wise and necessary purpose. In fact, when Mr. Snow ceased to be Master of the *Allen Gardiner*, in consequence of a determined effort to alienate the vessel from the work of the Mission, it became absolutely necessary for Mr. Despard to go to Monte Video, to secure the services of a fresh master and crew. Unfortunate this, no doubt, was; but the cause was beyond the controul of our Superintendent. He yielded only to necessity. Better had it been for all had harmony prevailed, and the Mission vessel been allowed to go on her errand of peace to the objects of our sympathy, and our prayers,

and our efforts. But it was not so to be. And instead of finding a captain to the *Allen Gardiner* ready to carry out with zeal the plans of the Society, Mr. Despard had to visit Monte Video to seek one. Ever alive, however, to the interests of the Mission, our Superintendent lays its claims before the protestant residents of that place, and finds at once a cordial spirit of co-operation. An association is formed, funds are collected, and future help is promised. Then having obtained a new captain and crew, whose engagement was for twelve months, our Superintendent hastens to fulfil the main object of his Mission, and with as little delay as possible visits first of all Patagonia, and subsequently Tierra del Fuego. The accounts of these visits having appeared in Nos. 6 and 7 of the Occasional Papers, published by the Society, we need not dwell further upon them. It is sufficient to know that as long as it was safe for the Mission vessel to be coasting among the islands of Tierra del Fuego so long she remained engaged in the work. Winter coming on it was no longer wise to risk the vessel in those treacherous waters. Back to the Mission station our Superintendent accordingly returned, and with the utmost energy set about making it what it ought to be. For no place was there for Mrs. Despard and her family to dwell in. Few resources for the support of the Mission party existed, except the wild fowl

of the island. Dwellings had to be erected, supplies to be laid in, live stock to be procured. The beneficial results of our Superintendent's energy during the winter months, when the vessel could not prudently be on the coast of the main land, must be very manifest to those who have read in this journal the present satisfactory state of our Mission station. It was for the purchase of materials for building, amongst other reasons, that our Superintendent visited Rio de Janeiro in August last. No timber, it must be remembered, nothing higher than a shrub, grows in the Falklands. Wood for the erection of dwellings must be fetched from a distance. So instead of seeking the refreshment which his heart must have desired, in intercourse with his family at Stanley, Mr. Despard embarks again in the *Allen Gardiner* to secure in Rio de Janeiro things necessary for the Mission, and also to establish an auxiliary there, and in both these objects he succeeds. And once more to Cranmer does our little vessel convey our superintendent with his new and most serviceable stock of goods. All this time, let our readers remember, it was winter, albeit *we* were enjoying the long, bright days of summer. The direct Mission work, therefore, did not suffer from so much attention to the affairs of the settlement.

But we come now to a point when visits to the natives might have been carried on, but were

postponed. Yet our readers will not fail to see how inevitable the postponement was. Twelve months had now elapsed since the arrival of our Superintendent, and almost twelve months since he shipped his then master and crew. To Monte Video, therefore, must the vessel go to re-ship a crew. At such a time—the very time for beginning again active Missionary operations. It was sad enough to be compelled to direct the *Allen Gardiner's* prow not to Patagonia—not to Tierra del Fuego—but to Monte Video. Yet there was no help for it, go she must: the old crew had served their time, a new crew must be obtained. But to avoid this for the future is the grand point, and our Superintendent has accordingly taken care to do it. Thus Mr. Despard writes in a late letter on the subject of direct Mission work:—

“This has been retarded by fear of natives and by circumstances in which the schooner has been placed. Last October to January, she had to go to the Plate and return, &c. for officers and crew. These were shipped for a year: hence this year we have been again at the same season (proper for coasting) obliged to return to the Mount for a new crew. They are shipped till August 1st, 1858, when being *winter*, and not working time, the vessel will again go north, and the next crew will be engaged for a twelvemonth, thus bringing the winter to be the season for an annual visit to

Monte Video, and giving us ten months in the year for coasting it (visiting the natives).”

We cannot but feel that our readers will allow for the early struggles of our Mission, and at the same time congratulate the Society on having so indefatigable a Superintendent as Mr. Despard. His very energy has been cast in his teeth by some; but the issue, we are confident, will show that his energy and zeal have been characterized by wisdom and discretion. At this moment, at Cranmer, he is seeking some slight rest after eighteen months incessant wear and tear in arranging and providing for the affairs of our station.

Who will not pray that a gracious Father may give him refreshment both of body and spirit, and fit him more than ever for the unmeasured duties, toils, and anxieties before him? These next few months, spent in the retirement of our Mission home, may be, and we trust shall be, a precious season of preparation for the spiritual work that is to come. But not only *that is to come*, but *that is going on*. The *Allen Gardiner*, bearing three of the Mission party, was about to start, when Mr. Despard wrote, for Patagonia, and in spirit and in fervent prayer, think you not, reader, that our Superintendent accompanied them? He must have done so; and may we not hope in this case, that the promise to the disciples

of old shall be fulfilled, by the same Lord, to His disciples now? "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Home Proceedings.

The work of the Society at home becomes every month more important. Abroad, the position of our Mission Settlement is most satisfactory. The foundations have been laid. And the direct spiritual work is destined now, we trust, to go steadily on. But the Church at home must not slacken its efforts. Not for the purpose of exciting compassion, but of stimulating zeal, do we say that our Mission party in the Falklands have made, and are, one and all, making great self sacrifices in furtherance of the objects in view. Christians at home will not leave them unsupported, we are persuaded; or allow their minds to be misled by the misrepresentations of any, who, being hostile to the work, are thereby incapable of taking a candid view of the affairs of the Mission.

It has been to us a great encouragement to find at Meetings lately held in Bath, and in Cheltenham, in Dublin, and in Kingstown, evidences alike of confidence in the plans of the Society, and of strong sympathy with those engaged in carrying the plans out. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, whose interest in the Society is unabated, presided at the Meeting in Dublin; and the promises of support from several of the clergy, were such as to lead us to hope, under the blessing of

God, for the most satisfactory results. We furnish our readers with portions of the speeches of two of the clergy resident in Dublin; one the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. J. B. Heard; the other, the Rev. Maurice F. Day, Incumbent of St. Matthias, Dublin.

The Rev. Maurice F. Day, in seconding the next resolution, said, "he was not going to detain his Grace or the meeting, by speaking at any great length, but he felt called upon to make a few observations on each of the two points contained in the resolution. It first expressed their confidence in the plans of the Society, and the second part of the resolution expressed their sympathy with those engaged in carrying out those plans. He thought he could say, in the name of that meeting, in the name of their chairman, that they had entire confidence in the plans of the Society, inasmuch as they were the same then as they were that time two years, when his Grace took the chair at the initiatory meeting (hear, hear). They had still the same confidence in their plans, and he would be very sorry to hear of any person urging the Committee to take any steps that did not appear wise and prudent. It was most important that none of their agents should perish in those savage places, where Captain Gardiner met with such a sad, but glorious fate. With regard to the agents of the Society, he thought they were worthy of their deepest sympathy. He (Mr. Day) had a knowledge of Mr. Despard; he met him when he was over here about two years ago, and he seemed to be the man of all others to carry out such a work as the one in which he was engaged. He seemed to combine great earnestness and zeal with prudence. This was a combination scarcely ever seen; but he was not only prudent, he was what

was much better, zealous and earnest. With regard to the unhappy difference between Mr. Despard and Captain Snow, he thought Mr. Despard was fully borne out in the way he acted. It should be remembered that Mr. Despard had looked, and looked in vain, to find a person better suited than himself to carry out the plans of the Society, and, failing to find one, he went out himself. No one could have heard the ample statement of Mr. Phillips, without feeling deep sympathy for him in the trials Mr. Ellis and he went through. They should not only sympathize with but honour such men (hear, hear). They should feel sympathy with Mr. Despard when they thought that he gave up a comfortable position at home, and betook himself to an island far off for the purpose of carrying out this good work. These men were going down into the pit—to use a practical illustration—and the least a Christian public could do was to hold the rope for them. While they were supporting the Gospel in that desolate region, those at home should do the small portion of supporting them by their contributions and by their earnest prayers to God for a blessing upon their work, without which all their efforts would be worth nothing. Referring to the statement made by the previous speaker, on the subject of the reception of the Deputation, he (Mr. Day) would say that the time chosen for the Deputation was very inconvenient, as at this time they had sermons in all the churches for other societies. He had a sermon for the Patagonian Missions last year, and he would be happy to have another now, but for the reason just stated; however, before the year closed he hoped to be able to give them one. They should all try and show in a substantial manner that their interest in that Society, their confidence in the Committee, and their warm and cordial

sympathy with the agents engaged, so far from being diminished, were greatly increased (applause)."

The resolution was then put from the chair and adopted unanimously.

The Rev. J. B. Heard in seconding the first resolution, said "there could be but one opinion of the zeal and devotedness of those who promoted the Patagonian Missions, but it was asked whether they had earned a character for prudence. It seemed a melancholy thing to find one class all discretion and no zeal, and some few—perhaps the minority—all zeal and no discretion. It might be the opinion of some, that the promoters of that Mission were of the latter class; therefore it became those who were willing and anxious to support such a Society, to look well and narrowly into its principles, and to see whether discretion had kept pace with zeal and devotedness, and whether it was worthy of the confidence of prudent and sensible men. Unfortunately, the world was in the other extreme. It was like the launching of the Leviathan, in which the skilful engineer had constructed elaborate and cumbrous machinery to prevent the vessel rushing into the water, but forgot that he might want propulsive power. So it was with men of the world; they were so afraid of being run away with in religious matters, that all their energy were devoted to keeping the vessel on the ways. With reference to the Mission to Patagonia, one thing convinced him that good results would attend it. That was the physical proportions and muscular development of the people. That might at first sight seem strange, but it was a fact that a race that was degenerate was almost beyond the reach of reclamation. The Patagonians were a fine, stalwart race, and there was, therefore, the basis for civilization and Christianization. Of that

they had ample confirmation in the case of the New Zealanders. They had been the most furious and cruel of all the South Sea Islanders, and the most addicted to the habits of cannibalism. But their wars and feasts, as had been said of them, had kept alive a character for manliness and daring. Forty years ago they were sunk in barbarism; now they were a civilized and Christian race, able to carry on their own institutions without looking to Europe for aid. Bacon said that the planting of colonies was like the planting of trees, and that in each, twenty years should be lost. They should, therefore, give the Patagonian Mission time before large results were looked for. He believed that in another twenty years they would find the world's attention called to that part of the earth, and perhaps the Anglo-Saxon race turning to Patagonia as they did to New Zealand. In the mean time it was the duty of the Christian community to strengthen the hands of those who were labouring in the good cause they had all met to support."

We cannot but thank God and take courage. Would it be too much to ask the Members of our numerous Associations to imitate the zeal of our friends in Dublin? We pray that they may indeed be found faithful in this work of faith.

Appointment of a Deputation and Organizing Secretary.

In conducting the operations of a young Society, the labour is by no means so light as many suppose. There is a variety of duty to be performed, conceivable only by those experienced in such matters. But we will not dwell on this. Our only object now is to announce to

our friends the appointment of the Rev. William Gray to the office of travelling and organizing Secretary. The Society now requires an extended and permanent basis of support. New Associations must be formed. Old Associations must be visited. Two short sentences are sufficient to describe the duty of the new Secretary. But the fulfilment of such duty must extend over long periods of time, and in fact can scarcely ever be said to be done. Our friends, however, can lighten the burden, and facilitate the progress of this part of the Society's work, if only they will exert themselves to find openings, or excite the interest of friends in our Mission plans. Christians of England, and of Scotland, and of Ireland, come forward and help us! It is the Lord's work. He has tried it and strengthened it by trial. In faith its foundations were laid—in faith are its plans being carried out, and shall we not look for the crown of faith—the blessing of God—the salvation of souls? Hear the earnest, heart-stirring prayer of our Missionary abroad—"Pour out, blessed Lord Jesus, upon our Church at home, Thy Spirit, that there may be in it a burning, restless zeal for the spread of Thy truth. Thou hast taught the nation with Joshua's weapon that there can be no peace at home or abroad without Thee; now Lord teach Thy Church. Shame it for its sloth, its avarice, its questions about salaries, and comforts, and prudence. Lord, the fields are ripe; put in the sickle *here*. The grain drops to the ground, and the birds of hell pick it up. Where are they who can use Thy Word with the Spirit, and gather into Thy garner?" Christians, hearken! we forbear to add another word.

Journal Continued.

" *Friday, December 11th.*—All stirring at an early hour this morning, to get the vessel ready for sea. And to sea we went at half-past 11, a. m., when we had first comfortably established our gift sheep in a boarded pen on the main hatch. We hope friends at home will mark the approbation of our plan and efforts conveyed in this gift of twenty sheep to the Mission, by a gentleman so well acquainted as Mr. Samuel Lafone with South America in these southern parts. The wind was as fair as it could blow, and the day bright and warm, and we very soon left the Mount behind us.

" *Sunday, 13th.*—Fine in the morning; towards evening clouds, and then a heavy thunderstorm. Service at half-past ten, a. m. and seven, p. m. Morning, exposition of the Gospel for the day. Evening, exposition of first lesson, Isaiah xxvi. Men joined heartily in singing—one of them most lustily, out of time and tune. Our friends may be interested in knowing the names of our new ship's company, so here they are:—

H. Van Sandt, New York, 1st Mate.

G. Steans, Bristol, 2nd Mate.

James Jones, Havre, Cook and Steward.

Frederick Burton, Lincolnshire, Seaman.

William Chace, Norfolk, Ditto.

Frederick Smith, Montrose, Ditto.

G. Thompson, St. John's, New Brunswick, Ditto.

" Steady and strong hands, as far as we can judge at present. My Sunday employment was as usual.

" *Wednesday, 16th.*—For the last two days, we have mostly had the wind fair, and our progress has been good. To-day we reached half-way on our voyage. Heavy rain in the evening and night, against some

matters of painting, in which I had been engaged. The men as yet come more regularly to morning and evening service daily than the old hands, who often made excuses of being in their hammocks asleep at the time appointed. Our first mate has been before in a Missionary vessel to Liberia and other parts of West Africa, and professes to like the service; and William Chase was, for two or three voyages, shipmate with Missionaries to New Zealand and India. Once, when proceeding to Canterbury, New Zealand, he was on board with the Rev. Mr. Paul, late of St. Augustine's, Bristol. I have the comfort of knowing that no man leaves this vessel, without having heard over and over again the message of God in Christ to sinners. The Captain yesterday proposed our having a *Bethel Flag*, to hoist for service on board, when in harbour with other ships. I consider this a very good thought to be carried into effect when we go next to Monte Video; for, though I be not on board, doubtless Mr. P. would avail himself of the opportunity to preach to sailors. A Bethel Flag is just a pendant in blue bunting, with the word BETHEL on it. Perhaps the Bethel Union in Bristol would furnish us with one, or if not, our loving and ingenious female friends could easily make one, after a pattern from aforesaid Union. For this service, we should be the better for a couple of dozen of Kemble's Hymn Books. I eschew the Cottage Hymn Book, as containing hymns only suitable for experienced Christians. Some of our Prayer-book-version Psalms are far more adapted to a congregation of nearly all only professors. I am persuaded that many opportunities of usefulness might be found in these places, both as regards natives and foreigners. As long as the Romish superstition was not directly assailed, Portuguese and

Spanish might be used as vehicles of instruction, and there are in Rio, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres, gentlemen who would aid to procure a place of instruction. Of these things I am certain. I wish our Society could and would send out Missionaries to these towns; men of simple habits, and simple speech, and courageous hearts, who would preach at once to these poor, ignorant Romanists, whose souls are as much in jeopardy as those of the aborigines. The Geneva Institute, through Dr. D'Aubigné, can furnish converted Spaniards for this work. They will not need to speak English. Let our Society lay these openings before the Church. They are such as Gardiner contemplated in its formation. See 'Hope Deferred,' &c. second edition, p. 274. 'Although the Spanish department of the proposed Mission would not indeed be the primary object of the Society, still it is one of too much importance to be disregarded by any body of Christians, desiring fully to embrace the vast field which South America presents for Missionary enterprise. Both might proceed together with mutual benefit, and if judiciously conducted, each branch of labour would tend to strengthen the other, and great and permanent benefit would result from their union, under the auspices of our Society. Each of these departments, the Spanish and the Indian, would of course be distinct, although superintended by the same Committee.' Then, should an Englishman be found sufficiently qualified in Spanish, he might periodically visit the dispersed in the camp, and gather them for worship and instruction, which is very much needed.

"*Thursday, 17th.*—Fair wind again. This is past all previous experience. We have had fair wind with only brief interruption for now six days. Hitherto, thirty hours has been our longest period of prosperity. May

we think the Lord has respect unto the twenty poor sheep we have on board, who might suffer in their pen from a long and boisterous passage?

“*Friday, 18th.*—We enjoyed during the night a fine fresh fair breeze, but in the morning this died away, and we were for the rest of the day rolling from side to side, and heading to every point of the compass in a dead calm. Sun very warm.

“*Saturday, 19th.*—Last night also we made a fine run, but wind again fell towards noon, and from that time our rate was something like two knots an hour, about the pace of a snail. We are now about 350 miles from Keppel Island, and could reach it with forty-eight hours fair wind; oh! that it might be sent by Him out of His treasures. I hoped to spend this Christmas with my family, as I had denied them my company on the last, not to delay the voyage to Patagonia, sailing for it this very day twelvemonth. But it seems very unlikely that we shall get to Cranmer, discharge our cargo, live and dead, and on again to Stanley by next Friday. I have just finished reading the lengthy Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition under Commodore Wilkes, 1838-1841, which is valuable and interesting from the full account given of the Pacific Islands, and especially so for its testimony to the sure and favourable influence of Missionaries on the character and habits of the wildest races of men. The narrative studies impartiality in detailing what is faulty as well as what is commendable in American and in British Missions, and is hence the more reliable. If sixteen years ago Commodore Wilkes admired the effects of Gospel labours, what would he say of those now apparent? Let anyone read his description of the *Feejees* and what had been done among them in two or three years, and then ques-

tion, if this reason will let him, the probability of success among the comparatively harmless Fuegians?

"*Sunday, December 20th.*—Fine day and little wind. At morning service, sermon on "the Unknown one who standeth among us." Evening service well attended. Exposition of Acts xx. My dissonant messmate has the music his own way, he sings me down and out, so I give up, and let him lead the choir.

"*Wednesday, 23rd.*—After two days of slow progress, we have been this afternoon keenly looking out for land, but in vain. Wind diametrically opposed to us. Captain, however, makes sure of sighting somewhere from Cape Tamar to Keppel Island by eight, a. m. to-morrow.

"*Thursday, 24th.*—So hazy over the horizon with frequent rain squalls (beautiful Christmas weather, the atmosphere being chilling in the extreme, though we are in mid-summer) that at eight o'clock we could see nothing. Two hours after 'land ho!' sounded from the lift of the foresail in the stentor voice of Mr. Van Sandt, and Captain pronounced it Keppel Island. With strong and side wind we worked up, shivering in the body and sad, but exulting in warmth of heart, to Committee Bay, where at two, p. m. we cast anchor, after thirteen days and two hours and a half run from Monte Video, with fine weather, smooth water, and light though fair winds nearly all the way. This morning one of the sheep which was sick when she came on board, and never picked up, was found dead in the pen. The other nineteen have much improved under the care of Slater. The Doctor came off and reported all quite well, and that all had been diligent. Our horned stock all right and very much improved. The party had been (some of its members) on a beefing excursion to Port Parvis in the *Happy Escape*, commanded by seaman Woodcock,

but though they tarried four days, and saw some thousand cattle sleek and fat, they could not secure one. Cattle stalking has to be learnt by experience, and experience has to be taught in every art by first failures. Let our Missionary friends ever remember this last fact. The Doctor accounted for the unfinished state of the masonry by want of lime, a want which may be supplied from burnt shells. The joiner has also had an accident to his foot which has somewhat retarded the completion of the wood work. He brightened the picture however by reporting the discovery, near Cranmer, of an excellent peat bog, with fuel five feet thick. We had been in some doubt as to our supply of this indispensable article from near home, hence our satisfaction at the above discovery. Captain Bunt proceeded as soon as we were in our berth to discharge cargo. Living portion unto the shore—dead, into the hold of the *Perseverance*, which thus proves an acquisition as a storehouse. Whilst this was going on, I went ashore on a visit of greeting and inspection. Cheered by an acknowledgment on the part of ———, a workman, of the sin of his past life, and of an earnest desire and sincere endeavour, henceforth, to live in Christ. Mr. Gardiner has been the honoured instrument of bringing him to this hopeful state, and has taken and does take constant pains by reading the word of God privately with him, to carry on this good work. Say, Christian friends, if but one wandering sheep, and he only a fellow-subject of Victoria's, be brought to Jesus in our Mission Station, will you not be more than indemnified for its great cost? The five men we now have are naturally amiable and of good understanding; one of them is a Christian, and the others well-disposed to be taught. J. E., the Basco, reads his Spanish Bible with Mr. Gardiner, and the latter makes

use of his recently acquired knowledge of Spanish to reason with him, and open to him the Scriptures. This is certainly the only opportunity the poor man ever enjoyed of hearing God speak for Himself. The Basco is a volatile fellow, but has a quick understanding and a warm heart. The good God take note of this stray one. It is much for Mr. G. in his efforts for these men, that his unwarying kindness and mildness and affability have won the good opinion of them all.

“Men of the world do not understand Christian principles, nor the possibility of holding them with many infirmities of temper and tongue, but they do understand a meek and quiet conversation, and can refer it to some superiority of inward principles.

“Everything out and vessel ready to start again by nine, p. m., but strong easterly wind forbade departure.

“*Christmas Day, Friday.*—The second in Cranmer, and away from my family. For the latter circumstance I needed God’s grace not to murmur. Christmas Day has ever been kept by me as a time of family reunion and cheerfulness; with reason too—for He that we remember in His birth on this day came to give joy, and to bind men and families together, and all families into one, of which He is the head.

“Tom came off with a Christmas gift from honest Will the farmer—two loaves of bread, a bottle of milk, and a fine cabbage. Kept the lad to breakfast. One of our boxes damaged in the *Selina*, fell to pieces yesterday, and its contents were exposed. They proved sundry parcels for ‘Mrs. Despard and the dear children,’ Rev. G. P. D., and one of size for Mrs. Bartlett from Miss Harvey. This fracture was timeous, as Emma Bartlett, Tom Bridges, and Frank Jones, became thereby possessed of Christmas boxes, which otherwise would

have borne the less golden hue of New Year's gifts. Emma was highly pleased with her new gown and her daughter's frock, and desired to say so to her named but not known benefactress. We had service at thirty minutes past ten, a. m. at Sullivan House, when two of our workmen attended. Must try and induce these poor fellows all to use their present religious advantages. 'Faith cometh by hearing' of the word of God. Sermon from Isaiah ix. 6. We had a pleasant time together. Dined with Cœnobites, upon cold pork, (very fat and delicate, Island fed,) cold indifferent bread and a very good currant *duff*, Mr. T.'s manufacture. Our friends will smile at our bill of fare, and at my recording it in a Missionary journal. But is there no Scripture warrant for such small matter-of-fact detail? John xxi. 9—13. My messmates are young, they have parents, friends, companions at home, with whom they would have spent a day of allowed festivity, and they have spirits and appetites to enjoy such, but they expressed not one regret that they did not enjoy it—nay, they were very cheerful, and we did our best to encourage it. Our only beverage was cold water. We might have had lemonade or lime-ade, for we have lime juice, but we are water drinkers, and find from other than material things, cheerfulness for our rustic entertainments. The day was very cold, and rain-squalls in frequent repetition, told of a constant foul wind Stanley-wards. At thirty minutes past six, p. m. we had our evening service, and a sermon from Titus iii. 4—9. At eight we returned on board, and

"*Saturday, 26th.*—At thirty minutes past two, a. m. were under weigh for Stanley. With a fair wind, and tide for us, we made through Pebble Pass; and with lower stern-sails set are moving more slowly than suits our desires through the water.

“*Sunday, 27th.*—Dropped anchor in Stanley harbour at twelve, noon. Thirty-four hours’ passage from Cranmer. Folks in church. Must wait for another sheet to continue the journal.”

The Medical Missionary Society.

We copied into our last month’s journal some interesting information furnished to the *Spanish Evangelical Record* by a correspondent at Valparaiso. We now insert a letter, addressed to the editor of the Occasional Paper published by the Medical Missionary Society. Our readers, we feel sure, will read it with great interest. The very fact of the attention of the Church of Christ being aroused so variedly and simultaneously to the spiritual necessities of South America is remarkable. We rejoice in it, and by faith we already seem to realize the triumphs of the Gospel and the overthrow of the stronghold of darkness. There is encouragement also for us in the fact that our object is one endorsed by many, who, although not nominally allied with ourselves, are notwithstanding acting in the most complete co-operation of faith and of principle. The Spanish Evangelization Society sends not men, but books. The Medical Missionary Society sends, as its name imports, men of a particular class and education. While our Society knows no such limitations, but desires by all lawful means—by the circulation of books—by the living voice of the ordained minister—by the valuable teaching of the catechist—or by the skilled and sanctified efforts of the Medical Missionary—to extend the limits of the Redeemer’s kingdom. But gladly do we

welcome on our pages information of a kindred nature to that which the following letter contains.

“PERTH, Nov. 6, 1856.

“Dear Sir,—In the course of enquiries which (in connexion with another Society,) I have been lately making as the facilities afforded for evangelistic effort in parts of Spanish America, I felt interested (as I am sure you will be) by the following suggestion, in its reference to our Medical Missionary enterprise; and all the more so, as I have no reason to think the writer had the least knowledge of my own connexion with your Society, or indeed of its existence at all. After giving a most interesting account of his private and individual efforts in diffusing a knowledge of the truth among the poor ignorant creatures in whose neighbourhood he resides, (but which I much regret I am not at liberty to make public,) the writer goes on to say—‘I think a Missionary would have an open field here, and though the constitution prohibits the public exercise of any other than the Roman Catholic religion, I do not see how the labours of a *Medical Missionary* could be stopped. I feel very sure he would be welcomed by the people, and might do incalculable good. Whoever might come would require to be a very able man, with a perfect knowledge of the language. It is a great pity many of our students do not learn Spanish. There will be, sooner or later, a wide and open field in South America, for Missionary exertion.’ Should your Society be led to take up this very interesting field of labour, I think I can promise on the part of that, in connexion with which I was led to institute these enquiries—the Spanish Evangelization Society—its most hearty and zealous co-operation. Allow me, at the same time, through your excellent paper, to impress upon young men,

whether attending the Medical or Divinity classes, the great desirableness (according to the suggestion of my correspondent,) of more attention being paid than is generally the case to the study of the Spanish language; a knowledge of which must form of course a first and most essential requisite to any one who would contemplate such a sphere of labour as the one referred to. From personal experience, having but lately, for the first time, been led to turn my attention to the subject, I can vouch that the language is not only a very beautiful and interesting one, but also, to any one possessed of a competent knowledge of Latin, of remarkably easy attainment. It appears to me, indeed, more nearly to resemble, in its construction, and the general formation of its words, that prolific parent, than any other of her numerous offspring with which I am acquainted. Let us hope, then, that this subject may speedily begin to assume the place of importance which is due to it. If I am not misinformed, one of the staunchest of the little band of patriots who lately stood forth in the Spanish Cortes in defence of liberty and right, was trained for his profession in the Edinburgh Medical School. The clouds have again gathered ominously over the horizon of this unhappy land, and I confess the only bright hope I can see of an end to her miseries, is the pouring into her bleeding wounds (by whose hand it may,) that balm which can be the alone effectual healer, either of man's or his country's woes.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, JOHN LUMSDAINE."

Don't let go the Rope!

We invite our readers to consider the responsibility of the Christian Church in connection with our Mission. Our heading may seem quaint, but it involves a great principle.

The efforts of Christians have succeeded in establishing a Mission for South America. Missionaries have gone forth. The drudgery of forming a Mission Station has been gone through. Openings for Spiritual agency—not only in Fuegia and Patagonia, but in Rio de Janeiro and Monte Video, are apparent. Self-sacrifice characterised the founders of the Mission. Self-sacrifice makes the work of the present agents still honourable. The plans are still the same which the Christian public accepted, when they gave the means of establishing the Mission. They were sketched out in the latest memorandum penned by Captain Gardiner. They were suggested by the experienced mind of Mr. Lafone, the well-known merchant in Monte Video. They were approved by Captain, now Admiral, Fitzroy. They were heartily entered into by Captain Sullivan, R.N., C. B., who is now among the Committee of the Society. They were supported most liberally by Captain Morshead, R.N. On the suggestion and approval of so many independent and experienced authorities did the Committee determine to carry out the present plans. A Mission depôt on the Falklands, out-stations for Missionaries on the main land, and coasts of South America, a Mission vessel to keep up intercourse with the natives at different points, and a school for young natives, who may be willing to visit our Falkland home: these are the plans in question, and these we hope to see thoroughly carried out. Much has been done towards it. At this moment we want but more men and more money to complete the human part of the scheme. Is it possible that Christians can now hold back? Will they undo what has been done? Will they be staggered at difficulties? Will they let go the rope? Or will they not rather, in the name of the Lord, come forward and help us?

Striking the Balance.

There is a tendency in man to commit a two-fold error in his estimation of operations, whether religious or not; to overrate the means employed, and to underrate results obtained. Each form of this error is displayed both by the supporters and the opponents of Missionary work. None can be surprised at the latter. That faith and that love which prompt Christians to carry or send the Gospel to the heathen cannot be understood, much less appreciated, by those to whom the very word "Missionary" is suggestive of contempt. The number of these unhappy persons is, however, thank God, yearly diminishing; and the recent horrors in India have thrown a baleful light on the dangers of that scheme from which Christianity is practically banished, and have gone very far to dissipate from worldly minds their previous absurd and unfounded prejudices.

Still, while the Missionary cause in general may be considered to have gained a large number of nominal adherents, while its older friends, who have withstood many an easterly blast of misrepresentation and hatred, may now, with mingled joy and trembling, bask in the sunshine of more

extended popularity; there results from this an increased danger of the above-mentioned error.

