

A

VOICE

FOR

SOUTH AMERICA.

VOL. X.—1863.

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



LONDON:

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THE SECRETARY,

SOUTH AMERICAN MISSION,

6, WESTBOURNE PLACE,

CLIFTON, BRISTOL;

by whom any Contributions will be thankfully received. Letters thus addressed will prevent much inconvenience. Money orders should be drawn on the Clifton office, and made payable, as well as all Cheques, to "THE SECRETARY," as above.

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THE TIDE HAS TURNED.

It was once a favourite occupation of our boyhood to stray along one of the loveliest shores of the Atlantic Ocean, and to watch the waves as they came in with their white crest and giant force, dashing into some little bay, or curling up against the rocks that had for ages resisted their restless violence. And sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, it was long ago our habit to stray along the sands of the ocean, when the sea had receded and left them nearly dry. Some little channel there was like a river running through miles breadth of sand deserted by the tide, and looking as if it would always remain a river, and the tide never return to usurp its old place. Scattered over the vacant space crowds of men and women busily plied their tasks, for their time was short, the one seeking for bait, the other for shell-fish. Children waded in the channel of salt water catching the silver-coloured sea-eel, and now and then relieving their excessive animal spirits by deluging one another with the briny water, laughing in the enjoyment of health, and in the indulgence of a little mischievous frolic. We remember well that it was an admirable place to breathe a spirited horse, and have a glorious

gallop when thought had sufficiently relieved itself, and shaken off with an effort the graver studies which had filled the morning hours of the day. The impression on the mind after an hour or two of such enjoyment was that old Ocean had retreated to some cavern, and left the sand for a perpetual source of occupation and amusement for those who came to seek such there; however, more than once we have been unpleasantly roused from such fond imaginations, and obliged to rush with speed to save not only a good wetting but life itself. As we rode or walked, the little river which we had easily crossed, scarce wetting the horse's hoofs, had grown wider and deeper—it seemed indeed not much increased at first, but at length there was no mistaking the matter, *the tide had turned*, and was now rushing in with headlong speed; boys and girls, men and women, horsemen and pedestrians, were obliged to give up their places, and make way for father Neptune, as he roused himself, trident in hand, and claimed space for his expanding waves. After a hot gallop it was indeed delightful to sit and snuff the healthy perfume of the incoming waves, and to mark how wave succeeded wave—never ceasing one moment—with the utmost regularity, and with calm, resistless might on they hurried to their appointed task—surging up now and then—the white ripple like a downy mane marked the crest

—and as they deepened in volume, and increased in size, the boom became louder and louder—and the roll of the long wave told that it was hopeless to look for a foot of resting-ground there, for the whole space would be absolutely covered—conquered by the steady, onward progress of the law of gravitation.

Now that riper years have left less time for amusements—when the busy occupations of life press rather heavily, it is pleasant to look back on the days of old, and gather a lesson of wisdom from boyish recollections. It does seem to us that in the affairs of the South American Mission the tide has gone out, leaving the sands bare enough. There was indeed in the midst of the bare sand a little stream which belonged to the ocean of truth, but it was such a small and contemptible streamlet that the infidel and the scoffer might well busy themselves in the midst of it picking up little morsels for their hungry disciples, and seeking bait with which to catch hungry souls. In the very midst of the stream, in all the heedlessness of childhood, many an one was found not much wiser than the boys of our youth, splashing a little, and amusing themselves with fancied treasures; but apart and on the shore stood the wise and the aged—the prayerful and the faithful, not one whit shaken because the sea had for the moment left the sands;—patiently they watched, and ardently

they prayed that the ocean of truth might be made to turn — that their eyes might be gladdened by the sight of its flowing waves. If a thousand years be as one day in God's sight, it was by no means unreasonable that they should be obliged to regard the ebb during nearly a lifetime, well contented if at the end of it the resistless might of the ocean of truth should then commence to press towards the shores on which they stood and watched.

Let us for a moment, on new year's day, cast a look at the waste dry sands which have been left whilst the tide has gone out—further and still further, as it would seem to some.

Years ago, in 1830, a bright vision of hope flitted across the eyes of Admiral Fitzroy, and others associated with him, in attempting the work in South America, near Cape Horn. A few years after and the semi-civilized Fuegians were found naked savages, only retaining a few words of English. No wave there was on the bleak shore—nor any trace of the ocean of truth, the sands were dry indeed. Years passed, and Captain Gardiner and his companions lay dead on the same shores—their broken boats beside them, and their scattered hopes flying heavenward into the breast of Jesus their King. It would be difficult to fancy a shore more dry than that of Fuegia at that moment. Three years later a vessel was built, and a Captain

appointed, and great hopes were formed. Alas, alas, worse and worse became the prospect—hopes were dashed—trouble and vexation arose at home and abroad—expense was incurred—nothing was accomplished—the sands were drier, and more deserted by the sea than ever. The struggling, much-tried Patagonian Mission became almost a bye-word with the worldling. ‘Hope deferred made the heart sick.’ Still those prayerful, faithful watchers held their place on the shore, and said, by and by the tide will turn—by and by the dry sand will be covered; the mockers were busy—the scoffers held their holiday—and the boys amused themselves with their play. Six years ago another effort was made—a new sacrifice was offered—fresh hopes were kindled, whilst Mr. Despard and his family prepared to leave home and comfort to help the wild Fuegian. Drier and drier became the sands; at first all was disappointment and intense vexation—the scoffer was more busy than ever—the mocker mocked more lustily than before—the leading journal of England pronounced the Society dead. But by and by there was a sign of the returning wave of truth, some natives came to Cranmer for instruction, and seemed to profit by the sojourn—the stream seemed to unite itself with the ocean. Another set of natives came, and hope was bright, and one great wave seemed to roll in on the thirsty sands which absorbed it

in part, and then, as in a moment, it was borne back further than ever into the ocean. The massacre afforded much amusement to the godless and profane, and they plied their work busily on the dry sands, for their time was short—the watchers and the faithful redoubled their prayers to the Most High God to pour the waters of truth over the barren, dry sand. At length another wave seemed to break on the shore. Ookok and his wife remained at Cranmer, and though we cannot say they are converts, in the strict sense of the word, they are likely, we trust, soon to become so; the film of darkness is gradually being removed, and their eyes are gradually being opened to perceive the truth—their language learned—and the station a success—the sands are becoming moist. Another long wave dashed itself on the shores of Patagonia, and though it too receded and seemed to be sucked back into the distant ocean, still the language learned there also, and the heart of Indians gained, certainly marked progress. A third wave broke on the shores of Chili, white crested, and gladdened the heart of the watchers; and so the last year commenced with the cry “Is the tide turning?”

Nevertheless the position of the Society at the commencement of 1862 was one exceedingly difficult, and exceedingly trying. Mr. Despard had just returned with his family to England. Cranmer had only its one Catechist, instructing

two Fuegians, Ookok and Camelena, and there was no vessel there to enable the solitary Catechist to make an effort to carry over others of the Fuegians had they been willing to come, as we believe they were.

Mr. Schmid and Mr. Hunziker found it impossible to hold their position, entering as they did from Sandy Point. Romish priests came down there, and the friendly governor left his post—the waves had left the shores dry again—the gentle ripple of the returning sea murmured softly indeed in the calm Pacific along the shore at Lota, but beyond this there was not much sign of the tide being turned. The year opened then amidst very great difficulties, and very great discouragements. The hoarse bait seekers shouted, and exhibited “home expenses” as one of the worms they had taken, and pulled from the dry sands, and the splashing in the midst of the streamlet was more riotous than ever. Still the watchers were not dismayed—still the prayers of the faithful ones ascended more fervently than ever—and real work was undertaken. The *Allen Gardiner* was lengthened and refitted at considerable cost, and at the last moment Mr. Stirling and his family sailed in her, together with a band of three fresh missionaries for the shores of South America, amidst fervent hopes and many prayers. Mr. Despard pleading near-

while in England heartily and earnestly, and praying fervently that the tide might flow on and on.

And now, at the commencement of another year, what is the Society's position? At home, friends are warmer than ever. Abroad, there is a good vessel, there are nine missionaries, four stations, and many friends. In Patagonia, as will be seen by Mr. Schmid's letter, our missionary's fame had travelled before him—making the Indian who had never seen him before kind—and at Santa Cruz he hears of a different tribe speaking the language he has learned. In Araucania a new station is on the point of being opened in the midst of the Indian territory. At last a glorious white crested wave has come with long roll and booming sound, and dashed itself on the dry, dry sands of South America.

Surely the tide has turned—it has turned!!—we mean not to say that there may not be many a time yet when the sands may seem to be dry and the wave to recede—but we do believe in our inmost heart that, God helping us, the onward steady roll of the tide of truth has commenced which shall yet cover the shores of the continent. The mocker and the scoffer will soon have to relinquish their places, and the heedless children will soon have to betake themselves to better employment. Onward and onward that great ocean of

truth shall roll steadily, surely, irresistibly—impelled by the arm of God—the sound shall be heard afar off as it thunders on the shore. Its glorious waves shall lift themselves on high, crested with the gleaming light of truth, and the white foam of divine energy, until the knowledge of God shall cover this part of the earth, even as the waters cover the sea.

THE "ALLEN GARDINER" AT MONTE VIDEO.

God has been very gracious to us in bringing our vessel safely to port, and caring for the party on board—let us give Him thanks.

We have much pleasure in presenting the following letters from our Superintendent, the Rev. W. H. Stirling, Mr. Lett, and Mr. Andres. Comment on them is perfectly needless. Each of our brethren stands forth distinctly in his individuality; the three-fold evidence of love and harmony amongst the Missionary party is very valuable, and deeply gratifying.

May our gracious covenant God be ever with them, and make them workmen that need not be ashamed, sowing to His glory, and reaping in the day of His power to their own great joy.

We would only further add that if any ladies should feel disposed to intrust the Committee with such work as Mr. Stirling asks for, every care shall be taken that it is forwarded to Mrs. Adams as soon as possible. Perhaps before Easter we may be enabled

to gratify our Superintendent in this matter, his expectations are modest. It is extremely kind of Mrs. Adams to undertake a sale of this kind a second time, in the midst of her engrossing cares and sorrows.

“MONTE VIDEO, Oct. 27, 1862.

“I have now the satisfaction of announcing the safe arrival of the *Allen Gardiner* and her whole party at the above destination. On Friday afternoon the anchor was let go in Monte Video Bay. On Wednesday morning at 5.30 we were off the Flores Light, twelve miles distant from this place; unfortunately, however, the wind, which previously had been in our favour, suddenly lulled, and shortly after veered round into decided opposition. For a whole day the Captain worked the vessel against it, but a strong current which took the wind's part, and by the log was tested as running at five and three-quarter miles in two hours, compelled us to anchor for twenty-four hours, and then to undergo a hard struggle of twenty hours more before the present resting place was reached. The passage from England has been a very favourable one, notwithstanding some sixteen days of baffling winds in the tropics. Here we lost time, and were not free from some of the ill effects of the extreme heat. Generally the health of all on board has been good, if I except the probation and sufferings consequent on sea-sickness.

“Amongst ourselves (the Missionary party) the most unbroken affection and confidence have prevailed. No jarring sound has disturbed our peace; we live in the midst of kind and sympathising feelings, loving

and being loved. Mr. Lett finds pleasant affinity in brother Andres ; while Mr. Rau is more of a recluse, given much to meditation, but welcomed by all in his moments of suppressed gravity. He is fully installed as my German instructor, while Mr. Lett acts as Greek professor to Andres. Since leaving Madeira, the services both daily, and especially on the sabbath, have been conducted morning and evening with regularity, exceptions being very rare. The Captain has always been present, unless prevented by some good cause ; and the crew have been exemplary, not only in their attendance, but in the spirit in which they joined in the singing and uttered the responses.

“During the morning it has been for sometime our rule to read the lessons for the day, and in turn one each morning to repeat some hymn or portion of sacred poetry, specially learned for the occasion. My present inclination, resulting from the observations of the last nine weeks, is to place Messrs. Lett and Andres at El Carmen, if all goes well. They are men of different temperaments, and possess qualifications, which when combined in the spirit of love, balance and supplement each other ; and I therefore hope that their location at El Carmen may be satisfactory in its issue. In this case, Mr. Rau will be my fellow-labourer in the south.

“Two or three nights ago we were in a gale of wind, running very fast, and shipping many waves, the noise of which falling on the deck shook some unsophisticated nerves in the cabin. The *Allen Gardiner* is now a tolerably good sailor, 585 miles in three days being registered in her favour during the

S. E. trade, and I have much confidence in her fitness for the special duties assigned to her. Since arriving here I have received kind and welcome letters, and also a packet of 'V. P.'s,' which have been read with interest. My grateful feelings for these pleasant words from a far country must be understood.

"In this place I have been received by Mr. Adams with extreme kindness. Mr. L. is likewise most kind. On Sunday morning I went to the English church to preach; the Captain and five of the crew accompanying me. I remained with Mr. A. and read prayers in the evening. Mr. Lett remained in the ship in the morning to read to those left behind, and Mr. Rau remained in the evening.

"There is great kindness amongst the people in Monte Video, and a willingness, *I think*, to give their sympathy to the Mission. I pray God to dispose their hearts favourably towards His servants and His work. At this moment I am encouraged, but not sanguine. Mr. Adams offers me (I did not ask for it) his pulpit, without a collection, on Sunday week, to be followed by a meeting the day after. There are collections next Sunday for the distressed operatives in England.

"Mrs. Adams is a delightful person, but her heart is sitting under the shadow of a great sorrow this very day. If the letters arrive by the French packet, she expects to hear of a devoted mother's death and funeral (this was the case); but whilst the old are passing away, a most intelligent and pretty group of children is springing up around her, engaging deeply her affections, and occupying her attention. In the midst of many household duties she thinks of our

cause, and has again offered to undertake a sale of work of a suitable kind, if sent out. *Fancy Articles are not regarded here, but SUITS of baby linen and boys' clothes, well dressed dolls, and children's dresses, SELL TO GREAT ADVANTAGE. I mention these things not however in ignorance of the difficulty of securing the right kind of articles.*

"In my next letter I hope to be able to give some account of the result of our visit here in the interests of the Mission; so far I can furnish nothing definite. But I must close this letter, and in doing so, let me sum up my earnest, heart-felt feelings in a loud 'God bless you all!' Do not leave us a day unprayed for. All send their Christian and affectionate regards.

"Yours faithfully and in the love of Christ,
"W. H. STIRLING."

"MONTE VIDEO, October 28, 1862.

"Rev. and dear Sir,—I have the pleasure at length, with gratitude to the Almighty for His kindness and mercies vouchsafed to us during our voyage, to announce our arrival on the shores of South America in health and safety. Leaving Bristol on the 21st of August, we were at anchor in Penarth Roads the next day; on the morning of the 24th, being off Lundy Island, the Pilot left us, and we sailed forth into the blue waters of the ocean, prosperous breezes accompanying us, till on the 5th of September we anchored in Funchal Bay, Madeira, and had the opportunity of refreshing ourselves by a visit to that beautiful island. Left Madeira on the 6th; on the 9th arrived at the Canary Islands; sailing between Teneriffe and Palma

had a fine view of the celebrated 'Peak;' entered the tropics on the 12th, and on the 14th sailed past the Cape de Verde Islands. We were detained by calms some days in the Variables, and at length crossed the line about longitude 21° W. on the morning of the 4th of October. On the night of the 13th sighted the light on Cape Frio, and on the 19th and 20th experienced some rough weather, during which the vessel shipped a great quantity of water. The light at Maldonado appeared on the night of the 21st, and being unable, through adverse currents, to get up here, we anchored off Flores Island the next evening. Weighed anchor, however, on the evening of the 23rd, and on Friday, the 24th, anchored in Monte Video Bay, thankful for our safe preservation, and the many evident tokens of the divine presence and blessing which we have enjoyed. On the whole, you will be rejoiced to hear we have been accompanied with fine weather and prosperous breezes, and have been preserved from any serious sickness. Now we look forward with anxious hearts to the commencement shortly of those labours which have prompted us to leave country, home, and friends, in the cause of our dear Lord and Master.

"Mr. Stirling intends to go to Buenos Ayres this week, and probably to Santa Fe. He purposes, if practicable and D.V., to settle Mr. Andres and me at El Carmen; with this in view, I look forward with sincere anxiety, but at the same time, hopefulness.

"With every sentiment of esteem, and respectful remembrance to the Committee,

"I remain, yours very faithfully,

"The Rev. W. Gray. FRANCIS NEVILLE LETT."

*"On board of the 'Allen Gardiner,' Monte Video Bay,
October 30th, 1862.*

"Dear Sir,—Dear Mr. Stirling requested of me to write to you. Mr. Stirling and Mr. Lett having described the voyage, there remains little more to me. But first I thank God for his protection during our voyage thither, and I have the firm hope that He will be with us in our work and labour, and bless it with His blessing. I am enjoying Monte Video, and especially the country; although compared with home it appears half civilised; the Spaniards here appear to be very civil and kind. Mr. Rau wishes to be remembered. Pray remember me to the Committee, and to your dear family.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
JOHN ANDRES."

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LOTA.

We had intended to call the attention of our readers this month to the great liberality of the merchants of Valparaiso, and of our friends at Lota, in erecting that valuable station, but the press of other matter obliges us to postpone it. Meanwhile we give the letter of Mr. Coombe, without comment.

*"October 8th, 1862.*

"Since my last letter, written from Valparaiso, I have returned to Lota, and am glad to be once more quietly settled to my work, which I hope (D.V.) to be enabled to prosecute without let or hindrance. I am happy to inform you that my visit to Valparaiso was attended with more than anticipated success. As

a matter of course I appealed to Mr. D. to aid me in raising the required sum, but he wished to assist in defraying the expenses of Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker's removal to Rio Santa Cruz.

“Notwithstanding a bazaar in aid of an hospital held during my stay, at which \$3,500 were raised, I am happy to say I collected \$532, £106 8s. 0*d.* As you are well acquainted with the difficulty of collecting, I need not say that this sum was not easily obtained in a fortnight, especially in a city which had been well canvassed previous to my arrival, but I am sure you will not fail to recognise the hand of Providence with our work.

“Besides the mere fact of this present help I feel that good has resulted from the visit, inasmuch as that it enabled me to win the confidence of those already acquainted with the work, and enlist the sympathies of others not aware of the Society's operations on this coast. I must say that the kindly feeling manifested was most gratifying—and I have no hesitation in saying that should we at some future period need the like assistance, it will be as cordially rendered.

MR. GARDINER HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A VERY SUCCESSFUL VISIT OR RATHER JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR, AMONGST THE INDIANS. I hope with God's blessing shortly to have the pleasure of erecting our outpost at —, which will, I trust, facilitate the task of acquiring the Indian language—a work we are earnestly desirous to accomplish, that the heathen may in their own language hear the wonderful things of God. I may mention, in conclusion, that my kind friend the Rev. R. Trumbull has given me a DICTION-

ARY AND GRAMMAR OF THE CHILIDUGU LANGUAGE, WHICH ARE EXTREMELY RARE AND DIFFICULT TO BE OBTAINED. THEY WILL BE OF GREAT USE TO US."

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SANTA CRUZ.

We hail the letter of Mr. Schmid as the sign of good things in store for us. It is a private letter to the Rev. Charles Bull, and was never intended for the public eye.

The mails at the Falklands are at present as irregular as it is possible to conceive. When our Superintendent was at Monte Video he reported four months' mails for the Falklands lying there—when they were to be forwarded seemed a complete mystery. Mr. Bull most kindly writes to us, sending his own letter and this private letter of Mr. Schmid, *viâ* Malagâ. Mr. Schmid's journal and letter to the Committee have not yet reached us.

We may congratulate ourselves therefore on having the present information by a chance vessel.

"SANTA CRUZ, *July*, 1862.

"Dear Mr. Bull,—There being a schooner near Sea Lion Island, loading guano, and bound to Stanley, I seize the opportunity to forward this letter by her Captain. You will be very anxious to know how we are getting on, and I am equally desirous to inform you about it. It gives me much pleasure to be able to say that we are progressing most satisfactorily, and beyond any thing I could have expected, and that too in the height of winter. Since my first letter to you from this place, a great change has been effected here; and, I believe, you would give us great credit, if you

had seen the place at the time when the schooner left us, and if you could see it now, after a month.

“First of all I ought to state that I am convinced we could not have gone on so well, had Joseph not been here. I consider it a wonderful evidence of God’s providential dealings with us to cause the *Wizard* to return to Stanley, and to provide that J. should come in Smyley’s schooner after all, and that at a moment when we were ready to leave the harbour.

“Neither Mr. Hunziker nor Gardiner could have realized the accommodation and shelter we now enjoy; I am sure of that, and it would have taken them much more time than could have been spared, owing to the weather getting cold. J. made an addition to the little cottage, from the boards I bought from Mr. Goss, and finished it entirely the first week of our settling here, on Saturday, June 7th. This made one room of 6 feet 6 by 8, and having no window, J. put three small panes of glass one in each side of the room. This room is on the north side of the old cottage, and is separated from the other room by the original end, leaving out three planks for a doorway, to pass in and out. A curtain of red baize which I made, covers this doorway; but this at present serves more for ornament than for any thing else, since the nightly occupant of the additional room wishes to partake of the benefit of the stove.

“I will now give you some information on our domestic arrangements and occupations, knowing it will interest you much to hear how we manage this portion of our work.

“We rise at 7 o’clock, but on account of the darkness no work is done before breakfast. Gardiner pre-



pare it and we sit down to it at 8 o'clock, as regularly as possible, for I insist upon its being ready by that time. It consists of oatmeal porridge and biscuit, sometimes of fresh meat. We all like the former much more, and wish we had more oatmeal than we now have. Immediately after breakfast we have morning prayer, which I conduct as follows: singing some hymn (out of the Christian Knowledge Society's hymn book, your present to me and H.) which I choose each day, according to my liking; then I read a portion of Scripture, (the prophet Isaiah) on which I venture to make some remarks, principally for practice sake, and I conclude by offering up prayer. Mr. H. leads the singing, he having a good voice, but as he is not much acquainted with the English tunes I choose them, taking those that are best known. After morning prayer, Joseph and Hunziker go with their guns to get a guanaco, an ostrich, or a goose. Both guanacoes and ostriches are numerous about here, but they are so wily that there is no getting within gunshot of them. The only way to succeed is to lie in ambush behind a shrub, and wait for them. Ostriches come into our valley every day, but very often not within range of the hidden enemy, or not at the time when one is on the look out for them. J. has, however, been successful several times, having killed four or five ostriches, and a guanaco, whom we succeeded in driving into the water at high tide, close to the cottage. Once in the water he belonged to us. Joseph shot him dead, and we launched our boat to fetch him on shore as rapidly as possible, for the tide began to ebb and to carry him down the stream. Thus we obtained a

good supply of fresh meat, which lasted us a good time. We have now good reasons for being glad at having a good boat; in a place like this it is a necessary article.

“After the chase, J. and Mr. H. go to work about the house. Gardiner cooks dinner. I send him to work as soon as he has washed the things after dinner, either to clear away brushwood in the place where we shall have our garden, or any other job. We work till 5 o'clock, soon after which hour we have tea. I generally contrive to do some inside work towards evening, when I make the water ready for tea at the same time. Our dinner, I ought to have stated, consists either of guanaco or ostrich flesh with rice, the one day baked, the other stewed. Gardiner cooks on Saturdays the dinner for Sunday, and then he does no afternoon work out of door; I have directed him to do so. Our tea includes some meat left from dinner, or a fry of guanaco or ostrich liver, heart, &c. Having procured some excellent leaven from Capt. Norris's vessel, we have some good bread (for tea only) which Joseph makes and which I bake. We consume a small loaf every evening, the appetites of our party being vigorous. Joseph generally makes three loaves which constitute one batch, which it takes me an hour and a quarter to bake in our excellent stove. At 6.30 we have our daily evening prayer, which I have desired Mr. H. to conduct. We sing one of the evening hymns in the hymn book. Mr. H. reads the 2nd lesson for the evening, and concludes with prayer. Joseph and Gardiner are always present.

“Before and after evening prayer I give Gardiner lessons in orthography or arithmetic alternately.

The men retire about 7, and we about 8.30, having to be careful of our candles.

“The climate of Santa Cruz seems to be a very fine one—I mean, free from that damp which prevails in the Falklands. We have had a continuance of clear weather, but I think much colder than it is with you. Last new moon, after one day’s snowing the weather cleared up suddenly, and we had four days of bitter cold, my thermometer standing at  $9^{\circ}$ ,  $6^{\circ}$ ,  $5^{\circ}$ ,  $2^{\circ}$ , on these days, June 28—July 1, in the morning at 7.15. a.m.; about two in the afternoon it stood at  $17^{\circ}$ ,  $22^{\circ}$ ,  $21^{\circ}$ ,  $17^{\circ}$ . In the evening, about sun-set,  $13^{\circ}$ ,  $13^{\circ}$ ,  $10^{\circ}$ ,  $13^{\circ}$ . I do not think you will have it so cold in Stanley, although this winter will be severer than the last, even there.

“I am keeping a weather journal, and take three observations per day—7. 30. a. m., 2. p. m., and 4. or sunset. Joseph has made me a nice weathervane to indicate the direction of the wind.

“How thankful and glad I was to have good shelter to cover us, and good warm beds, with an abundance of fuel, when those bitter cold days came on of which I spoke just now. In respect to the stove I ought to state, that we are far better off than either with a chimney, which would consume too much of our light fuel, or with a stove of different description, in which we could not cook with convenience. It consumes very little fuel (except on very cold days) and I bake a batch of bread with one small armfull of sticks, using some brushwood to heat the oven underneath. There is very much of that fern or heather about here which gives out a great heat.



“With regard to our provisions, I have the pleasure to be able to state, that we have, I think, enough for more than six months, although there is one person more then I calculated for. Last week and this we have been very successful in our hunting. We procured three guanacoës in two days, about three miles from this place, and we dragged them home on the snow along the beach. All four of us were harnessed to a carcass with ropes and leather thongs. If there had been a horse or a mule here, we should certainly not have performed horse’s or mule’s labour, for it was heavy work to drag. However, we were glad to do it for the sake of the supply of meat which we thus obtained. Both our dogs have now learned to catch ostriches, so that we need no longer go after them and consume time by waiting for them as formerly; and besides it saves our powder and shot.

“On Sunday, June 29th, Captain Norris, and Captain Fordham of the *Elba*, paid us a visit, but they were not here at the time when they could have joined us at our Sabbath worship; they took some dinner, but the tide being not far from turning against them, they stopped only one hour with us and then returned to their vessels. Whilst I think of it I would ask you if you could send me one of those tracts of prayers which you used in your family worship. I do not always feel equal to praying extempore at our daily worship. Captain Fordham having promised to give I. H. a passage to the mount, we shall soon lose his services, but we can go on now without him. He is quiet, civil, works well, and attends our daily prayer. When Captain Norris has gone, and the weather



permits it, we shall try to call the Indians by lighting a fire. The Captain has spirits on board and wants to trade with the Indians; now we do not want drunken Indians with us; I have had quite enough of them in that state during my first wanderings. On Saturday last Mr. H. and Joseph, in walking along the beach found a dead porpoise, which they dragged home. It will give us about 3 or 4 gallons of oil when we dry it out, and is a very opportune supply. We trust the *Allen Gardiner* will visit us in October, if not sooner. August 11th, I was afraid I should have to send away the letter without news of the Indians, but I have the pleasure of informing you that the Indians are in the neighbourhood. They have been on board Captain Norris's schooner, and the *Elba*, and have supplied those vessels with guanaco meat. The Captain told them of our establishment here. Capt. Fordham came up here yesterday with an Indian, about 8. 30 P. M. They remained over night and returned this morning to the vessel. THE INDIAN WAS A STRANGER TO ME, HAVING NEVER BEEN SOUTH OF SANTA CRUZ BEFORE. HE ASKED ME MY NAME, AND WHEN I TOLD HIM, HE REMEMBERED IT, HAVING HEARD IT FROM OTHER INDIANS THAT CAME FROM THE SOUTH TWO YEARS AGO. There is an encampment of theirs on the north shore, and there are some INDIANS AMONG THEM WHO KNOW ME; HAVING BEEN DOWN SOUTH WHEN I WAS FIRST AMONG THEM. WHEN THE INDIAN LEFT WITH CAPT. FORDHAM, HE TOOK MY HAND AND SHOOK IT AS IF WE HAD BEEN FRIENDS OF SOME YEARS STANDING. HE WAS DELIGHTED AT THE TREATMENT HE RECEIVED FROM US, AND PROMISED TO COME WITH HIS

FRIENDS AS SOON AS THE RIVER COULD BE PASSED. We cannot undertake to transport the Indians across this place in our boat. The tide is too strong, and there are not sufficient hands to manage the boat, to enable us to CROSS. ONE must always be at home; and Mr. H. is not an expert puller, and I am still less so.

