

THE

VOICE OF PITY

FOR

South America.

VOL. IX.—1862.

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



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OR
South American Missionary Society.

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It is requested that all communications in reference to the Society may be addressed to the Rev. W. Gray, Secretary, 6, Westbourne Place, Clifton, Bristol; where any Contributions will be gladly received. Money orders should be drawn on the Clifton office, and made payable to the Secretary.

Our Claims.

At the commencement of another year we again invite our readers' careful attention to the interests and claims of the work of God in South America. This work is large, varied, and important. If we estimate the population of that continent at only 18,000,000, and bear in mind that, excepting in British Guiana, and in sea-port towns, where Ministers of the Gospel are here and there to be found, evangelical religion is a thing unknown, while heathenism and a paganised Christianity exist side by side, it does not require a large amount of reasoning to convince earnest Christian minds of the pressing need of preaching Christ crucified there.

In different parts of the continent remnants of the pure Indian tribes are found living apart from the foreign civilisation, which prevails on the sea-board, and in certain districts of the interior, and disputing up till now with the conquering race the titles to the lands of their Indian progenitors. With these representatives of the old population of South America it fares but ill. They meet with no sympathy from the white man, and have never accepted his religion. Thus in Patagonia we find wholly pagan tribes, notwithstanding they come in contact with Spanish settlements in the north and south of that country. It is not that these people are naturally averse to Europeans, or to their religion; but the treatment which they have received, has alienated their hearts, and failed to convince their understandings. Our experience, however, of the friendliness of these Indians has been quite sufficient, we believe, to lead us to anticipate the happiest results from the presence amongst them of

the christian Missionary. We need not repeat here the testimony of Mr. Schmid, who, supported by Mr. Hunziker, is now living and labouring amongst a portion of the population in the south of Patagonia. But we think it worth while to re-produce from the "Voice of Pity," for September, 1857, the result of the Rev. J. F. Ogle's observations of the condition of the Indian tribes in the north of that country and of the openings for Missionary work there. His letter is dated March 11, 1857, El Carmen, a place already familiar to our readers as the projected basis of operations in that district.

"I have good news from my visit. The *Indians* of the tribes Chillenians, Tehuelches, Pampas, and Aucases, resort to this place for trade. I was not so happy as to meet with them; their visit is not till winter, and there is war of a sanguinary character between the Indians and Spaniards. The Tehuelches, or Indians of the South, which are Patagonians proper, have concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the government settlement at Carmen. This is a powerful tribe of 2500 families. The chief, Yankitnez, is a warrior, and has acquired the use of firearms. He fights for the Spaniards against the Indians of the North. In August last, the 27th, a fierce attack was made by these Indians; several tribes united for the purpose of destroying a small fort, at the entrance of the Rio Negro. The pilot, a resolute American, with five or six men, defended their mud-built fortress against one thousand Indians; many were mounted, and armed with the lance. The contest between the musket and the rude weapon of the Indian proved unequal, and the Indians were repulsed with severe loss; it is said of forty-five men: the skulls and bones of four, still on the

ground, are witnesses to the work of death: I observe in these no inferiority of cranial development; the heads are large and full, foreheads high, cheek bones large: the bones are of men of ordinary stature. The Pilot says, they were not taller than himself; he is a finely made man, above six feet in height.

“The Indians have stolen the greater part of the cattle and horses of the Spaniards, and greatly impoverished the country; their inroads have also put a check upon all trade, and discouraged the efforts of the agriculturist. No land is occupied more than a mile distant from the river bank, and forty or fifty miles up the river all occupation ceases. When it is considered that this river is navigable 200 miles from the sea, that fine land, level and exceedingly fertile, extends to a distance of two leagues, three on the south side, admirably adapted to growth of wheat and all the cereal crops, also for sugar, tobacco, and fruits of every kind, semi-tropical, and that the Spaniards are desirous to occupy this magnificent territory, and that the government of Buenos Ayres makes very liberal overtures to foreigners in this and other parts of their territory, the magnitude of the evil will be readily perceived. It appears to me a circumstance peculiarly favourable to our object. The jealousy of a Protestant Mission will be counterbalanced by the hope of its tending to civilize and reduce to amity the Indian tribes. The Commandante of El Carmen has expressed to me in a very friendly manner his satisfaction to hear of our efforts, and his willingness to give them every countenance in his power. I find many of all tribes, hostile as well as friendly, in the families and employ of Spaniards; to these I have addressed the few and small efforts of instruction for which this voyage has afforded opportunity. I might spend much time in

describing these interviews; of them generally I may say, they have been invariably very friendly. The Indians, oppressed as they have been by Spaniards, and little regarded but as slaves, hear with great interest of the devotion and disposition of Christians in a country so powerful and so distant as England. I have mentioned Captain Gardiner to them; their eyes glisten with pleasure, and I have seen the tear roll down the dark complexioned countenance of more than one. I am confident that these people are remarkably intelligent, and in no small degree open to instruction."

This information respecting the northern Patagonian tribes is very encouraging, we think, and must lead all thoughtful persons to contemplate with hopefulness the initiation of Protestant Christian efforts amongst them. At present the case stands thus. Two Missionaries of the Society are actually engaged with a portion of the same race in the southern district of Patagonia. The people are friendly; and a leading cacique has placed his sons under the care and instruction of our Missionaries. In the northern district, access to the Indians is not only possible, but can be gained under favourable auspices. Add to this that the Indians are entirely pagan, and that the Lord Jesus Christ has commanded his people to make Him known to them. What more then is wanted to make the Christian Church recognise, and undertake the duty of sending the messenger of the Gospel to these parts?

But whilst this is the case with respect to Patagonia, it holds good also elsewhere. In Araucania, for instance, it is so. Here are tribes of

Indians, some entirely, others in fact, if not in name, pagan. They have been driven into a corner of the land, which was once all their own, by the advancing tide of Spanish power. (We are stating a fact, not commenting upon it.) We find them in a narrow district, shut in by the Cordilleras on the east, and the Pacific Ocean on the west, except so far as certain passes in the mountain barrier admit of their passage to and from the Pampas beyond. These tribes are waiting for the approaching "feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace." Why should not the messenger go—or rather, since we have messengers of Christ already on their frontiers, why should not the Church at home increase the number of them, and add to their efficiency by multiplying the existing agencies?

Then again, there are wholly uncivilised, and pagan tribes of Indians in the Gran Chaco; and in Peru and Brazil are possibly 2,000,000 of the same class of Indians wholly uninfluenced, or only superficially affected by the Christian religion. The work of Protestant Missions then in South America, is it not a great one?—one for which the Church of Christ must pray, and plead, and strive?

But we have only touched the hem of the subject. Hitherto we have been speaking of the purely Indian population, those remnants of old races, which still live apart from the religion, and civilisation of the conquerors of the land. Are we to neglect the great bulk of the population? It is true a nominal Christianity exists, but it is a weak, degenerate, and decaying thing falling to pieces from sheer want of vital

power. We speak advisedly, when we say, with regard to the present state and prospects of the Roman Catholic religion in South America, that "from the head to the foot there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." "A wicked and horrible thing hath happened in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?" To introduce, therefore, the reviving elements of a purer faith, and to promote, as far as possible, the spread of evangelical truth among all classes, is and must be a primary object of a Mission like our own. And by doing this we shall be, not avoiding, but deepening, and strengthening our work amongst the Indian races. Those acquainted with South America know well how much Indian blood mingles with the dominant race in that country. The type of countenance among the people in the towns is largely and visibly Indian. The Gaucho soldiers are chiefly Indian; and the Indian element not obscurely affects the political conditions of the different states of the country. There is no sympathy indeed, or community of action between these dominant classes, and the hunting tribes of which we have previously spoken. A certain pride of birth, and the affectation of a superior civilisation, and purer religion, separate the former from the latter. But to us, looking at them from a distance, it is not difficult to see how in one respect they all alike claim our sympathy; for if to one Christ is not known, to the other his name is but "sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal." Just as the blood of the conqueror has

mingled with the Indian, so has the religion of the conqueror been married to the superstitions of the aboriginal people. The Indian form and feature cannot be disguised by the Spanish hat and poncho, and the refined superstitions of popery have failed to obliterate the grosser worship of the old Indian races. They have in fact formed an alliance; with how great a loss to the cause of Christian truth few can estimate. Here then is a field of work for us, for our South American Missionary Society. Emphatically this name is ours. We stand alone in this work. No other Church-of-England society, no society belonging to other denominations of Protestant Christians, touches this field of labour. We stand alone, fighting single-handed; and we appeal therefore to all who love our Protestant Christianity to give their aid, and sympathy to this work. But in conclusion we must strengthen our statement by another fact. In South America there are groups of English settlers, without any means of grace, no man caring for their souls. They are placed often in districts contiguous to those occupied by the Indian tribes. It is the purpose of our Mission to provide chaplains for these isolated, and neglected portions of our fellow countrymen; and then to turn these Missionary Chaplaincies into centres of Gospel light for the surrounding heathen. If Christians will only ponder over these things, we do not despair of seeing our Society recognised as one of the most important of the Christian agencies of the day. That this may be the case, we heartily pray to God.

Important Facts.

We think it is a fact, which ought to influence powerfully Christian minds, that a work of God has actually been commenced among the tribes of Tierra del Fuego. If laying aside prejudices, and regarding only the actual position of the Missionary work, so far as Tierra del Fuego is concerned, the friends of Missions will candidly consider the following facts, they cannot, we think, withhold from our Mission that cordial sympathy and support, which the persevering efforts of our Society have fairly won. What then are these facts? First, we will mention the existence of a body of Christian men praying for, and labouring for the evangelisation of the Fuegian tribes. This in itself we believe is a remarkable fact. Secondly, the publication of the spiritual, and moral, and physical destitution of these tribes is something, which the Church of Christ should not overlook. The cry of these poor people has entered into its ears, and cannot any longer be shut out. This again is an important fact, on which hangs a grave amount of Christian responsibility. But thirdly, the intercourse, which has already taken place between the Missionaries of our Society, and the Fuegian races, is such as fully to establish the possibility of our reaching, and benefiting them by the means employed. We have experience of their habits, of their capability of instruction, of their willingness to receive our teaching. We have acquired from them a large knowledge of their language, while members of their tribes have learned habits of industry, to read our language in the phonetic type, and to write. Furthermore some of them have become intelligently

acquainted with the law of God, and have heard, if they have not received in all their power, the truths of the Gospel of Christ. Surely in these simple facts we have evidence of successful effort in the past, and encouragement to persevere in time to come. But fourthly, for the future conduct of the work we have all the elements of hopeful effort. There is a well furnished Mission Station on the Falkland Islands, and a second in contemplation on Picton Island, in Tierra del Fuego. There is a Mission Ship, which gives us the ready means of approach to these far-off Islanders. Finally, and of all things most important, there are Christian men willing to prosecute the work. Is there any one to disparage these facts, or venturesome enough to deny that they impose on us the duty of more extended effort? If not, we entreat the friends of Missions to grant their generous support, and sympathy, to a cause which is Christian in its truest sense, and which undoubtedly is destined to receive the blessing of Christ. Our friends will not forget that the first labours of every Mission are always the most trying, the most irksome, and apparently the least profitable. And then the first fruits are necessarily small, so that "to labour, and to wait," is the portion of all those called to work in the Lord's vineyard. This truth is so happily illustrated in the Church Missionary Intelligencer for last month, in an article on the Indian Episcopate, that we cannot do better than quote the writer's words. They are the result of much experience, and are endorsed by the history of a society, whose successes now are real, but whose early struggles, and difficulties were long and severely great. Thus we read:—

“The foreign agency which commences the work is a handful. It never was intended to be more. It is merely initiative in its action, and as such will always be numerically disproportionate to the masses it approaches; yet that does not preclude its effectiveness. Let us explain. There is a district in New Zealand, one happily remote from the calamitous war which has so arrested the growing prosperity of those islands, where, forty years ago, wheat was unknown. The potato and kumera were the only edibles grown by the natives. Now the valleys and hill-sides, where the forest and the fern-root flourished luxuriantly, are covered with rich crops of mellow wheat, ripe for the harvest. A Missionary laid the foundation of this plenty. He brought in with him two stockings' full of wheat grain. It was sown, and, as it reproduced itself, was resown, until there was enough to serve both as seed and food. Observe; the first harvest raised consisted of little tiny patches. How contemptible they seemed when contrasted with the extensive territories around—the plains and outlying hills! Yet such is the power of reproduction, that they have furnished forth more than seed enough for all the ground that can be brought into cultivation. So in India. A few Missionaries have entered in. They have sown a handful of the seed of the kingdom, no more, and it has yielded the tiny patches of its first produce. There they are, the little churches and congregations dispersed over the face of India. How contemptible they look when compared with the dense masses of India's population! Yet to these we must look for the increase of the work. We must look, not so much to fresh seed brought from without, as to the naturalized seed which they shall yield us: only let them be wisely dealt with, not stunted and dwarfed by indis-

creet action. The seed they yield is peculiarly valuable, because it is naturalized. It is a native element Christianized. When introduced by a foreign agent, the Gospel has much to contend with. A new language has to be acquired. Even under the most advantageous circumstances, when others have pioneered the way, and prepared vocabularies and elementary books, still his ear has to be accustomed, and his tongue broken in, to the new sounds, and it is long before he can so speak as to arrest the attention of the native, and express distinctly and intelligibly the truths which he wishes to communicate. To the very last he remains a foreigner in the land, one not of the people themselves, but, in points too numerous to be specified, unlike them. The danger is, lest the religion which he introduces be regarded as a foreign element, well suited to the white man, but uncongenial to the native mind, and incapable of adapting itself to a native soil; and thus so formidable are the difficulties with which a religion such as Christianity is encompassed -- one which, to help the sinner, deals faithfully with him by pointing out his sin, that its progress would be impossible were it not the power of God. Therefore it is that the first converts are the great marvel of the work. The men who have had the boldness to break off from the long prescribed creed and customs of their forefathers, and, amidst obloquy and persecution, embrace the new faith, present a phenomenon, in its remarkable character inferior only to the miraculous. Disadvantaged as it is in its primary action, crippled and impeded by adverse circumstances, the Gospel nevertheless wins its way, and, in every land and language where it is dealt with faithfully, yields these earlier fruits. But its progress is retarded. The work commenced under such circumstances is slow in its de-

velopment. Men labour long and painfully before a first convert appears, and slowly, and amidst much discouragement, the Missionary toils up the steep ascent, the rocky barriers, and precipitous paths, which, unless surmounted, would leave him a prisoner on the narrow beach where he was landed, and shut him out for ever from the open country above."

The Work at Lota.

The following letter from a well known, and influential merchant in Valparaiso, who visited Lota to make himself personally acquainted with the position, and prospects of the work undertaken by the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, will be read with interest by all friends of the Mission. We have again and again sought to impress our readers with the two-fold character of Lota, first as a centre of spiritual influence for the British denizens in those parts, and secondly as a basis of Missionary operations amongst the Indian population, whose frontier line passes within a short distance of that town. We have furthermore pointed out how all-important it is in a country like Chili, where the popish element is so easily excited to action against Protestants, to assume a position the least liable on the one hand to excite the jealous apprehension of the Roman Catholic population, and calculated on the other to present to the neighbouring Indians a character, and purpose as little as possible open to their ever-wakeful suspicions. Now we venture to express our decided conviction that the circumstances of Mr. Gardiner's position at Lota amply justify the choice of Lota as a basis of Missionary operations,

and lead us to regard it with the most favourable expectations. In fact, so admirably at present does the plan of the work at Lota seem to answer, that in other localities it is likely we shall best promote the interests of the Mission by imitating its main features. Thus at Corrientes, and again at Ascension, the presence of a few British residents, hitherto without any means of grace, invites the attention of our Society, while the geographical position of these places points them out as eminently suitable for bases of approach to the Aboriginal tribes of the Gran Chaco, and of Paraguay. The Society thus unites in itself the joint features of the Church Missionary, and the Colonial and Continental Societies; and we urge this important fact upon the Christian Church as a motive for extended support, and an enlarged sympathy.

The letter of Mr. Balfour is chiefly confined to what he actually saw at Lota. Upon the prospects of the Indian portion of the work he only casually touches; but what he does say respecting this, is worthy of all attention, and we venture to repeat it here. "I would further state that the disturbed state of the minds of the Indians, at the period of Mr. Gardiner's arrival in this country, would have made his appearance amongst them, humanly speaking, inopportune. Now there is not a whisper of revolution in the South, and on the contrary perhaps a fear on the minds of those, who were disaffected, of punishment for the wrongs they committed. It will be a work of time probably, but the prospects of Mr. Gardiner's obtaining entrance to, and ultimate consideration amongst them, are not unfavourable, if the opinions of those best qualified to

judge are adopted His proposal of making journeys amongst them from time to time, to get known to them, is thought a judicious way to proceed." This testimony is most valuable; and our friends will rejoice in the calm, and measured, yet encouraging, tone, in which the writer, an eye witness, and close examiner of the work, and its prospects, gives his opinion respecting it. In a letter from the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, dated Lota, Oct. 20th, he announces the arrival of Mr. W. T. Coombe on the 3rd of that month, and speaks of active preparations for a journey into the interior, amongst the Indians. "In order," he says, "to facilitate Mr. Coombe in obtaining as much proficiency as possible by the 16th of December, which is the latest date I should like to name for the commencement of the itinerant Mission, I have requested him to look upon the Spanish language, and the Spanish horse, as his two studies up to that date, with the exception of assisting me on Sunday with the services, and the Sunday School." The Spanish horse, we may remark in passing, is not quite so docile as our English friend, not trained in the same way, and no admirer perhaps of the anglo-saxon style of mounting. Certain it is, that except to skilful horsemen, the first essays at riding at Lota, seem not without peril, and Mr. Gardiner, with a peculiar *naïvete*, remarks in reference to his new associate in the work, "I am far more afraid at mischief occurring in the way of precipices, and rivers, than from dangers by the Indians." But we give now the letter of Mr. Balfour, which has been kindly entrusted to us, assured that our readers will be gratified by its perusal.

“ *Valparaiso, October 14th, 1861.* ”

“ My dear — ”

“ Having recently paid a visit to Mr. Gardiner at Lota, I think well to communicate the impressions it has left, both for your satisfaction and also for the information of the Patagonian Society, if opportunity should at any time appear of making the information useful.

“ Mr. Trumbull, (who was not strong, and needed a change it was believed) and myself, left this by the steamer of the 10th ult., and after staying a day at Talcuano reached Lota in the evening of the 13th, and found Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner extremely well :—she, very much stronger than when they were here last year. Considering it is needful to rough it, their house has been made comfortable, and will be made more convenient afterwards, they hope. The situation is healthy, and Mr. G. is close to the field of his labours.

“ After breakfast next morning, we had a walk, and went to see the building used for a church and school house. It has been erected in a glen that runs down to the sea, from nearly opposite to where Mr. Gardiner lives, and is within a few hundred yards of his house. The glen is filled with trees a little below the school house, and a small stream of water flows down, over which there is a bridge in front of the school house. The ground, up to the road is clear, and the footpath down; it was mentioned it was comfortable at all seasons. We were quite pleased with the building; it is on a dry foundation; appears of good material and workmanship, and its external appearance is favourable; it is painted white; the inside arrangements appear good, and the situation is healthy. Ground is obtained for an ample playground, which is to be enclosed by a

wooden fence. We have been greatly satisfied to see what was done. We continued our walk, and were pleased to find Lota possessed such a healthy site, and that the neighbourhood was pretty. Betwixt Mr. Gardiner's house and the sea, there are swelling hills covered with nice sward, and here and there are seen clumps of trees; the village runs along each side of the road, and is a series of mud ranchos, almost exclusively. The houses, that exhibit comfort or convenience, are occupied almost exclusively by English-speaking families. We went past a colliery, and saw the brick-making works, and walked out on the beautiful iron mole, and were much interested. In the afternoon we went some distance up a valley on horseback, and saw a little of the country towards the back of Lota.

"Mr. Trumbull had consented to preach for Mr. Gardiner on Sunday morning. An interesting congregation gathered; in all, I believe, 45 were present. Mr. G. read the prayers, and it was extremely gratifying to hear the responses so general, and the singing creditable; that there was feeling among the congregation I cannot doubt.

"We met at eleven, and there was a Sunday school in the afternoon. We went down to see the children, but had unfortunately delayed too long in setting out, and they were leaving as we reached. We learned 20 to 25 attend, and that Mr. G. has assistance in teaching. In the evening we met for worship at six o'clock, and the congregation numbered about 30 I believe, more or less. But some were there who had not attended in the morning. The hearing of the people was such as to give comfort. Mr. G. read the prayers, and Mr. T., again preached. Mr. Gardiner told us the congregation in the morning usually numbers about 25, and fewer in

the evening—that they are regular. The day was closed with reason for great congratulation, both at what happened to ourselves, and at what we saw.

“We went to Arauco next morning, and on the Tuesday, Mr. Trumbull visited several families. I went with him to see Charles L., a bricklayer, who had maintained, for two or three years, a Sabbath school at Lota, and who had been accustomed to write to Mr. Trumbull. Some three or four years ago, this man had come under strong religious impressions, and since has been faithfully endeavouring to do good in the district. Before Mr. Gardiner came he had a Sabbath school, and on week days taught the children at night after his work, and he told Mr. Trumbull that to get books for the children (as he taught without fee or reward) he had sometimes lived on bread and water. At one time he was considered crazy or eccentric, but this idea is leaving people now; they could not understand Charles, but now his character and motives are becoming better understood. When Mr. Gardiner arrived, Charles gave up the school at Lota, and opened a Sabbath school at Puchoco, seven miles off, whither he walks every Sunday morning, and returns in the afternoon in time for Mr. Gardiner’s evening service. Mr. Trumbull told him that if he would devote a day of each week to selling Bibles, &c. and calling on families, he would be paid from Valparaiso, \$2 as wages, which is a little more than he earns at his trade. Mr. T. told me his eyes glistened at the announcement; the poor fellow already gave one day a week to visiting, &c., now two can be devoted to his favourite employment. I was much pleased with all I saw of Charles; the arrangement made with him had the heartiest approval of Mr. Gardiner.

“We left Mr. and Mrs. G. on Wednesday, and Mr.

G. accompanied us half way to Coronel. In bidding him good bye, we could only desire his labour should have the Divine blessing—of the importance of it we could have no doubt. At Lota there were 29 Scotch families at one time, now several have left for Puchoco, and probably more distant parts. Besides the people at Puchoco, Coronel, and Lota, on shore, sailors ought to be looked after, who are in the bays of Lota and Coronel. When we passed Coronel bay, on our road to Lota, 9 ships were at anchor, some of which were large vessels, one vessel only was at Lota. Charles Lewis mentioned, he considered there were 300 English-speaking people in the district, including sailors. Before Mr. Gardiner's arrival, the habits of the Scotch were becoming loose; we heard of horse-racing by the men on Sundays, and now, instead of neglect and its baneful consequences, we can entertain the best hopes of Mr. Gardiner's labours amongst them. The number of people he devotes himself to may appear to be so small as to be unworthy the amount of effort that is put forth amongst them; but, setting aside the fact, that we cannot measure the results of a saving change in the case of a single individual, should God bless the means for his conversion, in estimating the value of Mr. Gardiner's influence, this has to be borne in mind, that, those he comes in contact with are the families of men who are generally drivers of engines, overseers, &c., who have responsible situations, where they are no doubt looked up to by the native workmen.

“I would further state, that the disturbed state of the minds of the Indians, at the period of Mr. Gardiner's arrival in this country, would have made his appearance amongst them, humanly speaking, inopportune. Now, there is not a whisper of revolution in the south, and

on the contrary, perhaps a fear on the minds of those who were disaffected, of punishment for the wrongs they committed. It will be a work of time, probably, but the prospects of Mr. Gardiner's obtaining entrance to and ultimate consideration amongst them, are not unfavourable, if the opinions of those best qualified to judge are adopted; the idea of his venturing with his family to live in the Indian territory, I have heard the strongest remonstrance against from the parties who I believe are best informed on the subject. On the other hand, his proposal of making journeys amongst them from time to time, to get known to them, is thought a judicious way to proceed.

"Ten years ago, I have been told, there were only a few huts at Coronel, now the population of the district, from Puchoco to Lota, is thought to be 7,000 to 8,000, which may be expected to go on increasing; the indirect value of Mr. Gardiner's work may be very great there, and we can only hope it may be so.

"Mr. Coombe, who has been sent out by the Society to be a Catechist, arrived by way of Panama, safely, and went south to Lota, by the steamer of 30th ult.

"I am, yours very truly,

"A. BALFOUR."

Having presented to our friends the opinions of the above gentleman, we conclude with the following extract from a letter of Mr. W. T. Coombe, Catechist.

"My dear Sir,

"*Lota, October 16th, 1861.*

"With mingled feelings of gratitude and joy I write to announce my arrival at Lota. On Sunday, Sept. 29th, I reached Valparaiso; on landing I went in search of Mr. Dennett's house, but was unable to find him, for on enquiry of a gentleman whom I met, I found it was some way off, but that I was very near Mr. Robilliard's, to whose house he took me. Mr. R. received me most kindly, and bid me feel myself at home during my stay, which was but the Sunday. I afterwards called on Mr. Dennett, from whom you probably heard by the last mail. He told me he was then going to send down stores to brother Schmid and Hunziker, and was glad to know you were going to send two agents on the other coast. Leaving Valparaiso

the next morning, I arrived at Lota on Thursday, the 3rd. I need hardly say I was as welcome as I was unexpected; I found Mr. Gardiner agreeable to my anticipations, but holding a sphere of usefulness far beyond anything I had expected. I may say the Committee can truly regard this as one of their most hopeful branches. As long as we can hold our present position we have nothing to fear from the enemy without, and during the rainy season we shall always have full employment, which, without the Church and School, we should not have; and the plan of running an itinerant Mission, will, I think, be most successful. It would not be safe for both to leave the Station together, but both will at once be fully occupied. But for our efforts here, fifteen families of our fellow countrymen would be living without the sound of the ever-blessed Gospel, and their children without the means of education; now, through the *Society's* efforts, the whole of the rising generation will pass through our hands, which, with the blessing of Almighty God, without whom nothing is good, nothing strong, will immeasurably alter the tone of society here, elevating them in the opinions of the natives, to whom their parents, in many instances, are a 'hissing and a bye word,' and who, if we were to reprove them, could justly reply with that withering sarcasm,—'Physician, heal thyself.' This too is to be effected without detracting in the least from our labours amongst the Aborigines. In February, I shall (p.v.) be ready to make my first visit to the Indians, hoping by that time, by the dint of study, to have acquired sufficient of the Chileno language, to enable me to travel and communicate with the Indians. I am at present an inmate of the Mission House by day, sleeping in the School Room. Our friends at Valparaiso have threatened to build me a house adjoining the School. I have chosen the site, and most of the timber is bought, and I hope by *Christmas* it will be completed. It will be but a log house, with stable for my horse....

"Yours, &c. "W. T. COOMBE."

With these reliable statements before us, we look forward with confidence in the same divine providence, which has hitherto been our guide, to the satisfactory prosecution of the work through the year now opening upon us.

Arrival of the "Allen Gardiner" at Bristol.

On Tuesday, the 7th ult., our little mission vessel, so long expected, found a haven of rest in the port of Bristol. From that port in October, 1854, she sailed on her first voyage, accompanied by the prayers and hopes of many Christians. Designed for a special work, and dedicated solemnly to it, the *Allen Gardiner's* departure was naturally surrounded with deep interest. Her return after a period of seven years and two months—during which she has been engaged in the affairs of the Mission—cannot fail to arrest the attention of all our friends. The presence of the *Allen Gardiner* in an English port marks indeed an era in the history of the Mission—the completion of a stage in the progress of the work. But the fact of the Rev. G. P. Despard (late Superintendent Missionary of the Society's proceedings in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego) and his family returning to England in the vessel, makes the event more remarkable and interesting. How, then, are we to regard this event, or rather, we should say, these events? For the return of the vessel and the return of Mr. Despard will probably be looked upon as distinct matters by our friends. First, then, with respect to the vessel, it was necessary that she should be

thoroughly examined and repaired; for her past work has been such as to try any ship severely even under ordinary circumstances, and our readers will not forget that, over and above the wear and tear of voyaging in a stormy ocean, the *Allen Gardiner* has undergone other rude exposures to damage. We are rejoiced, however, to be able to say that the examination hitherto made into the condition of the vessel has turned out most satisfactorily. Her hull is quite sound, her timbers being in unusually good condition. When we went down to greet her, on her arrival in port, it was with an inquisitive eye that we looked at the stout little craft; and although she seemed to have come well out of all her trials, we nevertheless felt anxious to have the judgment of an expert upon her. Her internal fittings have, indeed, lost all their beauty; the little cabin bears evident traces of long usage; the deck is scarred with the fire lighted upon it by the natives of Tierra del Fuego, soon after the massacre of the crew in Nov. 1859; and here and there are visible marks of the violence of those, who plundered her. But notwithstanding these things, we are thankful to know that the *Allen Gardiner* is as good in all essential points and as serviceable now as when she left England on her first voyage in Oct. 1854. This intelligence will give much satisfaction to our friends and supporters. They

must not, however, suppose that all expenses are avoidable in connection with the vessel. The reverse is the case, and we will in few words explain the matter. The soundness of the hull of the *Allen Gardiner* makes it worth while thoroughly to refit her; and it requires no very experienced eye to discern in how many ways she is capable of being altered for the comfort of those, who are to be her future occupants. But of all things it would be well to add to her length; for although the cost of doing so is very considerable, the advantages cannot be doubted. At present not only is the accommodation for our missionary brethren extremely limited, but the vessel is too short for even ordinarily good sailing, and tumbles over every wave from the same cause. While the *Allen Gardiner* is a stout and admirably safe sea boat, she is a slow sailer, and very uneasy in her movements. She was designed to be longer than at present, but circumstances prevented the original design being fulfilled. Now, however, if friends do not shrink from the extra effort, it may be possible to add 12 feet to her length, and thereby to enhance her value as a Mission vessel considerably. Should this be done, at least £800 will be required to make her completely fit for sea again; and even without lengthening her, half that amount will be probably necessary. We trust our friends will

consider this seriously—remembering that it is an *extra effort* that we ask for,—so as not to interfere with the very limited resources of the Society for general purposes. Already four additional Missionaries have been engaged, whose departure for their respective scenes of labour depends on the readiness of the *Allen Gardiner*. Shall we not then be earnest in this matter?

But we have left little space for reference to the return of the Rev. G. P. Despard. He has, however, spoken so fully for himself, or rather for the Mission, in another part of this number, that we need add but little. Yet this we must say. He has come back with a heart full of zeal, and love for the cause, and with a good report of the progress made. Having laid the foundation of this work abroad, he desires to notify to the church at home the opportunities for future usefulness presented to it, and to show how much may be done, even in the uttermost ends of the earth, for the good of our fellow creatures, and the glory of Christ. Before these lines have been read, many Christian friends will have heard from Mr. Despard earnest pleadings for the cause of Christ in South America; and we feel assured that in his visits, which we are now arranging in different parts of the kingdom, his words will strongly testify to the vital importance of our Mission, and the magnitude of its claims. But it is emphatically the Lord's

work, and to His care we commend it in faith and hope, beseeching His blessing on our most unworthy efforts in His service.

An Appeal by the Rev. G. P. Despard, B. A.

Friends and supporters of this Society, In the "Voice of Pity," through past years you have heard from time to time passages of my journal, and letters advocating the cause of Christ amongst the Gentiles in South America; listen now to a few words of my speech put forth amidst the privileges and comforts of this glorious England.

I cannot fancy myself addressing the world; for it despises christian missions as fanatical, or futile, or fraudulent; albeit the wisdom of God hath commanded them, and the experience of eighteen hundred years in the conversion of nations commends them, and the impartial testimonies of travellers attest their honesty; but I seem to have before me a company of them, who have been brought to see how wretched and vile, and condemned they were through manifold transgressions and have found salvation free and full in our most gracious Lord Jesus Christ, and who with hearts full of love to Him, and ears attent, to catch His reply to their eager words, "Lord what wilt Thou have us to do," are ready to do His bidding; to these I would speak; nay, I have prayed my master would speak through me, and bid them arise and have pity

upon South America, since the time for His visitation is come. What indicates this time? God's Providence. We have visited Fireland, we have dropped into the hearts of its people the persuasion of our superior knowledge, and our riches, and best of all, of our friendship. A storm of human passion, covetousness, it is true, drove a multitude to commit an awful crime against the lives of our agents, but it has not swept away their favourable persuasion concerning us. And I for one, have conceived an interest in the welfare of this people that will never cease to affect my heart and labour, while there are feeling and strength within, and opportunity before me. We have an extensive vocabulary of their words written, and soon to be printed. We have imparted to a small party new ideas of religion, to cause at least enquiry among themselves and of us, when again visited.

They have seen acts of devotion in us which they have recognised as addressed to an unseen, and unknown Being; and these we know they have remembered and represented in their own land. We have two adults still at our Mission Station, married people; the husband is completely civilized in manners, if not in mind, and I may say the same of his wife. He can read with ease the English Bible. I do not say he can understand more than a very little, he can write neatly from copies in English, and is advancing satisfac-

torily to write from dictation in his own language; he prays daily for the Spirit of God and temporal blessings; he acknowledges at every meal God's goodness in the name of Jesus Christ; he is un-failing in attendance at daily worship; he knows theft, lying, murder, and sabbath breaking to be sinful, and abhors the drunkard's cup. He is kind to his wife, most tender to his child, fond of labour, punctual, and persevering in learning. His wife, would you could see her, is a modest, clean, gentle creature; she reads and writes fairly, and can do all that the husband requires of her to make him an English home.

This couple is contented, is happy, they will commend our station; and they encourage the hope of success with other Fireland youth.

Others are waiting to come, whose names we know, besides our former pupil Luccaenjes.

The experience of the Coral Islands Missions favours entirely our plan of selecting and training, apart from the adverse influences of their own land, native agents; and can name some whose comparatively good characters, endorsed by an intelligent countryman, mark them out as suitable subjects of such training.

They in their turn will name others, and so by degrees a good company of helpers, aye and protectors, will be produced, in the midst of whom the European Missionaries will by and bye safely dwell to guide and animate their labours.

Our own island, Keppel, gives a durable centre of operation in those southern lands—a place of rendezvous for Missionaries—a safe depôt of stores—a model community to the natives, and a refuge where in the winter months Missionaries may busy themselves writing and printing what the advancing education of natives—Firelandish and Patagonian—will need; and besides, in a few years, under prudent management, our island will return a considerable revenue to the Society from the cattle, sheep, and cultivated land.

Cross those narrow waters of Magalhaens and you are in Patagonia, as we call it. Here are Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker, most excellent Christians, and brave, enterprizing young men. They live with the Tsoneca, sharing in their travels, labours, and diet. The elder catechist has reduced their tongue to grammatical form, and is enthusiastic about it. He has established a good opinion of Ophilo (himself) in their minds, and has proof of this in the fact that Casimiro has entrusted to his care two sons. These young men are countenanced by a Protestant gentleman of high authority in those parts, and Schmid has a firm friend in another gentleman—now in a Government post there, and expecting to be head of a large commercial concern on the Straits of Magalhaens. On the Rio Santa Cruz is a station occupied by a party

commercially connected with our valuable agent, Mr. Dean, of Stanley, Falklands. To this station the Tsoneca resort, and from it, under the support of Captain N.'s people, they can and ought to be visited and instructed.

At Patagonia, on the Rio Negro, are to be found los Indios mansos—the tame Indians—who are both in themselves subjects of our proper labour, and suitable instructors in the language of their wild compatriots, who wander over the plains intersected by that river.

Striking across the country towards the Andes, at a distance of 150 miles from Buenos Ayres city, Pampas Indians are *now* possessed with peaceable feelings to the Spaniard.

From Banda Oriental the native races have been entirely extirpated, but many remain in the Brazils, where on the Rios, Francisco, and Mocury, are persons favourable to missionary labour among them, and able to support it.

In British Guiana is a large band of Carib men, members of our Church, and whose aid will be invaluable to our missionaries seeking to penetrate the interior part.

The native men of North West of South America are said to be four millions in number, and already the Divine Word is in one tongue, the *Quichua*.

From Bolivia the tribes inhabiting the Gran

Chaco are accessible, and their hearts and understandings can be reached by the Guarani language spoken in Paraguay.

Already are the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M.A., and Mr. Coombe in the neighbourhood of the noble Araucanian race, 80,000 strong, and they are our missionaries.

Not less precious, and to be sought for surely, are the souls of the Creoles and Mestizoes that live in South America. They are indeed Roman Catholic by name, but no rational man can regard them as Christians. We dare not pass them by, for our errand is to every creature in South America. In approaching them we possess one great advantage—they speak the Spanish tongue, in which they have already the whole sacred volume. Neither need we fear the opposition of Government to unostentatious missionary effort, for though it theoretically supports the Catholic; Apostolic, Roman religion, it allows the open profession of our faith—Protestant churches, Protestant burial grounds, Protestant books, public sale of the Bible, and backs freemasonry in its struggles with priests, encourages liberal education, and, in one state, the chief officials have their sons under Protestant instructors. Christian young men, bi-lingual in English and Spanish, are to be found for Scripture readers and evangelical ministers to direct their labours.

On the *estancias* of our own countrymen are very many Peons, Creole, Mestizoes (mixed Indian and Spanish), and Basco, with their families, entirely within our reach.

Naming our own countrymen reminds me to ask your pity for them, as in South America. There are *estancias* (farms) already numerous and increasing, especially in Banda Oriental, occupied by the British, which are unvisited by Christian pastor. The consequences can be imagined, and they are deplored by the *estancieros*. They wish, nay, they are anxious for the regular services of itinerating ministers, and would contribute towards their support; but being most of them young men struggling through first difficulties, they can do no more.

We might, we ought, in brotherly love, to assist them, and they will help our efforts among the many Peons (peasants) employed by them.

There are also small companies of British, in the ports of Brazil and elsewhere in South America, too limited to contribute that share of salary which our Government requires before a regular chaplain can be appointed, yet who should be looked after, and who would afford a zealous missionary an opportunity for doing good to natives.

There is another fine field of labour open to

us at the Chincha Islands, whence nearly all the valuable guano comes. They lie off Pisco, a few miles south of Callao, in a most beautiful climate, and where good provision of every kind abounds. Here is an average number of European, principally British ships, 120, containing about 2000 men, lying at anchor in smooth water through the year. No man stately cares for their souls, yet what a glorious opportunity does long inaction (sometimes two months) afford of doing good to the most careless, and yet to the missionary, the most important class of our countrymen, sailors. A mission vessel, with suitable chaplain on board, ought to be anchored in the midst of this fleet. And if this chaplain were of an enterprising missionary spirit, he might carry his labours also among the Chinamen, who ship the guano, and among the Peruvians, who come off from Pisco with provisions, as well as at Pisco itself, only nine miles distant.

Fellow believers in the God of mercy, fellow workmen in the great temple, fellow servants under the one good master, Jesus, what say you to these things? Do they not show that the time of Providence is come? Do they not call, "help, help?" Do they not show past efforts are not thrown away? Do they not promise at least hope for the future?

Members of the venerable Church of England and Ireland, will you not give it the honour to evangelize South America? And remember the prayer you offer up in worship every Sabbath evening—"God be *merciful* unto us and *bless us*, and shew us the light of Thy countenance, and be merciful unto us, THAT Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations" (inclusive of those in South America).

British Christians, remember the perils to which thousands of your countrymen are exposed, and many succumb, in their passage round Cape Horn; and remember that these would be much blessed if ships could be safely trusted in the good harbours which I know are to be found in Fireland. They would be safe were there but Christian people inhabiting the land.

Friends of men, disciples of Jesus Christ, I wish you to unite in renewed efforts for the spread of saving truth in that fair region of the earth for which the "Voice of Pity" has so long and so earnestly pleaded.

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD,

Late Superintendent Missionary of P. M. S.

Life in Cranmer.

Our readers will not, we trust, have lost all interest in the welfare of the small community now inhabiting our *Mission Station*, in the nearer and more exciting news of the return of the "Allen Gardiner," with Mr. Despard and his family, to the shores of England. Nor will they be unwilling to go back to the date of Mr. Despard's departure from Keppel Island, and take a view of the events—neither many nor great—which have since transpired. The party now living at Cranmer consists of Mr. T. Bridges, catechist, who is left in charge of the natives, until the arrival of the new Superintendent; William Bartlett, the herdman, his wife and children; William Betts, another employee, with his family, and last, but not least, our Fuegian guests, Ookokko, and Cammilenna, with their infant son. Our latest news from the island is dated 22nd October, 1861, and consists of letters and journal from Mr. Bridges; a letter from Bartlett, and another from Mr. Dean, the Society's agent at Stanley, who, in his regard for the interests of the Mission, had most kindly paid a visit to the station. He gives the following encouraging report of the state of affairs there.

"I have just returned from a visit to Keppel Island, and am happy to inform you that the Mission party are all well, and appear perfectly happy. I brought their letters for England, and enclose them. They have plenty of provisions except sugar, which they were out of. I took them 1 cwt., and shall send what is necessary the first opportunity. Bartlett has got the garden planted with potatoes and everything in order. There is a good increase with the sheep this year—the Society has now above a hundred."

The farmer gives an equally cheering account of the

progress of Ookokko and his wife, in the habits and employments of civilized life. He says—"Ookokko is learning to milk, and is getting on very well with it. He really is a willing fellow—he will learn almost anything because he is always willing to try. I wish all his countrymen were like him. He works as cheerfully all day that he is out, as though he enjoyed it. He is at work with me all the time he has after his school is done, and has planted his own garden himself, and done it very well indeed. He and his wife seem quite happy and contented. She is generally up with my wife two or three times a week, and my wife also goes down to her. She has got into quite English habits of washing, ironing, cleaning, scouring, &c. She is the picture of cleanliness, and her baby also."

These are, indeed, tidings to encourage us to thankfulness, and Mr. Bridges' journal, from which we now give extracts, is of the same tenor. He begins with a notice of Mr. Despard's departure:—"On Thursday, July 25th, the 'Allen Gardiner' left Committee Bay for Monte Video with Mr. Despard, his family, and effects. That the Lord of all the earth may be with him and his, to bless them with His choicest blessings, is my constant prayer. I felt somewhat lonely in going up to my quarters, but I am one that rather likes quietness, and not much company. I did with earnestness then dedicate myself to God's service, in which I hope ever to be engaged, for I know from experience that in doing His will, as revealed in the Scriptures, true happiness is alone to be found. May the God of peace cause us here to dwell together in unbroken peace and Christian love, and help us to do our duty faithfully, knowing that His eye is upon us, and that every one shall be rewarded according to his works.

“*July 26.*—This morning the four of us, namely, Bartlett, Betts, Ookokko, and myself met to worship God. I shall continue to carry it on as Mr. Despard did, beginning with singing a hymn, then reading a portion of Scripture, and then prayer; and may we feel at all times that the Lord is present among us. Ookokko and Cammilenna will have their usual times for lessons, and continue to learn reading, writing, sewing, knitting, &c. They are very glad to be instructed, and Ookokko told me that he should not be so sorry at Mr. Despard’s departure as he should otherwise be, since I was to teach him. It is a good thing that he is so affectionate. He is very sorry to lose so faithful a friend as Mr. Despard, and frequently pities his own little son, inasmuch as he will not now be nursed and sung to as he used to be. Cammilenna is also very sorry to lose Mrs. Despard, and the Miss Despards. O that the Lord may open their minds and hearts, that they may understand the way to eternal life—that they may see and feel the love of Jesus, and be moved thereby to give themselves to Him.