Few thoughtful minds can, we think, question the truth of this, that the means put into operation for the evangelization of the heathen and Mahomedan are much overrated. We are but too apt to overlook the rule of proportion, and congratulate ourselves on the statistical details on one side the question; forgetting to observe what proportion they bear to the overwhelming array of figures on the other. There are Missionary statistics and heathen statistics; both, in God's sight, who works by means, inseparably linked together: but often unwittingly separated by us. The aggregate income, for example, of all Missionary and Bible Societies is a large, a noble sum, considered by itself; one for which we may well feel deeply thankful; but when placed in its due connection with the work for which it is assigned, and steadily kept in that position, we may hear it discourse eloquently on its relative smallness and inadequacy.

It is true that long established and flourishing societies are in far greater danger of this overrating of means employed. Our own society, limited as it is to one part of a single quarter of the globe, and having yet to win its way with the Christian public, can hardly be at present likely to speak too largely of its income and support. It would more naturally assume an opposite tone, and with

justice lay claim to more enlarged support; and especially to an increasingly brotherly tone of sentiment from the evangelical clergy of England. It might fairly ask to be looked on less as an intruder and more as a co-worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

We pass on, however, to notice the error, for such it is, of underrating the results of Missionary agency. This is twin-brother with the former. The very fact of magnifying the amount of instrumentality is calculated to make us undervalue its work. How plainly did this appear in the early days of Missionary revival. It formed the gist of some of Sydney Smith's attacks upon the work in India, that so many men had laboured for some years, and to what purpose?—the questionable conversion of half-a-dozen natives. He, poor man, and thousands with him, had no belief in the reality of Hindoo Christianity, in fact, ridiculed the very term "conversion." Even supposing its truth, what were half-a-dozen, or a score, of "conversions" to them? Was that a fitting result of so great an expenditure of money, time, and labour? This was for long a stock argument against Mission work; and it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that a slight leaven of the same spirit is lurking in many a heart which beats true to the cause: it is, however, "of the earth, earthy." God's arithmetic and man's arithmetic are here

totally at variance. The value of a human soul, be it civilized, semi-civilized, or barbarous, is not to be computed by any outlay of money or time. Let us ask ourselves, what is hidden beneath the simple announcement of the baptism of a convert from heathenism. Thank God such are in these days common enough; may the annals of the Patagonian Society, ere long, contain them. But to the thoughtful Christian each baptism speaks in accents of thrilling eloquence—it tells a varied tale of hopes and fears, of prayers and exhortations and entreaties, of the dethronement of Satan and the triumph of grace—it tells of the attainment of the object nearest to the Missionary's heart; of the blessing of the Divine Spirit consecrating and rewarding human effort. And when this tale is again and again repeated, when thousands of baptisms are as so many harmonious variations of the same solemn anthem of praise, is it not indeed an error, a slight thrown on our Divine Head, to place in the same balance these living proofs of the travail of His soul, and weigh them against the contributions from the Christian's treasury, and the toil of the Missionary band?

Such proofs of success, however, which are patent to all, may be compared to the several layers in the superstructure of a building—the progress is visible, the growth plainly apparent, but under ground exists much that is hidden to the eye;

a covered work, large and deep in proportion to the size and importance of the building to be erected. Much labour and care is spent on that, as a previous operation of absolute necessity.

In like manner every new society has first of all to complete its *underground work*; the foundations must be laid—the ground must be cleared and prepared. And in many societies, as in many buildings, these preliminaries are necessarily very expensive. Yet to draw back, to grudge the expense, or to restrict the time, would be to put a final stop to any future operations.

As respects our own Society, this is a time when great efforts should be made at home. Prayer and liberality should be redoubled. The absence of immediate success should not be made the ground for hesitation. That is the world's criterion—the Christian's should be very different. In his character the wisdom of the serpent ought not to usurp too large a place, but in a holy and Missionary cause the charity which hopeth all things may well render herself practically felt. We commend this Society to the enlarged support of evangelical protestantism. Its wants are great; its aim is one with its elder sisters; but its supporters are as yet fewer than they should be. God has been graciously pleased to scatter many clouds which once threatened it; and with the light of His countenance shining on it, fears are wrong. An

untilled portion of the vineyard is assigned to it; let Christians at home do their part towards its thorough and successful cultivation.

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**Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Fell.**

We have received communications from Mr. Fell, Master elect of the *Allen Gardiner*. The date is Monte Video, March 10. By this time we trust he has become acquainted with our Mission party, and the circumstances of our Station, &c.

We believe no one will read the following extracts from Mr. Fell's Journal without a feeling that the writer possesses a Missionary spirit. And we heartily trust that his future efforts in connection with our Mission work shall justify our opinion of his Christian character. It may not be known to all our readers that for the last five years Mr. Fell has been engaged as a Missionary to seamen at home. The work proved at length too trying for his health, and his medical advisers plainly said, that, while his duties on shore were decidedly prejudicial to his bodily strength, he yet required nothing but sea breezes to set him up.

At this time the Committee were anxiously seeking for a suitable person to fill the position of Master of the *Allen Gardiner*; and through the kind influence of the Rev. Charles Gribble, Incumbent, at the time, of St. Paul's, Whitechapel, who strongly recommended him, the Committee were induced to see—and finally to elect Mr. Fell. His nautical qualifications are attested by the possession of a Master's Certificate from the Board of Trade; and, by his presence abroad, the hands of our Superintendent will, we believe, be much strength-

ened. Thus after many trials we look forward to the progress of our work with hope and encouragement.

Before giving the promised extracts, we take this opportunity of stating that, with God's permission, Mr. Garland Phillips returns shortly to the Mission field. All who have listened to his simple but interesting account of what has been done abroad, as well as his freely-expressed confidence in the future success of the Mission, must have derived gratification from hearing his statements. And, believing as we do that his heart is thoroughly interested in the work, we cannot but rejoice in the prospect of his return.

Possessing now a secure basis of operations at Cranmer, and having also the co-operation of a Christian Captain, and the zeal and experience of Mr. Phillips, in addition to the little Missionary band already on the scene of operations, our Superintendent, we are sure, will not be backward in shewing the earnestness of his purpose, and a wise and speedy adoption of the means at his disposal, for bringing the powerful influences of Christianity to bear upon the heathen. We will not now anticipate the plans, but our friends may be quite confident that, by the blessing of our Divine Head, the utmost efforts shall be made for fulfilling the great objects of our Mission.

But we proceed to Mr. Fell's Journal. Passing over a touching account of his last Sabbath in London, and the farewells of those amongst whom he had worshipped, we proceed to the day of embarkation:—

“On the 9th of January, 1858, I embarked on board the mail steamer from Southampton, and soon found myself surrounded with English, French, Spanish, and Italian passengers, all bound to different parts of the world. Many of the foreign ladies felt much the depar-



ture of their friends, as they returned in the steam tender to the shore. In a few minutes our gallant ship was under way, proceeding towards the Needles, and from thence down Channel. As the winds were contrary, the ship pitched heavily, which soon sent many of the passengers to their berths, some of whom were not seen again until we arrived in Lisbon. On the Sabbath it blew hard from the S. W., with occasional showers, which prevented a service being held on board, and made my first one at sea, after a lapse of five years, rather an uncomfortable one. Yet I trust I could realize the presence of my Divine Master, knowing that He had said, 'I am with you, even unto the end of the world.'

"Having taken a berth in a two-bedded room, I was naturally anxious to know who my companion was, my mind was soon gratified in finding an Irish Roman Catholic taking possession of the other berth, who was returning to Buenos Ayres, where he had formerly been engaged in the sheep farming line for many years; a more affectionate, kind, and obliging companion it would have been impossible for me to have had. He had not been long in the room before he unbosomed his trials to me. It appeared that he had had a brother in Southampton on the previous morning who was about to accompany him to South America, but who when in the act of shaving, called out for my friend, and said to him 'I am going to leave you.' In a few minutes he was in the agonies of death in my friend's arms, and shortly afterwards expired. Through much exertion he succeeded in suppressing his own feelings, and consigning his departed brother to his last resting place by nine o'clock on the following morning—but two hours before we sailed. Perhaps I was the first to whom my companion

unclothed his feelings ; and I did what I could both by words and actions to bind up the broken heart and render comfort."

We refrain from giving the whole of Mr. Fell's account of his intercourse with his cabin companion. Most affectingly interesting it is—but regard for feelings, which we hold very sacred, bids us to withhold from publication much that would gratify our readers, but haply at the expense of betraying the generous confidence of a heart in trouble. The Journal proceeds—

"I entered into conversation with many of the passengers, and tried to point them to Christ. One gentleman conversed freely with me. It appeared that he knew Captain Gardiner personally, as the latter had a letter of introduction to the house with which he was connected at 'Rio de Janeiro,' when the faithful martyr was on his way to Africa. I also formed an acquaintance with a German merchant, who could speak good English. Religion, however, was rather an unwelcome subject, yet I succeeded in getting a few words with him through the medium of Mr. Spurgeon. 'Have you heard of him in your country?' 'Oh yes, he is a wonderful man.' 'There is one good feature about him, he is not proud with his popularity.' 'No, he ought not to be,' said he, 'if he was it would be against the spirit of religion.' What a prudent remark from a man of the world! 'Have you ever heard him, sir, when you have been in London?' 'No.' 'Nor any of our other popular men?' said I. 'No, I don't like to go to hear them, because there are so few ministers I can respect because of their lives. When I know a man is all right there, then I can hear him.' This convinced me that he did not care much about spiritual things, as I know that the inconsistencies of some ministers of the Gospel is Satan's grand temp-

tation in deluding deceived souls. I acknowledged that inconsistencies in some could be too well proved, but stated that the claims of religion were still as binding as ever, and even while this was the case, there were many sincere men in the work, living under the influence of Divine grace. I found afterwards that he was influenced by sceptical notions.

“ On the fourth day we sailed up the Tagus—viewed the splendid buildings which but represented the *ancient* greatness of Portugal. As our ship approached her anchorage, many thoughts crowded themselves into one’s mind. How this country has been wasted and ruined by the superstitions and dominion of the Roman Church—how the iron grasp of Popery has tyrannised over its inhabitants, kept from their view the word and lamp of life for so many centuries, which alone is able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The thought becomes more impressive when we know also that the people are eager for the truth—the fields are already white for the harvest, but the priests are exceedingly zealous in getting the ‘powers that be’ to prohibit the importation of Protestant publications, knowing full well that their power consists in keeping the people in ignorance. I have been informed by a Portuguese sailor, whom I used to supply with tracts and Testaments in his native tongue, that the custom-house officers had strict orders to search their chests for tracts and Testaments, but that he could always get his on shore by bribing the officer in giving him one for himself. This fact alone serves to show how little respect the watchmen have for the Papal power. Accordingly I was anxious to distribute my Portuguese tracts, with which I was well supplied by the ‘Religious Tract Society,’ but had to select the



evening for distribution, as there were so many eyes about the ship from the shore, some of whom might give information. I called an intelligent-looking native to one side and gave him a tract, which he read, but when in the act the foreman called after him in a blustering manner, he, however, was satisfied with its contents, so that he came back to me for some, and was supplied with several copies of 'James Covey' and other tracts. I served another likewise, requesting them to distribute them on shore. On the following day we sailed for Madeira, and during this passage I had the privilege of meeting a dear brother in the Lord among the passengers, in the person of Charles Schauffler, Esq., a German, who has laboured for many years in connection with a Baptist Church in Hamburgh. This brother became my most intimate companion, as we had each the privilege, I trust, of knowing something of experimental religion. He soon became deeply interested in our Mission work, and rendered me much help and counsel during the remainder of the voyage. He was well versed in Scripture, and could expound it most delightfully in our language, and was quite at home with our favourite hymns, such as the following—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

“On the following Saturday afternoon we arrived in Madeira, just one week from Southampton. I was unable to go on shore as the ship was put in quarantine, but I distributed tracts to the boatmen who came off to the ship for the purpose of selling articles. Our next port was Teneriffe, but it being the dead of night when we arrived, and staying but a short time, sailed without distributing tracts.

“On Thursday, 21st, we came to an anchor in St.

Vincent's Roads, one of the Cape de Verd Islands. The surrounding mountains were truly delightful to behold, from where we *came to*. Shaped into all kinds of forms, as volcanic islands usually are, they formed many ranges, some of which seemed as if looking down upon their smaller brethren with contempt. St. Antonia, another island, formed one complete range seaward. Right ahead, or in a North-Easterly direction, another group held a position towards the town, only lying farther back in various ranges. On our right hand, or starboard side, lay two other large ranges, one of which was of immense size, and displayed much of the exquisite skill of our Creator. Astern another range stood out magnificently, and on the top of one of the larger mountains appeared the form of a man's face, which is usually called Washington's head. It was too late for me to visit the shore on the evening of our arrival, and finding some English ships at anchor, I visited one for the purpose of holding a service for the crew. My German brother accompanied me. We found that the Captain was not on board, nor was he likely to be on board in time for us. The Mate did not feel at liberty to lend the cabin for a meeting in the Captain's absence. The fore-castle was the only alternative, so having waited until the crew had finished their tea, we introduced ourselves to them, and made known our intentions. They all received us kindly, as sailors usually do. Although they were as black as rooks, having only finished their day's work, without having had time to wash, I gave them an address; all collected, about twenty-five in number, to hear it, and my friend engaged in prayer in a most delightful manner. They all seemed thankful for our attention, and received our tracts with gratitude. We came away not a little comforted. The

next day the Captain, an intelligent Scotchman, called on board, and thanked us for our attention to his crew, and had his chronometer rated by the steamer's.

“ On the following day I visited the shore to see what could be done for the poor inhabitants in a spiritual sense. The town is very small, composed only of a few houses, some of which are miserable places, hardly fit to keep cattle in. The more respectable were engaged as public houses or shops. The natives are very poor, and the only employment seems to be the coaling of the steamers. The volcanic mountainous land is so barren that no vegetable grows, nor do even the valleys appear capable of cultivation. As a stranger lands he is most probably accosted by men, women, or children, begging or crying ‘mongee mongee’ (eat eat). The natives, although speaking Portuguese, and under that Government, are principally negroes from the coast of Africa originally, and in great ignorance. I first went to five men, whom I found lying in a boat, four of whom had light coloured skin. I tried if they could read, and the negro seemed to chide them for not keeping the tracts. It appeared, however, that they could not read. The next I accosted was a gentlemanly-looking Portuguese, who appeared like one of the heads of the place. He took a few from me, and gracefully thanked me and departed. I met others of the same stamp, and supplied them likewise. I then found a number of the labouring class, standing idle at the corner of a street, to each of these I gave, as I was informed they all could read. When I left this group I met a native who could speak good English, and wished for some, and who became my companion. When in the act of supplying him, up came another making the same request. I was now standing opposite the barracks, which was not only a



miserable place, but contained a few miserable looking soldiers, who appeared better fitted to drink a good plate of soup and go to sleep than enter the field. Probably the poor creatures were half-starved for want of proper vegetable food, as is doubtless the case with all the natives, or nearly so. This want of proper food accounts for the direful diseases which occasionally sweep off so many of the inhabitants. Having given them a few tracts, they being able to read, we departed. I then followed my companion to a part of the town which he pointed out, where I met others of the natives, and distributed tracts as we went along—he answering my turn as an interpreter. My companion, however, seemed very anxious about some sovereign, which he said he had, and which would not go in this country. In a few minutes I was in his house, which was somewhat superior to the rest, but a miserable-looking hovel after all. The floor was clay, with patches of holes in different places. At one corner of the room was the bed, at the end of which was a chest on which his wife lay, nor did she move on my entering the apartment. I enquired if she was unwell, but was answered in the negative. The roof had several holes letting in daylight. Another box or two formed the rest of the furniture, and a stone wall partially built divided it from the next apartment. My companion seemed very anxious to do business, and accordingly I found him seeking for something at the bottom of a chest, and in a second or two he brought me the so-called sovereign that he had previously talked about. It was a little yellow coin of some kind, which he wished me to believe was a sovereign, or the worth of one. I soon gave him to understand that I was not going to exchange it for good money. Having given a small silver piece to a little child I found

in the house, he immediately brought up another and told me to give. 'Englishman no allow another man to tell him what to give, and what not to give,' said I. 'Oh,' said he, 'Englishman govern himself.' 'Yes,' I said, 'Englishman govern himself.' I felt little disposed to encourage his covetousness, especially after his wishing to take me in with his so-called sovereign; and I found out after that the child to whom I gave the silver piece was not his, as I thought. After a few friendly words had passed I left his house, and went down upon the landing place, where I found a boat loaded with fruit, &c., having just arrived from St. Antonia, the opposite island. The natives rushed to the place as if to quench their thirst and hunger. The women seemed as if the unloading of the boat was their business, and hence many were employed in carrying off the oranges on their heads in baskets; as each passed along the jetty, the standers by seemed to have full liberty to pick from the baskets and eat; and many of the inhabitants ran eagerly to the landing place for this purpose. It reminded me of an interpretation I once heard of Isaiah lv. 1.—'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the *landing place*; and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat without money and without price.' If this interpretation had been correct, which I have no reason to believe, a more beautiful illustration of it could not be. All seemed welcome to partake, without money and without price, as long as the fruit, &c. was on the landing place; each individual eating on the spot; while it was the business of the owners thereof to get their property away as fast as possible. The hungry soldiers took care to pay a visit also. As the women returned with their empty baskets I had an opportunity of distributing tracts to those who could read, or who said their picaninnies (children) could read, and this attracted

the attention of many others, who came up and were supplied. I was thankful for this opportunity of distributing Gospel instruction to this sex, knowing as I do how much more susceptible women are to serious impressions than men, besides having so many opportunities for imparting the word of eternal life to children. By this time I found my work pretty well done for this time in so small a town; and indeed I was getting a little afraid that information might reach the priest's ears; in case this should be so, I would not be afraid to meet him, but I would have been sorry to see him tracking out the parties who had received my tracts, and making them deliver them up. This was what I dreaded, so that I made it my business to leave the shore by the first boat. The sun too became very hot, or rather the heat from the sun was very great, pouring down as it was between the hills. After we left St. Vincent, I was surprised to learn from a Mexican passenger, that we had on board the 'Tyne,' that when I was in the act of going through the town with tracts, he called on the priest who gave him a very hearty welcome, and thus my pathway for usefulness was clear. The Mexican had been here before, and had a kind reception from a former priest, who had lately been promoted to a higher station on St. Antonia. Had I known it in time I would have called on the priest with the Mexican, as he would have answered as an interpreter, and by that means I might have seen what kind of a man he was. May the Holy Spirit seal the truth contained in the tracts upon many hearts, that God's name may be glorified even here. About six, p. m. we sailed for Pernambuco.

“The next day was Saturday, and as I was engaged to preach on the Sabbath, I looked forward to it with



pleasure. My German brother and I met for prayer—that God would enable me to preach, and then bless the word spoken. I must mention here that I received great kindness from the Captain and a Clergyman who was a passenger, and who on account of his services was looked upon as the chaplain of the ship. He had preached on the previous Sabbath in the saloon, from those inviting words of Christ's, 'Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest,' and finding out who I was, he wished me to take the next Sabbath service. I wished to decline this, not being an ordained Clergyman, but expressed a wish to preach to the crew at another time, or give a lecture to both crew and passengers, as I understood something of the habits of seamen, having been brought up in a fore-castle myself. The above gentleman was exceedingly liberal in his views, and he with the Captain together arranged that when the church prayers were read I should preach a sermon to all; thus it was that I looked forward to this service. On this day too (Saturday) I was pleased to find out another of the Lord's people. Between this gentleman and myself a few words had previously passed of an ordinary nature, but on this occasion he came to me and made some enquiries about my mission to Patagonia, and from this our conversation led on to the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. There was in him every evidence of sincerity, although we differed in our views concerning what a Christian's conduct ought to be. It appeared that he had no objection to accompany his family to a theatre, or some other place of so-called innocent amusement. Against this I strongly protested, and considered it unbecoming to a Christian to enter such places, and give, as they necessarily must do, their

sanction to them. I did so in such a manner as not to offend my brother, by getting passages of Scripture to bear on the subject, such as the following: 'Abstain from every appearance of evil.' 'I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, *which is* your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind,' &c. (Rom. xii. 1, 2.) I also pointed out the shrewdness of children in measuring the conduct of parents by the word of God, and how able they were to mark inconsistencies and draw conclusions therefrom.

*(To be continued.)*

### Missionary Coincidences.

We have already given, in our January number, a slight sketch of the foundation and early struggles of the New Zealand Mission, and have seen that in many of its general features, the work there bears a strong resemblance to that of the Mission to Patagonia and Fuegia. But if it is interesting to trace this analogy in the general outline of progress and events, it becomes still more so when we find it extending to the minor details of the work, and revealing an identity of plan and purpose which must tend to strengthen and encourage those who are now bearing the heat and burden of the day. The venerated fathers of Missionary enterprise in our Church, have ceased from their labours, but "their works do follow them;" and the steady light of their faith, and energy, and stedfastness still beams upon us through the vista of years. The history of their trials makes us feel how deeply we should enjoy their sympathy, were they witnesses upon earth of the diffi-

culties besetting those who follow in their footsteps. Oh ! that we possessed more faith, and were content to toil as they toiled, and suffer as they suffered, provided only God's will be done !

If, as has been said, a solitary thought acquires a new and incalculable force when we find it adopted by another mind, so may it with equal truth be said of thought translated into action--the experience of the past is the most invaluable guide to the future—and the course of action which our own judgment has suggested, becomes doubly confirmed when we find it sanctioned by the wisdom of those who have gone before. In this light the following brief extracts from the Missionary Register for the years 1810—17, will, we think, be both interesting and encouraging. And first we give part of a Letter from Mr. Marsden, to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, under date of June 12th, 1815 :—

“ When the *Active* returns, I shall be able to write more fully my sentiments of any future measure which may appear to me necessary for the Society to adopt, relative to the island of New Zealand. I should wish to act with great caution. The most benevolent undertakings meet with strong opposition. The pious Israelites could not build the walls of Jerusalem without holding the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. If we attempt, even in these pious days, to build the walls of Jerusalem, we must expect to meet with the same spirit of opposition. I have met with hard contests in digging the foundation, and laying the first stone of the Christian Church in New Zealand ; but I hope that the building will proceed. I believe the work to be of God. It has, as yet, gone on slowly, but progressively. If the public prejudice had not been so strong against the



natives of this island, the difficulty and expense of forming the settlement would not have been so great."

With regard to the support of the settlement he says, "I cannot ascertain as yet what will be the charge of supporting this establishment; as soon as the necessary buildings are erected, and the settlement formed, it will be reduced. The settlers will soon be able to raise grain for their own support, and animal food will not be expensive. They will want continual supplies of tea, sugar, &c., *and as their privations must unavoidably be many, I have no doubt that the Society will cheerfully administer every aid that may tend to lessen their weight and number.*"

Again, with reference to the means of supporting the Mission, Mr. Marsden writes:—"As considerable expenses had been already incurred in the purchase of the *Active*, the outfit, naval stores, and seamen's wages, I felt it incumbent on me to do all in my power to find out some mode by which these expenses could in some measure be provided for. I determined to take all the dressed flax I could procure from the natives, to Port Jackson, and to fill the vessel with timber. Whether the flax will answer, as an article of commerce, or not, is not yet fully determined. Timber will answer to a certain amount, but will not defray the whole of the expenses of the vessel. Should flax answer, it is probable they will both nearly accomplish this in time.

"I am convinced that little good can be done among the natives of New Zealand, without a vessel; which would secure the lives of the Europeans settled on the island, and would materially conduce to the civilization of the people, by offering frequent opportunities to the chiefs to visit Port Jackson, where they might see the habits, and taste the comforts of civilized life. They

would acquire more knowledge in one month's residence in New South Wales, than they could for a long time in their own country, though Europeans were with them."

On this subject, also, we may quote from the introductory remarks to the history of the year 1817, under the head of "Foreign Sources of Income."

"In infant Missions, and particularly amongst the uncivilized, it will be vain to expect any aid in diminution of the expenditure for a considerable time. In proportion, indeed, to the want of civilization, or as habits of cupidity have prevailed, the Missionary must for a time purchase the very liberty of doing good, by gratuitously maintaining and educating children, and by various other acts of benevolence. The Missions in Greenland and Labrador of former days, are illustrations in point, and so are those in West Africa, South Africa, and New Zealand of the present day."

Mr. Marsden having suggested the advantage of establishing a seminary in New South Wales for the education of some of the young New Zealanders, the Committee immediately acquiesced in the proposal, and stated their expectations from such a seminary. The establishment was accordingly formed at Paramatta, with four young men, of whom Mr. Marsden writes:—

"I have with me now, four young men from New Zealand, improving very fast in all useful knowledge. I intend to keep them till they can spin twine, make rope, weave canvas, reap wheat, and perform other operations of agriculture. They are all connected with the principal families in or near where the settlers reside. It will be of great importance to have a few of the natives here at all times, as their improvement will be so very great among us."

In the Eighteenth Report of the Church Missionary

Society is noticed the engagement of a superintendent of agriculture for the settlement, and it goes on to remark : “ Mr. Marsden profiting by the experience of the colony of New South Wales, has very prudently sent cattle to New Zealand, with a view to the future benefit of settlers : and he will continue to do this from time to time. Mr. Marsden justly considers cattle as of great moment in a new settlement, as they will supply so many of the real wants of the settlers. There are numbers of islands on the east coast, on which cattle might be put, and taken off as wanted.

“ In conducting the Society’s affairs, Mr. Marsden has had many difficulties to encounter. Not to speak of some of a very serious nature, within the colony, with which the public are but too well acquainted, by the proceedings of the courts of law, to the protection of which he has reluctantly been compelled to have recourse, *very heavy expenses have been incurred by the misconduct of some persons connected with the brig Active*, and with the Mission, and much vexation occasioned to him thereby. Your Committee have returned to Mr. Marsden, in the name of the Society, their hearty thanks for his disinterested labours, and persevering pursuit through many difficulties, of the Society’s objects.”

And Mr. Marsden himself writes, May 2nd, 1817 :— “ The *Active* sailed for New Zealand on 18th of last month. I sent six head of horned cattle ; as the introduction of cattle among the natives will be a great object in that country. I was so fully sensible of the incalculable advantages that cattle would be to New Zealand, that I determined to send some for breeding ; and I shall therefore, from time to time, send a few over, till there be a sufficient quantity to breed from. Milk, butter, beef, and labour, these cattle will soon produce



to the inhabitants; and if the number of settlers be increased, they will greatly add to their comfort and support."

### Home Proceedings.

A great impulse has been given to the Missionary spirit of Christians by the late mutiny in India. From the manly, earnest, Christian tone of the speakers during the May Meetings, we think we can predict a new era of spiritual effort for the spread of the truth of God. The hideous and undisguised features of an intellectual heathenism, as lately displayed in India, have shocked the Christian heart; and we earnestly hope that the effect of our past and present tribulation shall be the rapid extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. But the sympathies of the Christian Church must be catholic—not local or peculiar; and in the name of Him—whose Gospel is to be preached to every creature—we plead for the necessities not of the East only—but of the West—not for our fellow-subjects in India merely—but for the outcast and degraded heathen of South America. Have Christians really done their utmost toward the fulfilment of Christ's last command on earth? We will not answer this otherwise than by pleading afresh the cause of this Society. We believe indeed the work in South America is destined to flourish and abound; but we do require enlarged sympathy and an increasingly liberal support. Our expenses abroad have been necessarily heavy during the last nine months; while at home during this period our claims have not been generally advocated from the Pulpit and the Platform. Our friends, therefore, must at once see the need we now have of co-operation. But we rejoice in being able to state that, wherever our Deputation Secretary, the Rev.

W. Gray, has gone, he has been enabled to enlist many sympathies, and to disarm many prejudices. In London, for instance, where he remained some three weeks, he has been instrumental in securing the support of several of the clergy. Meetings for the Society have been held in the school rooms of the Revs. C. J. Goodhart, Park Chapel, Chelsea; E. H. Carr, Christ's Chapel, St. John's Wood; and F. Cruse, St. Jude's, Southwark. Two pulpits were occupied by our Secretary, on which occasions the cause of God in South America was pleaded. A Drawing Room Meeting also in Belgravia formed another part of Mr. Gray's successful efforts. But this is not all. Seven of the London clergy have most kindly promised their school rooms for meetings in connection with our Society. Two have promised their pulpits, and other two have become subscribers. Another "has promised help, and many others sympathise with us, and would gladly aid us, if their local claims would permit them to do so." "I have been promised," Mr. Gray adds, "amongst the laity, two Drawing Rooms this month, and many Collecting Cards have been distributed."

Now we cannot but think that there is room for much encouragement in the foregoing statement. In spite of the great demands upon the attention of the London clergy, in spite of the season of Mr. Gray's visit there being one peculiarly marked by the pressure of such demands, the Lord seems to have prospered His own work, and called forth the interest of many in it. The actual advantages to the Society are indeed prospective rather than immediate; but we look with confidence to the future, while we invoke the blessing of God on our present exertions. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

## Sketches of Fuegian Character.

Our readers will not find the following extracts uninteresting. They are taken from a book published in 1825, and entitled "A voyage towards the South Pole," &c. The author is James Weddell, Esq., Master in the Royal Navy. It is not, of course, to be expected that his facts are all new, but his mode of description is both ample and simple; while his emphatically-expressed desire that means for elevating the Fuegians should be adopted cannot fail to stimulate us in carrying on our present efforts for their evangelisation and civilisation. Although not first in order of narrative, we yet venture to preface our extracts from Mr. Weddell's work with the following remarks of his.

"I would willingly, for the honour of human nature, raise these neglected people somewhat higher in the scale of intellectual estimation than they have reached; but I must acknowledge their condition to be that of the lowest of mankind. At this age of the world, it appears almost incredible, and certainly disgraceful, that there should still exist such a tractable people in almost pristine ignorance.



“As I found nothing of foreign manufacture among the Fuegians, it may be reasonably concluded that we were their first visitors, at least of the present generation. The savage custom of the women, doing all the work, prevails here; they paddle the canoes, while the men sit at their ease; they gather the shell-fish food, rear the children, build the wigwams, and, in short, perform every duty that requires exertion; though in return, however, the men show a good deal of affection for their wives, and are careful of their offspring. An instance of their parental affection appeared on occasion of my visiting their wigwams one morning unexpectedly, when, supposing that I had come on shore to steal their children, they infolded them in their arms, and all the signs of amity I could express, were insufficient to induce them to let them go.”