“There is now the day dawning, I hope which will find us engaged in Missionary work. I DO NOT THINK WE HAVE ANY THING TO FEAR FROM THESE INDIANS. THEY SPEAK THE LANGUAGE, A GREAT PART OF WHICH I HAVE LEARNED. WHEN OUR SOUTHERN FRIENDS HEAR OF OUR BEING HERE, THEY WILL BECOME JEALOUS OF THESE HERE, AND COME TOO.

“We were expecting some vessels from the Falklands, but it seems this severe winter keeps them there. I am most anxious now to be heard of, and to hear myself; we have had much snow and severely cold weather last week, we could do no gardening work, for the ground was and still is frozen.

“I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,  
THEOPHILUS SCHMID.”

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#### EDITOR'S BOX.

Received “Native Agency,” “Chapter for Children,” &c. we regret much that we have no space for them this month. The Journal of Mr. Despard is in print, and will appear next month. He speaks so kindly of all those whom he has met in Scotland, and who have aided him in his work, that we deeply regret our inability to give it.

## OUR MEANS AND HOW MUCH WE NEED THEM.

It is a very pleasant task to return thanks. There are few duties more grateful to the mind, and that duty is certainly imperative at the present time. Let us first state that, allowing for a mistake of £100 which crept into the foreign receipts last year, through no fault of our late Secretary and present able Superintendent, in round numbers our income during the year just past has exceeded the income of the previous year, by more than £1000.

When one looks at all the difficulties which beset the early part of last year—when one weighs calmly the extremely nice and delicate position which the Committee occupied when the machinery abroad was so out of working order in all the stations except Lota—when one reflects that there were no conversions, strictly speaking, and no advance in the position occupied by the Society, then, and perhaps not till then, does the ground of gratitude and thanksgiving present itself fully to the mind. But we may make this more striking still by reference to the heavy demands made upon our home sympathies during the year just passed. Sympathy so great, so natural, and so absorbing, as to cause older, and more firmly

established societies, to feel the pressure exceedingly. When under these combined circumstances a young Society, with all its work before it, rises superior to those things which, humanly speaking, were certain almost to destroy it—when its income not only is not diminished but is absolutely increased in a very large proportion, we are constrained to say, *truly this is the finger of God*. We believe it to be God's doing—marvellous in our eyes—and we believe it to be also *in answer to fervent believing prayer*.

Our thanks ascend then first to our covenant God. Praised be His name for all His goodness and kindness towards us. Our thanks are due in the second place to him who made the sacrifice of house, and home, and country, to act as our Superintendent in the foreign field. Much of the confidence felt at home and abroad may be traced to this act of self sacrifice. May it be recompensed to him an hundred fold.

Again, our thanks are due to our kind, generous, confiding friends, who through good report, and through ill report, through success, and through seeming failure, in the abundance of the riches of our country, and in its direst need, have firmly stood beside us to uphold our hands, and to sympathise with our needs. True friends they are, born for the day of adversity. May the rich and abundant blessing of Him who repays even



the cup of cold water given in His name, cause them to know in whom they have believed.

But now there is another question. Do we require all that we have received? The answer is simple; Yes, and much more besides. We are and must needs be straitened till the debt on the *Allen Gardiner* is fully paid. The general fund has advanced it money, and in doing this has considerably hampered the Committee in doing what they ought to do without delay.

Besides the nine Missionaries now at work, (a large increase over former years), besides the vessel and the Mission Station, which, combined with the Missionaries, absorb all the means at the Committee's disposal, there are loud calls to occupy fresh ground. Let us take some of the most pressing.

I. As our readers will see there is an effort now made to occupy fresh ground beside Monte Video, amongst our own countrymen—some help—probably £100 per annum—will be needed for this.

II. At Lota, Mr. Gardiner writes, that our opportunities are drifting away because we do not send him other Missionaries. In the Report we shall refer more to this, but here we may say that in Araucania we require at the very least another £150 per annum, besides the £150, in addition to salaries, just voted by the Committee.

III. In Buenos Ayres a movement is going on to

raise funds for entering the Gran Chaco district. We shall doubtless receive help from Buenos Ayres for this purpose. A clergyman on the spot seems also ready to enter into His work. Let us say £150 per annum in addition for this Station—even without a Schoolmaster—and our friends will at once see that there is enough of pressing need. We do not speak of the overwhelming need of the continent, but simply of openings pressed upon us, and of which we may avail ourselves with but little increase of funds.

The practical question before us is, what can we do? We will try to answer this.

I. Let children work for us. Dear little children, of whom the Saviour wrote, “of such is the kingdom of heaven,” and again, “their angels do always behold the face of my Father.” Some of these even in Monte Video, as Mr. Stirling writes, are working for us. One dear little child at Carnarvon, four years old, Maria Lloyd, collected a sum of £1 12s. 5d. for the *Allen Gardiner*. Children collect £10,000 per annum for the Wesleyans. We must not forget Mr. Gardiner’s message to them that a humming bird has its nest, and five eggs, in a hollow post that forms part of the school paling, doubtless a gentle hint to them to come beside us and gladden our hearts, as their tiny active bodies move briskly for us in the sunlight. We shall not object if they also bring five golden eggs each. Here is a machinery which is

yet scarce in motion for the Society, and which may do much.

II. Let penny collectors renew their work; there has been, seemingly at least, a large falling off in the receipts from this quarter. Let them read the letter which we append, and we think they cannot resist imitating the devoted lady who writes.

“KEMERTON, *Dec. 6th*, 1862.

“Having for years taken the deepest interest in the Patagonian Society, and being removed from a town to a country village, where my neighbours no longer class with the wealthy, I resolved to try what might be done to raise in pence what could no longer be obtained by pounds. With this hope I visited the cottages and the poor in their houses, and I send you a pound. Warmly was I received. As a specimen of more—I sat by a bedridden man, told my tale of South America, and with tears of joy I received from himself and wife each *3d.* to help to teach the poor South Americans, who had never heard of a Saviour, the only hope for fallen man.

“SELINA DAVIES.”

III. Let each Collector try to obtain another, and each Subscriber try to kindle a love of the cause in the heart of only one other, and a vast access of strength will be gained.

IV. Let clergymen come forward to aid the work. We can, we think, answer for the Secretary, that he will gladly supply information to all who wish to assist. None can aid as they.



V. Let there be a central depôt for work in Clifton. There can then be an annual sale, which is likely to help much; from this central depôt may be sent at any time supplies of work to other towns where ladies are found ready to undertake the sale of it. Some oil paintings have been sent for sale—it gives a new idea of what may be accomplished if a little energy is thrown into the work.

VI. Collecting boxes aid much. Last year we were present at a meeting in a small town not far from London, at which collecting boxes were laid on the table containing about £70. Let collecting boxes be scattered over the country, and well placed, and the result is not doubtful.

Our readers may depend upon this that there is an immense work to be done, which as yet we have only touched; that South America is wide open for Missionary effort, and that the opportunities of doing the work will pass away unless they are now or very speedily embraced. Let us all then with hearts filled with gratitude, strengthened by hope, beckoned on by opportunities of spreading the Saviour's name, and knowing the need which exists, leaning on our Father's arm, and praying for a blessing on our efforts at home and abroad, determine, in God's strength, that this year we will do our utmost to advance the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour in South America.



## MONTE VIDEO.

We have very great pleasure in presenting to our readers the letter of one so highly and deservedly esteemed as the Rev. S. Adams, the English Chaplain at Monte Video. This letter is important, as showing what has been accomplished by Mr. Stirling. It is also valuable as showing the taste of the English in Monte Video, in matters of needlework. We append also his letter to the Estancieros, and the list of the Committee of merchants and others at Monte Video, who have so kindly undertaken to help forward our work. Quite as important a work is going on in Buenos Ayres in reference to the Society, to which we will refer more fully in our Report. With respect to the salary of a Chaplain in the camp, the Committee will be only too happy to aid it, if the means are placed at their disposal for such an excellent object; an object which commends itself to the judgment of most Christian men. Our friends will remember that it is a post which the Committee had fondly hoped would be filled by Mr. Despard, and to which, under such a hope, they had promised all the aid in their power.

“MONTE VIDEO, *November 29th*, 1862.

“My dear Sir,—Before this reaches you, you will have heard from Mr. Stirling of the safe arrival at Monte Video, of himself and Mrs. Stirling, and of the whole party who sailed from England with them in the *Allen Gardiner*; of his reception in this place, and in Buenos Ayres, and of his proceedings in both cities on behalf of your Society. I believe that his visit has been productive of much good. Difficulties which

existed in the minds of many have been removed or lessened; the interest of your former friends has been increased, while an interest in your work has been excited in many quarters in which none previously prevailed. I believe that considerable confidence is felt in Mr. Stirling. The minutes of a meeting which we held here, and at which a Committee\* was formed, and a subscription list opened, have been sent to you. The subscriptions, most of them annual, have amounted to about £40 (paid to Mr. Stirling) which is a considerable advance upon your former receipts, while the number of contributors has greatly increased. The sum is small, perhaps, as compared with that collected in Buenos Ayres, but the English community there is much larger and wealthier than here, and the contributors were gathered out of three congregations, while here we have but one. A subscription, moreover, which amounted to £400, on behalf of the distressed operatives at home, was going on during Mr. Stirling's visit, and I had preached a sermon and made a collection for this object on the Sunday preceding that on which he occupied my pulpit, and made a statement in support of your Society. There was consequently no collection after his sermon. I shall, however, be happy D. V. to preach and make a collection for your Society next year. A Ladies' Committee also has been appointed, and they have agreed to hold a sale of work during

\* REV. S. ADAMS, Chairman.—RICHARD HUGHES, Esq.—FREDERICK HUGHES, Esq.—SAMUEL LAFONE, Esq.—C. S. MAC LEAN, Esq. The List of Subscribers will appear in the Annual Report.

next year, in July or August. Mrs. Adams is writing by the present mail to ———, who collected work last year, and she has enclosed a list of such articles as are best adapted for sale. The other members of the Committee are writing to their friends in England, requesting them to send work to you, not later than the 1st of May. A notice might also be inserted in the "Voice of Pity," as was done in the former instance. The ladies request me to say that it would be well to append to any advertisement a P. S. to the effect that no book-markers or pen-wipers be sent. Many of the things we received last time were almost positively unsaleable. The things to which I refer were lately sold at an auction, and I received 20 dollars, 160 reis (ø20. 160.) for them, two days ago. This amount I will send you by the mail of next month, by which I usually make my annual remittances to the societies we support. The work should be sent to you not later than the 1st May, and it should be sent off as soon as possible afterwards to Liverpool.

"I enclose one of my circulars to the camp. In case we should require it, will your Committee make us an annual grant towards the stipend of the Chaplain?"

"Believe me, &c.

SAMUEL ADAMS."

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"MONTE VIDEO, 25th June, 1862.

"My dear Sir,—It is to myself and to many others a matter of deep regret, that no provision exists for



meeting the spiritual wants of our fellow countrymen in the camp of Banda Oriental. It has, moreover, been my earnest wish for sometime to aid, as far as I may be able, in procuring the services of a Clergyman of the Church of England, who might labour in such districts, as, from the number of British subjects resident therein, and their willingness to contribute to his support, might appear to present a suitable field for him. I have been much encouraged by finding that a desire to secure the services of such a Clergyman extensively prevails among the Estancieros, many of whom have expressed to me their sense of the benefits which a right-minded and earnest man would, under God, be the means of conferring upon themselves, their families and dependants, and their readiness to extend a welcome to him, and, as far as their means would reasonably admit, to become responsible for providing for him an adequate stipend. In the camp of Buenos Ayres, districts have been marked out and a Clergyman has been for some years, I believe, at work in one of them. But there, the main difficulty, with which we in this Republic have to contend, does not exist, viz., the paucity and the scattered condition of the British residents. The most advisable plan for us to attempt would be, perhaps, to group together two or three districts, the most thickly peopled with British residents, the spiritual oversight of which might be assigned to an itinerating Clergyman, having a house at some central point. A schedule of his work might be drawn up and circulated through the districts, so that all might know at what place and at what hour on each Sunday divine service would be



held; while, during a portion of the week, he would visit the families on the adjoining Estancias. I visited the district of the 'Perdido,' in December, 1860 (a scheme for which failed through the lamented decease of its main supporter) and that of 'Chamanga,' in December, 1861. It is now proposed that a commencement shall be made by uniting these two districts with that of 'Colonia,' provided we find, as we hope to do, that the British residents in 'Colonia' should approve of the plan, and should be willing to co-operate with those in the other two. Similar arrangements might follow for other districts, if the information supplied to me in reply to this letter should seem to warrant them. I have already communicated with the Bishop of London, and his lordship has replied, 'I shall be glad if I can be of any use respecting such an itinerating Clergyman as you mention.' For my own part I shall be happy, as far as my duties will permit, to visit any part of the camp, and to confer with those who may consider such a scheme as I have suggested to be suited to their district, and who may be desirous of carrying it out. I have to request that you will kindly furnish me with information respecting the names, the number, the condition, &c. of the British residents in your district, entering the returns in the respective columns of the subjoined table. I send you two or three copies of this letter, in case you should wish to solicit the assistance of some friends in procuring the necessary information. It will also aid me materially if you will kindly send me a rough pen and ink sketch of your

district, with the names and the position, with reference to your own, of those adjoining.

“Believe me to be, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

SAMUEL ADAMS, B. A.,

*British Chaplain at Monte Video.*”

| Name. | Single or Married. | No. in Family. | Condition<br>Estanciero,<br>Peon or<br>Otherwise. | Address. | Whether *<br>willing to<br>contribute to<br>the support of<br>a Chaplain. |
|-------|--------------------|----------------|---------------------------------------------------|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|       |                    |                |                                                   |          |                                                                           |

\*“This column is specially intended to be filled up by the British residents in the districts of the ‘Perdido,’ ‘Chamanga,’ and ‘Colonia.’ The Estancia of the Messrs. Roosen, on account of its central position with reference to the three districts, has been suggested to me, as offering the best site for the Chaplain’s residence. When I have received the information, which I seek through this letter, I will endeavour to make arrangements, with the permission of the Messrs. Roosen, to meet those who are interested in this proposal, at their Estancia, when a Committee might be appointed and other steps might be taken for accomplishing the object we have in view. I beg to add that I shall be thankful for hints and suggestions upon any of the above points.

“S. A.”

#### Cranmer.

It is some time since we have been able to give any detail respecting the operations at Cranmer. It is therefore with much pleasure that we give this month some letters and part of Mr. Bridges’ journal which show how matters prosper. By and by we may expect, from the finished pen of our Superintendent, a graphic account of what he has seen there, but meanwhile the simple letters we present are very interesting,

and even powerful in their unstudied pleadings. May the hand that preserved from danger and death, shield and guide the Indian still, and make him blessed and a blessing.

*" July 25th, 1862.*

" Rev. Sir,—I am sorry to tell you we have had Ookokko laid up for some time, owing to an unexpected misfortune from our tame bull, which you bought of Mr. Despard. He has been on the island now five years. Ookokko, as you know, assists me a little with the cattle, in the mornings, as it was Mr. Despard's wish for him to learn to milk, and he does it tolerably well, although slow. This morning I had a heifer tied up in the yard, which I told Ookokko not to let go, but he forgot what I told him till he had let her go some distance, then he remembered what I had told him, and went to fetch her back. I had gone to the dairy with the milk, and as I was coming over the hill with water for my dairy use, I saw the cows in a confusion, and wondered what was the matter, so I put down the water and began to run and call out Ookokko, but not thinking for a minute the bull had attacked him, but so it was. He told me he got too close to him, and the bull turned round and charged him. Ookokko went to run, but having on a pair of new boots he slipped and tumbled down, then the bull pushed him about on the ground a good deal, and bruised him considerably; he tried to throw him up, but could not because his horns were cut. Ookokko said, as soon as the bull heard me halloo he left him; so when I got to the place Ookokko was gone on the beach to his house, but as soon as I went up to the cattle the bull ran at me, but I began to throw at him, and he



soon left me. I went directly to Ookokko's house, and found him lying on the bed—his wife had gone to my house for me. I went to Mr. Hunziker, and got him to attend to O. through the day, and at night Mr. Bridges and I sat up with him, applying cold water cloths to the bruises; on the morrow he was much better, the little inflammation had gone down; then we kept it rubbed well with liniment, and he seems to be quite well. I am glad to say it is a great mercy it did not kill him, if it had happened on the beach I have no doubt it would, but God has mercifully preserved him, and raised him up again; no doubt for some good purpose he is fitting him; he seems very happy and comfortable with his wife and two children, a baby girl lately born.

“ W. BARTLETT.”

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“*July 24, 1862.*”

“Rev. Sir,—I send you a few lines, to let you know how our Fuegian friends are faring. I am happy to be able to give you a good account of them. Ookokko has pretty well recovered from his attack from the bull, I am happy to say; it was a great mercy he was not hurt worse; if his bones had been broken he would have stood a poor chance of recovery, poor man; he seemed to feel it very much—he said he was afraid he should die when the bull had him down. He generally comes up Tuesdays to turn the churn for me; he told me his countrymen never heard there was a God, and that now they were very bad men in his country. He said that he shall tell them, when he goes back, that he has learnt about God, and that bad men cannot go to heaven. He said, when his country-



men hear about God, as Mr. Bridges taught him, they will be better men. God grant the time may soon arrive when they shall hear of that Saviour in their own tongue. Camelena has a fine little baby, girl, born on the 31st of May; they are very fond of their children, their little boy is a nice little fellow, he comes up with his father on Tuesdays to have a play with my children; it seems a great pity that such a nice little interesting child should go back to his father's country to be brought up in sin. Ookokko wishes that his son should learn English, like my children. I have another baby, a little girl, 3 months' old. Camelena was very kind and attentive to me, when I was poorly, and I have done all I could for her, for I like her very much. She certainly is a very quiet, gentle woman, very unlike the others that were here; she is also very clean and tidy. Please give my Christian regards to Mrs. Stirling.

"From your obedient servant,  
E. BARTLETT."

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"Sir,—I shall always be happy to do any thing I can for the natives when they are here, in the way of teaching them to sew or knit, house work, or any thing I can. Camelena has made several things under my instruction for her children, it would be a good thing to have the stuff sent out not made up, for children's clothes, as it generally has to be altered, and it is also doing them good to have work to do. Camelena likes sewing very well, she is always asking me for work, but I cannot always keep her supplied, as the articles are made up. We want some cheap unbleached calico out here for children and female

use, some men's and women's stockings; when they are here they must have things to wear that resemble ours, or they don't think they are dressed as they ought to be. I generally let my baby wear caps the first month, so when the little Fuegian baby was born Camelena asked me for caps, the same as my baby wore, she thought her baby was not dressed without a cap on; but I like to encourage her, for she tries to imitate me in almost every way, and I think it is the way for them to get on; it quite disheartens them if they think they differ in any way from us. However I am very happy myself to see them so far advanced in civilization, there seems to be some little hope of their becoming a better race of men.

"E. BARTLETT."

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*Thursday, May 29th.*—This morning I corrected a letter of Ookokkowenche's own composition, and writing to Mr. Despard. He wrote very many of the words correctly, but he said that his boy was very tiresome. He could make out his own writing some days after. The weather continues very bad. I have been busy writing Fuegian and reading.

*Friday, May 30th.*—Bartlett and I digging potatoes, because Ookokko is rather weak; he picked up for us very cheerfully. In the evening I went down to his house, and found him reading a history of Moses. He gave me a deplorable account of the state of his people. There was a husband and wife who lived very unhappy together; on one occasion, the man having very cruelly beaten his wife threatened her life, on which she offered to paddle him over to the other side, that he might do as he said, *which was*

accordingly done. If need is a strong motive to exertion, all good men should combine, to bring to these destitute people the Gospel of peace and love.

"*Saturday, May 31st.*—Ookokkowenche is father to a second child this day, a daughter. Bartlett and I digging potatoes.

"*Saturday, June 7th.*—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were three fine days, on which we all worked at potato digging. On Thursday the *Immanuelita* came in on her way to Patagonia for seal.

"We have always met with marked civility, and good will from the sealers. Being asked for something to read I gave them some of your tracts, *Voice of Pity*, and *unbound Sundays at Home*. Friday was very wet. The natives are doing very well, as all are here.

"*Sunday, June 8th.*—This morning the *Immanuelita* took her departure—the worship of God was duly observed. The natives were greatly interested with an account of the wonders relating to the history of Moses. I have been reading *Scott's Commentary*, *Watts's Scripture History*, &c.

"*Saturday, June 14th.*—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday we were all digging potatoes. Friday and Saturday very cold, and much snow, so we weighed up what were out. In the evenings I visited the natives, hearing them read, and telling them stories, which they frequently ask me to do. Ookokko has a very fair heap of potatoes, which he husbans with great care, intending to take them to his own country, for food and for planting. I have employed much time in writing out in order what words I have got. I should have mentioned that Ookokko has made a



neat cap for himself, not because he needed any, but that he likes to do such things.

“ *Tuesday, June 17th.* — In our conversation Ookokko told me that some of the natives wanted to hide the *Allen Gardiner* in some secret cove, among trees; at another time, after all the things had been taken out of her, their cupidity not being satisfied, some began to break what they could, in search for treasure, and lit fires in several places, but the Woollya people having knowledge of it went aboard in a body, and dissuaded them from their plans by telling them that there was nothing more to be found, and that Englishmen would not be so enraged if they should find their ship whole, and that she would be fitted up again.

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JOURNAL OF THE REV. G. P. DESPARD.

(Continued.)

*Friday, 24th.*—About lectures, and found helpers in Rev. Mr. W. and Mr. C. Very soon made arrangements for three sermons by Mr. Walker on the 9th, and a meeting for both on the 10th. Mr. C. invited me to make his house my home. His name is in all the churches for hospitality, and ever ready response to a call for help in a worthy cause. Visited a good many persons for aid.

*Saturday, 25th.*—On the road to Stirling—arrived in the evening and proceeded to Dr. C. G. for orders. Found him a prime man, up to every good work.

*Sunday, 26th.*—Preached three times. Erskine Church, forenoon; Dr. Beith's Church, afternoon; Union Hall, evening. Not much to boast of in



collections from these occasions, but another year they will be more alive to help.

*Monday, 27th.*—Mr. P. Drummond took me to see his extraordinary tract magazine, whence tons of paper, printed over with religious matter, are sent forth into the world yearly, and where £100 of postage stamps are consumed *every month*. A very fine building outside, and in this same tract depôt, 36 hands are daily at work, sorting, packing, and despatching. He does not print. When will he have to send a few cwt. monthly to South America?

Same day off for Perth. Evening, called upon friends; got encouragement.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—Made all needful arrangements in Perth for meeting to-morrow, and left to try for a meeting in St. Andrews, on Thursday evening; called upon Dr. A., in St. Andrew's, and found in dear Mrs. A. a particular friend of the Society, and intimate also with my relations and friends in North America. Much encouraged by this gentleman and his helpmate; called upon authorities connected with the Madras school, and found them most obliging, and willing to give the use—out of the way—of a large room in that institution, for a meeting on Thursday evening; in professor M. also found a kind helper, so my affair was soon settled, and on Wednesday returned to Perth; was received in hospitality by excellent people, Rev. J. M. and wife, and from them heard much of the Lord's doings in India. Our meeting came off in the evening with some encouragement, and assurances from hearers that our cause has received considerable benefit of interest from the

details imparted, and that another meeting will show more palpable results.

*Thursday, 30th.*—In the morning made a call upon an old supporter, some way from Perth, but disappointed of my object—lady was engaged. Evening had expected meeting in classical room of Madras college—attendance small, and collection corresponding—but hope for more to come in.

*Friday, 31st.*—Left for Edinburgh, on reaching which, called upon our Secretary, and directed by him to apply to Rev. Mr. C. for use of his pulpit. Sunday evening went by train to Trinity—saw my brother C.—at first he demurred, on ground of many collections, but when he thought of *His Lord* and *His* bounty to him and his people, his heart relented, and he with most affectionate expression granted the use of his pulpit. Returned to Edinburgh and got the matter put into the “Advertiser” for to-morrow.

*Saturday, 1st November.*—Called upon several friends, amongst them Mr. C. “Where are you staying?” quoth he, “at the hotel.” “Oh! that musn’t be, come away to our home, and make your home with us.” And so my quarters became the hospitable and comfortable house of this warm hearted Christian brother.

My nephew—Royal Marines—came to Edinburgh to see me, and we spent a couple of hours pleasantly together in conversation, and visiting the notabilities of this noble city.

*Sunday, 2nd.*—Helped brother C., and received the memorials of a Saviour’s love *unto death* for me. May I love unto death, through death, and beyond death unto eternity, so great a Saviour! preached in Dr.

Guthrie's Church, and received a portion of the collection, about one-third.

Evening, preached in Ch. Ch. Chapel, and received the whole collection, just double of the afternoon's. But it was a great advantage to have been permitted to invite the notice of so great and influential a congregation as Dr. Guthrie's to this subject, and deserving of gratitude to this renowned minister. It is customary in Scotch churches to deduct the usual sum of contribution from the collection made on special occasions, and to give the balance to the extraordinary preacher.

*Monday, 3rd.*—Visiting for Society.

*Tuesday, 4th.*—Went down to Helensburg to see for an opening, called upon a good many Christian people, and succeeded in my object.

*Wednesday, 5th.*—Made final arrangements for meeting in Helensburgh, and went on to Dumbarton. Called upon Rev. J. T., received with open arms. Church door thrown open—own house thrown open. In two hours every arrangement, and on the rails, and away to Kilmarnock *via* Glasgow. In carriage thither made acquaintance with a pious woman, who directed me to the Rev. Mr. R. as a helpful man in a very influential congregation. I did not know a single person in the place. Reached Kilmarnock late. Next morning, being Thursday, 6th, called upon the afore-mentioned gentleman. Saw him and his wife, and they, especially the latter, declared warmly for the cause, and the pulpit of his church was put at my service. After this called upon leading men of the different denominations; got their promised help; put notice in printer's hands, and off for



Hamilton, *via* Glasgow. Reached Hamilton at 5. Called upon the leading Free Church minister—disappointed, through his absence—left a message for him with his wife, who, however, threw cold water upon my proposal. Returned to Glasgow; visited for an hour my dear friend Mrs. W. C., and at 9. 30 off for Montrose. Got there at 3. 30 of the morning of Friday, 7th November, very cold indeed. After an early breakfast visited my friend Mr. M., and summoned to the hospitality of his house. He and Mr. P. most kind; called upon several influential people. Dined at Rev. W. P.'s and had meeting in evening, very thinly attended, as the weather was cold, and folk's hearts still colder.