“*July 27.*—Prayers as usual, and afterwards lessons with the natives. Ookokko can read very fairly, but he has not the very clear pronounciation which his wife has. There are very few, if any of the printed letters which he does not know. In the evening I went down to see and talk to the natives in their own house. Cammilenna read to me, and we had some interesting conversation. Ookokko is very desirous to improve—he comes regularly and willingly and without fail, to be instructed. We first read. He then writes from dictation. We then sing several hymns, in Fuegian and English, and after prayer we part. As he reads, I stop him to explain and ask questions, and get words. The lessons last an hour or a little more. The great end of his being here, is, of

course, that he may be brought to the saving knowledge of God and his Saviour. This I strive to bear in mind, and, accordingly, I seek to lead him to Jesus. How much he knows, and how he receives what he hears respecting Him, it is not possible to say.

“July 30.—Wet and cold weather. Prayers and lessons as usual. This evening Ookokko paid me a visit, which is of profit to us both, as I get words from him—and I have been teaching him to work button-holes, at which he is very persevering. Cammilenna desired me to cut out a frock for her child, which I did, and tacked it together for her. She said she could sew it, and she has made it very well. Ookokko frequently thinks and speaks of Mr. Despard and his family, to whom he is greatly attached, and he says he will write to them by and bye.

“August 3. It will, doubtless, give you pleasure to see how far Ookokko is acquainted with Divine truths. This morning he told me what he should tell his people by and bye, as follows.—“God, a long time ago, made one man and one woman, from whom all men have come. God made all creatures, cows, sheep, horses, dogs, &c. Good and peaceable men, such as do not fight, and kill, God likes, and will take them to His good country above, and make them happy. Men that like fighting, and are otherwise bad men, God is angry at, will send them to hell, which he looks upon as a place below us, full of fire and torment.”—These, of course, are not the words he used, but they are the ideas he had. Of faith, and such like Christian graces, he has, as yet, no idea, nor is it easy to express them to him. He has not missed a morning at lessons yet. He is desirous to learn. He sees what a means of amusement it is to be able to read, and how useful to know how to write. There are very few, if any, printed words which Ookokko cannot

make out, though in his hurry he often pronounces them wrong, and takes one word for another.

“*October 15.*—This evening I went down to the natives to hear Cammilenna read. They gave me a piece of bread, which was very well made. They amuse themselves in the evenings by looking at pictures in the ‘British Workman.’

From these simple statements, it will be seen that steady progress is being made by our Fuegian friends, in all that tends to raise them in the social scale, as well as in those great elementary truths of the Christian religion, which must form the foundation of the full and perfect reception of the same. It is cheering to know, that whilst the work thus hopefully begun, is going forward abroad, fresh preparations are being made at home for carrying it out to a successful, and yet more extended result.

Scenes in the Pampas.

To the north of Patagonia and of the Rio Negro, between the Andes and the Atlantic Ocean, lie the immense plains of the Pampas, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and surpassing in majesty and grandeur all the other wonders of the American continent. The inexpressible charm of these vast solitudes is the perfect freedom enjoyed there; but, on the other hand, they oppress and almost bewilder the mind from the air of sadness and monotony of which they everywhere bear the impress. In some places, one may travel two or three hundred miles without seeing the semblance of a rock or even a stone. On all sides there is excellent and nearly inexhaustible pasturage, —a carpet of high grass, diversified by the blossoms

of the clover, or the colossal stems of the thistle, while here and there appear small lakes or lagoons, varying in size, and with no visible outlet. As the traveller approaches the Cordilleras, the aspect of the country is somewhat changed. It becomes undulating, stony, and adorned with woods and forests, which grow thicker and finer as they extend towards the north.

There are few traces of life on the surface of the Pampas. Here and there, in a crack or crevice of the earth, the cactus hides its thorny head, or a solitary tree rises majestically upwards. Sometimes above you, you may observe a condor describing innumerable circles in the air, or perhaps you may see in the distance a *mandou* (a kind of ostrich, but with a more slender form), which seems to pass and disappear in a few moments, so rapid is its course.

The layer of *humus*, or good soil, on these plains varies in depth from one to three feet; under that there is a thick layer of clay, then a bed of sand. The ground is almost everywhere salt on the surface, and the waters brackish; but fresh, sweet water springs from the wells, which are dry to a certain depth.

Perhaps the most wonderful spectacles in the savannas of South America are the fierce storms which sweep over them. The *pampero* is in the Pampas what the *simoon* is in the great desert of Sahara. Masses of sand, raised by the storm, obscure the light of day, and even at noon thick darkness covers the earth. The roar of the thunder is mingled with the howling of the winds and the noise of the storm. Thousands of animals perish in the plain, and men lie prostrate with their faces on the ground till the tempest has passed by.

The population of this country is composed of whites of Spanish origin; gauchos, half white half Indian by birth; and Indians, still savage, and always much dreaded. The towns are chiefly inhabited by the whites; but many of them possess *estancias*, or farms, in the country, situated at a considerable distance from each other, which must be constantly provided with arms, and secured against the attacks of the Indians. The moderately rich among the proprietors have not less than fifty thousand head of cattle or horses. These have been astonishingly multiplied since the Spanish conquest, but they are half wild, and can only be taken when they are wanted by the help of a good horse and a lasso.

The true master of the Pampas is the gaucho—a half-savage shepherd, always on horseback. Covered with his *poncho*, a sort of cloak which clothes him from head to foot, still leaving his arms perfectly free—armed with the bola or with the lasso—his hunting knife by his side—he casts over the plains a proud glance, expressive of his wild independence. This king of these solitudes fears only the Indian and the tiger; but the Indian is daily becoming more timid, and less to be feared; and as to the tiger, which ventures sometimes to approach the habitations of men, and to commit great ravages there, the gaucho dares boldly to wait for him, and meet him in the open country, and to struggle as it were in close combat with him. Watching the spring of the creature, and even his slightest movement—with his poncho rolled like a shield round his left arm, and his right armed with a cutlass—the gaucho bravely stabs the ferocious beast, and makes his skin into a saddle-cloth for his horse, or a mantle for his wife.

His own master from his childhood, the gaucho mounts a horse before he is four years old, and helps his parents to drive the cattle to their pasture ground. When a little older, he spends his time in hunting, or tries to catch the wild horse of the plain, and subdue him. Indefatigable and restless, he often spends the night in the open air, with no covering but his cloak; hence his constitution is inured to the greatest fatigue, and he becomes able to ride almost incredible distances. In consequence of such a life, the organs of his senses become acute to a most extraordinary degree. Every gaucho is a *rastreador*; that is to say, able to follow any creature by the trace of its steps. Amid these vast plains, where paths cross each other in all directions, and where the herds wander at will, he will distinguish the track of one animal among a thousand; he will know by the track of a horse whether he has been free or captive, whether loaded or not; and he will even tell the time when he has passed. If a theft has been committed under cover of night, and the *rastreador* be summoned in the morning, you may see him follow without hesitation the trace of footsteps across pathway and plain; cross or go up the bed of a stream; and in spite of all obstacles, reach at length the hiding-place of the guilty man, and say with perfect confidence, "Here is the thief!"

He passes his time in sleeping, gambling, hunting, gathering together the cattle from time to time to count or mark them, or killing and roasting the animals necessary for food. Such are his only occupations. He never eats bread, and the only kinds of fruits or vegetables known to him are the peach and the gourd. He lives entirely on animal food, and

consumes about eight hundred pounds of meat in a year. He often roasts a whole animal entire on a long spit, and invites his friends to partake of it, when each guest cuts off for himself the piece he prefers. Water is their only drink. The hut of the gaucho is small and square, constructed of stakes wattled and interwoven with willows, covered with skins, and roofed with reeds or straw, a hole being left in the middle of the roof to let out the smoke.

The furniture and ornaments of his dwelling consist of stones for seats, a table, and sometimes a crucifix or an image of some saint (a memorial, perhaps, of his half-Spanish descent). Playing at cards is his greatest delight, and he will often spend whole days in gambling, seated on his heels, having always stuck in the ground at his side his long knife, from which he never separates, ready to pierce to the heart any one who should dare to cheat or to provoke him. For the lightest provocation, for a mere nothing, he hesitates not to draw out this long knife and stab his adversary. Then he mounts his horse and takes to flight, while all around him and on his way warn him of danger, and help him to escape from justice. When his horse falls down exhausted he leaves it to the vultures, and catches a fresh one. When he is hungry he dashes in among the herds of cattle, takes one with the lasso, cuts out a raw slice of its flesh, and lets the creature go. As a murderer and a fugitive, he is well received everywhere; for among these barbarous people, where neither religion nor law has any power—where the priests are as rude and wicked as their people—the public sympathy is always in favour of the guilty, and almost never on the side of the unfortunate victims of cruelty, or of the representatives of law and justice.

Several different nations of Indians, a wild and miserable race, are also scattered over the vast solitudes of the Pampas; the Puelches, or Indians of the East; the Huilliches, or Indians of the West; those near the Rio Negro, &c. These nations are subdivided into several hundreds of tribes, each ruled by a chief whom they choose, and who are called *caequies*. They neither build villages, houses, nor even huts, but inhabit portable tents, which they make by covering a frame of canes or reeds with the skins of young horses, whose flesh they have devoured half raw. Horse flesh is their principal food, with the addition sometimes of a kind of bread or cake made of the meal of maize or wheat, which they buy from the Spaniards, giving them in exchange salt, cattle, and coverings of hair woven by their wives. They are wanderers, and will not take the trouble to cultivate the soil. Both men and women paint their faces with various bright colours, which adorns them exceedingly in their own eyes, and renders them most horrible in the eyes of strangers. They cover their shoulders with a sort of mantle, and tie round their waists a square piece of stuff, which they fasten by means of thongs of leather; several of them complete this dress by a conical hat and a great pair of gaucho boots. The women delight in covering their fingers with rings of gold and silver, and suspending enormous earrings from their ears.

The love of plunder, drunkenness, and laziness, are the essential characteristics of the Indian of the Pampas. All the hard work to be done falls to the lot of his wife, who is, properly speaking, his slave. The Romanist missionaries who have gone among them have never been able to do them the least good.

They profess to believe in a Supreme Being, and in the immortality of the soul; but their religion chiefly consists in the practice of sorcery. They are formidable on account of the frequent *razzias*, or plundering expeditions, which they undertake to carry off the herds of their neighbours. Endowed with the most piercing sight, they keep a watch on all that passes in the plains of the Pampas, keeping themselves out of sight. When they think that they have a favourable opportunity, they dart like a cloud of vultures on the *estancias*, or farms—which are ill guarded—seize horses, cattle, and sometimes even women and children, whom they make their slaves, and after having stolen perhaps thousands of cattle, they go back to the Andes to sell their plunder; for the people of Chili, with a guilty indifference to right or justice, encourage these robbers by buying from them the spoil which they know perfectly well to have been stolen in the Pampas. (*Travel Pictures, or Scenes and Adventures in Foreign Lands.*)

Brief Advertisements.

Some kind, but unknown friend sent to our care, twelve months ago, a beautiful fur cloak for Mrs. Despard. Owing to unavoidable delays this welcome gift has only lately reached the intended owner: and we are now requested to express, through the channel of the "Voice of Pity," Mrs. D.'s warm thanks to the generous giver.

Should any of our readers know of a situation likely to suit the young widow of our late Catechist, Mr. G. Phillips, we should esteem it a kindness if they would communicate with the Rev. W. H. Stirling on the subject.

Is there not a Cause?

Our work grows in importance. We by no means affect to have achieved any wonderful successes abroad. We allow that what has been accomplished has been accomplished with considerable effort, and at some heavy sacrifices; yet something has been done, and efficiently, we trust. But, while speaking thus modestly of the past work of the Society, we are far from ready to praise very highly those, who have quietly stood by looking on. How often, while busily occupied in the duties of the Mission, and asking for a helping-hand, have we overheard a bystander say—all this effort is waste; it is of no use; there is *no opening*. Well, we went on with our work, hopefully and earnestly, notwithstanding many difficulties, and despite the ill-omened voices about us. It was sufficient to know the work was in accordance with the Lord's command, and that He had raised up some to vindicate His cause. So we persevered. Still, if we happened to meet a person more than usually well-informed on the subject of Christian Missions, he was sure to say, "There is no opening. South America is not ripe for Protestant Missionary enterprise; the set time has not come." Nevertheless we went on, and, we confess, with a full conviction of our difficult position.

One difficulty we felt especially, and it was this: Having a limited number of supporters, and knowing that it was necessary to excite an interest in all parts of the United Kingdom, if the work was to be carried out effectually, the Committee deemed it expedient to incur an expenditure at home confessedly disproportioned to the revenue of the Society, and which, supposing it to be permanent and not temporary, would justly, and seriously imperil the interests of the work. This has, doubtless, occasioned much difficulty; we allow it. But to have avoided it would have been more difficult still: and we ask our supporters (for it is a question which affects them primarily) whether, in incurring the risk which this matter has involved, the Committee have not some claim, we do not say on their forbearance, but on their regard and confidence; for what could make them so tenacious of a work involving many anxieties, and some real labour, if they did not heartily realise the magnitude of its claims, and the duty of asserting them?

Notwithstanding, then, all obstacles, the obligations of the Church in our own land to send the Gospel to South America have been pressed home from the pulpit, and the platform, and the press, on the hearts and consciences of Christians. With what result? Our readers will agree with us in thinking one result, at least, to be remark-

able. We have said the old cry was, *there is no opening*. Now it is—"Stop, you are going too fast. Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, Chili, Uruguay, Brazil, Peru, and the islands of the sea? The openings are too many. How can you undertake the work? If you confine yourselves to a little corner—to Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego—we will help you. But your Society is now laying its plans for all sorts and conditions of men in South America: for Spaniards, and Portuguese, and half-castes, and Indians, and Negroes, and Chinese, and even for English settlers." Well, we confess it, with one reservation, which is, that the original purpose of the Society has been co-extensive with the broadest features of the above plan. It is no new device, no novel expedient, that we are proclaiming. The mind of the Church may be only now waking up to the nature of the work to be done; but the work itself is that bequeathed to us by Captain Gardiner, the outlines of which lie before our eyes, traced by his dying hand, and luminous with his far-seeing faith. Why should it not be undertaken? why not thoroughly carried out? Is the Church Missionary Society prepared to embark in it? Why, then, has it not done so? Is any other Society besides our own ready for the enterprise? We see no evidences of it. India, China, Africa, are the great absorbing vortices of Missionary zeal. North-west America has had some

share in English sympathies, for it is a dependency of Great Britain; but even here the Church Missionary Society is now limiting its former supplies, while it tries in vain to meet the craving wants of the East. Is this then a time for the friends of South America to renounce their labours, to abandon their hallowed enterprise, to shrink from their posts of duty? God forbid!

Division of labour is the secret of our manufacturing success. The principle is sound when applied to the great work of Christian philanthropy. We must assert it. Even in England, with its limited population, how many Christian societies labour for the furtherance of the religious interests of the people! Not to say anything of the National Church, with its elaborate machinery and well-distributed agencies—not to mention the Wesleyan, Baptist, Independent, and other denominations of Protestants—not to mention the Government subsidies for educational purposes, but merely confining our thoughts to the various subsidiary organisations adopted by these several bodies, what a vast variety do they present, and all for one object—the general and religious improvement of a population of some twenty millions. Why should there be so many? What becomes of the treasure disbursed? Why is one organisation insufficient? The answer is—the nation does not love the principle of centralisation, the surrender of its liberties into the hands of

a few, but prefers the independent, and individual action of its members generally. The same thing holds good in the management, and development of enterprises for purposes of religion. If otherwise, how shall we account for the fact of a Society, like the Church Missionary for instance, with its world-wide objects, claiming the spiritual clientship of the millions of India, and China, and Africa, having only an income of some £150,000 a-year? This sum, if expended with the utmost wisdom and prudence, would not be too much to devote to Missionary efforts in India alone. Why then is it that England, with her enormous wealth, entrusts to a Society, which possesses the confidence of the public as much as any in the kingdom, a sum which, when compared with the work to be done, is so strikingly incommensurate? We believe it is to be explained in part by the principle above stated; and when we call to mind the increasing number of special Missions—each colonial bishop putting in some claim for the peculiar wants of his diocese—we are confirmed in our already-expressed conviction. If, then, this is the case, we need not apologise for the urgency with which we are accustomed to plead the claims of a Society which seeks to share the labours, and the privileges of the Lord's work, and whose special sphere of labour is the great continent of South America.

We do not, of course, pretend to be able to do all the work at once—to send out all the agents required for so large a field. When we speak of an opening, it does not follow that we can enter upon it. We heartily wish we could; but it is impossible with the Society's limited means. We lay, however, the opportunities of the work before our readers, that they may see, acknowledge, and accept them. With this object in view we subjoin the following interesting information respecting Peru. Our readers will observe that there are three main facts referred to: The liberality of the Peruvian government towards strangers not mixing in politics; the probability of the Holy Scriptures being introduced to the schools of the country in the Quichua-speaking districts; the existence of some 14,000 Chinese-speaking men, of good character, who are yet without any knowledge of Christ, but quite open to instruction in His gospel. The information has been kindly furnished to us from the office of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and we commend it to the careful consideration of all our supporters and friends.

“ I confess that I do not sympathise with you in the difficulties which presented themselves to your mind as you wrote, the first of which mentioned was printing in England from copy forwarded hence. I should suggest that the translation be printed here in columns and corrected by the

translators before you commenced upon it: the English compositor would then have little or no trouble, and the corrections of the press could be done by a practical printer, or any one accustomed to the reading of proofs. As regards the use to which the translation would be put, we should, I think, propose to the Peruvian Government the purchase of 5,000 or 10,000 copies to be supplied by them to the schools in Quichua-speaking districts. If this could be accomplished, as I think it might, your undertaking the work would become a matter of blessed duty. Certainly I would not suggest the Committee entering upon it without the Peruvian Government entering into a covenant with the Society to purchase, say at one shilling each, a given number of copies. With the influence of our friends, I have no doubt that we could get the President of the Republic to enter cordially into the matter. Thus looked at, your other difficulty with respect to teachers is also overcome. And if we can be the means of inspiring the Peruvian Government with a desire to educate its people by placing in their hands the means of instruction, I should for one rejoice more over that than in seeing teachers of another land and language coming expressly to teach the Peruvians after the manner of Missionaries to the heathen. As regards the introduction of Protestant teachers into Peru, if I was

not forbidden to touch the subject, and if I could see the slightest hope of the Church of England addressing itself seriously to such a glorious enterprise, I should have no difficulty in showing you that even in Peru is a field for action as free, and without obstacle, as in any part of the East: but it does not belong to us, and I dare not enter upon it further. Probably if I were in orders I should, from sheer conviction of its being my plainest duty, enter upon pastoral work in Peru, and I should have no fear of success. As to the Government, they will suffer no one to be interfered with or molested by the dark-ages party, who quietly and without ostentation, and, above all, without mixing themselves up with politics, introduce any improvement among the people. There are several schools in Lima which are evidences of this. Whilst on the subject, pardon me if I refer to another, pardon me, for I must speak. Officially, it is no business of ours, but neither the Bible Society nor its servants are mere dry abstractions in the world, and though I may be the driest of all its roots, yet permit me thus far. There are in Peru more than fourteen thousand Chinese-speaking men, from three to five thousand of whom are in Lima. They are without any instructor; they have the Romish religion, and turn it into ridicule; they are very industrious, orderly people, and live almost apart from the

general population; they are exceedingly docile, fond of learning, and they learn quicker than the natives anything which is given them to do; they make the best kind of agriculturists, the best confectioners, bakers, cooks, and domestic servants, while not a few are employed in places of trust, and albeit, all of them were brought to Peru utterly and without a sou in the world, many of them are *rich*, and all who are free have saved money. It makes ones heart ache to see, however, that they are utterly uncared for as human beings, capable of glorifying God. A special instructor to them would be a very easy matter, if the right man could be found."

Life in Cranmer.

(Continued.)

"*Sullivan House, November 15th, 1861.*

"We are all very well here, and no serious sickness or accident has befallen any one of us, praised be the Lord, our Preserver. May the Lord, who knows the hearts of all men, put it into the minds and hearts of such as are most fit for this work to offer themselves to do the Lord's work in these parts. Such times as the present seem to me to be the most critical, as much of the success of the gospel depends on those who take it upon them to set it forth in word and life.

"In compliance with your instructions, I take more time than I otherwise should to teach the natives English, and a right pronounciation of words. They get on by

degrees, and Ookokko is beginning to take much more pains to pronounce accurately than heretofore, and frequently finds fault with himself because he is not quicker. Cammilenna, also, when she is reading, very often when she cannot pronounce a word, and it is pronounced to her, stops to say it to herself many times. They seem to live very peaceably together, and of an evening they praise and pray to God. They are very contented with their life here, and are, I trust, not only learning the arts that refer to a temporal existence, but also those things which tend to raise man above the brutes of the field, even to restore him to the glorious likeness of his Creator.

“ We observed the worship of God as usual, and I read two of Bradley’s sermons: one, on the “ Difficulties in the Way of Salvation ;” the other, on “ The Rest there is in Christ for the heavy laden.” How slow are we in becoming again like to that glorious image, from whence by our sins we have fallen, when we consider the many helps God has mercifully given us. Ookokko joins us audibly in the services, and is getting more bold in reading. O how much is it to be desired that he may be among that blessed multitude who shall unceasingly give praise unto God! ‘ Things written for our learning,’ in the ‘ Voice of Pity ’ for July, greatly encouraged me in my attempts to acquire the Fuegian language.

“ *Oct. 7th.*—After morning prayers, went down with Ookokko, to teach him and his wife. They read a chapter, and every now and again I stopped them to explain it, and to get a corresponding word in their language; then I went through some of the numbers with each of them separately; then I collected the children, and taught them for an hour in my quarters. They seem very glad to come up, and they get on somewhat. Annie has

learnt to call all the letters by their respective sounds. In the afternoon I went with the others to plant potatoes.

" *Oct. 8th.*—All of us still planting potatoes, Ookokko in the afternoon churning. This he does on Tuesday afternoons; it takes him about an hour and a-half. I tried to impress on their memories the English pronouns at their cwn house this morning, shewing them by acting it out, at which they were much amused. I have been studying the Greek text. Ookokko paid me a visit, and came to tea; he is quite a companion, he is so chatty and good-tempered, and I am getting to understand him much better. He entertained me with a long account of his people and country, and told me of a disease they are subject to, that seems to me to be a sort of leprosy. It is, he says, first like a big boil, and after a time the bones and flesh are consumed, and if it is in the extremities they drop off. His own father and a brother have died of this disease, and, he says, a great many others do so too. When the ship again goes to his country, he will advise the captain not to go to Woollya, but to Ookokko, which is much warmer than the former place, and much more sheltered, where, according to his way of speaking, there is much black water; that is, a calm, untroubled sea.

" *Oct. 9th.*—Ookokkowenche and his wife came up this morning; they read and wrote as usual. Cammilehna can make out long words now; she improves more in reading than in writing. Ookokkowenche is so well pleased with the appearance of the coat he is making that he intends turning other old coats to the same purpose, for he pulled one to pieces, and has turned it inside out, with some slight alterations. My little pupils I taught again to-day.

" *Oct. 10th.*—The two natives came again to my house,

and this morning they read remarkably well, out of the Phonetic reader, the story of Lady Jane Grey.

“*Saturday, 12th.*—This morning, at half-past seven, we started for the mollemauk eggery, and were out ten hours, coming home at half-past five. We had no lessons, of course, to-day; but we asked God to bless us, believing his promise, “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct your paths.” We had much cause to give Him thanks, for we had very good success, and no hurtful accident befell any of us. We collected upwards of seven hundred eggs, more than half-a-pound each, which were divided into four equal shares. Ookokkowenche looked after the horses, popping down now and again to gather some eggs also. He and his wife were surprised and delighted to get so many fine eggs. We saw the cattle, sheep, and pigs, and had two horses laden, and each of us also had some on our backs.

“*Sunday, 13th.*—I for my part was glad to hail the blessed day of rest, and trust I found pleasure in the worship of my gracious God. We all assembled in good health to the worship of God, and read two of Bradley’s excellent sermons. As customary, I visited the natives to speak to them of the glory, greatness, and goodness of God, and of our duty to him. I related to them the story of the three steadfast Jews, and of the holy Daniel, with which they were very much interested. I tried to shew them the lessons these stories are calculated to teach us—that God will keep his people; that all their enemies can do them no harm.

“*Saturday, 19th.*—This morning it was rainy, so Cammilenna did not come up, and I gave Ookokko a long lesson in dictation, which I would do oftener, but I tried one morning to give them both dictation at the same time, and I found Cammilenna was not yet sufficiently

acquainted with the written characters, and to attend to them both was out of the question. Yesterday on Betts' hook there was a fish caught, and Ookokko took it and brought it to him; this was very good, for he could easily have appropriated it to himself. He has learnt to know what is right and wrong in the common affairs of life.

"*Sunday.*—To-day we all assembled in good health to worship God, saving Ookokko, who, Bartlett thinks, caught a cold yesterday evening fishing, which he was doing to a late hour, and got wet, for the tide had covered his line, and he went in the water after it. I went down to talk to him of Jesus, the great sufferer: he listened very attentively; there was much they could not understand. I find this one of the most difficult things to make them understand; but I hope, the Lord helping me, to learn much of their language now.

"*Tuesday, 22nd.*—I am glad to say Ookokko is much better. Cammilenna has not *too much* to do, so, I gave her a ball of worsted to make a couple of pairs of socks for her child. This morning I showed her how to knit, to which she took a great liking, and learnt very soon. When we rose from prayer, Ookokko said he loved God; and, as far as his knowledge goes, I feel sure he does. What ideas he has of God I do not well understand, but he looks on him as a kind and mighty being.

"*Sunday, 3rd.*—It has been a most beautiful day, and we met twice as usual to praise our gracious God, and to seek His help and continue faithful to Him. For a wonder, Ookokko and his wife went for somewhat of a walk to-day, which they very seldom do; she scarcely ever goes out of the settlement. Ookokko gave me a very sad view of Fuegian life in bad weather in winter, when, it appears, they are shut up for days in

their wigwams, without food of any kind. They become very weak and thin, and many die of their hardships. Surely these need the good news of a better country above; and also to be instructed in the culture of the ground, that they may get an honest and certain livelihood. Ookokko asked me what Alfred Cole used to say of the life he led among his people, which he thinks was not at all an uncomfortable one, and that he had cause to be satisfied. He was rather disappointed when I told him how unpleasant Alfred thought it. Spent much time in reading Barnes's Notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews.

"*Tuesday, 5th.*—I went down with Ookokko this morning to teach him and his wife at their own house; they read of the fall of man, which I tried to impress upon their minds, telling them how good and happy God first made man, and how very evil it was to break His commands; how it was man was tempted, and the woeful consequences of their sinful compliance: he seemed to be very interested. This morning he helped Bartlett at the peat, and in the afternoon made the butter.

"*Thursday, 7th.*—I do not think there is any definite number above three among our Fuegians, else they certainly would be better acquainted with them. Those other words I think are what they call the fingers of the hand—Cammilenna, at least, knows no higher number than three. We have all been working at the mission garden, Betts carrying poles, and we others turning the turf in order to dry it for burning. This evening Ookokko came to tea with me, and he told me about his country people; they seem to amuse themselves in the winter by listening to their old men telling stories, which, from the specimen he told me, seem very nonsensical. I lent him a Penny Magazine, so that he may

have something to amuse himself and his wife, in looking at the pictures. He was desirous to know what the Mission was he hears us so often speak of, which was no easy thing to make him understand. Explaining it led me to speak of Captain Gardiner, whose fate in his country much excited his pity, especially since he came there for the good of his people; he has not any knowledge of him, and it seems his tribe have not.

“*Friday, 8th.*—Cammilenna and Ookokko came up this morning. Cammilenna read two full pages of the Phonetic Reader. They never express any thought of going back to their country, they are too well content with this. They live, I must say, quite like civilized people. My mistakes in their language—for I try to talk constantly to them in it—frequently excite much laughter. Bartlett and Ookokko have been hauling the coast wood up with the horses, and Betts has been putting posts in. I have been turning turf as yesterday. Ookokko’s little son is beginning to say “Mamma,” and to walk, and his teeth are fast coming. He much amuses his parents when he tries to talk, and imitate us in singing.”

Human Dependence on a Divine Revelation.

Some persons are accustomed to talk as if savages could, and sometimes did, invent for themselves, one by one, all the useful arts, and thus raise themselves to a civilized state, without any assistance from men already civilized. One may meet with fine descriptions—though altogether fanciful—of this supposed progress of men towards civilization. One man, it has been supposed, wishing to save himself the trouble of roaming through

the woods in search of wild fruits and roots, would be- think himself of collecting the seeds of these, and culti- vating them in a spot of ground cleared and broken up for the purpose. And finding that he could thus raise more than enough for himself, he might agree with some of his neighbours to let them have a part of the produce in exchange for some of the game and fish they might have taken. Another man, again, it has been supposed, would endeavour to save himself the labour and uncertainty of hunting, by catching some kinds of wild animals alive, and keeping them in an inclosure to breed, that he might have a supply always on hand.

And again, another, it has been supposed, might devote himself to the occupation of dressing skins for clothing, or of building huts, or canoes, or making various kinds of tools ; and might subsist by exchanging these with his neighbours for food. And by thus de- voting his chief attention to some one kind of manufac- ture, he would acquire increased skill in that, and would strike out useful new inventions.

Thus, these supposed savages having gradually come to be divided into husbandmen, shepherds, and artisans of various kinds, would begin to enjoy the various ad- vantages of *a division of labour*, and would advance, step by step, in all the arts of civilized life.

Now all this description is likely to appear plausible at the first glance, to those who do not enquire carefully, and reflect attentively. But on examination, it will be found to be contradicted by all history, and to be quite inconsistent with the real character of such Beings as savages actually are. In reality, such a process of in- ventions and improvements as that just described, is what never did, and never possibly can, take place in any savage tribe left wholly to themselves.

All the nations of which we know anything, that have risen from a savage to a civilized state, appear to have had the advantage of the instruction, and example of civilized men living among them. Every nation that has ever had any tradition of a time when their ancestors were savages, and of the first introduction of civilization among them, always represent some foreigner, or some Being from Heaven as having first taught them the arts of life.

Thus, the ancient Greeks attributed to Prometheus—a supposed superhuman Being—the introduction of the use of fire. And they represented Triptolemus and Cadmus, and others, strangers, from a distant country, as introducing agriculture, and other arts. And the Peruvians have a like tradition concerning a person they call Manco-Capac, whom they represent as the offspring of the sun, and as having taught useful arts to their ancestors.

On the other hand, there are great numbers of savage tribes, in various parts of the world, who have had no regular intercourse with civilized men, but who have been visited by several voyagers, at different times, and, in some instances, at very distant periods. And it appears from comparing together the accounts of those voyagers that these tribes remain perfectly stationery; not making the smallest advance towards civilization.

For example, the people of the vast continent of New Holland, and of the large island of Papua, (or New Guinea,) which lies near it, who are among the rudest of savages, appear to remain (in those parts not settled by Europeans) in exactly the same brutish condition as when they were first discovered. They roam about the forests in search of wild animals, and of some few eatable roots, which they laboriously dig up with sharpened

sticks. But though they are often half starved, and though they have to expend as much toil for three or four scanty meals of these roots as would suffice for breaking up and planting a piece of ground that would supply them for a year, it has never occurred to them to attempt cultivating those roots.

The inhabitants, again, of the islands of Andaman, in the Eastern Ocean, appear to be in a more degraded and wretched state than even the New Hollanders.

The New Zealanders, again, in the interval of above 125 years between the first discovery of their islands by Tasman, and the second discovery by Captain Cook, seem to have made no advances whatever, but to have remained just in the same condition. And yet they were in a far less savage state than that of the New Hollanders, being accustomed rudely to cultivate the ground, and raise crops of sweet-potatoes.

And such appears to be, from all accounts, the condition of all savage, or nearly savage tribes. They seem never to *invent* anything, or to make any effort to improve; so that what few arts they do possess, (and which, in general, are only such as to enable them just to support life,) must be the remnant that they have retained from a more civilized state from which their ancestors had degenerated.

When, indeed, men have arrived at a certain stage in the advance towards civilization, (far short of what exists in Europe,) it is then possible for them, if nothing occurs to keep them back, to advance further and further towards a more civilized state.

And there is no *one* of the arts that may not be invented by men whose minds have been already cultivated up to a certain point.

Those, for example, who have been accustomed to

work in one kind of metal, may discover the use of some other metal. Those who are accustomed to till the ground, and whose faculties have received some considerable degree of improvement, may introduce the culture of some new vegetable. And if men have been used to make woollen cloth, they may proceed from that to linen or cotton cloth; or, on the other hand, they may proceed from linen to woollen.

And this it is that misleads some persons in their notions respecting savages. For, finding that there is no *one* art which might not have been invented by unassisted man, supposing him to *have a certain degree of civilization to start from*, they hence conclude that unassisted man might have invented *all* the arts, supposing him *left originally in a completely savage state*. But this is contradicted by all experience; which shows that men in the condition of the lowest savages never have made the first step towards civilization, without some assistance from without.

Human society may be compared to some combustible substances which will not take fire spontaneously, but when once set on fire, will burn with continually increasing force. A community of men requires, as it were, to be kindled, and requires no more.

Perhaps, when you try to fancy yourself in the situation of a savage, it occurs to you that you would set your mind to work to contrive means for bettering your condition; and that you might perhaps hit upon such and such useful inventions; and hence you may be led to think it natural that savages should do so, and that some tribes of them may have advanced themselves in the way above described, without any external help. But nothing of the kind appears to have ever really occurred; and what leads some persons to fancy it is,

that they themselves are *not* savages, but have some degree of mental cultivation, and some of the habits of thought of civilized men; and therefore they form to themselves an incorrect notion of what a savage really is—just as a person who possesses eyesight, cannot understand correctly the condition of one born blind.

But those who have seen a good deal of real savages, have observed that they are not only feeble in mental powers, but also sluggish in the use of such powers as they have, except when urged by pressing want. When not thus urged, they pass their time either in perfect inactivity, or else in dancing, in decorating their bodies with paint, or with feathers and shells, or in various childish sports. They are not only brutishly stupid, but still more remarkable for childish thoughtlessness and improvidence. So that it never occurs to them to consider how they may put themselves in a better condition a year or two hence.

Now such must have been the condition of all mankind down to this day, if they had all been, from the first, left without any instruction, and in what is called a *state of nature*—that is, with the faculties man is born with, not at all unfolded or exercised by education. For, from such a state, unassisted man cannot, as all experience shows, ever raise himself. And consequently, in that case, the whole world would have been peopled with mere savages in the very lowest state of degradation. The very existence, therefore, at this day, of civilized men, proves that there must have been, at some time or other, some instruction given to man in the arts of life, by some Being superior to man. For, since the *first beginnings* of civilization could not have come from any *human* instructor, they must have come from one *super-human*.—*Lessons on Religious Worship.*

The "Allen Gardiner."

In our last number we mentioned to our readers some of the advantages which would accrue from lengthening our little Missionary schooner. We also asked for an extra effort on the part of our friends to accomplish this object. It is now our duty to announce the intention of the Committee to appeal for funds for the immediate execution of it. We hope many Christians, who have hitherto not taken any active interest in the Mission generally, will see their way clear to help in this special object. The very name of the vessel will surely appeal to some, while the fact of her having already been engaged for seven years in the Lord's work gives a deep, and practical interest to her history. Is it not significant of God's favour that after so many voyages over the stormiest seas in the world, in dangerous channels, and along coasts where the perils of the sea only rival the perils arising from the natives on the land, the *Allen Gardiner* has been brought back safely to the port, which she quitted in 1854? Is it nothing that she was built, and equipped for a work in which the faith of the Lord's servants has been so conspicuous, and which now assumes so many features of hopefulness, and promise? Already we see the words of Capt. Morshead, R. N. beginning to be fulfilled. It was he, who by command of the Admiralty ascertained the fate of Capt. Gardiner; and who, far from being disheartened, wrote the following lines of encouragement to the then Hon. Secretary of the Society.

"Valparaiso, Feb. 24, 1852.—I trust neither yourself, nor the Society, will be discouraged from following up to the utmost the cause in which you have embarked; and ultimate success is as certain as the present degraded state of the savages is evident. Their state is a perfect

discredit to the age we live in, within a few hundred miles (300) of an English colony."

More striking still, however, were the words of Capt. Gardiner himself, in his last letter penned in Tierra del Fuego. Who can read them without admiring his faith and zeal? Not for himself, but for the poor degraded heathen, do the dying martyr's wishes find expression.

"If," he says, "I have a wish for the good of my fellow men, it is that the Tierra del Fuego Mission might be prosecuted with vigour, and the work in South America, more especially the Chilidugu branch."

To fulfil this wish—a wish founded on, and in entire sympathy with, the Lord's command to preach the Gospel to every creature—the *Allen Gardiner* was built. Hitherto she has by God's blessing been instrumental in doing much good. By making the proposed alterations there is no doubt she will be more efficient than hitherto for her peculiar work. The estimate of expense is as follows :—

For lengthening the vessel 12 feet	£450
For improvements in her internal arrangements, new rigging, sails, &c.	300
Fresh coppering	80
One new boat, and repair of old one	20
	—
	£850

The work is already in hand. Who will not help? One friend has already given £21 for new boats; one little girl has undertaken to collect £5 for a new steering wheel; and we feel no doubt that there are many persons who, without in any way slackening their interest in the general work of the Mission, or lessening their contributions to the general funds, will find opportunity to further this special object.

If anyone is disposed to say the work in Tierra del Fuego is too far off, and has no claims, let him ask, Who is my neighbour? and we think the objection will be removed. The inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are our neighbours; they dwell just beyond the limits of a British dependency. Their degradation, of which we cannot plead ignorance, appeals to us. England, in fact, never loses sight of those inhospitable shores; for her richly-freighted ships are ceaselessly careering round the stormy promontories of Cape Horn. Many vessels have foundered there, and whole crews perished, who might still have brightened English homes, had only a friendly port, and a Christian people welcomed them to their coasts.

In case any friends should like to contribute funds, or collect, for any particular part of the *Allen Gardiner's* outfit, which is included in the above estimate, we furnish the following particulars for their guidance.

Mainsail	2 each	£16
Trysail	1 „	5
Foresail	1 „	10
Staysail	1 „	6
Gib	1 „	5
Flying Gib	1 „	5
Topsail	1 „	5
Top-gallant Sail .. .	1 „	4
Main Boom	1 „	
Fore Boom	1 „	
Fore Yard	1 „	
Topsail Yard	1 „	
Top-gallant Yard ..	1 „	
Cooking Galley	15
One Chain Cable ..	1 „	

Contributions of Work for sale in behalf of above object will be most gladly received by Mrs. G. P. Despard, 5, Aberdeen Terrace, Clifton ; or by Mrs. W. H. Stirling, 6, Westbourne Place, Clifton.

General Intelligence.

PATAGONIA.

Our latest intelligence from Patagonia comes through the Rev. R. Dennett, British Chaplain of Valparaiso, who says he has heard from Mr. Schmid, and he is making "satisfactory progress." Mr. Schmid's letter was written in November, about a month after H.M.S. *Calypso* had touched at Sandy Point, with stores for the Missionaries.

LOTA.

From Lota our latest intelligence is equally satisfactory. The Rev. A. W. Gardiner was absent in the Indian territory, and Mr. Coombe was conducting the school, &c. at Lota with regularity. Mr. Balfour, of Valparaiso, an interesting letter from whom appeared in one of our recent numbers, had again shown his Christian liberality by giving funds for increasing the accommodation of the school.

HOME.

Mr. E. Casey, of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, is by permission of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Candidate for Ordination, on the second Sunday in Lent. Mr. E. Casey is one of the Missionaries elect for the work in South America. Dear Christian friends, pray for the work, and for him who is in God's providence to be set apart for it.

Our Lota Mission.

In former numbers we have spoken of the position of Lota, as eminently favourable for the prosecution of the objects of the Society amongst the Araucanian Indians. Our recent despatches from the Rev. A. W. Gardiner confirm in every respect this view of the case. Owing to the necessity of erecting a school, and instituting religious services for the British settlers at Lota, Mr. Gardiner was for many months prevented from advancing, as he desired, into the heart of the Indian territory. The Spanish language, moreover, had to be acquired as a preliminary to the acquisition of the Indian; and many local circumstances, which in forming a new basis of missionary work on the border-line of civilisation and barbarism are wont to occur, made missionary action difficult. Our readers, however, may rest assured that not only has Mr. Gardiner not been slack in his movements, but he has shown great energy of character, and fixity of purpose. The difficulties, which arrayed themselves against him on his first arrival in the country, were most formidable. It required some time for christian people in Chili to appreciate the nature of the work, and to give it a cheering word. Without hesitation, nevertheless, and in

the power of the same faith, which had induced him to devote himself to the work of this special Mission, Mr. Gardiner persevered until a reaction in his favour took place, and friends in Valparaiso and Lota cordially responded to his appeal for help, and contributed, as we find, about £240 in support of the work. One difficulty after another arose, but each in turn disappeared, and now we have the satisfaction of reporting—not only the regular ministrations of religion among our hitherto neglected countrymen at Lota, and a school provided for their children, but—the commencement of regular, and hopeful intercourse with the neighbouring Indian tribes. In the following extracts from Mr. Gardiner's letter, dated Lota, December 29th, 1861, our readers will see much to cause them to regard with interest the prospects of the Mission in Araucania.

“Lota, December 29th, 1861.”

“Affairs are brightening a little in Chili, and there is the immediate prospect of an abundant harvest next month. The Indians are at peace with one another, and with the republic. They now frequently come to Nacimiento, Arauco, and Lota, and appear friendly and anxious for quietness. The present government appear to understand a little better how to manage them than President Montt's clique; and every thing seems favourable for our commencing the mission work by learning the language at one of the

Indian settlements. Those nearest us are Raquillia, Melidupu, Labo, and Nacimientto.

“Mr. Dennett recommends Nacimientto, and it has three special advantages. 1. The road is passable all the year round. 2. The Indian settlements are larger. 3. The ‘cacique’ of the whole country lives in that direction, and consequently the grand annual muster of Indians takes place within a day’s ride of Nacimientto. Last week when I was down at Labo, it impressed me very favourably as a suitable basis, but upon careful reflection since, the fact of four rivers (Chinlingui, Carampangi, Melidupu, and another the name of which escaped me), and three forests intervening—would make it quite untenable as an outpost except during the summer months, as the rivers would become quite impassable, and the forests, too, from June till August.

“The name of the nearest Indian cacique to us is ‘Isidoro.’ His house is a morning’s ride from Lota. Leaving the station at sunrise I reached his settlement about noonday, having passed Raquillia at 9 A.M. The Indians are very civil and hospitable, and invariably address any one with the phrase ‘murri-murri’ answering perhaps to the Fuegian expression at meeting ‘yama scuna.’ I met some of the women riding on pack-horses, and my thoughts wandered back to similar scenes in Patagonia.

“The humanising effects of agriculture and pastoral life are very strikingly exemplified by these Indians. Pagans and heathen they certainly are, but scarcely savages in the strict sense of the term. A man who is well dressed, rides a good horse, keeps a few milch

cows, and plants a patch of maize and potatoes, would pass as a respectable yeoman in England, and this is the 'menage' of many of these Indians. They spin their own wool, weave their own clothes, and dye them a dark blue with indigo. Their monotonous lives give a lonely, desolate island-sort of look to their features; and as I met them riding in their sombre forests they harmonized with the general landscape pretty much as the vultures on the cliffs, and the hawks on the ragged stumps of charred and withered elms, or the owls which a few hours later came out of their hiding place, and screamed through the shady trees.