The foregoing instance of parental affection is corroborated by what we have since heard; and we cannot but regard it as a most hopeful feature in the Fuegian character, a redeeming trait in savage life. In the absence of natural affection, we could look little hopefully for the growth of spiritual affections. The revelation to mankind of God, as their Father in Christ Jesus, is based upon the broad foundations of parental affection existing in the human heart; but where these foundations have been sapped, and weakened, the

superstructure of divine teaching can never be considered as secure.

It is true, perhaps, that the affection of the Fuegians for their children may for a moment interfere with their trusting them to the care of our Missionaries: but as confidence is inspired by kindness, and the messengers of Christ become to be regarded as friends, we have little doubt that our projected school at Cranmer will be supplied with scholars, and recompense us for the labour and expense which have been incurred.

We proceed, however, to quote from Mr. Weddell's narrative of his visit to Tierra del Fuego. The date is November, 1822.

“On the 26th the weather was remarkably fine, and the wind blew lightly between S.S.W. (by west), and N.N.W. In the afternoon the *Beaufoy* sailed to examine some neighbouring islands for seal-furs. She had not passed out of sight, when to my astonishment I saw two native canoes paddling towards us; several of the brig's crew were on board the *Beaufoy*, but as I considered, that if properly treated, nothing hostile need be feared from the strangers, in whatever numbers they might appear, I did not recal them.

“It was not long before the Fuegians arrived within hearing; and soon made themselves known by a singing noise, accompanied with a variety of gestures, which as I afterwards learned

were symbols of friendship. They presently paddled within eight or ten yards of the ship, and I desired our men to make friendly signs to them in return, conveying a wish for them to come on board ; but they would not approach. Amazement was apparent in all their actions ; and they seemed so agitated that, for a full quarter of an hour, they continued gabbling without the smallest intermission. At length their wonder at our persons having in some degree subsided, they paddled fore and aft about the ship, and were to all appearance undecided whether the vessel was dead or alive ; for never having seen a ship before, it could not be expected that they should at once reason from the analogy which their canoes afforded. Finally having acquired more confidence, they came on the starboard side, and two of the men ventured on board. From their very miserable appearance, I thought the best office I could do them, would be to give them something to eat and drink. I therefore had beef, bread and wine brought, and helped them plentifully. Of the beef they eat a little, but neither the good Madeira wine, nor the bread was acceptable.

“ I soon saw that they were particular in keeping their women in their canoes, at which I was not sorry, as from the jealous disposition of savages in general, it was advisable for us to



avoid any intercourse with their wives. I did not, however, neglect helping the ladies to a little wine, which I gave them in a japanned cup; and this utensil appeared so marvellously fine in their eyes, that they spilled the wine in examining it, and cunningly retained it. I did not attempt to recover the cup, as I thought they were certainly in want of it for drinking with; but on the following day, I saw it in about a dozen stripes suspended at the women's necks.

“The men seemed astonished at all they saw, and every kind of iron work attracted their attention more than anything else—a cast iron pot of 200 gallons surprised them so much, that they were even afraid to approach it. Perceiving their fondness for this metal, and having a quantity of hoops on board, I gave each of them a piece, with which they were quite delighted; and soon after receiving the present they left us, and repaired to their wigwams, which were situated at the head of the harbour.

“On the following morning, the 27th, by sunrise, they were lying off, making a great shouting, expressive of their anxiety to see us, and to get on board. I had given orders that they should not be admitted, till our crew were called on deck in the morning, which was usually at four o'clock. In the course of a little time, a third canoe was seen approaching, which our first visi-

tors met at some distance from the ship; and by their coming immediately on board all together, it was evident that the latter had been informed by their countrymen of the friendly reception they had met with. The number of our present visitors was twenty-two men, women, and children, and now that they had acquired confidence in our amicable intentions, they became interesting and amusing. I gave them all in turns a sight of the cabin; and the bright stove, and the looking-glass, were objects that pleased them greatly. The monkey trick of looking behind the mirror for the reflected object was frequently practised; and though they had no doubt often seen themselves reflected in the water, yet having never before observed so sudden and distinct an appearance, their intuitive judgment was not sufficiently acute to satisfy them of the similarity.

“Knowing the propensity Indians generally have to stealing, a watch was kept over them; but on the boatswain returning from the head of the harbour, he informed me that they had stripped a barrel of the hoops. An adept in the art of pilfering had also displayed no mean talent in stealing an iron belaying pin, notwithstanding the strictness of the look-out.

“I judged it proper to impress them with an idea of the offence of stealing; and accordingly placed this criminal in the main rigging, and

gave him a smart lash with a cat of nine tails, making him understand that it was a punishment for the crime of which he had been guilty. 'This gentle chastisement had the desired effect, for they were ever after afraid even to lift a piece of iron without permission.'

Our readers will see by the next quotation that the ladies in Fuegia are not destitute of a love of display. They doubtless possess some standard of fashion as inexorable in their eyes, as Paris is to us. We hope before long they may possess also some standard of fair dealing, under the influence of our Missionaries' teaching.

"On the 28th the wind was variable, having gone completely round the compass, and blowing fresh. This morning all the Fuegians came along side, and in a different dress, or rather *colouring*, for the women had changed the hue of their countenances from red to jet black, and the men were decorated with red and white streaks, running horizontally across the face. Their appearance altogether was as grotesque as can well be imagined; though in their estimation it was, no doubt, considered the perfection of fashion. In the early part of our acquaintance, whenever I expressed a desire for any of their small articles, they gave me them without any return; but now they had acquired an idea of barter, and in exchange for any of their articles of simple manu-



facture, they demanded something bright, such as buttons, &c. ; but bits of iron hoops were particularly objects of esteem, and I have no doubt but in this trifle they conceived our riches to consist.

“ A youth of engaging features whom I had on board, was the most successful in this traffic ; the women seemed much interested with him, though I am at a loss to know whether they were right in their idea of his sex, as with them the females do all the work, and this youth was here kept in constant employment. I procured a young dog from them, which was remarkable for its cunning ; they have only one kind of this animal, and it partakes much of the nature of the fox, resembling it a good deal about the head, and being nearly the size of the terrier. They are remarkably fond of their dogs ; and if they have any object to which they ascribe supernatural power, it may possibly be to them, since their attention to them, and dependence on them for safety, is greater than could be expected.

“ On the 29th, the weather was fine, and the wind from W.S.W. Early in the morning, the *Beaufoy* arrived, and this was not unobserved by the Fuegians, who immediately went on board, where they were kindly received by the crew. Curiosity was mutual, and the sailors took great delight in friendly intercourse with them. They

committed several petty thefts on board the *Beaufoy*; and one in particular is worth mentioning, as it exhibits in a remarkable degree their powers of imitation.

“A sailor had given a Fuegian a tin pot full of coffee, which he drank, and was using all his art to steal the pot. The sailor, however, recollecting after a while that the pot had not been returned, applied for it, but whatever words he made use of were always repeated in imitation by the Fuegian. At length, he became enraged at hearing his requests reiterated, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, in an angry tone, he said, ‘You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin pot?’ The Fuegian, assuming the same attitude, with his eyes fixed on the sailor, called out, ‘You copper-coloured rascal, where is my tin pot?’ The imitation was so perfect, that every one laughed, except the sailor, who proceeded to search him, and under his arm he found the article missing. For this audacious theft, he would have punished the mimic, but Mr. Brisbane interposing, sent him into his canoe, and forbade his being allowed to come on board again.

“On the 2nd of December, about mid-day, the Fuegians were seen close to the shore, paddling their canoes out of harbour, without having previously shown any intention of leaving the place.

This they were, no doubt, considering as a fortunate escape, for notwithstanding a strict watch had been kept over them, during their stay with us, I had reason to suspect that they had stolen several small articles, and were now thinking to get clear off with their booty. Instead of the roar which they generally kept up, not a voice was to be heard amongst them, and the canoes were so close to the shore, that we could scarcely discern them. I immediately ordered the boat to be manned, and put off. The Fuegians were now paddling with all their strength to get beyond our reach, but in vain; we soon overtook them, and they looked as if they expected to be searched for stolen goods; but they were not a little surprised when, instead of this, I presented each of the men with a piece of hoop, and each of the women, by way of a medal, with a brightened halfpenny, with a hole punched for a string, for suspending it to the neck. They were very grateful for these trifles, and I took farewell of them with a hearty shake of the hand. Being now at ease, they commenced their usual roar and paddled off."



## Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Fell.

(Continued.)

“The Sabbath has now arrived, the day I looked forward to with so much anxiety and pleasure.

‘ Welcome sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.’

At the appointed time all hands were assembled aft on the quarter deck; the capstan was fixed up as a pulpit, the crew being on one side and the passengers on the other. At the close of the prayers I gave out as my text 1 Tim. i. 15. ‘This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ The greatest attention was paid by all present; the crew especially seemed deeply interested and surprised, that my mode of expression was such as they could easily understand. Their attention being so great, I was much encouraged, and thankful to the Father of all mercies for being so gracious upon this occasion.

“Our next port was Pernambuco, on the coast of Brazil; but here I had no opportunity for tract distribution, as we lay such a short time, and were so far off from the shore. On Sunday, Feb. 1, we rounded the lighthouse of Bahia, at 6, a. m. and in half an hour after came to an anchor in the Roads. From reports on board I was informed that there was only an English church on shore for Protestants, and that the former clergyman had died of yellow fever, and the one who had succeeded him was now at Madeira for his health, and hence no place of worship was open for the English inhabitants. In the bay there were some English and

American ships, among which a Bethel meeting was desirable ; but they lay so far off from where we were as to render it impracticable. The weather being unsettled, with occasional showers, kept me on board, so that I had an opportunity of witnessing the Sabbath desecration carried on on board. About sixty slaves were sent to the ship, to take in the coals, with the crew, and discharge the cargo. The former were formed into three gangs, one on each side forward, the other led across the deck aft. Although it was painful to behold these poor creatures, possessing as they did so much muscular strength, with well-proportioned bodies, treated like beasts of burden, kept in intellectual darkness by their owners, and let out as their property, yet it was pleasing to behold their peaceful and happy countenances. It was stated that each of them was valued at about £200. Their employment on board was to clap on to a rope, and pull it along the decks. This they did with the greatest spirit, all uniting in one of their negro songs. With a smile on each countenance and a heavy tread on the deck, their motto seemed to be, ' Stamp and go ;' nor did they fail in giving it wind, for they continued at it all day. I understood that the Brazilians on shore were also in the habit of coming off, and labouring on board these mail steamers, but as this was the Sabbath day they declined, and slaves were sent. Coupled with these slaves was the ship's company, and they not having power to refuse Sabbath labour because of the articles they signed, had to work all day, which they did without a murmur. How long are Britons falsely to sing,

' Britons never shall be slaves ?'

We do hope the time is not far distant when the directors of steam companies will see the evil of such work,

and forbid it, or at least give their captains power to do so. 'Oh!' it may be said, 'the ship had the mail, and was compelled to proceed.' I answer, if so she was two days ahead of her time. Mail steamers are forbidden to sail on the Sabbath from Southampton, and why not have the same rules carried out in foreign ports? Are our British seamen destitute of all moral feeling? have they no souls to be saved, no heaven to gain and hell to escape?

"About 11, a. m. I visited the shore, the weather having become more settled, with my pockets well supplied with Portuguese and a few English tracts. On my way on shore I was accompanied by the Captain, who was always exceedingly kind, and two business gentlemen from the shore, who, like most of our countrymen when they settle abroad, were sadly addicted to swearing. To prevent this I gave a tract to each, as their language sounded fearfully in my ears, and I was glad to find that the subject of conversation changed to the contents of the tracts. One of the parties tried to show that religion consisted in doing to others as you would they should do unto you, and that that was the religion which they practised. I tried to show the speaker that he had always failed in doing this, and that such a system of religion would not do for him, and hence the need of the Gospel of Christ, which is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. He professed, however, always to have walked consistently in this particular; and I drew his mind to a circumstance which had just transpired, which was calculated to convince him to the contrary. 'It is probable,' I said, 'that strangers entering a boat do not like to be annoyed by swearing; now why did you not study my feelings, and refrain from that improper language, if you wish to do unto



others as you would they should do unto you?' This turned the conversation to a definition of swearing, &c.; but in a few seconds after we landed, and most likely parted for ever. One indifferent remark fell from his lips, when speaking of the suddenness of death, which just shows how dead to spiritual things men often become in these countries. 'Oh!' said he, 'in a few days we will have the yellow fever: three days' notice, and then off you go.' May the Lord have mercy upon all such!

"I am now on shore, beneath a scorching sun, with my pockets full of Portuguese tracts, without a companion or a counsellor. I commenced labour in the lower part of the town, keeping on the shady side of the streets. I first met a respectable young Brazilian, who received three of my silent messengers of mercy with great gratitude, and a degree of politeness equal to that of the French. When in the act of speaking to him another came up, and had a similar supply. I then met an aged man standing in a doorway; he read, approved, and with gratitude left me, saying, 'Good morning.' I met another, who read a portion of one, and approved of it; he also was supplied. The next place I came to was a square, with a running fountain, surrounded by a set of fine trees, which afforded great shelter from the burning rays of the sun, and underneath which a number of seats were placed for the inhabitants. Some being seated on these, I went round and distributed to each. As they all commenced reading, and in such a conspicuous place, I felt it advisable to withdraw, lest I might awaken suspicion, and have some bigoted priest after me, who might pull up the seed which I had endeavoured to sow. I then went toward the beach, and entered a grog shop, where some old men were sitting.

I gave a tract or two, but they returned them, and I thought they did so because they saw 'Christo' on one, as they repeated the blessed name, and gave me the tract back. As I passed back through the square, my reading strangers had disappeared; but I saw two old men, one a white and the other a black, sitting together. I offered a tract, but the white refused, professing not to be able to read. The black, however, pulled out his spectacles and commenced reading the one which I gave him; as he came to the name 'Jesus,' each bowed his head, and on he went reading, while the other sat and heard. The sun by this time had become exceedingly hot, and as I found few persons out of doors who could read, I thought it advisable to ascend to the upper part of the town, where I might have more fresh air. Numbers of slaves were about the lower town, but as these could not read I had no means of communication with them. Perhaps Bahia may be compared to Clifton, Bristol, as part of the town is built on low ground, then a steep hill has to be mounted to get to the upper part. On my way up the heat struck up from the ground at a fearful rate, while the sun poured down in such a manner as to make me afraid of a sun stroke; nor did the houses afford any protection, as he was overhead; the declination being South, and near the latitude of the place. The Good Shepherd of Israel preserved me, whose, I trust, I am, and whom it is my wish to serve; and I was enabled to persevere in my day's work without even a headache. Near the top I met a few who received gratefully. Among these were two coloured men, who stood in a doorway: their gratitude was great, and one in return offered me a cigar, which of course I declined, being no smoker. On the top of the hill is a large square, three sides of which are formed by

large churches, the other only being devoted to private houses. Under the shade of one of these immense buildings I was much refreshed by an orange; and as they were all closed, service I suppose being over, I felt at full liberty to send my fly leaves round. Two gentlemanly Brazilians received a few of different sorts thankfully. Near this I met another, talking to a black boy, whom I found could read. I gave two to the boy, who seemed well pleased; the Brazilian then wished for one. The next eligible individual I met was a shoemaker, who was hard at work in a kind of archway, or passage, apparently leading to some dwelling inside, the floor of which was formed of clay, and on it lay his wife, with some slight matting underneath her. Her head at first appeared covered, but presently I observed the covering removed, and a small animal of some kind, like a monkey, peeping out his head, as if anxious to see the stranger. Having given a tract to the husband, the wife's attention was arrested, and she called out to see it. After reading a little, she expressed her approbation of the same, and I supplied them. In a few minutes I found myself in the street where I had before been distributing. In the mean time a well dressed young coloured man walked past; he was called after and supplied with a tract, which pleased him so much that he felt ill-disposed to part with my company, and for some time became my companion. On we went, he talking Spanish and I English, although neither of us understood each other; yet he knew enough of my Mission to stop each person who could read, to get a tract. Among others, we met an old black man, who leaned upon his staff; my friend having given the needful information, the old man took out his spectacles and read part of a tract which I gave, returned thanks for the same, and



went his way. Upon all occasions we have to wait until the tract has been partly read and approved. On we went, he going ahead with his Portuguese, and I at times giving him a few broken words of Spanish, with a little English, of which he knew nothing, and supplying tracts at the same time. We then visited a druggist's shop, where I was introduced to a young man by my coloured friend. The former received gratefully a few tracts, while the other kept talking--I suppose describing my Mission. I was then directed to another house, where I followed my leader through a long dark passage, and up a flight of stairs, to some rooms which were above. Here, thought I, is the City Mission over again. At the top he opened the door, and very politely took off his hat and introduced me to another coloured gentleman, whom we found lying on a couch. The latter immediately was on his feet, and gave us both a hearty welcome to his nice cool apartment, which was refreshing to me. With a degree of tenderness and affection he kept bowing his head to me every now and again, as my friend kept informing him of my Mission, and the nature of my visit to his house. I was immediately requested to take a seat, while they both stood by my side talking. Round about the room I observed many Popish pictures, which indicated the superstition amidst which they had been brought up; but surely here there is room to spread the truth as it is in Jesus, without error. Pictures of the Virgin Mary, the apostle Peter, &c., were not wanting. On the table lay a little Popish work, lately published by the Bishop of Bahia. The good man of the house gratefully received a few of my tracts, and evidently looked upon them as a great boon. As I complained of the heat, my friends wished to get something, I suppose in the form of a bath by their signs, to

cool me ; but this I declined. A cordial was then presented for me to drink, of which I partook. By this time another coloured man of letters came in, and he likewise was supplied. I was anxious that the tracts distributed should be well circulated, so I wrote a few lines in English, requesting them to lend them among their friends, which they could get interpreted on the morrow. They perfectly understood me ; and I having been well rested, and not a little comforted by the kindness of my friends, wished them a very good bye. May the God of all consolation comfort them, and bless the truth contained in the tracts.

“ Some of these coloured men were, I should think, born free, from the standing in society which they seemed to occupy. Possibly some may have bought their freedom. I now worked my way down the hill, as my tracts were nearly distributed. I called again at a shoemaker's, who was hard at work at his seat, and supplied him and two men who were in the shop. I called into a grocer's shop, where some men were standing ; they attracted the attention of some others, who with themselves were supplied. After I had left them, a black man came running after me down the hill, wanting one also, and was supplied. The last was given to the boatman who took me off. Here then is a town full of superstition and ignorance, with a population eager, I may say, to receive truth ; and is not the language of one of old applicable, ‘ Come over into Macedonia and help us ? ’ We think that the quiet circulation of tracts, and especially Scripture ones, would accomplish much good.

“ At 6, p. m. we sailed for Rio de Janeiro, and arrived on the following Wednesday. All the passengers were anxious to know how the fever was there ; and on our

arrival, it was stated that the hospitals were so full of patients that they would hold no more. This intelligence gave a damper on all our spirits, and we had only to look around to see the ships' flags half-mast, being the sign of death. The fever also was raging so bad in the ships in the bay, that I was not at liberty to visit them, even had I been disposed, and return back to the ship. Seamen were dying very fast, and on shore it was felt too. The greatest precaution was used to cleanse the mail steamer, to prevent it coming to her; but in spite of all it visited us, and in two days no less than ten men were on their backs with it. I, upon one occasion, had an opportunity of reading the word to some, pointing them to Jesus as their only hope, and commending them to God in prayer. Many of the passengers went off into the country to avoid it until the *Camilla* was ready for sea,—that is the vessel which was to take us to the River Plate. My German brother kindly offered to pay half of my expences if I would accompany them, but this I declined. At the appointed time we sailed from Rio, and were not out at sea long before about ten men of the crew were laid up. It was not thought to be the yellow fever at the time, but circumstances which transpired afterwards proved it to be so. Among others, the purser was laid up. I tried to speak to him on the one thing needful, and gave him one of Mr. Hall's books, 'Come to Jesus.' Soon after I left the ship, he, with some more, were called to meet their God.

"On the 17th February, we arrived in Monte Video, when some five or six foreigners, with myself, were sent to Quarantine Island, to remain six days before allowed to go on shore, because of the sickness. As the mail schooner *Victoria*, sailed for the Falkland Islands before my time was up, I accordingly wrote to — Lafone, Esq.,



and he, with the British Consul, made arrangements for my transhipment to the schooner. But this was not accomplished without the assistance of T. Harris, Esq., who happened to be at Monte Video, and was also going down in the schooner.

“On the 22nd, we sailed with a fine fair wind, but on that night it blew hard, with a heavy cross sea, which caused the vessel to labour much. On the following day we discovered the foremast to be gone in the wake of the deck, and the Captain judged it prudent to return for a new mast, as it could not be fished in such a place. On the following night, we were caught in a heavy pampera, and had heavy thunder and lightning, with violent squalls flying about from different points of the compass. The disabled mast stood, as great care was used not to carry much sail on it; and beside this, having been well secured by an extra tackle from the mast head. On the following Thursday we arrived in Monte Video, where we have been detained now upwards of a week. My employment, spiritually, has consisted in preaching to seamen the words of eternal life, and also distributing tracts from house to house, in the Spanish language. I have also had the privilege of meeting a dear brother in Christ, Capt. Butcher, of the *Pandora*, on board of whose ship I have spent my time, and a comfortable home it has been, much more so than if I had lived on shore. In a few days I expect to sail for the Falklands with kind companions, Mr. Harris and Capt. Gill.

“Thus, reader, I have given a brief outline of my feeble efforts. If it savours of egotism, I hope that will be attributed more to the weakness of the writer, than a wish to sound his own trumpet in a work where God’s glory ought to be the chief end. The particulars of my

visit to this port I may give at another time. May He who has all power, both in heaven and in earth, bless the seed which has been sown.

“ROBERT S. FELL.”

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“He that plougheth should plough in hope; and he that thresheth in hope, should be partaker of his hope.”

“If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.”

Under the above cheering title we have received what purports to be an address from our Irish friends to the readers of the “Voice of Pity,” in England. We insert it in full. Yet are we bound to say, that its force is not derived from the multitude of names attached to it. But of this we take little heed. There are “representative men,” whose names are uttered without the world’s taking exception. And among our supporters in Ireland the representative element is, we suppose, fully acknowledged. Of this, however, we can entertain no doubt, that if our Irish friends, in their attachment to the Society, and zeal in promoting its objects, are fairly represented by the writer of the address in question, the prospects of the Patagonian Mission in Ireland are extremely bright. We trust it is so. And yet, in spite of our great regard for those whose jealousy for the name of our journal is so conspicuous, we are compelled to say that the charm of the subjoined appeal consists in the rich under-tone of faith and hope, and of loyalty to our cause, which pervades and freshens every line. The writer, we confess, has a strong and popular cause, when by a skilful arrangement of forces the contest is made to rage between Hope and Pity, the writer being in favour

of the former. Who does not prefer the Voice of Hope to the Voice of Pity? Not to seem hopeful is akin to despair. To be always uttering the voice of pity indicates a monotony of woe, which is quite unbearable—at least to our Irish friends. But is there, after all, nothing to be said on the other side? Is it, or not, a right principle that the title of a journal should change with every turn of events? Hope may not always be so bright as now. The Christian is oft-times called to work against hope. This has been our experience in time not long past. And even now we may well enquire, Whence come these cheering gleams of hope, which throw such brightness on our sombre page? We are disposed to think well of the source from which they issue. We should be loath to turn our backs upon so refreshing a fountain. And to what but to Christian compassion, making itself known in the “Voice of Pity,” can hopes now excited for South America mediately be traced? And must the “Voice of Pity,” then, be hushed? Happily, without arguing with, we have the power of resisting, our Irish friends, whose appeal we admit and welcome,—not because we hold any change in the title of our journal expedient,—but because the spirit in which it is written is calculated to inspire us all with renewed hope and zeal; and because the estimate of efforts already made, and of successes achieved, is, we consider, just, and at the same time indicative of a new and brighter epoch in our Mission history.

“Your Irish friends would venture to suggest a slight alteration in the title of your little publication.

“It has hitherto been, ‘The Voice of Pity for South America;’ and perhaps this was suitable as long as nothing had been done towards Christianizing that vast

continent; while yet its inhabitants might be heard crying, with one voice, 'Come over and help us,' and that voice found its echo in your serial. While this continued to be the case, we say—and as yet no active measures had been taken to meet their wants and respond to their cry—you were justified in your title: but now the devoted band has gone forth; you have one at the head of your Mission who is fully determined, by the help of God, to surmount every obstacle, and to carry on the work in which the noble Gardiner and his companions sacrificed their lives; one, too, who is not only a willing worker, but who, by his energy, perseverance—and above all—his love to his Master's cause, is peculiarly qualified for the undertaking in which he is engaged. You have, moreover, a second Allen Gardiner, as an additional token for good, besides other earnest and active labourers. Your Missionaries have visited the natives, and have been well received by them. It is true that the work is in its infancy, yet you may surely say that 'hitherto the Lord hath helped' you, and prospered your Mission abroad, amid many difficulties and discouragements; while at home its friends are daily increasing in number: your 'Voice of Pity' has not been raised in vain—will you not now cheer us with a 'Voice of Hope?'

"We would not cease to 'pity' the inhabitants of South America, as long as they continued in 'darkness and the shadow of death;' but we would rather look on the bright side of the picture; we would fain believe and hope that the night is well nigh past, that the Gospel day will soon break upon them, and 'the shadows' of paganism 'flee away.' We doubt not that you echo this sentiment, and we therefore call upon you to give it expression, in token of your faith in Him who has said,

that 'Hope maketh not ashamed,' and who, if you still continue to feel fearful, would thus address you through another of His inspired servants, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.'

"With such encouragements, dear English friends, we think you need not fear to adopt the alteration we suggest—since (as we would remind you, with one of old,) you 'shall be secure—because *there is Hope.*' "

Home Proceedings.

Who, that feels the purpose and work of our Society to be of God, will not lend us all their aid during the two concluding months of our financial year? Our work, indeed, is one of faith. Upon the sympathy and liberality of the Christian public it must depend. The responsibilities of a work of this kind are part of the heritage of faith. Christians, be not indifferent to these responsibilities! We cherish confidence that you will not. In July and August much may be done by those who are intent on redeeming the time. And if our friends avail themselves of the opportunity, we shall hope to see, in spite of many hindrances during the present year, little or no falling off in our resources. The results of the Rev. W. Gray's exertions are such as to encourage us much for the future. At Exeter and at Worcester the Meetings proved highly satisfactory. And in many other places we have reason to believe great advantages have accrued from the presence of our Deputation Secretary. New Associations, from which we shall hereafter derive benefit, have been formed by the Rev. W. Gray; and the good-will of many Christians, hitherto standing aloof from our cause, has also, we trust, been finally secured.

**The late Master of the "Allen Gardiner" and
the House of Commons.**

In a journal, whose main object is to excite Christian zeal and sympathy on behalf of the aborigines of South America, it would not be well to introduce often subjects of an alien character. And our readers will bear testimony to the fact of our having abstained, and this contrary to the judgment of many, from entering into explanations even, which circumstances, perhaps, seemed to warrant, but which must inevitably have worn the appearance of hostility to others. When the Society was attacked in the persons of its most prominent agents, when charges of the most sweeping and reckless character were hurled against everything and everybody supposed in any way not to sympathise with the author of them, when prejudices were excited against our work, and suspicion brooded darkly over Christian hearts in consequence, we chose not the pages of the "Voice of Pity" to vindicate the integrity of our plans, and the wisdom and purity of motive belonging to those engaged in carrying them out; but, we chose a distinct channel for our purpose, and in the pages of the "Brief Reply" we published just

so much as we thought sufficient, without the slightest approach to recrimination, to give the public a fair estimate of the probable accuracy of statements made against the Mission by the late Master of the *Allen Gardiner*.

We believe had we published all the documents on the subject, which were in our possession, the indignation of the public against Mr. Snow would have been by no means slight. And certainly when the Christian character of the managers of a society like ours was so fiercely assailed, it required no slight spirit of moderation and forbearance to deal with our calumniator as we did. But the Committee had had deep cause to regret the confidence which they had reposed in the late Master of their mission vessel, and in the sorrow of their hearts they desired not to embitter with criminatory words their controversy with a former fellow-worker. If reserve and moderation have been mistaken for weakness and a confession of inability to reply satisfactorily to the grave charges alleged, we cannot but regret it; but inasmuch as Mr. Snow has been the means of furnishing us with official documents bearing on his own case, we think it right, even in our monthly journal, to draw attention to them. The extracts which we shall presently make, are taken from certain letters printed by order of the House of Commons. These letters form part of the corres-

pondence between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Authorities of the Falkland Islands. Mr. Crawford, M. P. at the instance of Mr. Snow, asked permission for their publication, which was accordingly granted by the House of Commons.

The legality of Mr. Snow's dismissal from the *Allen Gardiner* is here dealt with, but what is no less important, we have incidentally the opinions of those in the Falklands most competent to judge respecting the conduct of Mr. Snow, and the value of his statements. We ask our readers to read these extracts with attention, as we shall abstain from further comment. We give, in the first place, extracts from the letter of the Governor of the Falklands to the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, M. P.

“As the recognition of Mr. Despard's authority is one of the causes of complaint on the part of Captain Snow, I will transcribe an extract from the instructions furnished to him by the Committee of the Society in England. It is as follows:—‘If indeed any case should arise, which may 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. But when the investigation has been completed, your mind is satisfied with the result, they empower you to act upon that decision, either by removing from his present position, or even dismissing from the Society, the individual whose conduct has given occasion to it, only requiring that you

will report to them all the grounds of your decision.* With regard to the schooner it will be for you to direct when and on what service, and for what length of time she is to be employed, as also when she is or is not to return to England.'

"Mr. Despard arrived here in the *Hydaspes* on the 2nd of September, 1856. Captain Snow was at that time, and had for some months previous, been lying with his schooner in Stanley Harbour; from the time of his arrival here in 1855, he had been practically independent of any control whatever, living on board the schooner, and occasionally visiting Monte Video.

"The arrival of Mr. Despard, and the authority he at once asserted, displeased Captain Snow, who disputed that authority in many ways, and at last openly repudiated it, and avowed his intention of taking the schooner to England, in defiance alike of Mr. Despard's authority and the welfare, nay, safety of the people located in Keppel Island.