*Saturday, 8th.*—Went off to Brechin, to find an opening. Called upon the two leading men. The second concurred in proposal of the first, to have meeting in the Session House of his church, and offered to get notices given for the meeting. So this matter having been comfortably settled, I moved on further to Aberdeen, and reached it by 4, when I was met by Rev. J. D. M., and conveyed to the cheerful Christian habitation of Mr. R. J. Nothing could be more kind or pleasant than my treatment here.

*Sunday, 9th.*—I officiated in two Presbyterian and one Episcopal Church, and was able to urge the cause of S. A. warmly upon the support of many people.

*Monday, 10th.*—Called upon friends, and amongst them a Mrs. D. B., a very old friend of our Society. Met in the street one now high in office—once a school and college mate—who expressed regret that I had not applied to him, as he would have assisted me in any and every way. Evening we had our



meeting in Dr. D.'s Church, but as usual hearers were few.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—Started for Dundee; arrived in the evening and called upon Mr. W., taking up abode as invited with Mr. C. Had a wretched meeting in Dr. W.'s church, and received a *crown piece* for a collection. How many crown pieces would have been given if every hearer had felt the *weight* of that crown, which if he is a Christian, the Lord hath set upon his brow, the purchase of his sufferings and woe!

*Wednesday, 12th.*—Went about visiting with our friend Mr. A. C., and afternoon left for Edinburgh; alighted at my Scotch home, and received with Scotch greeting—which means, *most kind*.

*Thursday, 13th.*—Visiting again for Society with a little success.

*Friday, 14th.*—Visiting in Edinburgh and in Portobello.

*Saturday, 15th.*—Off to Portobello to get supply of preaching for Montrose, on Sunday, 23rd, but failed.

*Sunday, 16th.*—Preached and officiated three times. Dr. Candlish's, morning; the High, afternoon, when Professor B. conducted worship; and Free St. Luke's in the evening; only in the latter was there a collection for us, as the Predisruption ministers were recipients of all collections throughout the country in the Free Churches of this day. The collection was now small.

*Monday, 17th.*—Poor meeting at 2 P.M., on account of several other meetings on this day, particularly the Medical Missionary Society. Left at 4 for Greenock, and reached same for the meeting at 8.30; not many assembled to hear, but hearers very interested. Having brought our Missionary

friends so far with us as to the busy, but not very clean city of Greenock, we are sorry to be obliged to leave them here, as we have to move off to other places, and have not ability to take them with us—indeed and they'll be glad to stop and breathe a prayer and consider how the Lord has kept his servant in safety and health, and given an unmerited measure of support and encouragement. Let them with him give our Lord due praise and pray that more, far more exceedingly may be done for His own most blessed cause by every one who takes it in hand. It seems evident that want of interest in South America is not owing so much to deficient zeal for the glory of God in Christ, as to lack of knowledge respecting this great region : wherefore it is necessary that information in an attractive form should be circulated throughout the community, by means of those religious periodicals in general use. The "Voice for South America" is at present so little known and read that it does not serve to supply the want. Still, if those who take it would make a rule to procure *ten* readers for it every month it would of course very much improve in usefulness.

I would, besides, recommend the insertion in each of the leading religious newspapers of such an advertisement as the following :—

"Wanted, in each parish of the United Kingdom, *one Christian heart* to pray for, and to labour for, the extension of the glory of Christ in the Gospel in that long-neglected land, South America. Whoever is willing to give it, apply to ——— - &c. &c. for means of service."

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD.

## LOTA.

It is now some time since we promised to direct attention to this important station of the Society. In truth we owe a large share of thanks to the merchants of Valparaiso, and to those who have so steadily persevered in erecting in Lota a most valuable basis of future operations for this part of the continent. In looking over the papers connected with this centre we have been very much struck with the amount of work which has been accomplished, with very trifling cost to England.

We quote the words of Mr. Gardiner. He says: "The foundation of the Lota mission was naturally attended with very heavy expense, and cost altogether £2000." The subscriptions in Valparaiso and Lota amounted to £300; the committee gave £300, and the remainder of £1400 was paid by one large-hearted, generous man, who wishes his name not to be mentioned. England, we see, has borne a very small part of the burden in the erection of this station, only three-twentieths of the expense; seventeen-twentieths falling on others. It is, possibly, because Lota cost so little money and so little anxiety, that it has not taken so prominent a place as it deserves. It is often the most expensive and most troublesome child that claims and receives the largest share of care and



attention, if not of absolute love. We think that justice compels us to give to each child of the Mission its full share of sympathy and affection, and to see in what way those who are engaged in pioneering work may be best sustained and supported. From the latest letters we have received, there seems to be no question that it is possible to put forth, both in the Araucanian country amongst the Indians, and also amongst the English residents, more effort than has yet been used, and there seems but little question that the Society could occupy a prominent position in Chili, if only its funds allowed it to do so. There are, we must remember, in Chili thousands of English who are altogether uncared for, and there are thousands of Indians, noble and free, whom we may approach; but the opportunities for the work which now presents itself are, alas, as Mr. Gardiner truly writes, passing away. It is with a spirit tinged with sadness that he writes this. He sees clearly what may be done. He feels that he could point the way for the labourer; but he is only one amongst the thousands of scattered and neglected ones, and he can only do his own share, and sigh and pray for the work that remains undone. Preparation indeed is now being made for an Indian outpost in the Araucanian country—the Missionary is not yet on his way to the field—there is comparatively little difficulty in securing a suitable man—but



where shall we look for the means of supporting him? We answer to those who read the extracts which we give from Mr. Gardiner's journal. Possibly some of these are already giving as largely as they can afford, yet let them bethink themselves of others who would gladly help when a good case is really apparent; we were going to write—when a good case is made out—but purposely we have changed the expression, and not without reason. Without further preface we give a few extracts from Mr. Gardiner's journal, praying that God may dispose the hearts of his people towards those who live in the glorious land of Chili.

*“ September 18th.*

“ On the 18th of September, the ‘Diergiocho,’ or people's day, as it is called in Chili, there is no law from sunrise to sunset, which makes the anniversary a most uncomfortable sign in the almanac; and instead of the welcome associations of liberty, fraternity, and equality, it represents those darker shadows—gunpowder, treason, and plot. If a storekeeper's charges are considered exorbitant the threat of the ‘peons’ is, wait till the Diergiocho. If a Spanish servant has any grievance on his mind he lightens his heart by contriving to steal a fowl, or if possible a turkey, on the eve of the D. O. In the coal and copper districts the miners usually throng together, and if not held in check by a police force

or by a company of soldiers, have on some occasions committed considerable outrages. The protestant school in Chambique Valley and the burial ground on Lota Hill have naturally come in for their share of unpopularity and their turn of assault. Several times children buried there have been taken up at night, the coffins broken in pieces, and the bodies left on the ground; and last summer the captain of an English ship who died in the bay, and had been interred in the cemetery, was dragged out of his grave in the night by a rope fastened round his neck \* \* \* My watch for the mission premises consisted of four men; the day, however, passed very quietly \* \* \* contrasting favorably with the anniversary last year, when we were watching anxiously amidst much uproar and disturbance till 3 A. M., and still more comfortably with the preceding year, when we were daily expecting to be attacked by a hostile Indian tribe, and when all available hands were working at a stockade, which still remains as the memento of our panic.

“ *September 21st.*—It has been a subject of much encouragement to notice the increased respect and attention paid to the Sunday services held morning and evening in the mission school. The Sunday school is held in the afternoon, from 2 to 3.30. At the first commencement of the mission here, with the opening of the school,

March 15th, 1861, the attendance was very small, but during the last few months a spirit of enquiry having been vouchsafed to several members, the attendance has been very good, and the attention admirable. Four of the men have formed a little band of hope to pioneer a way for the gospel into the mines of Puchoco, where about fifteen Scotch families find employment. The conversion of one of these men being attended with some remarkable circumstances, leads me to hope that there is in store for him a work of usefulness amongst his friends and relations, of whom he has many here. The position of our people is an anxious one. The \* \* \* protests against us, but a still mightier protects the infant mission. No \* \* shall prevail to prevent God's word being multiplied and magnified when His set time is come. The proprietor of Puchoco mines offers the Society a piece of land for building, as a freehold. I have accepted the offer thankfully, and have proposed to the foreigners resident in Arauco Bay that a small school-house should be built by subscriptions there, in which the worship of God and a Sunday school may be conducted by any person whose heart may be stirred up. Whether anything will come of this remains to be proved, but as one good local work has been satisfactorily effected, viz. the enclosure of the English burial ground with a palisade and trench, perhaps in a



few months this may be done too. At present divine service is conducted once on the Sunday, at Puchoco in a small 'rancho,' which holds about 16, and scarcely admits of a person standing up without stooping.

"September 22nd.—Shipped an arriero (muleteer) for a cruise into the Indian territory; and organised a little troop of horses and mules to start if possible to-morrow. I hope to extend our line of intercourse as far as Campania, 115 miles south of Lota. This is a very perilous frontier for travelling alone, and I hope the Committee will soon reinforce this station with another Missionary, that two may travel, and one remain to carry on the school.

"The state of things in Chili is such that a Society like ours might hold a very superior position in the country, *but the work is drifting from us.*"

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#### EL CARMEN.

We have much pleasure in giving the following extract from two letters of our Superintendent; the first is addressed to the Committee, the second was written to a kind friend in Buenos Ayres, and forwarded to us through a mutual friend. There is a deep interest felt in Mr. Stirling, both at Buenos Ayres, and Monte Video. May the result of his visit to the Rio Negro be all that he or that we could desire, and



may the good hand of our covenant God be with our Missionary brethren, Messrs. Lett and Andres, in their untried work.

“*Allen Gardiner, RIO NEGRO.*

“*Dec. 1st. 1862.*

“My dear friends,—The pilot has just come on board, and I hear that his confederate has gone up to Carmen, to fetch down the steamer, which leaves monthly for Buenos Ayres, I therefore pen a few lines to mark progress. We did not leave Monte Video till 7 A. M. on the 25th ultimo, a pampero detained us for three days. To our great advantage a Captain Robertson, of the ship ‘*Salem*,’ offered his services, rated our chronometer by his own with great pains, and examined and set right, as far as possible, our aneroid. Of his Christian politeness, kindness, and services I cannot speak too highly. A barrel of magnificent potatoes was his present to Mrs. Stirling, and abundance of what we generally call ‘goodies’ fell to the lot of my children. I mention this only to show how graciously our Father raises up friends. Our voyage hither has been a pleasant one, but slow, owing to head winds and calms. We hit Rio Negro *to a T*. The land here was the first we sighted after quitting the mount, and it is therefore very satisfactory to see the ship’s prow pointing to the bar of the river. I went off in our boat with four men, to fetch a pilot, and succeeded, all hands in the pilot boat, which met us, could speak English, and one was with Smyley when he delivered Cole from Woollya; our little ship was well known as ‘The Missionary Schooner.’

“Mr, Harris (*see Fitzroy’s narrative,*) is still alive—

'a very old man'—and many residents at Carmen speak English. Our pilot 'does not smoke,' the announcement of which caused great applause in the cabin. Here is a good example to begin with. With a monthly steamer from this to Buenos Ayres, and an English speaking population to some extent, our dear missionary brethren will, I trust, find themselves free from the intense isolation of their faithful fellow-workers, and elders in the missionary field, at Santa Cruz. May the Lord bless them very abundantly, and prepare their way before them. I write this hastily. We are still at anchor outside the bar, waiting the evening tide; this is by no means a desirable place for ships in bad weather, but we have been prospered. God is with us, is my heart's belief, and though He causes us to be tried we are not left without true sources of rejoicing. The anchor is being heaved—and this section of our voyage will, with God's blessing, close happily. The coast is marked for a long way by sand hummocks, but a long thin line of cliffs to the southward, with heavy flights of birds passing over it, and at the base a few deer visiting the waters of the Negro, the white breakers filling up the space between us and them, give a reality to the word Patagonia. God bless you all."

"EL CARMEN, RIO NEGRO,

"*Dec. 2nd, 1862.*

"I have this morning presented to the governor of this place the important letter of introduction, which through your kindness and interest, was placed at my disposal. The effect of it has been most beneficial. The utmost courtesy, and readiness to oblige me, have

been shown. Permission to locate two Missionary brethren in this town has been granted, and so far all is well. There is, however, room for the further exercise of your influence, from which, if you can see your way to do it, I shall expect the most favourable results.

\* \* \* \* \* The Governor, in fact, feels himself, in virtue of your introduction, made responsible for the comfort and security of members of our Mission here located."

We may add, that what has been requested by Mr. Stirling has been kindly complied with.

P. S.—Since the above has been in print we have received most full and satisfactory letters from the El Carmen, dated as late as the 12th December, 1862. We think we may promise our readers much of interest in our next. The work seems as if it were now most exciting. All has gone well, and all promises well so far; but there will probably be enough of difficulty and of threatened interruption to keep God's people waiting on Him, in earnest prayer, for help and support. Yet withal in the midst of this, which may be said to loom in the distance, we have such manifested mercy, and such apparent blessing, that our faith is quickened, and we praise our God for that which HE is doing.

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#### JOURNAL OF MR. BRIDGES.

(Continued.)

"Saturday, June 21st.—Through the whole of this week the badness of the weather has stopped all out-



door work. Every morning I gave lessons to Ookokko, and have been busy in getting my vocabulary enlarged.

“*Sunday, June 22nd.*—The customary services duly observed; read as sermons two excellent lectures by Archbishop Secker, on the Communion of Saints, and Forgiveness of Sins.

“*Monday, June 23rd.*—We have resumed our customary work this week. There is a great body of water running down, which has washed away and made useless our bridge on the shore. Spent some of the evening hours with the natives. Camelena and her daughter are doing well.

“*Saturday, June 28th.*—We have dug out a large heap of potatoes this week, having had better weather than since we began.

“*Sunday, June 29th.*—I interested the natives with an account of the flood, the causes thereof, and the proofs that it really happened. It seems that this people have some faint notions of the same thing. They say that the sun took a swim in the sea, and so raised the billows thereof as to bring about a deluge.

“*Saturday, July 5th.*—We have been busy during this week in digging potatoes. In its evenings I taught the natives, who always appear glad to see me.

“*Sunday, July 6th.*—This day was like a summer's day, so warm and clear. When I visited the natives I found them looking at pictures in the “British Workman.” To-day I read two lectures on the two first commandments.

“*Thursday, July 10th.*—Having finished digging the mission potatoes, to-day was given as an holiday. We went out rabbiting to Phillips's Beach, but only



got four. Mrs. Bartlett made a large pudding for Ookokko, because he had worked cheerfully, with which he was much pleased.

“*Friday, July 11th.*—This morning, after prayers, gave the natives their usual time at lessons.

“*Saturday, July 12th.*—The weather too bad to work out of doors. Revising this morning a new vocabulary of Fuegian.

“*Sunday, July 13th.*—At divine service I read two lectures on the second and third commandments. In the afternoon I explained to the natives the need we have to ask God to forgive us our sins, the origin and evil of sin; and about Jesus, who is mighty to save all who come to him.

“*Monday, July 14th.*—We have now begun the course of morning prayers, reading the Epistle to the Romans. Whilst Ookokko was writing, I was drilling Camelena in the most difficult task of learning to count our numbers.

*Saturday, July 19th.*—On Friday we cleared the whole valley of its remunerating crop of potatoes, about 19 tons. Every day of this week, for a good hour every morning, I have been teaching Camelena the numbers up to twenty, which she does not yet know quite perfectly. To-day I finish arranging a more compendious list of Fuegian words, which I have collected since Mr. Despard's departure, together with corrections of a list I copied from him. As there will be many errors, I intend going over it with Ookokko as fast as possible.

“*Sunday, July 20th.*—At about 10 o'clock the *Malvina* was descried in north-west pass. In the

afternoon she anchored in Committee Bay. We had morning and evening services as usual. I catechised Ookokko in some of the first elements of religion. His answers were not so satisfactory as I could have wished. But he remembered what Saviour meant, as applied to Jesus.

“*Monday, July 21st.*—During lessons with the natives, it was announced that another ship was coming in, which proved to be the *Victor*, on a cruise for penguin oil, (seal being so very scarce now,) round the Falklands. The *Malvina* is being loaded with potatoes with all haste. The tides are not very favourable.

“*Friday, July 25th.*—This morning the *Victor* left us. Ookokko counted without a mistake up to a hundred, and understands up to a thousand. I went over the numbers with Camelena, and afterwards gave her lessons in dictation; she knows well the small written letters by sight, but cannot yet spell so as to write a word.

“*July 27th (Sunday).*—Was spent much as usual, in celebrating divine service, morning and evening, and reading. Spent an interesting hour with the natives, and was able to speak with some fervour to them concerning the great truths of Christianity.

“*Saturday, August 2nd.*—On Monday early the *Malvina* left for Pebble Island, on her way to Stanley, taking a cargo of potatoes and goats for Pebble Island. On Tuesday two pigs being let out of their sty for a time, thought of betaking themselves clean away, so that we had to use the dog to catch them again, which took us the whole afternoon, and one we could not find;

so the next day (Wednesday) we three on horseback went out in search, but found it not. Having lighted on two fine boars on a peregrination, we made with difficulty a prey of one of them, bringing home its skin and a portion of its flesh. The dog was much hurt in the combat. Thursday and Friday afternoons Ookokko and I were employed in wheeling manure on the grounds. I have every morning given the natives an hour and an half at the lessons, more particularly teaching them both dictation and English. On Saturday employed in revising and writing out the vocabulary.

*“ Saturday, August 9th.*—On Monday gave the natives their usual lessons, as also on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday and Friday, after prayers, three of us went in search of the other boar, before it should get too formidable. After searching all day, on our return home—daylight was fast fading—we came across three pigs—one was wounded—but it being too dark we could do nothing more; so to finish our work we went out again the following day, and found a very formidable boar. In going through the tussac the dog soon gave notice, and we advanced carefully. Bartlett getting on a bog was started to see himself so near, for the boar was right underneath, and hearing the noise jumped round and displayed his terrible tusks, four in number, and certainly three inches long; but the bullets were too quick and sure, and the brute had but time to see his enemy, for he was dead in very few seconds. Thus a great danger is removed, and we have been preserved. On the same day, having skinned the boar, and Ookokkowenche having



treated himself to the fat, we went forward in our search and killed another half-grown boar, and caught two other young pigs, and came home all well. The poor dog was very badly bitten in the foot, but was still very courageous. Ookokkowenche and I had prayers alone, and having sung 'I will arise,' of which he is very fond, I tried to make him understand. Afterwards Bartlett and I rode out to skin the young boar we had covered up; when we were coming home, the weather, which had been very pleasant, changed, and snow, and a biting frost ensued. On Saturday evening I paid the natives a visit, and had an interesting chat together on various subjects. On Thursday, I should have mentioned, we began the first epistle to the Corinthians. Being, in spare time, busy in reviewing, and writing fairly out the Fuegian vocabulary, and reading Barnes's Commentaries.

*Tuesday, August 12th.*—This morning Ookokkowenche told me that on his return to his people, he would teach them about God, his laws, the consequences of obedience and disobedience, about heaven and hell. We began planting the mission potatoes this day, in the new garden. Ookokko said he would like to be here another summer, and I consider him very cheerful and contented. The short vowels greatly puzzle the natives to remember. Camelena being much clearer in her pronunciation than Ookokko, has not the same difficulty. They are both improving, however, though it is but slowly.

*Sunday, August 17th.*—Spent this day quietly and I hope profitably also. Read two lectures on the third, fourth, and fifth petitions of the Lord's prayer.



When I called at the Fuegian villa they were looking at pictures, their usual Sunday occupation. At their own request I read their letters, of which they take great care; the perusal excited many smiles, and gave them much pleasure. Having sung and prayed together I left.

*“Saturday, August 23rd.*—Since Monday it has been a week of very bad weather, snowing most of the time, so that no work could be done. It is very cheering to learn that when the language of Woollya is learnt we shall find interpreters for languages spoken by various races, and as far as I can see we happen to have pitched upon the easiest of all Fuegian.

*“Saturday, August 30th.*—We have quietly followed, this week, our regular order. On Friday, with Ookokko’s assistance, I attempted to translate the Lord’s Prayer into their language.

*“Saturday, September 6th.*—This week I have mostly given the natives lessons in dictation. On Monday and Saturday revising the vocabulary. We are of course busy in planting potatoes. Ookokko has planted his, and it is his heart’s desire to see potatoes and other things growing in his own country. Ookokko, this afternoon being half holiday, went out ‘egging,’ but found none, but having found a family of young rabbits he brought them home, and intends to introduce them to his own country.

*“Saturday, September 13th.*—We have made a great step in getting the potatoes planted. I have this week taught Ookokko the numerical figures, which he knows singly, but not in combinations. Today began the Second Epistle to the Corinthians in

our morning service. Ookokko thanks me sometimes for teaching him, thus plainly showing that he values learning.

“*Monday, September 15th.*—I have to-day finished a new vocabulary of Fuegian, and have reason to think it is generally correct. Thus for any Fuegian Missionaries the way is somewhat prepared. And now I must conclude, and do so with best wishes to you and to all the true friends of our Mission.

“ I remain, yours faithfully,

T. BRIDGES.”

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### THE MATACO INDIANS.

The following account of these interesting Indians has been forwarded to us by our Superintendent. It is contained in the “*Buenos Ayres Standard*” of the 12th June, 1862, and is written by a medical man who is a contributor to the funds of the Society. The tribes of the Matacos inhabit that part of Bolivia which lies about 20 miles north of the Gran Chaco district, as marked on our little map.

“*Campa Santo* is a small but prettily situated village, ten leagues to the North-east of Salta: it contains a population of one thousand souls, and is surrounded by sugar plantations, which grow luxuriantly in that district. The cane is planted in the month of May, and the first crop is produced in July of the following year, from which is extracted molasses and rum. These plantations are worked by a tribe of Indians called Matacos, who come annually from the borders

of the River Bermejo, and the frontiers of Salta; and are employed, for four months, in cutting and bruising the cane, extracting its juice by pieces of machinery, and converting the saccharine matter into sugar loaves, cakes, molasses, and rum.

“The women are employed in loading carts with the cane, and assisting the men in their various labours.

“The annual visits of the Matacos are not solely confined to these plantations; but extend to those in the Province of Tucuman; and by their intermixture with the natives, they ameliorate their moral and physical condition. They build their huts of upright posts, intersected with branches of trees, to sustain the roof, which is covered with matting, and a layer of earth. The Matacos, in general, are of a copper colour, small in stature, and thick set, with dark eyes, and a slightly depressed nose; but, like all Indians in South America, are completely beardless. Many of them, both male and female, approach in colour to that of the mulatto; and have black eyes and hair, small hands and feet, and a well formed figure. Some of the women are extremely pretty, which has entitled them to the name of the belles of Salta. Polygamy is general amongst them, and many of their patriarchs have three or four wives, with a numerous progeny of sons and daughters. The youngest of the wives is always the favorite, but she esteems and respects the elder ones. The beauty of the female soon decays, arising in part from maternal cares, from constant and excessive labour, and their irregular manner of living.

“The labours of the plantations conclude in September, when they return home, and employ their



time in agriculture and the care of cattle.—They are not regardless of the fruits of their labour, which they spend to advantage, in the purchase of articles of common utility, in exchange with their countrymen for cattle, horses, and flocks of sheep. A few of these Indians remain on the estates, and, having acquired the language of the natives, are employed in the houses of the proprietors.—On these estates, as in the province of Tucuman, *there is a vast field for their conversion to Christianity, which, with kindness and care, might be easily effected*; but, unfortunately, the missionary spirit has long disappeared. In making this statement, I speak from a knowledge I acquired of their character, having had an opportunity of observing it for several weeks, in consequence of the small-pox breaking out in one of their huts, and attending on the sick till the disappearance of the disease.

“The appearance of the small-pox filled them with fear and dismay, and they commenced preparations to leave the estates, regardless of the sick they were about to abandon, and the entreaties of their employers to remain. Under these painful circumstances and through the medium of an interpreter, I requested them to desist from their purpose, and offered to attend upon their sick friends. After much hesitation, they acceded to my wishes, and having taken the preliminary steps, I commenced my duties. The sick (five in number) were removed from the hut to an uninhabited house, a short distance from any habitation, and placed under the care of two middle-aged women, who having suffered from the hideous disease, undertook the charge, and performed their duties as sisters

of charity. They were liberally supplied for all their wants, through the kindness of their employers, who were not unconscious that their own interests depended, in part, on their restoration to health: they were aware that the Indians would abandon the states, and would not, perhaps, return for several years, should their friends succumb to the malady. The disease was, fortunately, of a *distinct* character, continued its course with favourable symptoms, and terminated happily, at its usual period. The sick were restored to their friends in health, and with few signs of the dreaded evil.

“During my attendance on these unfortunate Indians, I vaccinated a number of their relations and friends, and by this timely measure, and prohibiting the healthy from visiting the sick, the propagation of the disease was impeded.”

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## A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

### EDITOR'S BOX.

Two Missionaries once entered a heathen city, to preach the glad news of a Saviour to the people who lived in it. Among all the temples in that city there was none where the true God was worshipped, so on the sabbath day they went out to a place by the river side, where some women used to come to pray, undisturbed by the heathen, and there they sat down and taught them.

One of the women who came to pray to the true God, heard what the Missionaries said; she did not

know before that Jesus had come into the world to save sinners; God opened her heart to make her feel *she* was a *sinner*, and put her trust in Jesus to save her. She showed how much she loved Jesus by begging the Missionaries to stay in her house while they remained in the city.

But the heathen were very angry at the teaching of the Missionaries; the magistrates ordered them to be beaten and cast into prison; the jailor was a cruel, heathen man, he thrust them into the inner prison and put their feet into the stocks, that they might be kept very safely. How sad it was for the Missionaries to be put into that dreadful prison, but God was with them, and at midnight they prayed to Him and sang praises, so that the other prisoners heard them. God took care of His servants, and made an earthquake shake the prison; the doors flew open, the prisoners' bands were all loosed; the jailor waking suddenly, was so frightened, that he was going to kill himself, thinking the prisoners had escaped; but one of the Missionaries called to him not to hurt himself, for they were all there; then he sprang in trembling and brought them out, for he felt that none of his false gods could help him, and he earnestly begged them to tell him how he might be saved. They said to him, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved:" and the Holy Spirit changed the heart of that cruel heathen man, so that he too trusted in Jesus to save him, and was full of joy and happiness.

You know, my dear young friends, that this is a story from the bible, which you find in the 16th chapter of the Acts. There is one lesson it teaches



us, which I should very much like you to think about. Who was it that changed the heart of Lydia, and softened the heart of the cruel jailor? Was it not the same Holy Spirit who changed both, and taught them to love and trust in the gracious Saviour?

You have heard, I dare say, a great deal about the heathen in South America; how the poor Fuegian children have no teaching, no clothes to wear, very bad food, and wretched huts to live in; how the children in Patagonia roam about with their parents, who live by hunting, and know nothing of the sweet bible lessons which you have been taught ever since you can remember.

You see what great wonders God can do; His Holy Spirit can change the hearts of these poor heathen children, and make *them* know and love Jesus.

The same Holy Spirit can open the hearts of English children, and lead them to put their trust in Jesus, making them like Him, long to teach others the good news how they may be saved.

Will you not, my dear young friends, pray very earnestly to God to give *you* His Holy Spirit for the sake of Jesus? He only waits till you ask Him; then like the jailor you will be happy in loving Jesus, and you will try to be like Him, and show you love Him. The South American Missionary Society sends out men who go to teach those poor heathen children, and you too can help in this if only with a penny or a sixpence that you have to give, you can help also by praying to God to bless the teaching of His Word. He will listen to the prayer of the feeblest, youngest child, and will answer it, for His dear Son's sake. Z.