"We shall be ready to commence operations amongst the Indians in April.

"In order to make real progress this year *i.e.* to connect an outpost by some Indian settlement with the Lota station, and to carry the itinerant mission south to Tucapel and east to S. Carlos de los Andes, *i.e.* 100 miles S. and E. of Lota £125 will be required. Lota station will be self-supporting this year, as the children have increased to 32.

"I sincerely hope that you will be able to spare this sum, as in that case by next Christmas we ought to be making progress with the language. It has been a great (though necessary) delay acquiring Spanish, as a preliminary to the enterprise.

"The plan which after a year's consideration I now venture respectfully to submit to the Committee, is as follows:—

"1. To maintain Lota school, as the key to the enterprise, and the winter quarters of the mission.

"2. To erect an outpost at Nacimiento (situated on the Bio-bio, 60 miles east of Lota), as subsidiary to the itinerant mission.

"3. To organise an itinerant agency of two missionaries, with guide, tent, and horses. This plan will require three missionaries, two English and one German.

"We could each have our winter quarters at Lota, leaving the outpost in charge of the guide, and for nine months in the year the itinerant agency would be always in the field.

"Enlightened and sustained progress must be founded upon systematic exertion, and our work here may either be done by fits and starts or by regulated steps, the school paving the way for an outpost, the outpost developing into a tent, and so macadamising the road from the sea shore to the domestic hearth of the Indian and his family, munching 'pinones' and drinking milk. As soon as the horses are recovered (at present they are both *hors de combat* from their late fatigues,) we may report ourselves ready for missionary work. So that from the date of January 6, any delays in the prosecution of the work will be accounted for in my journal, which I will now commence and forward to you monthly. If there is a gathering of the Indians at Arauco we shall be able to go over, and we must also contrive to see the Indians at Nacimiento—and then in April, Mr. Coombe is very anxious to undertake the outpost, so as to make a commencement before winter sets in."

It is an encouraging sign when a call reaches us for more labourers in the vineyard. There is

evidently work to be done. And we rejoice accordingly in knowing that a third Missionary brother is required for Araucania. The very success of the Mission will create an ever increasing demand for fresh labourers. There is no escape from this. But have our friends considered it; and will they seek so to extend the area of support, and sympathy at home, as to enable the Committee efficiently to meet the expanding wants of the work? We commend this matter to their immediate, and earnest attention.

Lengthening and Refitting of the "Allen Gardiner."

The process of lengthening our missionary schooner is steadily going on. Already we can realise, as we stand upon her deck, what a great increase of accommodation will be secured by the addition of twelve feet to her length. We wish all our friends could realise the comfort, which is likely to accrue from the present alteration. To be tossed up and down day after day, and night after night, in a vessel of the size of the *Allen Gardiner*, and to have one's walk limited by a few feet of encumbered deck, is a kind of trial, which fortunately few Missionaries are required to undergo. But the Lord's work in Tierra del Fuego exacts this of our missionary brethren; and we are persuaded that Christians at home will not

deem it other than a privilege to reduce, as far as possible, the extraordinary weight of this incidental trial. In no way can this be more effectually accomplished with a reasonable outlay, than by completing the proposed alterations. The cost of lengthening alone will be, for twelve feet, £450. But the expression, "lengthening twelve feet," implies a necessity of putting—say—five hundred feet of timber into the middle of the vessel,—(for she is lengthened amidships,)—not to mention anything of the labour required for dividing the vessel into two, and preparing to alter her proportions. For each foot of timber, therefore, something less than £1 will be required,—and it has been suggested to us by a warm friend of the Mission, that if people were asked to undertake to put one foot, or half a foot of timber into the vessel, by raising the required number of shillings, the request would not be in vain. What do our young friends say to it? What do our old-established friends say to it? Cards for the special collection will be furnished on request; and we shall rejoice if a speedy pecuniary return is the result. Our readers will not forget that the work of lengthening the *Allen Gardiner* is actually being done, and that the money to meet the expense is consequently *now* required.

In our last number we spoke of a sale of work, which it was proposed should take place, in or

about Easter week, in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton. We hope from this source to derive funds for a refit of our vessel. But owing to the intended sale of work at Clifton, by other parties, and for other purposes, about the time above specified, we do not anticipate that our sale will take place till the middle of May, at which season if the weather is fine, and other circumstances allow, we propose to have it on board the *Allen Gardiner*, in the harbour of Bristol. An opportunity will be thus afforded to all interested in the Mission to see the little vessel in her new condition, lengthened, and refitted for the work to which she has been consecrated.

In case any friends should like to contribute funds, or collect, for any particular part of the *Allen Gardiner's* outfit, which is included in the above estimate, we furnish the following particulars for their guidance.

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Main Boom	1	„	
Fore Boom	1	„	
Fore Yard	1	„	

Topsail Yard	1 each	
Top-gallant Yard ..	1 ,,	
Cooking Galley	15
One Chain Cable ..	1 ,,	

Contributions of Work for sale in behalf of above object will be most gladly received by Mrs. G. P. Despard, 5, Aberdeen Terrace, Clifton; or by Mrs. W. H. Stirling, 6, Westbourne Place, Clifton.

Annual Meetings of the Society in Clifton.

On the 28th of February the annual meetings of the Society took place at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton. The morning meeting was presided over by Major Giberne, and the evening meeting by R. T. H. Bartley, Esq. The attendance was good, and much interest naturally excited by the presence of the Rev. G. P. Despard, whose name and labours in connection with the Society's work are so widely known. A summary of the Report was read by the Secretary, from which it appeared that from all sources the revenue of the Society for the past year exceeded £3150—a sum indeed small in itself, but indicating, on the part of the old friends of the mission generally, a loyal and patient attachment to the cause. The speakers in the morning were the Revds. J. B. Clifford, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthew's, Kingsdown; W. H. Barlow, M.A., Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Bristol; S. A. Walker, Rector of Mary-le-port; G. P. Despard, B.A.; W. Hockin, Hon. Sec. of the

Exeter Auxiliary; and J. Hollins, Incumbent of St. Clement's, Bristol.

The addresses of Mr. Despard contained a *resumé* of the operations of the Society, from the time that he undertook the superintendentship of the work, at the close of 1856. Our readers generally are acquainted with the facts stated, so far as they can be set forth in the form of journals and letters; but nobody could listen to the words of Mr. Despard without feeling the power of his testimony to the success of the work so far, and his confident hope of its future triumph, if steadily persevered in.

We have, indeed, heard it remarked, and in a tone of surprise, if not disparagement, that the missionaries of our Society have not hitherto been able to take their place in the midst of large congregations of the heathen, and preach the gospel of Christ to them. The patient efforts to acquire the language, and to reduce it to writing—the daily attempt to communicate some primary truth of the Bible to the natives who desired our instruction—the hopeful indications of better things in the hearts of two or three of the natives—the fact of the natives appreciating our kindness, and profiting by our instruction: these, and other evidences of the progress of the work so far, seem to leave little impression on the minds of some, merely because there is an absence of some special thing, by them considered necessary in a missionary work amongst the heathen. We wish our readers would fully set before themselves the task which is to be accomplished in Tierra del Fuego—a task in which Mr. Despard, and our other missionaries have been en-

gaged. Let them picture to themselves a people in the uttermost ends of the earth, cut off from all contact with civilisation, having a rude and unwritten language, no form of worship, no knowledge of God, no defined law, inhabiting an inhospitable country, and subsisting precariously on fish and a few vegetable products; let them further picture a few missionaries, recognising in such a people the lineaments of beings intended for a higher destiny, knowing that for them, as for all men, Christ died, and desiring to do them good, by making Christ known to them. What difficulties must necessarily arise before every step taken by these faithful men. How slow must be their progress—how often dangerous, and always trying. Line upon line, line upon line; precept upon precept, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little; this must be the character of the teaching when physical obstacles have been surmounted. Yet in a work, so peculiar as this is, we are asked for results, which are only to be found under circumstances wholly dissimilar. If an unexpected difficulty occurs, it is almost made a reproach, and the hearts of many become faint. But our friends must remember that when difficulties cease our work is done. As long as there is need for the agency of this Society, there is, as a matter of course, something to be overcome—something which we must be prepared to encounter. By and by it may be granted to the Church to rejoice in the happy issue of the present labours of the mission; but at present we must be content to work for the praise of God, and not of men. In laying the foundations of a breakwater, the cost, and patience, and time, and

risk incurred are infinitely greater than those required for completing the superstructure: yet the foundations are out of sight, and persons who judge merely by sight, and casually, may well imagine, as year after year the labour goes on, that the enterprise is fruitless, and the outlay waste. The waters still prevail, the waves still beat violently where the work is going on. Stone, after stone sinks to the bottom; month after month, year after year the workmen pursue their toil, and yet no visible result appears. But at last, to crown the patience, and energy of those engaged, a low line of wall rises above the surface of the waters. It does not make much show, but it answers its purpose, and stays the angry waves as they hurl themselves towards the moored fleet. That low line of wall, which the mariner sees with so much pleasure, rests upon a foundation out of sight, and which has cost years of toil, and some lives, and a treasury of gold, to lay effectually. Without the foundation the superstructure could not exist, and without time and patience the foundation could not be laid; but this latter being laid, the superstructure follows as a matter of course, and without difficulty. Now we are laying the foundations of missionary work in Tierra del Fuego. It is costly, and demands patience, energy, and time. But if these be granted we may not doubt, but that by and by the results, which some too hastily seek now, shall be abundantly manifest. When a christian people, and christian villages arise on those far distant shores, the present supporters of the Society will not want their approvers. The results will speak for themselves. But the question is, should Christians in England

withhold their approval till then? Should they renounce the privilege of laying the foundation stones? Should they shrink from labouring in faith, and leave it to another generation to approve what under much discouragement a few of God's people are attempting now? For ourselves we know how painful it would be to find that we had missed such an opportunity of ministering to Christ. We say emphatically ministering to Christ: for His words apply even here: "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me:" for "verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Surely the tribes for whom we now are pleading, are spiritually hungry, thirsty, strangers, naked, and in prison; and, if in the name of Christ, and for His sake, to even the least of these we make known His grace, we are ministering to Him, and setting forth His praise.

We long, therefore, to see a more wide-spread, and cordial adoption of our mission cause. Why should Christians hesitate? Do they only worship success? Are they afraid of being disappointed? To believe is to succeed—to hope is to win—to fight in Christ's cause is to conquer. But not to believe, and not to hope, and not to fight on the Lord's side, is to leave Satan in his usurped dominion, and to renounce the crown which Christ has promised. But we are persuaded better things of the church at home; and, during the present, and future years, we look for ex-

tended sympathy, and co-operation, which shall cause us at our annual meetings to rejoice, and be glad.

Our Cork Auxiliary.

We hail it as an omen for good, that the first Missionary Meeting—if not the first meeting—presided over in Cork, by the present Bishop, is one composed of the friends of our Society. Often it is a subject of regret that those in authority hesitate to lend their support, and influence to a cause, which has not achieved any considerable success. Instead of throwing themselves into a movement, avowedly good in its purpose, and seeking to direct and sustain it, men of influence are found frequently to stand aloof, and to allow many unnecessary difficulties to beset its early adherents. We have, however, to rejoice over noble exceptions to this course of action, and to thank God that He raises up friends to maintain His cause. Amongst these we must rank the Lord Bishop of Cork, who is now a Vice-Patron of the Society, and whose generous co-operation we can steadily count upon. We think our readers will be glad to read the brief, but cordial words of the Bishop at the late meeting at Cork, and we therefore with pleasure subjoin them, as also the remarks of the Rev. Mr. Reeves. The addresses of the Rev. T. H. C. Finney, Hon. Sec. of the Cork Auxiliary, and of the Rev. G. P. Despard, we have not space to report.

“The Rev. Mr. REEVES next addressed the meeting. He thought it would be quite superfluous to add one word to what had been already stated, if it were not for

this circumstance—that it was well to show there was a local interest amongst the local clergy in this good cause (hear, hear) ; and if there was any advantage in that he would cheerfully accord his mite of approbation. (Hear, hear.) They all agreed that it was their duty as Christians to send forth everywhere over the face of the globe the Word of God, and to preach the Gospel of salvation ; and the only objection he had heard raised against this society was, that there were peculiar difficulties in the place it had chose for its field of labour. He would only ask whether such difficulties as those would weigh with men in other departments—in a scientific or mercantile department of life? What means and influence had been expended in the other end of America in trying to discover a North West passage to the Pacific Ocean, in order to make our maps more perfect and give us more geographical knowledge. What energy and perseverance were exhibited in laying down the Transatlantic telegraph cable, and although at present it lay worthless, and that a vast amount of capital had been already sunk in the undertaking, the directors did not at all despair of ultimately accomplishing their object. The projectors of the Great Eastern, too, were confident of ultimate success, although life had already been lost by that vessel, and thousands upon thousands of pounds expended upon her. Should they, then, when engaged in a matter of far more moment than any of those undertakings, be retarded by difficulties or obstructed by them? Surely they should not. He trusted that they would by every means in their power endeavour to advance the society.” (Hear, hear.)

“His LORDSHIP—At this very late hour it would not be well to make any observations to you. Of course I have great pleasure in presiding at a meeting of this

kind, and meeting so many of the kind and religious people of the city of Cork. You came here to-day I think, principally to receive information, and Mr. Despard came here to give you information. Mr. Despard came here, I think, principally to get a contribution, and I hope you will give it. Both the information and the contribution are intended for the greatest objects that the mind could have in contemplation, which are simply, first, the glory of God, and next the salvation of men; and that glory to be promoted and that salvation to be sought simply by the promulgation or proclamation of the gospel—the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. I trust at the close of our meeting I may cherish the hope that there is in each of your hearts a love of that Saviour Jesus who is preached to the heathen. What has made any change in this country? Why are we not as dark and as wretched and as miserable as those poor persons described to you by Mr. Despard? We are civilised—we are humanised Christians. But civilisation and humanity are as nothing compared to Christianity. The essence of Christianity is a knowledge of Jesus, a love of Jesus, and faith in Jesus. My dear friends, do you know our master and our Saviour, Jesus? Do you love our Saviour, Jesus?—and do you sympathise with suffering humanity all over the world? We are all of one blood. Though differently circumstanced in our position on the face of the earth, we are all of one blood and all of the same capabilities. We are capable of endless misery or capable of endless life; and that which unfits us for endless life is the darkness of our minds, the corruption of our hearts, and the guilt of our souls; and that which removes that darkness, and that corruption, and that guilt, is that precious Saviour, Jesus, whose gospel we wish to preach through the world. What blessings—

what information and strength have you received compared with many miserable, wretched, and forlorn outcasts of the earth, and you should offer your thanks always to that God who has cast your lot in these regions under such favourable circumstances. Will there not be a period yet when that region will be illumined by the Sun of Righteousness? A time is coming round gradually on the wing: a day will arrive when that land shall have its sabbaths as we have, its Sunday-school as we have, its missionary meetings as we have, and its Christian ministers as we have; and cannot we easily contemplate a period when Christian ministers shall assemble, as they do to-day around me, at their missionary meetings, and feel compassion towards lands less favourably circumstanced; and can we not easily contemplate a period when some ministers, presiding over them as I preside over you to-day, shall cherish the hope that the ministers by whom he shall be surrounded, as I am surrounded to-day, will delight to preach the everlasting Gospel of their Saviour and Master faithfully to the people, and endeavour to promote the spread of Christianity through their land, and arouse their Protestant population, intellectually, morally, and spiritually? And shall we not also cherish the hope that there will be in each one of their families family prayer, closet prayers, family devotion and Christian love and union, and then God, even our own God, will give them his blessing. We begin then—I to preside over you at a missionary meeting, the society for which it is held being in a very trying state indeed in many respects; but if you take an interest in this society, then I can cherish the hope that when other great missionary schemes come before you, you will take a cordial interest in them too. I think it is a principle of our nature that

where the greatest misery is there should be the greatest mercy. Now, here is a cause calling for your greatest mercy ; and what is the greatest mercy ? To assist in converting all of the human family, sunk in misery and in total spiritual darkness. If, then, there be any mercy in you that mercy should be called out. If there is anything to remove misery it is mercy. Here is the intensest misery and is there in you rich and Christian mercy ? May God the Holy Ghost convince you of the deep need that there is in this case, and call out the charity of your Christian hearts towards it. (Applause.)

Indian Narcotics.

Coca, the narcotic of the Andes, is not less interesting than the narcotics of the East, either in its social or in its physiological relations. It is little known in Europe, its use as an indulgence being in a great measure confined to the native Indians of Bolivia and Peru.

The *Erythroxylon coca* is a bush which attains the height of six or eight feet, and resembles the black thorn in its small white flowers and bright green leaves. It is a native of the tropical valleys which occur on the eastern slope of the Andes, in Bolivia and Peru, and it still grows wild in many parts of these countries. That which is used by the people, however, is chiefly the produce of cultivation. In the inhabited parts of the above valleys it forms an important agricultural crop. Like our common thorn, it is raised in seed beds, from which it is planted out into regularly arranged coca plantations. The steep sides of the valleys, as high up as 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, where the mean temperature is from 64° to 68° Fahr., are often covered with these plantations of coca.

The use of this plant among the Indians of South America dates from very remote periods. When the Spanish conquerors overcame the native races of the hilly country of Peru, they found extensive plantations of an herb called coca; and they observed among these races the singular custom of chewing the leaves of this plant during frequent short periods of repose, specially set apart for the purpose. So general, indeed, was the use of this plant, and so common the demand for it, that it formed the usual money, or medium of exchange, in Peru. The practice of using this plant was already ancient among the Indian races, and its origin was lost in the mists of remote antiquity. After the introduction of gold and silver money it became the principal article of traffic. Its cultivation was a care of the native governments during the Incas, and it continues equally prevalent to the present day. The beloved leaf is still to the Indian of the mountains the delight, the support, and in some measure the necessity of his life. He is never seen without the leathern pouch (his *chuspa*) to contain his coca leaves, and his gourd-bottle to hold powdered unslacked lime; or, if he is a Bolivian, the alkaline ashes of the quinoa, of the musa root, or of certain other plants.

The Indians of the Peruvian Andes are subject to fits of melancholy, or are generally perhaps of a gloomy temperament. "In their domestic relations," says Von Tschudi, "the Indians are unsocial and gloomy. Husband, wife, and children live together with but little appearance of affection. The children seem to approach their parents timidly, and whole days sometimes elapse without the interchange of a word of kindness between them. When not engaged in out-door work, the Indian sits gloomily in his hut, chewing coca, and brooding silently over his own thoughts."

Dr. Weddell, who has lately travelled in Bolivia, bears a similar testimony in regard to the appearance and manners of these people. "It is difficult," he says, "to have lived for any time among these men without being struck by the expression of concentrated melancholy which can be read upon their features, and which seems to speak of an undefined but constant suffering. This physiognomy is, above all, remarkable among the Aymaras, whose character is also more taciturn than that of the Quichuas, who inhabit along with them the table-lands of the Andes.

One would have supposed that when the free republics of South America were established, the trials of the long-oppressed aborigines would have been at an end, and that something like political equality would have been established among the different races. But such is not the case. In Bolivia, every Indian from eighteen to fifty years of age is subjected to a poll-tax of five dollars if he is a labourer, and from six to ten if he is a proprietor; and this tax is collected half-yearly. No equivalent tax is imposed upon the whites, and from this source four and a half millions of dollars are derived—the total yearly revenue of the republic being only ten and a-half millions. The unhappy race, therefore, is still ground down by the dominant blood, and the melancholy feeling of inferiority is still perpetuated.

It does not appear, however, that the coca adds to the gloom of the unhappy Indian; on the contrary, he takes it to relieve himself for the time from the peculiarities of his temperament. Silence and abstraction are necessary to the enjoyment, but the use of it makes him cheerful; and it is to the unhappy, often oppressed, and always poor Peruvian, the source of his highest pleasures. It has come down to him as a relic of the ancient

enjoyments of his people, and during the fantasy it produces, he participates in scenes and pleasures from which in common life he is altogether excluded. Dr. Weddell very sensibly remarks, that, as a relic of the past, he attaches "superstitious ideas to the coca, which must triple, in his imagination, the benefits he receives from it," and that its value to him is further enhanced by its being the "sole and only distraction which breaks the incomparable monotony of his existence."

We have no detailed account, by an actual chewer of the leaf, of the *special* effects which it produces; but these must be very seducing, since, though long stigmatised, and still very generally considered as a degrading, purely Indian, and therefore despicable vice, many white Peruvians at Lima and elsewhere retire daily, at stated times, to chew the coca. Even Europeans in different parts of the country have fallen into the habit. A confirmed chewer of coca is called a "coquero," and he is said to become occasionally more thoroughly a slave to the leaf than the inveterate drunkard is to spirituous liquors.

Sometimes the coquero is overtaken by a craving which he cannot resist, and he betakes himself for days together to the silence of the woods, and there indulges unrestrained in the use of the weed. Young men of the best families in Peru become sometimes addicted to this extreme degree of excess, and are then considered as lost. Forsaking cities and the company of civilised men, and living chiefly in woods or in Indian villages, they give themselves up to a savage and solitary life. Hence the term, a *white coquero*, has there something of the same evil sense as irreclaimable drunkard has with us.

Even those Europeans who are best acquainted with the Indian races, and have seen most of the action of

this plant upon them, do not deny that, in addition to the ordinary properties of a weak narcotic, the coca leaves possess two extraordinary qualities not known to co-exist in any other substance. These are—

First, That when chewed they lessen the desire, and apparently the necessity also, for ordinary food. They not only enable the chewer, as brandy and opium do, to put forth a greater nervous energy for a short time, but actually, with the same amount of food, perseveringly to undergo more laborious fatigue or longer-continued labour. With a feeble ration of dried maize, or barley crushed into flour, the Indian, if duly supplied with coca, toils under heavy burdens, day after day, up the steep slopes of the mountain passes; or digs for years in the subterranean mines, insensible to weariness, to cold, or to hunger.

Second, The other extraordinary property of the leaf is, that, either when chewed or when taken in the form of infusion, like tea, it prevents the occurrence of that difficulty of respiration which is usually felt in ascending the long and steep slopes of the Cordillera and the Puna.

“When I was in the Puna,” says Von Tschudi, “at the height of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, I drank always, before going out to hunt, a strong infusion of coca leaves. I could then, during the whole day, climb the heights and follow the swift-footed wild animals, without experiencing any greater difficulty of breathing than I should have felt in similar rapid movements on the coast. Moreover, I did not suffer from the symptoms of cerebral excitement or uneasiness which other travellers have experienced. The reason perhaps is, that I only drank the decoction on the cold Puna, where the nervous system is far less

susceptible than in the climate of the forests beneath. However, I always felt a sense of great satiety, after taking the coca infusion, and I did not feel a desire for my next meal until after the time at which I usually took it."

The reason of this action of the leaf is not less difficult to make out than of its alleged strength-sustaining capabilities.—*Chemistry of Common Life.*

Home Intelligence.

The Rev. G. P. Despard has been actively engaged during the past month in visiting the Society's Associations in Ireland. At Cork, as our readers will see in another part of our present number, the recently appointed Bishop—so well known as the Rev. J. Gregg, of Dublin—presided. We are happy also in being able to announce that his Lordship has kindly consented to be enrolled among the Vice-Patrons of the Society. The tone of the meeting was warm and encouraging. The Society's Hon. Sec., the Rev. T. H. C. Finney, of the Free Church, Cork, took part in the proceedings, and sought to stir up increased interest in the cause. The speech of the Rev. Mr. Reeves was likewise encouraging, and we have reason to hope our auxiliary at Cork will for the future show an increase of strength, and readiness to support the interests of the mission. At Dublin the meeting was presided over (in the absence of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin) by the Right Honourable Joseph Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor, on the 25th ult.; and on the 27th the Rev. Dr. Brooke took the chair at a meeting in the vestibule of the Mariner's Church, Kingstown. The contributions from

our Dublin auxiliary exceeded those of any other association during the past year : and the returns from Kingstown showed a gratifying increase. To our kind Honorary Secretaries and Collectors, and supporters generally, we feel very much indebted for their exertions. In Cavan a new association has been formed, the proceeds of which appear in the forthcoming Report for 1861. The interest here has been excited by one, who was formerly a most active friend of the Society in Kingstown, and subsequently at Clonakilty.

The Rev. W. Gray has visited Claughton, and preached there. The collection was £28 13s. 4d. Since then his efforts have been principally made in London and its neighbourhood, the results of which will appear hereafter. In February an interesting and important meeting took place in Bayswater, the principal speakers being the Revds. Canon Boyd, G. P. Despard, W. Gray, &c. The platform was influentially attended, and the Society's claims were earnestly supported.

Ordination of Mr. E. Casey.

We are happy to inform our friends that, on Sunday, the 16th ult., His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury admitted Mr. E. Casey to the order of Deacon. Mr. Casey is now in Bristol, where he will remain till the *Allen Gardiner* is ready to convey the missionary party, now being organised, to the scene of their future labours. Mr. John Andrews, and Mr. James Row, who have been for three years in training at the Missionary College of St. Chrischona, are also in Bristol, and completing their preparations for the work abroad.

A fresh Starting Point.

From the annual report which has just been issued it must be evident that the Society is now entering into a new and more important stage of being. Its plans and schemes are gradually being developed; and it is taking its stand boldly as a South American mission, indicating, at all events, the machinery by which that great and glorious continent may, with God's blessing, be raised from its present unhappy but hopeful condition to one of gladness and prosperity, offering to its own inhabitants the unnumbered blessings which flow from vital Christianity, and to foreign nations an ample opening for their commerce, and numberless positions of great value, where their children may settle amidst abundance, and in climates of rare salubrity.

At the outset of this view of things it may naturally be suggested, that our English friends are not showing themselves sanguine of any very large results, inasmuch as our home income does not exhibit any increase, but rather the reverse. Let us for a moment glance at the accounts of the years 1861 and 1862. Let us take three items,

we purposely do not compare the accounts by bringing into them the sale of the "Voice of Pity." The circulation of this periodical has really increased, though the contrary would seem at first sight to be indicated; but this arises from last year's account showing its sale for two years, and not one.

Leaving this out, or allowing it to indicate an advance, we take the three important items: Home receipts, Foreign receipts, and the produce of the Mission Station. Now how do these stand?

1861.

Home Contributions	£3178	4	9½
Foreign ditto	22	13	0
Produce of Mission Station ...	17	18	0

Total.....£3218 15 9½

1862.

Home Contributions (including Work)	£2950	7	9
Foreign ditto	257	0	0
Produce of Mission Station ...	56	0	0

Total.....£3257 7 9

In the aggregate, in these items, this year is in advance of last year by £38 11 11½, even though the home receipts have fallen off by about £228. In part no doubt this falling off is more apparent

than real, and arises from Associations not being punctual in sending in their contributions; but allowing all one may for this, still it is evident that the home receipts are less, and the Foreign receipts more. This state of things is certainly most suggestive. If we allow full weight to all the reasons given in the Report, a general depressing influence weighing on all religious societies, which is always felt most by the smallest and the newest; the delay of the *Allen Gardiner*, leading to stagnation in the working of the Mission in the South; the resignation of the Rev. G. P. Despard for the Keppel branch of the work; and his failure in finding employment elsewhere in South America; we have reasons enough to account for more than the deficiency which appears in the home receipts. That is to say, the surprise is not that the funds have decreased, but that they have suffered so very slightly under such a singular combination of most adverse circumstances. What is really indicated is, that there must be some very strong ground for hope, animating the hearts of those who take an interest in this work, or else the account would present no such favourable appearance.

No doubt one ground of hope was, that two languages were nearly acquired, and the work of translation begun in them. No doubt another was the preparation of Ookokowenges for missionary

work amongst his tribe. No doubt a third ground was, the gradual expansion of the Society upwards, and its declared intention of occupying fresh ground at no distant period, its heavy Foreign expenditure of £2322 last year alone preventing an immediate occupation. But that which really did seem to lend fresh wings to hope, and which seems fully to account for what we see in the accounts of the Society, is the large measure of success and progress which has been vouchsafed to the Mission at Lota, under Mr. Gardiner. Here it has been clearly exhibited that English centres of operation towards the prosecution of pure Missionary work are likely to lead to the best results in every way.

Let us recall the past for a moment, and see what has been done within two years in this respect. When Mr. Gardiner landed at Valparaiso he found some of the English interested in Mr. Schmid's work in Patagonia. Mr. Schmid had just parted from them, and they recognised in him the true Missionary of the cross, earnest, unaffected, laborious, and uncomplaining. He had their full sympathy, and their minds were directed to that way of labouring for Christ. When Mr. Gardiner came to Valparaiso he came under great disadvantages. He came to be more settled, and to work after a completely different manner. Moreover, the English had reason to dread

that they themselves might suffer, if his settling as a Missionary near them should excite the attention and hostility of the priesthood, their own church possibly might be closed, and their own privileges curtailed, whilst they gave any encouragement to one who sought to extend them to others lying without. We are not, indeed, we cannot be surprised when we find that their first answers to Mr. Gardiner's eager enquiry as to what could be done in the way he proposed for the Araucanian savage, discouraged him, and caused him to write to the Committee that his way seemed for the present closed.

He wrote that he did not mean to abandon his work, but rather to prosecute it quietly, but that as there was no immediate prospect of carrying out the views of the Society for South Chili, he would not consider himself justified in expending any money of theirs at present. The kindness and encouragement of the Committee strengthened the heart of our brother, whilst his own perseverance and enterprise, aided by God's blessing and providence, accomplished what we see with such rejoicing just now. Lota is a great success in its services, its school, and its position towards the Indian tribes. So great a success, that Valparaiso assists the work, whilst at the same time she is steadfast in her liberal support of the Patagonian work in which Mr. Schmid is engaged. This really

seems to give us the clue to the state of our accounts; a slight, a very slight decrease at home, on account of difficulties which must have presented themselves to every thoughtful mind, commingled as these difficulties were with encouragements, which only warm and steadfast friends would be likely to see, and estimate at the full value. Whilst abroad, where nothing was seen but success, the increase has been most gratifying. But there is still a point untouched, viz., the produce of the Mission Station. When we see this more largely worked out in future years, we shall be more likely to give it its full value. It is an indication of what may be done, and we trust soon for reducing, to some extent, the necessarily heavy expenditure in this portion of our work; but it is an indication which ought not to be suffered to pass unobserved. That which had pressed so heavily on the Society, now, for the first time, stands forth for our relief, and turns the scale in our favour. What a happy omen it is! Surely we have reason to rejoice here. But passing away from what is always more or less fatiguing, and to many minds very uninteresting, the contemplation of figures and the lessons they read us, let us direct our attention to the position which the Society now occupies towards South America. It is no longer, as in the effort of the generous Admiral Fitzroy, represented by one

Missionary attempting to labour for three days, and then withdrawn. Nor is it pictured by seven men and two boats lying dead and broken on the shores of Tierra del Fuego, as in 1851. Nor again is it at all like the well abused, calumniated, misunderstood, and struggling pioneers of the work in the South, as they sailed from time to time to Tierra del Fuego from their island home on the Falklands ; and brought from thence or carried back again a few natives, whose progress was all too slow for the warm desires of ardent Christians who had some of them forgotten the struggles of the Church—the Moravian—the Baptist—the Wesleyan—the Scotch—or the Independent Missionary Societies.

The present Society is unlike all these pictures, which, however, ought not to be forgotten. It stands boldly out, and its position is one which commands attention and respect.

The *Allen Gardiner* is no longer small and inconvenient, but is being lengthened, and made most comfortable, so as better to act as the memorial vessel of the hero martyr of South America, whose work begins to be better appreciated as his vessel grows in size and value.

The basis of Keppel Island approves itself, and begins in very plain language to assert its value. As years roll over its voice will strengthen, and when its printing press, and its looms, in the

winter season, profitably occupy the Missionaries and their pupils, when its workshops resound with lessons taught to the Fuegian, when its pastures are better filled with flocks and herds, and its barns with the stores of the cultivated ground, then we shall understand, even better than we do at present, that the Moravians (though we differ from them somewhat) have yet taught the Missionary Church of England an invaluable lesson of economy and progress.

Dealing gently with the unexercised mental power of the savage, lest we should destroy him, we are teaching him here as he may best be taught. Ookokkowenges proclaiming with joyful voice his gladness and his gratitude, and encouraging us to fresh efforts for his people, who continually cry to us, "Yamma Schoona ha, Yamma Schoona ha, pellalooa." "Be kind to me, be kind to me, rich man." It is the cry of want, and of faith, a cry to which God never turned a deaf ear, and to which England will not be slow to respond.

Passing away from the scene of former and present labour in Tierra del Fuego, the Society looks over its Patagonian prospects, and sees with great satisfaction a language nearly learned, grateful, docile Indians, and two active, zealous missionaries engaged in the South. The sight is so pleasing, that it selects another station in the North, and so increases four-fold its staff for that

portion of the work. That is to say, instead of one missionary who entered there three years ago, this year it will have four. No small indication of progress.

Leaving Patagonia we survey the work in South Chili, and here we see even more accomplished in a shorter time. In two years Lota has secured a prominent place in the eyes of the Society. It has two missionaries, and demands, at least, two more. Following on to places which call us loudly, we come to the Gran Chaco, and find it demanding its two missionaries to begin with; whilst still further north, friends press us to send to the Amazon, a clearly open country.

Now, for a moment, let us pause beside this picture. We have no longer what we had, something very small, and very doubtful, and very expensive, but we have clearly the plan of a very large, very encouraging, and not very expensive missionary action for South America. So far as we have been allowed to try it for a sufficiently long time, it has followed the course of all other missions, and proclaimed the fact, which seemed to be doubted, that even in South America Christ is willing to put forth His power and save a people who will be made fit for His holy habitation. Well, but now look a little further, and what see we? Is this true? Can it be? What presents itself? The vision rather bewilders us, but still it is

true. It is that the dead society of 1851 and 1859 is gathering up her strength to help thousands of neglected English scattered over the continent for which it labours, and not only so, but that it is calling for aid to grapple with the Spanish and Portuguese-speaking millions whose religion is nothing, or a lie.

Oh that this glorious vision may soon stand before us in all its brightness, and in all its majesty! How then should we traverse the invaluable woods of South America with ecstasy, not to hear the birds, with splendid plumage, but harsh voices cry amidst them; nor to listen to the roar of the puma, or other beasts of prey; nor to gaze on the horrid folds of the hissing serpent; but to listen to the uplifted voice of praise from the converted aboriginal, to hear the busy hum of industry, and to see abundance and peace take the place of want and war. How then should we delight to sail on the bosom of the finest rivers of our world, not to witness a comparatively small attempt at commerce, or to see naked figures of Indians crushing the eggs of turtles, or fishing in the water with rude contrivance, but rather to behold ships of all nations entering in peace, and returning laden with plenty, bringing the wealth of Europe to exchange for the untold wealth of South America; to see the races that now hinder development helping to develop, to see the wasters of our race becoming the strengtheners

and the builders up of commercial wealth. How should we be pleased as we passed from town to town in the interior to see the English face, with its honest, hearty expression of intellectual worth, not as now fading away till it assumed the false mask of the native countenance, but lit up with gratitude for favours bestowed by Him who loves all, and sent ministering spirits to penetrate even to them in their destitution ; lit up with holy earnestness in the prosecution of plans for the good of those around them, not merely of their children and dependants who are now forgotten, but of those who had no claim upon them except the powerful one which the love of Christ urges on all.

How deeply gratified we should be as we passed from city to city, and entered the busy haunts of men, or passed from nation to nation, from empire to republic, and from republic to empire, to see, not as now a debased priesthood, an ignorant people, idleness, gambling, immorality, lying, cheating, and instability in the republics, mingled with an awful carelessness of life, which amounts to a love to shed blood on the first temptation to do so. How should we be pleased to find a holy priesthood, a people who knew and valued the bible, a people exhibiting a honest industry which commanded respect, and a firmness and stability in the different governments which rendered it safe and wise.

to travel or to settle as we best loved to do, when it might be possible to enter the reformed churches, or to mingle in the different ranks of society and feel comfort, and improvement in doing so. This is the prospect which opens before us; one not of to-day, nor of small results, but one long contemplated, and which, if it appears, must bear wondrous fruits for time and for eternity. Rise then friends and fellow helpers in this work of God, to the dignity and the importance of the undertaking which we say we have commenced, but which no one will believe we really desire, or really labour for, unless we exhibit more energy, more devotion, more self-denial. We have slept whilst drops of blood passed from the Saviour's mystical body in the agony which it has suffered, as the temptation of despair, and almost death passed over it. It is high time we should awake from the garden of our sleep, and proclaim the name of Jesus to South America. "Arise, let us be going."

There are, indeed, those at hand anxious to betray; but one word from the glorious Master whom we serve shall make them "go backwards and fall to the ground," bewildered alike by the meanness of His appearance, and the godlike power which He can put forth. There are those too who would crucify; but it is in vain to nail anything belonging to the risen Saviour to crosses of earth. See the form of our beloved Lord has descended

from the cross, and broken the gates of death, and now, clothed with all the majesty of heaven, He stands and cries to South America, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;" "Weary and heavy laden, come to Me, and I will give you rest." The Spirit and the Bride join in the cry, and say, "Come," and "let him that heareth say, "Come," that so the twenty millions of South America may "take of the water of life freely." W. G.

The "*Allen Gardiner*."

In about ten days our little vessel will be launched. We doubt not amongst all our friends in Clifton this event will be looked forward to with interest. When the *Allen Gardiner* first touched the water in the harbour at Dartmouth, the voice of prayer and praise audibly accompanied her. If on the present occasion a less formal service is observed, we yet believe many heartfelt supplications to the throne of grace will ascend, that the Lord may accompany by His blessing the vessel consecrated to His work, and bearing the name of His faithful servant.

Of course the launch of the *Allen Gardiner* by no means implies her readiness for sea, which will not be the case for a month at least. But we hope by the end of May to see everything so advanced

as to enable the friends of the Mission to attend the Sale of Work, which it is proposed to have on board of the vessel. We again hope our friends throughout the united kingdom will, with their accustomed kindness and generosity of spirit, enable us to make the projected Sale of Work effectual to its object. Articles intended for sale should be sent in by the 24th inst., and as much earlier as possible.

On the cover of our present number the amount of contributions to the *Allen Gardiner* fund will be seen ; and we very truly thank those who have already sent their contributions, whether of work or money. A large sum, however, is still required, and required shortly. We, therefore, again solicit the kind and patient help of all our supporters and well-wishers. If each Association would undertake to collect from 2*l* to 5*l*, according to its pecuniary standing on our list, the result would do much to relieve our present necessities. Perhaps our valued honorary Secretaries would undertake to see this accomplished? Two or three lady-collectors might possibly be ready to volunteer for the special work ; and in a fortnight the returns would be such as to remove all anxiety respecting the liabilities for the vessel. We venture to make this suggestion, hoping that to no one of our kind supporters it will appear inconsiderate or exacting.

In case any friends should like to contribute funds, or collect, for any particular part of the *Allen Gardiner's* outfit, which is included in the above estimate, we furnish the following particulars for their guidance.

Mainsail	2 each	£16
Trysail	2 ,,	5
Foresail	1 ,,	10
Staysail ..	1 ,,	6
*Jib	1 ,,	5
*Flying Jib..	1 ,,	5
Topsail	1 ,,	5
Top-gallant Sail ..	1 ,,	4
Main Boom	1 ,,	
Fore Boom	1 ,,	
Fore Yard	1 ,,	
Topsail Yard.....	1 ,,	
Top-gallant Yard..	1 ,,	
Cooking Galley....		15
One Chain Cable ..	1 ,,	

Contributions of Work for Sale in behalf of above object will be most gladly received by Mrs. G. P. Despard, 5, Aberdeen Terrace, Clifton; Mrs. Longman, 1, Melcomb Villas, Cotham, Bristol; Mrs. Bartley, 19, Berkeley Square; Mrs. Lancaster, 11, Cornwallis Crescent; Mrs. Wm. Gray, 23, Meridian Place; and Mrs. W. H. Stirling, 6, Westbourne Place, Clifton.

* The Jib and Fly-jib have been kindly promised, the former by the Misses Sulivan, the latter by Lady Maude, who already has given a donation of 2/ 10s

South American Tribes.

The inland and almost central provinces of South America, to the northward of Chaco, receive their Spanish names of Los Chiquitos and Los Moxos, from two principal nations who inhabit them. These same nations are the types of two groupes of American races who are found in the same regions. M. d'Orbigny makes them subordinate divisions of the class of nations described under the last head. They differ, however, in many important particulars from all the Patagonian tribes and from those of Chaco. These differences may, indeed, be accounted for by referring to the local conditions of their respective countries. Unlike the wide plains of Chaco, which afford a proper abode to nomadic and equestrian tribes, the country of the Chiquitos, consisting of low hills covered with forests, and intersected by an infinity of small streams, confines the people to the places of their birth, where they live in small villages and cultivate the soil. The Moxos, on the other hand, dwell in vast plains, subject to frequent inundations, and traversed by immense rivers, which they are obliged to navigate in boats. The Moxos are fishing tribes, ichthyophagi of the river-lands of the interior. The Chiquitos lived in small villages, each containing a family or clan: among them the men were naked; the females covered with a loose and gaily decorated garment. They buried their dead, and, like other savages, with them laid arms and provisions for their use in a future life. The Chiquitos are remarkable for the liveliness of their disposition, for their fondness for dancing and music, for their kindness on all occasions, their sociable temper, their hospitality, their freedom from jealousy as to their wives and daughters, for their perseverance, and the facility with which they became Christians. We must not, however,

suppose that all the tribes proved themselves equally docile: the deaths of several Jesuits since the foundation of the missions would prove the contrary; but, once become Christians, they persevered, and at this time would not return to the woods under any consideration; and in this they differ from the people of the plains, who, so far from having ever submitted to the yoke, are to this day what they were at the era of their discovery. The nation of the Chiquitos were the most easy of reduction, and, without doubt, drew others by their example.

The features of the Chiquitos, according to M. d'Orbigny, differing from those of the nations of Chaco, might serve as the type of the races inhabiting the hilly tracts in the centre of America. They have a round head, larger than usual, almost always circular, and seldom compressed at the sides; a round and full face; cheekbones projecting but little; a low and arched forehead; a nose always short, and but slightly flattened; and nostrils little open, compared with those of southern nations; the eyes full of expression and vivacity, are small and horizontal: however, in the case of some individuals, they are slightly drawn out at the outer corner, which makes them seem a little elevated; but this is an exception. The lips are tolerably thin; the teeth good; the mouth small; the chin rounded and short; the eyebrows narrow and gracefully arched; they have a thin beard, and not curled, which only grows at an advanced age, and never covers more than the upper lip and under part of the chin; their hair is long, black, and sleek, and, in extreme old age, grows yellow, but never white. The features, on the whole, do not approach to the European type.

The Moxos resemble the Chiquitos in their moral qualities, which are, with but little modification, the

same in all these nations. Before the conquest, fixed by their religious customs, they were scattered among villages established on the banks of the rivers and lakes, as well as in the woods or in the midst of plains: they were everywhere fishermen, hunters, and principally cultivators of the land. The chase was only used by them as a recreation, but fishing was a necessary employment, and agriculture procured them provisions, and the materials necessary for a favourite liquor, which, as among the Chiquitians, was made in a common house where strangers were received, and where, on certain days, the inhabitants met to drink, sing, and dance; but their amusements had a character of gravity that was not found among the Chiquitos; their customs also were more barbarous. A Moxos would sacrifice his wife if she miscarried, through superstition, and his children, if they were twins; while the mother, on her side, often got rid of her children when they troubled her. Marriage was a convention that might be dissolved at the wish of the parties, and polygamy was of ordinary occurrence. Their habit of being always in canoes caused them to explore the streams, which they were ever traversing, whether for hunting or fishing, or even for going to their habitations. They were all, more or less, warriors; but traditions and records have only preserved the memory of a single cannibal tribe who ate their prisoners; this was the Canichana, who, even to this day, are the terror of the other tribes. The manners of this nation have been modified by the discipline of the missions; but it has preserved many of its primitive customs.