"With this view he came to the office and applied for the usual sanction to ship his crew; but at the same time I received a letter from Mr. Despard, 'as representative of the owners of the vessel,' appealing to me 'not to allow Captain Snow to make such terms with his men, his fulfilment of which will be literally robbing his owners.' I accordingly refused my sanction, and he shipped a crew for the ostensible object of visiting the neighbouring shores, and was actually proceeding to sea with the intention (as he afterwards owned)† of never returning to the Falklands, when Mr. Brooke issued his warrant to stop the vessel.

* These instructions emanated from the same body which had previously instructed Captain Snow.

† Captain Snow's statement in Police Court.

“This is the detention which is held up by Captain Snow as the gravamen of his charges, which, in his own language, ‘is of the utmost importance to a large body of men connected with commerce,’ which is calculated ‘to destroy all confidence in British rule abroad;’ this detention being made in consequence of the open avowal of Captain Snow that he intended to take the vessel, in defiance of her owners, on a voyage to which those owners most strongly objected.

“As it appears from the enclosures in your despatch that it was at this time a protest was made by Mr. Snow, before his agent, Mr. Havers (the manager for the Falkland Islands Company), against the act of the magistrate, I am bound, Sir, to state, that I never heard of the existence of such a document before the receipt of your despatch; no record of it exists in this office, nor has Mr. Brooke ever seen or received it.

“Mr. Despard had (after protesting, in his letter of 17th September, against Captain Snow’s departure) been obliged to leave for Keppel Island, and appointed Lloyd’s agent here, Mr. Dean, to act for him in his absence. When, on his return, he was informed of Captain Snow’s proceedings, he at once dismissed him from his situation as master of the *Allen Gardiner*, as shown in the copy of his letter to Captain Snow, appended to Mr. Brooke’s letter.”

Having further vindicated the legality of Mr. Snow’s dismissal, Governor Moore adds :

“The preceding statements will fully account for the bitterness with which Captain Snow assails every one here, whether Government officials, the employés of the Patagonian Mission Society, or independent merchants. To confute all his mis-statements, to explain the unfounded insinuations he endeavours to convey, by stating

half-truths, and to follow him through the course of vituperation in which he has freely indulged, would demand a statement as long as Captain Snow's, and as frivolous, and I will therefore briefly notice one or two points, put prominently forward by him.

“ Captain Snow lays great stress on what he deems to be the overruling influence of Mr. Dean, and complains greatly of it as having been exercised to his prejudice; but the only proof of it he adduces, ‘is the fact frequently coming under his own eye, that ready cash had to pass to the colonial authorities from him,’ (Mr. Dean). This is a fair example of his manner of insinuating a misconception by telling half the truth. It is perfectly true that money does pass continually from Mr. Dean to the colonial treasury. It does so in exchange for bills on Her Majesty's Treasury, and such exchange is at once equally beneficial to the colony and Mr. Dean. If Mr. Dean were to stop his business, and, in Mr. Snow's words, ‘withhold the entire stock of money,’ the only result would be that I should probably have to draw five smaller bills on the treasury instead of one great one. It is on such ground as these that Captain Snow submits, ‘that Mr. Dean exercises an influence it is almost impossible to withstand.’

“ In reply to Mr. Merivale's remark, that if he thought himself aggrieved by the Magistrate's partiality, he ought to have complained to the Governor, Captain Snow asserts that ‘he again and again personally appealed to me for justice, and that I constantly referred him to the Magistrate.’ Captain Snow never appealed to me against any decision of Mr. Brooke, or complained to me of his partiality. He wished me, indeed, to interfere between him and Mr. Despard; but this I constantly declined to do, except in my private capacity, as a well-wisher to the Mission.

“To the aspersions scattered broadcast by Captain Snow, on the characters, alike, of magistrates, clergymen, government officers, and colonists; I make no reply further than to record my opinion that they are groundless; either unsupported by any evidence at all, or based on statements grossly misrepresented; and I feel confident that you will not suffer them to prejudice in your opinion the gentlemen assailed.”

These opinions of Governor Moore, we are persuaded, will not be without weight in the estimation of our readers. And, if in consequence of Mr. Snow's daring charges the characters of any members of our Mission have fallen under obloquy and suspicion, we know the truth-loving hearts of Christians will not be behindhand in the manifestation of restored confidence, and friendship and sympathy. But we proceed to quote from the official letter of T. Warwick Brooke, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Stanley.

“It was notorious to your Excellency, as to every person in the settlement, that ever since the arrival of the missionary party, headed by Mr. Despard, there had been trouble between that gentleman and Mr. Snow; on the 18th of September, however, your Excellency informed me that Mr. Snow had signified his submission to Mr. Despard's authority, that (in the absence of Mr. Despard who had left the day before for Keppel Island) Mr. Snow had read to your Excellency a letter, written to him by Mr. Despard, ordering him to ‘follow Mr. Despard forthwith to Keppel Island,’ that Mr. Snow had in consequence of that letter applied to your Excellency for leave to ship a crew, and that you had granted

him that leave. The next day Mr. Dean (who had been engaged throughout in the business transactions of the society, even before the arrival of Mr. Despard) informed me, on oath, that Mr. Snow intended to proceed to sea in defiance of Mr. Despard's orders, and during the afternoon of that day I ordered Mr. Snow to appear before me on the morrow, in answer to the charge; the next morning Mr. Dean and Mr. Snow appeared before me.

"I told Mr. Dean what your Excellency had informed me of the day before, viz., 'that Mr. Snow was going to sea in obedience to Mr. Despard's orders,' and addressing myself to Mr. Snow, said, 'Doubtless you have those orders with you;' after some hesitation he placed in my hands a letter, of which the following is a transcript.

'To Mr. W. P. Snow, Master of Schooner *Allen Gardiner*.
Stanley, 16 September 1856.

'My dear Captain Snow,

'I go to-morrow, God willing, to Keppel Island; I require you to follow me immediately thither, and to take me and such others as I may choose to accompany me to Punta Arenas or Gregory Bay, in the '*Allen Gardiner*;' then to bring me and my companion back to Keppel Island, or Stanley, as I may direct, and on no account to go to England with the mission vessel till you receive my permission.

'I remain, &c.

(signed) *G. Pakenham Despard*, Clerk,
Superintendent Missionary of the P. M. S.'

"This letter I handed to Mr. Dean, who thereon, calling my attention to the date, said to Mr. Snow, 'these are the very orders given to you by Mr. Despard, some

days ago, with which at the time you refused to comply, denying any right on the part of Mr. Despard to give you orders at all; and now it seems that you have availed yourself of these very orders to obtain leave from the Governor to ship a crew,' or words to that effect. To this charge Mr. Snow replied, that 'he was only complying with Mr. Despard's wishes, and not obeying his orders,' Mr. Dean then proceeded to charge him with having shipped a crew to go to England; whereupon Mr. Snow, finding further disguise useless, avowed openly that such was his intention, and repudiated any authority on the part of Mr. Despard over him or the schooner. I said 'in that case there is no course left for me but to order Mr. Snow not to proceed to sea till the return of Mr. Despard, when the question of right to the vessel can be decided.'

"Mr. Snow thereupon returned on board, and immediately commenced to get under weigh, then and not till then I issued my warrant."

We will not characterise the above conduct in words of our own; neither will we comment upon the strange circumstances of the pseudo-Protest, but merely give two further extracts from Mr. Brooke's letter.

"The protest of Mr. Snow, alluded to by your Excellency, I have never seen, nor is it in the records of this office; the natural inference seems to be this, that Mr. Snow, foiled in his first attempt to remove the schooner by a fraudulent representation to your Excellency, foiled in a second attempt to get a sentence in his favour in the absence of Mr. Despard, has recourse to a "protest," which protest he dares not put on record in these islands, but reserves it for production in England, where he feels

he can enjoy a monopoly of misrepresentation for nearly half a year.

“To Mr. Snow’s complaints of harsh treatment, I would reply that he was fortunate in having his conduct attributed more to a foolish, and inordinate vanity, than to a downright intention to commit crime, and that, to the very leniency shewn him at the time, he owes the liberty he now enjoys of abusing in England the course of justice in the Falklands.”

“I will provoke you to jealousy by them that are no people.”
Romans x. 19.

We were present not long since at an annual meeting in behalf of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. The Report was being read, but although (unlike the general run of Reports) it was extremely interesting and worthy of attention, our thoughts, we regret to say, had wandered far away, when they were suddenly recalled by the utterance of one magic word, “Patagonia.” We must confess we wondered what “Patagonia” could have to do with the Jews, and as it did not seem probable that *they* either knew or cared much about it, we attributed the honourable reference to its “barren shores” and noble self-denying band of Missionaries, to the interest taken by the writer of the Report in our Society.

On inquiry, however, it proved otherwise. The passage read was a quotation from a Jewish periodical, and is of so striking a nature, that we cannot refrain from copying it entire. It is as follows:—

“Quietness, order, decency, and dignity are missed in Israel’s synagogues, whilst the quiet, the order, and

dignity of the divine service of the Protestant Churches are exemplary. But for Protestantism the Jews, all over Europe, would still groan under the yoke to this day, weighing upon them in the papal states. The Jew feels that it is Protestantism which has once more directed the attention of the world to the treasures of which he is the depository, and pointed out their full value, has given a new impulse to the human mind, and an irresistible shock to superstition, has promoted education and enlightenment, and thus paved the way for the favourable change in the fate of Israel now perceived in most European countries. The Jew feels and appreciates all these benefits derived from Protestantism, and cannot but perceive that its spread among the Gentiles must exercise a most salutary influence upon the human race. Honour, therefore, the enthusiastic Missionary as he goes forth to his perilous task, and with the soul of a martyr meekly submits to the deprivations awaiting him—recoils not from its terrors—and whether on the bleak barren shores of PATAGONIA—or amidst the savages on the Feejee Islands, is equally prepared to brave, and if needs be, to meet death in its most frightful forms. We may not contribute to his success, but we may wish it him with all our hearts.”

What, except actual records of the success of our Mission party, could be more calculated to cheer us than the above? Are there any amongst us inclined to despond? Surely we can do so no longer, our “labour,” not only “shall not be,” but has not been, “in vain in the Lord.”

It has hitherto been a time of waiting, hoping, and preliminary work, as far as the Mission itself is concerned, but those very exertions which many have been tempted to think almost lost, as having produced

“no fruits,” have been blessed by God to some amongst His ancient people. Shall they then be esteemed in vain? No—surely not—therefore, although our “hope” be “long deferred,” in patience we will possess our souls. Though the promise “tarry,” we will “wait for it.” Receiving such encouragement we cannot but “go on our way rejoicing.”

But although we hail these words of kindly sympathy from our Jewish brethren, must we not confess they convey a tacit reproof to many of us? Whilst those whom we have too often despised as a “hard hearted and unbelieving race,” “honour” our work, and “wish it success with all their hearts,” is it not too true that not a few “enlightened Gentiles” consider it as vain and visionary? And although, in accordance with their professed principles, they *could* give it help and ought to do so, yet they shrink from the alleged motive of being doubtful of its success or even expediency?

Many of us, however, entertain no such doubts—we approve of the Mission—are willing to contribute towards its funds—and even to exert ourselves *in moderation* on its behalf; but, dear friends, shall it be said that we have the *whole heart* of the unbelieving Jews with us, and are only *half-hearted* workers ourselves?

No, it must not be. God has given us this work to do, let us therefore “do it with our might,” remembering that soon “the night cometh when no man can work,” and content with leaving the issue in His hands, who has promised in His word that those who go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, “*shall* return again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.”

Sketches of Fuegian Character.

(Continued.)

We again favour our readers with a few short extracts from Mr. Weddell's book. Whatever tends to make us realize the actual condition of the Fuegian cannot fail, we think, to be interesting. The absence of divine worship, as well as the absence of all human chieftainship amongst the races of Fuegia, are facts bearing importantly on our future Missionary operations. Their state of civilization, as indicated by the various instruments which they use, is also an index of the work which lies before us. May God enable us to benefit these our fellow men!

“I was anxious to discover whether, or not, the Fuegians had any object of divine worship, and accordingly called them together about me, and read a chapter in the Bible: not that they were expected to understand what was read, but it was proper to show them the Bible and to read it in connection with making signs of death, resurrection, and supplication to heaven. They manifested no understanding of my meaning, but as I read and made signs, they imitated me, following me with a gabble when reading, raising and lowering their voices as I did. During this time, however, they appeared perfectly attentive, looking me steadfastly in the face with evident marks of astonishment. One of them held his ear down to the book, believing that it spoke, and another wished to put it into his canoe; in short, they were all interested in the book, and could they have made proper use of it, I would willingly have given it them.

“A thief, however, was not wanting in this party, for having brought the tinder-iron on deck for the purpose of ascertaining how they obtain a light, a Fuegian adept

stole the steel. He was suspected, and on being searched it was found under his arm. I sent him to his canoe with threats of punishment, which he well understood.

“ Nothing like a chief could be made out among them, nor did they seem to require one for the peace of their society; for their behaviour to one another was most affectionate, and all property seemed to be possessed in common, though each of them appeared strenuous to obtain it from us, without regarding his neighbour, probably for the honour attached to procuring anything, or the novelty of first possession. The philanthropic principle which these people exhibit towards one another, and their inoffensive behaviour to strangers, surely entitles them to this observation in their favour, that though they are the most distant from civilized life, owing principally to local circumstances, they are the most docile and tractable of any savages we are acquainted with, and no doubt might, therefore, be instructed in those arts which raise man above the brute.

“ As in consequence of the separation of the *Beaufoy* we should be left with but two boats, I considered that, in the event of their being absent, one of the Fuegian canoes might be useful, and I, therefore, set about purchasing a new one from them. As it appeared to have cost them much labour in the construction, I could not but be liberal in my offer, and I presented them with two full barrel hoops, at which they shouted for joy, and in less than five minutes the family with all their utensils, were shifted into another canoe, and the purchased one was ready for delivery. I ordered it to be hoisted in, and was surprised to find it heavy; but on getting it on deck, I found a platform of clay the whole length of the bottom, about six inches deep; this was intended as ballast, and to preserve the bottom against the fire, which

they constantly keep in the clay. The length of this canoe was twelve feet four inches, and at the broadest part two feet two inches ; it was built of a strong birch bark, which appeared broader than the trees of this neighbourhood afforded, and was probably procured from the interior. Three pieces composed the whole vessel, one piece formed the bottom, and two the sides ; all secured together with tough twigs. The ribs or timbers were of a semi-circular form, and placed with their flat sides downwards, and in contact with each other, in a vertical form ; so that with the cement of clay, the canoe is rendered strong, and capable of going against the wind at a quick rate. The internal arrangement of compartments seems orderly. The fishing utensils occupy the first division ; in the next sits the female, who uses the foremost paddle ; the third division is occupied as the fire-place ; the fourth is the bailing well, where the water is collected to be thrown out ; and next follows the place where the men sit ; in the fifth division sits the female who uses the after paddle ; and last of all is the after locker, in which they keep all their valuables. Their spear holes are generally placed projecting over the stern.

“ Having secured the canoe and the paddles, I returned to the contemplation of the sellers, who, I was glad to see were quite merry, and seemingly happy in the possession of the hoops with which I had paid them.

“ The common missile weapon of the Fuegians is the sling, which is made of the skin of the seal or otter. It is generally about three feet long, and of the common form ; the strings are sometimes made of small gut, handsomely plaited, and terminated by knots of ingenious workmanship. Having procured some of these weapons, I prevailed on some of the most intelligent

natives to show us their method of using them, which turned out to be exactly like our own; for Mr. Brisbane, who well understood the art, used the sling with as much effect as the Fuegians, at which they were a good deal astonished.

“Their principal spear-heads are entirely constructed of hard bone, and are about seven inches long, finely pointed, with a barb on one side four inches from the point. They have another kind, with one side filled with small barbs made very sharp; these are fixed on a wooden pole, straight and smoothly finished, about ten feet long. To the bone is attached a string of hide of various lengths, and this weapon they use in the capture of almost everything they pursue. In using the spear, they hold it nearly by the middle, and with the right eye cast along it they dart it with great precision.”

The Journal. (*Continued.*)

We regret having no Missionary intelligence to communicate in the present Journal, which was posted so long ago as March last, at Stanley.

The dates, it will be seen, are old. But those who sympathise with our Missionary party will find matter to interest them in the following extracts. To those who are waiting anxiously for the results of another voyage to Patagonia, we can only say be not discouraged. The journals containing these results are probably on their way; in fact, we had every reason to expect them early in July. But for postal delays we are not responsible. A few lines from the Missionary party announcing their *arrival* off the Magellan Straits we do possess. They were forwarded by a passing ship. But their dates are of February last—and beyond announcing the fact of their

safety, after much boisterous weather, they possess little interest. Only let our readers be assured that the work is the Lord's, and then they will cheerfully abide His time, while their efforts to do His will are put steadily forth.

"*December 28th.*—Reading and writing answers to letters from England, few in number, but always interesting in contents, because they are the fruits of affection and friendship.

"*29th.*—Began to prepare for departure—such as looking up stores for Cranmer, to supply tools and deficient materials; also stores for the ship. Men got to work, on packing in the house—a dirtier piece of business was I never engaged in—through the dust of sixteen months' peat fire. As we got things packed at the house, the *Allen Gardiner's* crew and officers carried them off to the schooner; work willingly and vigorously performed. This employment, with that of home correspondence at night, employed us till the end of the week.

"*January 1st, 1858.*—New Year's Day brought letters by the *Victoria* from England. The Governor entertained the gentlemen and ladies of the colony with a dinner and a dance to-day, and kindly invited myself and wife to partake of his hospitality, which of course I declined, whilst fully appreciating his Excellency's courtesy.

"*January 3rd, Sunday.*—Assisted Mr. Faulkner in service, and in the administration of the Lord's supper. Was one of the congregation in the afternoon.

"*January 4th.*—Nearly all ready for departure, every thing packed and taken down. Our dear friends, the H.'s, received the whole family to dinner and tea. Our beds at night were stretched on the floor, and we passed

the last night much as we did the first, in total discomfort. Great and many have been the mercies shown to us in this place. Amongst them we reckon the great and unvarying kindness of the people in it, and health we have largely enjoyed, Mrs. D. having suffered no more than usual with her in England, if as much, and Miss H. also no worse than in England. For my children I was somewhat anxious, lest they should be attacked by the throat distemper, which carried off so many children two years ago, but they have been well. The sojourn of my family in Stanley, though in some things inconvenient, has been overruled for good. They have formed friendships with the inhabitants which will tie Stanley and Keppel together, and give us friends who will at any time serve us as they can. We have also learned a few of the needful arts of bush life not forthcoming in civilized England, and we have got acclimated gradually to the blustering air of the Falklands.

“*January 5th.*—The last load carried to the vessel, our beds and bedding, and this very dirty business brought to an end. The wind was foul and the weather unfavourable, but He who ruleth the winds and causeth the sunshine and shower according to His pleasure, was supplicated, and heard our prayer; so that before dinner we had as fair a wind as could blow, and fine overhead. The D.’s entertained us at dinner, and we had kind ‘farewells’ from our other friends. Not before 5 o’clock, however, were all things and persons ready to sail. At 5.30 we made sail from Stanley, just sixteen months and three days after reaching it in the *Hydaspes*. And now I trust my separation from head quarters and my family will be over, for some months at least. We managed very well to stow all the family, consisting of

three grown people and six children (a maiden in servitude being one) and having fair wind and smooth water—marvellous without swell—by breakfast on *Wednesday, January 6th*, we were abreast of the Eddy-stone Rock, and by 3 we were entering Tamar Pass, but our fair wind was not a match for the strong off tide, so we beat off and on to try again in a couple of hours. Then the wind came from an opposite quarter and we stood off Cape Tamar, passed it at 9 p. m. and at 8 a. m. *January 8th*, came to anchor in Committee Bay. After breakfast the Doctor, Messrs. Gardiner, Turpin, and Schmid came off in the dinghey to offer their salutations, all looking well and seeming glad to receive us. The forenoon was stormy, so was spent in getting our things together on board. In the afternoon I went ashore with my son and explored the preparations for our reception. Found the kitchen chimney complete for present use, and all the house scrubbed and clean, offering in every respect a pleasing contrast to our habitation at Stanley. After tea Miss H. and the children went ashore, and were pleased with everything.

“*Friday and Saturday* all hands cheerfully and strenuously at work, moving our effects from ship to shore, and from shore to house. The transport was effected with very small damage. Nothing could exceed the alacrity and good temper with which they went through the laborious work of carrying burdens to Sullivan House. By noon we had all our things; in the afternoon (half holiday) several proffered their further help, it was not wanted. In the evening we heard guns firing from the men’s quarters, and Cænobium, and huzzas, which we ventured to take as expressions of satisfaction on the union of the Mission party. Here at length we are all in Cranmer, and much to the satis-

faction of all. My feelings are those of sincere gratitude that God, the God of my life, has so far prospered my way, and brought to pass my prayed-out desires. I take hence confidence to hope that He will continue to accomplish our plan.

“*Sunday, January 10th.*—Morning service at Sullivan House. Sermon from Luke ii. ‘His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.’ An example to us, to store up Scripture in the letter of it, in confident hope that God’s Spirit will afterwards reveal its sense. Evening service at 6.30. Instead of a sermon we had a catechetical lecture to all on the contents of seventeen verses of Romans viii. As yet we cannot establish and carry out the plans of general instruction we have formed, by reason of the confusion of the house and straitness of room. Our apartment is 12 feet by 13, and we had to accommodate 22 persons, beside chairs and tables, &c. I purpose having a Sunday School for the men, and a Scripture conference with the Mission party after a little, when I have a room provided. Most beautiful and warm weather to-day.”

The next fortnight was spent in getting settled in their new abode, and in preparing instructions for Mr. Gardiner and Captain Bunt, relative to the visit to Patagonia.

“*On Thursday, January 21,* the schooner went to Farm Bay to water. In the evening my wife entertained the Cænobium party, and we spent a pleasant time together, and at the time for evening worship had an address to the departing brethren, and in prayer they and their object were especially commended to our protecting God. At the same time Mr. Gardiner received a letter of instructions as to the course to be pursued. He, as senior Catechist, is entrusted with the Missionary

part of the expedition. Our Lord and Saviour prosper them in it!

“*January 23rd.*—This afternoon the *Allen Gardiner* sailed for Patagonia with the two Catechists and translator on board. They were in very good spirits, which we trust may not be damped by disaster or disappointment.”

The succeeding weeks were occupied in the various labours of building and husbandry incidental to their position, and in further preparation for the natives whom they so ardently long to see located amongst them. With this view we find our Superintendent writing:—

“*February 8th.*—Gave directions for digging, and marked out ground for Ridley College, our permanent house for Missionaries and Catechists, which being built will leave the Cænobium as a school house for natives. I wish to memorialize the Reformers of our English Church in this place and Mission, so the Station is Cranmer; the Catechists’ House, Ridley College; the Chapel will be Hugh Latimer’s; our Printing House, Tyndall’s House; our Library, the Bradford; our first Mission Station in Fuegia, ‘Wycliffe,’ and in Patagonia, ‘Elliot.’”

Under another date is an extract which may gratify our Exeter friends.

“After tea, overhauling the garden and flower seeds which my dear liberal friend, V. of Exeter, gave me, and find them of very useful sorts, and in apparently good condition. To-morrow I purpose trying some spinach, lettuce, turnip, and cabbage in the garden.”

And again—

“Sowed lettuce, turnip, gooseberry, and apple seeds in the garden, my last sowing having come up so speedily and healthily. Our potatoes now in flower are

a picture, and the question is beginning to be asked, what are we to do with all our turnips? After two or three more years we shall have potatoes for exportation to Tierra del Fuego, and shall show the natives how to cultivate them. It is a pleasant thought that from our island home will go to these outcasts of our race, food for the body as well as the higher supplies of the word of life, and teachers for their spiritual need."

**Extracts from the Letters of Mrs. Despard, and
Mr. Ellis, to the Secretary.**

"I am anxious to avail myself of the extensive circulation our small publication, the 'Voice of Pity,' enjoys, to make known to our kind friends in England that our best thanks and sincere feelings of gratitude are theirs for the valuable and useful offering they have sent us of a washing apparatus, &c. and mangle. They have at last reached us, and will I doubt not save us many an hour of that hard 'scrubbing' which has not unfrequently taken the skin off our hands.

"May I request you to be kind enough to insert this note in the 'Voice of Pity'. I will not remark on our arrival at our Mission Home, as my husband's journal will give a full detail of that happy event, suffice it to say, that my children and self rejoice to find ourselves here, and trust it will not be very long now ere the Lord in his goodness will send some of the Fuegian or Patagonian natives to our care."

We give now one or two extracts from the letter of Mr. Ellis. It is dated Stanley, whither he had gone to meet the mail.

"Unity and peace have reigned on the Station, and pervaded the whole party, since his (Mr. Snow's) depar-

ture. Everything has progressed with order and rapidity, and all have laboured heartily for the common weal. Selfish considerations have not been allowed to influence us, but every one, and not the least our beloved Pastor, has been at all times ready personally to assist in adding to the comforts of any one member of our party. I need not say how much his own example has contributed to this end..... *March 25.* Arrival of the mail from Monte Video, about three weeks after due. It was not expected now till the 1st or 3rd of next month. This has of course shortened my stay, and I expect to be able to set sail on my return on Monday or Tuesday next. I also beg to inform you of the arrival by the mail packet of Captain Fell. I have shared my lodgings with him, and he will accompany us back to Cranmer, where we expect to find the *Allen Gardiner* returned from the Patagonian trip. I have been received with the kindness and hospitality always shewn us at Stanley. The kindest enquiries have been made concerning Mr. Despard and his family. Captain Fell is very anxious to arrive at his destination, and to see the vessel that is to be committed to his charge. He has naturally made many enquiries about her, and seems ardent in his undertaking..... Wishing you every success in your efforts for the spread of the Gospel, and in full confidence of your final triumph over all obstacles, I remain," &c.

Providence; or, the Early History of Three Barbarians.

EDINBURGH : WM. KENNEDY, 15, ST. ANDREW STREET.

A slight notice of this little work appeared on the cover of the "Voice of Pity" last month. We feel it

deserves a more general circulation than it has yet secured, and are ready to confess that we have been wanting in attention to its claims by preserving so long a silence regarding them. Those who find pleasure in tracing the leadings of the Divine Providence in respect to our Mission, will be amply repaid by a perusal of the book in question. The history of three Fuegians is therein recorded with admirable simplicity; and we feel our sympathies extending towards a whole race as our interest is enlisted in three individual members of it.

We have a remarkable instance here of the manner in which God is, by the very circumstances of our maritime power, calling us to consider the wants of the heathen. A ship of war surveys the dangerous coasts and channels of Tierra del Fuego, in 1830. Her Captain brings over to England four natives in order to educate them. One unfortunately dies of small pox; but the remaining three, after an absence of three years, are again conveyed to their kindred and their country, not without, however, some instruction in divine things, and some knowledge of the power of civilization. Almost a quarter of a century passes away, without anything further being heard in England of this interesting trio. But in 1855, a ship of peace, the *Allen Gardiner*, visits these same parts of Tierra del Fuego, and to the delight of all on board one of these very three Fuegians is discovered. He remembers some of his English, and can almost go through his alphabet, &c. But we leave the pleasure of getting a detailed and well-connected narrative of these events to those who may be induced to purchase "*Providence.*" The Fuegians are regarded as being almost the lowest in the scale of humanity, but no one, who reads the interesting account of Jemmy Button and his companions, will doubt the result of steady Christian effort to elevate and evangelize them.

Hope Maketh not Ashamed.

Our friends will rejoice at the receipt of Missionary intelligence, but still more at the zeal of all the Mission party to be engaged in direct and constant intercourse with the heathen. The Journal and Letters, which have just reached us, are merely the forerunners of others which we almost immediately expect. For the *Allen Gardiner*, having been two months absent from Cranmer in seeking intercourse with the Patagonians, and neighbouring Fuegians, was again on her way, ere the mail departed, to visit the Fuegians more to the southward, and if possible to reach Jemmy Button.

We mean merely to call attention in the present article to what we deem points worthy of consideration at the present time. In the hasty wish that everything should go rapidly and uninterruptedly forward, many have become impatient at the apparently slow progress of our work. What has been indirectly accomplished they have overlooked, because what they desired to see accomplished has not actually been realised. At the commencement of a new financial year, let us take a brief review of the growth, and general condition of our Mission. We are persuaded there will be found no cause for discouragement.

A few days before his death, Captain Gardiner recorded as his last earnest wish for the good of his fellow-creatures, that the objects of this Mission might be prosecuted with vigour. We believe his wish has not fallen idly to the ground. The work, which he left as a legacy to the Church, has been accepted in faith, and is destined, we most firmly believe, to succeed. That it has encountered difficulties is only natural. That God has humbled the means employed is no strange circumstance, but rather a condition to which in His providence He submits all the instruments of His will. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." This is the law in obedience to which all spiritual agencies must be conducted. We accept it gladly. And so far from being cast down by past trials, our faith gains strength, and our hearts are cheered by hope.

We certainly think, in tracing the past and present condition of our Mission work, our friends will see every reason to thank God, and take courage. Very brief shall be our survey, and as much as possible in the words of others. Thus, in March last, writes the Rev. G. P. Despard:—
 "Reflection on the past excites admiration and gratitude for the present of our affairs. What of all that is now before us was in existence four years ago? The *Allen Gardiner* was then

just framed in Dartmouth; Mr. Owen was supposed to be engaged as our Missionary. We *hoped* to have funds enough to finish and equip the schooner; and this was all. Now see the schooner on her fourth voyage to the coast; see her carrying the brethren to communicate with the natives—Christian Missionaries in the cause of Christ among the heathen. See another ocean-going vessel floating at anchor in the bay, ready for any emergency.....A whole island of 7,000 acres in hands of the Patagonian Missionary Society; half a square mile their property in perpetuum. A comfortable house for Missionary erected, a dwelling for young Missionaries, a cottage for herdsman, &c.; a corral and field enclosed, large gardens dug and stocked, many swine running about, and the rudiments of a herd of cattle, flock of sheep and of goats. All this in four years from the framing of the *Allen Gardiner*. Then let me look at home, and see the many Associations we have, and the friends, patrons, subscribers, we have got; the openings in South America, &c.; and have I not reason to say, I will love the Lord, for He hath heard the voice of my cry, and hath done far more than I could have hoped for, and will He not do more still? For whose cause is ours? The cause of Him to whom He promised, ‘He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.’ ” Now which of our readers will not rejoice with Mr. Despard, as

he reviews the first four years of the present Mission work? And this joy cannot but increase in proportion as one realizes the practical importance of our station at Cranmer. Take, for instance, its uses in only three respects:—First, as a place for training Missionaries; Secondly, for rearing cattle to stock the places visited by our Missionaries in the South; Thirdly, for educating natives, and bringing them more completely and readily under the influence of civilised, and domestic Christian life than is compatible, for a long period to come, with the circumstances of their own localities, and surrounding barbarisms.