## NATIVE AGENCY.

## EDITOR'S BOX.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," so thought the wisest of men, and mine had nearly failed when the letter of Ookokko, as it appeared in the December number of the "Voice of Pity," again revived it. Me thought I saw in that communication a ray of hope, for the future of the heathen of Fireland, so that I could not help exclaiming, oh! for one truly converted native of Fuegia, to herald forth the Gospel of the kingdom to his benighted countrymen.

In the history of Christian Missions have we not ample evidence to the truth of this great principle, that under God it is to *native* agency we are to look for the successful spread of the Gospel! When we look to New Zealand, to Africa, to India, or to the Polynesian Islands, everywhere it is the same; God has honored the natives themselves, by making them the harbingers of glad tidings to their fellow men. To take but a single illustration of this, and to shew that men in a state of heathenism are accessible to such teaching, and not indisposed to listen to the Gospel message, when delivered to them by those of their own kindred and country, I may just mention the case of Simon Jonas, the Eboe Interpreter, who accompanied the Niger expedition. Your readers will remember who Simon Jonas was, a liberated African, educated at the school of the Church Missionary Society at Sierra Leone, who fortunately retained the knowledge of his native tongue.

Captain H. D. Trotter, the lamented and excellent commander of that expedition, who in the midst of official duties, was always intent upon his Master's work, and the advancement of his glory, sought on his ascending the Niger, an interview with the King of Eboe. Simon Jonas accompanied him as interpreter, and after the usual formalities, was introduced to his sable majesty as a native of his country.

The king having listened with interest to the story of Simon, his captivity, liberation, and education. Captain T. desired that he should read a portion of the Word of God, and translate it into the Eboe tongue; his majesty listened with attention, and wondered at the mysterious character of that blessed book of which he had never heard before. Though in the hands of a white man, he thought it not impossible that the Book should be made to speak, yet that this should be the case with a black man, and he a subject of his own, excited his utmost astonishment. Immediately seizing Simon by the hand in an ecstasy of delight, he begged that he might be left to instruct him, and his countrymen.

Thus ready, do we find natives, to receive at the hands of their brethren the glad tidings of great joy which are for all. Wisely has the church of Rome acted upon this principle, in training in the college of Propaganda the natives of every clime. To this great object I trust the primary efforts of your devoted Missionaries in South America may be directed.

Oh what a blessing to be the instrument in the hand of God of raising up even one labourer, who, like the excellent Samuel Crowther, may be yet destined not only to translate into the language of the people, the Bible, but also to carry the gospel of the grace of God throughout the length and breadth of his native land.

Let us not, however, despise the day of small things with respect to Fuegia, but earnestly pray to God that the anticipations of your Missionary, the Rev. G. P. Despard, as expressed in his journal of August, 1850, may be yet fully realized. He says there "Ookokko is as happy as he can be, and never talks of returning home, nor does his wife. Every day they are on each side of me learning their lessons in reading, and I do heartily thank God for the privilege, and could have cried tears of hope, the other day, when Ookokko pointed me the name of Jesus on every page of inspiration. Oh that He would write



His new name upon the fleshly and feeling tables of the good lad's heart." And further on he observes, "the fifteen Fuegians who have been here will inoculate scores of others with the love—yes, I say the love of Pallilowa (the English.)" May I add the wish, that numbers of the Fuegians, and other heathen Indians, may be raised up through the instrumentality of your agents, to enter this field of labour in God's strength? HOPE.

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### BROTHERLY LOVE.

Must I my brother keep,  
 And share his pain and toil;  
 And weep with those that weep,  
 And smile with those that smile;  
 And act to each a brother's part,  
 And feel his sorrows in my heart?

Must I his burden bear,  
 As though it were my own,  
 And do as I would care  
 Should to myself be done;  
 And faithful to his interests prove,  
 And as myself my neighbour love?

Then, Jesus, at thy feet  
 A student let me be,  
 And learn, as it is meet,  
 My duty, Lord, of thee:  
 For thou didst come on mercy's plan,  
 And all thy life was LOVE to man.

Oh! make me as thou art,  
 Thy spirit, Lord, bestow—  
 The kind and gentle heart  
 That feels another's woe.  
 May I be thus like Christ, my Head,  
 And in my Saviour's footsteps tread!

## THE LITTLE CLOUD.

A very few words are all that we have room for this month. More valuable matter than we can furnish will be found in the body of the "Voice." The difficulty lies in presenting the news we are supplied with in its fulness. We think our readers will discern with tolerable clearness the little cloud arising which is wont to promise abundant rain. Long has the ground been parched. Long have we been reproached with its barrenness; but now there is the sound of the rain drop, and the earth is bringing forth her fruits. Were we able to lay before our readers all the information we possess ourselves, probably what we have stated would be more clearly understood. However, briefly we may mention, that Monte Video is moving for us more than formerly; that Buenos Ayres is active on our behalf; that El Carmen opens its gates for our entrance, though in the distance a few muttered feeble groans are heard. Santa Cruz displays its friendly Indians, sending a horse for the Missionary, to enable him to select boys for his school. And Lota, gently and without boasting, speaks of her converts. How sweet the word, the music of it is exquisite. Converts, not from the Indians but from the Colonists, who probably may become centres of light elsewhere.

What would we more? Let us open the eyes of the spiritual man, and behold the little cloud that ariseth, though it be no bigger than a man's hand, and let us rejoice; but oh let us also not be puffed up, or fancy that difficulties are all overcome. Let us rather believe that the hope is given to us in order to cheer us under increased effort; and possibly also under trial which may arise in some quarter, which no one can at present discern. In earnest, increasing prayer, in unwavering, undoubting faith, let us gaze on the little cloud, and see it increasing and moving by the power and under the direction of a covenant God. And let us raise our hearts with a sense of deep gratitude in hearty thanksgiving, to Him who doeth all things well.

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#### RIO NEGRO.

It is with very great pleasure that we present the following extracts from the letters of our valuable Superintendent. There is much hope in them; surely the hand of our God is with him, surely He has heard our prayers.

“EL CARMEN, *December 9th, 1862.*

“We have to-day completed a week's stay at the above place. My last letter was dated at the mouth of the river, and hastily made up in expectation of the steamer for Buenos Ayres passing us every moment.

“We were crossing the bar of the Rio Negro as I



ascended from the cabin to the deck with my letter ready for despatch. The tide was rapidly running in, and the wind being favorable, we entertained a hope of being at Carmen by midnight. In this we were disappointed, but there was no cause for regret. The enjoyment of the river scenes was very great. As we left the ocean behind us, and the moaning of the waves upon the bar, a delicious silence reigned; and the noiseless movements of the cattle near the margins of the river, and the subdued ripple of the water, as our vessel, scarcely moving, divided the surface, while the twilight grew tranquilly over all, gave a mystic character to the scene. The Negro has a winding course; and often, as we looked back to mark the vessel's track, it appeared as if the land had closed in behind, and offered no passage for retreat. The river banks looked delightfully green and fresh to our parched eyes; and the marshy lands, where the wild duck and other fowl find shelter, exacted from us a profuse kind of admiration; at length the wind, which, although light, had hitherto favoured our ascent of these tranquil waters, sunk into pulseless calm, and our anchor was let go in seven fathoms. When the crew had turned in, and the deck was in sole charge of the pilot, and the sails were all closely furled, and the masts and spars stood lightly out in the pure and peaceful air, and the tall poplars on the shore repeated themselves in perfect figures in the moonlit waters; the effect of that midnight scene was to me overwhelmingly beautiful. The constellations in this southern hemisphere have failed to impress me with all that vividness which Humboldt

describes, yet in a still night they look very lovely in the blue heaven, now in arc-shape beauty, or again in rapid ascent, ladder-like and brilliant, the stepping-stones of angels. During our first night, however, in the Negro, some light gauzy clouds grew softly about the sky, out of which, like ermined priests, God's ministers, the stars seemed to be welcoming and blessing us in His name.

“Need I say our hearts were deeply penetrated by these silent forces of the great *I Am*, and that we sought His presence within the veil, on the mercy seat above? With the early morning tide and gentle breeze favouring us, we were again en-voyage, and again in the enjoyment of the new and picturesque. *An Indian family, seated by the water's edge, the children of which, seen in number, the pilot said there would be no difficulty in gathering into a school, excited in our minds a peculiar interest.* This family is engaged under Mr. Harris, a merchant at El Carmen. Mr. Harris's name will be familiar to all readers of the ‘Voyage of the Beagle,’ by Admiral Fitzroy, when we ascertained that this gentleman was still a resident in the above place, you may be sure we were very glad. At 9 a.m., Dec. 2nd, we cast anchor here, or rather I should say we cast anchors here—for the current is so strong, and the force of wind so violent and sudden at times, that it is not safe even in this narrow river to bring up with less than two anchors. I shall not be unduly anticipating my subject if I here mention that the wind shifts here many points several times in the day; that the mornings and evenings are generally very beautiful,

while a hurricane of wind and dust may bring the vessel over thirty degrees, and utterly shut out the town from view at a distance of fifty yards. These dust-storms are exceedingly trying; the sand-hills, which line the north bank of the river appear to me to be the result of the S.W. gales charged with sand from the deserts of Patagonia. When riding out to the Indian encampment on the 5th inst., the wind was blowing very strong, and the dust flying in blinding sheets, but it taught me that the words of true poets admit not of universal application; for I involuntarily muttered to myself some lines of Longfellow's, only to find they had lost their significance:

'Let us be patient; these 'severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise;  
 For oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.'

"But to return to El Carmen. The vessel being moored, the captain of the port came on board, and also the chief pilot, Mr. Abel, both of whom speak English. We exhibited the ship's papers, &c., and received permission to land. The captain of the port begged me to land in his boat; but I explained that, as yet we had not had our usual morning service, in consequence of the captain and crew being required by the pilot. We were accordingly left to ourselves for awhile, and presently our whole party assembled in the cabin for divine worship. I varied our usual service on this occasion, and in lieu of the Psalm for the day, we read and chaunted the Magnificat.

"El Carmen—the glorious inspiration of which so marvellously shed its light upon our work and its



objects—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat." The power of Spain, by whom the colony was planted, has been broken here—"He hath exalted the humble and meek." In the eyes of His people in a far off land, God has made the Indian wanderers of this land precious—"He hath exalted them of low degree, He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away." In our service the pilot was delighted to take part, and expressed a desire for regular Protestant ministrations in this place.

"The chaunting was much facilitated by a harmonium, which now occupies a position in the cabin of the *Allen Gardiner*. This most admirable instrument was the present of a dear Christian friend, who despatched it by mail steamer to meet us at Monte Video; through the kindness of Captain Paley, R.N., it came freight free from Southampton; and that you may share with me in the pleasure of this gift I must not forget to add that the lady who presented the harmonium wishes it to be left at our Mission Station, in the event of my return to England, for the use of my successor. You may recognise the donor by my mentioning that her hand illuminated the *Allen Gardiner's* cabin with the words that Jesus spake, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'

"Having secured the required permission to land goods, &c., &c., I proceeded to look for a house for Messrs. Lett and Andres. But of what kind are the houses in Carmen? For the most part they look as if they had been dug out of the earth, and are of the same colour as the dark sand-hills on whose side they

seem to crouch. Here and there a little white-wash has been used ; but these are distinguished dwellings. We have been fortunate in finding some residents here, in whose friendship we may confide. \* \* \*

I have endeavoured to make the visit of the *Allen Gardiner* to this river as pleasant as possible ; but people feel rather shy of Protestants and such strange people as Missionaries to the Indians. I have been introduced to four justices of the peace, and from all I have received assurances of friendship and acts of real kindness. There is room here for a Protestant clergyman. A farmer was telling me that his daughter reported from church on Sunday last, that the *Padré* complained of our drawing away his congregation on board our ship for service. 'Aye,' he added, 'and I told her that you drew away some to-day, but if you stopped a month you would draw away all.' This man acted as guide to me when I visited the friendly Indians in their toldos ; on the 3rd inst. we rode together some thirty-six miles, and dined at a farm house (not two miles distant from the Indians.) On our ride out we kept company with an uncommonly nice-looking Patagonian youth, of about eighteen years, who was driving a number of horses to the settlement, which attracted us. I desired Mr. B. to explain my character and mission, and to assure him of my good wishes, which he did. Shortly afterwards we fell in with a *Bajiano* (pronounced *Backiano*) *i. e.* a discoverer, one belonging to the Indians in the Government pay ; with this man I shook hands, and only longed to be able to say a few intelligible words respecting the object so dear to my heart. I found

the Indians in their toldos for the most part drinking, as it was a gala day. The tents which I entered answered exactly to Mr. Schmid's description; but I was struck with the real beauty of several of the occupants. One old woman was very ugly, the loss of an eye adding much to her dismal appearance; but good looks prevailed. There are plenty of children to teach, when the time comes for it. Meanwhile I am making every arrangement for the acquisition by Messrs. Lett and Andres of the Puelche language, and have been expecting all day an Indian from the settlement in question, and who, for a fixed remuneration, shall teach our brethren his native tongue. Since writing the above, I have seen the Indian, Senor José Maria Lion selected him from among his comrades on account of his well-known good character and intelligence. I think Messrs. Lett and Andres will, by close attention to the language, be able, after two months' study with this Indian, aided by Mr. B., to pick it up so far as to dispense with the services of a paid teacher; at the end of that time they will probably find it possible to visit the toldos of the 'tame Indians,' their tenants. I consider this position the best in Patagonia for developing the objects of our Mission amongst the aboriginal population. \* \* \*

This town is a place of trading resort for the Indians; about three thousand are supposed to be in regular communication with it. Month by month, from March to December, in parties of thirty, forty, or one hundred, the representatives of the tribes in the plains appear with the spoils of the chase, with ostrich feathers, for sale to the inhabitants of Carmen. The



Indian trade goes far to sustain the life of the place. The payment is in money, but the money is not taken to the camp ; for the horses, which conveyed on their backs the treasures of the plain to the settlers here, return heavily laden with matē, and sugar, and salt ; or articles of attire, or ornaments, to the expectant dwellers in the toldos. \* \* \*

“ Here at our very doors are 200 Indians, children included, all heathen, no men caring for their souls. These 200 occupy scattered dwellings amongst the residences of the settlers on the southern bank of the river. \* \* \* Do not, however, for a moment suppose that I am indifferent to the Santa Cruz project, or undervalue the important work commenced by Mr. Schmid. Shortly I hope to see him and his fellow labourer, Mr. Hunziker, and to assure them that by what they have done, my hands have been strengthened here. I have taken a house for Messrs. Lett and Andres, three rooms, a sala, a bedroom, and kitchen, make up the accommodation. In this house I have packed the stores and furniture ; and the two first Protestant Missionaries are now in full occupation. No, not full occupation, for they take their meals on board the *Allen Gardiner*. On the evening of to-morrow we purpose to partake together of the Lord's Supper, and on the day following, the *Allen Gardiner* will probably descend the river, and wait for a favourable breeze to cross the bar. I was eagerly asked here for Bibles and Testaments in all kinds of languages, and these most happily I was able to supply. In this one respect our visit has been productive of good. The number of English

speaking people here may be twenty. I was much affected by an account given by my brother of a negress of the lowest order, who in English shouted imprecations on all the people here, and arrested him as he passed to express her wonderment at our party coming here for *pleasure*.

“On my brother saying our object was not of that kind, but that we came to see the Indians, the poor creature again mistaking our Mission, exclaimed, ‘ah, that’s right! massacre them all,’ &c. : — Mingling curses with her deadly exhortations, the last of which was ‘send them all to hell!’ no, to heaven if we can, my brother replied in a soft voice, and the raging cursing woman’s eyes filled with tears, and she stooped to his very feet in surprise, and gratitude, saying, as a few kind words fell from my brother’s lips, that never in her life here had she been spoken thus kindly to before. Possibly Mr. Lett may be of future service to her.

“A German or Swiss soldier came on board this evening to see Mr. Andres, having heard that he spoke German. This man is the son of a Swiss clergyman of good repute: his name is an assumed one here, and his parents are entirely ignorant of his whereabouts, but as he is going with the troops tomorrow to found a fort, and may lose his life in action, or otherwise perish, he wished Mr. Andres to take down his proper name, and the address of his parents, to communicate with them in the event of anything happening to him. This man enlisted very deeply Mr. Andres’ interest, and out of the fulness of his heart he spoke to him of his soul’s danger, and the

opportunities of salvation. Who can foresee the issue of this word spoken in season? Let us pray that overruling love may make it manifestly productive of good.

“Now I speak for a moment of our own little party. The most prominent and painful event is the illness of one of the crew, whose sufferings have been very severe, and of whose ultimate recovery I cannot speak with confidence. My brother has much experience in cases of sickness at sea, and has of course done his best for him.

“The surgeon of the fort was called in, but he said he could do nothing more than what was being done, and so left him unvisited again. John Moore is the seaman’s name, he is now occupying the berth where before Messrs. Andres and Row were quartered; Mr. Row being now in the cabin, and Mr. Andres on shore. The forecastle was too rough a place for a man so seriously ill. Now we can all get to him by turns, and Mrs. Stirling is able to sit and read to him. As I am now about to leave our dear friends, Mr. Lett and Mr. Andres, let me assure you that I do so with entire confidence in their Christian character, for both I cannot but feel warm Christian love; and while I do not pretend that they are free from human infirmities—as I most assuredly, and painfully am conscious of my own—I yet cherish a sincere hope that their work in this distant sphere will be carried on with prayer and faith, and patient endeavour, in the unity of the Spirit, and the bond of peace. When you have opportunity—and please seek for such—send out a liberal supply of the follow-



ing kind of articles for distribution here—in this outpost of civilisation they are as useful as money, when given with discrimination—coloured prints for frocks; children's socks and stockings; white and *good* coloured pocket handkerchiefs; knives, gun nipples, needles; picture books, six photographic albums, with a few likenesses of the Royal Family; Nottingham lace for veils, and anything else you like, not omitting beads for the Indians; not lace veils, *but lace for veils*, which here take the place of bonnets, *black lace*. The lace for veils you will, I think get, if you send this letter to Mr. Mc—d of Nottingham, for there are one or two generous upholders of our Mission in that town, and possibly they might be able to supply me with what I have so modestly asked for. At home, with all your wants so readily met, it is difficult for you to understand the state of things here; but you will find men of good Spanish education, and sometimes in possession of a little English, ready to provide you with horses and guide without payment; but to whom notwithstanding their acres of standing grain, the frock of a child is a treasure, and a photographic album a refined pleasure. Let me add to my category of articles for presentation two or three nice white handled pen and pencil cases, with a knife attached.

“We have been received here with great kindness, and have been able to make but poor returns, albeit we have done our best. The pilot is now on board, and is to take us down the river, on our way to Santa Cruz. Oh Lord lift up Thy countenance upon us, and all Thy servants, especially on thy missionary servants

in this remote land, and upon those who at home uphold and direct their efforts, for Thy mercy and Thy truth's sake.

“My kindest Christian regards to all my friends.

WAITE H. STIRLING.”

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### SANTA CRUZ.

The following letter will show, we trust, that our Missionaries have been guided by a higher hand than man's in the selection of their present position. Their work is before them apparently clearly defined. Let us sustain them in it, by our prayers, and by our faith in their eventual success. As we believe, so shall it be unto us.

#### EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. HUNZIKER.

“As Mr. Schmid has left our station, and gone with the Indians to bring some boys here, I will inform you of the circumstances which have taken place. We have had Indians at our station. In August last a tribe of Indians came down from the North, and had their encampment on the north side of the Santa Cruz river. We saw their fires, and one evening Captain Fordham brought some of them over to our station, and they slept in our tent; they spoke the same language as our southern friends, and they told us that some of the tribe of the southern Indians were with them, who knew Mr. Schmid. Mr Schmid knew some of these Indians; for the greater part of the tribe were on the banks of the river Galegos, when he was with the Indians the first time. All this tribe speak the Tzonica. There are some amongst them who belong

to other tribes, and speak another language, but know Tzonica well too. It is a great providence of the Lord, that He ordered it so, that His servants should begin to acquire *that* Indian language which seems to be the *general language* of all the Indians, from the Rio Negro to the Straits of Magellan. Had Mr. Schmid commenced to labour among another tribe, most likely the knowledge of their language would have proved of little use, whereas now we have some hold of the Patagonian-French, which will be of very great advantage in our mission work. Let us once master the Tzonica and we have a great field of mission work before us. Our station is in the very heart of Patagonia. If the Lord bless us, in the course of time we shall become acquainted with our Indian neighbours, and when we have gained their confidence, they will entrust their children to our care. Then the time for sowing the good seed of the Gospel truth will be at hand; but at present we must patiently go on step by step. The Indian tribe who came from the north crossed the river on the evening of the 16th September, and two messengers from the encampment came to inform us that on the following day a party would visit us. The next morning the messengers returned, and I went with them, riding behind one of them. After riding about fifteen miles we met the Indians, who were on their way to visit us, so I returned with them; they remained with us till noon the next day, not being at all troublesome; but behaving themselves very well. We cooked a mess of rice for them on their arrival, another in the evening, and one before they left us, with which they were well con-



tented. They brought with them things for trade, but as we do not trade we bought three of their goats. They appear to be much better off than the Indians in the south. As our Indian friends are only about six days journey from us, and as we are very anxious to get some of their boys, to instruct, Mr. Schmid thought he had better go, and try to persuade a few of them to return with him. The chief, a very nice man, sent a beautiful young horse for Mr. Schmid to ride, and on the 22nd he left our place with the best wishes of his fellow labourer. He has not yet returned, but I expect him every day. May the Lord bless him, and give him success in his undertaking, for much must depend upon it. We are very anxious for news from home. I hope the *Allen Gardiner* will soon make her appearance, as we are getting very short of provisions. There is very little game to be had, and ostriches and guanacos have deserted us. We are in good health. May the Lord our heavenly Master order all things for the best in His work in this most desolate country. Do not forget to intercede for us at the throne of grace, that success may crown this Mission."

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LOTA.

A sense of deep thankfulness is the feeling which probably will prevail in most minds on the perusal of the following letter. The first fruits have been offered—may there be an abundant harvest!

" December, 1862.

"The review of our station here this year is encouraging so far. The school, beginning with three

pupils, has now gradually progressed to the more dignified number of fifty, divided in three class rooms. One of girls, another of boys, and the third class room boys and girls mixed. The boys' school is in charge of Mr. Coombe—the infant school is taught by the pupil teacher, Elizabeth Miller—and the girls' school is my charge, when at the station. In my absence my wife will take charge of it, assisted by the monitor, Margaret Hunter.

“In connexion with the school a congregation has been gradually gathered together on the Sunday, and the school room is generally well filled, both morning and evening. The hours of service are 11 and 6. The Sunday school is well attended, and the subscription box for religious papers is well attended to by most of the parents, and consequently at present this small, lonely district receives regularly 40 numbers of the British Workman, 40 of Band of Hope, 40 of Sabbath School Messenger, 40 of Child at Home, and 40 of Tract Journal. And it is not uncommon to see Germans and others eagerly looking over the pictures or stopping the children to see them on their way. The number of attendants at the weekly prayer union for singing, exposition of scripture, and prayer, every Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, about thirty-three. I have appointed five conductors for the prayer union besides ourselves, in order that this mean of grace may be regularly conducted should the mission work occasionally require us both to be absent. One of them gave an exceedingly nice exposition last night on the 10th chapter of Romans. His views were so scriptural and experimental that it quite comforted

me, as the 'opened understanding to understand the scriptures' is a great blessing in so dark a place as this. I was much affected in the private interviews that I had with some of them to find how feelingly they spoke of our Society, and traced their own conversion to God's blessing upon its endeavours to propagate the truth in distant lands. One of them, instead of spending the Christmas holiday in amusements, as heretofore, borrowed 'Hope Deferred,' and stopped at home to read it. May the Lord prepare this little company of colonists, and enable them to bring up their children to walk in the fear of God, so that when they go amongst the Indians they may become a blessing and not a curse.

"The effects of the peace with the Indians is being felt now very pleasantly. Prices are falling; mutton appears on the table—butter and cheese become cheap—and beef plentiful. Our stockade remains as the emblem of the panic two years ago, and the Indians see it as they ride by, and ponder over it, I hope, profitably. Journeys that last year were dangerous are now taken as excursions. Guides that wanted thirty-five dollars to furnish four animals for the trip to Labo, will now furnish six for the River Tucapel for twenty-eight dollars. Bread is now regularly baked at Labo, and tiles made, and the Indians find plenty of customers for their barley, beans, and potatoes, besides traders to buy up sheep, oxen, horses, and mules; whereas last year no one was allowed to trade with them. I have an offer from the largest land proprietor at Labo of the timber for the outpost.

"With my kind regards, &c.

ALLEN W. GARDINER."

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

On the 26th of February the annual meetings of the Society were held in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton. The attendance was not so large as had been anticipated, but the spirit and tone of the meetings were all that could be desired by its warmest friends. When we remember that God most frequently accomplishes his best designs by the smallest numbers, our friends will feel no uneasiness at this. If we throw the presence of God into the scale how infinitely does it outweigh all that the largest number could promise or perform.

Major GIBERNE, who was in the chair, called upon the Rev. J. B. CLIFFORD to open the meeting with prayer.

The Chairman then said : " I have been frequently struck with the fact that very often the largest and handsomest shops are those which do the least business. I have very often noticed shops with large plate-glass windows, decorated abundantly by the tempting wares displayed to the full gaze of the passers by, and as day after day I passed the shop and looked in I found every one idle. There were no customers. There had evidently been some mistake somewhere. After perhaps a year the goods were removed, the shop closed, and the proprietors had migrated elsewhere, happy if they had escaped bankruptcy. Again, I have observed, often in the outskirts of a town, a ruinous building, scarcely more than four walls, taken, fitted up at small cost, and opened as a shop without any display whatsoever.

The goods in it were doubtless of the best kind, for I have noticed as day succeeded day that numbers of customers entered the humble shop and retired from it to enter it again and bring others with them. By and by the unpretending shop was enlarged for the convenience of the customers. Another house was purchased and thrown into the first, and after a while a second, a third, and a fourth was added, until the ruin became the centre of a most flourishing and lucrative business. I think we may, if we will, gather a lesson from this. I confess I have no confidence in a grand flourish of trumpets from any society, in a gaudy display of what may be done, but if I see a society begin in a very humble way, and gradually extend its plans and operations as God opens its way and gives it the means of accomplishing what it had originally hoped for, rather than boasted of, my confidence is gained, and I rejoice to belong to such an instrumentality. Such has been the progress of the Church Missionary Society, such has been the path of the Bible Society, and such is the present working of this Society, whose growth we are all anxiously regarding. One great reason why the Church Missionary Society has been successful is, that it has been most careful in the selection of its agents. Now we are all satisfied that the South American Missionary Society is careful in this respect. Nevertheless I would press upon it the duty of being increasingly careful when so much of error is abroad—so much which must destroy the souls of men. Would to God they were able to extend their field still further than they at present contemplate. Would that they were able to reach

not only the Brazils, but to travel into central America; and to Mexico. How much of blood and misery might have been saved had such a society been at work years ago in these countries. I well know the need of such a society, and I heartily commend to your support the Patagonian Missionary Society, and beg you to sustain it in its extended field of operations.

The Chairman then called on the Rev. W. GRAY, the Secretary, to read the Report.

As this document is now in the hands of our subscribers we will not advert to it further than to say that the nett increase in the Society's funds during the year 1862, including the *Allen Gardiner* Fund, amounted to £1074 12s. 2d. and the full income to £5229 9s. 2d.