The stature of the Chiquitos is smaller than that of the inhabitants of the plains of Chaco and of the south, and scarcely varies. The average is five feet one inch and a half, while the tallest are not more than five feet

five to six inches. The women do not approach so nearly to the men in height as is common among the southern nations; they only preserve the relative proportions.

The form of the body, among the Chiquitos, differs but little from that of the Indians of Chaco: as in them, the trunk is robust, the chest protruding, and the shoulders broad; but, in general, there is less of strength apparent in them. The body is compact, the limbs are full, exhibiting a well-rounded shape, without having any apparent muscles; otherwise the men are straight and well-set, and have an easy gait. The women are larger and heavier, and of the same diameter down the whole length of their body; accordingly, they exhibit much vigour, and present nothing of the ideal beauty of ancient forms.

The features of the Chiquitos are characteristic: the head is large and nearly round, not compressed at the sides; the face very full and rounded; the cheek-bones not projecting; the forehead low and arched; the nose, always short, is less flattened than that of the races of the plains; the eyes are sunk, lively, expressive, almost always horizontal; but, in the case of some individuals, the outer angle is drawn out, and shews a tendency to raise itself, as in the Guarnian race; the lips are tolerably thin; the mouth much smaller than among the nations of Chaco, and always ready to smile; the chin is rounded and short; the eyebrows thin and well-marked; the beard only covers the under part of the chin, and the moustache, which is constantly thin, is not curled; the countenance is open and shews gaiety, frankness, and much vivacity. Notwithstanding, no one could say that they have elegant figures; most of them, on the contrary, are below mediocrity. The

women have a still rounder face than the men, with an expression of much gaiety and simplicity. In general, the figure of the men has nothing masculine.

The Chiquitian languages are as numerous as the nations who speak them. Far from being as guttural as those of Chaco, most of them are even sweet and melodious, and present neither harsh sounds nor that redundancy of consonants so common in the latter. The language of Chiquito, by its termination in *ch*, as does the Morotoca, a section of the Samucus, by those in *och* and *ach*, alone offers a trait of resemblance to those of Chaco. The guttural sound of the Spanish *j* occurs in the languages of Saravéca, Curuminéca, Covaréca, and Païconéca; but in all the others it is wanting. The French *u*, pronounced in the nose, is to be found in the language of Chiquito, in the Otukéan, Curuminacan, Covarécan, and Païconécan. Several of them have the French *ch*, and the soft sound of the *s*. A singular anomaly occurs in the Chiquitian language, in which, for many things, men and women used different words; while, for others, the woman uses the same words as the men, contenting herself with changing the termination. Though those languages are very complicated, especially that of the Chiquitos, none of them has an extended system of numeration, which proves the existence of few relations, and an entire want of traffic.

The colour of the Moxians is pale brown, mixed with olive; the Chapacuras, the Itonamas, and the Canichanas, appear to have absolutely the same tinge as the Chiquitians; while the Moxos and other nations of that groupe are a little less dark, having, perhaps, a little yellow mixed with the former shades; but this difference is so slight that it can only be discovered by close attention; otherwise, the general tinge, differing

but little from that of the people of Chaco, is only a little paler or a little more yellow.

In the Moxian branch, the stature is generally greater than among the Chiquitians, and it nearly resembles that of the inhabitants of Chaco. The tallest attain a height of five feet six inches, and the average stature of the Movimas, Moxos, Canichanas, and Cayuvavas, is at most five feet two inches. The only nations who do not arrive at this size are the Chapacuras and Itonamas. This difference may be explained up to a certain point: among the first, by their neighbourhood to the mountains of Chiquitos. The women are generally in proportion with the men: nevertheless, those of the Canichanas appeared to us smaller; while, among the Movimas, as we have already noticed among the tribe of the Pampas, the women are, on the contrary, nearly as tall as their husbands, or, at any rate, much above the usual relative proportion.

The figure of the Moxos resembles that of the Chiquitians and inhabitants of Chaco; at the same time that, among these latter, broad shoulders, a chest very much arched, and a stouter body, prove great strength; with this difference notwithstanding, that the Moxos, generally still more vigorous than the Chiquitians, are apparently as strong as the natives of Chaco; yet they are distinguished from both by taller figures, bodies of better shape, and more slender waists. Their limbs, without projecting muscles, are generally fuller and more rounded. These characters present an exception to be remarked in the case of the Itonamas, who, though resembling in form the other nations, always have their limbs thin, and especially their legs. The Moxos are well-set, and walk straight, and with much ease. The greater number, especially of the Moxos, are subject to

obesity. The women differ a little from those of the Chiquitian branch; they have large shoulders and hips; but their persons are less compact, and their waist is narrower, which indicates a tendency to the slight figure of European women. They are more agreeable, in general, than the Chiquitian women; they are yet robust, and have the bosom well-formed, and of but moderate development, and their hands and feet are small.—*Prichard's Nat. Hist. of Man.*

Faithful Words.

We have often heard it stated, that the Patagonian Mission is a failure: a large sum of money has been spent, valuable lives have been sacrificed, and only two natives have been civilised. We would venture to suggest, that these objectors have not given the subject an impartial hearing.

When the late Sir John Franklin was missing, did England refuse to search for him on account of the expense? and when each expedition returned unsuccessful, did the nation complain that their money had been thrown away? Did they not rather persevere in the search, although they felt sure he could not be still living?

Is it possible that we can do all this in temporal matters, and yet be so easily discouraged in those that are spiritual? What does Solomon say? "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." *Prov. xxiv. 10.* St. Paul says, "A great door, and effectual, is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." *1 Cor. xvi. 9.*

We do not attempt to deny that the Mission has been severely tried, but we say, that the blood of the martyrs

is the seed of the church. Any one at all acquainted with the history of the Mission, must have discovered that Capt. Allen Gardiner did far more in his death than in his life. God permitted His faithful servant to die of starvation on a distant shore; and many said that the Mission must now fall to the ground, that the time was not yet come for preaching the Gospel in South America; probably it never occurred to these persons that God severely reprov'd the Jews in the days of Haggai, for using the very same language. "Thus speaketh the Lord of Hosts, This people say, the time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built. Is it time for you, Oh ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?"

The Jews were commanded to build an earthly temple, whilst we are permitted to be labourers with God, in building a holy temple, of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner stone.

By stirring up a missionary spirit in the hearts of Christians at home, after the death of Capt. Gardiner, God showed that the time of mercy to South America was come. And now shall we doubt because so little has been done? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Can we not trust Him to fulfil His own word?—"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not;"—but let us pray earnestly for that faith, to which nothing is impossible. We often say there are too many calls for our money, and forget that it is not our own, God has given it to us, to spend for Him. We know not the day nor the hour when He may call us to give an account of our stewardship; and how shall we stand before Him in that day, if we have spent His money freely on ourselves, and neglected those for whom Christ died? "If thou forbear to deliver

them that are drawn unto death, and ready to be slain. If thou sayest, Behold we knew it not, doth not He that pondereth the heart consider? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it, and shall not He render to every man according to his works?" Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.

God Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

When God is to be served, the cost we weigh
 In anxious balance, grudging the expense:
 The world may use profuse magnificence;
 A thousand lamps from gilded roof may sway,
 Where its poor votaries turn the night to day,
 And who will blame? but if two tapers shine
 Apart before some solitary shrine,
 "Why was this waste?" indignantly men say.
 Oh hearts unlike to his who would not bring
 To God, releasing him from dismal fears,
 What cost him nothing for an offering!
 Unlike to hers, commended while she shed
 Of that true nard which grows in spiky ears,
 A rich libation on her Saviour's head!

R. C. TRENCH.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has kindly consented to become the Patron of the Society.

Journals of Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker.

We have again the satisfaction, after a long interval, of presenting our readers with intelligence of our Missionary work in Patagonia. Letters, and journals from Messrs. Schmid, and Hunziker have reached us; and we rejoice to say they are in health, and full of confidence respecting the future Missionary work in the above country.

The latest date of these letters was at the Falklands, the brethren having returned thither in the vessel despatched to communicate with them after eleven months' absence. The readers of the "Voice of Pity" will not forget a proposition by Mr. Schmid—which we must add was accepted by the Committee—to the effect that he, and Mr. Hunziker should visit "Cranmer for two months, or so, each year, in order to be able to systematise, and arrange future acquisitions of the Tsoneca dialect," &c. The expediency of such a period of recreation for our brethren cannot be doubted, so long as they are compelled, while in Patagonia, to wander with the ever restless tribes of that country, and to forego all the comforts of civilised life. The advantages of such a period of recreation for

our Missionaries did not escape the loving attention of Christian friends in Valparaiso, and with a kindness, and fore-thought, which we most highly prize, the Rev. Richard Dennett, British Chaplain at Valparaiso, proposed, in a letter dated October, 1861, which letter appeared in our December number of the same year, that the place of temporary refreshment should be Valparaiso. "Probably by that time,"—June, 1862—he writes, "you may think it desirable that your Missionaries should have rest, if so, I doubt not but that arrangements might be made by which their passage to this place could be given them, where, on arrival, I would receive them, and endeavour to provide whatever might be required." On the present occasion, however, Messrs. Schmid, and Hunziker have returned to our Station in the Falkland Islands, it being, in their opinion, desirable to do so. For, at the very time that the vessel chartered by the Society to communicate with them was at Sandy Point, in the Magellan Straits, another vessel from Valparaiso reached that place with stores, &c. for the Chilian out-post. On board this latter vessel two priests arrived, who had been appointed to take charge of the religious interests of the colony. The presence of these parties caused our brethren to determine on at once visiting our Falkland Station, and communicating with the Committee about an independent Missionary Settlement

in Patagonia under the Society's auspices. The Indians we are assured are very friendly, and respect property; and Messrs. Schmid, and Hunziker are most anxious at once to take up a permanent position amongst them. In fact, we are not sure that the Station is not already begun, so intent are our brethren on the subject, and so impressed do they appear with the advantageous position for their future work of the Santa Cruz River.

We see in these things a strengthening, and development of our work. In the providence of God the Chilian colony at Sandy Point for upwards of three years has afforded a basis of operations for our Missionaries in Patagonia. They have availed themselves of it; and now it seems as if the time had come when with equal, and perhaps greater, advantage, a regular Station for the Missionaries might be formed, independently of this military colony, and in a more central locality. It is by no means certain that Sandy Point will not still serve our interests materially; but it is at least a satisfaction to know that, in the opinion of Mr. Schmid, the mind of the Indians is so far impressed with our good will, and good faith, as to admit of a fixed residence for our brethren being established in their country. The following extract from the letter of Mr. Hunziker will show how well disposed the *Tsoneca* were to Mr. Schmid, and how cordially they welcomed him on his

return to them after an absence of many months: "The Lord has been our help, and protection during our wanderings. The Patagonians have respected our persons, and our property, and have treated us kindly We met the main body of the Indians, on the 17th of August, on the northern shore of the river Gallegos. Our arrival was a cause of joy to them. The men, who were at home, came on horseback to meet us; and, when we came into the encampment, the women began to sing, in their peculiar strain, to honour our arrival. We were soon surrounded by old, and young, and the name of my friend Schmid was on every tongue. The day following our arrival, the Patagonians had a meeting. Casimiro interpreted our intentions to them—that we came to do them good, to teach their children, to learn their language, and so on; and that we wished to see them happy, and make them so. We told them that they should give up their fighting amongst themselves, and live in peace, and quietness. They expressed then their pleasure to see us amongst them, and their willingness to help us in our intentions."

We give below portions of Mr. Schmid's journal, which will be read with interest by all, who watch for the dawnings of the true light in heathen lands. For ourselves we notice with thankfulness many apparently slight incidents in

the following journal. The presents received by our brethren, while up the country, from friends in Valparaiso, and also from Mrs. Burns, at the Sandy Point Station, the general friendliness of the Indians, and the increasing confidence of our brethren in the work, are to us pleasant indications of the Lord's favour, and blessing. We have been struck too by the fact, mentioned in the following journal, that the Indians of Patagonia are not destitute of belief in a Supreme Being. The way in which Mr. Schmid became acquainted with this fact is most touching, and we venture to anticipate the narrative. "Sept. 7th.—This evening I went with Casimiro to visit a blind old man. Here I learned that the Indians have a belief in a Supreme Being, whom they call 'Hela,' and who is married to the daughter of the sun. It seems, however, that this is the creed only of some, and that the majority do not trouble their minds about invisible things. I cannot see a single act, which I could call worship, if I except a custom which they have, and observe, at least some of them, and that is patting the crown of the head when the fire makes a roaring noise. They say, God is speaking then. They also believe that the deceased pass into another place, where they continue to live." These words at once excite in our mind a suspicion that the Patagonian tribes are connected, more or less intimately, with the so-called children of the sun,

the old Incas of Peru. The worship of the Incas was the worship of the sun; and the light, and fire were the symbols of the Divine presence. How remarkable that "a blind old man," in a Patagonian toldo, should be the first to open up this idea to our Missionaries. We may not, perhaps, be far from the truth in conjecturing that the funereal rites of the Patagonian Indians have an affinity to the old Peruvian customs, and shadow forth the mysteries of an ancient, and once vigorous religious faith. In the "Voice of Pity" for Oct., 1860, Mr. Schmid gives a most interesting account of these funereal ceremonies. Our readers will remember that amongst them were the sacrificial fire, "which is to consume everything that belonged to the departed, no matter whether new or old;" the waving of the hand, and the patting of the head; the ornamenting the body, and the subsequent sacrifice of the dogs, and horses of the deceased, which latter furnished a banquet for the surviving friends. Now we think it impossible to avoid interpreting these funereal rites of the Patagonian Indians by the fuller, and more imposing ceremonies, which prevailed in the old Inca times. There the body of the deceased was richly ornamented; there the banquet for the dead was set out with great splendour; there the personal property of one Inca was not allowed to pass into the use of any other; and there, with studied

magnificence, the Temple of the sun received the mourning train of the friends of the departed. The outlines of this old Peruvian worship may seem indeed but faintly traceable in the rude ceremonies of the Patagonian tribes; but we think they are distinct enough to give us a clue to the traditions of these wandering people. Descendants of a people who were once renowned as the Children of the Sun! How suggestive to Christians is such a thought! Shall we not speak to them of the Sun of Righteousness? Shall we not tell them of a city, and a temple more glorious than Cuzco, and the Temple of the Sun therein, where the old Incas worshipped, and point out them that prophetic city which St. John saw, "the city that had no need of the sun, and of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." But we give now Mr. Schmid's journal.

"Monday, July 22nd.—Casimiro having given over his two boys to live with us, and to receive instruction, not only in the arts of reading, and writing, but whatever else belongs to the state of civilized life; we at once set about teaching the younger one the necessity and benefit of cleanliness.—(The elder boy will join us in a few days.)—He seemed to relish the ablution, for he kept quiet and submitted most willingly to the process. He was much pleased with his new appearance, and has been with us all day long, amusing himself with a tennis ball. He promised to sleep with us, but as soon as his father left he began to cry, so I called his father again

and after much talking on Casimiro's part, he laid himself down on the bed. He has never been accustomed to be away from his mother, and was, therefore, not prepared to remain with us; however, after a while he surrendered, so that both his father and mother left him with his own consent, and he fell asleep.

“Saturday, 27th. — We started to-day from Punta Arenas after loading our horses. The weather was gloomy and wet, and a drizzling rain fell all day. Before setting out we proceeded to Government House, and then and there paid 15 dollars for the horse. The Governor gave a receipt. He also impressed upon Casimiro the necessity of treating us well. We arrived at Cape Negro about 4 o'clock, and pitched our tent. It was quickly put up; then we cooked some rice, because we felt hungry, and also glad to rest and warm ourselves, being wet to the skin. The stream which we crossed was very deep, and all our biscuits were soaked. The day following we rested, and continued our journey on Monday. The weather was still wet and gloomy, and the roads were in a very bad state. The stage was short, but over a very swampy country. After a stay of three days we proceeded to the neighbourhood of Peckett Harbour, an encampment called Horsh Aiken. Here we were reinforced by a small party of Indians, to whom, on the following day, we made presents of table spoons, trinkets, toys.

“Saturday, Aug. 10th. — We are still at Namer, an encampment about 8 or 9 miles from the S.W. end of Gregory Range. There is still much snow in this neighbourhood, and the road bad, so that we thought we should wait a few days ere we continued our journey. Employed myself in making trousers and blouse for Casimiro's eldest son, whom we intend to have with us.

The younger boy has now mastered the five vowels, after having their names repeated to him about twenty times. He is to all appearance very averse to thinking and exercising his memory.

“*Saturday, 17th.*—Last Monday we left Namerto resume our journey to the other Indians, to where we should find the main body. After travelling six successive days over a country which presented some romantic views—high hills with stony peaks, singular rocks of a volcanic nature, fine valleys watered by streams, some basins with lagoons, on which were seen aquatic birds of various descriptions, and now and then a few miles of table land, and which at this time of the year is under water, owing to the melting of the snow—we arrived on the banks of the river Gallegos to-day. The weather was pleasant and the road getting better as we advanced further north. Several herds of guanacoés, each amounting to more than 100 individuals, passed us at a distance. Once arrived on the (southern) banks of the stream we were met by many Indians—men and boys—on horse back, who had come over the river; as soon as the messenger whom Casimiro despatched to their camp had announced our approach. When we neared the camp, which was on the northern bank of the Gallegos, all the inhabitants of the *tolderia* stood outside their tents, apparently much pleased at my return; some of them called me by my name. Some old women, who almost always on all occasions of joy or grief, or some other striking and strange occurrence, perform the task of singing in their monotonous and rude strain, gave us a welcome in their discordant notes; and, escorted by dozens of women and children, we passed through to the other side of the town (!), and pitched our tent.

The place is called "Wer," and is situated about 25 or 30 miles from the port Gallegos. Whilst we were rearing our 'Pilgrimage,' we were surrounded on all sides by curious, inquisitive eyes; the women spending their time in commenting on the materials, shape, and value of our tent. It was not long before we had all things in order, and then our door was besieged and blockaded by the young folk. The majority of the men had gone to the chase, and knew, therefore, nothing of all that had transpired meanwhile at their encampment. Great was their astonishment to see a tent of different shape and appearance put alongside theirs, and to hear that I had returned to them. Every one of the men stopped at our tent as he returned from the chase, and looked at it in amazement. Some presented me with a piece of ostrich flesh cooked. Most of them were very successful in hunting.

"The Indians came early next morning, before we were ready to receive them. After breakfast the principal men gathered round the tent door, when they sat on the ground, one after the other; Gemoki, (Ascaik's son) Crimen, and Cabolo, the three chieftains, speechified each in turn. They expressed their delight at my return, and each and all promised to behave in a friendly way towards us, and to impress the necessity of doing so on the minds of the other Indians. I took this opportunity to represent to them how much pleased we should be if they would treat us well, and if at the same time they would conduct themselves as friends, and brothers towards each other, leaving their petty strifes and abstaining from fighting and killing. 'We have come,' I said, 'to be your friends, to live with you, to teach you, to learn your language,' &c. They were all pleased, and acknowledged our friendship, saying, what a benefit it would be, if they

should be taught and instructed. Casimiro and Gemoki went even so far in their renewal of friendship as to burn, break, or otherwise destroy some things with which these ignorant, superstitious people believe they can kill each other. These formidable instruments of death (as they believe) were nothing but little bits of dirt attached to some hairs of a guanaco robe or flannel, a trinket of brass, a pebble with a hole containing some 'poisonous' substance. These belonged respectively to the two men just named, who are now good friends. Formerly each accused the other of bewitching his relations, thereby killing them; but now each destroyed the instruments of witchcraft which belonged to the other. There was much talk about witchcraft for more than two hours, and others possessed of such articles were requested to bring and destroy them publicly, but none were brought. After this I set the music box going, and they all listened with attention to its sweet tones. The presents which we brought with us, (for we were obliged to leave most of them behind at P. Arenas) we distributed, and they gave great satisfaction; to Gemoki I gave a distinguished present—a steel, a knife, a hand-vice, in consideration of his having been my patron. His wife, children, and mother were equally pleased with theirs. Spoons, looking glasses, beads, thimbles, awls, and pocket knives formed presents for the women; the tin mugs, tennis balls, and other toys afforded much gratification. With regard to the dolls I must tell you that, having been requested by Casimiro not to give such things to certain persons who are charged with bewitching others, and harming them by means of these dolls, I thought proper not to give them away. I myself know from observation that these Indians look upon such things—dolls and other similar representations of the

human figure—as charms and instruments of evil, and although I told them plainly that they can do neither harm nor good, but are only used as play things by English children, they will not give up their superstitious notions.

“*Monday, 19th.*—Our second day among the Indians was spent in a satisfactory manner, they being apparently anxious to make friends with us as much as possible. Our tent door was again besieged from morning till evening by women and children, most of the men having gone to hunt. Gemoki’s mother stopped actually the whole day.

“*Wednesday, 21st.*—Casimiro’s elder son lives now with us. Mr. H. washed him from head to foot. This done we dressed him in a suit of clothes which I had made for him—trousers, shirt, and blouse, cut from girls’ dresses. Here one must needs know how to use the needle. He looks now well, and likes his altered appearance much, and of his own accord wanted his hair cut short.

“*Friday, 23rd.*—We left Cele, an encampment near the mouth of Gallegos, rather early, and went to Kabenben, about ten or twelve miles further north, and arrived at the new place we pitched our tent, and were looked at, but not assisted, by a dozen men.

“*Sunday, 25th.*—The Indians continue to frequent our tent from morning till evening, so that we can scarcely move sometimes. We had our morning service undisturbed; I read the litany and the first lesson, Mr. H. read the second. Galbez, Casimiro’s elder son, behaves well; he even shows some care for our things. He is desirous to learn, and *asks* to have lessons, whilst his younger brother is a lazy little fellow, who cannot repeat the names of the five vowels three or four times without yawning, and giving other proofs of indolence.

" *Sunday, Sept. 1st.*—Although this is sabbath day, on which we ought to rest, we had to saddle our horses and go to another place, to Oshir. This is not far from the head of Coy-Inlet; I was in this neighbourhood before, but having no one to give me reliable information as to our whereabouts, and being without a map, I did not know till now that I was so far north in my last wanderings. Gemoki is very friendly, and always remembers us on his return from the chase, by sending us a piece of ostrich meat. We received several ostrich eggs today from various Indians.

" *Wednesday, 4th.*—Many Indians, men and women, went to the salt lagoon, on the other side of the stream, near which we are encamped. There is no salt in the encampment, and ours being nearly exhausted, Mr. H. went with Casimiro to fetch some. The stream, which runs I suppose into Coy-Inlet, was very much swollen, so that the horses had almost to swim; an old Indian asked me if I had not something to throw into the stream, to cause it to fall.

" *Friday, 6th.*—The indian doctor, Calamelouts, pretended to have seen an indian doctor coming to him from Rio Negro in the night, and that he also saw his mother, who was very beautiful, &c. This induced me to propose to the Indians, through Gemoki, a trial of the truth of what the doctor pretends to know, or that he can do. I offered to undergo a trial of his skill or power upon any part of my body. He says, for instance, he can make persons foolish or mad by means of a ball in his possession, by holding it before the eye. I said, if he could make me mad with his enchantments, as he pretends he can, his words were true, and his power or skill beyond doubt, and I would give him the music box into the bargain. This was to be done in the presence of the Indians;

Gemoki announced it to the Indians, but the doctor would not accept the challenge, and for several days abstained from coming to us.

“Saturday, 7th.—A cold and windy day, many Indians playing at a game called “Sanke.” The game is played by 50 men, each armed with a stick about two feet long with a bend at one end. The players form two equal parties, consisting of 25 each; one party plays one against the other. They fix two poles at about 200 yards distance, and commence to play in the middle. They have a little wooden ball which the men of each party try to strike towards their respective pole. If one party has succeeded in getting the ball to their pole twice, I believe they win the game, and with it the articles staked upon it by the losers; for no game is played for the sake of exercise or amusement; they must gamble. The women play this game too. One of the men was struck by the ball in his face, and slightly bruised, and in the afternoon a colt was slaughtered on this account.

“This evening I went with Casimiro to visit a blind old man. Here I learned that the Indians have a belief in a Supreme Being, which they call “Hela,” and which is married to the daughter of the sun. It seems, however, that this is the creed of some only, and that the majority do not trouble their minds about invisible things; these Indians, I think, are profane, and devoid of devotional feelings. I cannot see a single act of theirs which I could call worship, if I except a custom which they have and observe—at least some of them—and that is patting the crown of their head when the fire makes a roaring noise; they say God is speaking then. They also believe that the deceased pass into another place, where they continue to live. I asked

Casimiro the Indian word for soul, but himself does not know or comprehend that there is such a thing as a soul living in the body, which imparts to the latter the power and will to act, and to do according to its pleasure.

"Sunday, 8th.—This is my birth-day. The last I spent in Bristol, this in "Wacencen," an indian encampment in Patagonia, under different circumstances, among a different people. I have made many experiences of the Lord's goodness during the past year.

"Oct. 6th.—A month has passed away rapidly, and that without bringing anything worthy of especial notice. I omitted, therefore, to make any entries in my journal, because the occurrences are all of a kin to those of other days. We have been upward of one month in this valley—we travelled westward, but are still on the southern banks of the stream which empties into Coy-Inlet. The valley which, like the stream that waters it, runs N. E. and S. W. has much grass, and is at times frequented by herds of guanacoës. The stream is of a very peculiar kind, for here it runs deep and swiftly, and a little further on it divides into many arms, which extend from one side of the valley to the other; these arms unite again and the stream looks more like a pool, because there is no apparent exit for the water; but it runs under ground, and after many struggles and repeated separations, it joins its companions. The conduct of the Indians with whom we are has been friendly so far. Our two boys are making but slow progress in the art of reading, and to all appearance are not fond of thinking, or exercising their mind. In outward respects they have acquired some sense and liking for cleanliness. They wash regularly every morning and comb their hair. They join us in our morning and night devotions,

although they do not understand our words. The Lord, who has all our hearts in His hands, grant that these two children of restless wanderers may soon find light, liberty, rest, and life from on high.

The acquisition of the language is still a difficult task, because there is either a difference of pronunciation in some words, or some speak more clearly than others. I will give a few of those words which caused me a deal of trouble as to the way in which they ought to be written.

Eru	<i>Head</i>	Others pronounce it	Erue
Nom	<i>Road</i>	„ „	Noma
Con	<i>River</i>	„ „	Cona
Om	<i>Egg</i>	„ „	Ome

There are many others of similar nature which I need not mention. I shall take another opportunity of stating particulars on that subject.

“We have showed the pictures of the strange animals; many are fond of looking at them and ask what it is, and desire to be informed about it. They generally look at a picture turned upside down. Others are as stolid and senseless as a mile-stone, incapable of being roused to enquire and examine, they do not even like to take them up to look at them.

“*Wednesday, 9th.*—After recovering one of the pieces that constitute our tent pole which was lost yesterday, we proceeded south, crossed the Gallegos in the most fordable place, and pitched on its southern bank. It took a long time before all the folk had reached this side, for the river is here broad and deep.

“*Monday, 14th.*—I am given to understand that the Indians feel great sympathy with Casimiro's younger boy, because ‘his father sold him to us, and he is now our slave.’ When we sound the whistle to call him to

his lesson, or to eat, or to go to bed, these ignorant Indians say, not in our face, but among themselves, 'There run, you little boy, to your master. Look how the poor little boy has to run. What a silly, foolish father to sell such a little fellow, and to let him be our slave.' Now, let me describe the slavery to which these two boys are subjected. They sleep with us, on a better bed and in a warmer tent than they were used to. They live with us, and share everything we have. We teach them to be clean, to wash and dress properly. We supply them with decent clothes; they receive instruction in reading, writing, and speaking English; they fetch two or three kettles of water. If they are not engaged in any one of these things just named, they are out playing, there is nothing else for them to do. These are the labours of our 'two slaves,' for whom, by the way, we sew and mend clothes, so as to have them appear decent. These Indians are an ignorant, and yet withal a mischievous set.

"Sunday, 20th.—These Indians are not true to their word. We were to stop here five days; this morning, however, the chief came to tell us that we should journey, although there was no occasion to do so, there being enough provisions in the camp. We should be ready to go to-morrow, or whenever he thought proper to go, but that to-day we should remain according to the previously made arrangement. He seemed to acquiesce in these objections, but before another hour passed he returned and persisted in his proposals for going. On the road Casimiro took us to some rocky cliffs which are "inhabited by hobgoblins, which they call yicelun, and who could be seen only during the night season, and that no one dares approach their haunts by himself, because his horse would be killed,

and the owner turned crazy." He pointed out to us some painting on the rock in several places. One struck me as being very curious, and could not have been made by nature. I will give here a rough sketch of it. (*We omit the sketch.*) These rude forms are distinctly and clearly painted on the surface of the rock in crimson. The Indians have no such paint among them, and they say that the 'yicelun' did it.

"*Thursday, 31st.*—Some Indians left us this morning for the Colony. I wrote two notes—one to H. E. the Governor, and one to Dr. Burns—and sent them by one who is well known here. I informed them that we were well and hoped to visit P. A. in about ten days from the date. After breakfast Mr. Hunziker, I, and Casimiro's boys went on horseback to a neighbouring hill, which the Indians told me had a deep, remarkable hole on the top. This hole we (on arriving) found to be the crater of an extinct volcano. On the top of the hill, near the mouth of the crater, are rocks of a volcanic nature; the hole is about 60 feet in depth, and ten wide, and turns off at the bottom into a channel almost at right angles. The crater, for such I conclude it to be from the appearance of masses of rough and burnt stone in its walls or sides, and lava, cinder, and the usual accompaniments of a volcano near its mouth.

"*Tuesday, Nov. 5th.*—The messengers returned from the Colony yesterday afternoon, and arrived here about 11 a.m. They brought me a letter from the Doctor, and a little bag of comforts—some biscuits, tea, coffee, sugar, and some confectionery from Mrs. Burns. The letter informed me of the arrival of various gifts from friends in Valparaiso, biscuit, flour, potatoes, sugar, tea, one box of condiments, a few toys, and two Christmas cakes from kind Mrs. Dennett. These things were

forwarded by Mr. Dennett in H.M.S. *Calypso*, which arrived here Oct. 21st.

Friday, 8th.—This day having been fixed as the first travelling day towards the Colony, we made ourselves ready for an early start. We loaded our horses and took away all that belongs to us. After much squabbling and quarreling on the part of Casimiro and his wife, we left She-aiken (this is the name of the encampment). We made a long march and encamped near Peckett Harbour. Having travelled fast—trotting and galloping—I was not only very weary and fatigued, but felt unwell, too. It was raining during the latter part of the journey, and so we were wet to the skin. Arrived at our intended camp, we pitched the tent, made a good cup of cocoa, which refreshed us not a little. Casimiro not having his tent with him, we offered him room in ours, but he declined the offer. Most of the Indians—almost all who are on their way to the Colony—went further, crossed an inlet of the sea near Peckett Harbour, and encamped on the other side.

(To be continued.)

Launch of the Missionary Vessel "Allen Gardiner."

The launch of our little missionary schooner, which had been looked forward to with no little interest, took place on the 13th ult. in the presence of a large assemblage of persons at the Wapping and Graving Dock, Bristol. The vessel left the port of Bristol on October 24th, 1854, and after a seven years' service on the coast of Tierra del Fuego, where, it will probably be remembered, her whole crew, with one exception, were massacred by the natives, she returned to Bristol for the purpose of being lengthened, and again fitted out for the same service.

At three o'clock, an hour previous to the launch, a meeting was held on board, a space in the midships having been prepared for that purpose. There were about 150 persons present, including a large number of ladies from Clifton and its neighbourhood. Amongst the assembly were the Revds. B. Charlesworth, vicar of Darfield, York; E. Cockey, R. Waters, N. Cornford, T. Fletcher, B. Chapman, and W. H. Stirling; Drs. Lancaster, Bartley, and Keddell; Capt. Greenway, R.N. Captain Sullivan, R.N., C. B.; Major Hamilton; Colonel Burton; R. J. Ramsden, Esq., J. W. Gascoyne, Esq.; Messrs. Mark Whitwill, C. Chapman, J. Longman, W. Gibson, and others.

The Rev. W. H. Stirling, Secretary of the Society, opened the proceedings, by making the following statement, relative to the design for which the *Allen Gardiner* was built, and other matters relative to her engagement in the mission. He said, "The vessel, on whose deck we are now assembled, bears the name, and commemorates the faith of the late Captain Allen Gardiner, R. N., the originator of Christian missionary effort in Tierra del Fuego, and Patagonia. Her keel was laid on November 1, 1853, and on July 11, in the following year, having been first solemnly dedicated to the service of the tri-une God, she was launched upon the waters of the Dart. On October 24, 1854, she left the port of Bristol, where she had been fitted out, and with her first missionary party, sailed for the Falkland Islands. From the time of her departure this vessel has been engaged in the work of the mission in Tierra del Fuego, and Patagonia. In the course of her service the *Allen Gardiner* experienced many perils; but the merciful protection of the Most High was extended to her, and to the port of her first departure she was permitted to return in January of the

present year. Two instances of remarkable preservation of this ship from great danger, are worthy of record at this time. In November, 1859, while she was lying off Navarin Island, in Tierra del Fuego, her whole crew, with one exception, (and he is this day present) were massacred by the natives. For three succeeding months the *Allen Gardiner* lay at the mercy of the elements, and of the savage inhabitants of the adjoining islands. By the violence of the former, the vessel was driven towards a neighbouring reef, from destruction, upon which she was alone saved by the entanglement, and consequent shortening of her cable, through its getting twisted round a sunken rock. A further danger threatened the vessel from the natives having lighted a fire upon her deck, preservation from which was probably owing, in the providence of God, to some timely heavy rainfall, or other favouring circumstance. On the return of the *Allen Gardiner* to England for a complete refit, after seven years' absence, and much exposure to rough usage, it was thought expedient to make certain alterations, whereby her general serviceableness would be improved. The alterations were intended to secure first, greater accommodation for the missionary party; secondly, a higher rate of speed; and thirdly, smoother motion in the water. To-day we see these alterations accomplished, and the *Allen Gardiner*, having received an addition of twelve feet to her length, is about to be launched a second time, preparatory to another departure to the scene of her labours in the Antarctic Ocean. To the service of the same Lord, and Saviour, whose work on earth she was designed, and built to carry on, we again dedicate this vessel, besecching His blessing upon her and her future occupants; His protection from the tempest, the fire, and the heathen; and the ever present guidance of the spirit of

truth and love for all who are privileged to be engaged in Christ's work on board of her."

A hymn was then sung containing the following lines :

Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

The Rev. B. Charlesworth having read a portion of the 16th chapter of the 1st of Chronicles, Dr. Keddell engaged in prayer, after which the Rev. E. Cockey gave out the hymn beginning

Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through—
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom his soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

The hymn concluded, the assembly went up on deck to witness the launch. The afternoon was exceedingly fine, the flags floated gaily in the breeze, and every now and then loud resounding salutes were fired in honour of the occasion. We never remember having seen so large a number of ladies on board a ship when launched, and the vessel being hove up on a temporary slip of some considerable height the lively, and animated scene on her decks could be witnessed at no little distance from the spot. The Prince's Street bridge and the parts of the Quay adjoining were lined with spectators.

Capt. Sullivan, R. N., previous to the launch, in adverting to the former state of the vessel, observed that when she was first built, owing to their funds being

limited, she was made rather small, and more with regard to safety than speed. She was then scarcely 100 tons, and cost £1500. She was also built as a cheap vessel, and with what was supposed to be inferior material, but she had come home, under all circumstances, not inferior to many first-class vessels. So on that account it had been decided that it was quite worth while to lengthen her, and refit her for the service. She had proved to be remarkably adapted to the work, and after seven or eight years passed in a most stormy part of the world, without suffering a bit of damage from the sea, it was thought she would answer every purpose, so far as comfort and safety were concerned. Her additional length would now make her about 130 tons, and it was thought that she would make one or two knots more in speed. There would be also much more accommodation for those who went in her. He wished further to say, that the work appeared to have been done most admirably, and in all probability she was now as strong as a new vessel. The speaker concluded by observing, that he had designed her himself when she was built, and the only disappointment he had felt regarding her was in consequence of being obliged to go on duty elsewhere, which had prevented him going out in her himself.

Dr. Bartley said, it was only right that they should know that the opinion just expressed by Captain Sullivan came from one who had no little experience. He had been engaged extensively in matters of that kind, and was perfectly acquainted with the coast to which the vessel was about to proceed. The opinion of Captain Sullivan, he thought, was entitled to the fullest confidence, and would carry with it great weight.

The order was then given to the shipwrights to commence the launch, and

Then was heard,
 All around and below,
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
 Knocking away the shores and spurs ;

and amid the firing of the cannon, the cheers of those on board, and the hearty shouts of the spectators, she glided easily into the water, to once more make a voyage to a coast where she had already braved perils and disasters of no ordinary nature, and to be engaged in carrying the truth of the Gospel to the heathen. To meet the heavy expenses of lengthening, refitting, and preparing the *Allen Gardiner* for sea, we earnestly solicit the kind, and generous help of the friends of missionary effort.

Our Lota Mission.

Our latest accounts from the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, and Mr. W. T. Coombe, are very satisfactory. The latter had just returned from a visit to the Indians many miles in-land, when he despatched his last letter. The school at Lota continues to flourish.

New Friends.

With much satisfaction we announce to our readers that His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to become a Patron of the Society, and that the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the Bishop of London have kindly become Vice-Patrons.

Meeting in London.

We have much satisfaction in giving a report of our first London meeting. We say *first* meeting, because it must be distinguished from all other meetings for this Society held in London, inasmuch as it was not parochial, but metropolitan; corresponding in fact to what are generally termed the May meetings of other societies.

The chair was taken most kindly, and readily by the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury, K. G., who is a Vice-Patron of the Society, and the speakers were well calculated to give weight to the opinions which they uttered.

We invite our friends carefully to peruse the various addresses, which are worthy of their best consideration. Those who have read the report in the *Record*, will see how nearly we have followed verbatim its report.

“A Meeting on behalf of this growing Society was held in the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday, the 6th of June. The attendance was large. The Earl of SHAFTESBURY, who occupied the chair, called upon the Rev. H. Brooks to open the Meeting with prayer. His Lordship then said:—Do what we may for the advancement of Christ’s kingdom, we are certain to be taunted by men of the world, and thwarted by weak Christians. If we propose to them a plan such as the Church

Missionary Society pursues, of influencing millions of the human race, we are told that we are visionary—that the scheme is altogether too vast for the human mind. If we propose a modest scheme, such as that which the South American Missionary Society first ventured to present to the public, we are told that it is altogether too insignificant, and that we have more work at home than we can possibly accomplish. Whether, therefore, the matter proposed be vast, or the contrary, there is always some excuse by which men seek to avoid their duty, and shrink away from the performance of their Lord's command. I believe our safety lies in following the path of duty, whether that leads us to deal with India, with Africa, with China, or with South America. I trust we shall see this, and act upon it.

“The Rev. WM. GRAY next addressed the Meeting. He said,—My Lord, about the year 1828 an aged Clergyman, and so far as we know, only one, was found in his study, on his knees, pleading for South America. For some years, he pleaded seemingly in vain. In the year 1830 Admiral Fitzroy was singularly led to take an interest in the natives of Tierra del Fuego, four of whom he brought home to England. At a cost of probably 700*l.* these natives, or rather three of them, for one died, were partially educated by him, and carried back to their own land in 1833, accompanied by Mr. Matthews, a missionary chosen by the Church Missionary Society. The attempt of the Admiral failed. The seed was dropped, and seemed to die. It was altogether premature to plant a missionary amongst such cruel savages; nevertheless, a something had been done. In the year 1833 the Falkland Islands were taken possession of by England. It seemed a matter of no consequence to any one; yet it gave us a point of approach to the islands

round Cape Horn. Years after this, Captain Allen Gardiner was fired with the desire of bringing the Gospel to South America. He sought entrance into various parts of that vast continent. Everywhere he failed to secure it. In 1851 he and his six companions lay on the shores of Tierra del Fuego starved to death. He, too, dropped the seed, and again it seemed but to die: nevertheless a step of great importance had been taken. At last, in consequence of his death, the interest of England was partially excited, and some few turned after the steps of the admirable pioneer missionary, seeking to continue his commenced work. In 1854 a missionary vessel, bearing the honoured name of Allen Gardiner, left the shores of England for the Falklands. There a little island was selected for a missionary settlement; its name is Keppel, and the Station on it is called Cranmer. In 1855 the vessel was sent in search of one of the natives who had been with Admiral Fitzroy, and discovered him, after twenty-two years, still speaking a little English. Not much more was accomplished then. He refused to leave his home. Two years later, the Rev. George Pakenham Despard sought again for this native, hoping to be able to persuade him to place himself under his care; but he found him not. Another voyage was made by the Rev. Allen Gardiner, the only son of the protomartyr of South America, and now success attended the effort. Not only was this native found, but he was persuaded, together with his wife and family, to visit Keppel. From him, in a few months, 300 Fuegian words were gathered up. Another step was taken. After five months Mr. Despard accompanied this man to his home; lived for some weeks in the neighbourhood of his tribe, taught them to build a good log-house, and brought over

with him, on his return to Keppel, with their full consent, nine fresh natives, who remained at the settlement for ten months. During this time they improved much—1,000 words of their language were acquired, and the affection of the natives was drawn towards the missionaries. But now the work seemed likely to be destroyed. God tried the faith of his people. On carrying back these nine natives, the crew of the Missionary Ship and the Catechist were murdered by a foreign tribe who were impelled to the murder by avarice. One sailor alone escaped. I shall not dwell upon this part of the story, it is too painful. Now came opposition from the Governor of the Falklands—no more natives were to be allowed to visit Keppel. Nevertheless, two were brought;—two who begged to be brought, and the present result of their visit is that they show themselves under the influence of Christian doctrine, and example, and one promises to become a missionary to his people. The opposition of the Governor has ceased. 2,000 words of the language of these Indians have been acquired, and everything here seems to prosper; but, as you will perceive, it has been by slow and painful steps that this portion of the work has been accomplished. Meanwhile Mr. Schmid, a German, entered on missionary work in Patagonia. For a year he wandered amongst the fine tribes of these Pampas Indians, learned their language to some extent, and then suddenly seemed to fail. The supplies which ought to have reached him did not arrive. In fine, he was obliged to return to England *via* Valparaiso. At Valparaiso he deeply interested the English residents in his work. Again he returned to Patagonia with a companion, Mr. Hunziker, another German, and renewed his work. Again hindrances sprung up, but they are

only leading to the formation of the settlement on the east coast of Patagonia. Here also a certain work has been accomplished. Let us now look a little higher on the map, and we shall see Lota, in South Chili. There Mr. Gardiner went. At first, in Valparaiso, he met with difficulty. This, in time, disappeared. He located himself amongst English people, in order the better to act out towards the Indian population. He succeeded, and sent for a companion missionary. Mr. Coombe was sent to him. A church arose at Lota. A school was formed, which is now almost self-supporting; and the Indians were visited twice—the noble, brave, free Araucanians. These visits proved satisfactory; and now a prudent plan has been formed for developing this part of our missionary undertaking. For a long time all efforts for South America seemed to fail; but it was only seeming failure. You see how they are now succeeding and expanding. If we turn to other parts of the continent, we find abundant work to be done. Once it was completely closed to the Gospel; now it is opening rapidly. Our plans are laid for a fresh station in North Patagonia, at the El Carmen, where two missionaries, already chosen, sail next month. Santa Fé, Assumption, San Paulo, and other places, invite the missionary; but that, I think, which brings most encouragement is the life and movement which we witness on the Continent. It may suffice to mention that one gentleman, in Monte Video, offers 200*l.* per annum for a missionary; that in Buenos Ayres are found active agents assembling men to read their Bibles; that a Vaudois settlement has formed itself in Uruguay; that there is a friend of Merle d'Aubigné, with a Protestant colony, in Santa Fé that in San Paulo, amongst the 72,000 Germans there, are two Protestant pastors paid by the Emperor of the

Brazils,—that in Peru a Roman Catholic converted priest is preaching Christ,—that 8,000 English miners in North Chili, chiefly Wesleyans, have begged for teachers from their own Society,—that English colonists are offering money—some more—some less—in one case 600%. per annum to secure chaplains,—that in the Falklands a clergyman offers to resign 400%. per annum if it can be made available to the formation of a bishopric,—and that, so anxious are the English residents to receive a visit from a bishop, that at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres they have subscribed 200%. to defray his travelling expenses, whilst other places have subscribed their quota. It only remains that I state the number of the population. Mr. Corfield, who is agent of the Bible Society for South America, states that there are 6,400,000 pure Indians, 4,100,000 pure blacks, and only 9,900,000 whites and mixed races of all kinds. My Lord, I have only given you facts. I am most thankful that more able speakers follow me, who can better make deductions from them.