These points are all of them important. We believe any European proceeding to our Mission field would derive no slight advantage from a sojourn at Cranmer. Life at home is so artificial that few men, especially of the class from which the Missionary generally volunteers, are at once prepared to cope with the rudest forms of existence, or to turn to good account the scanty resources of inhospitable and barbarous regions. And possibly this is one of many reasons why the races of Tierra del Fuego have been so long neglected. In placing the Falklands, however, under British protection, Providence has paved the way for the amelioration of the condition of these outcasts. And, we believe, at no distant day we shall be privileged to behold the blessed influence of

Christian truth pervading, and elevating each tribe and family of Fuegia. At any rate, we have great encouragements to go forward. And our difficulties have not been greater than those connected with many other now flourishing Missions. Surely in the retrospect of four years, there is much to animate with hope all engaged in the work. One remarkable fact in the history of the first attempts to preach the Gospel in New Zealand, contrasts strongly with the experience of our own attempts in South America, and Tierra del Fuego. Not to speak of the long and patient waiting before any signs of spiritual life repaid the husbandmen for their years of labour in sowing the seed of the word, *four whole years were the Missionaries, intended for New Zealand, detained in New South Wales*, before they could get within two thousand miles of the natives to whom they were sent.

But very inadequately does the enumeration of past achievements represent the real importance of the four years of our Mission history. The future shall yet vindicate the past. The physical discipline, which the members of our Mission have undergone, has been undoubtedly of great service. Familiarity with the peculiarities of the work before them has, moreover, been acquired. Trust in one another, and in him, who as Superintendent Missionary has gained their affection and confidence, is another valuable result of past experience.

And the very outburst of Missionary energy, which the late Despatches so strongly evidence, is to our minds the natural result of that period of earnest preparation which has been spent partly in getting up the station at Cranmer, and partly in short visits of friendly intercourse with the natives, accounts of the fourth of which are now before us.

In conclusion, we beg to lay the following statement before our friends. The Rev. G. P. Despard is *prepared* at once to establish Mission Stations in certain localities amongst the natives. He asks for fourteen more men.

Those now belonging to our Mission abroad, are prepared to take advantage of present openings. Mr. Schmid, provided a suitable companion be found to accompany him, has volunteered to go and reside amongst the Patagonians. His offer has been accepted by Mr. Despard, and by the Committee at home. For many reasons, it is advisable that his companion should be a German. At this moment six young Germans, trained for Missionaries, are ready to go forth in connection with our Society. Of these one at least might be qualified to join Mr. Schmid. Messrs. Phillips and Turpin will shortly find their energies fully employed in the neighbourhood of Banner Cove, or some other spot in Tierra del Fuego.

In the arrangement and steady development of these purposes, the attention and discretion of our

Superintendent Missionary cannot fail to be largely exercised. His presence must be felt everywhere. To confine his energies wholly to one spot would not be without disadvantage to the general interests of the Mission. More labourers in the vineyard are therefore at once required. If they are forthcoming, the work, humanly speaking, will go steadily forward. If they fail, it must languish.

Now the question is one of funds. We appeal earnestly for means to take advantage of present openings in the Mission field. We appeal to Christians to lend of their substance unto the Lord. We appeal to those, who are soldiers of the cross, to come forth, and do battle with the powers of darkness in South America. Christians, help! "Fight the good fight of faith." Victory is theirs who seek it under the banner of Christ.

Letter and Journal of Mr. Allen W. Gardiner.

"My dear Sir,—My Journal concludes with our arrival at Keppel Island on the 30th of March, and now that the Patagonian trip for this season is finished, perhaps you will allow me to make a few remarks upon your Missionary field out here, so far as personal observation has assisted me in forming opinions upon it.

"The Patagonian Indians, and the Fuegian Indians, in the vicinity of Bougainville Cove and Indian Bay, appear to the eye far less degraded, and far more susceptible of intercourse than the Cape Horn Fuegians.

“Elisabeth Island, which is situated in the Magellan Straits, the western side of the Second Narrows, would be an admirable point d'appui both to the Patagonians, and Fuegians. The Patagonian trail from Gregory Range, a favourite hunting ground, passes within sight of the Island, which is separated from the main land by a haven called Royal Roads, and a safe anchorage for vessels. From thence to Bougainville Cove the navigation is very safe, as there are six anchorages on the weather shore between it and Elisabeth Island, a distance, I believe, of hardly more than 60 miles. These are Peckett's Harbour, Laredo Bay, (in both which we rode out heavy gales of winds, one of them lasting five days) Sandy Point, Fresh Water Bay, Port Famine, and Indian Bay.

“The great obstacle to the occupation of Elisabeth Island by the Society as an outpost would be, I apprehend, the interference of the Chilian government. They claim now the rights of the Straits, and are excessively jealous of them. I noticed two alterations this time. There was a reinforcement of marines, and a new office appointed, that of Captain of the port. Also they now fire a gun to bring vessels to when passing the settlement. This is at present often disregarded, especially by American vessels. Should, however, the consent of the Chilian government be obtained, or our position guaranteed by our own government as not interfering with any rights of trade, but coming under the protection of the law of nations, I can hardly imagine a place better suited as a basis of operations. Elisabeth Island is well adapted for sheep and goats, and not being wooded will require no expense in clearing. Whereas wood may be obtained from Shoal Haven, which is very near, for whatever purposes required. A small vessel

stationed there could communicate with great facility with the Fuegians, without the wear and tear incident to the outward passage from the Falklands, which owing to the prevailing winds is generally stormy and tedious. The Patagonians, directly they found a settlement there, would frequently come down to the opposite shore, and several, after an intimacy was formed, would, no doubt, readily come over, and perhaps leave their children for a time, especially if fed and clothed as an inducement. The language would thus be gradually acquired, and then long rides with them to Gregory Range and their hunting grounds would soon follow as a matter of course. Should the Committee be able to effect any such settlement, I should rejoice to hear of it. After returning home for ordination, it is my full purpose, if my life is spared, to offer again as an honorary agent, and I would very willingly accompany any such expedition; for I feel that these trips, useful as they are for reconnoitring, must soon be exchanged for a systematic attempt upon some given point. Trusting it may please God to guide and direct the details of this truly important enterprise, and to raise up more friends and well-wishers in our work of mercy.

“ I remain ever,

“ Yours, &c.

“ ALLEN W. GARDINER.”

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“ *Bougainville Cove, March 9th.*—The Fuegians have visited us regularly now for five days, and have supplied us at different times with more than 50 lbs. of venison. They come from Indian Bay, about three miles to the eastward, and their party consists of about twenty-five;

three wigwams, four canoes, and about a dozen dogs, being the strength of their establishment. To-day only one canoe came, and they made us understand that the rest with the dogs were hunting deer, and they would bring us some more. The captain, Mr. Turpin, and I then pulled off in our smaller boat in the direction they said the rest of the party were. The canoe not being able to keep up with us we gave them a rope to tow them by, and took the two men into the boat, the women remaining in the canoe. After passing under the lee of Nassau Island we rounded a point and opened S. Nicolas Bay, into which the De Gueness River flows. It does not penetrate so far inland as the Sedger River, Port Famine, nor is there much drift timber at its entrance. There was a small island in the Bay, and beyond it we saw smoke, and concluded that the rest of the party were there. But on arriving at the fire we found it deserted, and had probably been left burning by the Fuegians with us. We landed here and hauled our boat, walking on with them round the next point, when they shewed a smoke about six miles further still, and said that was the place. We were already several miles from the vessel, and as the weather is never to be trusted in the Straits, could not venture so far. After a present of biscuit we consequently parted company, and had nearly reached Bougainville Cove when an American steamer passed us, and on arriving at the schooner the first mate, Mr. Vansands, told us that as soon as they caught sight of our vessel the steamer immediately stopped her way, and then made right into the entrance of the Cove. A boat was then lowered and sent to enquire if it was a vessel in distress. The captain very kindly offered to take any letters, said affairs in India were progressing slowly, but favourably



for the English, and in about fifteen minutes she was off again. They had run from Monte Video to Sandy Point in six days.

*“Hope Harbour, Thursday, March 11th.*—We weighed anchor this afternoon, and ran before a heavy northerly breeze for the entrance of the Cockburn Channel. The headlands of this part it is really difficult to describe. They are gloomy beyond description—ragged, rugged mountains, with a coarse jagged outline, and the higher summits wrapt in snow and drifting clouds. Their brows are chequered with huge black wrinkles scored deeply as with an iron pen. Dark beetling cliffs of fantastic forms face you at the entrance, and mouth grimly at you as you pass. We brought to under a high headland, which flanks one side of Hope Harbour, and it looks so steep and awful, as if at a moment’s notice it might send down an avalanche of snow upon us and not miss it. The intense solitariness of the harbour was unrelieved by a single fire or wigwam, and the feeling of desolation visible in the landscape reminded me of the verse of Scripture, ‘I beheld and there was no man, and behold all the birds of heaven were fled.’

*“March 12th.*—This evening it was quite calm, and a canoe came across to us from the opposite side, having probably heard the report of our little cannon, which had been fired to attract notice. They did not reach us till past sundown. There were two men in the canoe, two women, and a young girl. They had no guanaco mantles, like our friends in Indian Bay, but were dressed in fur seal skins, with the exception of one of the women, who wore an old flannel gown, which must have been given her from some vessel. They appeared quite used to vessels, came on board readily, and asked for biscuit,

which they call 'gallēta,' and tobacco, which they pronounce 'tabac.' There was a live gull in the boat, apparently tame. It was quite dark when they left us, but they soon had a large fire blazing away on shore.

"*March 13th.*—Mr. Turpin and I went on shore this morning, and found that the Indians had slept last night in one of the three old wigwams on the south side of the harbour. It was in a very ruinous state, so we repaired it with branches, and they appeared highly satisfied with it, and took some wood I cut for them into it. We then launched our boat again, and towed the canoe behind us, to the head of the harbour, in hopes of shooting a bird for them; but birds are scarce here, and we got none. After dinner I accompanied the two Indians on foot to the wigwam, the women following in the canoe. Having the curiosity to try how it feels to be in a canoe, I offered them a knife if they would take me to the vessel, about half-a-mile, and they agreed. The women sat in the stern of the canoe, paddling. One of the men was in the middle of the canoe; the other remained behind, and I took his place in the bow of the canoe. We were all armed with paddles, except the girl, who was baling the canoe with a bark cup, and very soon were alongside the vessel.

"*March 15th.*—The Fuegians finding we would not trade with them on Sunday, or let them come on board, took advantage of its being calm to cross over to the Gabriel Channel side, about six miles, returning at dark to their wigwam, and not coming to the vessel till Monday morning, when we found there were several new faces in the canoe, only two of the former party having returned. The new Indian had a curious axe, of his own manufacture, which I wished very much to see him use; so I took a small American axe, and went on shore

with them in their canoe, towards the head of the harbour. First we drew the canoe up on the beach, and then the women took a basket, and went to gather berries in the woods. The Indian then who owned the axe set to work with me to cut firewood for the canoe, in which they keep a good fire all day, transferring it to the wigwam at night. He really managed his uncouth-looking implement so well, that I was not sorry at having brought a sharp axe to compete with it. He could not manage to split the logs, however; so we made a division of labour, he cut the wood into short lengths, which I split into small pieces, whilst the other Indian stowed them in the canoe. On returning to the vessel, I gave him a serviceable hatchet in exchange for his well-worn instrument, which he very readily parted with on those terms, having previously tightened its lashings, so as to sell it 'warranted.' Three of the Fuegians were on board whilst the anchor was coming up; but as soon as we were fairly under weigh, they went down the ladder into their canoe, and made signs to me to come in too. They then, although it was tolerably rough, started across for the Gabriel Channel. The canoe looked but a frail thing, dancing up and down in the troubled waters; and every now and then, when a willie waw swept along, it made one tremble for their safety. The freshening breeze, however, soon took us out of sight; and after witnessing the strange antics of a company of fur seal, we regained our former anchorage in Bougainville Cove, about 5, p. m.

*“Chilian Settlement, Sandy Point, March 18th.—*We anchored here last night at sundown, and landed directly after breakfast. The Patagonians, they said, had been in soon after we left; but the carpenter had given the message to Casimiro that there was a present on board



for him, and had said that he would return shortly. This morning an Indian courier rode in early, to announce the arrival of Casimiro and another chief; and about 11 o'clock Casimiro rode into the settlement, followed by several Patagonians on horseback. The tribe, they told us, was at San Gregorio—Gregory Bay? where there was plenty of guanaco meat. They had none for sale: one of them, however, made us a present of a joint, as a sample. Two of the Patagonians went off with us, and had dinner on board, but not in the cabin, as they were not chiefs. One of them, who called himself Captain Harry, and spoke a few words of English, such as, 'Me Captain Harry, good heart—no rascal,' was of gigantic mould; the other was small limbed, and of an artful countenance. After dinner, Captain Harry said he should catch cold if he staid on deck any longer, and came down into the cabin, where he traded guanaco mantles for biscuit, sugar, &c. On landing with them after dinner, I found Casimiro enquiring after me, and invited him on board. Just then a horse which the Captain was offering to purchase was being ridden, to show his paces. The soldier who was riding him was thrown heavily. Casimiro then mounted the horse, went off at a gallop, checked him suddenly, and returned at full speed, evidently having the horse entirely under command. He rode without a saddle. Casimiro after this walked with me down to the beach. The other chief, Choila, rode down to the boat, and asked to go on board. So with two Patagonian caciques sitting stately in the stern, our whale boat made her way to the schooner, where the Union Jack was hoisted, as a compliment to our visitors. Of course they were immediately invited into the cabin, and I shewed Casimiro his present, two large coloured blankets for himself, a fancy

dress and cape for his wife, and a pair of red worsted cuffs. To this was added some biscuit, sugar, and a little tobacco. Casimiro was evidently gratified, told me he had not in the least expected such a present; returned his best thanks, (*muchas gratias*), and said he was much obliged (*muy contento*). He sent his remembrances to the 'Senorita Sophia,' who I told him had made the red worsted cuffs for him. He then asked me if he could be of any service to me. I told him I wanted a horse; to which he replied, that he would enquire if any of the Patagonians with him had one to sell; if not, he would sell me one of his own.

"*March 19th.*—This morning, as soon as we landed, I went in search of Casimiro. One of the Indians said he was asleep (10 o'clock, fashionable); but in two minutes, notwithstanding, he made his appearance—a long toilette being the reverse of customary among them. Casimiro said he had not forgotten his promise, and sent an Indian at once for the horse, who very soon brought it—a white one. Casimiro asked me how I liked it, and finding not at all, sent the man back for a red one (*colorado*). This latter horse was a very nice one, and I determined to purchase him, if possible, for Keppel Island, and asked Casimiro what he wanted for him. By this time the horse had been ridden up and down to shew him off, and warranted '*muy manso*,' very quiet; '*muy nuevo*,' very young; '*y bueno por lasso*,' and good for the lasso. Casimiro suggested that he wanted a gun for him; but not wishing to do business under surveillance, as by this time a good many were collected, I told Casimiro that if he liked to come on board with me to dinner, we would talk about it. He then mounted the horse and rode down to the boat, asking to bring one of his children with him. Casimiro's

mother is living, and his wife is good looking for a Patagonian, their features being too broad generally for beauty. The names of Casimiro's three children are, Manuel, Gabriel, and Juana. The principal points of information I gained from Casimiro were as follows:—The Patagonians are now encamped in great force at San Gregorio, under two chiefs, Watchee and Choila, now at Sandy Point. The former a violent man, with few followers; the latter the bravest and most influential of the Patagonian caciques, and very friendly with Casimiro, who heads another tribe. It is not safe now to go any distance with the Patagonians carrying a gun, as they are so anxious to obtain firearms that they would probably murder the owner. They have had white men amongst them as prisoners. The amount of Indians between the Pampas and the sea—Magellan Straits—he estimated at 10,000. An American vessel, Captain Powell, he mentioned with great respect; and said Captain Powell was a very good man. Having concluded our bargain respecting the horse, I made Casimiro some little presents for his wife and children, and he promised me a 'capa' (guanaco mantle) for my sister.

“I paid a visit to the Indian *toldos*, as the Spanish call them. They were across the river, and consist of a framework of poles, covered with guanaco skins, and partitioned off into little sheds for each family. In one a woman was nursing her baby, in a cradle of curious contrivance, the child being rolled up like a mummy, in soft furs. In another, two women were stitching ostrich skins together. Guanaco meat was hanging up to dry, on the poles of the tents, and a piece was cooking, camp fashion, on a stick before the fire. Several horses were in readiness, more were feeding at a little distance; and dogs, apparently of all sizes, shapes, and breeds, were



loafing about. One of the Patagonians said he would go down with us to 'San Gregorio,' and was very vociferous about it, not being quite sober. He started, however, with the rest this morning for San Gregorio, Casimiro remaining behind for a short time.

" *Laredo Bay, March 22nd.*—We got under weigh from Sandy Point about noon, blowing very hard, and had hardly got to an anchorage in Laredo Bay when the equinoctial gale was in its full fury. It lasted four days, blowing at times a perfect hurricane, but the *Allen Gardiner* hung on to her anchors well and rode very easy.

" *Gregory Bay, March 25th.*—We anchored here on Wednesday night, and I was dreadfully disappointed at not finding the Indians. On landing, however, we discovered fresh horse tracks and the marks of dogs' feet on the beach, showing that Patagonians have been here lately. Thinking it probable they might be encamped in the direction of Oazy Harbour, fourteen miles from Gregory Bay, the Captain and I started this morning to walk over; Fred, one of the sailors, volunteering to go with us. It blew so hard that the wind retarded our progress, and it was 2 o'clock before we sighted the entrance of Oazy Harbour. It was some distance off then, as we had struck a little too much inland by following an Indian trail about five miles. Seeing no signs of Patagonians in this direction, I feared they had given us up, and travelled off somewhere else. We then started on our return, but did not get on board till an hour after sunset, having walked about twenty-four miles. We passed a large salt pond under Gregory Range, and further on a small pond of fresh water. The birds we saw were geese, widgeon, ducks, large and small hawks, the scarlet or Falkland robin, and two swans. The camp was beautiful walking; such a con-

trast to the Falklands, with bogs, rocks, or jagged roots at almost every step.

“*March 26th.*—We weighed anchor this morning with a moderate breeze from the westward, and about half way through the first Narrows saw the hull of a large vessel stranded on the beach; near it was a large fire, evidently made to attract our attention by the Patagonians, who were around it; further on was another fire, in front of the *toldos* which were pitched under the shelter of a rising ground, and a number of Indians were collected on horseback, riding along the beach. Unhappily the anchorage in possession was entirely exposed to the drift from a southerly wind, which was then blowing, and threatening a gale. The Captain told me it would be a great risk for the schooner to anchor there, and impossible to land with the wind on shore. Under these circumstances it was impossible to communicate with them, and with deep regret I took a last look at their encampment, which we were passing at the rate of twelve knots an hour. I never dreamt of their being so far down as the First Narrows; but they must call Gregory Range, San Gregorio, not Gregory Bay. They were probably down there to get guanaco, which must be very plentiful, as we saw so many from the vessel. We should doubtless have seen them had we stopped two more days in Gregory Bay. I had resolved to walk to St. Jago Bay to-day if the wind had not been fair, but as we were three weeks behind our time, and nearly all the provisions gone, a start was a matter of necessity, though excessively vexatious under the circumstances. The Patagonians will, however, see by our foot-marks on the beach, when they pass Gregory Bay, that we kept our rendezvous.

“*Keppel Island, March 31st.*—We lost sight of Cape

Virgins on Friday night, March 26, and Sunday morning at noon saw the Jasons. The tide was running out of the Westpoint Pass, so that Hope Harbour was out of the question, and we were soon running the gauntlet through the Jason Islands in a tremendous tide race. In the evening we approached Keppel Island, and were hove to for the night. The text I addressed the men from in the evening was from the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. 'And desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets.' We were becalmed all day Monday in sight of Port Egmont, one side of which is formed by Keppel Island. About sun down the calm was exchanged for a gale, and that right against us. The captain carried on a sail, to try and beat her in, without however, much hopes of success. It was an anxious hour, espicially with horses on board; the schooner lay on her side with an heavy press of canvas, struggling painfully for home, as though weary with her stormy passage. Keppel Island never looked so inviting as now, when the dark clouds seemed frowning us away. The *Allen Gardiner* never behaves well in beating, and it was not without great skill, and a few bits of daring seamanship, that she was got in at all. Every now and then the moon lit up each well-known hill of Keppel Island, all looked so peaceful and still, contrasting strangely with the jarring and jangling of the lurid waters. How little did any of us think then that death was there, that the lesson we might have lately heard in the howling winds and raging seas we were yet to learn more deeply, more impressively, in the apparent tranquillity of domestic life, and recognise the solemn truth that 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Tuesday morning we weighed anchor about daylight, and anchored in Committec Bay before noon; the same



night Frank died. As soon as he heard the vessel was in the bay he expressed a wish to see me, unfortunately I did not know this till afterwards, and as he was not thought to be seriously unwell, I did not go to see him till the evening; you may imagine how shocked I was to find him sinking rapidly. He had been ill about eight days, and was evidently in almost the last stage of debility. He just articulated, 'I am so ill, will you give me some medicine!' But the time was past now, for in the change from night to morning he died, and now there is a grave on the Island."

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### Extracts from Letters from the Mission Party.

The following extracts possess more than an ordinary interest. We commend them to the serious consideration of our readers. It may be too much to expect the fulfilment at once of all that is proposed; but will not Christians help to send out *some* more men to work in this long-neglected portion of the Lord's vineyard?

The Rev. G. P. Despard thus appeals for men:—

"Only send out *proper men*, and we will have a station in Banner Cove, called Wiclif; another in Woollya, called Christiana; another at Bougainville Cove, called Oakley; and a touching-place, with two Missionaries attached, at Laredo Bay; another on the river Mocury; and another on the Rio San Francisco, Brazil; and all this, D. V. in the year 1859. Send out fourteen men, simple-minded, brave, persevering."

The following interesting Extract is from the letter of Mr. Theophilus Schmid:—

"It is with feelings of joy and happiness that I transmit to you the following account of our cruise to Patagonia, which was, I think, so far successful, as it enabled

us to have a communication with the Patagonians, and especially with Casimiro, upon whom the eyes of the friends of our cause in England rest, as the once promising, and still influential organ of our intercourse with his tribe. . . . . We saw also some Fuegians in Bougainville Cove, where we cut wood, and in Hope Harbour, Magdalen Sound. We have tried to persuade them by signs to come with us, but have failed. We had three men on board when we got under weigh from Hope Harbour. One of them, whom the sailors called Jack, made himself quite at home on board the vessel. We gave them presents, clothing, biscuits, meat, &c. They would have remained on board all the time, night and day; but when they saw the *Allen Gardiner* leave the harbour, one man after another stole himself over the gangway into the canoe. We requested Jack to stay; but our endeavours to keep him were of no avail, and use force we would not. The Patagonians are still more attached to their places. Seeing then that they will not come to us, it is our duty, if we will be messengers of glad tidings of Christ and His salvation, to go to them. Last Monday, April the 5th, I had a long interview with Mr. Despard respecting this Mission. I offered to go to the Patagonians as Catechist (not as Translator)—live with them in their *toldos*, share their food, and to sacrifice the comforts I here enjoy, if but another man, willing to serve his Lord and Master in this cause, would come forth and offer himself to go with me. For two are, in the words of Solomon, better than one; and our Saviour Himself sent His disciples two by two. Even the fearless and undaunted pattern of Missionaries, St. Paul, had his companions both in the way and in the ministry. Mr. Despard has accepted my proposal, and has, I believe, written you to that effect. In proposing to go to Pata-

gonia, I do not attempt to alter any plans of the Society, but I wish to do something that the Gospel of Jesus Christ may be preached to the natives, after we have acquired their language, which can only be accomplished by some one remaining with them for about six months. Having acquired some knowledge of their language, and shewn myself kind and affectionate to them, I may be able, with God's blessing resting upon my attempts, to persuade some of them to give me their children, which we could, perhaps, bring to Cranmer to be brought up according to the Society's plan. Mr. Despard has given me instructions to ride Casimiro (the horse that Mr. Gardiner bought from Casimiro, the Patagonian Chief) an hour every day, so as to be able to ride when among the Patagonians. Thus, dear sir, I will, as far as possible, try to learn horsemanship, and prepare myself in spirit, mind, and body for this work. If, therefore, the committee approve of my proposal, and consent to my going, I shall be ready to do so. May the Lord of the harvest send me a companion who would be willing to go, so that I may enjoy the blessings of social prayer, of communion, of mutual encouragement, comfort, &c. May it please God to remove all obstacles, and open a way that we may go and possess the land of Patagonia for our Captain—for our King, Jesus Christ—under whose banner we have enrolled to war against His enemies, and to plant His standard there. Dear sir, it will not be unwelcome to you to know that I received a letter by last mail from my dear friend and teacher, the Rev. C. T. Schlienz, of St. Chrischona, a Missionary Institute, near Basle, who has the Patagonian Mission very much at heart, as Mr. Despard here very well knows. In that letter to me, and in another which he addressed to Mr. Despard, he



states that six young men are ready to be employed in our Mission, and that he will send them, if the committee wish to engage them. You will, however, hear about this from Mr. Despard himself, and so I will not say any more respecting this."

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### A Grave at the Mission Station.

It has pleased God to remove from our Mission party one of its younger members. Those, who have taken an interest in all that concerns our Mission, know that in addition to his own family the Rev. G. P. Despard had adopted and taken out with him two orphan boys from England. To prepare these in every way for future usefulness as Missionaries was the desire of his heart. They were regarded by him as members of his own family, and participated largely in his warm and generous affection. But of these one has been removed by death. The Lord has asserted His all-ordering power. One has been taken, the other left.

The following lines from Mr. Despard's Journal will be read with mournful interest:—

"By noon Frank's grave and coffin were prepared, and at 3 p. m. all the people, with Captain and officers and crew of the schooner attended at Sullivan House, and accompanied our family in a mournful train to the grave. Messrs. Gardiner and Turpin assisted in bearing the corpse to the grave. There on the mound, marked as the future site of the first Protestant Church in the Falklands, rest the mortal remains of this boy, intended to have been an active assistant in spreading the Protestant faith hence. For years no prayer of mine for my children has been offered without his name being mingled with theirs, and the supplication accompanying

that it might please my Lord to prepare and use him in Missionary work. The Lord knoweth those that are His, and the use for which He has made them, and He has accordingly disposed of this soul. His will be done, I desire from my heart to say, in this as in every more painful bereavement and disappointment."

At his death Frank Jones, for such was the lad's name, was but twelve years old. Five of these he had been under the care of Mr. Despard. We trust that ere such another period has passed away there may be added to our Mission party more than one youth from Fuegia who shall, by God's grace, be prepared as a messenger of Christ to his countrymen. The Lord's freeman might well bear the name of Frank.

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### **Presentation of a Bible and Prayer Book to our Society.**

A large and beautifully-bound Bible and Prayer Book, for use in a future Mission Church in South America, has lately reached us from an unknown friend.

We feel cheered by this act of kindness, and with the donor, we very heartily desire that a use for so valuable a gift may, ere very long, be found. If, however, in South America itself, and not in Cranmer, the Church in question must be erected, we know of no speedier method of bringing this about, than by multiplying the number of our Missionaries. For this purpose, we now plead earnestly to Christians, and not, we would hope, in vain.

Happy, indeed, will it be for us, when, in South America, there shall be gathered out of paganism, a congregation of worshippers of Christ, enlightened by His blessed word, and pouring forth, in the language of our liturgies, their praises and petitions to the Saviour.

## Opportunity.

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“There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.”

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The Missionary field is not exempt from the ordinary principles and the ordinary laws that affect things in general. Opportunities often occur in life, which if passed by perhaps never happen again. Timely exertion frequently saves the sad but unavailing regret over

“Plants of mercy dead, that might have bloom'd so well.”

Such an opportunity now occurs in the affairs of this Mission, with respect to the Fuegian Indians.

It is not the first time that the Providence of God has presented an opening for good amongst the Patagonians and Fuegians. The voyages of the *Adventure* and the *Beagle* can hardly be sufficiently appreciated by those who have to visit the Magellan Straits and Tierra del Fuego. Without those surveys, charts, and soundings to guide them, these shores would be now as much dreaded by sailors as in the days of Anson and Byron.

Neither should the Missionary element of the



*Beagle's* second voyage be forgotten. Interest was naturally excited by the truthful and tangible information which was then brought home about the aborigines of the extreme south; and the return of the three Fuegian children suggested the generous though unsuccessful attempt to establish a Missionary at Woollya. The seed of usefulness was sown; but no result appeared. Forgetfulness and oblivion seemed to settle sadly down over the poor Fuegians. And though a few were found who realized their sad condition and went to them, they too shared the same sad spell of sorrowfulness, and returned no more to see their native country.

Since then a change has come. The bread has been cast upon the waters, and at last the "many days" are told. The Providence of God has united the links we thought broken and scattered. The Fuegian child, long forgotten, re-appears as a man. The care and attention that many, perhaps, thought fruitlessly wasted upon him in byegone days, turn to account. He feels he can trust the English, and teaches his tribe to trust them. He embarks on board a vessel—herself the memorial of the dead in Spaniard's Harbour,—and passing over to the Missionary Station on the Falkland, appears like the mysterious messenger which exclaimed to St. Paul, in the visions of the night, "Come over and help us."