The Chairman then called upon the Rev. J. B. CLIFFORD to propose the first resolution, which was as follows:—“That the Report, of which a summary has been read, together with the Financial Statement now laid before the meeting, be adopted and published.” He commenced by saying that it was scarcely fair to ask the meeting to pledge itself to a document, a part of which only it had heard read. For his own part he wished much that the whole Report had been read. He thought it would have been fairer towards the meeting. And he believed, moreover, that it would have interested them more than anything he could say. However, he was fortunately able to speak from personal knowledge. He was not left so much in the dark as the meeting. Through the courtesy of the Secretary he had been furnished with a copy of the complete document, and he had read it carefully,

and with very great pleasure, and if they would take his word for it he would most certainly advise them to agree to the motion that it should be adopted and published. It was very often the fate of reports to be laid aside and never opened, except, perhaps, for the purpose of seeing whether the sum of money contributed had been duly acknowledged. He did trust that this Report would fare differently. He hoped they would take their map, for the country of which it treated was but little known, and sit down quietly and read carefully what was stated there. He believed it would repay them to do so. He must say he had gained much information from it, and had been much encouraged in reading it over, and he believed it would have the same effect on their minds that it had on his. By all means, therefore, he would advise them to read it over. There were one or two points in the Report to which he would like to refer for a few moments, though, doubtless, his friend who followed him might tread closely in his track. One point was the matter of home expenditure. This had been reduced to the lowest point, but they must remember that there was a point below which it could not go without serious loss to the Society and the cause. It was a mistake to grudge home expenditure when there was judgment guiding it. The friends of the Society must make up their minds to a large amount of home expenditure. It was really folly to grudge money for information. They might depend upon this that not one farthing of the money subscribed at home was thrown away. There was another point of the Report on which he would touch, he meant the letters from

their Superintendent, the Rev. W. H. Stirling. He was deeply interested by them, and he believed they would also feel in this, as he felt himself, that God had prepared his way, and opened the door for him, and that he had used the advantage given to him. All that heard him knew Mr. Stirling's value, and would be prepared to listen to his words. There was yet a third point on which he would say a word or two. The Society was assuming a position of great importance, both at home and abroad. Perhaps one good way of testing this was by that giant power the "Times" newspaper. A few years ago the "Times" opposed the Mission, and quietly said that it had expired. But now the "Times" took notice of it, and even thought that it would accomplish its work. Here certainly was a mighty change in a few years. Most certainly at home many more friends, and influential friends, had been added to their ranks. And abroad the increase of agency was such as to make him press upon them with all the power he possessed the duty and necessity of making the Society a subject of earnest prayer, and of looking up to God for His direction and influence over its affairs. He would conclude by commending it to the sympathies and increased and liberal support of the meeting.

The Rev. W. H. BARLOW seconded the resolution. He commenced his speech by saying that he quite agreed with Mr. Clifford about the Report. He could, after reading it, recommend that it should be published, and he believed that its publication would be of advantage. There was much reason to praise and magnify the goodness of God for the wonderful way in

which He had guided and sustained the efforts of the Society during the past year. The Report was most valuable, because it showed a state of things in which there was improvement in each phase of the work of the Society; in fact, look where you would there was not a single point in connexion with the Society, at home or abroad, which did not call for thankfulness. He would, however, like to direct attention to one or two points connected with this work in which he believed the friends who were present could help if they would. In the first place, he had often heard it said that the expenditure at home was disproportionate. But why was this? Simply because of the difficulty of raising money, and because persons fancied that their money would never reach the foreign field. Now what he would say was this—assure your friends that every sixpence given by them will go direct to the mission field. The machinery which now existed, and which must exist, was sufficient to enable the Committee to accomplish double the work in the foreign field. Those friends who had faith in the working of the Society were now paying all that was needed for the support of that machinery. Consequently, every guinea given in addition was a guinea which, without any deduction whatsoever, would find its way to South America, and help on the work there. He begged those who were present, and who had such objections made to them, to state the case in this reasonable way. Again he would like to direct their attention to another way of helping forward the Society. He understood that the former superintendent, the Rev. G. P. Despard was going to the eastern counties, to

see whether help might not be secured to the Society from them. He had himself, as it happened, some friends in the eastern counties, and he should write to them and introduce his friend, Mr. Despard, and beg them to help him in his work—he had no doubt that some would do so. Many of those present had friends there likewise; if they would write to those friends, and interest them in the work, doubtless much would be done to prepare the way for a successful journey, so that when the time came for returning to Bristol, Mr. Despard would be able to report of the prosperous tour he had made for the Society. Friends if they would, might do much in this way, and in other ways, in preparing clergymen of their acquaintance to receive a deputation, and to hear from the pulpits or the platform the advocates of the Mission. There was nothing to be done without exertion. A great deal might be gained by activity. One more observation he would make before he sat down. He knew several of the Missionaries engaged in this work. He had seen Mr. Schmid, and valued him highly. He had also seen Mr. Hunziker, and admired his gentle spirit. He had Mr. Combe under his own eye for a time, and he could speak highly of him. He knew Mr. Gardiner—the devoted son of a devoted father. Of the last three Missionaries who had gone out he had also seen a good deal, so much indeed as to give him confidence respecting them, but there was one that most of them knew well—his friend Mr. Stirling—in him he had the fullest confidence, and in truth he knew no one more qualified for the delicate, difficult, and arduous work that he had undertaken. He thought

those things ought to give their friends confidence. He would not say more than that he had the greatest pleasure in seconding the resolution.

The second resolution was moved by the Rev. B. CHARLESWORTH—it was “That the increase of the Society’s income at home and the important addition of the Society’s staff of Missionaries abroad, coupled with the vast fields of labour opened, and the encouraging reports which reached them from the foreign field, inspired them with the hope that God was about to use the feeble instrumentality of the Society more fully than before for the promotion of His glory in South America.” He said that he had not come to make a speech. He saw himself surrounded by men who were most able advocates of the cause, and well qualified in every respect to command attention and respect. Moreover he feared that he had fallen amongst thieves (a laugh) for indeed much that he had meant to speak about had been already ably treated of, there was however a thought or two which at the moment crossed his mind which perchance they might think worthy of a place in their memory. It had been proved to demonstration that the Indian was as capable of receiving the doctrines of Christianity as the Englishman; it had been proved to demonstration that receiving those pure, holy, and heavenly doctrines he had been influenced by them; they did not remain on the mind solely as a matter of belief, they acted powerfully on his conscience, and moulded his habits of life; in fact he would say that the Indian received the gospel much more simply than the Englishman, and that he comprehended the work much more simply

than we in England did. It must therefore be clear, if this were the case, and few would dispute it, that the Indian would occupy as high a place in heaven as we should, through the very simplicity of his faith, and through the nature of the love which the Holy Ghost had shed abroad in his heart. These were the thoughts which encouraged him to give of his time, and his money, and his prayers to this Society, and he trusted the same or similar thoughts would encourage others to do as he had done, nay, stir them up to increased efforts on behalf of this Mission. (Applause.)

The Rev. S. A. WALKER seconded the resolution. He commenced by saying that though the "Times" newspaper was no doubt a great authority, and though generally it showed clearly enough which way the minds of men were turning, yet for himself he was not frightened by the "Times;" he was far more concerned with the real work than the opinion of men or papers about it. With regard to the resolution he held in his hand, it was one that they might depend upon, it was not the fruit of imagination but of reality. He was, he must say, pleased and gratified very much by the present position of affairs. As one of the Committee he could, in common modesty, say very little about them, but this he was bound to say, that it would be difficult to find anywhere a body of men more devoted to the object they had in view,—the carrying the gospel to South America. They had made mistakes from time to time, as who has not? but in the main it would be found that their views were correct and to be depended upon. With respect to the Society he was much attached to it, and it gave him peculiar pleasure

from time to time to plead its cause, for it had been, humanly speaking, the means of keeping him in Bristol, and opening the way to the sphere of usefulness in which it was his privilege to be employed. Yet with all his respect for the Committee, and with all his love for the Society, he must say, that for the last few years he had feared the latter was in a very sickly condition indeed; it reminded him very much of a poor old invalid confined to his bed, alive indeed, but unable to move or take any active part in life: but now, thank God, that state of things had passed away; we no longer beheld the doctors with solemn face, and grave demeanour, enter the sick room, and shake their heads as they left it, with forebodings of what would be the probable fate of their unhappy patient—the sick man had certainly made a wonderful rally of it, and rather disappointed the too nervous physicians who had been good enough to prescribe for him. He did not pretend to be very learned in such matters, but some things were patent enough, as indicating restored vitality, and he would mention a few of these and then compare them with the state of the supposed patient, the South American Missionary Society. One generally fancied that if there was sufficient blood, not bounding with fever quickness through the veins, but circulating with healthy force, as indicated by the beat of the pulse, that the patient certainly was recovering from languor and debility. Well now look to the Society. Its blood, its circulating medium, was flowing with increased power; put your hand on the pulse and you learn that the gold was flowing in, an increase of one-third this year, not

less than £1074 12s. 2d. here was a healthy pulse—no debility here, no want of vitality; and yet it was not a time to look naturally for such a state of things. He had been told very often lately, ‘my dear friend, I am sorry I cannot help you. I have given what was intended for you to the Lancashire operatives.’ To such a speech he had generally answered with a smile, for he was amused at the self-deception which fancied that the shifting process was charity, and had answered, ‘you are certainly under a delusion, friend, for you have given nothing to Lancashire. You mean, I suppose, that Peter has been robbed to pay Paul—that the city missionaries have been made to give to Lancashire, or, the Patagonian Society has been equally generous. No, no, don’t deceive yourself—unless you give extra—unless you give over and above what you have been in the habit of giving to other charities, you don’t give, but rather compel them to give;’ after all, however, there was something in this, and it was most satisfactory to ascertain that at such a time the funds of the Society had increased so much, that in fact the pulse of the patient indicated restored health. But another sign of health was the head. If the head was too hot or too cold, there was no health; but if the head retained its proper medium of heat, it was certainly a good sign. Now he was not speaking of the home, but the foreign head, their Superintendent, Mr. Stirling, and he was satisfied that there was not too much warmth, and not too much coldness there; but calm, sober, steady, cool judgment, with tenacity of purpose, and the desire to do all that could be done by any one, to seize on such opportunities as

presented themselves. So far as he could see the patient's head was in a very proper condition. How about the tongue? Doctors generally asked the patient to put out his tongue; we must do the same with our patient, and see how his tongue looked; was it clean? Yes, he believed it was, certainly so far as he knew there was not one of the Missionaries of the Society that did or would preach anything but the simple truth as it is in Jesus. Their words he hoped and believed would be words accompanied by the unction of the Holy Ghost. The tongue of the Society at home and abroad he hoped was a tongue of fire—a tongue giving no uncertain sound—capable of proper relish for God's word, and exhibiting no furred symptom of heterodoxy. The tongue showed health decidedly. Well, but let us take one more symptom. Doctors were sometimes inquisitive about the appetite, and certainly not without reason, for a man in sound health ought to be able to eat his food, aye, and long for his food. Well, did their patient stand the test? Yes, and he thought remarkably well too; in fact, he must say, the appetite was quite the appetite of one that had been half-starved. They had seen how this Society was not satisfied with four additional Missionaries in one year, though that was a tolerable meal for its digestive powers. Now they wanted more—one in Araucania, one in the Gran Chaco, one here, and one there. The patient was not to be satisfied—his hunger could not be appeased; it was prodigious. They might be quite satisfied then that on the point of appetite their patient showed the most robust and rude health. Well then, if the circulation was good, the head cool,

the tongue clean, and the appetite satisfactory, there was small fear for their formerly delicate patient. He trusted they would not starve him any longer, or deal with him as a sick infant, but supply him liberally with all that was needful for the continuance of his health, and for his hearty employment in the service of their God, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. (Loud applause.)

The third resolution, appointing the Committee, was kindly proposed by the Rev. W. HOCKIN, and seconded by the Rev. B. CHARLESWORTH.

At the evening meeting the chair was kindly taken by W. MACDONALD MACDONALD, Esq., of St. Martin, Perth. We cannot well spare space to give an account of it, and shall confine ourselves to a few of the observations made by the Chairman.

He said that he believed the joy felt in heaven for the rescue of a single human soul was something higher than they could have any conception of. A faint idea of this was conveyed to him by a friend in Scotland, who had witnessed a deeply interesting scene in one of its bays. On a dark and wild night a small fishing boat was expected back; there was no lighthouse to guide its course; the wind howled, the storm raged, and the surf dashed madly over the bar of the harbour. Gathered round the bay, on every available spot of ground from whence a glimpse of the boat might be obtained, were all the inhabitants of the hamlet; at first they seemed powerless, but quickly beacon fires were kindled on both sides of the harbour, which was very narrow in its entrance—fresh fuel was placed on these continually—those who fed the fires

never flagged, those who watched seemed never weary; an intense and almost breathless suspense held the assembled multitude, as out at sea might be seen at times a little black spot, now seen for a moment, now again hidden from view in the hollow of the waves; the boat approached nearer and nearer the dangerous coast — there was little, very little chance of its escape, expectation was strained to the utmost when the boat appeared on the crest of a wave almost in the harbour; one moment would decide the doom of the brave men who were toiling for bare life in the midst of the danger, and in the presence of those they loved. It was agony; at last the waves seemed to rise to an immense height, and the boat, which was but a plaything in their giant grasp, was hurled safely into harbour. A woman, whose nerves had been strained to the utmost, was standing beside my friend. Now that all was safe, she uttered the cry, "he is saved! he is saved!" and fainted away. It was a wife's cry. We are but at best as the watchers on that bay; we may indeed light the fires, and give some intimation to those who are in danger of perishing where there is safety for them, even in the love of Jesus the Saviour. When through our instrumentality a soul is saved, the joy to us ought to be great, but it is far greater in heaven. Now if by the instrumentality of this Society only one soul was saved, surely there was something gained of infinite value. He for one felt it a honour in any way to help forward the good work, and he believed that after all that had been suffered by Captain Gardiner, Richard Williams, and others, in laying the foundation of this work, that they would

not be disappointed of an abundant harvest in good time.

The speakers of the evening were the Rev. W. HOCKIN, Rev. G. P. DESPARD, and the Secretary.

NOTICES.

NEW WORK.

The Committee are anxious to publish a new work, giving a history of the Mission from the first up to the present date. They have been asked whether it is their intention to republish "Hope Deferred, not Lost," as well, and to bind those as Subscribers to it who have forwarded their names as such to the Secretary.

They reply that they have no intention of republishing at present, and that they do not consider those bound who have given their names as Subscribers.

REPORT.

Any persons entitled to this publication, and who have not received it, are requested to forward their names and *full address* to the Secretary, that it may be forwarded without further delay.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US IN BUENOS AYRES ?

It will very much strengthen the hands of our kind friends to read the following extracts, the first is from the leading article of the "Weekly Standard," published in Buenos Ayres, on the 6th November, 1862.

"PATAGONIAN MISSION.

"On this evening (Thursday) it is proposed to have a public meeting in the school room attached to the Scotch Church, kindly placed at the disposal of the Patagonian Society, by the Rev. Mr. Smith. We have thus presented to us the pleasing fact of persons belonging, indeed, outwardly to societies bearing different names, but capable of uniting together in the one grand object of extending the dominion of the gospel of Christ. We think this fact the more striking, because of the many difficulties which have beset the efforts of the original friends of the Mission in question—difficulties which might well be expected to disunite forces not strongly compacted together in the bonds of faith and love. It is, we think, a triumph of Christian principle, and is significant of the true allegiance of the supporters of a work like this to the command of Christ.

"Another thought, perhaps, will not fail to strike some minds, as they give consideration to

the subject. We mean that, if there are Christian Missionaries ready to undertake the laborious duty of seeking to evangelize and civilize the natives of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, it becomes a very serious responsibility for any Christian men to stand in the way or disparage the effort. In the great and daily struggle for material wealth and power—a struggle not conducted without a serious risk to many of falling, it would be no slight loss to us all if there were no examples before our eyes of men labouring for the future, and not the present, content to do what they believe to be their duty, leaving results to God, while they strive in faith for the good of imperishable spirits.

“ We must bear in mind that the members of the Patagonian Mission have no political objects to achieve, and that the simple aim of their lives is to benefit their fellow creatures. We all know how wonderfully the events of our lives, and the direction of our various energies, are overruled for us; how one man is moved to embrace this enterprise, and another that; and how, without seeming to interfere, the Almighty Wisdom distributes through the world, and controls the varied forces, which He has originated. It is unnecessary to ask any deeper explanation of the presence of these Christian Missionaries in South America. In the providence of God they have been led to devote themselves to a cause which has been laid upon

their hearts. Of the probable success of their labours they are the best judges; but it is too much to suppose that they have left home and country without an intelligent idea of the arduous nature of the work, and a mature consideration of its future requirements. If they are willing to labour we say, with a sincere heart, God speed!

“For the special work in Tierra del Fuego, the Missionaries have formed a central station on the Falkland Islands, to which place natives have willingly consented to be conveyed, and for a time to remain, enjoying the advantages of instruction in the elements of the Christian doctrine and civilization. The experiment thus far has been successful, and this in spite of a painful event, some time back, when the crew of the missionary schooner were massacred, owing to the over-confidence of the captain in the general docility, and trustworthiness of the Indians. Had the cautious plans of the Society been adhered to, this massacre would, humanly speaking, never have occurred. Want of caution in one individual led to the disastrous result. We regard this, however, as by no means condemnatory of the plan and objects of the work; and when we hear of instances of natives of Tierra del Fuego showing respect for Christian instruction, of their willingness to be instructed in reading and writing—for acquiring which they show considerable ability—of their

industrious and cleanly habits, while under the care of the Missionaries; when we hear of these, and other evidences of incipient success, we are disposed to take a hopeful, and sympathising view of this difficult enterprise. Thus far we have merely referred to what is going on in Tierra del Fuego; but this by no means closes the sphere of the Society's labours. In Patagonia itself the agents of the Society have been for some time, and are at this hour labouring. Our space forbids any detail of their work, but we rejoice to know the Indians there have proved themselves thus far very friendly, and, to some extent alive to the benefits of the Christian Missionary amongst them. A further and actual scene of the labours of this Mission is on the frontiers of Araucania, in Chili, where there is a good and hopeful work going on gradually, and according to the means placed at its disposal, the Society will enlarge its efforts on this continent; and while its expansive charities embrace the most degraded of the Indian races, we are glad to know that the interests of the English immigrants, in different parts, will be carefully regarded and provided for."

This impression seems but to have deepened by the lapse of time. On the 13th December, 1862, in the same paper, we read:—

"Messrs. Bernal and Carrega, of this city, have received a note by a vessel just arrived from the

Southern Coast, stating that she had spoken the *Allen Gardiner*, when she was six days out from Monte Video, and that all were well. This will be gratifying news to the numerous friends of the Rev. Mr. Stirling, who was on board with his family, on their perilous mission to the South."

On the 24th January, 1863, the excellent and devoted Secretary of our Corresponding Committee, Mr. Corfield, writes—

"My dear Mr. Gray,

"We are quite afloat here with the interests of your Society. You must try, if you please, to get a number of auxiliaries all over the continent. Please push forward the interests of men by making known to them the undying blessing of the Gospel. You may reckon everywhere upon helpers in so glorious a work; God will surely raise up friends to assist you. In Valparaiso you have a Committee already, I know, now we add another. I hear, too, that in Monte Video you are getting on in the same way. We were delighted to see our common friend, Mr. Stirling, here. You may send as many of the Lord's people as you like, and we shall always welcome them. The late visit of our dear friend amongst us is very pleasant to look back upon; MANY prayers follow him and his family to the South. I have had two or three letters from him full of encouragement. Last week I sent a good supply

of Scriptures to Mr. Lett, of Patagonia, who wrote to say they were much wanted there. I think well of the location of the two Catechists there, *but I should like to have some more here in our midst, dealing with the native, French, Italian, and German minds. There is plenty of room for more here in any department of usefulness.* Some of us are ardent in wishing to see evangelical agents everywhere doing the work of Christ; *we must do it with God's help*; you can move safely in the strength of prayer and faith.

We hope to raise for you, in annual subscriptions, quite £100 per annum, or more. I think there is no difficulty about this: we have promises from three persons of £20 odd already. Each member of the Committee will be giving liberally, when our lists are prepared; then I hear from ——— that £50 a year can be calculated on at once for the expected missionary, (for the Gran Chaco.) The bible is finding its way (into South America), and its truths must trample over all error. We seem to have freer action year after year."

After some business detail, Mr. Corfield gives the names of the Committee.

President and Treasurer: T. ARMSTRONG, Esq.

Committee:

Rev. M. GHERKE. — SCHAUFFLER, Esq.

Rev. E. GOODFELLOW. — BARBOUR, Esq.

REV. N. NICHOLSON. — BITNER, Esq.

R. B. NEWTON, Esq. R. CORFIELD, Esq., *Sec.*

Annual Subscriptions reported:

Thomas Armstrong, Esq.	£10	0	0
R. B. Newton, Esq.	10	0	0
R. CORFIELD, Esq.	3	3	0

R. CORFIELD."

We trust that our friends will find in these extracts abundant cause for thankfulness, and be the more encouraged to put forth their full strength to a work which, as it develops more each year, demands increased exertion and extended support, exertion and support which will enable the Committee to meet more easily the calls made upon them. Let us at home be ready to lengthen the Church's cords, and strengthen her stakes abroad, in proportion as God enables us to do so, and points out, from time to time, the seasons in which, and the agents by whom, this may be accomplished.

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LOTA.

We particularly request the attention of our readers to the following portions of letters from the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, and Mr. Coombe. We earnestly entreat them to weigh calmly and prayerfully that which is in progress, in Araucania—now that the survey has been made in the Indian district. The outpost is building! Expectation is raised! The missionary may

easily be obtained from Germany, and another will be obtained. But how soon? Why should we delay? Do we doubt? Nay!

“Press forward and fear not: we’ll speed on our way,  
Why should we e’er shrink from our path in dismay?  
We tread but the road which our leader has trod,  
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.

Soon and for ever the work shall be done,  
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;  
Soon and for ever the soldier lay down  
The sword for a harp, the cross for a crown.

Then droop not in *languor*, despond not in fear;  
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,  
When *blessed reward for each faithful endeavour,*  
*Christians with Christ shall be soon and for ever.”*

“LOTA, *January 31st, 1863.*  
“I hope to start on February 2nd, for Tucapel, to complete the survey which was broken off by the bad weather encountered in my spring journey. The principal object of this journey, if successful, is to obtain a conference with the cacique—who is the most powerful. It is a providential circumstance that the commandant of—— is the same officer I met in—— in 1857-58. Could you send me a German catechist to join the station in September? The study of the Indian language ought to commence in a satisfactory manner in the spring. There are several good interpreters, and one might be engaged for three months with very great advantage, as mission guide and in-

terpreter; after that his services might be dispensed with, as an unnecessary expense.

“Your letter, December 15, has just come to hand, with order for the outpost; it shall, if possible, commence forthwith, and I will write by the next mail.

“With my kindest regards, &c.

A. W. GARDINER.”

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“Lota, 21st Feb. 1863.

“My dear Mr. Gray,

“I acknowledged by last steamer the receipt of yours of date December 15th, containing the order for developing the Mission, and the grant of £200. The expedition to the river Labo, and the commencement of the outpost, was effected the same week; and I hope on the 1st April to be able to report its completion. The work of *completing the vocabulary*, and *attempting the translation of the four Gospels and the Psalms*, might be systematically prosecuted on the appointment of a catechist at Labo. It is impossible for me to leave this station without someone in charge: and in so wild and desolate a frontier as the Labo and Tucapel district, it is absolutely necessary that for the Itinerant Mission two agents should be associated. It would be wrong of me, therefore, to represent Mr. Coombe and myself as competent to discharge satisfactorily the responsibilities of the work at Labo and the work at Lota. *Until a third Missionary join us but little progress can be made in the Indian department*: however, that little it will be our endeavour to accomplish; and *I hope to finish the vocabulary by the end of August*. Hitherto our work



must have appeared to friends at home a succession of delays, but I trust that we may soon emerge from the long tunnel of under-ground work and influences into a sky of more genial and inviting hue.

"A. W. GARDINER."

"LOTA, Jan. 19th, 1863.

"I have no doubt you will wonder at my long silence, but the interval has not been one of inactivity, my leisure time, before and after school, has for the last few weeks been employed in superintending the building of my house, *which I am thankful to report finished.* And now having accommodation I shall be only too thankful to welcome the new associate of whom you speak as likely to join us, for the further development of the Mission—an event we anticipate with joy.

"Hitherto the Lord has helped us, not only with temporal blessings but we trust with spiritual also. I believe that his seal has been set to the work in quickening souls from the death of sin to a life of righteousness; where there was discord there is now harmony and peace, and from many a family hearth ascends the voice of prayer and praise, causing souls to rejoice in God their Saviour; but this is but a small portion of the great work which lies before us. What has been and is being done was necessary as a foundation to a building, as the key stone to the arch; but whilst administering to the spiritual necessities of the few we are not unmindful of the pressing need of 10,000 perishing heathen, and I rejoice to say that to

human view *no impediment but the want of means* prevents the prosecution of the work.

"I am sure, my dear sir, it is needless for me to exhort you to renewed energy, but I would earnestly entreat God's people, who are in any way interested in this great work, to work while it is called to-day, that those now in darkness may see and behold the light—that the gospel-trumpet may sound its life-giving notes, until every knee shall bow to Jesus, and every lip confess His name.

W. T. COOMBE."

### EL CARMEN.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers part of the first journal of Mr. Lett, written in Patagonia. It is always a matter of deep interest to watch the gradual development, and growth of any Missionary undertaking. Some of us can well fancy ourselves entering into such a place as El Carmen, suddenly separated from the guiding head, and left to our own resources, which being found weak, make us cling the more to the supporting arm of our God, and compel us more earnestly to supplicate from Him grace, in the time of our need. Some of us can throw ourselves into the full spirit of this journal, and imagine the various seeming separations and farewells, and the delight of a second or a third embrace. We can feel the sense of loneliness creeping over us when in the cabin (for the house deserves not more than the appellation) the first meal is cooked without the aid of a servant; but then there is life and amusement

in the stumbling efforts to make ourselves understood when Latin is twisted into Spanish, and now a successful, now an abortive attempt is made to explain our meaning. Many times in many parts of the world we have tried this, and the pleasure is by no means small when the first difficulties of a foreign tongue are overcome, and when for our Master we can speak of His will, and His love, and point the bewildered sinner, groping in darkness for the way to God, to Jesus the crucified, risen, and pleading Saviour. May it be the portion of our Missionary brethren soon to be able to speak plainly of the wonderful love and wonderful works of God.

“PATAGONES (*alias El Carmen.*)

“I beg leave to write and announce our settlement in this place, where it is proposed that we prosecute our labours in the Gospel of the grace of God. We are in the enjoyment of good health, and already like the place very much. Although our ignorance of the Spanish language prevents us engaging in any labours worthy of record, yet the following scanty entries in my journal may not be altogether void of interest to you.

“*Friday, December 5th, 1862.*—Gave up my cabin in the *Allen Gardiner*, and came to sleep in the house we have taken for one month at 300\$. Mr. Stirling visited to-day a party of Indians, about seventeen miles up the river, and was very favourably received. O Lord on high, here at last I have commenced my work in the place where I have so long centered my thoughts regarding Thy work, and oh, wilt thou not give wisdom, and strength, and blessing, to me and



my dear fellow labourer in that work, for Christ's sake? Amen.

"*Sunday, 7th.*—Divine service held on board the *Allen Gardiner*, Mr. Stirling discoursed on the 32nd Psalm. Seventeen strangers among the congregation, including some of the principal persons of the place. A goodly number of Scriptures given away at the close. This congregation numbered parties from the countries distributed as follows:—England 17, Ireland 1, Switzerland 1, Germany 5, Italy 3, Norway 1, Sweden 1, United States America 1, East Indies 1, Natives (Spaniards) 4. Brother Andres came into the house to-night.