“Here Lord SHAFTESBURY asked, what the Indian population in the South numbered?

“Mr. GRAY said, that Mr. Corfield had estimated it at 1,200,000 pure Indians and 250,000 blacks,—that is, including the Argentine Republic, and all South of it.

“Lord SHAFTESBURY asked, whether the calculation was not much larger than that usually made?

“Mr. GRAY said it was, but that Mr. Corfield seemed to have reliable information on which to base his calculations.

“Captain SULLIVAN, R. N., C. B., on being called on, said—I will confine myself to observations on parts of the subject which have not been touched on by Mr. Gray in his rapid review. I am deeply interested in this Mission;

I was in the *Beagle* with Admiral Fitzroy when the natives of Fuegia were on board. I saw the landing of Mr. Matthews, and I was then convinced how unsafe it is to attempt missionary work in Fuegia in any other way than this Society engages to do. Indeed, this has been felt very much in England. Nor should we ever have had the help we have received, but that we promised to adhere to the plan of cautious approach in a vessel. It was the departure from this plan which caused the massacre. Captain Fell was warned by me again and again not to pursue the plan which he thought to be safe, but which I knew to be dangerous; besides which, the pursuing a different plan from that which we pledged ourselves before the public to maintain, was, I think, breaking faith with them. We must remember that these natives have been very badly treated by the white man, and that naturally they will seek to revenge themselves, until we can persuade them that we mean to benefit them. It is folly to settle on their land without a knowledge of their language. I knew Captain Gardiner; he was my intimate friend. He failed in his mission because England did not give him the means of building such a vessel as we now have. He could never have attempted what he did but for the gift of 1,000*l.* from Miss Cook, of Cheltenham. The plan which Captain Gardiner left on the beach when he died was submitted to me. Singularly enough, it was identical with one I had myself formed for carrying on the Mission. I believe we ought to persevere in it, not merely for the sake of the Fuegians, but also because of the many sailors who are wrecked and murdered on the shores round Cape Horn. The largest trade in the world passed this part of South America. For the sake of common humanity, we are bound, by means of the Gospel, to make these coasts

secure and these natives friendly, so that they may resemble those of the South Pacific islands, once so dangerous to seamen, now so safe on account of the dispositions of the islanders. We are told that we have expended large sums, and have accomplished but little. Be it so. It is only what has happened again and again in the first history of all missionary undertakings. They have succeeded at last, so shall we. There is an important consideration which I should like to present to you: I mean the working from an English centre. The history of Missions confirms the value of this course. We should have failed in our mission to New Zealand, but that Mr. Marsden had an English colony from which to work. We should have failed in Africa, had we not had Sierra Leone. The Falkland Islands were, I believe, given us just at the time we required them for the work in Tierra del Fuego. In Patagonia, it is true, Mr. Schmid has worked without such a centre, but recent events show the value of such a position even there. In South Chili, Mr. Gardiner has wisely chosen the little English colony at Lota from which to work. From English centres we mean to work all through South America. We shall find such centres everywhere. There are great numbers of our countrymen scattered about, and sadly neglected. We shall have sympathy and support from them. We shall lighten our expenditure and increase our efficiency by working from such centres. The chances are that we shall fail if we work in a different way, just as Captain Gardiner failed; only I must admit that South America is not in the same state as when Captain Gardiner laboured for entrance to it. It is now in a transition state. Romanism is fast passing away; Infidelity is usurping its place. If we go to it now, it may be we go to reap a large harvest; if we delay, it may be we shall bitterly lament it.

“The Rev. W. CADMAN said, I have been much cheered, my Lord, by what I have heard since I entered the room. I see in many things signs of progress; but, if it were not so, I should still say that we are bound to prosecute the work which this Society undertakes. What we have to do is simply to follow our Lord’s command. We see in this Society men of God, acting, so far as we can judge, from pure motives—acting in faith, acting after much and earnest prayer and teaching from the pure Word of God. We are bound by Christian principle to support them, when they, under such conditions, approach the shores of South America as missionaries. Results we may safely leave to God; if there are none, still our duty no less binds us. It is, doubtless, very pleasant to hear of success, but it is by no means our duty to measure our aid by the amount of success vouchsafed; this would be to walk by sight, and not by faith, to walk for reward and not by obedience; those that have not seen, yet have believed, are they that are most blessed.

“The Rev. Canon BOYD, being now called on by the Chairman, said:—My Lord, at this late hour, and knowing, as I happen to do, that your Lordship has important business elsewhere, I will not attempt to detain the Meeting by any lengthened address; however, I shall venture to throw out a few observations by way of illustration of the subject. We have been accustomed each year, for many years, to assemble in Exeter Hall by thousands to sound out a note of triumph, to hear speakers from all parts of the world rise to congratulate the Christian Church on the victories of the Gospel, and we are sadly apt to forget the early struggles through which such results have been secured. Now-a-days all things are tested by apparent results. I believe it to be

a false principle. I believe my friend, Mr. Cadman, spoke weighty words of truth, to which we should do well to listen, when he told us that we must pursue the path of duty, quite independent of results, and simply because our master has laid his command upon us. My Lord, let us carry ourselves back to the time when a little band of eleven men, with closed doors and with trembling eagerness, waited for the gift of the Holy Spirit, before they commenced such a mighty undertaking as the world has never seen the equal of, and then we shall know something of difficulty. It was with the Apostles then the day of small things, and if men had then been asked whether such an attempt as theirs could possibly have succeeded, they would doubtless have smiled with incredulity. Yet we know what happened: onward they went—through opposition—through persecution—through blood—through death; until the kingdom of Satan fell beneath their mighty energies, and their matchless zeal. The day of small things had passed away, and with it the withering scorn of unbelief. Or look if you will at a single warrior, as he stands unaided—save by the Spirit of God, and the love of Christ, contending with the learning of the Greek, or with the sceptical, persecuting, intolerant spirit of the Roman. Look at St. Paul as he does battle for his Master. They said of him as he stood on Mars' Hill, 'What will this babbler say?' And, looking at the matter with the eye of reason, they might well utter such an exclamation. Then it was the day of small things—but that day has passed away, and men no longer despise the agency or pour scorn and contempt on the actor in these scenes. Churches have risen and called him blessed—superstition has fallen prostrate through the champion's assaults, and now the world looks back with fond admiration at

one endowed with so noble a spirit. Or pass we onward from the first energies of the infant Church, and let us come down to nearly our own days. Let us enter that small room in which a few chairs are placed for Christian men who met to consult about the possibility of making known the Gospel from England to the Heathen world—and we shall see—about sixty years ago, the day of small things with the Church Missionary Society—then the world laughed, then the many ridiculed the idea of these enthusiasts. The day of small things passed, and now the world looks back with wonder at the keen, far-reaching ken of faith, which enabled them to encounter opposition and insult, and to press forward to attain the glorious goal which the Society has now reached. Twenty years ago the world laughed at the efforts put forth for South America. It may well be, that twenty years from this time men will be glad enough that they had any part in a scheme which has been the means of pouring out on South America such abundant blessings. Some of us remember, how when it was proposed to send a chaplain to the convicts at Botany Bay, the idea was turned into the greatest ridicule by those in authority; the notion of sending clergymen to men so degraded, so lost, so guilty, afforded only amusement. Yet see not only the result arising on the spot, but stretch the eye to New Zealand, and behold there a land won to us by the Gospel from this very spot by Marsden. This will afford us the means of judging of the probable results of the present Mission to the savage coast of Tierra del Fuego. Expense has been spoken of, yet look at Granville Sharpe's scheme, and its working out. I am not speaking of the Church Missionary Society now; 80,000*l.* were spent, and when this sum was all gone, you asked what had been done, whether there

was really anything to show for this expenditure; 15,000*l.* at one time went to the bottom of the sea in the sunken vessel—no man could point to any real good done; yet, in the end, by perseverance, by energy, and by faith, all difficulties were overmastered, and the end was attained. So it shall ever be. What expense had the Church Missionary Society with Sierra Leone at first? Year after year nothing but expense—time seemed lost, labour seemed of no avail; men perished, till it was known as the grave of Europeans, yet we are not sorry for this. On the contrary, we congratulate ourselves on our courage and endurance in this matter; may it ever be so. My Lord, it is of the utmost importance that we should not forget the past struggles which have led to our present successful efforts; that we should not be led by a strange obliviousness to be terrified or cast down by the day of small things in any Christian effort. It is of the utmost importance that we should march onward, and still onward under Christ's banner in the contests of the Gospel, in simple obedience to the command of our Master, that so we may obtain everywhere the approval of Him who can and does secure eventual success, and crown every Christian enterprise with victory.

“The Rev. T. M. MACDONALD said,—My heart beats warmly my Lord, in sympathy for this Mission, and I now see tokens of success such as I never beheld before. I have one of the largest Associations for its support, and I believe firmly that the time is near when we shall see an abundant blessing resting on our labours. In Captain Gardiner I see a man raised up of God, and singularly fitted for his work. In Keppel Island I see God's providence, giving us a proper basis. In the Fuegian lad, retaining his knowledge of English for twenty-two years,

I see a strange and striking provision made for eventual success. In an American captain being sent to recover the *Allen Gardiner*, after the massacre of her crew by the natives, I again see God's love; had he been an Englishman, I suppose he would not have ventured to dispute the Governor's orders, and have brought over to Keppel the natives that are under instruction there at this moment. In the preservation of the vessel from fire and from storm for months, as it lay unprotected save by our Father, I see his hand moving. In the preparation of that noble hearted Missionary, Mr. Schmid, for his difficult work in Patagonia, I trace God's finger. In such a companion as Mr. Hunziker being given to him, I again find encouragement. In their way being singularly prepared by means of a Danish Protestant Governor in a Chilian Roman Catholic country, we cannot fail to see God's power exerted. There is too a harmony between these providential preparations for the work of the Missionaries, and the spirit in which they were led to accept them. It was, my Lord, a simple, but significant act of worship, which preceded the embarkation of Mr. Schmid in the *Allen Gardiner*, when he was about to leave the station, on Keppel Island, and venture single-handed, and for the first time, amongst the Indians of Patagonia. The scene was by the sea-shore, and the little vessel, ready to receive, and carry to their destination, the messengers of Christ, floated in view. But before they stepped into the boat, which was to take them to the ship, the little missionary band knelt reverently on the beach to invoke for each and all, but especially for Mr. Schmid, whose need of the divine care, and protection was deeply felt, the blessing, and defence of the Most High. And then, the prayer of faith having been offered, they rose from their knees to join in singing that beautiful hymn

‘From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator’s praise arise,
 Let the Redeemer’s name be sung
 In every land, by every tongue.’

Again in the dedication of Mr. Gardiner’s talent, and piety, and means to the work in Araucania, when all looked bright for him in England — that he should regard South America as the family living, certainly, to my mind, speaks powerfully of God’s love and favour. In the choice of a companion so highly spoken of as Mr. Coombe, again I see cause for praise. In the providential preparation of Lota, in the disposal of a Roman Catholic there to help forward Protestant effort, who will not see God’s favour towards us? In the new friends raised up by God to aid us, and I am most happy, my Lord, to see your name amongst them—again I find cause of gratitude and hope;—look where I may I am pleased and encouraged, and therefore boldly I take up my watchword and cry, “South America for Christ”—will you not join in it? Ay, join in it heart and soul. It is a good watchword—we need not be ashamed of it. Let us pray for South America—let us labour for it—let us speak of it to our friends wherever we may, until we see the work accomplished, and see Christ ruling triumphantly where now heathenism and nominal Romanism hold undisputed sway. In order to enable you to labour successfully let me recommend to you this admirable little monthly publication, ‘The voice of Pity.’ Read it, and circulate it, it will well repay you. Let me also offer you some of these collecting-cards, you will find them very valuable aids for advancing our cause. And now, with all my heart, I commend this Society to your steady support,

and I pray that you may be influenced to wrap it in your warmest affections.

Lord SHAFTESBURY then said,—I would also join in the wish expressed by the last speaker, that collecting-cards should be taken out and used. I should feel especially glad if ladies would undertake the work. We are, so to speak, inaugurating this Society afresh in London, and we should use our best efforts to ensure its success.

The Benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. CANON BOYD, and the Meeting separated.

Journals of Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker.

(Continued.)

“Saturday, 9th. — About 5.30. a.m. we left Horsh, and resumed our journey. When we came to the inlet it was high water, and we had to wait about two hours before we could cross it. In the meanwhile we made some cocoa and refreshed ourselves, for we started from Horsh without breakfast. Having gained the other side of the inlet, we began to travel fast—trotting and galloping wherever the road permitted. We were in Laredo Bay at 12.30., and overtook here Gemoki and another Indian; we halted a moment, just long enough to readjust our saddles and baggage. This done, we hastened on again, going as fast as possible, and overtook those who had gone on yesterday; in fact, we were of the first arrivals at Tres Puentes—outside the Colony—where we halted to wash, and otherwise prepare ourselves for a decent entry. After this we remounted our horses and went on towards the Colony. H. E. the Governor met us, and kindly enquired how we did; he informed me of the arrival of

H.M.S. *Calypso* at this place, and on arriving at the gate of the Governor's residence, he handed to me a small parcel of letters enclosed in that of Mr. Dennett to me. The Governor invited us to come and see him when we had an opportunity. After this we proceeded to our quarters, unsaddled and unloaded our horses, washed, and relieved ourselves from all travelling encumbrances, and thought of resting our stiff and weary limbs. Dr. and Mrs. Burns welcomed me as usual with cordial friendship and kindness. It was 3.30. p.m. when we had reached our Sandy Point home.

"*Sunday, 10th.*—We paid a visit to the Governor, and passed a pleasant hour. He was very affable and conversible. He told us that owing to the change of political affairs in Chili, he expected to be recalled, and that most probably a new Governor will come in the daily-expected provision vessel. He said that no Governor could legally prohibit our wandering among the Patagonian Indians, but that he might raise annoyances and difficulties, if so inclined. Gemoki, he said, addressed him yesterday in a long speech, by way of apology for his past inconsiderate conduct, that he was foolish then and did not know it, but that now he was different, and should conduct himself well.

"About 3.30, p.m. arrived H. M. sloop of war *Camelion*, screw steamer, on her way to the Pacific. The Governor on his return to the shore (for he visits every vessel that comes here) told me I had an opportunity of sending letters to Valparaiso if I like to write.

"*Monday, 11th.*—This morning I requested the provision master to deliver to me some provisions deposited in the Government store house. I drew all the little boxes which had been sent by Mr. Dennett, beside the payment which we owed to the Indians, and thought of

rendering to-day. The Governor having expressed his wish to be present at the delivery of the promised things into the hands of the Indians, requested me to defer it until to-morrow, being very busy at his correspondence. Mrs. Dennett's cakes were as fresh as if made but yesterday, and all that Mr. Dennett sent was in good order.

"The first lieutenant sent a midshipman to invite us to come on board. We accepted the invitation, and, in accordance with his request, took three Indians with us—Gemoki, Crimen, and Casimiro. I am sorry to have to state that the officers regaled the Indians with liquor; and after awhile, during which they behaved very well, although under the influence of liquor, Casimiro getting troublesome and noisy, and keeping on asking and begging, and vexed because his requests were not complied with, the lieutenant had to order the corporal to make Casimiro leave the deck to be taken on shore. Commander H. invited me into his cabin, to talk with me about the Indians, and to get some information about them, which I gave with pleasure, seeing that his questions were not the results of mere curiosity, but of sympathy and interest. When I rose to depart, he thanked me for the information I had given him.

"*Tuesday, 12th.*—We delivered to-day those things which we promised to the Indians for kind treatment, &c. The Governor was present when they received the payment. They carried it all away, and there was a distribution of it to the principal men. Many of the women began to sing whilst this was going on—a proof of content and gladness. In the afternoon we distributed most of the contents of the large box of presents, impressing on the mind of the Indians the propriety of not giving or selling what they received. Casimiro thought

he could superintend this business, and direct the presents to be given to whom he thought proper. We distributed them according to our own discretion.

“*Wednesday, 13th.*—Having been informed that several of the things which we distributed yesterday had been sold here, I refrained from giving away the rest, as I intended. How vexing and annoying it is to see these Indians act so in regard to things which they begged from us, and that in spite of the prohibition I charged them with. You can hardly conceive the amount of barefaced importunity this ignorant people displays, even if I try to acquaint you with it. This evening came Gemoki’s mother, and brought no less than five bags, expecting that I would fill them with provisions. In consideration of past kindness, I gave her some biscuit and some rice, but not enough to fill even two bags, far from it. The more one gives this people, the more they ask. They are satisfied sometimes for a short time, but at the end they ask for more. If I accede to the request of an Indian, and give him some biscuit, he asks for sugar, then he wants some rice, and flour, tobacco, and to wind up, hot water with sugar. Nearly all the Indians left the colony this morning.

“Let me now proceed to other matters; and first, as to how we spent the time. Our daily routine was this, after performing the necessary ablution on getting up from our hard beds, we had morning devotion; and that the Indians might see what we were doing, we opened the tent; this was not necessary, because they came often before we were ready, creeping in underneath. Whilst we were, as you directed me in the instructions from the Committee, indicating our faith by daily acts of worship, we were often watched by men, women, or children; some were silent, others talked or made some

noise; some wanted to talk with us, to borrow some tool, or call our attention to something else. We told them repeatedly not to disturb us, but scarcely a day passed without some unpleasantness of this kind, whilst we read a portion of God's word, and offered up prayer. Casimiro's two boys, who were with us, joined us in our worship and knelt, although they could not comprehend what it meant. There is no worship rendered by this people, and their minds must, therefore, be lamentably profane and dark. They never inquire after things they cannot see. We were fain to think they would, on observing our acts of worship, be led to ask what we meant by them, and become curious and inquisitive; no, we were mistaken, disappointed, grieved. Our worship concluded, I instructed the boys in the art of reading for about an hour; they made but slow progress, remarkably slow, so that I could scarcely believe that a memory can be so shallow as those of the boys. The elder boy was sharper than his brother, and a little more fond of learning, whilst the latter was the very personification of indolence—in things which required the exercise of the brain; both are remarkably fond of play, of running, going after eggs. This they did not mind, but before half an hour passed at their lessons, they showed symptoms of weariness and fatigue! Mr. H. instructed them in the afternoon in reading. They had one lesson in writing daily; it was only step by step that we wished to teach them to shake off idleness; first one lesson, then two, then three, (the last in writing). It is almost unnecessary to inform you that we had no fixed hours for meals, neither can we have them as long as we live this disagreeably unsteady life. Ere we retired, which I confess was at an early hour, owing to the want of candle or fire, we read a portion of God's

word from the New Testament, and offered up our evening sacrifice, in which the two boys were almost always present. They rose and retired with us, washed, combed their hair, regularly every morning. We dressed them in shirt, trowsers, and a blouse; and they made a decent appearance. We taught them to make their own beds, to be clean and orderly, and so far they made satisfactory progress. We generally spoke English with them—short easy phrases, many of which they know now. Galbez, the elder, seems to be fond of English, for he asks, 'What do you call this?' if he wanted to know the name of a thing. He bid Dr. Burns the time of the day,—'good morning, Doctor,' &c. When we were not engaged in teaching the boys, we took some sewing in hand—garments for the boys, or mending, or plied the needle for some Indian who brought some flannel to have a poncho made out of it. At other times I looked over my vocabulary, collected words, arranged them, and tried if I could not discover some peculiar grammatical construction by which I might obtain a clue to others not yet learned. I am now in possession of 1050 words, which, as soon as I have finished my letters, I shall arrange alphabetically. I stuck to the common alphabet, and I see clearly that it answers just as well as the phonetic, nay, it is even superior, for it has fewer vowels—only five, which is quite enough for an Indian to learn. They would be only puzzled at more, and could not learn them. The language is still difficult, because they do not pronounce their words clearly. It is of the utmost importance to us to hear them speak distinctly; if they did so, I could write it so as to sound according as it ought to be. In my vocabulary I have, for instance, the word *Yi-gaishe*, for 'I call.' The right and full form is *Yigaisheshe*; but

the last syllable—*eshe*, is either indistinctly pronounced, or taken together with the preceding, that it cannot be distinguished for some time. Then again, they constantly coin new words, discard such as I learned when here last—not entirely, but some Indians retain them. This is the case if some person dies, whose name bears some similarity to the name of some object or action. This is very annoying.

“We have, in the course of our wandering, gone as far north as Coy Inlet—within a few miles of it. Thence we travelled westward, intending to visit a volcano which the Indians say is between the Gallegos and Santa Cruz rivers, in the Cordilleras; but the Indians, not being reliable as to what they say, changed their minds and refused to go there. I have all the time kept a meteorological record, with a thermometer and compass—barometer I have none. The spring months have been windy and unpleasant. There is nothing worth mentioning as regards the country we travelled over, it is the same everywhere. A stream, which seems of considerable size, runs into Coy-Inlet, I believe. In some places it was as deep as Gallegos River. Caili, and many Indians belonging to this southern tribe, are now expected to return from Rio Negro. Casimiro told me the names of several tribes of Patagonians, *Hanani-cene Zson-ca*, and *Ganmeteene Zson-ca*, one language; *De-ushene Zson-ca*, one language; *Cèbenicene Zson-ca*, *Yancez-cene Zson-ca*, *Lalmejene Zson-ca* or *Yacush*, one language. The *Lalmejene* are the Indians who are known to us by the name of ‘Araucanos.’ *Huilliche* is the name given by the Araucanos to our tribe here—*Hanani-cene*. The word *Tsoncca*, or *Zon-ca*, as I now spell it, I have ascertained to mean, ‘people,’ answering to the ‘*che*’ of the Araucanos.”

The Testimony of Language.

Fearful indeed is the impress of degradation which is stamped on the language of the savage, more fearful perhaps even than that which is stamped upon his form. When wholly letting go the truth, when long and greatly sinning against light and conscience, a people has thus gone the downward way, has been scattered off by some violent revolution from that portion of the world which is the seat of advance and progress, and driven to its remote isles and further corners, then as one nobler thought, one spiritual idea after another has perished from it, the words also that expressed these have perished too. As a people has let go one habit of civilization after another, the words also which those habits demanded have dropped, first out of use, and then out of memory, and thus after awhile have been wholly lost.

Moffat, in his *Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa*, gives us a very remarkable example of the disappearing of one of the most significant words from the language of a tribe sinking ever deeper in savagery; and with the disappearing of the word, of course, the disappearing as well of the great spiritual fact and truth, whereof that word was at once the vehicle and the guardian. The Bechuanas, a Caffre tribe, employed formerly the word "Morimo," to designate "Him that is above," or "Him that is in heaven," and attached to the word the notion of a Supreme Divine Being. This word, with the spiritual idea corresponding to it, Moffat found to have vanished from the language of the present generation, although here and there he could meet with an old man, scarcely one or two in a thousand, who remembered in his youth to have heard speak of "Morimo;" and this word, once so deeply significant, only survived now in the spells and charms of the so-called rain-

makers and sorcerers, who misused it to designate a fabulous ghost, of whom they told the absurdest and most contradictory things.

And as there is no such witness to the degradation of the savage as the brutal poverty of his language, so is there nothing that so effectually tends to keep him in the depths to which he has fallen. You cannot impart to any man more than the words which he understands either now contain, or can be made, intelligibly to him, to contain. Language is as truly on one side the limit and restraint of thought, as on the other side that which feeds and unfolds it. Thus it is the ever-repeated complaint of the missionary that the very terms are wholly or nearly wholly wanting in the dialect of the savage whereby to impart to him heavenly truths, or indeed even the nobler emotions of the human heart. Dobrizoffer, the Jesuit missionary, in his curious *History of the Abipones*, tells us that neither they nor the Guarinies, two of the principal native tribes of Brazil, with whose language he was intimately acquainted, possessed any word which in the least corresponded to our "thanks." But what wonder, if the feeling of gratitude was entirely absent from their hearts, that they should not have possessed the corresponding word in their vocabularies? Nay, how should they have had it there? And that this is the true explanation is plain from a fact which the same writer records, that although inveterate askers, they never showed the slightest sense of obligation or of gratitude, when they obtained what they sought; never saying more than, "This will be useful to me," or, "This is what I wanted."

Nor is it only in what they have forfeited and lost, but also in what they have retained or invented, that these languages proclaim their degradation and debase-

ment, and how deeply they and those that speak them have fallen. Thus I have read of a tribe in New Holland, which has no word to signify God, but has a word to designate a process by which an unborn child is destroyed in the bosom of its mother. And I have been informed, on the authority of one excellently capable of knowing, an English scholar long resident in Van Dieman's Land, that in the native language of that island there are four words to express the taking of human life—one to express a father's killing of a son, another a son's killing of a father, with other varieties of murder; and that in no one of these lies the slightest moral reprobation, or sense of the deep-lying distinction between to kill and to murder; while at the same time, of that language so richly and so fearfully provided with expressions for this extremest utterance of hate, he also reports that any word for love is wanting in it altogether.

Yet with all this, ever and anon in the midst of this wreck and ruin there is that in the language of the savage, some subtle distinction, some curious allusion to a perished civilization, now utterly unintelligible to the speaker, or some other note, which proclaims his language to be the remains of a dissipated inheritance, the rags and remnants of a robe which was a royal one once. The fragments of a broken sceptre are in his hand, a sceptre wherewith once he held dominion (he, that is, in his progenitors) over large kingdoms of thought, which now have escaped wholly from his sway.

Trench on the Study of Words.

Our Recent Sale of Work.

The proceeds of the Sale of Work to aid the Fund for enlarging, and repairing the *Allen Gardiner* amount to some £160 altogether. The weather proved for the most part very adverse to the Sale; but future opportunities will be sought for disposing of the stock of goods in hand. We take this opportunity of thanking most heartily the kind and generous friends, who contributed to the Articles for Sale. We are still *greatly in need of further, and immediate pecuniary help* to defray the expenses incurred for the vessel; and we shall esteem it a great kindness if our friends will exert their influence to collect funds for this purpose.

A New Development.

The *Allen Gardiner* will, with God's permission, leave England in a few days. The missionary party prepared to go out in the little vessel consists of two Clergymen, and three Catechists. The names of these brethren in the Lord are: the Rev. W. H. Stirling, B. A., who for nearly five years has been resident Secretary of the Society; the Rev. E. Casey; Mr. F. N. Lett; Mr. Andrews; and Mr. Row: the last two having been trained at the missionary college of St. Chrischona, near Basle.

Mr. Stirling has been appointed by the Committee as Superintendent Missionary for a period of three years. Mrs. Stirling, and her two children accompany Mr. Stirling, and will take up their residence on Keppel Island.

The business of the Society at home will be conducted, under the Committee, by one Secretary; and it will doubtless give confidence to the friends of the Mission to know that the Rev. W. Gray has been appointed to undertake this duty.

The intention of the Committee is to place two of the out-going party on the Rio Negro, in the north of Patagonia; to support Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker in their work amongst the Indians of the south of that country; and to renew, and give if possible a fresh development to the operations of the Society in Tierra del Fuego. To the

execution of these purposes the Superintendent will have to direct his earnest attention.

Respecting the three localities mentioned, the first, as our readers know, is as yet new ground to our missionary enterprise. In placing two of our party there we are guided by a desire to strengthen the action of the Society's agents in the south of Patagonia, and to bring the tribes of that country, in all six, between the influences of Christian missionaries located at its two extremes. The nomadic habits of these tribes make, we believe, this plan as feasible as it is desirable.

As regards the second locality, where Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker are labouring, no explanations are necessary when we say we desire to strengthen their hands. They have begun a good work; have conciliated the Indians; have gained an ascendancy over their minds; have acquired their language; have become familiarized with their habits, and traditions; have already had under instruction the children of one of the chiefs; have thrown themselves heartily into the work, and deserve, therefore, on every account the support, and sympathy of the Society. Is there a single person who would say leave these two brethren to themselves, and not rather say, encourage their hearts and strengthen their hands to the utmost?

In speaking of the third scene of the Society's

work, viz. Tierra del Fuego, we have again every reason to be encouraged, and to go forward. We are not going now to an unknown land, and to an unknown people, and to make an experiment in a new work. The past seven years have not been spent in vain by the Society's staff of missionaries. A real work has been accomplished by them. The way has been pioneered. We know the character of the natives; how far they may be trusted, and how far kept under surveillance; we have a large vocabulary of their language, and are in possession of their esteem, as belonging to a superior race. They know our intentions are friendly, and they have received from us ideas, which require only time, and favouring circumstances, in order to be reproduced, and propagated beneficially. More than this: two of their number are certainly under the influence of Christian doctrine, and example, and give every ground of hope that they will by and bye become teachers to their countrymen. At this distance from the actual scene of labour, the sound of progress comes faintly to our ears; and, even when it reaches us, we are so engrossed with the standards of life about us, so taken up with the higher forms of civilisation which everywhere present themselves, that we have little patience to weigh the importance of words, and acts, significant of a transition from utter barbarism to the reception of civilised customs and Christian faith.

For our own part we greatly regret this slowness of perception of the actual value of what has been accomplished in our mission field abroad, and especially so far as affects the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Now the following letter is one of those indications of progress, which may be easily underrated, but which we believe marks a very important stage in the development of our work. It comes from one, whose name, Ookokko, is familiar to all our friends, and it is addressed to the Rev. G. P. Despard. Some of our readers may have already seen this letter in the "Record," to which newspaper a copy was forwarded by Mr. Despard. We have, however, reserved it till now to show, at a time when the departure of our vessel naturally suggests a review of the past, and present position of the foreign work, how far that work has hitherto progressed, and what are the elements of hope respecting the future. The intelligence, and good feeling manifested in the letter of Ookokko are very pleasant to notice; and we can assure our friends that the original manuscript is really excellent in its style, and neatness.

"Thatched House, October 4, 1861.

"My kind Teach-man,—I am very glad, hear you well.

"You, your wife, your family depart here. I, my wife, greatly sorry. Much love you, your wife, your family.

"We two—I, my wife—say, poor child! (Lamenting

that he will not know his friends.) I, by and by see you again. I very glad I say inside.

“By and by, I have seven (many) potatoes in my ground; turnips, swedes, cabbages also. I thank you; you give my ground to me. My baby well; great, strong; (has) two teeth, soon another.

“I say thank you, your daughters (for a present); my wife very glad. I to-day all same work, strong—wise—all same I (was) to you here.

“I happy to day. Quiet man. I love Thomas Bridges to teach me and make me understand.

“I love to worship both God and Jesus. Lord quick help me—I weak; my enemies are very many.

“Tell me how well you are, your wife, your family, your son. “I truly, “A FRIEND.”

Of course it is difficult to preserve in a strictly literal translation the naturalness of the original style; but notwithstanding, we think, in the present case, the ideas expressed, although simple, indicate an intelligent interest in the circumstances of his position, and a cordial and affectionate regard for those, who have so greatly benefited him.

As a further index of the advance already made in this branch of the Society's labours, we venture to give the following specimens of the Fuegian language as reduced to writing, in the phonetic type, by the Rev. G. P. Despard:—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

In Firelandic Language.

Hulu Amō, Σα wecinabaccalo tagagō, accupafu Σινα wepa; tecumyella Σινα fetšlmiafe; tšwena Σα, wulro

murra aculiu, lupunuu; amofu yarum hepehjan hsa
 usj atama usca angenupj 'saticala hjema: maculo Sa
 hjan Sina agelacuru, macatu maculo hsa agelacuru;
 bav eufuua tuwageda tapocu: eufseraco Sa wulro
 ulapa; Sina, tswenuge; Sa upjace; Sina lungjola;
 apafu twitrago. Amen.

THE SINNER'S RESOLVE.

In Firelandic Language.

Hj camatu manatzeera mena yappemat-cutanna Amo
 amo, hj ulapa seja ulapa fina sapanuun, bav wopana
 maou.

DOXOLOGY.

(TUNE VIENNA.)

In Firelandic Language.

Acupafu God, tamofu angenup 'saticala hjema;
 Acupafu wulro oa lupunuu:
 Acupafu cuiscja aculiu tagago;
 Acupafu, Hulu Amo, Maco, Hjema Hafsucō.

These are some of the conditions of the work
 now, when the *Allen Gardiner* is about to sail
 with a fresh band of Missionaries on board. Surely
 there is ground of encouragement, with Patagonia
 open, north and south, and Missionaries actually
 labouring amongst the Indians there; with a well-
 furnished station in the Falkland Islands; with
 an enlarged and newly-equipped vessel to further
 the plans of the Mission; with a work happily

begun among the natives of Tierra del Fuego, and with the assurance that the enterprise is right in principle, laudable in its object, founded on experience, and such as being conducted in faith, and obedience to Christ's command, may confidently claim His blessing. In making these remarks on the Society's foreign operations we have confined ourselves to what is going on in Patagonia, and the southern archipelago. We might have referred, and with great satisfaction, to the work begun in Araucania by the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, and Mr. Coombe, as well as to other openings. Our object, however, has been to speak of what concerned the departure of the *Allen Gardiner*, and the out-going party, whose field of labour is in the localities referred to.

And now, Christian friends, will you refuse to uphold by your prayers, by your sympathy, by your active co-operation, the members of the Mission already in the field, and those who are going forth? You cannot refuse, we are persuaded. Your sympathy, your prayerful sympathy, is very precious. Withhold it not from us. Abroad there are many things to make the heart, and spirit weary—many things to try the mind, and wear the body. As members of Christ's family, as brethren and sisters in Christ, vouchsafe your help, your constant supplications, your confidence, and your Christian sympathy.

Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker.

In our number for June we furnished our readers with intelligence from Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker, letters having been received from them from the Falkland Islands, whither they had retired for a brief period. We referred also to a projected missionary settlement in Patagonia under the Society's auspices, and independent of the Chilian colony at Sandy Point, in the Magellan Straits. Our words were "we are not sure that the station is not already begun, so intent are our brethren on the subject, and so impressed do they appear with the advantageous position for their future work of the Santa Cruz river." It is now our duty to report the departure from the Falklands of Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker, with an assistant, "a prophet's servant," to attempt to establish the new station. In May last they sailed for the river Santa Cruz, where they proposed to erect a wooden house, and take up their abode with a view to the execution of their missionary enterprise amongst the Indians. This plan has been endorsed by the British Chaplains in the Falkland Islands, and at Monte Video. Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker enter upon it cordially, and hopefully. The immediate expenses to the Society are certainly large; but we trust our friends will show by their liberal support that they desire to encourage the hearts of the Society's Missionaries, when they undertake the responsibility of enlarged, and energetic action abroad. The following extract from the letter of the Rev. C. Bull, M. A., British Chaplain at Stanley, shows his view of the work. "Before he" (i. e. Mr. Schmid) "left, we had a meeting at the school house, attended by all the sealers, and cottagers in the place, at least 100; a good

meeting for Stanley. Much interest was excited, and many a rough but hearty 'God speed you,' with a shake of the hand, testified to our friend that even in Stanley people are interested in this *noble work*. I had no collection then, but we will in our poverty do what we can for this real work." The following words express Mr. Hunziker's view of the proposed settlement in Patagonia. "The Lord has blessed our mission work whilst we were with our Patagonian friends, and we have full confidence in them. They treated us kindly, and the two boys (sons of Casimiro) whom we had under our instruction, have shown ability for learning, particularly the elder one, who was also desirous to learn. When we had to separate from our dear boys, it was very sad for us. I hope our leaving Sandy Point may become a cause of furtherance to our Mission, and that we in erecting a station for ourselves, may be enabled to do the Lord's work with more success. I fervently pray to God that He may direct our doings concerning the work, which is His work."

We need say no more at present to indicate the zeal of our brethren abroad to carry the Gospel of the grace of God to the heathen, and to secure for them in their trying enterprise the sympathy, and prayerful co-operation of all, who feel the importance of Christ's cause. The *Allen Gardiner* will, D.V., call at Santa Cruz, in Patagonia, to communicate with the brethren, to give them fresh supplies, and to convey any tokens of Christian regard, which friends at home may supply.

Our One Life.

'Tis not for man to trifle ! life is brief,
 And sin is here ;
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear ;
 We have no time to sport away the hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we,
 One, only one ;
 How sacred should that one life ever be,
 That narrow span !
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
 No vacant dream ;
 No fable of the things that never were,
 But only seem :
 'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
 Tho' strange, and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
 No idle tale ;
 No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
 Or summer gale ;
 They are the true realities of earth,
 Friends, and companions, even from our birth.

O life below—how brief, and poor, and sad !
 One heavy sigh.
 O life above—how long, how fair, and glad !
 An endless joy.

Oh, to be done with daily dying here ;
 Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere !

O day of time, how dark ! O sky, and earth
 How dull your hue ;
 O day of Christ, how bright ! O sky, and earth
 Made fair, and new !
 Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green :
 Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

Hymns of Faith and Hope, by H. Bonar.

**Notes of Journey to Santa Juana, Nacimiento
 Negretti, Los Angeles, and San Carlos en
 Puren de los Andes, by the Rev. A. W.
 Gardiner, M. A.**

The following notes of a journey of the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, to explore a certain district of the Araucanian territory, are very interesting as a further contribution to our information respecting the country. The journey was useful in another respect, inasmuch as it showed that the proposed outpost of the Mission must be not near Nacimiento, as advised by friends at Valparaiso, but in another and previously explored district near Labo. Our readers will understand that Lota is our *basis*; that at Lota we have a flourishing school, containing 46 children, and regular religious services for the benefit of the little settlement; but that for further efforts amongst the Indian population we require an outpost, the best locality for which Mr. Gardiner has been journeying to ascertain.

"*April 14th.*—Started for Santa Juana, this morning, with a guide called Santiano de Carmen. Leaving Lota wrapped in a thick fog, we wound our way gradually through the ravines and along the defiles of Colcura Casa Vieja and Los tres Arboles. About 3 p. m. we sighted a beautiful reach of the river Biobio, just below the town

of Santa Juana. My guide, as a forester, was very communicative about the trees, and flowers and herbs, pointing out which trees made good charcoal and which bad, where the red peline grew and where the white rauli; the former is in great request for houses, as it is almost as durable as cedar; the latter takes a high polish, and makes excellent ceilings, furniture, &c. Every now and then he would dive from his horse like a Falkland 'steamer duck,' just holding on with his great spur, and as quickly reappear with a handful of berries for me to taste; in one kind I recognised an old Fuegian acquaintance, but much sweetened by the warmth of a Chilè sky. At Santa Juana we stopped to bait the horses and ourselves. It is a pretty little town, built by the river side, and with a southerly aspect. The church looked quite picturesque; and as we rode past the village school, it was cheering to see human faces again, after the shadows of those sombre forests. Saddling up again at sundown we made a fresh start; and as the vesper bells were ringing, and the moon rising, left Santa Juana and steered E.N.E. The character of the scenery was now quite changed. We had traversed, at right angles, a succession of steep hill passes, covered with dense forests containing very fine timber, and now entered upon a lower range of hills, forming one long continuous spur to the north-east. Upon the southern slopes large vineyards were planted; but the vines had no poles as in north Chilè, but ran along the ground. At 10 p.m. we halted till midnight, and then held on till 5 a.m., when we approached a dark shadow line of houses, which proved to be a large 'hacienda,' or farm house. The road, as far as I could judge, was very full of diversified scenery; and, with the exception of one blind track by a precipice, (down which the pale sickly moonlight glared

like a policeman's bull's eye) better travelling for the horses.

"*April 15th.*—Though arriving at that unseasonable hour, we were hospitably received at the 'hacienda.' They built a large fire, which soon thawed away the chill of the cold night air; and better still, they fed our tired and hungry horses with barley. Presently, amidst the chattering of many voices, and the crackling of the burning logs, the giant forehead of the glorious sun looked slowly over the hill, and away went the men into the vineyard, to work at the crowning labour of the Chileno year. Women and children now resumed the wheel of domestic life; water was fetched in pitchers from the stream below; a fowl was suddenly stopped as he ran by, and put into the saucepan; potatoes followed, and the invariable ahi (capsicum). Amidst this bustle of daily life, and the cheering sunshine inviting to action and diligence, I am almost ashamed to confess, that putting down two sheepskins and my travelling rug, whilst all the world seemed beginning the day so earnestly and so usefully, I fell asleep. On waking, I found a table on its beam ends, screening me from a scorching fire; the fowl had been reduced to chicken broth; in fact, breakfast was ready. There was time now to survey the building; it was moderately large. The wall on the north side was of sun-dried bricks, the rest of very primitive and elementary lath and plaster, called, technically, 'tabiqué.' These enclosed a space of about 20 feet X 15 X 12. The furniture was suggestive of Robinson Crusoe. A large canoe, hollowed out of a single log, stood in the middle. Two large vats, full of grapes, held prominent positions. These were hides stretched and lashed to poles; a giant sun-baked earthen pipkin, full of grain, stood as a sentinel by the door. In the corners of the

building vegetables were stowed, piles of onions, towers of pumkins, &c. We saddled up about 9 a. m. and continued through the rest of the vineyard peninsula. Every body was busy with grapes, some gathering them, some carrying them in baskets, some driving bullock drays full of them, some washing them to make them swell more, some putting them in the presses, &c., some tasting the new wine, &c. &c. It was a pretty spectacle, and reminded me of Homer's description of 'Achilles' Shield.' Very fond of grapes my guide said he was, but they were far too jealously watched and guarded to please him. At last an opportunity presented itself; one solitary lonely vineyard was only protected by a black dog; he was true to his charge, but Santiano was well mounted, and bore off a great bunch in triumph, which generous thief he offered to share with me, but I took the dog's view of the case. We reached the river Parigara about 3 p. m., and were not sorry to see the sun rays flash on the tiles of Nacimiento. Riding unchallenged into the fort, we cantered through the plaza, and I dismounted at the door of the 'posada.' Not so my guide, he would have fallen very low in his own estimation had he 'come to' in that fashion. So, as if the inn was the last house in the world for a person to stop, he whirled by on his tired horse, and then suddenly with a loud jingle of his spurs, and a clank of his heavy bit, he flew round, head to wind, with a whiz that one would have thought sufficient to start his girths, and send him overboard. As soon as he had transacted this little custom, I directed him to unsaddle the horses, and 'turned in' till dinner time. The company was, as usual, in these small military outposts, the subaltern officer, the notary public, and the 'capellan,' or resident priest. The padre was full of conversation, and first

addressed himself to our supposed conscientious scruples at eating meat in Lent. This he explained was a very remote corner of the world, fish was scarce, very scarce, that he himself was positively going to eat meat; and, turning by a most unhappy selection to me, he continued, you, after your long journey, must do the same.