A great responsibility now rests upon us. The years will never restore us the Patagonian chieftainess Maria, and that golden opportunity in Gregory Bay. Let us not wait till our friendly Fuegian is dead, and the horizon, now for a moment bright, clouded over again.

Generalisation wont do now. Concentration is demanded from us by the occasion. The path to Woollya is open, and the little Fuegian tribe anxiously expect us. They cannot come to us, but would have us come to them. Let us not then stay our hands, or fail to recognize the guiding hand of God, and so "pass by on the other side."

A. W. G.

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**Journal of the Voyage of the "Allen Gardiner"  
to Woollya,**

*April 19th to June 24th, 1858.*

"We sailed (*Tuesday, April 20th,*) from Port Fitzroy. E. F., with a light breeze from the S. E.

"*Wednesday.*—Very thick and hazy. In the afternoon the 'look out' saw something looming through the fog. It turned out to be a Norwegian barque, deeply laden, bound to the eastward. She passed very near us, and signalled to Captain Bunt for his longitude, which was shown him on a board. He was steering in the direction of the Seal Lion Rocks. Both vessels had a very ugly night: a heavy breeze, with a lee shore.

"*Good Success Bay, Monday, April 26th.*—The schooner made a fine run last night, and about noon to-day entered the Straits of Le Maire. On sighting Cape Good

Success the Captain bore up, and anchored in the bay, very thankful for shelter from a heavy gale from W. N. W.

“*Lennox Island, Saturday, May 8th.*—Yesterday we left Good Success Bay at 9, a. m., and were off the entrance of Spaniards’ Harbour before dark; but encountered such a heavy squall from the Bell Mountain, that the schooner could not carry canvas to get in; so Capt. Bunt kept her away for the night. Providentially the wind shifted in the morning to a more favourable quarter, so that we reached an anchorage off Lennox Cove.

“*Lennox Island, Monday.*—A canoe came this morning from the direction of Picton Island, and landed on the rocky point of the little islet off which we are lying, and made a fire, evidently as a signal to another canoe, which soon afterwards made its appearance. Two more canoes came over early to-day (Tuesday), in a dead calm, and all occupy one wigwam—twenty-five, including children. This afternoon I visited their wigwam, and took a sketch of them, seated round their fire, and afterwards helped them haul their canoes up into the bushes for the night, the tide being very high on the beach. They put kelp down as a soft road to run them on, to protect the bark from being injured by the pebbles.

“*Fuegian Wigwam, May 18th.*—Whilst writing this, a party of fifteen Fuegians are surrounding me closely. The fire too makes the wigwam unpleasantly warm, and the dogs are barking incessantly, including my faithful dog ‘Bob,’ who evidently considering himself my especial guardian, accompanied me to the wigwam, in a very fierce frame of mind. The old woman sitting on the opposite side of the fire has lost an eye. One of the men is very busy, making a basket of rushes, and bargaining with me to give him a knife for it, when it is finished.  
\*



Only six out of this number are new faces ; the rest we saw last year.

“ *Navarin Island, May 22nd.*—Winter has now fairly set in. We are lying in Goree Roads, waiting for a wind, the last few days having been perfectly calm. A cluster of islands surround us—Lennox Island, Navarin Island, Picton Island, and further still, Woolaston Island. In the distance are the Beagle Heights, the high lands about Aguerre Bay, and to the southward the Hermit Islands and False Cape Horn. All are covered with a deep mantle of snow. Last night was a dead calm, and at the rising of the moon the landscape presented a very singular appearance. The islands appeared like spectres rising out of the water ; and the death-like whiteness of the snow gave a faint glare to the outline, as if it was trying to come nearer and could not.

“ *Woolaston Island, May 26.*—Yesterday we landed on Navarin Island, to visit a party of natives, and found them the same that were at Lennox Island last week. To-day we left Goree Roads, and failing to reach Packsaddle Bay, Captain Bunt brought up here after dark.

“ *May 28.*—Landed to look for a watering place. We walked a long way before finding any. It was rather a break neck affair. We had to cross a fissure, up which the tide was running, and soon after came to another, which was quite impassible ; but we managed to get round through a wood to a sand beach, where we found a stream of fresh water ; but the surf was too heavy for any to be taken off. We got close to the entrance of a large cavern, but could not enter for the sea. There were several old wigwams along the beach.

“ *May 31, Gretton Bay.*—On Sunday two canoes visited us ; one of them was by far the largest I have

seen as yet. It carried two fires. The generality of their canoes do not average more than twelve feet in length; this, perhaps, was eighteen feet.

“To-day (Monday) five canoes came alongside, 8, p. m. After breakfast both boats went ashore for water, and found some in a creek, about two miles from the vessel. There was a good deal of ice in the creek, indicating the presence of fresh water. After dinner we left the schooner, in the whale boat, taking the direction from which the natives had come. As soon as they saw us pulling that way, they followed, paddling as hard as they could. We waited for them at intervals, so as to know which channel to take; and after pulling about three miles, and passing several creeks,—for this island is intersected with inland passages,—we came about sundown into a very sheltered harbour, and in a snug little cove on one side of it we saw smoke rising and heard dogs barking. The sun was setting, there was not a ripple on the calm water of the land-locked harbour, and the canoes gliding beneath the deep dark shadows of the trees, as they approached their rude and comfortless homes, looked very picturesque. On landing, Mr. Turpin and myself proceeded to their wigwam, and sat down by the fire. They had dogs and puppies in the wigwams, and there were baskets and bark cups hanging from the poles. I noticed a bed of moss in one corner. We made them some presents, receiving in return a few fish and a basket. One of them was shivering, and trying to warm his hands by the fire. He felt mine, to see if they were cold too. There were about thirty-five natives, including children. They had fish, seal-blubber, a few birds Capt. Bunt shot and gave them, and a piece of strange meat, which was too white for seal’s flesh.

“*June 1.*—The sun got up this morning fiery red, and

an easterly wind followed. Just as we were under weigh, a canoe was seen coming from the island, but we could not wait for them. About noon the wind began to die away, and at sunset we were still five miles from Pack-saddle Bay. Both boats were lowered, and we towed her for an hour, when a breeze sprang up; but it was dark long before we came to anchor. The days are so dreadfully short now, that it makes coasting navigation very dangerous.

“*June 2.* — Landed this morning, and found two streams of water and a wigwam. When we were about a mile from the boat, a canoe suddenly made its appearance round the point, followed by two more, and we had to beat a hasty retreat to our boat, for fear of missing the oars, &c. They were a gloomy looking company altogether, quite surly at times, and disposed to be quarrelsome, making signs for no one to approach their wigwam. And when the boat landed after dinner, Captain Bunt told me at one time he thought they were going to attack them. Yesterday it rained all day. To-day was lovely, not a breath of wind, and fine. I bought a canoe this morning from the natives, giving them in exchange for it my axe, a large Crimean cloak, and a coloured blanket, which Mr. Ogle brought out for the natives and gave to me. On going to the wigwam with Mr. Turpin, to ask for the canoe, we found they had got it all ready, and were preparing to launch it. They had put in two paddles for us, and bark cups for bailers, and the women brought us some berries: so I suppose they considered they had quite set us up now, as there was a fire lighted in the canoe besides. We got in to paddle the canoe off, but could not manage it at all, as it would spin round, instead of going ahead. One of the natives then offered to help us, and with his assistance we reached



the whale boat at the watering place. The Captain and I then managed to paddle it off to the vessel, but under difficulties. In hoisting it on board, we unfortunately lost it. It arrived quite safe up to the rail, when one of the ropes slipped, and down it went, striking against the edge of the whale boat, which was alongside. This shock stove the canoe completely in, and it sunk there and then. Fortunately the natives did not see the catastrophe. After dinner I went on shore with the natives, in their canoe, and visited their wigwam. They made no objection to my coming in, perhaps because I was alone; and as one of their party was sick, and huddled up in a seal skin by the fire, it accounts for their unwillingness yesterday for any one to come near the wigwam. They had a tremendous fire, and seemed in high spirits at having got my axe. The oldest man amongst them astonished me rather by commencing to sing in their outlandish way, his voice getting higher, when he suddenly stopped, and by way of a climax, I suppose, siezed hold of my hair. I did not return the compliment, but tried in a social manner to divert the current of his feelings; and very soon after this little demonstration whistled to my dog, who was racing about the premises, glad to get out of the vessel, and cleared out. I ought not to forget to mention, that this morning a canoe was alongside when we had prayers, and the natives pointed up to the sky; but when the hymn was sung, the women burst into tears.

“*Woollya, June 9th, Wednesday evening.*—It was a regular winter’s morning, snow lying on the deck, and drifted into the sails and rigging; the wind fitful and gusty. About sunrise, 8, a. m., it cleared a little, and the anchor was hove short. Soon afterwards we were running for Ponsonby Sound, before a stiff southerly

breeze. The snow squalls were very frequent, and at times completely hid the land. About 2, p. m., we were abreast of Button Island, and Captain Bunt ran for the cove at Woollya, where the Fuegians were originally landed with Matthews. Within thirty yards of the shore it was deep water; but an anchorage was found at the entrance of a creek, a little further in, and there the schooner was brought up. By the time she was riding at her anchor and the sails furled, night set in, bringing with it a feeling of thankfulness that, contrary to expectation, a safe harbour has been at last found for the schooner, in this hitherto much dreaded locality. Now, the Captain says, that he has made sure of a safe anchorage, he should think no more of running from Picton Island or Goree Roads up to Woollya, than of going from one harbour in the Falklands into another. There were two canoes in the cove. One of the natives sung out as we came in, 'Hillo! Hoy, hoy, hoy!' I asked him for 'Jemmy Button,' by signs, and he pointed to the island.

"*June 10.*—Landed after breakfast, and visited the stream which figures in the sketch of Woollya, in Capt. Fitzroy's voyages. One of the canoes left about two hours before daylight this morning, returning with four more from Button Island before noon. They made us understand that Jemmy Button's daughter was in one of the canoes, but he was still away. I gave them all a few things; but kept shewing them far better ones, and saying, 'Jemmy Button.' At last it had the desired effect, for the daughter started back for the island again, saying, 'Jemmy Button.' She appeared about eighteen. Her husband was one of the most intelligent looking Indians we have seen.

"*June 11.*—A lovely winter's morning, calm as a lake, the sun glittering mildly on the frosty ground, and the

surrounding high lands dazzling white with snow. About 9, a. m., four canoes were seen rounding the north point of Button Island, and coming across the Sound. They got nearer and nearer; at last one of them shouted, as they approached the entrance of the cove, and the people in the canoes alongside appeared to recognise the voice, and said, 'Jemmy Butt.' As soon as they were within hailing distance I called out, 'Jemmy Button,' and a native stood up in the foremost canoe and replied, 'Yes, Sir.' In a few minutes more he was alongside, came up the ladder, and shook hands. He then came down into the cabin, and had some coffee and bread and butter. He remembered Captain Fitzroy very well, according to his own account, and appeared much pleased with the box of carpenter's tools which Mr. Bynoe sent him. His 'girl,' as he called his daughter, seems to have been paddling very late before finding him; and they started very early this morning to come to the vessel. She was, however, much pleased at receiving a great many presents for her exertions on the occasion. As J. said he could show me the exact spot where Capt. Fitzroy's people built the huts for Matthews, York, and Fuegia, I went on shore with him, and remained some time. It was a very pretty scene; nineteen canoes scattered about the cove; the natives, some cutting wood, some repairing their wigwams with green branches, others lighting their fires. It was surprising to see the dexterity with which they handled their rude axes. One of them, J. said, was given him by Captain Fitzroy; so it must have been in use for twenty years. It was a very big one originally, but is worn down almost to nothing. J. seemed ashamed at having such a poor wigwam, and said, 'To-morrow make very big wigwam,' and wanted me to help him, which I promised to do.



As it was getting near sundown, (daylight only lasting now from 8 till half-past three,) I asked J. to take me off in his canoe; so he called to his children who were in it, 'Come 'way, wigwam—sleep.' And after they had landed, and taken their baskets of muscles and limpets into the wigwam, he told his wife to take the canoe to a rock, from which we could get in without wetting our feet; for J. had no idea of getting into a mess in his present costume (for he was now nearly as much overdressed as before the reverse). Accordingly, we embarked from the quay in style, and went slowly off, Mrs. Button manœuvring through the little flotilla with much precision. I got a long list of words from J. as a sort of 'start,' as well as a tragedy which happened 'long time' ago, and 'long, long way off.' A ship, he said, (probably boat,) with white men, fell amongst the natives, and were all killed, not by his people. They only heard of it, I understood him, and saw some of the clothes. By the way he pointed their 'doctor' out to me, an ill-favoured being, chalked white, with red streaks, like the sign of a barber's shop. He was much attracted by an old tail-coat, and squeezed it on—very tight in the arms. It excited so very much derision, that at last he thought it *infra dig*, and subsequently exchanged it for a white gown, in which he paddled off, with all the solemnity of a professional ghost.

"June 12.—Another perfectly calm day. J. came off, about 9 o'clock, with his little son, and attended our family worship. He had given up the idea of his 'big wigwam,' and volunteered to come with us himself, with his wife and three of his children. To try if he was serious, I proposed to him to send his canoe on board, to which he replied, 'Very well;' and Capt. Bunt had it hoisted on board, fortunately without any damage to it,

to Jemmy's great satisfaction. Whether he really is coming, I cannot pretend to say; but he leaves his presents on board. All J.'s tribe are here now, and are very civil, both on shore and when alongside the vessel.

"June 15.—Jemmy's relations came off, to say good bye, and accompanied us a little way in their canoes; but the wind died away, and the schooner had to be towed back to the anchorage. I was not sorry for this, as it gave Jemmy an opportunity to retract, if his resolution was shaken.

"June 16.—Left Woollya, and arrived in Packsaddle Bay, and on the 18th anchored in Goree Roads.

"June 19.—Started for the Falklands, and after experiencing very rough weather, (during which our Fuegian family were not sick, as I expected,) returned to Keppel Island on the 24th."

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### Extract of a Letter from Rev. G. P. Despard.

"Cranmer, June 26, 1858.

".... We are all well, and as comfortable as weather and circumstances will permit us to be. The schooner, as I informed you in my last, went to Tierra del Fuego on 10th April, taking Stanley on her way. There she remained six days, and then started for Woollya. In eight days she reached Good Success Bay, being driven in by stress of weather; here she was obliged to lie exposed to strong gales some days; thence she made Lennox Island, then Woollya. Here she found our friend James Button and his people, amounting to about a hundred, very quiet, honest, and friendly. The *Allen Gardiner* remained at Woollya eight days, after which time James Button, his elder wife, and three children embarked in the schooner, and are now in Committee

Bay, waiting for a house to be made ready for them. They had a very rough passage of eight days, but this interesting family were none of them sick. They ate our food very comfortably, and have made themselves perfectly at home. The redoubtable Jemmy is a little man, about forty years of age, rather meagre. He speaks English intelligibly, but in few words. His memory is good in many particulars. He names very distinctly the persons in the *Beagle's* boat, Jem Bennett, Bob Craig Captain Fitzroy, Mr. Bynoe, and seven others; Lieut. Sullivan he names also. 'He *look much* Monte Video—Boat memory die—He *not cry*, York cry much.' Button's elder wife he brought in preference to the younger. She is the person Capt. Fitzroy saw. He has six children; one young man, married; a young woman, also married; another girl, single. Here he has a boy eight years old, 'Three Boys' by name; a girl five years old, with no name; Jem says she is 'Keepa,' a woman. His wife he calls 'Tucoo,' (has no other name, he says) and an infant boy, nine months old. They have come hither for six months, and others were willing to come. Jem was on board a day in harbour at Woollya, but had no idea of going ashore. He has brought his canoe with him. His only other possession, a dog, he left with his son. We shall set every ear and tongue to catch the Fuegian language in these six months, so that when Jemmy Button returns we may be able to say something in it, and I pray God fervently to open their hearts and give entrance to His truth. God be praised, says my heart, that in another instance He has heard the voice of my complaint, and answered me.'

“ ‘Three Boys’ is very intelligent, and will, I hope, learn a good deal from my children, and the little girl is of an age to give and receive a good deal. What a



blessing may it not be to this poor degraded family to come hither, and see us in our civilization, not so high as to dazzle them, yet enough to give them a desire for the like, and an idea that it is not much above their attainment. We purpose treating them on every account in the very best manner. They must be where they can burn fire morning, noon, and night, and I have converted the abandoned brick store into a dwelling house for them. It is about ten feet square, with a good board floor, and tight roof, with calico window, to be changed for glass, in front. I have had a chimney run up, and here they can have a wood fire, and what they are (not?) used to, a comfortably dry bed, with plenty of blankets. Here they will cook their food, and we will see that it suits their palates and satisfies their appetites. They will be near the beach, and can roam about in quest of their favourite dainties—shell fish, and amuse themselves by paddling off in calm weather to fish in the kelp.”

Our last extract is of a later date, and gives the result of a four-days' intercourse with the Fuegians ashore.

“Mr. Gardiner will be in England as soon as this, and will give you a full account of his voyages. The last is indeed by far the most interesting, and the result of it made my heart sing for joy and hope—Jemmy Button, his wife, and three children, living here! You will hear that others would have come if allowed. Jem said to-day, ‘Yes, Jesus Christ die. I go tell my people. Good man please good God. Lazy man, bad man. Working man, good man. You working man. I like Mr. Wilson, he very good man, very good. Captain Fitzroy talk much of God up in heaven. Good man go there (pointing to the sky); bad people go down there (pointing to the earth). I try teach my people long

time—no understand. No God in my country.' I said, 'Jem, come to Church on Sunday? hear much about Jesus Christ.' He said, 'When Sunday?' I counted three on my fingers. He said, 'Yes, I come Church;' and then went and told my wife, he 'come Church in three days.' He is very polite, knocks at the door, scrapes his shoes, pulls up his shirt collar, says, 'Good bye,' and always, 'Thank you, sir,' (to my wife as well,) touching his forelock with his finger. He is quite willing to give us words in the language, and we have already collected a couple of dozen; (he came this day week). I have assigned Mr. Turpin as guardian to him, for Mr. Turpin, in God's providence, will be the Missionary to the Fuegians as Mr. Schmid to the Patagonians; and he takes a lively interest in the man and his family, as you may be sure we all do. My eldest daughter is full of zeal for the language, and is picking it up fast. I asked Jem, 'We go live in your country, people kill us?' 'No, my péople not kill, not steal. Bad people Oens men steal.' On another occasion he was asked, 'What Oens men steal?' 'Much limpet, much muscle.' To-day he came to see me sawing wood with the two-handed saw. He said Capt. Fitzroy gave him two like it. Brother got them. Gave him also hand-saws. He took up the axe, and split up a few billets and carried them to his house. He does the cooking part, hitherto by frying the birds—shags, or steamer ducks—which he prefers to uplanders or pork; but this morning he asked for a saucepan, that he might boil the birds, as they were 'too much fat.' He sweeps out his house every day, and his wife washes the children every morning; so much progress have they made towards civilization. These are those 'half-human Fuegians,' of whom the *Times* spoke so scornfully six

years ago. Jem says he never learned to read in England, but had many books given him, which 'York' stole.

"*July 5th, Monday.*—Our Fuegians are progressing; they are friendly and confiding, but not rude. Yesterday Jem and "Three-boys" attended our worship, and behaved most decorously; I longed to tell how Christ loved sinners. This, I trust, will come by and bye. Jem said, afterwards, 'Very good sermon; very fine man, very fine.' But, poor fellow, he could understand nothing of it. To-day Miss H. thoroughly washed 'Tony,' the baby, and Fuegia, the little girl, in the mother's presence. Saturday, their hair was cut and cleaned. Jem comes up here generally every day, and is frequently in the cœnobium. He was some time with me to-day whilst shelving our native clothing in the new store, and made his remarks upon it. The dolls he was highly amused with. He is gradually recovering English, and the events of his visit to our country. He spoke to-day of 'Cape Frio,' and mentioned about the Portuguese people in Rio Janeiro, and some words of their language. No one can estimate the importance of this visit of Jemmy Button. It lays the bridge for constant traffic between the Fuegians and us. It secures good treatment for our Missionaries from his tribe, because they will, for their own interest's sake, treat them well from whose tribe they can get so much wealth; and in Jem's family it provides us with those who may, in the providence of God, be religious, social, and political leaders to the men of Navarin."



### A Tale.

A poor family, by sickness long endured, was reduced to extreme poverty, and at last to famine. Father, mother, and several children of different ages, had eaten, days ago, their last morsel, and were now from weakness, incapable of seeking relief from the compassionate. Death rapidly approached, and his icy hand began to be felt. At this juncture, a benevolent person heard of the case, and living too remotely to go and attend to it himself, employed a vigorous neighbour to carry bread to the sufferers, with an earnest injunction not to lose a moment on his errand of mercy. His promises were emphatic ; but, alas ! how soon neglected, and how fatally.

He started from the store vigorously, but a strange sight crossed his path ; and he just stopped a single moment to regard. A band of music struck up a lively tune ; he rested only a few minutes, on the wall, to hear it. On getting down, he stumbled into the dirt, and he stayed awhile to brush his clothes clean. By and bye a friend met him, and detained him to narrate a joyful occurrence that had just happened. Soon upon this, a crier was standing at the road side, giving notice of an important arrival of equestrians. It was very amusing to hear him. How the messenger laughed, how he enjoyed the prospect of seeing these men enter the town and display their pranks. So one thing and another kept him loitering, and it was not before evening, he got to the poor man's door. At six in the morning, he had started for it. He approached to knock—he paused to listen—he heard a weak, faint voice say, O God, one morsel of bread, just one morsel to save the child. Then he heard a sob, a sigh ; all was

silent. He knocked; no answer. He entered; what a scene! The whole family amid rags and filth, in one squalid mass, embraced together, dead. The father just gone. Those were his last words. But the man here felt a remorse which it were vain to attempt to describe, a remorse that never left him. His negligence, his inconsiderateness, had given the death-blow to the family, and it recoiled to his heart. He never smiled again.

Christians, lift up the *painted* covering; see the truth beneath. The heathen of this land, South America, are the family starving. The Good Lord, three hundred years ago, bade you carry them the bread of life. You have eaten thereof yourselves; you have grown strong; you have been told of their state, and bidden to hasten to their relief, but you loitered on the way. You amused yourselves with exciting doctrinal discussions at home—you debated upon forms of service in your meetings—you amused yourselves with books on prophecy—you read with pleasure and sympathy, affected or sentimental, Missionary tales—you listened with delight to public orators of platform and pulpit notoriety—you fed the bloated and the contemptuous, and the starving Indians have died the death eternal. Will you stand at the right hand of Jesus at the day of doom, and hear them condemned? Will Jesus frown death on these, and smile life on you? Will your heart acquit you—if not—will God, who is greater in justice than your heart?

Is famine of the body worse than famine of the soul? Is it worse to die in the flesh, than to die for ever? If the sight of dead bodies, victims of neglect, appals the mind, and stings the heart of the negligent, when you see the Indians, and hear them say, "no God in my

country," and know that this ignorance, this famine, this death, is of your fault, can you be happy? They faint, they starve, they die. Run, run! make haste! redouble speed! Carry your prayers, your money, yourself, your bread of life eternal to them, that if they die, you may not for ever bear the blame, and hear—The voice of thy brother's blood crieth from hell against thee.

G. P. D.

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### Letter from Mr. Schmid.

The following interesting letter is from the pen of Mr. Schmid. The reader will see in it much to encourage him, and much to draw forth his sympathies and prayers.

Should Mr. Schmid go alone amongst the Patagonians during the present month, there will be few amongst ourselves who refuse to recognise his self-devotion and zeal for Christ. And, however much we should prefer on every ground his having a suitable companion, we will not doubt the presence, and protecting care of Him, who to His first disciples and apostles said, 'Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

Most heartily do we congratulate all the friends of our Mission on the manifest blessing which is descending on our operations abroad. And seriously do we invite all, who love the Lord Jesus and His work, to accept the responsibilities and privileges of our spiritual enterprise, while we labour in faith, and prayer, and love, and hope, for the salvation of perishing souls. We now subjoin the letter of Mr. Schmid, which as conveying his personal view of our Missionary sphere, and prospects, deserves perusal. In the arrangement of stations, however, in Fuegia and elsewhere, it need scarcely be said, we must ever be guided by prudence, and not disregard any precautionary means which we may lawfully employ, and may have at our disposal.



“ Cranmer, July 8th, 1858.

“ Rev. dear Sir,—I take much pleasure in acknowledging the due receipt of your letter, dated April 7th, which the mail brought me yesterday. As the *Allen Gardiner* will leave this next Monday, God pleasing, and Mr. Gardiner be on his way home, I will seize the opportunity and send you an answer. I hope that by this time you have received my letter which I wrote in the Straits, and also the account of our cruise, which I despatched by the first mail after our return from the Patagonian coast. I look forward to an answer with much anxiety, for I wish to know the committee's mind and pleasure with regard to the Patagonian Mission. Mr. Despard too has acquainted you with the proposal I made to him, and that he accepted it. I hope and trust the committee will agree to what Mr. Despard has done here, and that they will acknowledge me as one of their Catechists. My original appointment as Translator to the Mission devolved on me the duty of learning and systematizing the languages of Patagonia and Fireland, a task which, owing to the various languages of these countries, it would take years to fulfil, and which I now find impracticable. With regard to the languages of Fireland and Patagonia I had no opportunity of doing anything, because, in the first place, the intercourse with the natives has been very limited; and secondly, I never visited the coast before the last trip to Patagonia. When I went there I thought we should see the Patagonians for some length of time, and thus I should have the opportunity of making a collection of words. But if ever I was mistaken, it was then, because we saw not much of them in the first place, and in the second the Patagonians speak only very little, so that in order to acquire their language, it is in my opinion necessary to go and live with them. As

regards the languages of the Continent of South America, I can only say that the Patagonian is entirely different from the one spoken by the Araucanians, or natives of Chili. I cannot find one word of the Patagonian vocabulary, in Capt. Fitzroy's Narrative, agree with the words of the grammar of the Chili-Dugu, which I have here. So, you see, nothing could be done in this line; for my mind is continually set on Patagonia and its inhabitants. I am willing to go and make a trial to live with them, and hope that I shall soon be able to speak to them in their own language, at least within a reasonably short period. The *Allen Gardiner*, I am told, will go there in September, when I think I shall go alone. But how much more pleasant and comfortable it would be in spiritual, social, and other respects, if I could find a companion that would be willing to rough it with me; for even the comforts of a new settlement like ours here, must be given up for some length of time. I beg leave to observe, that as Patagonia is open to Missionary enterprize, the soldiers of the cross which we profess to be, ought to go and begin the contest against the powers of darkness. Casimiro, indeed, declared himself willing to receive an Englishman; and Coyla, another equally powerful chief, and friend of Casimiro, would not object to my living with them, if he too could be conciliated to our (Missionary) purposes, by the Society's giving him some present. I regret much not to possess more information respecting these Patagonians, so as to give you more satisfactory accounts of their character, disposition, habits, and language; but I think that all will go right, and that a commencement of Missionary work can be made. You may believe me, it is a matter of great anxiety to me—the Patagonian Mission. I trust I shall not go as a tourist who is seeking pleasure, in going

over the Patagonian camps ; but as a soldier of our Lord, who is ready to serve his Master, and militate for the extension of His glory.

“ With reference to a Mission to Fireland I can say very little, having never visited that part, excepting Magdalen Sound, Hope Harbour, but from what Messrs. Gardiner and Turpin have seen and experienced during their visit to Banner Cove and Woollya, a Mission station can be established at either of these two places. Mr. Despard is very anxious to commence Missionary work there, to have a station among the Firelanders. I think it may be done with safety, and the sooner the better. However, Mr. Gardiner, who is going back to England, will give you a far better account of how our Mission work can be begun. Mr. Turpin, whose account of the last cruise to Fireland you will receive by this mail, thinks that a station among Jemmy Button’s people will be safe, so much the more as Jemmy Button has most willingly agreed to come with Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Turpin, who not only succeeded in finding him, but actually brought him to Cranmer, with his wife and three children. We were very much rejoiced when the *Allen Gardiner* arrived in Committee Bay, and Mr. G. brought the news that he brought Jemmy Button, with his wife and family, who are now located here, and are looked after by Mr. Turpin, whom Mr. Despard, our zealous chief and leader, has entrusted with the charge of them. Jemmy has not forgotten what he learned on board the *Beagle*—when he landed here, he touched his cap in true English fashion. Mr. Turpin is making a collection of words in Jemmy’s dialect. Having succeeded in finding out the Fuegian phrase, (at least in Jemmy’s language) for ‘What do you call this?’—komodoshna?—we can ask the boy too, and get many a word from him.



“Patagonia and Fireland are open for the heralds of the Gospel, and ought to be possessed as soon as possible, which Mr. D., as I have already stated, is desirous to see done. What we want now to accomplish this is, a few more men who will go and *rough* it; this cannot be avoided, and is and has been the lot of every, at least of most, Missionaries. May such earnest-minded men come forward soon, and assist us in the work we are entrusted with.

“In accordance with your request, to receive an account of the affairs of the Mission from my own pen, I will now proceed to give my views on the subject. I believe that the Mission out here is in a prospering state, although the intercourse with the natives has been very limited, owing to trying circumstances which existed previous to Mr. Despard’s coming out, and partly to many impediments that are always thrown into a Missionary’s path, and which check the progress which he, in his energetic, determined, and zealous mind, would wish to make. I am speaking of Mr. Despard, our earnest-minded chief and leader in the work.

“Since Mr. Despard has superintended the work here, all has gone on prosperously and comfortably. But why has not more direct Mission work been done? say many of our friends. Let them be aware that there are difficulties and impediments in a Missionary’s path, which he has not the power of removing. To mention one—The *Allen Gardiner* is on her way to the coast, which is ‘three days sail from here.’ It can be reached in two days, with a fair wind; but the wind being generally contrary, it takes eight, ten, fourteen days, perhaps, before she reaches her destination. These long passages are a very considerable part of the difficulties that one meets out here. For each cruise, we must allow at least three months’ time. Then there

are many other things to be done—going to Stanley and fetching provisions; going to Monte Video, to ship a new crew, &c. Mr. Despard is a man that presses on, but often is repressed by what I call providential dealings, not from any want of energy and determination.