"*8th.*—This day being the festival of the conception of the B. V. M., it has been kept with solemnity by the Roman Catholic people. This morning three soldiers came to our house, a Swede, a Swiss, and a Norwegian—we gave them Testaments in their own tongues; to the Swiss, I gave a French Bible.

"*10th.*—An Indian, by appointment, brought on board the vessel to-day, and engaged to teach us the Indian language.

"*12th.*—The *Allen Gardiner* left Carmen, we went down in her, purposing to return from the 'Bòca' (mouth of the river) but she got aground about five leagues down, and we were obliged to remain in her—this was on the south side of the river. The vessel lay on her starboard side. In the night an attempt was made to get her off, but without effect, and she lay over on the other side. Last night the Lord's supper was celebrated in the cabin of the vessel. Received instructions from Mr. Stirling.

"13th.—The *Allen Gardiner* floated off at high water (3 P.M.) and anchored a short distance out in the river. Mr. Andres and I left her at 5½ P.M. in the gig with Mr. Courtis, the mate, and a seaman, and after great exertions and difficulties arrived in our house not till 12 o'clock. (midnight)

"14th, Sunday.—Morning prayers; two German soldiers present. Andres read to them in their own language a Sermon on Matthew xi. 2. 10. To-day, for the first time, we cooked our own meals.

"15th.—Andres and I hired horses and rode (twenty miles) down to the Bòca, where we paid a farewell visit to the *Allen Gardiner* and our very dear friends; after spending two or three hours there, (Mr. Stirling having commended us in prayer to God,) we left, as the vessel was getting under weigh, and rode back to Carmen. The country we rode through, extending along the north bank of the river, presented a succession of sandstone hills, cut by intervening valleys, many bright flowers enlivening the scene, and poplar groves at the different farm-houses.

"16th.—Gave, at his desire, a Spanish Testament to senor D— Crossed over the river, and visited senor Barnes, and also his son; we were informed that, last Thursday, during the storm which delayed the *Allen Gardiner*, two men were killed by lightning, as they were sitting in their house. The fields are literally covered with grasshoppers, which have been a plague to the crops in this country the last few years. Saw also two Indian toldas, huts made of skins. A Portuguese young man came in for a Bible, gave him one in Spanish.

"18th.—Senor Barnes spent the day with us, gave

him three Testaments and two Gospels (Spanish) for people who have applied to him for them. We understand that the Scriptures given out are greatly read—there is great demand for them.

“21st.—A polish refugee came in, Andres conversed at length with him in German, gave him a Spanish Testament; he told that the Padre had preached against us to-day also, as well as last Sunday.

“22nd.—Mr. Stirling and Mr. Rau came to-day, having come up from the Bòca, where the vessel still lies, unable to get over the Bar.

“24th.—At one o'clock p.m. the *Allen Gardiner* made sail, got over the Bar, and stood out with a prosperous breeze.

FRANCIS NEVILLE LETT.”

Since the above was in print we have received the following letters.

“January 25th, 1863.

“It will no doubt ever be agreeable to you, and the Committee, to hear from us. Even though the embryo state of our work here at present can be expected to supply but little matter of much interest. During the month past we have resided here in a quiet manner—seeking to acquire intimacy with the country, the people, and the language; and that not without some share of success. Moreover, we have distributed a goodly number of Scriptures.

“There are here about thirty individuals who can more or less speak English; among these I have discovered *an Indian*. From them and the community generally we must say we have met with kindness and attention.”



“We have had a little stir here, on account of the mutiny of about forty of the soldiers at the fortress up the river. The Commander went off immediately with all the men here, leaving the fort to be garrisoned by the able bodied citizens. Information has since come in that part of the mutineers are at the Rio Colorado, while the remainder have left them and gone off up the country. Several of them were our countrymen, to whom I had given copies of the Scripture. Next month we propose (D. V.) removing over to the south side of the river, where matters are evidently more favourable for the prosecution of our work. There are many Indians there, and a continuous arrival of Indians from all Patagonia for trade. Here there is no possible access to Indians, except at a great distance. Though the south side may be more uncivilized, so to speak, than the north, this is the least matter for us to consider, if we at all fulfil our high mission in this quarter of the gospel field.

“F. N. LETT.”

Mr. Andres adds:—

“For the present we cannot do very much, owing to our ignorance of the language; but I hope that with the help of God, we shall soon be able to do something. We have not seen the Indians in their own quarters yet. On the other side of the river we will be nearer the Indians. There are some eighty families quite amongst the natives of this place, with whom we might begin. As soon as we are settled on the other side, we shall go and visit them; we will have an opportunity of seeing them every day.

“JOHN ANDRES.”

## THE PILGRIM MISSION.

We have much pleasure in giving the following extract from the last Report of this admirable institution.

“Turning to South America, we find there six of our former pupils,—two near Santa Fe, in the State Buenos Ayres, who are performing the duties of pastors and schoolmasters in German and French settlements; and four in Patagonia.

“The Patagonian Society has this year again engaged the services of two Chrischona students—Andres and Rau. At the end of August they sailed on board the *Allen Gardiner*, from Bristol, towards the land of their destination,—with them the Rev. Mr. Stirling, the new Superintendent of the Mission, and another English Missionary. The latter, with Brother Andres, are to try to establish a Station at the River Negro, on the north-eastern coast of Patagonia. According to letters received from them, they safely arrived off Monte Video, the 23rd of October. Of the brethren Schmid and Hunziker we are able to say this much—that after a sojourn of three months and a half among a tribe of Indians on the river Gallegos they returned to the missionary settlement on the Falkland Islands, and then paid another visit to the main land in the month of May. They landed in the bay of Santa Cruz, on the eastern coast, and pitched their tent at a place called Wedell Bluff, having found there an abundance of good grass, water and fuel. *The Patagonian Mission develops itself every year more hopefully, and we are sure that it will some day bear precious fruit, worthy of the great and painful sacrifices it has demanded.*”

## EDITOR'S BOX.

## CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG.

Auntie, who was the best the very best Collector you ever knew? This question was put to me many years ago. I have often thought of it since, and I think the conversation I had then may interest my little readers. It was a winter evening, a wood fire was burning in the large old fashioned fireplace of the little, low, dark parlour with its casement window of the cottage where my friend, the Curate, lived. Auntie was only my name given in love. Three little girls were there, and as usual before tea, whilst mamma was up stairs with the babies, we were waiting for papa round the fire. Tell us a story, Auntie, said Marianne, the eldest, a girl of seven, clever and full of fun. No, let us talk, said Sissy, for Auntie is tired, and "I will *comforts* her," so she climbed on my knee, looked up in my face with her large blue eyes, and then putting her arm round me, nestled her curly flaxen head on my shoulder; she was not quite six. Whilst tiny Kate on the stool at my feet, kept measuring the fir cones, with which she was keeping up a blaze, in order to keep the two biggest for papa and mamma, as she said. Well I said let us talk, and what shall we talk about? About Collectors, I should so like to be a Collector, said Sissy. What sort of a Collector, I asked? A Missionary Collector, Auntie, said Sissy. I pretended a grave look at the merry little round face, but before I could answer Marianne said quickly, "I am sure I should not." Why not dear, I said? for I wished to find out their real feelings. "Because, Auntie, you



say we should try and be the best in every thing we do, and I am sure I could not be the best Collector, so I would not like to be a Collector at all. Auntie, who is the best Collector you know, asked Sissy? Well dear, we will first find out what makes a good Collector, and then find our man. Oh, said Kate, clapping her hands, I have caught Auntie then, for papa has only four Collectors, and there is only one man, so Dan Eckett is the best Collector. I laughed heartily at the little child, whose thoughts were so bounded by her own village circle, yet I was caught too, for poor Dan was the best Collector, not only that I knew then, but as good as, if not better than, any I have known since, though I have known very many in the thirty years that have passed since then. Well, I said, I wont own to being caught, till we have found out whether Dan answers to our ideas of the best Collector. Marianne what do you think makes "the best?" Getting most money, and Dan does not do that. Come, I am not so sure he does not collect most. What is collecting, Auntie? asked Kate. Collecting is gathering together one thing after another, till we get a parcel, or adding one piece of money to another till we get a sum. Papa gets most money, said Kate. Yes, dear, but papa does not *collect* most, because he only receives the large sums which the other four bring him, they have gathered them little by little, and Dan got three times as much as either of the others, so if gathering most money makes the best Collector it is Dan. But what say you, Sissy? "Prayer and pains" was what they said at the meeting last night made the best, said Sissy. I am glad you remember that, dear, said I, kissing my little pet. But

Auntie, we cannot tell how much Dan prays. No not exactly, I answered, but he told me one day, that he always prayed in his heart before he asked any one for money. And now for "pains," I think we must own Dan takes it; for you know he cannot walk without crutches, for he lost his leg at Waterloo; he cannot carry his bag, but has it sewn to his smock frock. He walks nine miles every time he goes for his subscriptions, and he has only his parish pay; so that to set the *example*, which *we* think another requisite for a Collector, he and his old wife, who is lame too, both go without their sugar and butter every Monday morning that there may be a penny in the bag to begin with. (I will here say that this is quite true, the good old man has long since gone to his rest: the cluster of cottages where he lived is become a village, it has its Church, and its Missionary Association, but the amount in the last Annual Church Missionary Report fell far below what poor old Dan used to collect by his own unwearied efforts, from door to door, week by week, despite weather and opposition.) And now, Kate, what say you makes the best Collector? The merry child laughed a merry laugh. Catching up her two large fir cones, and throwing them on the blaze, she said, as she caught sight of papa and mamma at the door, Auntie, the biggest cones make the best blaze, the biggest bag *quite, quite* full, makes the best Collector. Come, said papa, what's all this about, I have had the Tax Collector to day, and the Tithe Collector, and there's not much left for any other Collector, I am afraid. Oh! said Sissy, I am going to be the other Collector, and you must give me all you

have left. Then where will be your pudding to morrow? asked papa, with a roguish look at Sissy, for she was a pudding lover. Sly glances caught papa's face. But Sissy was in *earnest*, "papa I will like to go without for Jesus. "A true answer from this child of six years old." Here papa could be grave too; he took the dear child in his arms, asked what we had been talking about, and then said he would decide my question. He thought the best Collector was the one who loved Jesus; and mamma said, the one who was not soon frightened, for Sissy was timid; and I thought it was one, who though often refused, tried again perseveringly; so we drew up the description of our best Collector, and found it—one who loves Jesus best; one not soon frightened; one who persevered though often refused; one who prays and takes pains; one who has the biggest bag, and gets the most money in it; and one who sets a good example. We found old Dan Eckett answered to all these; so papa wrote it out, and made us write our names to it, and then added a verse composed for the occasion, after his usual way of fun, but which his children long remembered. He then gave Sissy a bag, and put a shilling in it, and she gladly began her work as the young Collector.

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HYMN FOR USE AT OUR MEETINGS.

Hark, the cry of human anguish  
 From Fuegia's desert shore!  
 There in want and woe they languish,  
 Christians! bid them want no more.



Ye to whom the Lord is precious,  
 Ye who know the Spirit's power,  
 Ye who feel His love refresh us  
 In this calm and sacred hour—

Think on these your brethren, lying  
 In the depth of nature's night;  
 See the Gospel angel flying,\*  
 Speed to them his blessed flight.

Lo, the spark already kindled!  
 Soon may Faith's pure flames arise,  
 And from many voices mingled  
 Waft devotion to the skies.

Not alone where all unheeded  
 Savage nations wildly roam,  
 Upward, onward, help is needed,  
 Where they blindly bow to Rome.

Fair the field that lies before you,  
 Slack not, hold not back your hand;  
 In His strength who watches o'er you,  
 Win for Christ that wide-spread land.

\* Rev. xiv. 6.

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#### TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Land of fire! such thy mission,  
 Bearing on thy branded brow  
 'Traces of thy old condition—  
 Washed by surging billows now!

Land of fire! quenched the fury  
 Of those fierce volcanic flames—  
 Let a milder warmth allure thee,  
 Yield thee to the Saviour's claims.

Land of fire! may the Spirit  
 Send on thee His quickening ray,  
 Thee as His elect inherit,  
 Shed a Pentecostal day!

Land of fire! from thee streaming  
 There shall flow a light inspired,  
 To Columbia's mountains gleaming,  
 All the land be won for Christ.

ADA.

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 NOTICE.

## SALE OF WORK IN MONTE VIDEO.

The Rev. S. Adams writes by the last mail to say, that he greatly regrets the sale of work for the Society cannot be held in Monte Video until the early part of next year. He is still anxious that work should be sent to him at the close of this year. We trust the lengthened time may only add to the number and value of the articles for which Mr. Stirling pleaded.

In the next "Voice" we hope to be able to insert a letter from Camelena. It was forwarded to us too late for insertion in this number.

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 PATAGONIA.

We are frequently asked respecting the climate of Patagonia. The following table, compiled with great care by Mr. Schmid, will answer this question more satisfactorily than any statement of ours.

1862. Lat. 50. WEDDELL

| MOON    | DAY. | MTH.<br>June | THERMOMETER. |     |     |       |     |     |        |
|---------|------|--------------|--------------|-----|-----|-------|-----|-----|--------|
|         |      |              | FAHR.        |     |     | CENT. |     |     |        |
| 1st gr. | Sun. | 1            | ...          | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... |        |
|         | M    | 2            | ...          | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... |        |
|         | T    | 3            | ...          | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... |        |
|         | W    | 4            | 20           | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... |        |
|         | Th.  | 5            | 26           | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... |        |
|         | F    | 6            | 20           | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... | ...    |
|         | S    | 7            | 20           | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... | ...    |
|         | Sun. | 8            | 18           | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... | ...    |
| Full.   | M    | 9            | 18           | ... | ... | ...   | ... | ... |        |
|         | T    | 10           | 16           | 34  | 24  |       | 1   | 5½  | S.W.   |
|         | W    | 11           | 16           | 36  | 26  |       |     |     |        |
|         | Th.  | 12           | 16           | 32  | 30  | 9½    | 0   | 1   | W.     |
|         | F    | 13           | 29           | 40  | 30  | 14½   | 4½  | 1   | N.W.   |
|         | S    | 14           | 29           | 42  | 40  | 14½   | 5½  | 4½  | W.     |
|         | Sun. | 15           | 25           | 30  | 28  | 4     | 1   | 2   |        |
|         | M    | 16           | 25           | 35  | 29  | 4     | 1½  | 1¾  |        |
| L. gr.  | T    | 17           | 22           | 33  | 27  | 5½    | 0½  | 3½  | W.     |
|         | W    | 18           | 20           | 30  | 27  | 6½    | 1   | 2½  | W.S.W. |
|         | Th.  | 19           | 20           | 30  | 26  | 6½    | 1   | 3   | S.W.   |
|         | F    | 20           | 17           | 28  | 25  | 8½    | 2   | 4   | W.     |
|         | S    | 21           | 20           | 33  | 30  | 6½    | 1½  | 1   | ...    |
|         | Sun. | 22           | 35           | 38  | 30  | 1½    | 3¼  | 1   | W.     |
|         | M    | 23           | 27           | 35  | 32  | 3½    | 1½  | 0   | N.W.   |
|         | T    | 24           | 27           | 32  | 27  | 3½    | 0   | 3½  | W.     |
| New.    | W    | 25           | 24           | 35  | 31  | 4½    | 1½  | 0½  | S.     |
|         | Th.  | 26           | 29           | 35  | 35  | 1½    | 1½  | 1½  | S.     |
|         | F    | 27           | 29           | 30  | 23  | 1½    | 1   | 5   | S.W.   |
|         | S    | 28           | 9            | 17  | 13  |       | 8½  | 9½  | S.W.   |
|         | Sun. | 29           | 6            | 22  | 13  |       | 5½  | 9½  | S.W.   |
|         | M    | 30           | 5            | 21  | 10  | 15    | 8   |     | W.S.W. |



# BLUFF, SANTA CRUZ, PATAGONIA.

| WIND.<br>DIRECTION. |      | WIND.<br>FORCE. |       |       | WEATHER.         |         |       |
|---------------------|------|-----------------|-------|-------|------------------|---------|-------|
| Westerly            |      | str.            | str.  | mod.  | clear            | clear   | clear |
| West                |      | mod.            | l.    | l.    | cldy.            | fair    | fair  |
| Westerly            |      | l.              | mod.  | l.    | clear            | clear   | clear |
| N. East             |      | mod.            | mod.  |       | fair             | fair    | fair  |
| N. Easterly         |      | moderate        |       |       | cldy.            | dull    | fair  |
| ... ..              | ...  | ...             | ...   | ...   | clear            | clear   | fair  |
| Westerly            |      |                 | light |       | clear            | clear   | clear |
| ditto               |      |                 | ditto |       | clear            | clear   | clear |
| ditto               |      |                 | ditto |       | clear and frosty |         |       |
| S.W.                | S.W. | l.              | mod.  | l.    | ditto            |         |       |
| W.                  | W.   | l.              | l.    | l.    | clear            | clear   | clear |
| West                |      | sq.             | mod.  | mod.  | cldy.            | fine    | clear |
| W.                  | W.   | str.            | mod.  | mod.  | clear            | cldy.   | clear |
| S.S.W.              |      | strong          |       |       | clear            |         |       |
| S.W.                |      | v.str.          | sq.   | mod.  | clear            | cloudy  |       |
| S.W.                | S.W. | str.            | mod.  | mod.  | fair             | fair    | clear |
| W.                  | W.   | moderate        |       |       | clear            |         |       |
| S.W.                | S.W. | mod.            | mod.  | mod.  | clear            | clear   | clear |
| W.N.W.              | N.W. | l.              | mod.  | l.    | fair             | clear   | clear |
| W.N.W.              |      | l.              | calm  |       | clear            | clear   | cldy. |
| S.W.                | W.   | calm            | mod.  | l.    | dull             | cldy.   | dull  |
| W.                  | S.W. | l.              | v.md. | mod.  | cldy.            | fair    | cldy. |
| W.                  | W.   | l.              | l.    | l.    | cldy.            | fair    | clear |
| W.                  | W.   | mod.            | l.    | l.    | cldy.            | fair    | fair  |
| S.                  | S.   | v.md.           | l.    | mod.  | dull             | snowing |       |
| S.W.                | S.W. | l.              | mod.  | v.md. | snow             | clear   | clear |
| S.W.                | S.W. | mod.            | str.  | mod.  | clear            | clear   | clear |
| N.W.                | W.   | v.md.           | v.md. | l.    | clear            | clear   | clear |
| S.W.                |      | mod.            | mod.  | str.  | clear            | clear   | clear |

## ARRIVAL OF THE ALLEN GARDINER AT CRANMER.

It is with a feeling of devout thankfulness to Almighty God that we announce the arrival of the missionary vessel at the Falkland Island Station. Our joy is however sobered by the untimely loss of the promising sailor Alfred Lee, with whose orphan sister our kind readers will deeply sympathise. Our warmest thanks are due to our Superintendent for his full and lucid statements to the Committee respecting the capabilities of Cranmer for the purposes for which it was designed. There are clearly some difficulties which will require time, patience, and judgment to surmount fully, before all is accomplished which may be expected in process of time; but as clearly there are hopes and encouragements respecting the work which cheer the heart. It would be tedious, as it is altogether needless, to enter into any dry business detail. Our readers may rest assured that what they contribute will be well expended and carefully used; and in the purely missionary work they will probably take our assurance that all is being done which can be effected. A very large step in advance has been gained by the diligence and acumen of Mr. Thomas Bridges, in the completion of the dictionary and grammar now before us, and by the careful training of Ookokowenges

and his family for their work in Tierra del Fuego. Mr. Stirling writes :

“ On the morning of January 28th the anchor of the *Allen Gardiner* was tripped at Weddell's Bluff, the estuary of Santa Cruz, and the bar was safely and rapidly cleared, the latter however causing the vessel to give many a vigorous plunge and me to retire for forty hours to my berth. The sea ran very high at times, but the wind was fair. As we neared Keppel Island the water became smoother, and all seemed well. The captain had ordered the boats to be hoisted from the chocks to the davits; and thoughts of pleasure, and congratulation at our almost charmed passage, occupied our hearts generally. I had been on deck since 2.30 A. M. and had descended about 6 o'clock, when I heard a noise overhead, and some unusual shouting; but so satisfied was I that the ship and all were right, that I for a minute remained in my berth; the stir, however, continued, and mingled with the cry 'Alf, Alf,' (Alfred Lee was so called). The order to about ship rung in my ears, I rushed up on deck, alas to find that Alfred Lee was overboard and hopelessly astern, for he could not swim, and the ship was running about seven knots an hour. Three men occupied the boat, and were off WITHIN, I believe, two minutes of the accident, the first and second officers being of the number; a man in the rigging directed the boat's course to



where the poor lad was for a few seconds visible, but it was too late; and we who had so shortly before been full of cheerful thoughts were now overcome with sorrow. The ship was now put about, and after awhile we picked up the boat, which had so vainly yet eagerly hurried to the rescue—the only thing recovered was the young lad's cap. My elder girl's grief broke forth in sobs and tears, very painful to be witnessed, and the ship's company mourned not less truly, though more quietly, the loss of their youngest member. Alferd Lee was a steady lad, with a pleasant countenance as well as a promising seaman. His character was formed on the Christian model, and I believe he made a more than ordinary effort to abstain from evil. He was fond of music, and oftentimes the pleasant melodies of familiar hymns sounded sweetly through the ship, as he played the concertina in some quiet corner. It gratifies me now to think that my last words to him were spoken to encourage him as a seaman, as I observed his good conduct, and steadiness at the wheel about two hours before his death. The dear lad was an orphan, and has but one relation, I believe, a sister resident in Bristol. While I record Alfred Lee's decease, I am happy to say that the seaman (J. Moore) who appeared hopelessly ill in the Rio Negro, is now convalescent. The *Allen Gardiner* entered by Port Egmont, and then

rounded the island to Committee Bay; at 2 p. m. January 30th, 1863, the anchor was let go.

“The first view of the Station, announcing as it did the termination of a voyage extending over five months and nine days, throughout which the gracious protection of God, and many special mercies, had been experienced, awakened in our hearts the spirit of praise, and thanksgiving. The sad event of the morning held many emotions of joy in check; but, while we all felt that God had spoken to us thereby, and our minds were solemnised as if by His presence, it was with a gladdened spirit that we gazed through the then bleak and humid atmosphere on the cottages and gardens which represent the Society’s Station in the Falklands, and such great purposes of love for the Indian tribes of South America. From the water the Station does not bear a very prepossessing look—the houses are not grouped for effect, and architecturally are not imposing. The lofty hills rising immediately in their rear, and the bold natural features of the camp and head lands, are possibly guilty of giving a disparaging idea of the achievements of man. The gardens, however, are conspicuous by their lively green, and the long pathway intersecting them, which leads to Sullivan House on the high knoll beyond. The views, on the contrary, from the land, are full of interest, and at different hours of the day, according as the

shades or lights prevail, rise to a great height of beauty. The high lands of the West Falklands, and the islands so thickly scattered, and so richly occupied with beetling rock and pinnacle, now glow with purple in the hazy prospect, or stand out sharp and clear under a cloudless sky; the ever-changing sea rolling in grand and solemn cadences between. By and by the dark and wintry fogs will perhaps obstruct the view: but in this fine weather, which we are told reserved itself for our arrival, it is impossible to be little less than charmed with the scene from the land. The island too as a whole has many most attractive points, standing as it does amidst many others, some smaller some larger than itself, but all contributing to its wealth of beauty by their varied forms, dressed oftentimes during these late days in a soft, pellucid atmosphere, as lovely as it is rare. It appears that the seasons have for two successive years been unusually moist; and before our arrival for two months rain had fallen almost every day. A change for the better has, however, apparently taken place, and we have enjoyed some ten days of exhilarating breeze and sunshine.

“But I must revert to the day of our arrival. On landing we were met on the jetty by William Bartlett and Ookokko; watching us from a little distance were Ookokko's wife and two children. The letters announcing our advent had never



reached the Station, in fact no letters of later date than February, 1862, within a week of twelve months; the same lack of letters had caused much anxiety to Mr. Schmid. The delay of the letters took place at Monte Video, and is a proof of the languid regard felt by Government for the interests of the Falkland Island colonists, or in other words of the momentary insignificance of Falkland Island interests among imperial and mercantile affairs. Possibly a less ignoble future awaits these remote islands.

“I walked with Bartlett to his house, who was full of the concerns of the Station, although not conscious for the moment of my name or character. The fact of his being still in ignorance of my coming, when letters stating this to be the case had been posted seven months previously in England did not occur to me, and I failed to introduce myself by name, until his difficulty transpired on attempting to introduce me to his wife. Ookokko surprised me by his good English, pleasant manners, and joyous laugh; there is something in his way of laughing that is rich and genial, a kind of free masonry, so natural, and spontaneous, and intelligent too. His appearance also was agreeable, and his readiness to oblige very marked, so that one and all of us, uttered words of rebellion against those thoughts, which had too long oppressed us, of the degradation, and

shame of the Fuegian tribes: Ookokko, of course, and his family, have had many advantages since 1859; but if in less than four years the result of education and kind treatment are so conspicuously good in their case, those who labour for the future benefit of these people, have the utmost encouragement, and rewards in store; I cannot fail to hope, moreover, that notwithstanding at the present time there is much need of a deeper insight into the faith of Christ, and a firmer conviction of the meaning, and sanctity of God's law, on Ookokko's part, than he can be said to have, (such in fact as would justify me in baptizing him) he is nevertheless very capable, as I am sure he is very desirous, of teaching his countrymen many of the lessons that he has learned both from the word of God, and the practices of Christian family and social life. I never felt more satisfied than I do now of the hopefulness of the Lord's work in Tierra del Fuego, and certainly never realised more vividly the cheering signs of His approaching glory in these uttermost parts of the earth. In another form Ookokko occupies his mind with this same prospect, and foretells the time when he, being old, and his children grown up, the whole people of Tierra del Fuego shall be taught to know God, and enjoy in peaceable habitations the fruits of Christian civilisation. This is his own picture, and the time of the prophecy his own.

To be a farmer in his own country is his great ambition, although he is convinced that this cannot be until his people 'know God,' and learn not to steal. Perhaps I ought to have given an earlier place in my letter to the mention of Mr. Bridges. But I will no longer seem to be unjust to him. For I regard him personally very highly, and am satisfied that he holds in his hand, and can use, far more firmly, and better than anyone now, or in the past connected with the mission, the key of the Fuegian language. Never till now did I feel any confidence in the results obtained from the study of this language. The vocabulary formed by Mr. Despard was indeed most invaluable in many ways, and cost great effort, but the spirit of the language was never gained. Now I think it is, and to Mr. Bridges the credit is due. Ookokko said to me of his own accord 'Mr. Despard know my language *a little*, Mr. Bridges *much*,' so truly has this last caught the verbal formations, and traced them through all their intricacies that he can detect an error in Ookokko's way of speaking, and point out *bad Fuegian*; a pat on the shoulder, and a good laugh, indicate Ookokko's gratification with Mr. Bridges' attainments, which he recognises with daily increasing satisfaction ..... I believe Mr. Bridges has done his duty, done it cheerfully and well; I have confirmed him as a Catechist in the service



of the Society, and believe he will if spared for the work prove a most efficient, and faithful servant of Christ. Mr. Bridges accompanies me in the *Allen Gardiner* to Tierra del Fuego, where Ookokko and his family will likewise go, but our stay must be short as the season is already far advanced.