“April 16th.—The grand view of ‘Nacimientó’ deserves a brief notice. Reining in your horse upon the top of the last of the hills which breaks like a mountain wave upon the plains below, you look the Andes full in the face. An extensive prairie, which rolls smoothly along to their spurs, appears from the lofty mountains that rear up their giant heads as frowning battlements, like some poor parish field; and those large rivers, which roar along in races and in eddies, look but silver threads. That towering pinnacle in front is the burning mountain of Antuco; and the Sugar Loaf, on the extreme right, marks the pass of Villa-rica. The town of Nacimientó is the only one I have yet seen in Chilè that is built on a hill—(the usual sites are valleys and plains)—and very prettily surrounded by vineyards and orchards. Being almost insulated by the windings of two large rivers, it bore a distant resemblance to Botafogo, that beautiful little suburb in the harbour of Rio Janeiro.

“April 17th.—We reached Los Angeles yesterday, passing, about noonday, Negretti, reported as a flourishing Indian settlement. It was quite deserted; we saw but one Indian in sixty miles. Saddling up before daylight, I pushed on towards the mountains. The country began to look very wild and waste; there was not a tree to be seen; forests, vineyards, and orchards, were all far behind; herds of cattle were grazing in scattered groups, and small Indian sheep with horns like a French twist. The weather was quite in keeping with the desolate

aspect of these low-lands. The southerly wind blew cold and sharp as a knife; heavy squalls rolled down the mountains and swept over us; occasionally large cattle dogs bounded out from the plains, and sprang fiercely at the horses; and so we travelled on till we heard, what was to us an unusual sound, the roaring of a river. For some time past I had noticed the gradual transition from an alluvial soil on clay, to that peculiar stony and morassy type of land which is so characteristic of the Falklands, but was scarcely prepared for so sudden a change as this. Our horses, accustomed to cross rivers with soft or sandy beds, showed symptoms of alarm. To their unshod feet and unpractised ears this river, hurrying along a channel of great smooth slippery stones, seemed dangerous, and they told us so pretty plainly. There is something very depressing at receiving a warning from the instincts of a lower animal, that he doubts your reasons. My guide shared his horse's scruples, and commenced a running fire of exclamations, misericordia, &c. About 11 a.m. we galloped into San Carlos; and having obtained refuge from the drizzling rain, and answered all the silly, simple questions that persons, living lonely, sequestered lives always ask you, I endeavoured to obtain the special information about this frontier, past and present. It amounted to this, that before the last war there were many Indians at Negretti, and very numerous bodies of them visited San Carlos to trade; but that since the war, last year, all this was over, and that now there was no Indian settlement within 160 miles of Lota, and 50 from San Carlos. The distance as the crow flies is about 100 miles, I think; but the road is so tortuous, owing to the difficult nature of the country, that it would be fully that distance; with four large rivers between Lota and San Carlos, and two more

between San Carlos and the Indians. The principal caciques, they said, had, a few weeks since, gone down to Lota, on their way to Concepcion, to treat with the government for peace.

"April 18th.—Returned to Nacimiento last night, and started again this morning at 4 a.m.; passed Santa Juana soon after noon-day. The sun set about 5.45, leaving us in the middle of a forest. It grew terribly dark and damp; there was no moon, and our only light was the occasional glimmer of a star through the openings of the trees, or the illumination of the fire-flies. We at length emerged, after four hours of very tedious travelling, and Chambique Light (a huge pile of small coal, that having become ignited, resembles at night a miniature volcano) flared out into familiar recollection. We were soon afterwards riding along a sand beach, looking at the moon rising, and discovering the iron mole, the ships pitching at their anchors, and the long swell of the Pacific Ocean breaking in a surf-line at our feet. I felt thankful, by contrast with those long dull plains, that my earthly home lay by the woods and by the sea.

"April 21st.—This morning the Indian chief arrived from the south, and passed through Lota on his way to Concepcion. The government have invited the principal chiefs to a conference, with the view of settling a permanent peace. The Indians have responded to this; and the chiefs from the eastern division of Araucania passed Lota some weeks since—a party of about 50; but it was reported that the chief from the south would not come; however, he has thought better of it, and there is now every prospect of a settlement of difficulties.

"And now, with an Araucanian chief riding past the window, it will be *à-propos* to say a few words about the

aborigines of Chilè. The Araucanian Indian is a much more advanced savage than his Patagonian and Fuegian cousins. He would not be satisfied with wearing the skins of birds and beasts, and would be terribly put out if the only articles in his wardrobe were the skin of a king penguin, or the fur from the zorilla. So he catches his little spiral-horned sheep, carefully shears its shaggy tangled wool, washes it in the stream, dries it in the sun, dyes it with indigo, and then the women patiently commence their spinning, and at length weave their mantles or ponchos and blankets. The terribly uniform diet eaten in the Patagonian toldo, and the innutritious fare gobbled up in the Fuegian wigwam, find no place in the comparative family mansion of the Araucanian chief. He sits down in the morning to a famous breakfast, and at night to a famous supper. Milk and cheese, and eggs and fowls, and mutton and beef, potatoes and Indian corn, all figure here before him; the result of such a bill of fare, and unlimited 'chicha' (cider), is a most unmilitary looking figure, very short and very portly, with a dull lethargic look. Like a squirrel, he stores up large quantities of nuts for the winter season ('piñones' and 'avallanos'); the former are as inferior to good chesnuts as the latter are superior to beech nuts. The chief rides slowly and triumphantly, strangely bedizened with beads and ribbons, and with silver-mounted bridle and large plated spurs. His wife, in addition to wonderful knick-knacks in the way of crimson ferrets and bracelets, will probably have most of her fingers covered up to the last joint with common brass curtain rings.

"In all this there is a sad want of the picturesque; it is like taking up Goldsmith or Robert Montgomery, after indulging in one's favourite morceau from Tennyson or Longfellow. And I have often longed once more to see

the tall Patagonian dashing along the white sand beach, with his horse's nose painted with red ochre to increase his speed, and his long black hair, coarse as the tail of the animal he rides, streaming behind him; or even the poor Fuegian, the miserable lord, as Darwin styles him, of a miserable land. There was something really unique about him as he paddled along in his quaint little bark canoe into some shallow corner of a lovely land-locked cove, and there speared a spider crab, warmed it a little over his fire, and so demolished his simple meal, with, perhaps, the addition of a sea-egg. But the wild and wizard beauty of the country gives a colour of poetry even to the dull, lonely life of these poor Araucanians; and their hospitality, their simple hospitality, the half shy, half sly demeanour, characteristic of their solitary life under such a summer's sky, under the foliage of such trees, and by the side of such magnificent red creepers, gradually makes an impression on the mind. Their life is not the life of a tribe all flourishing together on horses, as one's general imagination of Indians would lead one to suppose, but such a life as the old Dutch boer of the Cape Colony, or of the stock-keeper in Western Australia. This very isolated and fragmental form of existence, in a social point of view, is relieved in some measure by annual gatherings, periodical feasts, and Saturnalia, more especially in the 'cider' season. There was such a feast at Melilupu, two weeks since. It commenced with a monotonous dance, accompanied by bells, and bore a distant relationship to the old-fashioned Christmas mummers. In the summer they occasionally have a game like hockey, much the same as described by Catlin, in his book on the North American Indians."

The Brazilio-Guarani, or Eastern Nations of South America.

The vast region of South America which lies to the eastward of the river Paraguay, and is cut off from the remainder of the continent by that stream, and by a line reaching northward from its sources to the mouth of the Orinico in the Gulf of Mexico, was inhabited by a great number of aboriginal tribes, who were at one time supposed to speak as many distinct languages, and to constitute separate nations. Later information has considerably diminished their number. Two great families of nations exist within this region, viz. the Guarani, spread through Paraguay, and known to be allied to the Tupi tribes of Brazil; and, secondly, the races who belong to the stock of the Caribí, Galibi, or Caribbees, in the countries bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. They have a certain resemblance in features and complexion, and are, according to d'Orbigny, referable to one physical type, of which the following is the characteristic description;—

“Complexion yellowish; stature middle; forehead not so much arched as in other races; eyes obliquely placed, and raised at the outer angle.” These traits, which belong to the great nomadic races of South America, approximate to those of the nomades of High Asia. The complexion is nearly the same, for these nations do not generally belong to the Red Men of the New World: the face is round, the nose short, but the nostrils are not so wide or patulous, nor do the cheek-bones project so much as in the Asiatic races. Von Spix and Martius thought the Caribi strikingly similar to the Chinese.

The Guarani nation is one of the most interesting South American races, owing to the fact that they shewed themselves particularly susceptible of civilisation and of

instruction in the Christian religion, which they embraced in great numbers through the instructions of the Jesuit missionaries. We have many interesting accounts of the achievements of these zealous promoters of social improvement among the inhabitants of the wildernesses of South America, chiefly in the writings of ecclesiastics, before the evil hour when the King of Spain, yielding to the advice of the enemies of religion and of monarchy, ordered their expulsion from Paraguay, and left 120,000 new converts from one single aboriginal nation destitute of the advice and guidance of their spiritual and temporal instructors.

1. *Southern Guarani of Paraguay.*—The southern Guarani are those of Paraguay, either reduced now under the missions above mentioned, or still wandering in a state of liberty in the forests of that great province. Besides the Guarani, commonly so termed, who are converted to the Catholic religion, and inhabit thirty-two large towns on the shores of the Parana, Paraguay, and Uruguay, there are other tribes of the same race still hidden in the forests, who have assumed different names from the neighbouring rivers or mountains, but still speak the Guarani language. Among these are the Tapes, Tobatinguas, and Cayuguas.

2. *Western Guarani.*—The western Guarani are the people described by Hervas under the names of Guarayi, Chiriguani, and Cirionos. The Guarayi were civilised by the Jesuits, and reduced under the celebrated missions of the Chiquitos. In the woods between the Chiquitos and the Moxos, there are still some tribes of savage Guarayi. Dobrizhoffer says, "That their language is a dialect of the Guarani, very little corrupted;" though, according to some traditions, they inhabited this country in the time of the Inca Yupangui. The

Pagan Chiriguanos are formidable to all their neighbours. According to Abbot Gilii, the Guarani language is spoken with purity by the natives of 160 villages between the great river of Chaco and that of Mapayo of Santa Cruz, in the valleys of the Andes. To the northward of Santa Cruz are the barbarous Cirionos, who speak a dialect of the Chiriguano, and consequently of the Guarani language.

3. *Eastern Guarani of Brazil.*—The eastern Guarani are the Tupi, or native inhabitants of the Brazils. "The general language of Brazil," says Hervas, "called Tupi, from the name of the first Indians who were converted to the holy faith, is not more different from the Guarani, viz. of Paraguay, than the Portuguese from the Spanish." The same writer enumerates, from information derived from ecclesiastics, the following tribes who speak the Tupi, with little variety of dialect, viz. the Cariyi, southward of the Tupi proper, reaching as far towards the south as the Rio Grande del Sud, or S. Pietro, the Tamoyi, Tupinaqui, Timmiminos, Tobayari, Tupinambi, Apanti, Tapigoas, and several other tribes, occupying all the maritime countries as far northward as the river Maragnon.

4. *Tribes related to this Race on the Maragnon.*—According to Hervas, the Omagua, and other dialects allied to it, spoken in the kingdom of Quito, are also branches of the great Guarani language. This implies a still further extension of the same race. Azara, as we have seen, supposed it to reach even as far northward as Guiana.

The Omagua, with the tribes nearly connected with them, form one of the most extensive nations in the northern parts of South America. They possessed the banks and islands of the Maragnon, or river of Amazons,

200 leagues from the mouth of the Nabo river, and probably formed a great part of those numerous tribes found by Orellana in this region.

OF THE CARIBIAN RACE.

The Caribbean race, who, as we have seen, are supposed by M. d'Orbigny to be connected in language and other proofs of affinity with the Guarani, are of themselves one of the most extensively spread families of nations of South America. The people who give name to this groupe are the celebrated race of Caraibs, or Caríbés. In the sixteenth century, this race was found spread over all the shores and islands of America, from the mouth of the river of Amazons, or from the borders of Brazil, to the Orinoco and the neighbourhood of Porto Rico. The lesser Antilles received from this nation the name of Caribbean Islands. The Tamanacs, who belong to the same family, live on the right bank of the Orinoco: they were formerly powerful, but are now reduced to a small number. The Arawacs live near Surinam and Berbice: on the upper part of the river of the last name they border on the Caribees. The Guäraúnas inhabit the two islands in the delta of the Orinoco, where they build their houses upon trees. The Guaiquierias inhabit the Island of Margarete, and the Peninsula of Araya. The Cumanagotos live to the westward of Cumana, in the mission of Piritoo. The Pariagotos are the inhabitants of the Peninsula of Paria. Lastly, the Chayma, a race whose relations have been discovered by the Baron Von Humboldt, live to the westward of the Guäraúnas, along the high mountains of the Cocollar and the Guacharo, in the missions of the Arragonese Capuchins of Cumana.

The Chaymas are inhabitants of a country distant

more than 100 leagues from that of the Tamanacs. The dialects of the other nations mentioned above are associated either with the Temanac or with the Caribee, and more generally with the former. The idiom of the insular Caribees, in the Antilles, differs somewhat from that spoken on the Continent; but these tribes are evidently branches of one stock.

Von Humboldt has given us a more particular account of the Chaymas, who are a people less known than the Caribees. He describes their countenance and features as follows:—"The countenance of the Chaymas, without being hard and stern, has something sedate and gloomy; the forehead is small, and but little prominent. The eyes of the Chaymas are black, sunk, and very long; but they are neither so obliquely placed nor so small as in the people of the Mongolian race. The corner of the eye is, however, sensibly raised up towards the temples; the eyebrows are black, or dark brown, slender, and a little arched; the eyelids are furnished with very long eyelashes, and the habit of casting them down, as if they were lowered by lassitude, softens the look of the women, and makes the eye, thus veiled, less than it really is."

Petition for Books.

A contribution of profitable, and interesting Books for the use of the ship, and also to add to the library at Cranmer, would be most gratefully acknowledged.

“Lo, I am with you alway.”

About the middle of last month a lady might have been seen in the cabin of the *Allen Gardiner*, brush in hand, mounted on a table, painting these words—“Lo, I am with you alway,” on one of the beams of the little missionary yacht. They are nicely painted, and lie immediately under the skylight, pointing as it were heavenward. What, suppose you, were her thoughts, as from time to time she dipped her brush in the bright paint, and traced letter after letter? Probably her first thought was, ‘in some hour of darkness and sorrow, when weary and faint, when oppressed with care and anxiety, or when prostrated by physical suffering, those who sail in this vessel may turn the eye on this blessed promise, and find rich and abundant comfort.’ We can fancy, as the letters and words grew rapidly under her gentle touch, that the soul rose to the throne of God and pleaded that it might be so. Will each reader join in the prayer?

It is not improbable that the mind roamed on to other scenes. Her quick fancy may have pictured bright and joyous sunshine, with pleasant breezes wafting the vessel rapidly to its destination; the glorious sea in all its grandeur filling the soul with thoughts of immensity; the mis-

sionary party nearing South America, already almost within sight of its shores, eager and earnest in anticipating the work which God might enable them to accomplish for Him. And she may have thought, 'Oh that these words may tell them of Him who sails with them, and who alone can make their work effectual. May *He* be their joy, and give them success.' Fancy probably travelled rapidly to scenes in Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, to labour in El Carmen and Santa Cruz, and the words painted on that beam brought with them hope and comfort. But surely they did not rest until the island home was reached, and almost treeless Keppel came in sight. The woman's heart would turn naturally to this point—when the wife and children were first to be parted from the husband—when Cranmer, in all its loneliness, was at length made a resting place. As they left the vessel doubtless fancy hoped that the last sight might rest on the words "Lo, I am with you always." And when the husband entered the vessel again, leaving behind him those he loved, and setting his face towards his Master's work, the wish must have arisen that the promise might strengthen him. How far fancy may have carried the soul of the painter we know not, but it seemed to us, as we stood in that cabin and gazed on them, that they would be of use when the ocean dashed itself into violence, when the waves tossed

themselves, and the wind howled, and the vessel pitched, and the cordage strained, and the masts and yards creaked, the calm assurance that the presence of Jesus gives would then bathe the soul in the peace which passeth understanding. It seemed to us also that when first the savages of Tierra del Fuego burst into sight, and sickened the soul with excess of pity, plunging it almost into despair, when in all their repulsiveness the Fuegians roared with outstretched hands for gifts which they so often receive without gratitude, these sweet words would say to the soul, 'despair not, it is not thy work but mine to change these degraded ones, even of such as these shall my kingdom be. Labour on, stay not thy hand, in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.' But imagination could not be stayed, and wandered over large fields where we may not follow her, fields in which the missionary and the savage mingled—now in Tierra del Fuego, now in Keppel—now in active work on the main land—now sitting in God's house at Cranmer—now in the canoe and the wigwam—now at the font and the communion table—and ever the words came appropriately, "Lo, I am with you always."

Then fancy turned away from the party which sailed in the *Allen Gardiner*, and roamed over the past history of the Mission, dotted with many a cloud; now it traced the bright future, till South America

had received the Gospel, and the words recurred to the memory; for, after all, that which has happened and will happen has been of Jesus, the risen Saviour. Once more it turned to the secretary, in the midst of letters, and figures, and reports—to the clergyman in his pulpit, pleading for the Society—to the lecturer, standing before an interested audience—to the manly voice of the brave Christian gentleman in his drawing room—to the sweet tones of the pleading lady's voice, as she sought to interest—to the hopeful joyous face of childhood, as the tiny hand extended the collecting card—to the honest, hearty sympathy of God's poor, rich in faith; and ever and anon the words traced by that delicate lady's hand came back to the memory, "Lo, I am with you alway." And we thanked God, and took courage, because the work of the Society is God's work, and because "*that which is done upon earth He doeth it Himself.*"

The Farewell Meeting.

Our friends will not fail to notice, in the subjoined account, the calmness of spirit and humbleness of mind which the Rev. W. H. Stirling displayed in his address. They will probably recall the promise, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

They will also mark with great satisfaction the links in a chain of providence which seem to have prepared him for his work abroad, and which led him at this time to undertake the arduous task of superintendent.

In their selection of Mr. Stirling, to carry out their plans for Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, the Committee feel that they have sustained a severe loss at home; but they are well satisfied that the gain abroad will compensate for this.

It is very pleasant to mark the complete confidence with which Mr. Stirling, rests upon the energy and judgment of those who have sent him out. That the confidence is mutual, may be seen from the first few sentences of the instructions given to him. They run in this way: "The Committee having had long experience of your devotedness to the cause of Missions in South America—of your acquaintance with all its details, and of your judgment in the decision of the various practical questions which from time to time have come before them—are filled with satisfaction in appointing you their superintendent." May this mutual and complete confidence be fully justified by the event. And a rich blessing rest on the labours of all those who go out in the *Allen Gardiner*.

But we will not detain our readers from the full account which is given of the meeting, which was held in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, to take leave of the Rev. W. H. Stirling, and Messrs. Lett, Andres, and Rau, who have sailed in the *Allen Gardiner*, as Missionaries for Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. There was a large and respectable attendance. Colonel Ward was called upon to preside; and upon the platform, in addition to the missionary party, were the Revs. S. A. Walker, I. S. Gale, F. V. Mather, T. W. Boyce, T. Fletcher, N. Cornford, J. Wilson, C. P. Phinn, W. E. Ayerst, C. D. Strong, B. Charlesworth, J. B. Clifford, J. T. Mansel, E. Cockey, W. Gray, W. H. Barlow; and Dr. Bartley, Mr. Keddell, Mr. Gascoigne, Mr. Longman, Mr. Hodds, Mr.

Grinfield, &c. Prayer having been engaged in by the Rev. S. A. Walker.

The CHAIRMAN expressed his regret at the unavoidable absence of Capt. Sullivan and Major Savile, both of whom had sent apologies for not being present. With regard to the meeting he said he (the Chairman) did not know a more important or interesting occasion than the present, and he was very sure they all felt the same as himself. They were there met together before the Lord to commend to Him, in earnest supplication and prayer—and to add their own hearty good wishes and farewell—the Lord's servants who were now going forth in the Lord's name to carry that name to the uttermost ends of the earth. It was easy for them to remember, whilst reading God's Word, the command "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," but it was not so easy for them to realise the difficulties, dangers, and trials which beset the Christian Missionary when going forth to an almost unvisited and uncivilised land. The soldier of the Cross, however, would always be prepared. Their dear friends, and their dear brother who had so long filled the post of secretary to that society, with his wife and family, were going to bear the Gospel of salvation to the perishing natives of South America. He was sure those present most earnestly commended them to the Lord, and, although none of them could realise all they would have to encounter, yet they were assured that they went forth casting themselves entirely upon the Lord: where the Lord called there they went. They went as servants of Christ, and they could say with the heart, "Whose I am and whom I serve," and as they had served Him in their own land, they were now ready to give up all for Christ's sake, content and rejoicing to suffer the loss of all things so that the name of

Christ might be made known to the perishing creatures of a distant land. He felt quite at a loss for words with which to express what he felt upon that occasion. He knew they would all feel deeply on the subject, and he had little else to say than that he believed he spoke the feeling of all present when he said they would feel it to be both a duty and a privilege to sustain the party before the Lord with their prayers.

The Rev. J. B. CLIFFORD was then called upon by the Chairman. After a few prefatory remarks he said, he had been called upon to address his dear young friends upon the subject of their going out to labour in a distant part of the world, but he felt that the task was one which he was altogether unfit to undertake. He need not tell those friends that the work upon which they had entered was one of great difficulty. They had, no doubt, weighed it in all its different bearings, and felt it far more strongly than any in that room. He might particularly speak of one whom they had known for years—his dear brother in the ministry, who he knew had well considered and weighed the responsibility of the position which he had taken. The difficulties would be of different kinds. He did not allude so much to the physical difficulties and trials which attended the labour, and which they would have to encounter, as to the difficulty which they would find in dealing with the natives. Those natives were far from God, were alienated from holiness, and in fact were serving Satan with their whole energies. All kind of evil which was in human nature was to be found in some form or other in the regions whither they were bound. He need not tell them that they must not go in their own strength—they required more than human strength—they wanted that which came from God. The difficulties and impedi-

ments which they might consider insuperable would be as nothing in the hands of God. They must ever remember that He could make their way plain, and that He could remove those things which appeared to tell against the mission, so that they would run to the work with great love and with great energy. Let him say one word as to their responsibilities. They were going upon one of the greatest missions in which man could be engaged. If they were going to fight in one of the battles of the world they would need all the courage they possessed, but in this work their responsibility arose out of their conflict with the powers of darkness. There would be Satan and his emissaries contending with those who were taking the Gospel into the dark regions, to tell of the love of a once crucified though now glorified and all powerful Saviour—to tell of that blood which was efficacious and cleansed from all sin—to tell of the power, goodness, grace, and all-sufficiency of God. They were sent, not by them, but by the great head of the church, to whom they were responsible. He would now say a word with regard to the spirit in which they should go forth. They must go in the mutual spirit of forbearance one to another. He would say, first of all, let the spirit of love pervade all they did. They could do nothing without love. If they had a strong feeling of love for the souls of the poor heathen it would bear them up, it would animate them, and they would feel that they were ready to encounter anything for the Lord Jesus' sake. Let them also seek the spirit of intense earnestness; let their aim be to have a reality in all that they did. They ought not to allow their work to sink into mere ordinary work of necessity, but let a spirit of deep, loving, and prayerful earnestness animate them. He believed they lost much in all that they

engaged in from a want of decided earnestness in the work. After adverting to the earnestness of the eminent engineer Brunel, when engaged in any of his great works, he asked should they not be much more in earnest in Divine things? Then what was their strength? The living God, the blessed spirit of the Lord Jesus, was their strength, and they knew that He had said, "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth." They knew that He had said, and He addressed His Heavenly Father when He said it, "Thou hast given me power over all flesh," and He had power over the South Americans. Confident he was that, although they had met with discouragements, the time was at hand when they should reap—when those who had sown and those who reaped would rejoice together. Let them, therefore, go in the strength of the Lord, and His Spirit would assuredly be with them. They would go forth in the comfort that many were praying for them at home, and they must remember that the prayer of God's people availed much. They, however, had something better and higher than that. Their consolation was that their work was with the Lord, and that it was in accordance with His will that it was undertaken. They were going forth in accordance with that everlasting plan which had engaged the eternal mind in remote eternity. Therefore their work would not be in vain in the Lord. They would also have this for their consolation, that if they were instrumental in saving one soul, in bringing one creature out of the captivity of sin and Satan, and rescuing him from the woe and misery into which he would otherwise be plunged, they would have God's choicest blessing upon them. It was also very cheering and animating to know that this work was regarded in heaven, and that their heavenly Father was with them,

and had his eyes upon them. Mr. Clifford then spoke especially with regard to Mr. Stirling, the superintendent of the mission, and said he could not say all that he wished, in consequence of that gentleman's presence. He might, however, state that the Committee had entire confidence in him; they believed that he possessed the requisites for the very important position which he had been called upon to occupy. He trusted that he expressed the simple truth when he stated, that the Committee had ever found him to be a man of a kind, loving, and gentle spirit, and at the same time a man who could be firm when an occasion required him to be firm. These were qualifications required in such an important work. He did not say this to flatter his dear friend, but he said it by way of encouragement. Mr. Stirling would have many trials, and he must not expect that those who were going to labour with him would be other than men. They were all men of like passions, and they sometimes had different views and little difficulties amongst themselves. So in the missionary work. Each man had his peculiar temperament, and his peculiar defects. The superintendent would have to watch this, and see that no spirit arose amongst them but that which should adorn the work. He would have all those things to encounter, besides all the troubles and trials which he must bear as general superintendent of the mission. It would be a very difficult matter to bear up under the different circumstances which he had referred to, were it not for the throne of grace, which was ever accessible, and at which he might get grace, wisdom, firmness, and energy, and every needful gift would be accorded by Him who had given every gift to man. There was another thing which he would refer to. The Word of God, that precious Word, which

they had tasted to be so sweet, would be a never-failing guide to them. To those friends who were going out with the superintendent he would say, there was a mutual relationship between them. They would find in the superintendent, he could assure them, a friend who would be a friend in all their difficulties. He was a man of sound judgment, and he advised them to make him their confidant, and to go to him should they ever be in trouble. If they thought their work hard, or if they had any other grievance, let them go to him, he would reason with them as a brother and a friend. But don't let them lightly complain. Don't let them cherish difficulties, and don't let them be everlastingly making trials of their own. Let them, in all things, exercise mutual forbearance, and let them recollect that the one who would have the most difficulties would be the superintendent. Therefore he said, don't let them harass him with difficulties, but when they really had something to complain of let them go to him as to a father, or to a brother. He hoped they would all cultivate a cheerful, loving spirit, and, above all things, let there be no petty jealousies. If they went forth with such a spirit, and with God's blessing upon them, they would be a happy mission, a useful mission. They would be able to comfort their superintendent's troubled heart, and he would be animated by seeing their mutual zeal and devotion in their blessed work. In conclusion he urged them to "be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that their labour was not in vain in the Lord." Might all the blessings of the covenant of grace dwell with them in their voyage, on their arrival, and in their work of faith and labour of love. Those in England would watch in prayer and faith for a notice of their arrival. They

would thank God when He brought them safe to their journey's end, and they would pray that God might bless them in that blessed and holy undertaking.

The Rev. W. H. STIRLING then rose, and in reply to to the excellent address of the previous speaker, said:— I recollect, on this platform, one who is now labouring in Patagonia, saying, previous to his departure, “The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.” He is still labouring in Patagonia, and his letters are most cheerful and promising. Another, who was associated with him, came back for a few weeks' refreshment, after some few years spent abroad; but during the time of his absence, the disaster had occurred to our vessel, in which the crew were massacred. When he reached England, a letter from his father was received by him, urging him to discontinue his connexion with that Society, and to join him. A church was open for him in the United States of North America, so I am told, and he might have gone there at once. The way I knew of that letter was this, he said to me— “Mr. Stirling, I have a difficulty.” What is it? I asked. He replied, “I have a letter from my father, asking me at once to join him.” I said, you had better consider the matter, and let me know. Well, I have never heard since about that letter. He quietly made up his mind, and never broached one of his anxious thoughts to me, but setting his face heavenward, as it were, and having put his hand to the plough, he would not look back. He, too, is now labouring in Patagonia. (Applause.) I think, with these examples before us, we need not be discouraged, and need not in any way regard what have been called by Mr. Walker “painful circumstances.” We thank you—for I speak on behalf of my dear brethren as well as myself—for the sympathy you have

expressed through my dear brother Mr. Clifford ; but really I can turn the tables upon you, for I think you are the most to be sympathised with, the most to be pitied. When we get into active work, and do our utmost abroad, as I hope we shall, in the Lord's service, we shall not find the time so heavy on our hands. Every little achievement, however small, will be gratifying. You will not see this ; you will have to wait ; and will have to exercise your patience for a long time. There will be nothing for you to boast of for many years to come ; and, therefore, to work without seeing results will require great faith, and I sympathise with you.

Addressing himself to the Rev. J. B. Clifford, the speaker said—Now, my dear friend, you have put me in a great difficulty ; you have spoken from your heart, very kindly embodying in your address the feelings of the Committee. If there is one thing more than another which my presence here to-day implies, it is confidence in the Committee. (Applause.) That kindness expressed towards me is only the counterpart of what I feel towards the Committee. I cannot say more, lest it should be thought I am merely bandying compliments. You must be aware that when I go forth with my fellow labourers, I must have confidence in some one, and that confidence is in the Committee. You may blame the Committee ; you may pull them to pieces, if you like, but I say, show me another such Committee struggling through so many adverse circumstances, and struggling with such faith. Therefore, I go forth with much confidence in those with whom I have been associated. I am sure that those who have not known the Committee so long as I have known them, may take my word in this respect, they may expect the utmost consideration, and the greatest kindness from them. There will be differences of judg-

ment, of course; we cannot expect anything else; let the most be made of these differences of judgment, and I believe that a large balance will be struck in favour of the judgment of the Committee. Then, with regard to the difficulties and the responsibilities of the work, the spirit in which it should be conducted, and that strength and consolation which we require. Mr. Clifford has said that we must have considered the difficulties of the work. Of course we have. I have not been five years in connexion with this Society, during which time we have had many things to mourn over, many things to make our hearts sad, without knowing that there are many difficulties. I speak with modesty in this respect, when I say I do not think anyone knows the difficulties more than I do. I have been behind the scenes, and what with conversations and correspondence with friends, I would say that even Mr. Gray does not know more of the difficulties of the work than I do. Therefore, you see, I have nothing to make me go forth with boasting. It would grieve my heart to look upon this farewell meeting as a day of glorification or as a gala day. It is nothing of the kind. We have nothing to boast of. We go forth as instruments in God's hands, looking to Him for wisdom to open the way for us. We go forth as earthen vessels. We may be broken—what then? Why you will be discouraged; but I wish I could not think that. It has, however, been too much the case with regard to these Missions, when anything has happened requiring extra effort and caution, and which required us to confess that we have made a mistake, that there has been a discouragement. We must expect many things to discourage us, but I hope we shall not be discouraged, and “though cast down, yet not in despair.”

I was in London the other day, and went, by invita-

tion, to Lord Shaftesbury's, to see him before my departure. He said, after we had had some conversation, "Is there anything I can do for you?" I replied, there is one request I have to make, and it is this—if I die, or any of us die, do not give up the work, or think it of less importance on that account. He said, "If there is anything I can do for you I will do it, you may depend upon it. I will give you my drawing-room for meetings, and if you can place at my disposal facts for publication, I will see that they are used to strengthen public opinion." I also went to the Bishop of London, and repeated the same thing to him. His Lordship replied, "Of course such things must be expected," and added, that he would do what he could to keep up encouragement.

If anything happens to us, the cry will be "there is another disaster, and the work won't go on." Now, my dear friends, this is not the feeling that should pervade us. With regard to our qualifications, I can only speak for myself, as far as I have had God's guidance marked upon the circumstances of my life. I have not loved the Mission only since I have been Secretary; I was first interested in it in Oxford, by Capt. Gardiner, where, during my collegiate course, I was introduced to him. Amongst my friends at home likewise an interest in this work was very early excited, so that in a very humble way circumstances tended to keep alive in my heart a regard for the Mission prior to my ordination; after which my first curacy was in Nottingham, where I found my beloved vicar, the Rev. Canon Brookes, interested in it; and my next curacy, in which I was associated with the Rev. T. M. Macdonald, Incumbent of Trinity Church, in that town, and a member of the Committee, I was brought into direct connexion with one of the Society's most flourishing associations. I should

also mention another link in the chain of God's providence at Oxford. I remember Henry Fox, who must be well known to many of you by his memoir, making this remark, when urging young men to undertake God's work. He said, "If you are earnestly bent upon meeting heathenism at home, then I don't say go to India or China, but I do say, go to the manufacturing districts; but if you are only seeking a curacy or a living, you are deceiving yourselves if you think you are interested in Mission work." I went to Nottingham, one of the centres of our manufacturing interests, and was brought into contact not only with the work at home, but also with the friends of this Society, which aims to carry out God's work abroad. My previous interest was rekindled and strengthened. My health, after four and a half years, broke down, and as I was supposed to be almost unfitted for pulpit work at home, I undertook very light duty in the country for a few months, where I waited the opening of God's providence, though of course it was an anxious time for me. About this period, this Society wanted a Resident Secretary, Mr. Walker having been appointed to Mary-le-Port Church. This office I may say was suggested as suitable to me by two members of Committee, without my seeking it, on condition that the Committee at Clifton would entertain their proposition. It was received, and I was appointed, much to my happiness then, and to my great joy now. My health then, however, was very indifferent, and I only longed to take a more prominent part in God's work, as people generally do when they are ill; if they had their health, what would they not undergo? These feelings occupied my heart and prayers, and my health has been given back to such a degree as to justify in the opinion of my medical advisers the step I am now about to take.

When I look back, there seems to be no forcing, but a gradual preparation for the work. When my health was declining, I was anxious to go abroad in the service of this Mission, as it was stated in the advertisement in the papers respecting the Mission, that the climate in the Falkland Islands was not unsuitable to persons with delicate chests. Mr. Despard, however, went out on that occasion; but had he not offered his services, I might have presented myself, and possibly been appointed to the work. I had no proper acquaintance then with the true nature of the work, its difficulties, the preparation required, or anything of the kind; and had I gone *then*, probably the difficulties would have been greater than, with the qualifications I possessed, I could have surmounted. Mr. Despard, however, went out to Keppel Island, and circumstances so worked themselves round, that he returned home after having done a great work. (Applause.) My dear friends, do not give us your sympathy as though we were going to attempt some new thing. The way has been pioneered for us; we know the names even of individuals there; their language has been reduced to writing by Mr. Despard, and therefore we must not be dispirited. The ship is ready, the Captain is on the platform, and I hope he will justify the expectations we form of him. Therefore we do not want your sympathy, so much as those did, who in 1856 went forth to grapple with the earliest difficulties of a really difficult enterprise. We do not go then, you see, unprepared. The first bloom of one's hopeful feelings has perhaps been rubbed off, but there remains a calm estimate of the work, and a fixed desire to carry it out.

It is right to say that the Committee did not accept my offer to go without due consideration. The post which I am now to occupy, was offered to four different

persons, who from various circumstances were unable to accept it. We then found our ship ready, and devoted men ready to go in her, who are here this day, and for whom your prayers ought to be fervently, and constantly given, while they strive to carry on this great work. I have only to go nominally for the short period of three years; but inasmuch as the ship and men were ready, and the party abroad were in need of an adviser, it seemed inexpedient for the Committee to refuse my offer of service, so they requested me to renew it. Now, instead of going out with too much impulse, I am fearful that I have not sufficient impulse. I have hardly enough emotion in my heart, yet my desire to do God's work is a settled one. (Applause.) When we go we shall, as Mr. Clifford has said, go in the strength of the Lord, "The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace." The Rev. gentleman resumed his seat amid much applause.

The Rev. W. H. BARLOW next spoke. He said the present proceedings were both of a solemn and interesting character. The superintendent had stated that he was only going out nominally for three years, but who could say that he would ever return, or even, should he return, which of them could say that he or she would be spared till that time. It appeared to him that the present time was the crisis of the Society, and he was very happy to inform them that already they had five missionaries at work in South America, whilst in a very short time that number would be doubled. They thanked God for the work which already had been accomplished, and rejoiced to think that there were many Christian hearts in this country who had always been ready to assist in the great work. Those who had now offered, and been accepted as Missionaries, had not done so with-

out much prayer, and thoroughly considering the difficulties which would be thrown in their path, and there was no doubt that with the well-known energy of the respected superintendent of the Mission, and the assistance which would be rendered by those who went out with him, under God's blessing, a great work would be achieved. He trusted that those present would renew their diligence in the great and important work, and that they would not let the present opportunity pass without offering a gift towards sustaining the hands of the Committee.

The Rev. W. GRAY followed, and traced upon a large map the different places which would be visited by Mr. Stirling. The route of the Missionary party would be from England to the La Plata River; after touching at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, where it was thought corresponding Committees might be formed, which would enable the Society more certainly and hopefully to grapple with the large work which lay before them in the country bordering on the La Plata. They would hence proceed to the El Carmen, on the Rio Negro, in North Patagonia, where two Missionaries would be dropped, as Mr. Ogle had long since advised.

From the El Carmen the *Allen Gardiner* would direct her course to Santa Cruz, to make arrangements for the development of that station, or for its removal to Gallegos, or Gregory Bay.

Much had already been gained in Patagonia by the exertions of the Missionaries, and the Station there was a mark of progress. Having made the best arrangements for the comfort of Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker, and for the hopeful continuance of their self-denying work, the Missionary party would steer their course to Keppel, their island home. Mr. Stirling would, after a time, visit

Stanley, and thence proceed to his direct Mission work in Tierra de Fuego. Mr. Gray spoke hopefully of the prospects of the Mission abroad.

The CHAIRMAN requested to say a few parting words to the Missionary party, which he did in the following terms:—“Dearly beloved brother and brethren in the Lord; you are going forth in the Lord’s name to do the Lord’s work. The Lord is your strength, may God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with you, to keep, guide, direct, and bless you, and give you souls for your hire. To Him be all the praise and glory. Amen.”

The doxology was sung, the benediction was pronounced, and the proceedings terminated—a collection being made at the doors in aid of the Society.

Testimonial to the Rev. W. H. Stirling.

On Monday evening, the 18th August, a very numerous party met in Dr. Bartley’s drawing room, in Berkeley Square, Bristol, to commend in prayer to God the Superintendent and the Missionaries who have sailed with him in the *Allen Gardiner*. The Revs. S. A. Walker, F. V. Mather, I. S. Gale, W. W. Gibbon, and B. Charlesworth took part in the proceedings. At the close of the meeting a few attached friends presented a very handsome silver-mounted Despatch Box, together with a Purse, containing fifty guineas, to the Rev. W. H. Stirling, in token of their sincere regard and of their high estimation of the services which he has rendered the Society during the past five years.

Sailing of the *Allen Gardiner*.

On Thursday, the 21st August, on one of the most glorious days we have had this summer, with just suffi-

cient wind to unfurl the flag, about 3 o'clock P. M., at the Cumberland Basin, in Bristol, a crowd of persons began to assemble round the spot where lay the handsome little missionary yacht. Patiently they waited, and anxiously they spoke to one another. Running in and out amongst the crowd might be seen the Rev. W. H. Stirling, calm and collected, yet with a certain solemn feeling apparent, bidding good bye to many a friend, and receiving many a blessing and many a cheering word of kind and earnest respectful sympathy. About 4 o'clock the vessel began to move, and as it did so the party on board raised the well known hymn—

“ From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise,
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.”

The strain was caught up and echoed back by the many friends of the mission on shore. As the vessel passed through the dock gates the crew of a large vessel about to leave gave hearty cheers—then came cheer upon cheer from the friends on shore—these cheers were again taken up by vessels in the river; then as the yacht passed quite out of the dock a very large number of sailors of the port cheered most lustily; and a dropping voice or two was heard “God bless you”—“safe passage”—“good winds”—“fine weather.” As the vessel rapidly passed down the river, crowd after crowd of ladies waved handkerchiefs, and gentlemen took off their hats. Carriages also followed for some little way, those who were in them cheering. As the Clifton downs were passed it was observed that very large numbers of persons, who had probably been waiting there for some hours, waved handkerchiefs. Each available height seemed to have its own occupants and busy watchers. By and bye it

was observed that one clergyman, much attached to Mr. Stirling and to the Mission, who was prevented by an engagement from coming on board, was running along and waving his handkerchief as he gained any point from which he could be seen; but after he had exhausted himself, there ran along the towing path a little boy, a collector for the Society, with a cap in one hand and a large white handkerchief in the other, waving both, and running at full speed, so full of zeal was he that he must have run in this way between two and three miles. But the *Allen Gardiner* passed down to Pill, where several of the relatives of the Superintendent bade their sad farewells. Onwards still it passed to Portishead, where the large party who had accompanied her so far were obliged to leave; before doing so Dr. Bartley read Psalm cxxi. Mr. Keddell gave out the hymn—

“Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard, and took their flight,
Hear, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray, let there be light.”

A commendatory prayer was offered up by the Rev. Walter Bradbury, and the blessing was pronounced by the Rev. W. Gray.

The parting over, the little vessel which carries so much of blessing as we trust with her for the tribes of Fuegia and Patagonia, passed on her way. God send her a quick and favourable voyage. May all the blessings of a covenant God rest upon her true-hearted and gallant band of Missionaries.

Foreign News.

We are in the receipt of long business letters from Stanley, but in them occur these words, “I am happy to inform you that the Keppel folks were visited last month,

and were all well." Our readers will rejoice at this. From Lota Mr. Coombe writes, "It is pleasant to us and must be gratifying to the Society, that whilst the rain falls in torrents during the rainy seasons, our efforts are not suspended for a single day, which could not be said if without the employment which Lota affords. At the present everything looks prosperous, and there is no doubt but God's hand is in the work, and that it will be attended with his blessing. The number of boys in the day school still keeps up to 20, whilst the girls I believe exceed that number. The hours of school being from 9. 30. a. m., till 4 o'Clock p. m. During three evenings of the week there is an evening school for the young men, with a bible class every alternate week, which is well attended. Considering that two years ago, when Mr. Gardiner first landed here, these things were wholly neglected, the sabbath desecrated, and God's word dishonoured, I think there is room to thank God and take courage, the green blade already appears, and in his own good time we look for the *harvest*. — is well disposed towards us, and has again given us a pledge of his liberality and approval of the work, by granting me a site of 100 square yards for a house, which I believe our friends and supporters in Valparaiso intend building on in the spring. As soon as the winter is past and the roads passable, we purpose D.V. pushing our way south to the Imperial, building an outpost at Labo, where I hope ere long to see an industrial school for Indian Children, whilst the everlasting Gospel of peace is preached to their parents."