“With regard to the Station, I am glad to say that all is going on harmoniously together, and that feelings of friendship and love pervade the hearts and souls of all the members of the Mission. We are sorry to see Mr. Gardiner leave our little (bachelors’) circle, for he is a very kind, and agreeable, and even warm-hearted companion; and we trust that he will soon come out again to his appointed and self-chosen sphere of labour.

“Since our return from the Patagonian coast, I have enjoyed the privilege of reading the word of God, in its original languages, with Mr. Despard. I have also learned phonography, with the view of using it for the Patagonian language, to put down the proper sounds of letters.

“In the expectation of hearing soon from you, respecting the Committee’s decision as to the Mission to Patagonia, I will close my letter.

“May the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ bless your labours abundantly, and grant that none of us here nor of the friends at home may be weary in well doing. The time of harvest will come, when both those who go to the contest, and those who tarry by the stuff, shall carry home abundant spoils—souls won through our instrumentality to Christ, our King and Shepherd. Tender my Christian regards to every member of the Committee.

“I remain, dear Sir,

Your humble and devoted Servant,

THEOPHILUS SCHMID.”

## Stretching out her hands unto God.

We are indebted to the Spanish Evangelical Record for the following interesting letter. It was written in March last, and although not addressed to ourselves, we cannot conceal the fact of its containing an appeal which our Society may well desire to recognise. Bearing as our title the Patagonian, or South American Missionary Society, we dare not ignore the spiritual necessities of any portion of that vast Continent. It is our noble privilege to stand forth as the champions of the Gospel for every race, and every tribe of South America. Other societies are indeed sharing in this privilege. The Bible Society has its agents at last there. The Spanish Evangelization Society is likewise carrying on its beneficent operations there. And our hearts beat high with joy at the thought of the blessed results, which now are flowing, and must continue to flow, from their independent exertions. But the honour of being in the van-guard of this movement for the spiritual enlightenment of South America attaches doubtlessly to the founders of our Society, and we believe the continuous prosecution of the great design must, humanly speaking, rest with us. Without fear of contradiction, we state that the recent call



to attend to the religious wants of the South American population originated mainly with Captain Gardiner, as it has since been perpetuated through this Society, which took its rise from him. But this is not all. For we see in the operations of the Bible Society, and of the Spanish Evangelization Society, the most material advantages in the way of promoting the objects which we have in view. Wherever the word of God gains access, there is at once a breaking down of prejudice, and a preparation of the way for the minister of Christ. This Captain Gardiner knew well, and gathered from it a great principle of action. And we heartily congratulate all interested in our Missionary enterprise, on the preparatory stages of the work, which by collateral agencies are being pushed forward. What Gardiner so much desired is being accomplished. His suggestions have been adopted. His plans are being developed. To use his own language, "the distribution of the word of God, and religious books in the Spanish language," is taking place, and with the very results which he expected, and longed for. The feeling in favour of religious toleration in South America is gaining ground. Bibles are received and read with eagerness by large numbers of the people. And the language of the public press is opposed to intolerance, and ecclesiastical bigotry. Those who watch these signs

of the times cannot be otherwise than hopeful. They will recognise the hand of God in them all. Not only do we believe that our access to the Aboriginal races, which hitherto Romish influence has too much impeded, shall before long be freed from many difficulties ; but it may be our lot in the good providence of God to be largely instrumental in purifying the faith, and kindling in the hearts of the Roman Catholic population a love for that Word, which brings hope, and peace, and life. "Both these classes, the Indian and the Spaniard," wrote Captain Gardiner in 1851, "have strong claims on our sympathy as Christians, and are equally in need of our Missionary aid. Indeed, placed as they are in such close proximity, and in many instances with no regularly defined boundary, the Society, whose main object is the instruction of the Indians, would materially further its operations by bestowing some portion of its care upon the Spanish-speaking population also; for it is scarcely possible that any permanent good should be effected in one of these communities without producing a corresponding effect upon the other." It is because we enter so fully into the spirit of these words that we rejoice in calling attention to the subjoined letter. Many of our readers, we are sure, will be gratified as they peruse it. We only trust that it may lead many to think of the extent and serious-

ness of that work, which this Society has undertaken, and at the same time stir up their minds to yield it a larger and more vigorous support. Chili is stretching out her hands unto God, but not Chili alone. The tribes of South America, and of Tierra del Fuego, in their deep distress, appeal to our sympathies for aid. Shall we frustrate the grace of God? or shall we go over and help them?

“I am convinced, that if Christians at home would only attempt something for the Spanish Americans of this continent, on a scale much more extended than now, great good would be done; and if any communications of mine have contributed, or can contribute, to turn the attention of Christian men to this interesting field, I will be more than recompensed.

“My visits to the native huts in the neighbourhood of my own dwelling, I have continued almost every Sabbath afternoon; and though I have not visited many houses in all, I have had opportunities of scattering, from time to time, to their inmates, and to others who might be present, some grains of the precious seed. I have thus had opportunities of giving away Bibles and Testaments to such as could read; and, though they have frequently been taken away by the priests, they have at the time been always gladly received.



“There is no doubt, humanly speaking, but that the power of popery over the minds of the people must be weakened, ere we can expect much good to be done in the way of instructing them in the simple Gospel of Christ the Saviour. My chief encouragement is, that I see that power daily becoming weaker. I see the intelligent mind of the country, whenever there is opportunity, rebel against the tyranny and the assumptions of an intolerant Church. The press of the country, as one man, is in favour of more tolerant measures towards Protestants; and the louder the Church cries out, so much more do her foes increase within her own bosom. There is no question but toleration, and liberty of sentiments, are quite foreign to the principles of the Romish Church, and inimical to her interests, wherever she holds undivided sway. When we see the newspapers, then, filled, week after week, with articles written by Catholics—by Chilianos, pleading strenuously for liberty of worship, for complete toleration, and for a revision of the obnoxious article in the constitution of the country, which declares the Roman Catholic religion to be that of the nation, ‘con exclusion al ejercicio público de cualquier otro culto’;\*—when we see this, and a great deal more, such a severe criticism of fanatical rites and customs—we ought, I think, to be encouraged.

\* To the exclusion of the public exercise in any other worship.

Only three years ago, the editor of the leading newspaper had to leave the country because he had offended the archbishop about some religious question which then came up. Two years and a half ago, the same paper was ordered to cease its editorials, written in opposition to a proposition for handing over the supervision of schools to the clergy. Now, not only one paper, but all the newspapers published in the country, write in the most emphatic terms as to the intolerance of the clergy; and advocate, as I have said, with one voice, liberal measures towards Dissenters. Their columns have, more than once, been thrown open to myself, in order to defend the principles and the cause of Protestantism, when these were assailed by a Jesuit review published in Santiago.

“All this, joined to private inquiry and discussion, must have had an immense influence of late. I know it has had in many quarters, amongst acquaintances of my own; and, though this is not all that we ought to aim at, still, as signs and tokens, they must be viewed, I conceive, as promises of better days to come. I was delighted the other day to receive the enclosed letter from a young and highly accomplished gentleman in Santiago, who speaks quite openly, as you will see, of his preference for Protestantism, and of his detestation of the chains which hold his country in bondage. He went to our church with me one

Sabbath, about six weeks ago. It was the first time he had ever taken part in a Protestant service; and, as he speaks English, the whole was quite intelligible to him. You will observe he draws a striking contrast betwixt the simple but heartfelt worship in our Protestant churches, and that to which he had been accustomed. He has since written me, that he is very desirous to see a Protestant church erected in Santiago; and that another Chilino, a native merchant, would make a present of the site. I am personally acquainted with nearly all the intelligent writers and authors in the country, and with a large number of those persons who have influence in it; and, from all I know of the tendency of their minds in favour of liberal measures, I feel perfectly convinced that, in a very short time, we will have perfect and complete toleration here. All this does not pass unnoticed by the Jesuits, who swarm in Chili, and by the hierarchy. Only a few days ago the archbishop fulminated such an edict against Protestant machinations, tracts, Bibles, and so forth, as would occupy a worthy place among the persecuting documents of the fifteenth century. He complains loudly, that the government has permitted an infringement of the 5th article of the constitution, by not putting a stop to the Protestant churches we have in Valparaiso; but the result has been quite the reverse of that contemplated. He has



been met with such a storm of opprobrium from all parties, as must convince him that his pastoral has done immense injury to his cause. A petition was also set on foot in Santiago, calling on the government to put down the churches; but, singular to say, out of two hundred and eighteen names attached to it, only three are persons of any standing, the rest being workmen who did not know, probably, the nature of the document they were made to sign. These are like the dying efforts of intolerance; and nothing has so clearly revealed its impotency in Chili. Many of our countrymen, I am sorry to say, are excessively timid, and exceedingly anxious to take up the apologetic strain. I am given to understand that yesterday, at a meeting of the Episcopal Church Committee, our Consul read a paper calling on all to shew proper deference and respect to the religion of the country, denouncing the circulation of tracts, and stating that, in the event of any tumult, his protection could not be counted upon by such as were guilty of thus giving offence. Now, the circulation of tracts, has only been found fault with by the Jesuit organ, the "Revista Católica," and by the archbishop; and, were I not somewhat of a philosopher in this matter, I might be inclined to get indignant with this hole-and-corner disavowal of proceedings in which I had a share. At the same time, I conceive our

Consul went beyond his authority, in drawing the line of demarcation betwixt such as he felt inclined to protect, and such others as he would not protect. There is some political agitation in the country at present, and it was feared some riot might occur; but anything like a revolution is not likely to take place. I sent you, through our Liverpool friends, last mail, some newspapers, which would give you some idea of the literature of this country. One of the articles was prepared in English; but, judging it might be useful, I had it translated into Spanish, and, generally speaking, except among the priests, it gave satisfaction.

“I must also mention a proposition set on foot there, viz: to offer a premium of £500, and another of £200, for the best essays on “Religious Liberty and Freedom of Inquiry—as sanctioned by the Divine Character and Revelation—as consistent with the best Systems of Philosophy—and as constituting integral parts of Civil Liberty;” competition to be limited to Chilinos. I think the money will be got; and names of influence, amongst the natives themselves, will appear on the front of the proposal. I conceive that this, as a preparatory step to discussion in the Congress, and as a finishing-stroke to the archbishop’s present tactics, will be most excellent.

“But these are fitful, isolated, and weak efforts. Can you not send us a man full of zeal, of high

attainments as a minister of Christ, one who will devote himself to the work of preaching the Gospel to perishing souls here? Is there no one in the churches who knows the Spanish language—no one who would make it his study, in order to declare to men the unsearchable riches of Christ? There may be a few small obstacles to his work at first; but I am convinced they would eventually disappear, and an immense influence for good be brought to bear on this people. The Chilian nation is a very superior one. The national character and standing are good—much better than might be expected under so pernicious a system as prevails. It is true that the men of intelligence are very generally sceptics, as might be expected; but the wonder would be were they not so, how they escaped scepticism, under the thralldom of popery.

“I will be glad to hear from you as to this. It would be a bold measure, but a good one, and I hope your Society will consider it.”

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#### Letter from Mrs. Despard.

The following graphic letter from Mrs. Despard, although treating of subjects now familiar to us, possesses, nevertheless, an interest which will repay perusal. We give it entire, assured that our readers will not complain of a twice-told tale:—



"Sullivan House, Keppel Island,

"June 28th.

"My dear Friend,

"Rejoice with me, and again, I say, rejoice, for the Lord hath seen fit to give an answer to the daily prayers addressed to Him, the Sovereign Disposer of all hearts, that He would be pleased to put it into the mind of some of those poor benighted Fuegians, to trust themselves to our hands, and come over to us here. This important event in our Missionary life has just taken place, and Jemmy Button, his wife, and three children, are now occupying a room, which has been hastily fitted up for them, not very far from our home. On Thursday last, soon after breakfast, the delightful cry resounded through the house, 'The *Allen Gardiner*, the *Allen Gardiner*, is coming in.' I ran quickly to the house door, from which we command a fine sea view, and there, truly, was the stout little craft, which has so bravely stood many a severe and stormy gale, with all her sails hoisted, and her two flags flying, rapidly scudding before the wind. Truly did she look well, and gallantly did she ride on, until she dropped her anchor in Committee Bay! Soon after, Captain Bunt and Mr. Turpin were seen finding their way up to Sullivan House, with the joyful news that Jemmy Button, with his wife and three children, were on board. Then arose a shout of joy and praise amongst us, that our, or I ought to say, my *husband's* expectations, had not been disappointed. After a short, but rough passage of eight days, the Button family were transported from their native soil to Keppel Island. When Mr. Gardiner and Turpin fell in with them, and asked them if they would return here with them, Jemmy, at first, declined; but on conferring with some of his tribe, he altered his mind,

saying he would go for 'five moons.' After sailing for some little time, a heavy gale came on, which obliged the Captain to return to Navarine Island, when the question was put to Jim Button, whether he would like to return to his tribe, as he could then do so? He had been on board a night and best part of the day, but he declined, preferring to remain with his new friends, and trust himself and family to them, and ultimately to us. I must now endeavour to give you some short description of this poor heathen, but most interesting party. I am most agreeably surprised to find, how completely devoid they are of any thing in their appearance (at least) that could produce disgust, or any unpleasant feeling. Their complexion is a sort of yellow light brown, if I may so express it; there is little or no expression in the countenance—it looks as if cut out of *wood!* Their hair is black, also their eyes; they are very small in stature, and their legs are much bowed as they move about, as if weak in their limbs. Jemmy has brought his oldest wife with him, other wife, he told us, remain in wigwam—'Wary sorry not come—cry much.' It is wonderful how well he remembers his English, and now, that he is constantly hearing that language spoken, the words, and remembrance of all that happened to him some twenty-five years ago, seem to return to his mind in rapid succession. He said the *Allen Gardiner* was 'wary good ship, wary quick, take no water—meaning shipping a sea.' He seems quite at home with us all, and came up here with his eldest child, a boy of eight or nine. I asked him his name, he answered 'Three Boys,' for what reason we cannot yet find out. This boy is apparently very quick; when Mr. Despard offered to shake hands with him, the child offered his left hand, but my husband told him to give the right

hand, which he did. He then turned to the little girl to take *her* hand; when she, like her brother, gave the left one, her brother immediately drew it back, and made her give her right hand. Now this, certainly, shows observation on the part of the boy. He has picked up many English words, and will, I have no doubt, in a short time, manage to speak or understand our language. The little girl, who looks about seven years old, is timid, but gentle and really pleasing; and the baby, who is, we fancy, about nine months old, although not a large boy for its age, is, nevertheless, plump and cunning looking, and possesses a pair of good, sharp, black eyes. The wife is about forty, older looking than her husband, and *very ugly*, but not *frightful*; she can only say 'No,' and 'Water' in English. I hope, in a very few weeks, a great improvement will be visible in the whole of the party; proper clothes will be given them, and we hope when they see us (especially the women) performing our household duties, that she will try and exert herself to learn to keep herself, children, and room clean, &c. We long to make them understand something of God, and of that Saviour who came down to save their souls; but it will, of course, be some time ere they can be made to understand such a wonderful act. In my next letter, I shall hope to have it in my power to tell you, how the Lord will have prospered our work, and helped our efforts to teach them, by opening their eyes and ears to take in the glorious news we have to give them. Yesterday, when Mrs. Button came on shore, I walked down to receive her; she appeared pleased to see me, and smiled kindly when I patted her on the shoulder and noticed her children; she repeated all my words, but of course without understanding their meaning; she had on the clothes I gave



Mr. Turpin to take to her, while on board and before she landed, and the overcoat that fitted her best was one, among many others, sent me by kind Miss Harvey, from York. Jemmy is sometimes very funny in his manner of expressing himself. When Mr. Despard *introduced* me to him, he bowed in a most *orthodox* manner, at the same time pulling off his cap, a red flannel one, given him by Mr. Gardiner, and much admired by its present owner. 'He said,' pointing to me, 'Dat your wife? vary good gal; vary fine gal.' The same expressions of admiration were bestowed on the children; he seemed quite astonished to see such a party, and so did his wife! I sent for little baby Bartlett, to show her to the squaw, who looked at and viewed the dear little thing, with eyes which did manage to express some wonderment at the sight of Annie's rosy cheeks and fair skin! We are doing our very best to learn as many Fuegian words as we can, but this is difficult to accomplish, as these people do not seem to like to speak their language before us, and when they converse with each other, it is generally in a whisper. My husband is very quick at catching and retaining their words, and Jemmy seemed quite surprised at his knowing so many. The other day, he said laughingly, 'You know too much my language; no good, no good.' Oh! *soon* do we hope, aye, by this time next year, God willing, and continuing to bless our Vessel, and our efforts, to have many a Fuegian here; and, perhaps, Jemmy and his family may be induced to remain here with us.

"I must not stay to chat any longer with you; indeed, I have written more than I intended, but I hope my next despatch will be more connected. You will, I am sure, excuse all imperfections, for the sake of the news

these pages contain—news which will, I doubt not, be as joyful and acceptable to our dear and valued friends of the Mission at home, as it is to us. If you feel disposed to send this letter to Mr. Stirling, to be inserted in the ‘Voice of Pity,’ you are at liberty to do so.

“I have little time for writing, and I am sure there are many, who take in the ‘Voice,’ who will not regret, or think it a trouble, to read these lines, traced by their Missionary’s wife. And now, adieu, with much Christian love, I remain,

“Yours, affectionately,

“FRANCES M. DESPARD.”

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### Mr. Fell’s Journal.

With very great pleasure we lay before the readers of the “Voice of Pity” portions of the Journal of Mr. Fell. Its last date is Monte Video, whither for re-shipment of a crew the *Allen Gardiner* had sailed. There are points in the Journal which cannot fail to strike the reader, and the first is the Missionary spirit which seems to, and we humbly believe does, pervade the heart and mind of the Captain of the *Allen Gardiner*. It is of all things most desirable that wherever she sails our little vessel should realize her character as a witness for Christ, and become the depository of spiritual blessings for those who are ignorant, or deprived of them. We therefore gaze with much satisfaction on the Bethel flag waving its invitation from the masthead of the *Allen Gardiner*, in foreign ports, in order that there may be brought within the sound of the preached word many who have been cut off for lengthened periods from

the blessedness of its spiritual influence. But the account of an increasing interest in our Society's aim, and plans amongst the Protestants of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, is another feature in Mr. Fell's Journal. Here the Catholic principles of Christian love have met with a beautiful illustration. And we rejoice to find that the work of Christ has not been allowed to flag from a defect of Christian sympathies or an excess of denominational differences. On the other hand, in the unaffected language of the subjoined narrative detailing Mr. Fell's cordial reception by all parties, our readers will see impartially reflected the likenesses of many members of one family called after Christ, and sharing in His work, albeit wearing in their earthly course coats of many colours.

*“ Keppel Island.*

*“ June 24th.*—As soon as the ship could be got ready, I was sent down to Stanley as a passenger, where I was put in charge of the *Allen Gardiner* by Mr. Dean, our acting agent in that port. The crew all volunteered to sail with me, they having power to refuse if they liked. When I got on board, all hands came aft to ask for liberty to go on shore. After a few minutes consideration I granted them it for the day, and gave them some money. Our union together, as a ship's company, had been sealed previous to this by the word of God and prayer. I called them all into the cabin before they went on shore, as I had understood that some of them were fond of drinking. ‘Now if you want to disgrace the vessel, and cause me a good deal of pain, you have only to get drunk, and you will accomplish your task, if that is any satisfaction to you. But if you do not want to do so, keep sober.’ It had the desired effect, for they all behaved themselves remarkably well,



and came on board that night, and were at their work next morning.

“*Allen Gardiner, Monte Video, Saturday, 31st.*—At daylight we found ourselves lying near the mail packet *Camilla*. Run up our flags, with the Bethel flag to the main; weighed anchor and went close past the packet, to enquire when she sailed, expecting it was Monday, as Sunday was her proper day. The answer was noon. The ship’s keel took the mud when rounding under a Spanish man of war’s stern, that I expected was afloat, but, in place of that she was three feet on shore, drawing thirteen, and there only being ten feet water. Hove our vessel out and put her in a safe berth, moored with both anchors. The ship was cleared as soon as possible, and every facility afforded Mr. Gardiner with his luggage, while Mr. Dean, another passenger, took the mail off to the Consul’s office, it being in good time. Shortly afterwards we then found ourselves on the deck of the *Camilla*, witnessing the bustle and confusion of the passengers as they stepped on board. I introduced Mr. Gardiner to the Captain. A proposal that Mr. Gardiner should take the service the following day, which was the Sabbath, was readily assented to. The Rev. Snow Pendleton, of Monte Video, made his appearance on the deck, and I felt glad that Mr. Gardiner and he had an opportunity of meeting. Mr. Gardiner’s taking the intended service was made still more secure by Mr. Pendleton pressing the arrangement. The first bell warned us of our time being up, and we took leave of our dear brother, not without feeling the separation. On my return to the vessel, I was occupied with her business, &c. which prevented me getting time to arrange for a Bethel meeting on the morrow. The Bethel flag being still up, it was soon reported that the Mission schooner

had arrived, and Bethel meetings were expected. A few Captains were going off to their respective ships, after I had reported the ship, and proposed giving me a passage to the *Allen Gardiner*. They stepped on board our little vessel, and a friend from the shore asked which ship was the Bethel to be held on board of on the morrow. None, was the reply, I have had no time to arrange for one, the ship's business has kept me occupied. The flag was soon hauled down from our masthead. The Captain of the *Hatheway* proposed his ship, and in a few minutes the boat was gone and the Bethel flag too. Through their kindness the service was well made known. Our ship was then well moored, and cleaned down for the Sabbath.

“*Sunday, August 1st.*—Visited H. M. S. *Spy*, to invite a boat's crew to the service; found the Commander reading prayers to the crew, so left my message. I then visited the United States ship of war *Perry*, and received a hearty welcome from the 1st Lieutenant, who gave me full permission to go among the men, converse with them, and distribute tracts. I then visited the *Niagara*, a large English ship, and to my great surprise found the Captain an old friend, having on board a ship's library, put there by myself, when in connection with the ‘B. and F. Sailors' Society.’ I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Pendleton in the morning, and in the afternoon the ship's boats with their crews met around the *Hatheway*, among which was the American man of war's boat with a crew. The decks soon filled up, and a difficulty arose about stowing the people in the cabin, as our number was large. They were, however, stowed pretty close, and the ladies were placed well aft. Just as we were about to commence, another boat came off from the shore with some ladies, and our brave seamen had to

leave their seats and clap on to the ladies' fall, (a rope used to pull ladies up the ship's side in a basket,) which they did willingly. This set having been provided with seats also, we hoped that an opportunity for commencing had arrived; I gave out the following verse—

‘Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.’

‘Hold on, sir, here is another boat with a lady,’ cried a stentorian voice from the main-deck. The service had to be dropped again, and the sailors leave their seats to run the lady up; this being done, we held our meeting without further molestation. I gave an address from 1 Tim. i. 15. ‘This is a faithful saying’, &c. About seventy were present.

“Every attention was paid to the *Allen Gardiner* and her requirements during the following week, the particulars of which would be uninteresting here. During the week I called on board the ship *Perry*, and had a pleasing interview with the Captain, who gave me to understand that the ship was at my service for Bethel meetings when convenient. For this I was thankful, and made arrangements for one on the following Sabbath afternoon. At the appointed time several ships' boats came with crews, and made, with the crew of the man of war, a large meeting, numbering about one hundred. I gave an address from Isaiah lv. 1. ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth’, &c. On the same evening held a meeting in the house of S. Lafone, Esq. Attendance good.

“*Tuesday, 11th.*—Having found many persons in Monte Video in total ignorance about our Mission, I proposed to Mr. Pendleton giving a lecture on the subject, if he



thought it desirable. He immediately fell in with my suggestion, kindly took upon himself the management of the meeting, as far as place and time was concerned, and announced in the church on the previous Sabbath the meeting this evening. Unfortunately the night was dull with threatening rain, so that our room was only half full, and that principally composed of ladies. I illustrated my subject by charts, and gave as clear a view of our Mission as I could. A gentleman, who has done much service for our Mission, remarked at the close, that 'the Mission to him had always been a mystery until to-night.' I felt encouraged by this, as the end I had in view was to give information, knowing as I did how imperfectly the plans of the Committee, and the operations abroad were understood or known. I think I may say that I know as well as our worthy Superintendent, on Keppel Island, himself, the plan he has laid down for carrying on this great work, as far as I can judge it is feasible and judiciously arranged; and I feel sure that the Christian public would take a greater interest in the Patagonian Mission if they knew more of it. At this meeting to which I now refer, Mr. Pendleton took the chair—opened the meeting with a short exposition on a Psalm bearing upon the work, and offered prayer to God for His blessing. He then briefly, but ably, glanced at the Society from its commencement, and expressed his great confidence in the untiring zeal and self-denial of his devoted brother, Mr. Despard, who had left a comfortable home and the enjoyments of a life in England, for the many privations of a life on a desolate island, with his devoted wife and family. At the close of my remarks, Mr. P. requested me to attend on the following Tuesday night, and redeliver the same. On the following day, — Mc Clean, Esq. of Monte Video, advised me to go up to Buenos Ayres and deliver the

same lecture. Had I felt disposed I could not well have got out of it, as Mr. Mc C. put it before me as a duty. 'Captain Fell I think it is your duty to go, by doing so you may be able to raise the funds of the Society, and that would help in paying your ship's expenses.' I called on Mr. Pendleton for advice on the subject; he immediately approved of it, and gave me letters of recommendation to Mr. Ford, &c. My way I now felt to be clear; I knew I could trust Mr. Woodcock, my chief Mate, with the ship's business, in fitting her rigging and cleaning her up, so having made his way clear by a letter of instructions, I left Monte Video, and arrived the following morning (Saturday) in Buenos Ayres. I was now all anxiety to get arrangements made, and announcements from the different pulpits on the following Sabbath. It was late in the evening before I could see either Messrs. Ford or Smith, but when I did see them I met with a hearty welcome and co-operation, for S. (minister of the Scotch church,) placed his large school rooms at our service, and the following Thursday night was fixed for the meeting. Mr. Smith advised me to call on Mr. Goodfellow, minister of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, and in him, although belonging to a different country and denomination, I found a large-hearted brother, who rejoiced at the opportunity of helping a Mission that was not connected with their own denomination. Mr. G. had a meeting in connection with his own church, which could not be given upon Thursday night, but proposed giving up the Sunday evening service for the purpose of making known the Lord's work in Patagonia, and he wished me to call on the Rev. Mr. Ford for advice on the subject, as it going before might affect the Thursday meeting. Mr. F. saw no difficulty, and on the Sunday night the large chapel was full. The audience was composed of a most

respectable and intelligent number of people, who listened with great interest to an account of our Missionary operations. Mr. G. opened the meeting by an explanation on the propriety of such a service in the house of God on a Sabbath evening, and removed from the minds of parties present objections that might arise. At the close about £14 were collected, which has since risen to £18, by private donations brought to Mr. G.'s house. Prior to our meeting in the Scotch Church School Rooms, the Rev. Mr. Smith spent two days with me walking through the streets of Buenos Ayres, introducing me to his flock, and making known the object of our Mission. The Rev. Mr. Swynethz, of the German church, also felt interested in our work, made it known to his people who could speak English, and attended our meeting. H. Green, Esq. was to have taken the chair, but was prevented from so doing. The place was so crowded that many had to leave, unable to get seats. The Rev. Mr. Ford filled the chair, and opened the meeting by singing and prayer, after which he made an appropriate speech on the propriety of such an undertaking as the Patagonian Mission, after which he very warmly and affectionately introduced me to the meeting. At the close of my address, Mr. Smith, I am thankful to say, took up a point which I had improperly passed over, that was native agency, and showed the audience that the plan of educating the natives on Keppel Island, and then sending them to their own countrymen to make known the truth, was likely, under the Divine blessing, to result in great good; and illustrated his subject by referring to John Knox, in Scotland; Luther, in Germany, each of which were most successful among their own people. The collection amounted to about £22 in English money. At the close the Rev. Mr. Ford, on behalf of the meet-



ing, thanked me for my visit to Buenos Ayres, and for the information received. I felt it right to call on many influential gentlemen who were absent, who might take an interest in our work, and lay our work clearly before them, leaving it then with themselves to help by way of donation. My efforts were not in vain, so that £21 more were added, making £60 or upwards in English money. It is probable that some others have since sent in donations. Our Mission party always feel anxious to cover the poor naked savages of Tierra del Fuego; accordingly Mr. Despard instructed me to buy a few pair of cheap trousers for the natives. I mentioned the subject to our hearers, and wished them to send any old clothing to my lodgings that they might have to dispose of. A few things were sent to my house, but the Rev. W. Goodfellow took the subject up, and presented it to his own people. On the following day, a very large quantity of all kinds of clothing, ladies' and gentlemen's, so that we could scarcely contrive a plan to carry it to the steam boat, was collected. In a gentleman's family, a poor woman, who, through her mistress's efforts, had begun to show a love of the truth, now cleaned and prepared a bundle of clothes, and sent a donation of five shillings towards the objects of our Society. In a pious family I spent a Sabbath afternoon, and found that both heads of it were useful missionaries in Buenos Ayres—distributing religious tracts—selling and giving away the Book of Life to the priest-ridden natives. This good woman was not content with getting clothes, but on the following day spent it in making up dresses for the native women, not in the modern style, it is true, as the hoops might get damaged in our ship, she being so full of cargo, but in a style much better adapted to the natives near Cape Horn. On the following Tuesday, I packed up, and had

a large bag made to put in the clothing. Our friends may judge its size and weight, when three men with myself tried to raise it up on our shoulders but were unable to do so; a cart with two horses was got, and the monster bag was turned over and over until it was in the street, and carted to the beach. On my way to the boat, a respectable waterman came up, and wished me to take two dollars (eight shillings) towards our Society; he came of his own accord, and was not asked. Shortly afterwards I was comfortably seated in the cabin of the steam ship *Pampero*, with Captain and Mrs. Suter, tired and weary, not of the work but in it.

“I shall ever look upon my visit to this city with feelings of grateful remembrance, and rejoice to know that the Great Head of the church has so many useful and devoted followers in His service. There is nothing in this Christian community like half-heartedness in a good work; when they take a thing in hand they do it, and it is well done, and I believe that if I am spared to visit them again, I shall see a still greater interest in our work. I have been requested to do so, and Mr. Goodfellow has invited me to his house as my home.