“On Saturday last, February 14th, I gave an entertainment to the crew, [and] members of the Station, the day was kept as an holiday, and the *Allen Gardiner*, decked out with flags, never sat more gracefully in the water; from our flagstaff the English ensign was floating gaily. The horses were placed at the disposal of the crew, and at 1. 30 dinner was provided. We had island beef, and mutton, and a rabbit pie, with sausage meat, a ham, potatoes, turnips, and cabbage, *all the produce of the island*. Puddings &c. &c. came after. The beef was most excellent. The dinner, and horses, and rounders, and prisoner's base, have made us all pleased with one another, and I hope will inaugurate happily the new regime. I mean to turn the vacant cottage into a sailors' home for the present, that the crew of the *Allen Gardiner* may have a shelter on shore.”

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#### SANTA CRUZ.

Our readers will, we feel, be interested in Mr. Stirling's graphic account of his stormy welcome to

this new Station in the Mission field, and in the hopeful view with which he regards the work of our dear brothers Schmid and Hunziker. Our Missionaries need sympathy, and are deeply grateful for it. The visit of the Superintendent had the double advantage of putting the Committee into full possession of facts, and of cheering the hearts of the faithful and unselfish Missionaries, by conveying to them the assurance in living words of the estimation in which they are held in England. Mr. Schmid's letter speaks for itself, and needs no further comment. Mr. Stirling recommends the placing of a third Missionary at this point: when will our friends assist the Committee in carrying out the Superintendent's wishes? Mr. Stirling writes:

“After closing my last letter, in Dec. 1862, which contained full details of our visit to Carmen, and its probable bearings, the *Allen Gardiner* descended the Rio Negro, in charge of the pilot, and waited in the neighbourhood of this bar for an opportunity of crossing it. In our passage towards the mouth of the river, the *Allen Gardiner* once missed stays, and went ashore, where she remained, first on one side, then on the other, for twenty-two hours. The rain was falling heavily, and for a considerable time the thunder and lightning rolled and flashed incessantly, but no injury to ourselves or to the ship occurred, our thankfulness for which was not lessened when we heard of two young men being killed by the electric fluid on a spot which we had passed a few hours before. At ‘the Boca,’ or mouth of the river, we were detained eleven days, waiting for a favourable wind to cross the bar, which offers but a narrow gap

for ingress and egress, and is dangerous because of the heavy seas that break in huge masses upon its banks. The delay was not occasioned by the *Allen Gardiner's* excessive draught of water, but by the storminess of the season and heaviness of the sea. During our stay at the Boca, we visited the family of the pilot, who remembers Mr. Ogle very well, and speaks of him with great respect. Among the crew of the pilot boat was a man formerly a parishioner of Mr. Lett's father, at Clough; also a former cook of the *Allen Gardiner*, so that our vessel was well known. Other persons were there who, from one circumstance or another, engaged our interest; and I hope the detention of the ship in that desolate spot may not have been without some influence for good, in the providence of God. Not until 1, P. M. on Dec. 24th, were we able to cross the bar, at which time the wind was favourable for our run to Santa Cruz, and the sun shone brightly; towards evening, however, the wind shifted, and the remainder of our voyage to Santa Cruz was frequently tempestuous. . . . .

“The estuary of the Santa Cruz was entered on the evening of January 1st, 1863, and on the following morning I landed at Weddell's Bluff, and received a most cordial welcome from our beloved fellow workers there located. It removed a weight of anxiety to find them well; for it had not been without many anxious thoughts that my mind contemplated the possible inconvenience imposed on them by the tardy approach of the *Allen Gardiner*; yet we had lost no time that it was in our power to save. . . . . There was much to admire even in the outward circumstances that distin-



guished the little Missionary party at Weddell's Bluff: there was a neatness and order about everything; and the isolation of their life had failed to weaken in any way those social amenities, and that rigorous self respect, which are so essential to the comfort and well being of members of every community. Regarding their work and its prospects, they have of course written to you fully; it is needless therefore for me to say more than that, if energetically supported, the Mission at Santa Cruz is, in my opinion, likely to lead to important results. The work of your Missionaries is a life-labour; there is no hurrying it on. The sphere of action is too quiet to gratify those who yearn after stirring dramatic movement; but it has, after all, all the richness and fulness of the life of faith, and has a heroism of its own. The Society's Missionaries, Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker, were found in good health. The site of the Station is good, within a few yards of high water mark, and at the mouth of a valley, which retreats towards the S. W. for a considerable distance inland; a stream of pure water perennially flows through the valley; and a broad belt of grass, offering fine pasture for cattle, gives a cheerful and fertile aspect to the low land. The hills on either side are intersected with ravines, or lift up their bronzed faces out of some intervening dale, and refresh the air with the aroma of shrubs, and plants growing everywhere about them. The climate is healthy, but in winter very cold.

“During the stay of the *Allen Gardiner* in the Santa Cruz, there were frequent and severe storms of wind. The vessel, although moored under the lee of

lofty hills, leaned over on her beam so as to compel those on deck to hold on by the spars or ropes ; yet the vessel is stiff in the water, and was in capital trim. In swinging at her anchor there was sometimes anxiety lest she should heel over. The noise of the wind was fearful, and the shock of the blast, as it rushed upon the vessel, driving before it in darkening sheets the spray and scud, was often painful, forcing one again and again to cower for a moment below the bulwarks for shelter. In approaching the river Santa Cruz from the Rio Negro, the bar of which was crossed on Dec. 24, the *Allen Gardiner* experienced some very severe weather. The sea ran very high, and the tempest broke upon her unpityingly for forty-eight hours at one time, and twenty-four at another, so as to tax her powers to the utmost. Weary one's-self, and anxious, it was a strange and wonderful thing to watch the *Allen Gardiner* in her lonely struggle with the fierce and briny giants, that now hurled her above their heads, and now dragged her down head foremost into the roaring deep. The shrouds were chattering with the blast, save, when drowning all minor noises, the rushing mighty wind swept like a tornado over the ship, and shook her to the keel. . . . . To 'lie to' was impossible, for there was no lee shore ; to run before the gale might have been to forsake Santa Cruz for a month ; to beat off and on was the only prudent plan, as long as it was possible, and the Captain adhered to it. Cooking and sleeping were in no wise easy matters, but everyone made the best of it. It was soothing indeed to know that amid the loudest voices of the tempest, and the deep rolling noise of many

waters, the smallest whisper of the prayer of faith never failed to reach the ear of Him, who sits upon the mercy seat, and whose word the winds and the sea obey.

“ . . . . The Committee from the foregoing account will at once see that the Mission ship has fairly entered upon her stormy work; and the friends of the Mission will not fail now and then to lift the voice of supplication to God for special protection to this ark of mercy and those on board. Had the hurricanes experienced in the Santa Cruz estuary overtaken the *Allen Gardiner* at sea, these lines might never have been penned; as it is, the vessel was never in better order, and is tight as ever.

“ Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker occupy what was formerly Mr. Gardiner's hut at Keppel Island. It is very small, but two compartments have been added, one for sleeping, the other for cooking purposes. The tent was pitched, and used as a kind of store for such goods as would not excite cupidity in the Indians, or suffer from comparative exposure. The white canvas of the tent, and the English ensign waving its welcome from the flagstaff; a neatly thatched goat-house, whose sleek tenants were picturesquely browsing on the hill side by the water; and a fine stock of fire-wood, industriously provided for the coming winter, gave an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the scene of the first Protestant Christian Mission in Patagonia. The meeting with these beloved brethren in Christ was a most happy one to us all; and in prayer with thanksgiving (the utterance of which Mr. Schmid poured forth, while we knelt in



the little hut together) our hearts glowed with affection to each other, and love to God.

“The arrival of the *Allen Gardiner*, or some vessel appointed to visit the Station, had been expected in November, and the delay of its approach had not failed to tinge with anxiety some of the later weeks of the past year. . . . . The health of Mr. Schmid during the *Allen Gardiner's* stay at Santa Cruz was above the average. He seemed remarkably well, more particularly towards the close of our sojourn there, which no doubt had refreshed his body and mind. In quiet self-possession, and patient endurance, in singleness of purpose, and experience in the work in Patagonia, as well as in godly sincerity, and zeal, you cannot, I think, be wrong in assigning to Mr. Schmid a very high position. He has my unaffected admiration. His judgment likewise is, in my opinion, a very safe one, for his patient investigation of details, although very striking, never appears to sacrifice breadth. In knowledge of the language of the Patagonian tribes and facility of utterance, he is *facile princeps*. The health of Mr. Hunziker did not afford me entire satisfaction. He said he was well, very well, and so on; there can, however, be little doubt that the mode of life, especially the isolation entailed by the Missionary work, has severely tried him. For three months Mr. Hunziker remained at Santa Cruz with W. Gardner alone, as his servant and companion, Mr. Schmid having nobly and self-sacrificingly joined a party of Indians from the north, (strangers to him personally, but acquainted with him by report,) and gone with them to visit the Southern Patagonians, his old friends, to acquaint them with the new settlement at Santa

Cruz. During this time Mr. Hunziker felt the solitude intensely. When Mr. Schmid returned, Mr. Hunziker did not recognise him, and enquired whether he spoke Spanish or English. This incident will say much for the hardships Mr. Schmid had endured, but more for the state of mind in which three months' solitude had left Mr. Hunziker. Of Mr. Hunziker's Christian character I have no doubt, nor of his true interest in the Missionary work. He is a valuable, single minded, and zealous labourer in the Lord's vineyard. The Committee will I know regard both him and Mr. Schmid with special interest and affection. No words can be too kind nor encouragement too great for such Christian men.

“The garden, which had been prepared with great labour near their dwelling, had not repaid Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker. The crew of the *Allen Gardiner* most readily set to work to open fresh ground about three hundred yards further up the valley. A suitable plot of ground was cleared, and dug up once, and fenced round, so that after next winter, when the frost and snow have done their work, we hope it may be turned to good account. Mr. Rau seized on the idea of making a good well, into which a conduit might convey the waters of the streamlet, which runs through the valley. His industry and enthusiasm in carrying out the idea, drew volunteers to his aid; and in about five days an admirable reservoir was formed, into which and through which the fresh stream pours its constant waters. A stone, with the date engraved, and Rev. xxi. 6, gave a finish and tone to Mr. Rau's work, and worthily distinguishes 'Jacob's Well,' (Jacob being Mr. R.'s

Christian name.) . . . . . I can conceive the time when many blessings shall accrue to the Indian tribes from this now infant settlement. . . . . During the *Allen Gardiner's* stay at Santa Cruz, the Indians were all away hunting. Casimero and his family quitted the Station on Christmas Day; his intention was to return with his tribe, in a month; but as our time was precious, and no Indians had arrived on January 27th, 1863, we loosed our moorings early on the 28th, and sailed for Keppel Island. On one occasion I accompanied Mr. Hunziker and Mr. Rau some fifteen miles inland on foot, where we lighted immense fires, in the hope of attracting the Indians, if they happened to be within sight of the smoke. But these burning symbols failed to announce our presence, save to the flying herds of guanaco, or to the stealthy puma in the neighbouring coverts. On the Sunday before our departure we celebrated the Lord's supper in the cabin of the *Allen Gardiner*, and at times joining in prayer together for the divine guidance and blessing, and very particularly that the movements of the Indians might be overruled to the advancement of God's work: we felt our hearts quieted and refreshed. In April next, all being well, I have promised to revisit Santa Cruz on the way to El Carmen, and again returning from thence to Keppel Island. Follow the *Allen Gardiner* with your prayers, let me intreat you.

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“SANTA CRUZ, PATAGONIA,

*January 15th, 1863.*

“I have received, by the Rev. W. H. Stirling, your letter, dated the 15th August, and thank the Com-



mittee for the assurances of their regard and sympathy, which Mr. Stirling conveyed. In regard to the appointment of Mr. Stirling as our Superintendent, I desire to inform the Committee that this circumstance caused us joy, and we hailed his coming with unfeigned gratitude and delight. What other minister could have more love for the work; and who has such intimate and close acquaintance with the Society's workings? We feel assured that in Mr. S. we have a true friend and an able adviser in matters of difficulty.

“On the 18th of September, we were visited by a small party of Gan-met-cene Indians, who were encamped near the Pass. There were twenty-two in all, men, women, and boys; about one-third of the number that were in the neighbourhood. We cooked a mess of rice for them, and helped them liberally, which made them cheerful. They spent a night here, some sleeping in the tent, others behind the pile of wood which is close to the house. The next day we returned to their encampment. They told us that they were going south to join the Hau-anicene Tsoneca, our acquaintances. I thought this would be a good opportunity to visit those Indians, and to tell them of our whereabouts, in order that they might come to us. I asked our visitors if they would let me go with them, and if they would lend me a horse for that purpose. They consented. Having consulted Mr. Hunziker as to his opinion on the subject, and found it agree with mine, I prepared to leave this place; and on September 22nd, I bade farewell to my fellow labourer, and accompanied the Indians who came to fetch me. I found the encampment on the southern

bank of the river, not far from the pass. Some women commenced to sing as a sort of welcome, and I was conducted into the tent of the leader of the chase. His Indian name is Wa-il; he is brother-in-law to the Cacique Wissale. After an interval of sixteen days, we arrived at Waieneen. Here we found the Southern Indians. The river was then very much swollen; but by the kindness of a man, I reached the other bank safely. Casimero and another friend assisting me to prevent my horse from slipping and throwing me into the mud. I was taken to Casimero's tent, where I dried myself and was treated to a mess of ostrich eggs.

"Thence I passed on to Sheaicen, an encampment not far from Gregory Range, whence the greater part of the Indians went to Sandy Point, *chiefly for the purpose of procuring a supply of brandy*, and such was the quantity brought into the camp, that for several days drunkenness reigned supreme. This brought on some quarrels. There was also much illness in the camp 'caused by the use of victuals from Sandy Point, or sent by the President of Chili to exterminate the Indians!' *This was the opinion of the Indians themselves.* The illness was a catarrh, irritation in the throat, with much expectoration; few persons escaped. Some children were carried off by it, and two or three adults. I too was unwell for more than a fortnight, and for two days I was attacked with fever and vomiting—want of food was another feature of that time—so that the whole encampment of 50 tents, and about 600 persons were glad to leave the place.

"On the 10th November we returned towards

Gallegos river, and on the 28th, I parted from the Indians to return to Santa Cruz. Casimero undertook to conduct me hither, *and at the request of a little girl* who asked her father to lend me a horse, without my knowing anything about the matter, I was furnished with the means of conveyance. Casimero had no horse to spare. *The Indians promised to come in two months from the time I left them, and three boys had, on being asked, declared themselves willing to remain with us;* but the boys were obliged to wait till all the Indians come. On new year's day we saw a vessel coming into the port. That day was to us a day of joy—news was given and received. *Eleven months had elapsed and not a line of communication was received by us, either from the Committee or from our relations* (what a time of anxiety! can anything more clearly show the need of a vessel, such as the *Allen Gardiner* for our work!)

“In respect of the language of the Indians, I have to say that more words have been collected, but no abstract terms for expressing the truths of our religion have yet been found, ‘(no doubt there are none.)’ The past tense of verbs, and also a kind of future tense, I have learned during the last journey. A few simple truths of our most holy faith I have endeavoured to set before some of the people, but I did it in the simplest *Spanish* that I could muster. Some of those who listened smiled, and others preserved outward gravity, and seemed to enter more into the import. We now hope and pray that the Lord our Saviour will soon arise as the Sun of Righteousness, whose rays diffuse light, life, and liberty on those now lying in darkness, death, and bondage. T. SCHMID.”



## LOTA AND LABO.

Our friends will again notice the appeal of Mr. Gardiner for a helper in the new Station at Labo. The Committee may mention that their difficulty in answering this constant appeal does not consist in the impossibility of finding the right agent, for two Catechists from St. Chrischona have been strongly recommended to them, either of whom would probably suit the missionary post. Their difficulty lies in the want of means to send this brother forth on his errand of love. In seeking to extend their work they are sadly hampered by the debt on the *Allen Gardiner*; and until this is liquidated, but little onward movement can be looked for. The funds, it is true, are in advance of those received up to the same period last year; but there remains still a debt of £600 on the vessel. Nearly £700 has been generously contributed already; surely our friends will make a fresh and vigorous effort to raise the remaining £500.

The special subject of prayer in "The Prayer Union for South America," during the next four months, will be, the removal of this debt. May it please our God, whose ears are ever open to the prayers of His people, to send us an answer of love. Let us prove Him. We would strongly recommend the reading of a work which has strengthened our own faith—"Praying and Working." Without further preface we give the letters.

FROM MR. GARDINER AND MR. COOMBE.

"Lota, 6th March, 1863.

"I forward, by this mail, a few sentences of the

Araucanian language; and also a list of a few common words in the dialects at present in the course of study at the respective Stations.

"The outpost, at the river Labo, is half finished, and will, I hope, be completed in time for a trial residence before the rainy season sets in.

"The site is only forty yards from the fort, so that it will be quite safe during the winter months, without the expense of a hut keeper. The difficulties of getting tiles were so great, and the expense of getting an iron roof from Valparaiso so enormous, that I found it necessary to have it thatched. Very excellent grass and canes, for thatching, are procurable at Labo, and at cheap rates.

"Owing to the scarcity of timber, or rather of saws for reducing timber to plank, the size of the outpost is very limited; but with the fort not completed, and guns unmounted, and occasionally reports of an attack from distant chiefs, coming in to relieve the monotony of their life, the tone of the infant colony did not seem to me sufficiently prononcé to justify a heavy investment, and accordingly the P. M. S. will be at present only represented there by a substantial log hut, 11×11×10 length, breadth, height, respectively, with one door and one window, and a corridor on the S. W. side, for horses to stand under when watering, to avoid the heat of the sun; and a corral behind. For further communication with the interior, we rely upon the tent. Hitherto we have been working at very necessary and indispensable, but most ordinary and uninteresting departments of Missionary labour, viz. the organisation of a basis and centre for the enterprise, and the acquisition of the preliminary

language (Spanish) as a key to the Indian. But these points being now effected, we may hope for more opportunities of development, and as a consequence more sympathy and support. Without another associate I cannot hold Labo permanently, so as to make any real impression upon the openings at present available.

*English. Spanish. Patagonian. Fuegian. Araucanian.*

|             |             |               |                |        |
|-------------|-------------|---------------|----------------|--------|
| 1 Sleep ..  | Sueño ..    | Cotenosh ..   | Ukka . . . .   | Umma   |
| 2 One ..    | Uno ..      | Cōchi . . . . | Yash . . . .   | Quīnee |
| 3 Two ..    | Dos . . . . | Wami . . . .  | Combibi ..     | Epu    |
| 4 Three ..  | Tres ..     | Cayash ..     | Mutan ..       | Cula   |
| 5 Four . .  | Quatro ..   | Cagi . . . .  | Illi . . . . . | Milli  |
| 6 Parent .. | Padre ..    | Yanco . . . . | Guluano ..     | Chāo   |

*Six Sentences in Araucanian.*

- 1 How do you do?—Mari mari peña?
- 2 Who are those people passing by us?—Chemchi che camu ta tua egu
- 3 Where do you come from?—Iney camu eymi
- 4 Do your father and family reside in Angol?—Vey Ençol mapu ga legimi iney camu tami Chao?
- 5 Where did you hear that news?—Tunten mo cuta nutamen ga puriyimi
- 6 A long time ago.—Cuyvi cutu magi.

(Signed) "A. W. GARDINER."

*"Lota, 6th March, 1863.*

"In compliance with your request, I send you the programme of my present week's work, and also daily routine of Boys' School for the present quarter.

"For convenience it is divided into three classes, the middle or second being the largest, the average age being eleven years. In the first class I have only



six at present, their ages varying from fifteen years to eight and a half years. This class has been but recently formed, so that I hope soon to see it larger.

“Several of the parents are desirous that their children should be taught the higher branches of education, and also to *read* and *write* Spanish. In the third class there are seven, the youngest being five years of age; with the exception of the three youngest every boy can write his name. Enclosed I send you specimens of each. The eldest boy in the first class is a native, he has been in the School from the commencement, and now speaks English tolerably well; his conduct is exemplary, which is more than I could say when he came under my charge at first, (with two companions, both of whom have since left to go into business.) He has a good knowledge of the Bible, and has committed many portions of it to memory, besides hymns sung at the School. The conduct of the boys is generally good. I have seen many schools, but rarely more attention and subordination.

“It will, I know, be asked immediately—have you seen any signs of grace in any of them? In reply I would say I am not without hope of several, but would rather wait awhile before I express an opinion on any of such tender years; but for the assurance of all interested, I may say there is room for encouragement.

(Signed) “W. T. COOMBE.”

EL CARMEN.

Through the kindness of Mr. Corfield we are in possession of very gratifying news from Messrs. Lett and Andres, in reference to the circulation of the Bible. Want of space obliges us to withhold, till next month, a good deal of valuable information.

## HOME PROCEEDINGS.

It is now three months since the attention of our readers was called to the subject of home proceedings. This has not been from any lack of interest, or because there was not sufficiently cheering news to lay before them, but rather because *other matter of a more important character presented itself.* We would now first notice the appointment of the Rev. G. P. Despard to a post of interest and importance in Australia, under the kind auspices of the Bishop of Melbourne, one of the Vice-Patrons of the Society. It had been a subject of much prayer, that one who had laboured so much for the promotion of the interests of the good cause in South America should find congenial work in a sphere where his talent and energy would find full play. God has been pleased to make his way very plain. The sacrifices which Mr. Despard made for the interests of South America have been large. God, who is not unmindful of what is given to Him, has been pleased to accept them in this case, and, we trust, will return for them rich and abundant blessings, even an hundredfold to him and his. We would ask our readers to follow Mr. Despard and his family on the ocean to their distant home with earnest prayers, and with a hearty "God bless and prosper them."

Our readers will probably have noticed that the Bishop of Madras, an old and tried friend, has accepted the office of Vice-Patron, and promised aid to those who are willing to assist the Society in his Diocese. Some progress, also, has been made in securing the co-operation and support of important centres of influence in England. Cambridge promises well. Peterboro', supported by the venerable Bishop, has opened its doors to the Society. Lincoln has contributed a good amount for a commencement. Colchester has proved itself warm in the cause. Hull has again commenced to move. Stamford has come forward also; and a few other places have added their names, their interest, and their prayers to aid the cause of Missions in South America.

In looking at some of the older associations the heart has been cheered also. Dublin has awakened to fresh exertion, we trust. The Vicar of Bray, our former Hon. Secretary, has lost none of his hearty and large-hearted interest in the work, and still co-operates with the newly-appointed Secretary. Cheltenham, for some time, has not exerted itself to its full power; but this year we noticed with great delight that the feeling exhibited was warmer, and more hopeful of results. When such a town, under the able management of its active Secretary, stirs itself in the work, we may expect much increased support. Leamington has



struggled for years, under one kind and active lady, to sustain its position. This year her heart was gladdened with the increased sympathy exhibited. Worcester has more than maintained its hearty zeal, and Malvern is now drawn into its embracing arms, or possibly it may desire to stand alone, and to assert for itself an independent position. Brighton, Bath, Barnstaple, the Notts Association, Cavan, Clonakilty, Lislec, Torquay, Teignmouth, and Plymouth, have all shown increased interest. London and Liverpool wait, we suppose, for large contributions. Some drops from the clouds, rich with blessing, have indeed fallen, for which we are very grateful. Deeply interesting meetings have been held in Streatham. Dover and Guildford have also not failed us. To give any report of so large a field in such a small publication is clearly impossible. We have, therefore, selected the latest report sent to us by the kind attention of the Rev. W. Hockin, the invaluable Secretary of the Exeter Association. This Auxiliary has increased fourfold within the last five years, and stands forth as an example to be imitated. There are other Associations, but not many, which have done the same thing, or even more; as for instance, St. John's Wood in London, which increased within a few years from a very few pounds—£5 at most—to £90. We mention this

especially, as there are changes in our changing and uncertain world which make us anxious respecting it. The old friends are as warm as ever, but they are not in the same position. New friends have many difficulties, which only time will enable them to overcome.

The need is increasingly felt of Local Secretaries—honorary or paid, as the case may be—who will heartily enter into the work of organising machinery and collecting funds. Perhaps kind friends will let us know of such. The following is the Report of the Exeter Meeting, referred to in the preceding pages.

“The Annual Meeting in connection with the Exeter Branch of the Patagonian, or South American Missionary Society, was held at the Athenæum on Monday evening. There was a large attendance. Captain Bingham presided. The Rev. W. Gray, B.A., the Secretary of the Society, attended.

“The Chairman said it was not his intention to detain them, for Mr. Gray had such details to lay before them as would stir them up, by the blessing of God and His Spirit, to take an interest in this Mission and every good work. It had often been said that this was a small Mission, but everything at the beginning was small—the spread of the Gospel was small, the early Church was small, the disciples were not numerous—and they must not despise the day of small things. He hoped that they would pray that God’s blessing might rest upon this work, and that

they might enter upon it with God's Holy Spirit influencing their hearts. And this would not only be a blessing to those to whom the Gospel was sent, but it would be a blessing to their own hearts; for, as they knew, they who watered others would themselves be abundantly watered. (Applause).