The Rev. A. W. Gardiner has written a very interesting medical letter, which he ends in this way: "the subsidiary influence gained by associating a dispensary with our non-direct Missionary efforts is very apparent.

It often makes friends of those who might otherwise be foes. At Labo we shall find it extremely useful on a limited scale, as there are several of the common complaints of the Indians, which could be very materially remedied by a dispensary, and one tribe's good opinion thus gained would be a passport to the next."

He then speaks of the school, and gives a very touching story of a parent, who indeed felt the value of his good work in the far off land. He says, "to-day two fresh little girls were brought to the school by their mother, who has lately come to live at the mines. She remained in the school about half an hour, and then turned quite pale, and said with tears running down her face *"that it made her greet to see sic a school, for she never thought to see the like in Chili."*

We can well imagine the crowd of home recollections which overwhelmed the mother's heart—the hills of bonnie Scotland, crowned with heather; its grand lakes; her own home; her mother's voice; the hum of her companions' voices, as they broke away from school long ago, boys and girls commingled; then the Kirk on Sunday, and all its associations; the face of her minister; the holy teachings of by gone days, were all crowded in that half-hour of waiting at school; and the thoughts came fast upon her, what would my children have been without the school? What will they become with it? And I myself and my husband, shall we not be the better for this! Surely there is some reward to those who have toiled for the advancement of God's cause to South America, in the gladness of that mother's heart. May it be multiplied a thousand fold.

From the Brazils and the La Plata we have letters, telling us of six openings for Missionary work. Men may easily be found, but where are the means to send them?

Mrs. Garland Phillips:

Our friends will be glad to hear that the widow of our late Missionary is most creditably exerting herself for her own and her orphan child's support, by opening a preparatory school for boys, at Mount Pleasant, in Wellington, Salop.

Brethren, pray for us.

Once two battling hosts fought with desperate valour hour after hour. Now they were closely locked in deadly combat. Now one proud and exultant chased the other, and the victory seemed secure to the flushed and eager pursuers. But again, by some sudden and unaccountable caprice, victory changed sides, and, as if overcome by panic, the victors fled, and the pursued turned with fierce and savage vengeance upon the late conquerors, and chased them till their utter rout seemed a certainty. But, once more, just as one of our modern generals would have closed his telescope, and pronounced the affair finished, the battle was renewed, and the victory again alternated. It was only the setting sun which saw the strife ended, and the better trained soldiery utterly prostrate before the fell attack of an almost undisciplined army of men, who had never till that day lifted an arm in the field of battle. Apart, and calmly looking down on the contending armies, might be seen three men, who were not acting as generals, and who indeed seemed to have but little to do with them in any way. Yet, strange as it may seem, on these spectators, or rather on one of them depended the success or the defeat of the combatants. One of these spectators

was Moses. It is probable that amongst other things he had been taught to command armies. Indeed it is generally believed that whilst in Pharaoh's court, and taking part in the management of his kingdom, he had proved himself a most skilful and able general, securing important victories for the Egyptian monarch by his prowess. But now, when one would have fancied that his place was at the head of the Israelitish host, that he should have led them on with daring courage, and by his experience, in some measure, that he should have compensated for their untrained condition, especially as they were opposed to enemies so formidable as the banded array of Amalek, we find him standing altogether apart from the field of battle, looking calmly down on those who were engaged in the death-struggle. Yet he was in his right place. And in that place was doing far more for his nation than he could possibly have accomplished had he dashed into the thickest of the fight, and with irresistible blows have hurled destruction on all opposed to him ; or had he taken the position of general, and manœuvred with consummate skill ; for Moses was engaged in prayer, was holding in his hand the rod given him by God as the emblem of his appointment ; and with arms outstretched and rod uplifted heavenward, pleaded. As he thus stood victory was certain. It was only when fatigue and ex-

haustion made him change position, or relax in prayer, that God's enemies, though far more likely to conquer, had a chance of subduing the naturally-coward slavish hearts of the undisciplined army opposed to them. But now why remind our friends of this well-known but most striking story? Simply for the reason that a cry has come to us from over the waters, — the cry of the parting missionary, — the cry from the cabin of the *Allen Gardiner*, "Brethren, pray for us." On Sunday, the 24th August, at six o'clock in the morning, when the schooner was off Ilfracombe, and the pilot was about to leave, our superintendent, the Rev. W. H. Stirling, was writing his words of farewell to his English friends; amongst others, he wrote a few hurried lines to the secretary, and in them we find these sentences, "I wonder if your suggestion about special intercession on each Monday will be by many followed. It would be very delightful to think it would."

At a farewell prayer meeting which it was our privilege to attend, the hint was thrown out that it would strengthen Mr. Stirling's hands much if he felt that on each Monday special prayer should be made for him and his party. The suggestion is not now one likely to be forgotten, as it has become the earnest wish and desire of him whom so many value and love.

Let *Monday* as it comes round, see us on our

knees, pleading at the throne of grace for the missionaries on board the *Allen Gardiner*, and for the whole of the missionaries engaged by the Society in its work in South America.

Sometimes our best friends seem discouraged, and long for fruit to which they can point; the time of reaping seems to some distant, and they are ready to faint. Many again are restless and eager in urging to renewed and stimulated efforts, without laying sufficient stress upon prayer, fancying that all success depends upon vast exertion as a thing by itself securing the promise, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." Perchance, too, some who ought to be leaders feel their arms heavy and themselves faint when they would plead for the promised victory. To all we would say, "*Brethren, pray for us,*"—let each pray for the mission party,—let all pray for increased faith, increased prayerful energy, and increased success for all engaged in this holy work, and the result will undoubtedly be that though they do not themselves descend into the battle field to wage war with heathenism, yet their prayers will avail, and the victory be secured for the soldiers of the cross, who are sustained by the uplifted hand of God's people pleading God's promises through a greater than Moses, even Christ our Lord.

Pray on, pray on, believer!
Though long the conflict be,

Thou yet shall prove victorious,
 Thy God shall fight for thee.

*Trust on, trust on ! thy failings
 May bow thee to the dust,
 Yet in thy deepest sorrow
 Oh ! give not up your trust.*

The Gran Chaco Indians.

It will require but little comment to introduce to the notice of our readers a portion of a letter recently received from a most reliable quarter. There ought to be deep sympathy for the Gran Chaco Indians, who have suffered so much, and who still, like the tribes of Araucania, maintain their freedom. It is probable that arrangements could soon be made which would enable the Society to enter upon this additional field of labor, in fact, to creep up another step towards the north of the continent, where the great mass of the Indian population lies. They wait prayerfully and patiently for two things: first, fuller information on some points of importance; and secondly, such an increase of funds as will justify the expenditure. It will be remembered that there are now nine missionaries of the Society, who look to it for the means of prosecuting their work, and that as each mission station succeeds it will require strengthening from home, its very success entailing for some time to come further outlay. The door seems open, why should we not seek to enter it?

“28th June, 1862.

“Dear Sir,—I have been favoured with your letter of the 7th May, including one from our common friend Mr. — and I am really happy and thankful to hear of your blessed intentions respecting this country. Since

God has inspired your Society with the desire of extending your work to this province, I do not doubt that He will show you a way, and give you the means of realizing it, in spite of all obstacles and difficulties, and this is the reason why I suffer myself to cherish the hope that you will not be deterred from your purpose, and that your exertions will gradually be crowned with success, though circumstances seem to make it advisable to begin on a very small scale, and to preclude any sanguine expectations, at least for the present time. But I know of no work more especially done with a view to futurity than the missionary one, and your Society has distinguished itself among all others by its undaunted perseverance against difficulties next to insuperable and almost desperate.

“ I most readily comply with your request in giving you whatever information I possess concerning either the Indians of the Gran Chaco, or the people and circumstances of Santa Fé and its vicinity.

“ The nearest Indians of the Gran Chaco belong to the tribe called *Morovies*. What may be considered as the centre of their territory is a region called “*El Palmar,*” from the abundance of palm trees, and situated at a distance of about one hundred leagues or more to the north of Santa Fé. The number of these *Morovies* may not exceed about 3000 souls, including women and children. It is estimated that they can put 400 or 500 men under arms at most. They are essentially nomad or wandering, and never remain more than a few months in the same place. They are divided into several *tolderias*, or encampments as they may be called, (though their wretched huts or coverings of hides do not deserve the name of tents) having each a *cacique* or chief, and there is one *cacique* commanding them all, whose authority,

however, is scarcely exerted or submitted to, except in time of war. In general, the authority of the *caciques*, though despotic in some sense, is not very powerful. If somebody has put himself in disgrace, or in the way of being punished, he contrives to remove with what may be considered as his family to another *tolderia*, in this manner putting himself out of the reach of his offended chieftain, and under the domination of a new one.

“The *caciques* have generally several wives, and even the common people are allowed to possess as many as they choose to maintain. They perform their marriages without any kind of ceremony, and do not consider them in the light of a sacred or indissoluble tie. They are in the habit of selling their wives to each other, and more especially to stake them at gaming, a vice very common among them. Nevertheless, they are no strangers to some species of jealousy, especially with respect to those who do not belong to their people. In general they have little regard for human life, and will kill a man as coolly as they hunt down a tiger or a stag. The condition of their women is little better than slavery, anything resembling hard labour is burdened upon them, and they are not even suffered to eat in company with the men, but are obliged to wait at a distance until they have concluded to gorge themselves into a state of approximate insensibility, and then be content with whatever is left behind by these most degenerate lords of the creation.

“These Indians are dispersed over a very large extent of territory, they live only upon hunting and cattle-stealing; which latter industry they extend to the very borders of Santa. Their arms are the lance and the *bolos*; they are not accustomed to the use of fire-arms, and fortunately for us they stand in very great awe of

them. They are most excellent horsemen, and may be said to live almost entirely on horseback. The Chaco abounds with herds of wild horses and mares, whose flesh forms the principal and most esteemed part of their food, though they also hunt and eat the animals, especially the *nutria*, a kind of otter, whose skin is an article of commerce. They are also very fond of the honey of wild bees, which they find in the forests and reeds, and which they call *lecheguana*, a name which has become current with the Spanish creolians. They brew a sort of intoxicating beverage with the fruit of the carob-tree, and instead of tobacco, they smoke the fruit of another tree, called the *loro*, which has also a most intoxicating effect upon any person not accustomed to it, though from habit it has become quite anodyne to them. When they return from the chase, or from successful pillage, they use to revel and eat as long and as much as they can, afterwards they remain inactive and scarcely with any food, until hunger incites them to the renewal of what they call their *labour*.

“ It is very remarkable that these Indians have no religious or idolatrous belief or worship whatever, neither do they possess any idea of God, or of a Supreme Being. They make no distinction between right and wrong, and have therefore neither fear nor hope of any present or future punishment or reward, nor any mysterious terror of some supernatural power, whom they might seek to assuage, by sacrifices or superstitious rites. They have only some very confused notions about saints and devils, and apply some vague idea of a marvellous virtue to the burning of candles, probably a remote glimmering of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, which may be either a remnant of former missions among them or other Indians, or an effect of their intercourse with the

Spanish Creolians. A franciscan friar, who has spent some time among them as a missionary, having casually about him a lucifer match-box, made in the shape of a human caricature, the Indians were always asking him *what saint that was*, and on his telling them that it was no saint at all, they replied '*then it must be a devil.*' He could never make them understand that it was neither the one nor the other. The same dilemma occurred with respect to his crucifix, he could never succeed in explaining to them that Jesus Christ was not a saint, but much more than a saint; even the Son of God himself. To this missionary some Indians told, with all the outward show of importance, that they wanted to show him something very grand and extraordinary. He accordingly accompanied them on horseback, wondering what it could be. They went over a distance of many leagues, sometimes in the open field or *campo*, sometimes through forests, which could not be traversed without some difficulty; at last, in the middle of a wood, they stopped and said to the missionary in a kind of rapture, 'Look there, padre.' At first the padre could not see anything particular at all, but by and by he perceived that in the centre of the clear spot where they formed themselves, stood a lofty palm *with two crowns*. This was the mystery which inspired them with a kind of awe, and which had cost the poor friar a long and painful journey.

"The policy of the government of Santa Fé with respect to the Indians has never been consistent up to the present time. When the Indians make themselves particularly obnoxious by invasions or depredations, some military expeditions are made against them, and in case of victory the men are slain, and the women and children taken prisoners and carried to Santa Fé, where

they are sold as servants (not exactly slaves) among the Creolian families. In that case the women usually take the first opportunity to escape, and find their way back to their tribe, but the children are brought up quite paternally by the natives, and I have had many occasions to observe that these infants are quite as capable of receiving instruction as any other children. At other times the government has made attempts to civilize the Indians (or reducing them as they term it here) by giving them land and inducing them to take a fixed residence upon it and to live by agriculture. These attempts have been partially successful, and thus we have in the neighbourhood of Santa Fé three reductions or settlements of Indians, *el Sauce*, *San Pedro*, and *Calchines*, all within a distance of about ten leagues west and north from the town. The two last-named settlements are *Mocovies*, whilst the Indians at *Sauce* are *Abisones*, and seem to be the only remnant of this tribe whose language is extinct in the Chaco, and can only be traced in some measure to a part of the Creolian people near Santa Lucia in the province of Corrientes, whether a gang of Abisone captives has been transported in former times. At present the government is contemplating a military expedition to the Chaco, with the object of removing farther north the limits of the territory which they endeavour to keep secure from invasion."

(*To be continued.*)

Santa Cruz.

We have waited prayerfully for news from Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker. It has pleased God to send us tidings for which we feel lively gratitude.

It is true that many details have not been given, and that the Indians have not yet been seen, but the letters

so kindly forwarded by the Rev. Charles Bull, and by Mr. Dean, furnish us with just sufficient matter to make us most hopeful with regard to the position chosen by our earnest and single-minded Missionaries. May our covenant God make the Indians' hearts long for the instructions which will be most gladly given. May He make them willing to hear in the day of His power, and sustain our brethren still to bear hardness contentedly for His sake. When He pleases we shall look for their hearts being made glad by fruits to which as yet they can only look forward.

Stanley, 16th June, 1862.

Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that the *Tilton* arrived back from Santa Cruz upon the 10th inst., having safely landed Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker. Mr. Schmid writes in good spirits and is satisfied with the prospect of the country. I am glad to hear they have been located where they can get wood for fuel, otherwise they would suffer much if they have as severe winter as we have had at the Falklands. I shall use my influence to get the sealers to call and see if they are all right or want anything, and I shall offer them a gratuity for so doing; they require many little things which I will send them the first opportunity; it will be necessary that they should be visited in the course of three or four months; the *Allen Gardiner* will have to go over when she comes. By the *Tilton* I heard from Keppel Station, they are all well and there has been an increase in Bartlett's family; they all write in good spirits, and appear happy and contented. Mr. Schmid wrote that he should not have time to write to the Committee this time in consequence of the master of the *Tilton* wanting to get off, and they were busy getting up their house.

Yours, truly,

T. M. DEAN.

Santa Cruz, June 1st, 1862.

Dear Sir,—I take much pleasure in being able to inform you of our safe arrival at this place yesterday. I reached Keppel Island on Saturday, the 17th of May, at 11 P.M., we left it on the 20th, and after a stormy passage of 10 days anchored in Santa Cruz river mouth. The point of the southern bank presented no favourable locality for a station, there being neither water nor grass, and having other disadvantageous characteristics. We moved therefore 10 miles higher up the estuary, and anchored off Wedell Bluff. Here on examination we found a fine sheltered valley, with a running stream of good water, good and abundant grass, and plenty of fuel, together with fine soil for a garden. The anchorage is not so near as could be wished, but the beach consists of shingles, and therefore favourable for landing things at all times. To-morrow we shall begin to erect our cottage. I prepare this note now, so that I should not omit to acquaint you with the favourable features of our proceedings. We shall be very busy at our work, and there will not be time to write more, or enter into particulars. We must defer writing to the Committee until we are settled, when we shall give a minute account of all we have done.

I remain, yours truly,

THEOPHILUS SCHMID.

Mr Dean, Stanley.

Santa Cruz, June 1st, 1862.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged for your letter by the *Tillon*, which arrived at Keppel Island the 18th of May, quite unexpected by me. Soon I was informed that she was bound for Santa Cruz. As I had promised Mr. Schmid

to accompany him to Santa Cruz, if he could make any arrangements, therefore I have done so, and we arrived here in the river of Santa Cruz on the 30th of May. We left Keppel Island on the 20th of May. We had to encounter a heavy gale, therefore was the passage so long. We have taken the little cottage on Keppel Island with us, and also a goat with two kids. We have found a very favourable place for a settlement. It is about four miles above Sea Lion Island; there is plenty of wood, more than ever I saw during my travelling with the Patagonians. The place where we are building our cottage is sheltered from south and west by hills. There is also a good clear stream of water, and a fine valley with grass. We saw plenty of guanacoës, and also some ostriches. I cannot give you more information at present, but will do so by-and-bye.

Believe me, yours very truly,

JOHN F. HUNZIKER.

Rev. Charles Bull.

The Brazils.

The following extracts from letters recently received need no comment. Here again the field is open—nay it is, as we know, being occupied—but not by us, nor by England. Would that it were!

Rio de Janeiro, July 9th, 1862.

Dear Sir,—Your note of the 20th of May came to my hand 18th June. I am fully persuaded that the way is open for Missionary labor in — city. In various parts of the province are many Germans, chiefly in colonies. Many copies of the Scriptures, have to my knowledge, been put in circulation in this region. The — are

reckoned among the most liberal class of men in the empire. We shall rejoice to see you fill this place with the proper kind of persons. Excuse a word as to the kind of man needed. He should be a good scholar, of accurate and ready information, especially on religious matters, apt to learn and apt to teach—prepared for controversy, and wise and prudent to conduct or avoid it, purely evangelical, and above all full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. The language I think should be learned on the ground, and this will afford as fine facilities as any other place perhaps in this country. The cost of living there is much less than here, but I suppose still much above what it is in England. Of clothing a good supply should be brought, the same as is used in England, except perhaps the very heaviest over clothes and furs (over coats are often needed). As to furniture I can't say, it costs high here, but coming from abroad it pays a fearful duty 40 per cent. on whatever price the custom officials choose to value it at.

Various other points in Brazil, I think, are inviting fields of labor. South of this are C— A— B— P— M— &c., &c. That the way is open for prudent labor in the gospel cannot be doubted, that fruit will early be gathered the result here has shown. That opposition and trial will be met with all expect.

Rio de Janeiro, August 7th, 1862.

Since writing you July 9th, your letter came to hand. It gives me great pleasure to hope you can carry out all your wishes in regard to Missions in this country. The field seems to me *white to the harvest*.

News from Lota.

The following extract from a letter just received from the Rev. Allen W. Gardiner, must, we feel assured, deeply interest our readers. The commencement of the acquisition of our THIRD *Indian language* is a fact worthy indeed of notice, and a source of the deepest thankfulness:—

“ I am glad to hear that the Committee entertain the thought of sending another Missionary to Araucania. The duties of the itinerant mission can scarcely be performed by one. Travelling in so wild a country as this is very dangerous without a companion, and Lota, with its day-school of 40, and its Sunday-school and services cannot with propriety be deserted. The aggressive or directly missionary element of our work can scarcely be said to be begun, though the reconnoitre of the country is a good step, and the possession of the government edition of the Indian directory and grammar another. I forward a specimen of the language—the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer;—and a verse of a hymn—our first attempt at translation. By the next mail I hope to forward a few selected vocabulary words which it will be interesting to compare with the Patagonian and Fuegian dialects.

THE LORD’S PRAYER IN THE ARAUCANIAN LANGUAGE.

Inchü taiñ chao, huenu mo ta muleymi
 Uvchi thueagepa tany guy
 Eymi tami reynu
 Chumgechi tami piel vemgoquey ta hieenu mapu mo
 Vachi antu elulelmoyñ
 Taiñ pu huerin chumgechi inchiñ pedonaqueviyñ
 Hueluquemay vill huedu dugu mo montulmoyñ.

THE CREED.

Mupiltuquen Dios mo chao vill pepillvoe huenu vemvoe tue vemvoe cay taiñ Apo Senor Jesus Christo mo. Mupiltuquen cay vey taiñ muten votum. Espiritu Santo mo chegelgelu Virghen Santa Marie mo Ueghlu cay Pontio Pilato taiñ pin mo euthantugelu cruz mo clavantuculgelu lagumgelu rugalgelu cay, miñu tue mo naghlu culan antu mo, laluche puche mo uño mogetulu purelu huenu mapu vill pepilvoe. Dis chas taiñ man mo anulelus vey mo ramtupayavilu mogiluchi che laluchi che cay Espiritu Santo mo mupiltuquen chi Santa Iglesia Catolica vill chi pu Santo taiñ Communion chi pu huerin taiñ entugaqueum ñi mogetuam taiñ calel avno aluchi thip-antu taiñ mogeam cay. Amen.

VERSE OF HYMN.

Māy may cūeū ūño chilleātuñ.
 Măcīmăriteteū ĩnchĭ mĭ mōllvum
 Cetem pĭ compăgĕ ĩnchĭ mō cūpatūñ.
 Pĕpăgĕ vāmō.

Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God I come.

“The friends and supporters of the Society *i. e.* the section that feel any interest in the extention of the Society's sphere of action in America (for I am aware that a very considerable number do, or at any rate did think it wrong to expand beyond the limits of Keppel Island) will I hope not judge of the prospects of the Araucanian Mission by the slowness of the progress hitherto.

"The enterprise necessarily consisted of several distinct operations, each of which has its peculiar difficulties—The Mission Station at Lota was commenced October 1st, 1860, and was finished April 1st, 1862. The school has increased from 5 pupils to its present number 40, and the children are composed of the following nationalities, English, Scotch, Irish, German, Spanish, and Portuguese. The school opened March 15th, 1861."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. THOMAS COOMBE.

Lota, July 16th, 1862.

" . . . I duly received your kind letter of the first of May, and must return my sincere thanks for the lively interest manifested in my spiritual welfare. . . . Already does the green blade of gospel truth seem to be springing up here; during the worst weather throughout the winter we have had a congregation on the Sabbath. Men who two years ago were habitual drinkers and Sabbath-breakers, are now at least sober men and regular attendants at the means of grace; their children are well clad and, as you may see by the numbers, sent regularly to school, a few are desirous of attending the Lord's supper; thus there is sign of a bountiful harvest—to God's name be glory. I pray that on that day when He shall reckon up his people, it may be said of many 'They were born there.' . . . Ere this we suppose you will have dispatched your Missionaries to Fuego, although interested in our own little sphere they are not forgotten by us at the throne of grace, that God may be their Sun and Shield to guide, cheer, and defend them. I hope that — will prove himself in all things the right person for the work. Without the cement of Christian love and fellowship little can be effected in.

triumphing over the difficulties which present themselves in the way of a free gospel to the aborigines of this great continent. Here I would take the opportunity of acknowledging the kindness I have received from Mr. Gardiner, and may be pardoned for expressing the high esteem in which I hold his Christian character, and the pleasure I feel in serving him in the Gospel of our blessed Saviour. . . . The box, with maps, &c., for the schools has arrived; I assure you it was a welcome visitor. Also the two swimming belts, for which we are very thankful, and hope shortly to prove, as they will form an important part of our equipment in the itinerant work."

Letter from an Old Missionary.

Dear Mr. Editor,—As a warm friend of missionary efforts, and of the Patagonian Missionary Society in particular, I have been greatly concerned to notice the cold indifference with which, in so many quarters, your noble efforts have been regarded; what, may I ask, can be the reason why so many of the excellent of the earth stand aloof and come not in to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Is it because of failure in past efforts? Is it that the fields are not yet ripe unto the harvest? Is it that the labor contemplated by your Society is not of importance, or that what has been attempted has been altogether fruitless? *Such* cannot possibly be the objections of any Christian mind. The noblest designs for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom have been but tardy in their results. Every one acquainted with missionary efforts remembers how slow was the growth of that glorious harvest which the Church Missionary Society is now, under the blessing of God, reaping in

some of their fields of labor. I am forcibly reminded of this by an anecdote which a friend of mine (too much given to despondency), whilst engaged in the work of Missions in a foreign land, mentioned to me. Amongst other prospects which occupied his attention, was the establishment of a Sunday School. The deepest prejudices and the bitterest persecutions had impeded his work, so much so, that for a time his labors appeared to have been in vain. One day, however, an adult negro slave came to him from a distance, begging for a copy of the New Testament. My friend naturally supposing his applicant unable to read the word of God, inquired from him if he were able to do so; great was his astonishment at the instant reply to his question, of "Yes, massa;" and at this no less interesting statement, that the knowledge so acquired was at "Massa's Sunday School." Having tested his ability, and found greatly to his satisfaction that his negro friend could read, he was forthwith presented with a copy of the New Testament. Shortly after this occurrence, my informant removed to a distant land, and lost sight of his negro pupil. After a lapse of fifteen years the providence of God again brought him to the same neighbourhood, where he was led to visit some of the Missionary Stations with which he had been once familiar. Learning that a Missionary Meeting was to take place, it was with no small pleasure he embraced the opportunity of attending, and addressing the crowded assembly, composed chiefly of emancipated slaves. In the course of his observations he was led to speak of his former connection with that place and neighbourhood, and especially to advert to the case of his negro friend already mentioned. Addressing himself pointedly to his audience, he said, "Some years ago, my friends, a negro

from a neighbouring estate, who had learnt to read in my Sunday School, came to my house and entreated me to give him a copy of the word of God ; I complied with his request, I wonder if any of those who hear me could give me any information about him, he lived upon the — estate." Scarcely had the words been uttered, when a man, advanced in life, stood up in the midst of the assembly, elevating a book in his right hand, and crying in an audible voice, "Massa, no see me here and de book too?" Immediately it was passed from hand to hand till it reached the platform on which my friend stood, who discovered and recognized the identical book he had given, and who received the still more gratifying proof that his friend had long been the member of a Christian Church, and "that the bread thus cast upon the waters, had been found after many days."

Dear Mr. Editor, let your friends abide in patience, trusting in the Lord, praying for the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon your Mission, and in due time they will surely reap a joyful harvest of souls on the South American continent if they faint not.

Yours most faithfully in the Lord,

AN OLD MISSIONARY.

Seed Time and Harvest.

"Go forth ! though weeping, bearing precious seed ;
 Still sow in faith, though not a blade appears ;
 Go forth ! the Lamb himself the way doth lead,
 The everlasting arms are o'er thee spread ;
 Thou'lt reap in joy, all thou hast sown in tears.

Take up thy burden—bear it joyfully—

Fear not sin's darkest cave to enter in ;
 Though fierce thy foe, yet Israel's Lord is nigh,
 And o'er thy fellow-men He hears thee sigh,
 Seeking for Him thou lov'st, a soul to win.

Go forth ! there is no shadow on thy brow,
 No tear that rises—no swift cry to bless
 The grain thou bearest—but He heedeth : thou
 Shalt soon rejoice—joy breaketh even now ;
 On to the mark of thy high calling pass.

The pastures of the wilderness may mock
 Thine earnest labours. Look thou to the hills ;
 God shall the chambers of His dew unlock,
 Till living waters from the smitten rock
 With fertilizing streams each furrow fills.

Ask not for sheaves, a holy patience keep ;
 Look for the early and the latter rain ;
 For all that faith hath scattered, love shall reap ;
 Gladness is sown—thy Lord may let thee weep ;
 But not one tear of thine shall be in vain.

'Tis thy Beloved gently beckons on ;
 His love illumines for thee each passing cloud ;
 When yon fair land of light at last is won,
 And seed time o'er, and harvest work begun,
 He'll own the fruit that shadows now enshroud.

Behold the Master standeth at the door ;
 Cry for Sabaoth's—raise thou thy voice ;
 Short hour of labour—soon it shall be o'er ;
 The dawn is breathing—night shall be no more,
 And thou, with him who reaps, shalt then rejoice."

Whispers in the Psalms.

A Chapter for Children.

Dear children,—friends of this Society, which seeks through its Missionaries to cross the ocean in order to reach the noble Indians of South America—which seeks to live amongst them in their wigwams in the south—to ride with them over the healthful plains of Patagonia—to swim the rivers of Araucania, and climb its dark gloomy mountains, now and then resting before the houses to look out on their flocks and herds, their spirited horses, and their abundant fruits, whilst it leads those who will come to Jesus -- which already has learned something of the languages of these regions, and has commenced the work of translation — will you not help a little more than you have hitherto done, that the Gran Chaco Indians may be reached and the Indians of the Brazils also? Just now we want a good deal of money for the *Allen Gardiner*, in which four Missionaries have sailed for their work of toil and self-denial. In the family of the Superintendent there are two children. Mrs. Stirling has gone forth to help her husband, and she has taken with her their two little girls—here is one point of deep interest for you, dear children. The happy faces of these bright little ones will do much, we hope, to cheer their father's heart, but we have need to cheer it more by letting him see that he shall not want the means of carrying out his work effectively. Every dear little child can help in this. When Captain Sullivan was in South America he saw numbers of English children wholly neglected, neither able to read nor write, and worse still, not knowing anything about God or Jesus. Surely, dear children, you do not want this state of things to continue. You cannot be happy in the thought that these little ones should never hear the voice of the Saviour, who so loves them and says, "Let the little ones come unto ME."

Let then the present debt of the *Allen Gardiner* be cleared through your means—the “*John Williams*” is kept in repair by *children*—though the cost is *very large*, why should not the *Allen Gardiner* also be helped by children? When Captain Sullivan was in Edinburgh, asking for money to build the *Allen Gardiner*, and furnish her with all that was needful, he proposed that the work should be divided—that one should promise an anchor, another a sail, and so on. Two little boys came forward and asked, “what will an anchor cost, sir?” He replied, £7. “Well,” they said, “we think we can get that.” So off they set to try, and in a few days returned with the money—that anchor saved the vessel when she lay in *Woollya*.

If you want to help Indians not yet reached, if you want to get English children in South America taught as you, dear children, are taught by kind friends, and if you wish to gladden Mr. Stirling’s heart in his arduous work, try what you can do to clear away the debt on the *Allen Gardiner*.

“I long for the joy of that glorious time
The sweetest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of EVERY CLIME
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.”

Testimonial to Mr. Lett.

It will prove gratifying to some of our readers to peruse the tribute of praise awarded to one of the agents of the Society. It is calculated to inspire additional confidence in Mr. Lett. May he prove in every way worthy of the esteem in which he is held, and become a faithful and zealous worker in his great Master’s service in South America. May he too always maintain the same humble, prayerful spirit, which he has on this trying occasion exhibited.

The Ballymena Observer, August 28.

“ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.—A few days ago an affectionate address, and handsome testimonial of esteem, were presented, by the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood of Clough, to Mr. Francis Neville Lett, son of the Rev. Charles Lett, rector of Dunaghy, on the eve of his departure for South America, as a Christian labourer in connexion with the Patagonian Missionary Society. The address spoke in high terms of his “untiring energy in the cause of our common Lord,” and of his “disinterested efforts to promote the spiritual well-being of Christians of all denominations.” Mr. Lett delivered an affecting reply, wherein he besought Christian prayers for success in the labour in which he was about to engage; and said, that if he had been honoured as a means of usefulness to his fellow creatures, all the glory should be given to God, without whom he could do nothing.”

Editor's Box.

At the Society's house, 6, Westbourne Place, Clifton, may be found a large letter box, open for the reception of all communications which can be used judiciously for increasing and deepening the interest of the Missionary work in South America.

Notices of new works on any portion of the Continent, or presents of the same for the library, will be gratefully received.

Letters from residents in South America which throw any light on the condition of the Indians, and on the best means of reaching them, will be acceptable.

Poetry and stories for children will be welcomed. In fact the box is open, and we trust it may be filled, from time to time, by kind friends.

The Allen Gardiner.

We promised in our last number to call attention to the moderate estimate for the improvement of the memorial vessel, the *Allen Gardiner*. When we did so we were tolerably certain that this schooner would prove—what the friends of the Society desired—a safe, commodious, and tolerably swift craft. Since our promise has gone forth we have received the most comfortable assurance from her Captain and from the Missionaries on board her that this is so. The words used by the Rev. W. H. Stirling are these: “The ship is pronounced in all essentials ‘a sweet little craft;’ ‘in fact, sir, she could not be better,’ her speed averages six knots and a half, but she can do nine knots.” From another letter we learn that “on September 1st, the vessel made 178 miles, and on the 3rd, 168 miles.”

Before we state the cost it is important that we should estimate our need of the kind of vessel we now possess, so very much superior in every respect to the same vessel before she was lengthened. This year the Committee have paid £220, and are each mail expecting to be obliged to pay £100 more for the charter of vessels to look after two Missionaries, Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker, who only undertake the work of one station. If these

Missionaries were not to be neglected, or to remain idle, this expenditure was absolutely needful.

It would be fair to estimate the yearly expence of one station, if we chartered vessels, at that which it has cost this year, for we are told that the charter was low, about £3 per diem. Say that we have only two such stations in Patagonia, Santa Cruz and El Carmen, we may estimate their cost at £640 per annum. What shall we then allow for five months' work in Tierra del Fuego, when the vessel must lie at the command of our Superintendent? say one hundred and fifty days, at £3 per diem, this will give £450; add this to the former sum, £640, and you have at once £1090 for A PART of the yearly work of the *Allen Gardiner*.

This year the produce of the farm at Keppel had to be sold at a lower rate at Stanley, instead of being brought in bulk to Monte Video or Buenos Ayres and sold there, whilst the Superintendent was occupied in his spiritual work in pushing forward our advances towards the Gran Chaco and other Indians from these important towns.

We have omitted as yet all mention of the mail service on which it may possibly be needful to employ the vessel sometimes. We have omitted all mention of her AS A FLOATING HOME—such a floating home as will command a certain amount of comfort for the Missionaries, and a certain

amount of respect from the rude Indians. We have omitted also to speak of the value of the wood carried over from Tierra del Fuego to the treeless Falklands.

Let us keep before us clearly that if we are to make real and frequent approaches to the south; to maintain our positions at Woollya, Santa Cruz, and El Carmen—to keep up communication with Stanley—to approach from time to time Monte Video and Buenos Ayres—and to form eventually a station at Picton Island—we need a really good, commodious, and tolerably swift vessel; to have anything else is but to lead to the work being imperfectly done, to lead to much disappointment, and probably to much pecuniary loss. The business questions which presented themselves to the Committee, on the arrival of the schooner in England, were these: can the *Allen Gardiner* be made more suitable for her work than she now is, and at what cost? On both these questions they have been guided by the judgment of Capt. Sullivan, whose reputation and whose position at the Board of Trade are such as to justify them fully in having done so. To the first question Captain Sullivan replied that the vessel could be greatly improved by lengthening her 12 feet; that in consequence of the want of money she was originally built shorter than was designed—and that her being lengthened would add to her

speed and comfort. Accordingly, as the vessel was in all essentials sound, this matter was determined on.

To the second question it was not so easy to reply. One item was certain, the cost of lengthening would be £450. The refit might have been also made certain, but at some disadvantage, for no possible alteration could have been made at any time without rendering the agreement worthless, and the work probably would have been executed without the same care. It was determined therefore, after having made a rough estimate of £400 more for this refit, to entrust it to a firm on whose integrity the fullest dependence might be placed. As the work advanced it was evident that the rough estimate would be exceeded, but, as it was carefully watched, it was believed that the Christian public would be satisfied. If it was needful to put a new mast, or to replace planking, or to make alterations for comfort, or to increase the expenditure in any way, still it was felt that the work was necessary. All the bills are now gathered in, and we find the total cost for the schooner has been about £1300. This may seem to some a large sum, but it is really not so, when we consider on what it has been expended—in lengthening, in supplying suits of sails, in making good the wear and tear of seven years, in coppering, and in replacing what the

Indians destroyed when the vessel was in their power. If we take the £450 for the lengthening of the vessel, and calculate what the saving will be from this in seven years we shall find how great has been the gain—the cost is little more than 3s. 6d. per diem, and the gain would probably be £1. Again if we take the whole sum expended, and, in the same way, distribute it, we shall find it will not amount to much more than 10s. per diem, or one sixth the cost of the charter of a vessel at a cheap rate; we see then after all that the cost is small.

But there is another way of arriving at some estimate in such matters on which the Christian public may have more confidence, which Captain Sullivan has pointed out. We will take two cases: first that of the *John Williams*. This vessel, after an absence of not seven years, but three years, costs, not for lengthening, but simply for *refit*, a sum not of £1300, but of £3000. Or take another example still. In the "News of the Churches" of last month we read: "on the 11th ult. the new mission schooner *Southern Cross* was launched; the vessel is of 150 tons burthen,"—that is to say, about 20 tons larger than the *Allen Gardiner*, which is about 130 tons builders' measurement—"the subscriptions for building, insuring, and sending out the vessel have already amounted to the sum required, but a further sum

of £400 is required to make up the full amount of £4800." Now the Christian public justly have full confidence in those who have expended these comparatively large sums, they may therefore be well satisfied that the expenditure for lengthening and refitting the *Allen Gardiner* is really very moderate. In truth, had there been any approach to luxury, had anything but the simplest and plainest accommodation been provided for the Missionaries, the sum expended had been very different. In order to free the Society completely from all care on this matter, in order to enable it to prosecute vigorously its spiritual work, and to enter into the many open fields in South America, an effort must be made, about £880 more ought to be raised; that is to say, if eighty-eight persons will make themselves responsible for the collection of £10 each, before the end of the year the debt will be cleared off, and an incubus removed which will otherwise greatly hinder the extension of the Mission. Captain Sullivan has led the van; on knowing of the extra demand he at once promised £10 for his share. At the monthly meeting in Clifton a lady promised a second £10, and three or four others promised to see if they could not raise this sum. We must remember that this is not an annual outlay, it is not one at all likely to recur for the next seven years; do not let us therefore be startled or cast down, but hopefully and prayer-

fully make this effort in God's name, and we shall most certainly succeed. There are many hearts fondly attached to those who have gone out in the *Allen Gardiner*, many who cling to the recollection of Captain Gardiner, many who have prayed and wept and pleaded for South America. Many who will read this who could without an effort help largely if they would. It is only to believe that the money has been well, wisely, and prudently expended, *under the best advice*, in God's cause, and in two months from this, perhaps even before that time, the friends of the Society will rejoice that God has indeed, for His dear Son's sake, inclined the hearts of *his* people to present to *Him* the silver and the gold, which He has lent them for a time to use for His glory.

It would be easy to draw a word sketch of the *Allen Gardiner's* work, and possibly it may enlist sympathy to do so up to a certain point. We can well fancy her spreading her white sails to the breeze, as she leaves behind her the Missionary's home and family at Cranmer. As the evening comes round the party are assembled for prayer on the deck, and holy words ascend to the covenant God, the angels looking down the while with joy on those who hazard their lives for Christ's sake. We can well conceive, as the party enter their narrow berths, and *very narrow they are*, that some hours will elapse, filled with deep thought, before the eye

closes in peace, the heart leaning firmly on God. A few days have passed, and the shores of Fuegia are reached: "Yamma schoona ha. Yamma schoona ha pallaloo," is sung out by the glad Indians, who come to look for Ookokkowenges and his wife. They remember him, and they remember Camellenna, his wife; but what are these? two dear little children, they never saw them before. They have been born since they left Woollya; they are so clean, so nicely dressed, and handled in such a different fashion from their own children, that we can imagine the Indians at Woollya being somewhat astonished—but those they know are changed too. The Superintendent watches with great eagerness the effect of the change. Ookok, very different from Jemmy Button, has commenced to speak to his people in their own language, *not in English*, he has commenced to tell them of what has passed over his head in two years, of all the charms of Keppel, of its plenty, of the kindness of its inhabitants, of God, and Christ, and the Spirit. He upbraids them with the killing of Captain Fell, and Mr. Phillips, and the crew, and points to Coles, who had lived with them. He shows them the longer vessel, better furnished, swifter, and still the same, and tells them that it has been cut in two and made longer. We can well conceive the effect of such conversation, and how, after but a short stay this

summer, a fresh band of natives will enlist themselves under Ookok as a teacher, and find their way to Keppel gradually to become such as he is, and gradually to enrol themselves as Christ's disciples. Oh how gladly the Missionary party will return to their noble work in Keppel, which had been vain but for the *Allen Gardiner*. As the flag is run up before the vessel anchors, we can see the beach with its anxious faces; wife and children's arms are thrown in close embrace round the neck of the husband and father; and in the evening thanksgiving;—the wild Indians looking on with eager eyes,—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is praised in that He has led others to share the blessings, which He has with such lavish hands bestowed upon our nation. Christians let us pay for the white winged dove—the swift messenger of salvation to the lost tribes of Fuegia and Patagonia—our memorial vessel—the good and useful *Allen Gardiner*.

News of the Voyagers.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. W. H. Stirling, dated Funchal Bay, September 4, 1862, will, we feel assured, be gladly perused by our readers.

* * * “ I am most happy to say we have reached thus far in safety. Were it not for a most painful ordeal of sea-sickness I should have nothing but plea-

sant things to speak of. There is unity of spirit and gentleness and peace on board. The Captain is a most efficient man, and of his kindness and incessant care for the comfort of his passengers, I cannot speak too highly. The ship is pronounced in all essentials a 'sweet little craft; in fact, sir, she could not be better.' Her speed averages about six and-a-half knots, but she can do nine knots. We seek refreshment here.

* * * After watering and getting vegetables, and some fruit, we pass on to-morrow. As yet we have not landed. The vessel has been becalmed for some hours. We left Lundy Island on Sunday week, and sighted land last evening, at 6.10; this is a good passage. May God bless you and all my dear friends, for his Son's sake."

A note from Mrs. Stirling is also before us, bearing date September 5th, in which she says:

"We have had a most prosperous voyage so far, having only been eleven days in making this port, after taking leave of our pilot in the Bristol Channel. The refreshment of being here is well nigh indescribable. Mr. Stirling is wonderfully restored by our two days' stay here. This is a lovely island. We have had such a ride to day to the Little Curral. I have seen a good deal in Switzerland, but I never rode up or down such places as we did to-day. Totty had a beautiful pony, nurse and baby were in an ox carriage, the only sort of wheeled vehicle current here. We have had *great* mercies in our voyage. Such magnificent weather. Nice captain and crew. No disagreeables beyond the inevitable ones connected with ship fare, and ocean tactics. If my husband be

enabled to overcome his evil genius—sea-sickness, we shall go on our way rejoicing, for we have learned to laugh at our smaller troubles. * * * * *

* “We are all very happy together, which is the main thing. My nurse behaves admirably. Baby is first-rate, as the captain says. The goats are a treasure. Altogether have we not *much* to be thankful for?”

We also give a very few extracts from the journal of Mr. F. Lett, which may interest some of our readers.

“*Thursday, August 21st, 1862.*—Came on board with my fellow Missionaries. Brought down by a tug steamer as far as Penarth Roads.

“*Friday, 22nd.*—Anchored all day in Penarth Roads. Prayers on board.

“*Saturday, 23rd.*—Left Penarth Roads this morning, sailing down the Bristol Channel, anchored a tide on the Devonshire coast. Evening prayers on deck.

“*Sunday, 24th.*—This morning off Lundy Island Pilot left us; in the evening near the Cornish Coast. Evening service on deck. Saw a nautilus. Those on deck at night announced a comet.

“*Monday, 25th.*—This morning off the Scilly Isles, sea rough.

“*Tuesday, 26th.*—Out in the ocean, no sight of land, stormy petrels seen. Spoke *The Rajah Sarawack* of London, bound home.

“*Wednesday, 27th.*—Very fine weather; the monotony of the deep blue Atlantic, broken at intervals by shoals of porpoises, some of which approached very near the ship, at other times a few stormy petrels,

and at another time a large floating log covered with barnacles.