“On my arrival in Monte Video, I found the *Allen Gardiner* rigged again, she being dismantled when I left. Mr. Woodcock, my chief Mate, has done me much service: the ship’s business has been well attended to during my absence, as much so as if I had been here all the time myself, and I am happy to have a chief Mate of so much service, and so well suited to fill the post. The rest of the crew also have worked well, early and hard, without either a murmur or an unpleasant word from any one on board. The peace and happiness on board the *Allen Gardiner* has become so well known on shore, that sailors have refused other ships wanting hands, and have kept running after me for berths.”

## The Prayer.

There knelt a clergyman of the Church of England, many years ago, in deep and earnest prayer, and he cried mightily to his God for South America. He has gone to his rest in heaven. The place that knew him shall know him no more, but his prayer rose, was heard, and remains: long he cried, and long there seemed no answer, no response. Sadly he dwelt over the history of that semi-Continent where Spain had played so selfish a part; where 30,000,000 of the aborigines were swept away under her cruel treatment; where more than 8,000,000 perished in the mines alone; where religion shewed itself only in terror, and tyranny, and insult; where a man was sometimes bridled like the wild horse of the Pampas, and driven with the scourge in mockery; where Jesuitism enriched itself under the guise of equality, and made slaves under the pretence of the simplicity of the Gospel. Deeply he pondered, and more deeply did he pray for deliverance of the wretched. As he prayed, and ere his spirit passed away, there rose one of whom the earth was not worthy: and he toiled alone. Nay, not altogether alone, for kindred spirits from time to time were raised up to help him, but his work



was in vain in the sight of man. In England it seemed in vain, for few regarded when he spoke with earnest words of the wants of South America, and of the possibilities of rescuing it. Even the best, even the holiest, even those with the most Missionary zeal turned from him, and tried to turn him away from his work; but, nothing regarding all this, he went forth to the land of his choice, where England ought to have stood two hundred and fifty years before, where not even the name of God was known, he went forth to the desolate shores of Fuegia, with his chosen band of six, and perished in his noble effort to introduce the Gospel; perished without wife or child beside him, without home or attendant; the rich English gentleman, the gallant naval officer, perished of starvation, and all the band of noble hero martyrs perished with him, and passed to glory above. Vainly they perished. Ah no!—far from it—the prayer rose from them for victory. Their journals, wonderfully preserved, pointed the way to success, and now not one prayed, but thousands. The one solitary clergyman's voice had ceased, but the voices of thousands had prolonged the deep wish of his petition. England was moved, and the Mission to South America was finally begun. The martyr blood had given its seed of life, and the planted Church shewed its leaves of hope. So plain was this,

even to the enemy, that instantly the seed was now endeavoured to be choked or even pulled up by the roots, but still the prayer rose—an Almighty arm guarded—an Almighty eye watched—a Saviour's love, and a Spirit's pleading, sustained the work. And now the cry goes forth from many a voice, "Enlarge, haste the good work." "The Mission is a fact." It has made itself to be so. "Its field is wide," it is known to be so. Bible agents enter, and tell us to come there, for we are wanted. Merchants in South America stir us up to effort, and give of their means to help us. The Spanish Evangelization Society cheers us with the prospect of quick success. The revolutions of the country itself have marvellously prepared a way. *The Times*, once the opposer of the movement, now points unconsciously to Chili, and tells us the place is ripe for Protestant principles. The prayer ascends. Ever more voices take it up. Men offer themselves for the work. Do you doubt the result? Do you believe in God, the Hearer of prayer? Do you believe in Christ, the prevailing Intercessor? Do you feel the Holy Spirit help with unutterable groanings? Yes. Then doubt no more. The prayer is heard—the prayer of thousands is being now answered. England will at first furnish the means, for God will open the hearts of Englishmen to do so; and England shall be recompensed. Millions on

millions of money have been lost hitherto in South America by Englishmen. They had not consecrated their secular gifts there—they longed only for money. Now they may consecrate them; and South America will open her rich treasures, and pour back upon her a flood of gratitude, abundant in proportion as it has been long delayed.

Let England ponder over the prayer—the certainty of success—the blessedness of helping God’s work—and the rich reward of those who labour for Him; and soon she shall see, if she will only prove God, that He can open the windows of heaven, and pour down a blessing upon South America, and upon his praying, waiting people.

W. G.

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### Who will give, and who will go?

“The voice of my departed Lord,  
 ‘Go, teach all nations,’  
 Sounds on the night air,  
 And awakes mine ear.”

“Whom shall I send? who will go for us?”

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Such is the simple yet powerful appeal of the Lord God of Hosts—whose we are, and whom we profess to serve; and is not every heart amongst us ready to respond, with the Prophet of old, “Here am I—send



me?" It would seem but natural—yet, alas! we fear it is not so.

Although we have been solemnly signed and sealed as "Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end,"—yet, when "the Captain of our salvation" calls us to enter on some sphere of service not altogether agreeable to ourselves, we shrink from the summons, and try to persuade ourselves that it could not have been meant for *us*.

And yet the language is unmistakeable. "Look to your marching orders," said England's greatest general on one occasion, "and what do you find there? 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;' while, for the comfort and encouragement of His people, our Lord adds, and 'Lo, I am with you alway—even unto the end of the world.'" From every quarter of the earth, the cry of its sin-beleaguered inhabitants, "Come over and help us," is sounding in our ears; and can we, with the Lord on our side, refuse to go to their assistance?

When an earthly monarch summons his armies to service in a foreign land, do the soldiers shrink through fear of hardship or suffering? Do they not rather rejoice at being called into active duty, and bravely and manfully brave danger and death?

And shall it be otherwise with the armies of the living God—the King of Kings? Shall we, His soldiers, fear to encounter danger and difficulty—shall we shrink from any amount of trial or suffering for our beloved Master's sake? To our shame be it spoken if we do.

"*They* do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but *we* an incorruptible." Soon all the glory gained by the most distinguished of earthly warriors will meteor-like have faded away; while those "who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

O! fellow Christian soldiers, how can we consistently shrink from engaging in the conflict which is raging around us?

While daily thousands of our fellow-beings are falling victims to the great enemy of souls, can we sit still and be guiltless of the blood of our brethren? "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain: if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not, doth not He that pondereth the hearts consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it, and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

Let us remember our Lord and Master, who for our sakes left His Father's throne on high, and in a distant land lived a life of suffering and died a painful and ignominious death—"and for the joy that was set before Him" (that of "bringing many souls unto glory") "endured the cross, despising the shame:" will not such wondrous love constrain us, and shall we not rejoice that it is in our power to follow even at a distance in our blessed Master's footsteps?

If such be our state of mind, it cannot be long before our energies find the desired scope. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few"—zealous, self-denying, earnest men are wanting; let us turn where we may, "the fields are white," while those who ought to be joyfully gathering in their Lord's harvest shrink from the work as too laborious.

From India, China, Africa, and the Islands of the South Seas, may be heard the cry for aid; and now poor South America, so long neglected, joins in the chorus. "Send out fourteen men," says our Missionary; but, alas! where are they to be found? Six, indeed, have already been offered to us by our zealous

noble-hearted German neighbours; but where are the eight? "Are there none found" willing to consecrate themselves to God's service "save these strangers?"

Oh, English Christians, will you allow yourselves to be thus out-done? Have you no holy emulation—no "zeal for the Lord?" Imagine not that He cannot work without you—if you "should hold your peace" the very "stones would cry out;" if you refuse the proffered honour, He will elsewhere raise up to Himself faithful men, who will willingly suffer the loss of all things, and joyfully devote themselves to the service of their Lord, resigning all hope of worldly advancement, knowing that they "have in heaven a better" and more "enduring substance," for in their eyes "even that which is made glorious" will have "no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth."

Permit us in all love to ask, what is it that detains you at home, when your Master so urgently calls for your services abroad? Are you overpowered with a sense of your own inability for so great a work? It is true that of ourselves we can do nothing as of ourselves, but we have One on our side, whose "strength is made perfect in weakness." We call on you, then, to lay aside all thoughts of self, and "to be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

Are your family ties so strong that you cannot bear the thought of rending them asunder? Hear our Saviour's solemn warning, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

Do you cling to your "comforts?" "Ye have forgotten" Him who for your sakes left His glorious home, and while on earth "had not where to lay His head."



Is it hope of advancement or worldly gain that proves your stumbling-block—an unwillingness to resign all your temporal advantages? Then you walk not in the steps of him who resigned far more dazzling prospects, most probably, than yours, and “esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt,” and why? because “he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.” Is a less glorious reward held out to us? Have we not, on the contrary, “a better hope,” a “more sure word of prophecy” than the saints of old; “a better covenant, established upon better promises?” Ah, dear friends, we are without excuse. Unbelief is at the root of our hesitation—“we walk by sight, not by faith.” If unseen realities were continually before our minds, we should feel more keenly the value of each immortal soul. While our hearts yearned over our fellow-sinners, lying in darkness and the shadow of death, they would so overflow with love to Him who had made us to differ, that we should feel constrained to devote our every energy to His service, and to count all things but loss that we might win souls to Him!

May the Lord of the harvest mercifully hear His people, who cry day and night unto Him, and, in answer to their prayers, raise up and send forth many earnest devoted men as labourers into His harvest. May He stir up the souls of many amongst His faithful people in this country, that whether the call which is ringing from north to south, from east to west, sounds in their ears, or God Himself appeals to them in His own “still small voice” of love,—they may with one voice joyfully exclaim, “Here am I, send me.”

Yet, perhaps, we ought not to conclude without acknowledging, in all candour, that there are many to

whom God plainly indicates, either by physical inability or peculiar circumstances, that their sphere of labour must be limited to home, they, however willing and ardent in spirit, may not aspire to the honourable distinction already dwelt on—they may not emulate St. Paul in his holy ambition to preach or teach the Gospel where Christ has not been named; but they need not therefore abstain from lending their aid in the great work of evangelizing the world. There must be a certain body in the Church, who will pledge themselves to send men forth, and also to support and sustain them at their post; and from this body none need be excluded. We may not be permitted to engage in the actual Missionary work, but we may strengthen the hands of our brethren abroad, who are bearing the burden and heat of the day. It is of labourers such as these that at the present juncture our Mission stands peculiarly in need. The cry for men is urgent, but that for funds is still more pressing. The expenses of the Society during the past year have been heavy. It is impossible that the Committee should answer Mr. Despard's appeal, already referred to, unless Christians at home come to their aid. Can you, dear friends, refuse your assistance? Complain not of the many calls made upon your liberality. Remember, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Call to mind the great debt that has been paid for you, and shew your thankfulness to God for this His unspeakable gift. "Freely ye have received," will you not also "Freely give?"

## Roman Catholic testimony in favour of our Mission.

Under the heading of "A Missionary Colony," we find the following paragraph in the *El Correo del Plata*, of August 25, 1858. The circumstances under which it was written are the following:—Captain Fell, of the *Allen Gardiner*, had been giving lectures at Buenos Ayres, in connection with our Mission, and its objects. Much interest was excited, and an English paper, the *Commercial Times*, found room in its columns for an account of the proceedings. This account, which we do not now give, was circulated, and re-produced in the *El Correo del Plata*, a paper representing the Roman Catholic interests, but whose conductors evidently do not wholly sympathise with the intolerant instincts of the priestly party. Indeed we are by no means sure that this writer is not somewhat advanced in the liberal school, and that he does not stand at some distance outside of that significant *we*, of whom he seems to speak with the tenderness of compassion, when he says, "We are accustomed to believe that the Protestant is little less than a heretic, or an atheist." But, however this may be, we cannot but regard with much satisfaction, the subjoined expression of opinion regarding our Mission, by the Editor of a Roman Catholic Paper, in South America.

### A MISSIONARY COLONY.—PROPAGATION OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

"From one of the English papers published in Buenos Ayres, we take the following most interesting data respecting a Missionary Colony, which has been established in the snowy regions of the extreme south of Patagonia, called Tierra del Fuego. The faith of the men, who



start from England to the icy deserts of a sterile and savage land, as Patagonia is painted by travellers, must be a faith genuine, truly Christian. We are accustomed to believe that the Protestant is little less than a heretic, or an atheist, but it is well to look at things on all sides. The Protestant Missionary is however a Christian, inasmuch as he preaches the faith of Christ; and when his efforts in propagating this faith, result in the education of a savage people, who grope in darkness, misery, and ignorance, being destitute of the enjoyment of civilisation, and, what is more, being deprived of the benefit of religion, both in its moral influence, and as a means of future salvation, that Missionary deserves the applause of Christendom, although it has been his unhappy lot to be born in a land, where all the principles and dogmas of our holy religion are not acknowledged. Therefore we have much pleasure in making known to our readers the account which we have received of this Missionary Colony."

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**Mr. Fell's Journal. (Continued.)**

We have much pleasure in giving further portions from Mr. Fell's Journal. The date is still Monte Video, at which place the *Allen Gardiner* was awaiting the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, who left Liverpool in July last.

The non-arrival of letters and journals from our Mission station, is exclusively due to the absence of communication between Cranmer and Stanley. But we have this no slight satisfaction, viz: to know that, so long as there is a Fuegian family under the care of your brethren abroad, the direct mission work is going on—

the language of the Fuegians is being picked up—and the influences of Christian life and doctrine are being brought to bear on heathen hearts. Every reason have we to take courage, and to lift up our prayers and thanksgivings to our Father in heaven! And for those who value the work of Christ for its own sake, whether amongst the heathen, or nominal Christians, is there not deep cause for joy in the spiritual ministrations recorded in the accompanying journal, as going on amongst a large and varied sea-faring population? We congratulate the friends of this Society, on the incidental advantages accruing to British and American sailors, from their Mission vessel at Monte Video.

“To me it was truly pleasing on the Sabbath day to see each and all taking such a pride in their clothing, and also in the boat, in which our visits were paid to the different ships, for the purpose of distributing tracts and holding religious services, besides inviting to them. With heart and soul they man the boat and ‘give way’ through the bay on the Sabbath. When the word of command is passed, ‘unrow,’ the oar-blades are tossed in the air, and in a moment lying on the thwart. But what of all this, it may be said, in connection with religious services among sailors? The man who has been engaged in the work can tell and appreciate such conduct. In the first place he has many obstacles to overcome in himself; there is such a thing in the Lord’s work as plucking up courage. A man has to fight with himself; if I may use the expression, he has to force himself to begin. Earthly business is natural, it agrees with our inclinations; spiritual work, however, is unnatural, and the Lord’s help is needed to enter the field; I feel it so at least, and very often have to force myself to the work. Then, when a vessel is

fixed for a service, and you go round inviting, the sum and substance of your invitations is 'Come and hear me preach;' if in addition to this you had to contend with an unwilling boat's crew to pull the boat about the harbour, the task would be made still greater, and the labour more. When their Sabbath's rest is thus broken by manual labour on the Lord's day, although in connection with the spread of the Gospel, I let them have an equal amount of time to rest through the week when most convenient. I see no reason why a Sailor should not have his Monday as well as a Minister, when kept hard at it on the Sabbath. These are my own arrangements, the crew did not look for it.

"The first ship I called on board this time, for the purpose of holding a religious service, was her Majesty's ship of war, *Harrier*. The Captain received me with the greatest kindness, and expressed not only his willingness to let me preach to his crew, but his pleasure in having me to do so. His ship, although a sloop of war, did not rate a chaplain. I then spent some time with him in the cabin, giving an account of our Mission in Tierra del Fuego, as he felt much interested in the work, and in the history of Jemmy Button. On the following Sabbath I was on board by 10 a.m., and after the regular muster, all hands assembled between decks to hear the word of life. I should think there were present 170 sailors and marines, with the officers and the Captain. The strictest order and discipline were to be observed, and all this too with the absence of every thing like harshness and unkind treatment. As sailors do not like long services, I condensed, or rather omitted a portion of the prayers, &c. of the morning service, and at the close of the prayers, and before the address, gave out the morning hymn,



'Awake my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily stage of duty run.'

Having applied the old hundredth to it, I knew the sailors would join in, which they did very nicely. The address was founded on Heb. ii. 3.—'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' and it was pleasing to observe the attention paid by all. I then went round on all hands, fore and aft, presenting each with a religious tract, and am happy to state that out of that large ship's company, only one refusal was made, the party being I suppose a member of the church of Rome. Sailors are not so bad as persons sometimes make them out to be, especially with regard to religious teaching; they are willing, and glad to be instructed in the truths of Christianity, only wanting a peculiar method in bringing it to bear upon their minds. There is no class of men to whom I would rather preach the Gospel of Christ, than British and American seamen, and notwithstanding all that roughness, and careless conduct which they sometimes manifest when on shore, yet when eternal truths are brought within the reach of their understanding, and they hear that Jesus laid aside His glory—suffered, bled, died, rose again, and now sits at the right hand of God as their Saviour, Intercessor, and Redeemer—the heart gets touched, it is seen in the expression of the countenance, and they really appear to feel and know that you are their friend. The doctrine of the cross affects the sailor's heart, he is a sinner like other men, and the mention of a Saviour is like a spiritual loadstone which works only on the sinner's heart.

"During the following week I was engaged with the ship business, getting her put in good order, and attending to the many commissions which I had not only for

the Mission, from Mr. Despard, but also from the brethren at Cranmer, which gave me enough to do, and caused a very great deal of running about. Those who are acquainted with Monte Video know well the difficulty and labour in getting through business. A day is sometimes spent in hard work, and yet nothing done, until the individual takes his seat in the shop, and waits for the promised article, bill, or whatever it may be. I merely mention this to show how much time is broken that might be spent in Missionary labour. During this week, too, I was anxious to get the ship's register closed, as the cost of keeping it open for the receiving of cargo amounted to 3s. 4d. per day. I am thankful to state that through the zealous endeavours of Mr. Mc Lean, who was three days occupied, more or less at it, coupled with the assistance of E. Thornton, Esq., British Consul, the ship's Custom-house expenses have been nearly all taken off, and some £14 saved to the Society. Other persons in business have also reduced their prices to us, being a Mission ship.

“ *Sunday, Sept. 5th.*—This morning I visited the *Perry*, American man-of-war, and found the sailors most willing to attend my service. The boats were about to go on shore with the sailors who had liberty, but the men preferred staying to the service, and all assembled down below to hear the word of God. The officers, as upon the former occasion, were exceedingly kind, and every needful help was afforded. I preached from 1 John v. 12, ‘And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.’ The greatest possible attention was paid. At the close I went round as usual, distributing tracts to all. From this service I went on shore and heard Mr. Pendleton in his own church. In the afternoon I went round on the English

ships, inviting to the service on board the *Allen Gardiner*. Our little vessel was nicely fitted up for it. The awning was spread, with its fringed borders, and at the forepart we had the gaff topsail spread athwart the deck, to keep the wind and smoke from the cook's galley away from the audience. The afternoon is not the best time for seamen to attend divine service, no more than landsmen. After dinner the hammock has a wonderful attraction, so much so, that they 'turn in' and go to sleep. In our visitation we had to rouse them up to come and hear the word of life, and some obeyed the summons. Many of the crews were on shore, which made our meeting less than it otherwise would have been; notwithstanding, a good few assembled on our deck; a water-cask, covered over with the ensign, answered the purpose of a pulpit; all the seats along the deck were nicely covered over with flags; the Mission flag at the fore, the Bethel ditto at the main, with the ship's numbers underneath; the ensign at the flag-staff over the stern, and the union-jack at the bowsprit end, were all nicely waving in the breeze. The Sabbath day was evidently celebrated by the appearance of the *Allen Gardiner's* flags. I addressed them from the following words:—'A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'—Isaiah xxxii. 2. At the close of the service I gave a brief account of our Mission, as no one knew anything about it, and then allowed all present to go down into the cabin to see Captain Gardiner's likeness, the list of subscribers to the building of the ship, &c. By this means, when asked by their relatives at home about our work, they will be able to give the necessary information. The sailors, on leaving,



returned thanks for the attention shown, and appeared to feel themselves respected. In the evening I had again the privilege of hearing Mr. P. from the Gospel of St. John, and spent the remainder of my time with Mr. Lafone and his interesting family. Thus the Sabbath has passed away; God grant that the seed sown, both on shore and on board ship, may bring forth fruit.

“ On the following week, when on board the *Pampero*, with Captain and his sister, a friend informed me that the *Water Lily* had just arrived from England, and that there was a gentleman on board who knew and wished to see me. I found, on reaching the Captain and his passenger, that the latter was Mr. Haward, of Plymouth, who had come out for his health, bringing with him two of the latest numbers of the ‘Voice of Pity,’ through which he knew me, but was much better acquainted with a lady in Plymouth interested in our work, and also with the Society. It was to me no small privilege to meet such as Mr. H. and Capt. B., both of whom are decided followers of the Lord Jesus. How pleasant it is in a distant country to meet with the followers of Jesus, and converse about those things which relate to His kingdom. Both Mr. H. and the Capt. had been so much interested by reading the ‘Voice of Pity,’ that they were anxious to hear all about the Society and its workings. I made arrangements to go off with them in the afternoon, and return in the morning, being well able to leave my ship. When there I was asked many questions about our work, and being wishful to extend the information, I requested the Captain to let the crew come into the cabin, that they might hear the lecture at the same time. The sailors were all much pleased to hear of the natives. Mr. H. took the chair. The whole of our work was unknown to them, and

about twenty heard, by giving the information in this way, with the same amount of labour to myself, as one by private conversation. I had, also, according to Mr. Pendleton's request, to re-deliver the lecture on the Patagonian Mission, in Mr. Rae's school-rooms. The number in attendance was small, many who wished to be there being prevented by other circumstances.

“ *Friday, Sept. 10th.*—This afternoon I called on board the American sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, to ask permission to hold a service on the following Sabbath. I found Mr. R., 1st Lieutenant, to be a pious man, and in the habit of reading prayers to the crew every Sabbath. He received me with great kindness, as did also the Captain and other officers, and arrangements were made for the Sabbath. At the appointed time I called on board, and after muster, the 1st Lieutenant, at my request, read the prayers as usual, and I gave the address. It was truly pleasing to see here that large body of men met so willingly to hear God's word. The capstan bars were soon arranged across the chests, on each side between decks, and the officers sat on chairs on the after part. What a number of rough masculine faces presented themselves before me, looking as attentively and steadfastly at me in the face, as if eager to hear the words of life. Many had been, and some were still suffering from sickness, but wherever they were seated, you could see them all popping out their faces from places where it was difficult to see me from. I gave an address from John xiv. 1, 2, 3,—‘Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me,’ &c. The Lord, I trust, being my helper, I did my best in bringing the truth, as far as I knew it, within the reach of their understandings. I tried to show also by scripture that they, as sailors, seemed specially welcome.—

John vi. 37 ; that Jesus manifested His attachment to them, by choosing His first disciples from among them ; that they would get clear of all their hardships, trials, and disappointments ; and that it was a subject of more importance to them than any other with which they had to do. We closed by singing the doxology.

“ I went round then to all the men, nearly two hundred, and to each gave a tract. The boat’s crew of the *Water Lily* was there also, in addition to our own, with Mr. Roberts, Chief Mate, whom I also found to be a religious man. According to his statement some of the men were in tears when the address was given. Messrs. Roberts, Rogers, First Lieutenant, and myself, met afterwards at the Lord’s table, and received the sacrament from Mr. Pendleton along with his flock. The Bethel flag was at this time flying at the *Allen Gardiner’s* main for an afternoon service, Mr. Pendleton being engaged to preach. As the wind was very high, and few boats likely to leave their ships, we judged it prudent to postpone Mr. P.’s services until the next Sabbath. As we could not expect him to come every Sabbath, having two services in his own Church, and one in the English Hospital, we prevailed on Mr. Rogers to take it. Other boats flocked around the *Allen Gardiner*, and among them came our brother in his Red Cutter, with the stars and stripes. Mr. R. commenced by giving out the following hymn :—

‘ Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truths at night.’

All joined very nicely in singing the Old Hundredth to the hymn, while the Spanish sailors in a Barque, being near, were assembled on the forecastle listening



to it. Mr. Rogers read the prayers, and gave an interesting address on the latter part of the fourteenth of Matthew, namely, the miracle of the 'five loaves and two fishes' feeding the multitude that sat on the grass; and then on Peter's faith failing when our Lord commanded him to go to Him. The sailors all listened with profound attention, and while Mr. Rogers referred to his past experience in the American navy, where he had found that pious men were always to be preferred to them who neglected the Gospel, every eye was riveted upon the preacher. He illustrated his point still further by referring to General Havelock with his men in the East Indies; how that the praying soldier could always be relied upon when wanted. We all were gratified in having our American brother with us, and hope to have his company ere long again. The strange sailors were then shown into the cabin, which I have had neatly fitted up in the most economical manner for a place like Monte Video, and it is pleasing to hear the remarks passed about the handsome and respectable appearance which our little Missionary ship assumes. I believe that cleanliness and the Gospel go hand in hand—that all Christian men should exhibit the former, and if so, I feel that a ship devoted to the spread of that Gospel should be the same. The ship has been thoroughly cleansed—undergone a thorough overhauling from the mast head down, and from the flying jib-boom to the end of the main boom, painted inside and out, and also in the various apartments, cabin, half deck, and forecastle, so now all that is wanted is a few new sails, coppering her bottom afresh, and caulking the top side, and then the *Allen Gardiner* will be in as good condition as when she left England. There is, however, one thing about her, that is, her pump gear gets very rusty

for want of use—she being almost as tight as a bottle—as strong as wood and iron can well make her. But I am leaving my subject, discussing the qualities of the *Allen Gardiner* and cleanliness. Our Sabbath service on board being finished, the crew went on shore to hear Mr. Pendleton. I was unable to accompany them, having sprained my ankle on board the man of war, which in the evening caused me great pain. After the service they all came off to the ship, the Mate giving me an account of the sermon. I may just say here that I have commenced a Bible class with the crew, and I don't know of any exercise that has given me more pleasure of a new kind than this. All hands bring their Bibles, and endeavour to answer the questions put on the various verses. Isaiah's Prophecies have been our task. In carrying this on I feel my own want of more scriptural knowledge, and could often wish to have our Superintendant to lead the class, as he is without flattery the best expounder of Scripture, taking it up verse by verse, I ever heard. I hope, with God's blessing, to improve, it being a work quite new to me. This being Monday, and I confined to the ship with my sore ankle, I have spent it in writing, and the crew having been busy finishing the painting. While at work in this way a letter has just arrived from the Rev. W. Goodfellow, Buenos Ayres (American minister) requesting me to write out the leading part of the lecture on the Patagonian Mission which I delivered in the above city, as he wishes to send both it and a drawing of the *Allen Gardiner* home to the United States of North America; most gladly (D. V.) will I do so, humble and imperfect as it may be, nor can I forget the sympathy and co-operation which that good brother with his Church has manifested in our work.

“ While thus endeavouring to make known the Gospel to others, our friends at home will be glad to hear that the Lord is not leaving us to labour without showing evident signs of his approbation. One of the men in the fore-castle has been led to see himself as a sinner before God, and has, and I trust, is still looking to Jesus as his Saviour. This has been done principally through the private conversations of a pious sailor, in the fore-castle. This pious young man tried hard to get on board the *Allen Gardiner* before ever I had seen him, by writing a letter to me, and sending it by other hands, in which he expressed his desire to get in the ship so as to help in ‘Telling God’s errand’ to sinners. I hurriedly read over the letter, and told the bearer to tell the writer that I had the complement of the crew made up, and could not take on another hand at present. After this I had a meeting in a sloop, on board of which he was at work, although not engaged to stay by the ship, and this made him still more anxious to get. Although he called on board to see me, and after some little conversation, I found that as far as I could judge, he knew the truth by experience, and had been in the ‘strait and narrow way,’ from the age of fifteen, I would not give a decided answer until I saw the Captain he was then working for, to see if he was fixed by the ship by word of promise. On the following day I found that the young man referred to would not give his word to go in the ship as second mate, until he saw his door of hope on board the *Allen Gardiner* completely shut, the expectation being to go before the mast. Shortly after I gave my word that I would make room for him as an extra hand, feeling that there was plenty of work, and such men were wanted. Ephraim Carmichael, of Belfast, is



the person to whom I refer, who has held occasional prayer meetings in the fore-castle, which are well appreciated by the crew; thus it is that one has cried 'What must I do to be saved.' The inquirer I have had in the cabin for prayer and instruction, as far as I could give it, on the method God has adopted to save sinners. On the following night but one, he came back into the cabin, and seemed to realise an interest in the atoning blood of Christ. May the Lord grant that his future life may, by Divine grace, prove his sincerity, and may he ever after look upon the *Allen Gardiner* as the birthplace of his soul.

"It was my intention, the Lord being my helper, to commence a course of tract distribution in the town of Monte Video, commencing at where I left off when here last time. My foot disabling me for walking, I sent Ephraim with his pockets loaded with nice little books of the Gospel by John. These I received for the purpose from Mrs. Despard, when leaving Keppel Island. On his return from the shore, when I asked how he got on, he told me he felt it much harder work than he expected it would have been, but that the natives received them very gratefully. He was emptied of all he had. On the following day he went again with a still greater load, and disposed of them all, meeting more opposition than on the former occasion; yet there is room for much encouragement, and we trust God's blessing will rest upon these silent messengers of mercy. It is Gospel light which is wanted in these Catholic countries; the people are eager for the word of life.

LINES,  
ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF RICHARD WILLIAMS, LATE  
MISSIONARY IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

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Faithful witness! how I long  
To see thee, when our *Head* appears,  
His attendant saints among,  
Jubilant and glorious throng—  
Victors over blood and tears!

Radiant then thy placid smile,—  
Which nor fierce Fuegian storm,  
Nor the pangs of thy lone isle,  
Nor its men by sin made vile—  
Could extinguish or deform.

Crown'd shall be that gracious brow,  
Sunk to earth in sorrow here;  
Then those lips shall tell us how  
Through long months of dying thou  
Still could'st feel thy Saviour near.

How I long to grasp that hand,  
Wasted once by famine dire;  
Side by side with thee to stand;  
Or, far off, 'midst that bright band,  
To behold thee and admire!

Christ-crown'd Martyr! on that day  
When thy Lord and mine appears,  
Oh! that I may hear Him say,—  
"Well done, thou, too! Come away—  
Reign with us through endless years!"

BEDELL.