“*Thursday, 28th.*—Fine weather. Our position to-day opposite the middle of the Bay of Biscay. A shark announced, which put the sailors in a stir; it proved to be a large sun fish, and came against the side of the ship, so we could all see it. The comet very conspicuous in N. W. this evening, it is of considerable size.

“*Friday, 29th.*—Saw a whale bird. Evening prayers on deck. At dark the water around the ship's side and in her wake illuminated by the well-known phenomenon, multitudes of stars seeming to shine in the water, and the ripple of a light milky hue.

“*Saturday, 30th.*—Wet this morning, rather rough all day. A few birds, and several ships, in sight.

“*Sunday, 31st.*—Fair, but rough all day, the ship rolling much, wind aft. Evening prayers on deck.

“*Monday, Sept. 1st.*—From noon yesterday to noon to-day we have sailed 178 miles. Evening prayers on deck.

“*Tuesday, 2nd.*—The sun very bright. Already we feel decidedly that we are going southward. Spoke the schooner *Eliza*. Evening prayers on deck.

“*Wednesday, 3rd.*—We expect to see Madeira this evening, and even now find the temperature warm and the climate delightful. From noon yesterday sailed 168 miles. Evening prayers on deck.

“*Thursday, 4th.*—Off Madeira this morning, came to Funchal Bay.

“F. N. LETT.”

“My presence shall go with thee, and I will
give thee rest.”

Faithful to your Lord's command,
Meekly taking up the cross,
Friends, and home, and native land
Counting for His sake but loss,
Honor'd servants of a gracious Lord,
Venture forward—trusting in His word.

Heard no more the friendly voices
Once like music to your ear;
Seen no more the cheerful faces,
Now and ever held so dear;
Yet amid the solemn silence round
Shall the pleasure of your Lord be found.

While around, below, above,
Are the traces of His *power*,
May you feel your Saviour's *love*
Cheer each lone, each sadden'd hour,
Prove Him near whose mercies never end,
Christ, your watchful, ever-present Friend.

When o'er mighty ocean speeding—
Pilgrims in a stranger land—
He is by His presence leading,
Still He guides you by His hand,
And tho' far from earthly home, yet blest,
For Himself hath said, “I'll give thee rest.”

Christ, your Friend, is ever near you,
Mourn not sever'd earthly ties;
To His heavenly rest He'll bear you,
To His home beyond the skies,
There your toil shall end in heavenly rest.
With your Saviour's conscious presence blest.

A. C. W.

Meeting in Birmingham.

The annual meeting of the Birmingham Association was held on Tuesday night, the 11th inst., in the Plough and Harrow Hotel, Hagley Road. The room was well filled with a highly-respectable audience. The Rev. Dr. Miller occupied the chair, and on and around the platform were observed the Revds. Isaac Spooner, H. T. Breay, C. H. Coleman, G. W. Robinson, E. Roberts, H. Humphreys, J. Blissan, and W. Gray; Messrs. J. W. Brown, Josiah Kempson, W. Goode, B. Davidson, C. Hunter, Thomas Short, jun., &c. The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. H. Humphreys reading the 72nd Psalm, after which the Rev. I. Spooner engaged in prayer.—The Rev. H. Humphreys, one of the local secretaries, read the report for the past year. It stated that the interest felt in this neighbourhood in the Society's operations was undoubtedly increasing. The total amount received on behalf of the Association in the year ending January, 1860, was £46. 8s. 2*d.*, whilst that received in the following year was £78. 16s. 2½*d.*, and that in the last year £81. 17s. 7*d.* Nor was the increase in the funds the only subject of congratulation. Attention to the Society's exertions and operations was being more and more secured. In addition to the information unostentatiously but widely disseminated by their collectors, and the circulation of the Society's monthly organ, "The Voice of Pity," there had been thrown open to them during the past and current years the pulpits of St. John's, St. George's, and St. James's, Edgbaston; St. Stephen's and St. Bartholomew's, Birmingham; and the Parish Church of Har-

borne. The publication of the Society's existence and operations might be justly considered of the highest importance; for the gaining of extra attention, it was felt, could not but ensure sympathy with, and co-operation in the Society's work. It was the only missionary association that offered to the Protestant Christian any means whatever of approaching the southern portions of South America. It also professed arms which were designed and were well calculated in their sweep to embrace the entire continent, with its population of 5,000,000 Indians, 4,000,000 Negroes, and 11,000,000 Spanish, Portuguese, and mixed people, besides numerous British settlers. The Society's claims upon Christian affection and Christian hope were also strong—the blood of its martyrs inspired both. Dear-bought experience, moreover, justified the supporters of the Society in anticipating that its plans and purposes would daily assume more of maturity; while they might conclude that its executive having been singularly taught of God the insufficiency of mere human agency, and the uncertainty connected with even the most hopeful of man's plans, would be growing in that more simple dependence upon the Divine sufficiency which ensured success. The Secretaries regretted having to report that, on account of his leaving the town, Lieutenant Hopkins, R. N. had resigned the office of treasurer to the association, but they had found a worthy successor in Mr. W. Goode. The Chairman prefaced his introductory remarks by stating that letters of apology had been received from Captain Sullivan, R. N., and a number of clergymen, who, if other engagements had not prevented them, would have been present that evening. He then read

a letter from Captain Sullivan with regard to the lengthening and refitting of the *Allen Gardiner*. This letter was as follows.

“My dear Mr. Robinson,—We want great efforts now to carry the Mission through this expensive time; the vessel has cost more than we expected, but considering that she was a cheap vessel at first, and yet after seven years work has turned out as sound as a first-class vessel, and that now she is made much larger and refitted as good as new with very superior (to the old) accommodation, she is well worth what she has cost, £1300, or with her first cost £2800, while a first-class vessel, the size she now is would cost £2600, for little more than which we have had seven year’s work, and the vessel as good as ever. In the same time the Bishop of New Zealand has lost his valuable little vessel for his Island Mission, and yet has just had another built and sent out *not much larger than ours*, at a cost of £4800, which has been raised for the purpose, the value of a mission vessel having been proved beyond all doubt. I hope, therefore, our friends will think we are not asking too much to raise £1300 extra for our vessel this year, particularly as a portion of it was caused by the destruction committed by the natives when in their hands, and when she was so wonderfully preserved to us. If the total loss of their vessel has not damped the spirit of the friends of the Bishop of New Zealand, but caused them to raise at once £4800 for another, our friends ought readily to give us £1300, as our Mission occupies a much larger field, and the vessel is even of greater importance. Believe me, yours very sincerely,
“ B. J. SULLIVAN.”

Dr. Miller then went on to say that there were two objections made to the South American Missionary Society, which had weight with many persons. The first was that they did not see the reason for a separate machinery to reach the Indians of South America. The second was that they did not believe that the Continent of South America was open to missionary operations. He believed he was right in saying that efforts had been made by the friends of this Society to connect it with the Church Missionary Society, and that that great society had refused to adopt it simply because they had more demands on them than they could meet. With regard to the second objection he must say that he felt very glad he had been obliged to look into the publications of the Society, for certainly the impression left on his mind was that South America was an open field. He concluded by saying that he would not detain the meeting from hearing the statement of the deputation, and that he felt it a high honour to be allowed in any way to forward the good work. He trusted the meeting would feel as he did in this matter.

The Rev. W. Gray, B. A., secretary of the society, who attended as a deputation, then addressed the meeting at some length on the position and prospects of the Mission. He commenced by stating that the Committee in Clifton regretted as much as any persons could, the cost connected with a separate machinery for carrying the Gospel to South America, but in point of fact they were forced into their present position. Four times had the Church Missionary Society been asked by them to undertake

this work, and four times had they repeated that they could not do so. The Moravian body had also been asked, and they also refused. In Captain Gardiner's lifetime the Mission had been offered to other bodies of Christians, and declined by them. However painful therefore might be the position which the Committee occupied, it was one forced upon them, one from which they had long shrunk. Mr. Gray then alluded to Captain Sullivan's letter, and said that he had within a day or two heard from the mission party at Madeira, on their way, in the *Allen Gardiner*, to Monte Video. The report of the vessel was most satisfactory. She was said by the captain to be 'a sweet little craft.' Her average speed now was six and-a-half knots an hour, and she could make nine. The money expended on her was well expended. Mr. Gray then entered largely into detail, showing chiefly that in the extreme South, the station at Keppel had proved of value; that the language of Tierra del Fuego had been learned, and one native had promised to go back and teach his people. That in Patagonia there was one Station at Santa Cruz, where lived two Missionaries; there the language also had been learned, and the Indians were favourable. Another station was designed in the north of Patagonia, where two Missionaries were to be left by the *Allen Gardiner*. Crossing the continent to South Chili, we would find two Missionaries at work from an English centre towards the Araucanian Indians; there church and school had grown up. In fact, Mr. Gardiner had accomplished a good deal for Lota. He had one assistant: he asked for a second. There

would probably be three Missionaries at work on this point in a short time. This was the actual present work of the Society, employing now some nine Missionaries. Openings there were without number, on the La Plata, in the Brazils, and elsewhere; we must not forget that there were thousands of English in South America who were utterly neglected, and that there were millions of Spanish, Portuguese, and negroes to whom we could extend our help. In fine, Mr. Gray hoped that as there was only one society at work in the vast continent, and as the Church Missionary Society could not undertake the work, many in Birmingham might be found to interest themselves in helping it forward.

Mr. J. Wilson Brown next addressed the meeting, and reminded it of the apparently hopeless work in which his aunt Charlotte Elizabeth had been engaged amongst the poorest class of people in London, and how, after surmounting vast difficulties, her work had largely prospered. It was a case in point which he hoped they would remember.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was then proposed by the Rev. G. W. Robinson, and seconded by Thomas Short, Esq., after the blessing the meeting separated."

We have extracted this account chiefly from Aris's Birmingham Gazette, of the 11th ult. Our readers may like to follow up Canon Miller's observations by reading a letter from the Rev. Henry Venn, the Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, written to the Rev. G. P. Despard, but never published. It sets the matter in its true light.

“Church Missionary House, 25 October, 1850.

“My dear Sir,—I have delayed replying to your letter of the 2nd inst. till I could speak with my co-secretaries upon the subject, as I thought that it would be more satisfactory to yourself to have the private opinion of us all. Though we feel that the Tierra del Fuego Mission has a peculiar interest of its own, yet, we all unite in the opinion that the committee of the Church Missionary Society is not likely to take it up, unless there should be a manifest work of grace upon the hearts of the natives in the conversion of many souls to Christ. Our means and the men at our disposal are not sufficient for supplying our own missions in which this work is going on, and, humanly speaking, is cramped and hindered for want of more help, these are the first claims upon us. Several new fields have lately been providentially opened to us, of such vast extent in importance and population, which promise that they will swallow up all the resources we can spare from the first class of claims—China, the Punjab, Scinde, East Africa, West Africa, Abbeocuta. Under these circumstances it is only candid to state to you our strong conviction that there is no prospect at present of the Church Missionary Society acceding to your proposal of a (prospective) adoption of the Patagonian Mission. I can only therefore offer you the poor tribute of my sincere wishes for the success of your holy enterprise, through the Divine blessing, upon its promoters at home and abroad. Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

“Rev. G. Pakenham Despard.”

“HENRY VENN.”

The late Rev. E. G. Marsh.

It has pleased the wise and good God to remove from the scene of his labours, in ripe old age, one of our warmest and truest friends, the late Rev. E. G. Marsh, Vicar of Aylesford. He has indeed entered into his rest, and into the joy of his Lord.

Except in the circle of his own immediate family none perhaps will deplore his loss more than the Society which he fostered with his care, cheered under deep depression, aided liberally with his means, made the subject of his prayers, and helped to mould to its present hopeful form and development. He was a man of no ordinary ability: his judgment was at once calm and clear, and his far-reaching ken easily discerned what was likely to happen, even though it was only a remote possibility to many. His long and varied experience and retentive memory made him a wise and able counsellor. There was no difficulty which beset the Society which was not laid before him. And many a time and oft has he aided the Committee in taking the wise and true course. Our friends will probably like to treasure up some few of his last words, which we quote from his farewell address to his parishioners:—

“The order of Christian progress is repentance, faith, hope, love, joy. May you, every one of you, experience them all, and remember, that the first of these qualities is that which ensures and measures the rest! For the deeper the repentance of a Christian, the greater will be the joy, if not here, yet assuredly in that everlasting kingdom where joy in common with every other blessing will be perfect.

“But for this purpose one thing more is necessary.

‘Ask, and ye shall receive,’ is the language of our Saviour, already adverted to; and my closing words to you must fail in their effect, if they omit to impress upon you the absolute necessity of fervent prayer, at every stage of your pilgrimage, for the gift of repentance, faith, hope, and love, and for the continual increase of them all. Prayer therefore, public and private, prayer constant and habitual, prayer grounded on the word of God, and having reference to your own personal wants and necessities, accompanied with confession of your own sins, thanksgiving for your own mercies, and intercession for all around you, is the key which must unlock the treasury of heaven, and secure your commencement, continuance, and progress in the divine life through Jesus Christ, the Author and Finisher of the whole.”

HYMN FOUND AFTER HIS DECEASE BY HIS FAMILY.

I go to the grave. 'Tis a sanctified place,
For my Saviour has gone there before me;
And I gladly and hopefully finish my race,
Tho' some whom I leave may deplore me.

They need not deplore! Let them only pursue
The path by their Saviour enlighten'd,
And their joys and their comforts they soon shall renew
In the realms which his presence has brighten'd.

Meanwhile in His strength may we all be secure,
Who conquers by daily forgiving,
Whose grace in both worlds is eternally sure,
The Lord of the dead and the living!

December, 1858.

E. G. M.

LAST HYMN ALSO FOUND IN A SIMILAR WAY.

My vital powers are fading,
My outward man decays,
My strength is retrograding;
And waning are my days.

But Thou, when I am weakest,
 Canst gird my soul with might,
 And, when the word Thou speakest,
 The darkness shall be light.

Then, Saviour, still befriend me,
 For power and love are Thine;
 And let Thy grace defend me,
 For it is grace divine.

March 19th, 1862.

E. G. M.

Foreign News.

Our letters from Chili date as late as September 1. Everything at Lota continued in a satisfactory state—the work was gradually and steadily going on. Mr. Coombe writes from Valparaiso, where he had gone for a short visit, the result of which, we hope to report in our next. He has sent home four photographs of Indians, which are now lying before us; they give one a better idea of the natives than any drawings we have yet seen.

The first is an Araucanian family. The faces seem almost familiar—there is certainly no repulsiveness apparent; the face of the girl is that of a merry and intelligent child. The large amount of ornaments, combined with the stockingless and shoeless feet, show a state of semi civilization; but that which strikes one most is the extremely awkward position of the hands in the man, a position which cannot well be accounted for by any occupation.

The second is the Araucanian chief Borno. He looks sad, but not savage. His long hair hangs on his shoulders in large masses; the nose and mouth are both crooked. His poncho is edged with fur after the newest fashion. His large staff is not grasped, but only just held with two hands lightly clasped over

each other. One can fancy him looking at the artist with somewhat of fear.

The third is a greatly over-fed wife of a chief—a goodly load for a horse, if not for a camel; her fat fingers almost refuse to meet, and seem to stretch themselves out for relief. Her poncho pin stretches quite across the breast, and is probably two feet long; whilst the massive five-cord chain (probably of beads and silver) is twisted round it, and hangs to the middle of her waist. Poor thing, she seems as if happy thoughts for time or eternity had no place in her mind.

The fourth is a Patagonian Indian from Sandy Point, and a friend of Mr. Schmid. Notwithstanding his moustache, and handsome fur robe, he looks by no means the kind of person with whom one would willingly make acquaintance. His long dagger perhaps suggests caution, but there is something about the well-formed figure and the countenance, even in the most perfect repose, which warns you to keep at a respectful distance. He is an exceedingly fine-looking man, and holds his head a little to one side, as if he was not quite insensible to vanity, or, perhaps we should say, flattery. Mr. Coombe certainly has our thanks for making us better acquainted with these tribes, even in their outward appearance.

From the Falklands we have another disappointment, owing to the want of postal arrangements. Through Captain Smiley's kindness, however, we have heard that all were well at Keppel, and that about twenty tons of potatoes from the farm had been carried over to Stanley and sold there. The profit would pay all the salaries of our agents at Cranmer. We shall probably have full particulars next month.

The Lancashire Distress.

As we write the distress in the cotton weaving districts is becoming gradually more and more fearful to contemplate. And England, like a giant awaked from the sleep of luxury, undismayed, and undaunted, is putting forth her strength, and exerting herself with all the nobleness of benevolence, to relieve it. May God reward her for it.

Let us for a moment cast the eye upon some little of that misery which presents itself. We take two instances which have been brought before us rather prominently. Near the town of Preston there lives a generous, warm-hearted gentleman, who had done what he could to meet the many demands made on his purse and his sympathy; the people who were suffering had also done all they could to meet the unusual exigency—they had drawn their money from the savings banks—they had parted with their furniture, and with their clothes, article after article had been sold or pledged—yet there was not enough for them and their children. Hunger had been borne with patience as long as there was tolerable heat, but now they have to feel a deeper distress still.

One morning this gentleman arose and stood at his window—there was the hoar frost whitening the ground. Generally it is a pleasant and most

welcome sight, but now he felt it chill his very heart—and turning somewhat pale he exclaimed, that he knew what he must expect. Slowly and we may fancy reluctantly he descended the stairs and entered his breakfast-room; there was the warm fire, it had no charm for him—there was the waiting breakfast, it remained untasted and unwished for—because outside the window, filling his lawn, he beheld a crowd of people, wan and pale, with emaciated cheeks, and sunken eyes, upturning their faces towards him with a look of entreaty: and lifting up hands, cold and numbed, to add to the weight of their appeal. The thin voice of famine, rendered more dismal by the number of speakers, at last made itself heard with the cry, “When will the ladies and gentlemen of London send us bread and clothes? If they wait much longer we shall not trouble them.” What, fancy you, were his feelings? Can we transfer them to paper? No, they must have been too bitter and too deep. He did what was best under the circumstances, he told the story to those who would listen, and made the cry of the famished ones reach London, and echo in the hearts of thousands. What could have been the feelings of that crowd? Were they not a mixture of trust and bitterness, most difficult to understand? Trust there was, or they would not have come, and they would not have cried as they did; but surely there were bitterness also, for the

long neglect, and for the postponed relief which had caused them such terrible sufferings that they made them almost despair.

But we take another case. A lady accustomed to ease and comfort, and very wealthy, found herself one day face to face with a crowd. They were collected round the shops of the butchers and bakers, and were gazing into them intently. No one put forth his hand to take. They were quite able to do this had they pleased, but they did not; they were starving, and the food to save them from death was there, but no man used the strength that he had. The lady watched them, though it was a sight very painful, with the true sympathy of a woman she read the silent appeal more powerful than any words could make it; with a rapid motion she sought her purse, hastily emptied it of every penny it contained, and sought on the instant to relieve, so far as she might, the deplorable condition of those before her. "Never," she says, "till my dying hour shall I forget that look of hopeless, unresisting exhaustion and despair, which sat on every face, and pierced my very soul, had I had a thousand times as much in my purse, every penny had been given freely, gladly, without a thought."

These scenes are heart-rending, they harrow up the feelings, and there are worse behind which we may not seek to depict. There is the hospital

with its fever patients—there is the home without the father, or the mother, or the children, or the wife, or the husband—a long blank fills up many a dreary month of life in many a home.

Meanwhile what does England do? Does she sit and pine over these miseries? Does she wring her hands in despair, and take no means to meet the distress? or do a few of her best and noblest sons and daughters do a very little to alleviate what they cannot hope to avert? No, not so. All, more or less, rouse themselves, each stimulates his fellows; the press, the pulpit, the platform, emulate each other; from north to south, from east to west, there is but one feeling—that all must be done which can be done, that it must be done as quickly as possible, and continue to be done as long as may be needful.

Our colonies pour in their generous gifts; wherever there is an English heart it beats and bleeds for the sorrows of those brave and industrious classes who have been overtaken by such a dreadful misfortune. This is the right course—this is noble and generous, and worthy of the name of England—and all must be led more and more to respect her whilst she acts in such a manner.

But now there is a case much worse than that of the Lancashire distress, for which we are bound to plead from month to month. It is a case not of

thousands, nor of tens or even of hundreds of thousands, but it is a case of millions and tens of millions—it is a case not merely of temporal distress, of physical pain, and disease, and death, but of spiritual woe and agony and of eternal death—it is a case before which the Lancashire distress shrivels up into very insignificance, and melts away as time shall ere long do before eternity—it is the case of the millions in South America, without light or life, for the endless ages that are so soon to break upon them, unprepared as they are. Hundreds are dying daily that no haste can reach. Thousands and thousands month by month are getting beyond all human aid. They do indeed cry to us, though we scarce heed them, “if you come not soon we shall not trouble you, we shall have passed beyond your aid;” and yet when we plead for them, what is the result? As eternity exceeds time, as the soul excels the body, so do the efforts made for their relief exceed those made for the relief of the temporal distress of the weavers!!! Doubtless there is many an one like the kind Bristol lady, glad to empty her purse, and wish it were a thousand times more full. No—no—no—more is done for the temporal distress of thousands *in one day*, than is done for the spiritual need of millions *in one year*. Are we thus to gauge the Christianity of England? Has the temporal and the physical gained such supremacy

indeed within her shores over the eternal and the spiritual? But some one says, "these are our brothers and sisters, and surely you mean not to say that we ought to take the bread from their mouths to feed millions whom we never saw?"

We would not have you give them one penny less, nay, we should heartily rejoice if you gave them far more than you do; they have a claim, a very strong claim on you, one you could not, one you dare not set aside; but there is another claim, even stronger and more powerful, which ought to be responded to with more pleasure by Christ's people—a claim which Christ Himself has made, and which Christ still makes—a claim we dare not, must not, put aside, whatever else is forced upon our attention. "Freely ye have received" the news of salvation, "freely give" it to others. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." If men gladly praise our energy now when we relieve what we trust a few months may see ended, how much more shall Christ praise us in eternity for our devotion in his cause, a devotion created in us by His Holy Spirit? Surely, if we are willing to exert ourselves for Him now, He then holding to us the palm of victory and the crown of glory, will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

“The Sun of Righteousness.”

Over the dark hills of Fireland
 See the glorious dawn arise,
 'Tis the coming of the morning,
 Mark the beauty of the skies;
 Soon the Sun of Righteousness
 Shall arise to cheer and bless.

Now for Fireland's savage children,
 Who in darkness long have stray'd,
 There upsprings a heavenly brightness
 To disperse their night's deep shade;
 Soon the Sun of Righteousness
 Shall arise to cheer and bless.

Murmur not if for a season
 Work both cold and dark appears;
 After midnight comes the morning,
 After winter summer cheers;
 Soon the Sun of Righteousness
 Shall arise to cheer and bless.

There draws nigh a blissful period,
 When that people, long astray,
 Shall repent them of their wand'rings,
 Come into the narrow way;
 When the Sun of Righteousness
 Has aris'n to cheer and bless.

“From North and South my people come,”
 Such are God's most gracious words;
 Distant isles shall hear the call,
 And the earth shall be the Lord's;
 When the Sun of Righteousness
 Has aris'n to cheer and bless.

LASSAWIAWILLIS.

The Phonetic Bible.

Some time since our readers will remember that the Rev. John Wood, of Bath, very kindly sent to Ookokowenges a phonetic Bible. With great courtesy Mr. Wood has forwarded to us a letter of acknowledgment which he has received from this Fuegian. We think it best to give the letter itself, that each reader may judge of the progress which he has made in writing. One line of Camelena's writing is added for the same reason.

We append a translation as literal as possible, having the assurance of Mr. Bridges, the Catechist, that what Ookokowenges writes he feels; in fact that both he and his wife are very grateful.

"Kind Man Friend,—Kind friend thank you, because you send me good book. I am surprised! you are a true friend, what is your name? I and my wife are glad of the book. We love Keppel Island. Plenty clothes, food, kind friends. Not like my country. Pitiabie country. How is your wife? What is her name? I love your countrymen, because you pity my country people. By and bye I shall not resemble my countrymen. I shall be a happy man. Your countrymen make me love other civilized men. I am angry with my countrymen. They are murderous, deceitful, and do not speak truth. I want much to try to understand God. I know God a little. I pity Jesus Christ—wicked men kill him. He now lives far away. I try to ask him for life, kindness, and a good heart. When I first heard of God and Jesus, I said indeed! I may again visit my country, because my brother is in my country. My wife is very well. I

have tried to sew my variegated waistcoat. I have one son. I shall not understand your language to day; good bye to you distant friend,

OOKOKOWENGES COPANISCUA."

Each reader will have formed his or her own estimate of this letter, as it has been perused by them. There are some thoughts which pass through our mind which possibly may have passed through theirs also—the surprise of Ookokowenges at his present, and at being cared for by one whom he had never seen, is very natural; and probably may form the first link in a chain of thought which will be of vast importance. It is not unlikely that this may engender an idea, however faint, of the love of the Christian principle, and then of the love of Christ.

It may furnish him with an illustration by which he may be able to teach his people, that, though they cannot see God, they may not doubt His love, because he has again and again had proved to him that those whom he has never seen have yet cared for him much, and sent him present after present.

There is the growing feeling too of the difference between Fuegian and English people, not simply in the matter of power and of wealth, but in the far more important particular of the moral feelings. But the thought which strikes us most is that respecting God and Christ. When he heard of God first he says, "I said, indeed!" are you deceiving me? or is such a thing possible, that one so great, and so far off, should be so good and so near? It is the overwhelming thought of God as he has revealed himself to man. Probably this may help our dear friends the missionaries,

in their work of love. Ookoko's mind is only a reflection of that of his tribe. There would seem no way so simple and so natural in dealing with these people, in their present state of doubt, as to tell them that every gift bestowed on them came from God—that every present was Christ's present—that all that was done for them was done because God ordered it. The presents are a reality—the people who give them are real too—the God who sends them, and the Saviour who cares for the Fuegian, will soon become a reality also in their minds. May God grant it for Christ's sake.

As some lone wanderer in a desert wild,
 Or some benighted traveller led astray,
 Should I have been, without thy precepts mild,
 Without the light of thy benignant ray.

Or as a chip upon a troubled sea
 Without a compass, and without a guide,
 My bark had founder'd, but a spark from thee
 Pointed the way, and laid my fears aside.

Like as the blind depriv'd of orbs of light,
 I'd grop'd my sad, obscure, and rugged way,
 Feeling at every step my want of sight;
 And trembling lest my feet should go astray;

But thou my beacon, mariner, and friend,
 Canst guide my wanderings and canst lead me where
 No quicksands wait me, and no ills attend,
 My cloudy pillar thou, my polar star.

BETA.

CHILI.

There is very gratifying testimony borne to the labours and the spirit of our Missionaries in the following extract, which we copy from "the News of the Churches" for last month.

"In other sections of this country there are tokens of progress. In the south the Rev. Mr. Gardiner occupies a post at Lota among an English population of two or three hundred souls. He is assisted by Mr. T. W. Coombe, and looks for another coadjutor also ere long to arrive. This Mission is sustained by the Patagonian Society, which is Episcopal in its relations. These gentlemen, labouring here, are very catholic in their spirit. They have opened Sabbath and day-schools. They have formed Bible classes; have built a school-house; design to erect a teacher's dwelling; and mean to establish services on board vessels frequenting the port. In addition to this, the hope is entertained that access may yet be obtained and a favourable hearing won for the truth among the Indian tribes of the southern frontier. All that is an untried field, for which much faith, toil, and prayer, need to be expended. Still these dear Christian men have it in their hearts to make the attempt, and seem not disposed to shrink from the work on account of any of the hazards connected with it."

Gran Chaco Indians—*continued.*

"The northern part of the Gran Chaco is inhabited by another tribe of Indians, called *Tobas*, who are much more numerous than the *Mocovies*. The territory of the *Tobas* begins about 100 or 150 leagues northward from that of the *Mocovies*, and extends up to the *Rio Verinego*. These two tribes are perpetually at war with each other. I know very little about the *Tobas*, but I suppose their customs will be similar

to those of the *Mocovies*. The language of both tribes is entirely different, and both differ also from that of the *Ibipones*.

“ Travelling in the Gran Chaco is fraught with some danger and many hardships, custom and great physical strength are required to attempt it. In spite of a vegetation which must be allowed to be luxuriant in many respects, the Gran Chaco is little better than a desert for the traveller, because this vegetation does not produce any thing fit for aliment. Every kind of provisions must be carried along in a cart, drawn either by horses or oxen, which admits only of a limited supply, and makes the progress rather slow. Besides, according to the season or weather, one is very much exposed to want of water for man and beast, water being in the most favourable times supplied by what is called here *lagunas*, viz. low spots of ground where the rain accumulates and forms a kind of pool, but which of course are laid dry in case of protracted want of rain. The usual mode of travelling is on horseback, with a guide, and some *peones* driving before them a troop of horses for change. On reaching any Indian *tolderia* nothing whatever is gained in the way of provisions or accommodation, these savages being entirely destitute of either. I cannot tell you exactly the cost of this kind of journey. The price of a cart, made according to the custom of the country, may be about 3 vennes, a troop of pretty good horses may be bought at the price of from 6 to 9 dollars a piece, the price of oxen is from 20 to 25 dollars each. As to the wages of the guide and *peones* I estimate them at about 30 dollars a month for the former, and from 10 to 15

dollars each for the latter. The constitution of the Argentine republic warrants us freedom of worship and of teaching. Hitherto the protestants residing in the province have never been interfered with in either way, and I see no reason to apprehend their being troubled.

“About seven leagues north-east from —, there is a European colony, numbering from 250 to 260 families; *nearly 100 of whom are protestants*. These are still without any suitable clergyman or schoolmaster. Now I believe the wisest and at the same time the most useful thing you could do just at present, would be to send to this colony an ordained clergyman or missionary, speaking French and German, (the Spanish language may easily be acquired here) and to give him, if you think proper, a schoolmaster to assist him. In doing so you would give offence to nobody, because you would limit yourselves to taking care of your coreligionists, which must appear to every body both lawful and natural. The Indians might in course of time become useful in a missionary point of view, since the pupils being originally Indians might afterwards go back among their tribes without difficulty or danger.

“I am well aware that our missionary societies at home are generally acting upon the principle that they ought to send missionaries exclusively among the heathen and savages, but I believe that in the present instance it would be quite as useful, even speaking in the most exclusively missionary sense, to take appropriate measures for the conservation and consolidation of the protestant Europeans already resident in the country, and for the proper education of their children.”

Superfluities.

“ With pleasure, said I, as one of our merchant princes invited me to dinner, to meet the deputation from the—Missionary Society. My friend’s residence was in the neighbourhood of a large provincial town, and was one of those good old English homes which are so replete with every comfort. True to my appointment I met my host, and was introduced to his guests. Shortly afterwards dinner was announced, and we were ushered into an apartment whose walls were decorated in a most costly manner, and adorned with numerous and expensive paintings. One of these servants of the Lord, who seemed to be always about ‘his master’s business,’ gave numerous details of Missionary labour during dinner time, in all which his host was deeply interested. A pause ensuing in the course of the entertainment, and conversation flagging for a moment, the eyes of one of the guests appeared to scrutinize with no ordinary interest the paintings by which he was surrounded. Our host noticing this, inquired what it was that so engrossed his thoughts, ‘If I may tell you candidly,’ said he, ‘what at that moment was uppermost in my mind, it was the large sum of money I find locked up in these paintings, which if devoted to the cause of Christ and the extension of His kingdom in the world, might prove the means, under God, of gladdening many a heart.’ For a moment there was silence, when our host enquired from the Missionary which of the numerous paintings he most admired, ‘this’ said he, pointing to the painting of a well-

known painter, 'this picture it was which led me to indulge in the train of thoughts which you so kindly interrupted.' Then, said our host, 'that picture is yours, be good enough to present it in my name to your excellent Society, I shall rejoice to hear that your anticipations of its value have been fully realized.' What could the Missionary do but accept the handsome gift, and express his gratitude for it? The painting was duly packed up, forwarded to head quarters, and sold: it realized more than £100. Did the donor very much miss from his collection this painting? His walls were still well adorned, we should rather suppose that his feelings of delight were enhanced by his seeming loss but real gain, for in the contemplation of the Society's work to which he had dedicated one painting, there was a joy beyond any pleasure he could have experienced from its remaining in his possession."

Have *we* no superfluities to part with for Christ? If the cup of cold water given to the disciples of our Lord, when offered in His blessed name, fails not of its reward, what may we not hope for those who really deny themselves for Christ? And yet clearly it is our duty not merely to part with superfluities, but even with life itself, for *His* sake who bought us with the costly sacrifice of His own most precious blood. What says the poet?

When I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

AN EYE WITNESS.

A Chapter for Children.

“Well, Mr. Secretary,” said I, entering the office at Clifton, “what have the children done for the *Allen Gardiner*?”

“Almost nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Almost nothing,” again repeated the Secretary, with a very grave face.

“Well, Mr. Secretary, suppose you write to them this month. I don’t think they will refuse you.”

“And why not,” he said.

“I have always found, I replied, that it required a certain time to rouse up children, and get them to think of what you are saying to them. The first time you speak or write to them, probably they will hardly believe you are really meaning them to act; but the second time they begin to think there is something in it, and the third time—ah the third time is certainly the charmed time.”

The Secretary shook his head.

“Well, I said, if you don’t choose to write to them this time, I must do so, that is to say if you will kindly put my letter in the “Voice of Pity.”

All I could get from him was a promise to see what could be done with the editor. So on the chance I

commence to tell a story which I hope somehow may find its way into the "Voice of Pity" for your special benefit, dear children. And now what is this story to be about? Come with me, dear children, whilst I bring you into a large drawing-room, in a very handsome house. There are in this drawing-room three children—Edith, Thomas, and Albert; Edith is six years old, Thomas is ten, and Albert is eleven. The children have just returned from a ride, and are now busily examining some choice flowers which have been brought from the hot-house, and arranged with great care in a costly vase. Amongst them are many orchids, and the little ones are passing remarks upon these flowers as compared with some they had seen last week. As they were talking on such subjects, a sweet-looking girl, about fifteen years old, named Constance, entered the room, holding in her hand a card marked with red ink, with a ship on the top.

"What have you got there, Constance?" cried Albert, going up to her.

"I have," she replied, "a card for the Missionary vessel, the *Allen Gardiner*."

"Nonsense!" cried all the children, "what are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to ask you all to give me something for it," said Constance.

"That I won't," cried Albert, "I want all the money I have, and a great deal more too."

"I can't," said Edith, "for I am going to buy a doll; oh, such a pretty doll, that opens its eyes, and speaks."

"You won't get any from me," said Thomas, "for

though I never buy dolls, I want to save my money to purchase a lathe."

"But," continued Constance, "listen to me. You know, dear children, if all were selfish, no good would be done in the world. You know, too, that if God were selfish we should, all of us, suffer dreadfully. As God is good, and has given us all things richly to enjoy, we ought to imitate Him; and as God has given us Jesus to die for us, we surely ought to give Him back something to show that we are not ungrateful."

"If a poor Lancashire weaver begged from you, you would give him some bread and a shilling at all events; and what I ask for is even more important; there are millions of Indians in South America who are starving for spiritual food, and who have no one to feed them—won't you help?"

They all looked grave. At last Albert said,

"Constance, what do they want the vessel for?"

She replied, "It is to reach the poor Indians amongst whom Captain Gardiner died."

"Yes," he said, "I remember, how much do you want?"

"I want a good deal," she replied, "but I shall be content if you will give me what you can afford."

Albert thought, at last he said, "I will give you 5s." "And I," said Thomas, "will give you 3s." "And I," said Edith, "will give you the money for the doll, here it is."—it was 6s.

The parents heard the conversation, and were well pleased with the result.

In years to come I do not think that Constance will

repent of what she did; nor the three happy children be sorry that they gave what they could spare, to advance God's cause in South America.

Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard.

Friends, readers of this our little serial, whilst most of you during this last month have been quietly pursuing your customary avocations, and travelling but a few steps out from the comfortable fireside and back again, your old acquaintance, G. P. D., has been running along a great many hundred miles of the iron-way, to visit what were hoped to be seats of interest for our mission undertaking—that where it only smouldered it might be fanned into new fervour—and where it acknowledged a comfortable heat, it might, with fresh fuel added, burn with still brighter glow, and cause the golden streams of liberality to run along into our empty vessels. You may not be altogether displeased to follow him, in whom is the spirit of the wheels, along in his missionary tour—so with thankfulness to the Unseen Hand, but not unfelt, which has kept him scathless—he presents you with his itinerary:—

Monday, October 13th.—Started for Nottingham, and somewhat unexpectedly, but not unwelcome, presented myself to my valued friend, M., of Trinity Church, of that city. As I had not met him since 1856, many were the enquiries respecting me, mine, and our work, that occupied us till 3, when we went to a clerical meeting at Mr. B.'s. A clerical meeting at Nottingham precluded our first Patagonian appear-

ance there, and a clerical meeting at Redland introduced Capt. Gardiner first to the Bristol clergy. Had much pleasure in meeting former helpers, especially Mr. B. and Mr. M.

From the clerical meeting we adjourned to a very interesting gathering for prayer from among the working classes in Mr. M.'s prayer hall, and was allowed to say a few words here about Fireland, and for Fireland, with *consent of believers*, to God.

Then hastily down to Lenton Firs, and was cheered by warm hearts and kind words of the A. family, to whom I gave many interesting anecdotes respecting a people, in whom they have taken so warm and so *liberal* an interest for many years.

The hospitality of Trinity Parsonage was left by me with regret.

Tuesday morning to go to Derby, 14th October.—After reporting to our Secretary, Miss L., I drove to the mansion of Mr. B., where a hospitable reception and a well-filled drawing room awaited me. In the evening I had the pleasure to hear a good deal of the doings of my old friend J. F. O., from his brother, now a resident physician in Derby. The interest of the Society needed considerable renewal here, which I did my best to bring about.

Wednesday, 15th October.—After a conference with our Secretary, left Derby for Leeds, and proceeded to the house of J. C., Esq., where some Mission friends were gathered to hear statements, &c. I was privileged in the evening to attend a Bible Society Meeting, with the Bishop in the chair. This Society prints Bibles in 187 languages, not one of them *South*

American. It disseminates millions of Bibles annually in this land—where there are already so very many—and not 1000 annually in South America, where are almost none. This is something to be enquired into.

Thursday, Oct. 16th.—Friends met at breakfast, and very much asked and told about our work. Mr. A. and self went about visiting, without much apparent success. Left for Sheffield; meeting at 3 P. M., poorly attended; Rev. J. T. Blakeney in chair, and mine host. Met here the widow and sister of the Rev. F. O. once engaged as Missionary to Patagonia. They are still very much interested in this Mission, as well as is Rev. Mr. L. the widow's present husband.

Friday, Oct. 17th.—Arrived at York, for a meeting at noon; gathering of friends pretty good, owing to the efforts of our Secretary, Miss F. C. and of a helper formerly of Clifton, Miss S. S. Obligated to hurry off from the meeting without a moment to cultivate the friendship of the C. family, who made arrangements for an evening conference, and had prepared hospitality. At quarter-past 2 on my road to Durham; here received very kindly by Mr. J. S. and taken to his house, and permitted to address a few hearty friends in the evening, who showed the cause has their sympathy by golden expressions of good will. Consider the support of Mr. J. S. very valuable to our cause, being that of a man of good sound sense and true piety.

Saturday, October 18th.—Travelling from half-past 10, A. M.; and reached the house of Mrs. Wm. C. in Glasgow in the evening. Mrs. Wm. C. was one of the first, if not the first, subscriber to this Society in

Glasgow. We conversed a great deal together upon this and other subjects dear to Christian hearts, during this and the two following days.

Sunday, October 19th.—Having only one church open to the advocacy of S. A. M. S. to-day, I went to hear Dr. K. of the cathedral, and Dr. C. of Park Chapel. The former delivered a plain but excellent sermon; the latter preached a continuous strain of poetic prose, on that life which God gives us in Christ. Evening—there was a pour down of rain, and I expected a very thin audience in the Union Free Church, I was not therefore disappointed to find it such. A curious incident occurred just as the minister in his prayer came out with a petition that light might be vouchsafed to the dark places of earth, all the gaslights, but a very small one, went out in the church. The light was soon brought back, and my sermon was set forth, to stimulate the hearers to send light to the gentiles sitting in darkness.

Monday, October 20th.—Spent the day in visiting friends of the Mission.

Tuesday, 21st.—Started early for Greenock, to arrange for sermons and meeting there, and to look up some money in arrear; succeeded well through co-operation of Mr. S. in both objects. In the evening went to Castle Wemyss, the residence of my kind friend Mr. J. B. Met there the elders, and Mr. S. of B. and Mrs. Gen. F., all old friends of S. A. M. S. so I had famous opportunity to open out upon its affairs.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Entertained kindly at Mrs. W.'s, and met several friends. At 5 o'clock prayer meeting and scripture discussion at Mr. S.'s.

Thursday, 23rd.—Back to Glasgow—autumnal fast—nothing to be done. Went off in the evening to Dundee, arrived late.

(To be continued.)

The Voice of Pity for South America.

Many of our readers will be well pleased to learn that the change of title in the Society's periodical which they have so long urged on the Committee, has been at length adopted, and that the name of our serial will in future be "A VOICE FOR SOUTH AMERICA." It has been felt for some time by a large part of our subscribers that the monthly appeal for aid on behalf of South America should not be based wholly on the ground of pity. Pity no doubt is akin to love, and love is strong as death. Therefore when pity was appealed to one might naturally look for great results. The results, however, not being at all adequate to the wants of South America, set our friends on endeavouring to ascertain whether they had taken the strongest ground in their title. Gradually it became evident that they had not done so; but then the question arose as to what title it was possible to substitute. "The Voice of Hope?" Hope will do a great deal—but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—and as it has so often happened to our friends to see their most sanguine hopes destroyed in the most unexpected manner, that title was abandoned. "The Voice of Faith," "The Voice of Pleading," "The Voice of Prayer," "The Voice from the Indian," "The Million Voices of Mixed People," "The South American Missionary Magazine," "The

South American Missionary Intelligencer"—have all been suggested. The committee have, however, chosen the most modest, and, at the same time, the most comprehensive title they could find—and one which involved the least possible change. They have dropped the article "the" because we can no longer say that we alone plead for South America, nor did they desire to boast of the effect or power of their pleading. It is therefore called "A Voice for South America"—a voice, it may be, which will be feeble and plaintive sometimes, but joyous and hopeful at others, when God vouchsafes his blessing—a voice which will we trust be always grateful to God and man for the interest which is being gradually awakened in this noble cause—a voice of faith—a voice of prayer—a voice of love—a voice of pity—a voice *from* the Indian—a voice *from* the Spaniard—a voice *from* the Portuguese—a voice *from* the Englishman—a voice *from* the negro—a voice *from* the mixed peoples—a voice *for* the Bible—a voice *for* the missionary—a voice *for* the schoolmaster—a voice *from* the child—a voice *from* feeble old age—a voice of gratitude *from* the taught—a voice of remonstrance *from* the neglected—a voice swelling louder and louder, and growing more firm and confident—a voice issuing from earth but echoed back from heaven, where the Saviour pleads, and the angels breathe the loud amen amidst its lofty courts—a voice which, God helping us, shall never cease its pleadings with God and man, till angels and men join in the voice of triumphant song to celebrate the spread of God's truth—and God's love—over the whole of the glorious continent of South America.

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