"The Rev. W. Hockin said it was his agreeable duty to give a report of their proceedings during the year ending on the 31st of last December. He had for some years acted as Treasurer and Secretary of the Society in Exeter, because, being as yet a small society, one person seemed to be sufficient to perform the duties, and they had not yet organized a Committee or appointed a President. It had been with great pleasure that he had found many warm friends amongst those in Exeter, and although their friends were not very numerous, he could testify of them that they had been very hearty. As a proof of their heartiness he might say that for the most part the funds had gone on increasing. They had not always had an increase, but upon the whole they had been making progress, until, in the last year, they had exceeded considerably the amount of any former year; and he had been enabled to remit to their Treasurer in Bristol £77 3s. after paying the local expenses, which were not heavy. This had been in addition to a small donation of £2 11s. 9d. specially contributed to what was called the '*Allen Gardiner* Fund.' They were aware of the manner in which that vessel had been injured and plundered by the natives at Tierra del Fuego, and the wonderful manner in which the hull had been preserved. Although otherwise dismantled it was found



that with a little fitting out Mr. Despard was enabled to return home in it, and he arrived at Bristol in safety. After a consultation on the part of the Committee as to what was best to be done, at which valuable assistance was rendered by a gentleman who was one of the best of judges—he meant Captain Sullivan, who was at that time connected with the Board of Trade—it was determined that it should not only be repaired but lengthened, in order that there might be greater accommodation. This would, of course, involve considerable expense, and the Committee very properly thought that they ought not to expend in repairing the vessel the money subscribed for the more direct purpose of maintaining missionaries and catechists. Therefore, a special fund for this purpose was raised, bearing the name of the '*Allen Gardiner* Fund,' to which the friends in Exeter contributed about fifty shillings. That was a small portion, perhaps, but as the other fund had increased, they had no right to complain. Thus the *Allen Gardiner* was repaired, and he thought they would give the Committee credit for having used despatch when they knew that on the very day twelvemonths on which Mr. Despard had crossed the line on his homeward voyage Mr. Stirling and his party recrossed the line on the outward voyage; so that the double voyage had been performed, and the necessary repairs completed, within the twelve months. That was a token, he trusted, of God's blessing on them and His own work. But, whilst they hailed this material blessing as a token of God's good will to them in this great work, they had still better tokens,

and were enabled to state that Mr. Stirling had been safely conducted to his destination. On his voyage out he had been enabled to visit various friends of the mission in various parts, as well as some of the missionary stations. He had touched at Monte Video, where he found one of the best friends of the Society in the British chaplain, and there he made arrangement for the furtherance of the cause of the Society, and to receive contributions. He crossed over the river to Buenos Ayres to advance the interests of the Society, and they had there pledged themselves to give £100 a year to the mission. At a place called El Carmen two of the mission party were left behind to enter on their labours. The rest still went southward to Santa Cruz, where Mr. Schmid and Mr. Hunziker had been for some time stationed. As Mr. Hunziker had previously to setting out stayed at Mr. Stirling's house at Clifton, it was receiving an old friend, as well as a Christian supporter. In due time they arrived at Keppel Island, where they received most interesting information of that settlement. That place Mr. Stirling again left, in order to see the Governor of the Falkland Islands, by whom they were well received. At the date of the last letter, 23rd of February, they were about to go to the scene of the great trial of the Society, namely, Tierra del Fuego. It was their intention to go there in the same vessel which had been dismantled there, having on board as mate one of the crew who had witnessed the massacre of his comrades. They would feel that it must have been a very affecting sight, even in the eyes of the natives themselves, to find that neither the cruelty nor

the savage conduct which they had perpetrated on English Christians could deter them from the renewal of their Christian work. They knew that Mr. Stirling occupied the position of Superintendent of the missions, and they would hear that he was well qualified for the office he had undertaken. He was personally known to many of them, and he (the speaker) trusted they had prayed for God's blessing upon him, and that it was in answer to their prayers that they were now enabled to tell them of his safe arrival at his destination. An important point for them to notice was that the Society had never been so prosperous as at present. They had, no doubt, seen the reports of the Societies' meetings held in London last month. They would have seen the reports of the Church Missionary Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and others, and almost all of them—certainly the two he had mentioned—had a deficiency in their funds, from a cause which was well known. Now, if these older societies had thus suffered by the pressure of distress, they might have been prepared to find similar suffering in the new society—the infant society. But it had not been so. It would seem that the youngest child had had most of the mother's care. The little infant had been permitted to increase in strength, and it was found that there had been an increase of about £1,000, including, of course, the subscriptions for the repairs to the *Allen Gardiner*. (Applause). He had, perhaps, trespassed upon Mr. Gray's department, whilst giving them an outline of the state of the Society at present, but the outline he had thus sketched would, perhaps, enable them the better to understand the



details Mr. Gray would put before them. Meanwhile, they were permitted to meet there again that evening, and, while they listened to that report of the past, let them remember that the past was always connected with the future, and the present was just a link between the past and the future. And let them think of the future in the openings it presented to them, and in the responsibilities it would bring upon them, and let them then seek to re-devote themselves, re-consecrate themselves, as it were, to this great cause. It was not, perhaps, great, compared with other societies. At present it might appear comparatively small, but it was not the less important. Its principles and its objects were equally holy, because equally founded on God's word, and therefore equally deserving of support. It was equal to others in that it sought to promote the salvation of the sinner's soul. The area of its operations was no less than the whole of the continent of South America. Mr. Gray would tell them the extent of the continent and its population, and that this was the only (English) society which had for its object the evangelisation of the whole of the South American continent, with its various tribes speaking various languages. They had previously heard in that room more than once how Captain Gardiner, who had been with them in Exeter, commenced and terminated his labours. Captain Gardiner determined to go out himself, and trust to the support of some friends at home, but they knew the painful termination. After these failures, the Society was at length organised. But it was not until he had first gone out on his own responsibility; then, a second

time, supported by his friends; and after his painful death, that Christians were aroused to establish this Society as it now existed. They had now heard the report, and it was well that they should understand the position of any cause which was brought to their notice for their support, so that in this respect, as in others, they might be able to give an answer to every one that asked them. He had only one thing more to mention to them, and he hailed it as a good omen of the success of their labours in Exeter this year. Mr. Gray and himself had had an opportunity of an interview, first with the Dean, and then with the Rev. Canon Browne. The Dean had said how sorry he was that he could not attend, but the state of his health prevented him from attending evening meetings. The Rev. Canon Browne also expressed regret that other engagements prevented him from being with them. But each had put down his name as an annual subscriber of £1. (Applause). Thus they were enabled to say from the indications God was thus pleased to give them that they were entering upon a brighter future. As they had learned under former trials to humble themselves before God, let them, with these brighter prospects, not forget that they were still dependent upon Him. He trusted that what they were about to hear would be blessed unto them. (Applause).

The Rev. W. Gray then spoke at some length, and concluded by urging the meeting to increased prayer and exertion on behalf of the Society.

“The Rev. G. W. B. Wills expressed his gratification at the nature of the report. After many years of

trial and difficulty and danger, they were thankful for the present good news, and hopeful for the future—looking to the time when the whole of South America should be evangelized. Those in Exeter ought especially to aid this great work, for Mr. Stirling was personally known to many of them. (Hear, hear). The eyes of the Christian world were specially turned at this time upon this mission: and he earnestly called upon them to exhibit the zeal which had for so many years done them credit. He was not surprised that the Dean and Canon Browne should be induced to assist this mission; his only wonder was that the heads of the Church should not see it their duty and privilege to promote a work which, commencing with so little, had spread so wonderfully. (Hear, hear).

“The Rev. F. Bell observed that it had been the proud boast of this city always to be faithful to their sovereign; but another proud boast was to be amongst the foremost in promoting missions, and thus showing their faithfulness to another sovereign—the King of kings. He trusted they might still maintain their proud boasts. (Hear, hear).

“The Chairman said they could not separate without thanking Mr. Gray for his deeply interesting account; neither must they fail to be still more earnest in praying that yet more labourers might be sent out to the promising harvest which already appeared in the far-distant regions where the agents of this Society laboured.

“The collection at the close of the meeting amounted to £14 17s. 10d., exclusive of subscriptions.



One sad thought obtrudes itself in speaking of home proceedings. There has been much to cheer; but, alas, there has been something also to remind us we must "labour whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh when none can work." One of those in whose pulpit Mr. Despard pleaded, the Rev. J. Bolton, of Kilburn, has since passed from this scene of trial and labour to that of calm enjoyment, waiting for the full consummation and bliss of God's people. His heart was one cast in a purely missionary mould, and his gentle mind entered into the trials of the mission with genuine interest.

Another, the Rev. T. Ludlam, lay on his death-bed at the very time a meeting was being held in his parish. It was one of his last acts to arrange for this, and some of his last thoughts must have been turned towards the work of the Society. His mind was of that calm, solid kind which weighs accurately with all Christian feeling the prospects of success in any undertaking; having weighed these well, he stood firm in regular support, uninfluenced by passing rumours, and unflinching in sober zeal. That those who remain may have the rich blessing of our God, will be the prayer of many. And that we may all be quickened to zeal and to increased efforts by these warnings of death in the midst of strong and stirring life will, we trust, be the lesson learned by these painful losses.

## CRANMER.

In consequence of the press of matter in the last "Voice" we were unable to give the letters of Mr. Rau and Mr. Bridges. From Mr. Bridges' letter one gleans a better idea of the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Mr. Rau writes :

*" February, 1863.*

" We have, through the Lord's guidance and protection, safely reached Keppel Island. The Lord has been with us in all our way, and has preserved us from all danger. If I look back to the time when we left England, and trace it down to the present, my heart is full of praise and thanksgiving. The whole voyage seems to me to be a representation of our mission labour amongst the heathen in this part of the world. On coming into the harbours I was strongly reminded of it, especially when we several times were driven back, and only after much trouble and anxiety entered in.....In El Carmen the brethren Andres and Lett were settled; we found there friends, and some enemies.

" The brethren soon found persons who were desirous for their eternal happiness. Their labours at first will be confined to those people amongst whom they live; but, when they have acquired the Indian language, their field of labour will be enlarged. At the mouth of the river Rio Negro we were obliged to stop eleven days. There we met several times with the pilot. This man once shot 47 Indians from his house-top, a party of 800 having attacked his house, which is like a mud fort. On the first of January we came to Santa Cruz, where we found Mr. Schmid and

Mr. Hunziker. They live in a small wooden house. We found them alone, the Indians having left shortly before our arrival. Their manner of life is very simple. But one thing constantly disturbed their minds, viz., that the Sun of Righteousness does not shine over those dark heathen realms. They wait in patience prayerfully and hopefully for it. The Indians have promised to leave some of their children for instruction with them on their next arrival.

“On the 30th of January we approached Keppel Island.....Mr. Bridges and I live together; we get on very well. I have commenced the Fuegian language; it appears to have few difficulties for me, because the pronunciation is like the German. Ookokko and his wife come every morning to Mr. Bridges for lessons. They are very attentive during prayer. Ookokko is very polite, grateful, and industrious too. With the Lord's blessing on our work I shall have great joy in entering on my duty here, and in bringing the glad tidings of Christ to the Fuegian tribes.

“I am very glad to be with Mr. Stirling, our dear Superintendent, and his family; he is in all things like a father to me. As for our mission concerning the Fuegians we have glorious promises in God's Holy Word, ‘The uttermost parts of the earth shall become the possession of the Lord,’ to which belong these poor Fuegians.

“JACOB RAU.”

Mr. Bridges writes:

“We were gladdened at length by the arrival of the long-expected *Allen Gardiner*, which, praised be God, has safely appeared. Mr. Stirling and Mr. Rau



I was truly glad to welcome. Ookokko is prepossessed in Mr. Stirling's favour, and was greatly pleased to hear from him that he (Ookokko) had friends in England who remembered him. In the evening he came up to me to read and explain to him his letter from Mr. Scott, which I did. He is somewhat perplexed as to what he shall do now. He and his wife have, it seems, a strong desire to live in their country a few months, and to be brought back again before winter. They desire to be with their kindred for a time, more especially Camelena. So as he came to consult with me I said, 'Ookokko, you are free; you can do just as you like as regards your staying or returning.' . . . . . It would be for the mission's good, his own, and his people's, if he should return; he now knows so much English that we could acquire the Fuegian language faster from him than from a stranger. . . . Ookokko and his wife were highly pleased with the things sent out to them, and are also very thankful to the donors. They have written letters to several persons.

"Ookokko gives me a sad account of some of the Fuegian tribes. It is a practice with some *when a man is very ill, and likely to die, to cut his time short in a violent manner, and kill his young children by suffocating them.* Surely the Bible testimony is true when it says, 'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' But some of the tribes, he says, are very good to the sick, and show much commiseration for their pain. Ookokko has finished making a pair of boots for his child, and Camelena has at length, I am glad to say, acquired the skill of knitting a sock entirely herself; she has made some

for her husband, and is now busy at small ones for her children. I consider them both greatly advanced in their love for civilized life; they see the many blessings of it, and the disagreeables of the opposite state. I may also say that they are attached to English people, and look upon them as their true friends. Ookokko often acknowledges that he and his wife are very slow to learn, and he thinks all his people are the same; he says, too, that his people are very ignorant and wicked. They both look forward with evident pleasure to a *visit* to their people, and they intend to please many with their gifts, and also, evidently expect to be admired for their improvement in appearance and knowledge. How prone the natural heart is to vanity.

“They have certainly enjoyed their life at Cranmer, and have become so much attached to civilized life that they will not, I think, easily return to the lamentable state in which they formerly lived. They show much gratitude for kindness, whether in word or deed. They have not only improved in the various branches of knowledge, but, I am thankful to say, in that best of all knowledge which tends to our eternal salvation. They believe that there is a God—the sole Lord of the Universe—whose eyes and presence are in every place, seeing and knowing all we do. They acknowledge themselves to be wicked, and often to say and do things which are evil; but they do not clearly understand the great and saving doctrines of Jesus. Yet I have no reason to believe them wholly ignorant of these blessed truths, and they express the wish to be further instructed in them. At meals they

neglect not to acknowledge the Gracious Bestower of our temporal mercies; and morning and evening they make their petitions that God will make them good and happy and give them His Holy Spirit, and for Jesus' sake forgive them their sins, and when they die receive them to His kingdom. *Ookokko expresses great anxiety concerning the spiritual well-being of his people. He is also anxious for the introduction of stock into his country, and that the art of tillage should be learned.* He and his wife seem much attached to each other, and I have never seen anything to lead me to think otherwise. Camelena looks well after her household affairs—she cooks, washes, makes and mends. I consider her to be of slower comprehension than her husband, but in this I may be mistaken; she is a good wife and mother, reserved and modest, and has many excellent qualities. She keeps her children clean and tidy, and they do her credit, being both healthy and good-tempered. Cranmerenjez does not talk much yet, but he can imitate anything, and *understands English better than Fuegian.*

“THOMAS BRIDGES.”

Since the above was in type we have been much gratified by receiving a letter from the Rev. C. Bull, the chaplain at Stanley. Want of space will only allow us to give a few extracts from it. We may expect full details from Mr. Stirling by the next mail. No letters have as yet been received from him. Our readers will see that all has been gained which the most sanguine dared to anticipate.

“STANLEY, April 29, 1863.

“I find I have half an hour to write, so I sit down



to give you some little account of my own impression of the good work in which our dear brother is engaged. He has of course told you all the details, but he has not dwelt on his heroic devotion and faith. I have very seldom seen a man who comes nearer my view of a missionary apostle.

“I hope so far to be allowed to show our sympathy in this work by always having an especial communion whenever the *Allen Gardiner* remains over one Sunday at Stanley; the alms, however large or small, to be for your Society.

“We are to have a meeting to-night to interest the people in the work. The four boys, Luccaenges, Threeboys, Tom Button's son, and an interesting lad, from Packsaddle Bay, (Hoste Island, this is of great value,) with a long name, which the sailors have converted into Jerusalem, attended church. And though they could not enter into the meaning, their manner was quiet, orderly, and even awe-struck. The music and singing astonished them. We took them to the burial grounds, and Threeboys (Jemmy Button's son) and Luccaenges seemed impressed by the notion that we so cared for the resting places of our dead. Mrs. Bull had the boys to tea last Monday. I am not prone to exaggerate or color, but I am sure no four national school boys of the same age would have behaved so well. I will not now call it the day of small things. Ookokko has begun to tell his countrymen of God; when he goes back in the spring, with his *ten* fellow Fuegians, he may tell them too of Jesus. You will soon want a Station at Fuegia. Mr. Stirling starts after the meeting for Santa Cruz

and El Carmen, just calling at Keppel to leave the native boys in Mr. Bridges' and Mr. Rau's care. I have every reason to hope for good news from Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker. The officers of the *Stromboli* have had the Fuegians on board.

(Signed) "CHARLES BULL."

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### EL CARMEN.

"BUENOS AYRES, *March* 26, 1863.

Mr. Corfield, our invaluable Honorary Secretary, writes, under the above date :

"We like very much—the new dress of the 'Voice.' We never admired the word 'Pity,' although we are to be *pitied*. Please send us 50 copies monthly. .... This Continent, since Captain Gardiner's day, is entirely altered. We ought to take our stand everywhere with the Bible.

"I am in frequent communication with your agents in Rio Negro. They are my fellow-labourers in Bible work. Messrs. Lett and Andres will push their way successfully, I trust, with God's blessing—the translated WORD in their hands. I send you copies of their notes. True, these translations are not suited to untaught Indians, but the *outworks* of society can be approached, which is the best way to penetrate, I fancy, to the *inner ones*, (I mean to the wild half-savage of the Pampas.)

"Your two young friends seem to me to hold a nice position, and I believe in their devotedness. May not believers, sanctified by the Holy Spirit, go anywhere, in the strength of grace, to do the Lord's work?"

Success is not always to be measured by apparent results, but we are to do the best we can to honour God in our generation—we must not doubt either that God designs to bless His own servants.

“The sphere of labour occupied by your two agents seems very interesting. They have access to a people of some cultivation, whilst they do not forget the Indian, whose language they desire to learn. Last week a very intelligent and respectable native called upon me, who is acquainted with your two friends in Patagones, he spoke affectionately of them. You rejoice us much by the little circular you sent out, inviting believers to pray for South America. I have since thought of you in that connection every Monday morning.....Be assured of our oneness with you in the great work we are all engaged in.....

“ R. CORFIELD.”

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“ PATAGONES, Dec. 22.”

Mr. Corfield also kindly forwarded us the following correspondence from Mr. Lett.

“The Rev. W. H. Stirling, our Superintendent, having instructed us to write to you, and let you know of our settlement here in the appointed sphere of the labours in God’s gospel, which we desire to carry on among the poor people of this country, we trust you will have the kindness to excuse our troubling you with a letter. We are, thanks be to the Giver of all good things, settled here, and trying to make a beginning in our work. May we have wisdom from on high to carry out our high commission. You will



be glad to hear that we find ready acceptance of the Scriptures from the people here, indeed the greater number of the Scriptures which Mr. Stirling obtained from you are already in their hands. We must make an arrangement at once to procure a good supply, not only in Spanish, but also in German, Italian, French, and Portuguese. ——— seems inclined to oppose us, but one thing is sure, that greater is He that is for us, than all that are against us. He will not let His word fall to the ground. May we have grace to work, and watch, and pray. May we be more and more every day constrained so with the love of Christ as to be instant in season and out of season, fearless of man, going forth with Christ in our hearts, and the Bible in our hands, to tell the story of the dear Jesus, to the guilty and the perishing . . . . . Our prospects here are by no means dull. Amongst the educated part of the community we meet much kindness and attention, as well as a willingness to obtain the word of God. Only yesterday a dying man sent to us for a Spanish Testament. A poor negress tells how much she likes the little book we gave her. And Don ——— may be seen at all times of the day poring over the inspired pages. May the Spirit of God be largely diffused, and His name be known throughout this dark land, and especially may the labourers have peculiar grace to work aright in all humility, knowing that the work is God's, and not man's. . . . . Since I last wrote we have been able to place the blessed Book in the hands of a goodly number, and have had interesting conversations with several in broken Spanish. To-day Mr. Andres

goes up the country for a proposed sojourn of some weeks, at the Indian Toldero at St. Xavier, up the river. I remain now on the south side of the river Rio Negro, to which we have removed, and shall, with God's blessing, have a good field to labour in among perishing souls. Could you kindly procure for us two copies in German and two in Spanish of the Church of England Prayer Book? we need them much. [These have been kindly sent.] "FRANCIS N. LETT."

LOTA.

The following letter has been forwarded by one of position in Valparaiso, one who is well qualified to judge of the work which the Society is attempting in strength not its own. It is well to see the full difficulty to be overleaped, lest too sanguine expectation of rapid results should take possession of the mind.

"April 17, 1863.

"Regarding Mr. Gardiner's work in and for Araucania, I am glad if there be raised up men of faith who will try for it, though the obstacles appear to be well nigh insuperable. However, it has seemed to me that a wiser mind than ours was guiding the business into an effort to reach and recover the neglected and outcast Saxons near the Indian frontier; and I have felt hope that by means of that Station at Lota, the heathen further south might be reached still more effectually. And so it is all through South America. There are thousands of foreigners, Germans, and those speaking English, who are relapsing into a state bordering on utter ignorance of God.

Should the Indians be sought? Yes. Should our own people be sought out? Certainly yes. To the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and to every creature the word should be borne. You, as far as I can judge, seem to be on the right path—not to pass the foreign communities by, and yet not to stop with them—but to make these points from which to approach the remoter and harder fields. The other branch of endeavour, for the civilized native population, is entirely distinct, if any choose so to consider it. My hope is to do, or see done, something that may reach and bless these last, as well as the other two.....

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Mr. Gardiner writes:—

“*LOTA, 31st March, 1863.*”

“An Englishman, of the name of Cox, in company with a Lieutenant in the Chilian service, has lately undertaken a very interesting expedition in the extreme south of Chili. Though not quite successful, yet still, as a private adventure, it was a very spirited affair; and the account in the newspapers plainly show that both Mr. Cox and Don Francisco Vidal are very excellent fellows. I hope we shall have more to tell about them next season. You will have received, by the last mail, Mr. Coombe’s register of the boys’ school, which will convey an idea of the quantity, but very little of the quality. His exertions have been remarkably successful in that department; and the progress of the elder boys, especially the Spanish boys, quite surprises me. Some of the girls try pretty well. I enclose specimens of the penmanship of my two best writers, Agnes and Mary. (The writing is



very good, only absurdly like Mr. Gardiner's own.) In the Easter holidays I hope to complete the survey of the road, or rather track, between Lota and Labo, if the weather is sufficiently fine. This will enable us to travel without guides, and thus save much of the expense incurred in the journeys. The outpost is nearly finished.

"In a few mails I hope to forward specimen sheets of the vocabulary which I am preparing, taking the Spanish as the medium, and placing English on one side, and Indian on the other.

(Signed) "A. W. GARDINER."

"P. S. Mr. Coombe has just returned to the settlement, having accomplished a very successful journey, and enlarged considerably our stock of information, and also increased our vocabulary. He succeeded in getting about twenty miles beyond the Black Bluff, (the Black Bluff is about one hundred miles from Lota) and travelled over a beautiful plain, and round a very picturesque lagoon. His account of the expedition will, I have no doubt, prove interesting. The outpost is not so far forward as we had hoped, but the carpenter has been at a stand still for want of timber."

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#### NOTICES.

CARTES DE VISITE of Ookokkowenges and Luccaenges, in one photograph, 1s. 6d. each. Also of a family of Araucanian Indians, three in the group, 1s. 6d. to be had on application at the office.

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN, from the pen of the Rev. G. P. Despard, is in type, and will appear next month.

## SOUTH AMERICA OPEN FOR MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

The testimony of the writer of the following letter is most valuable, because it is wholly impartial. May our God cause it to produce a lasting and deep impression on many hearts which now beat coldly to the cause of Missions in the vast continent for which it is our high privilege to plead.

“BUENOS AYRES, *May 27th*, 1863.

“Dear Sir,

“Your very kind note, expressing to me the thanks of your Committee for any attention I may have shown the Rev. Mr. Stirling, during his short stay in this city, and requesting me to communicate with you, either by letter or through our mutual friend Mr. —, would have received more prompt attention but for other pressing and urgent engagements.

“It must, I am sure, be a cause of congratulation to any friend of South America to see that your Society does not intend to limit its labours to the inhospitable regions of Tierra del Fuego, but will include within the circle of its Christian sympathies the no less necessitous yet more accessible tribes within the limits of the Argentine Confederation. This (seeming) change in your So-

ciety's views and plans of operation will, I doubt not, disarm prejudice, and enlist the prayers and practical sympathies of all who long for the spiritual emancipation of the deplorably dark and depraved inhabitants of this continent.

“It has always seemed to me painfully paradoxical that the claims of South America have failed to awaken in the minds of British Christians that interest which other and more distant fields have secured. From my knowledge of our home missionary organizations, having for many years been an agent of one of our most earnest and enterprising missionary societies—the Wesleyan—I am practically acquainted with the obstacles which meet the Christian evangelist in many of our continental fields of labour, where men and means have been unsparingly expended, which had they been employed on this continent would have eventuated in the salvation of many precious souls. I am sure that every Christian man will hail with gratitude the deep and earnest interest that is being evinced on behalf of Spain and Italy, and yet here are *tens of thousands of Spaniards and Italians who have fled from the political and ecclesiastical tyranny of their father land*, and who have brought with them to their new home a deep-seated conviction that popery is the cause of all the mourning and lamentation and woe which have desolated these countries for centuries; and



though the land of their adoption places them on a level with the citizens of the most favoured and enlightened nations, it is almost literally true that 'no man cares for their souls.' This fact may well startle us, and suggest the enquiry, whence arises this apathy to the condition and claims of South America.

"I apprehend that there exists in the minds of British Christians generally a misconception with reference to the supposed legal barriers which might militate against any direct effort for the evangelization of Spanish South America; our friends at home are apt to judge of us by what they know of popish countries on the continent, and without studying our institutions or populations; we are branded with the same stamp of bigotry and intolerance which generally characterize Romanists on the continent. I can say, from a practical acquaintance with the inhabitants of both hemispheres, that no verdict can be more unjust or erroneous. I would not by this be understood to affirm, that here as elsewhere there does not exist bigotry and intolerance, with a much larger amount of sceptical indifference to the claims of religion; the educated classes generally make no pretensions whatever to religious profession, and do not cloke their hostility to the national church, which they are continually attacking through the press, thus proving that

popery has no share whatever in their sympathies and affections. And need we wonder that they run to the opposite extreme of infidelity, that believing as they do that popery is a fiction and a falsehood, they should in the absence of a purer faith regard Christianity as a political engine, by which priest and potentate have endeavoured to enslave the bodies and souls of men?

“Nor has the existence of four protestan churches done much to ameliorate this sad state of things; true, these are centres of light to our English and German populations, but that light has been carefully hidden from the native, and with one solitary exception—the American Methodist—no effort has been put forth for the spiritual improvement of the native population, and even in this case the effort was ill sustained.

“Did there exist any legal or local impediment to the spread of evangelical truth in these provinces, we might see in these obstructions some apology for the heartless apathy of which we complain. But whilst our constitution is explicit on this point, acceding to Argentines liberty of conscience and worship, and whilst no week passes in which the interpretation of the constitution is not advocated, and any effort on the part of the priesthood or their partizans to deprive Argentines of this right is deprecated and denounced; and whilst the advocates of infidelity are summoning their sym-

pathisers to assemble in public meetings, for the discussion and propagation of their principles, there is, I think, in these facts a loud call to British Christians to lend a helping hand, that these lovely lands may be saved from the blighting curse of popery and infidelity, and given to "Him whose right it is to rule from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

"Nor would I have you to suspect that this picture may be overdrawn. Did you understand the vernacular of this people I could furnish you with numberless extracts from the public papers bearing on the point, and tending to establish the fact that there exists among this population an open and avowed hostility to popery, and that there are many who yearn for the introduction of a purer faith; yet amid this almost universal gloom there do not lack indications of coming good. The British and Foreign Bible Society is, through its agents, preparing the way for the living evangelist. That society has established a depôt in one of our most central thoroughfares, which is bearing an unequivocal testimony for God and religion, and through the agency of their pious and indefatigable colporteur, hundreds of copies of the word of God are being bought, in the Spanish, French, and Italian languages. Could I, my dear sir, so far trespass upon your time as to place before you a few of the many indications



for good which are clustering around this agency, it would cheer your heart, and lead to more earnest prayer and effort on behalf of this hitherto neglected but promising field for Christian effort.

“Very truly yours.”

Buenos Ayres Association announces subscriptions to the amount of £67 per annum, and the secretary writes that fresh exertions are being put forth, to secure additional aid.

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#### TIERRA DEL FUEGO AND ITS PEOPLE.

Our hearts are full of gratitude for the good news conveyed in the following extracts from a deeply interesting letter of our Superintendent. Had we more space we should much like to give it in extenso. Five and a half pages of closely written folio depict very beautifully and graphically his exceedingly stormy and somewhat dangerous approach to the land of tempests, and to the snow-capped mountains of the people who dwell in the icy regions of moral and spiritual death. He then calls attention to the perils of our own countrymen in these regions. If there are any of our friends who have relatives that encounter similar risks, let them read carefully what follows.

“KEPPEL ISLAND, 14th April, 1863.

“When off Good Success Bay, a boat under a sail was descried, keeping close in shore, and running down before the wind. The *Allen Gardiner* was on a wind, and was just tacking off shore when the boat was first

seen some six miles distant; the evening was closing in, and every minute the darkness increased; a blue light was exhibited by us as a signal and promise of help; and the Captain making a short tack, ran in towards shore again, to give the boat every facility of reaching us. Two more blue lights were exhibited, but there was no reply from the boat, and the *Allen Gardiner's* position was already too close to the land to be safe, without another tack seaward. This was made, when for the first time a light was seen to leeward, hoisted probably on the boat's mast. We now lay to, with our signal lamps over the stern, to mark our position, but no boat reached us, and the light disappeared; and the Captain conjectured that the boat had put in to Good Success Bay. Had those in the boat liked, they might easily have come along side the *Allen Gardiner*, for the wind favoured them, while it kept us off; we therefore concluded that they had a sound boat and sufficient supplies to justify them in waiting in the Straits for some vessel bound away from the Horn, off which their own ship had probably foundered in the preceding gales.

“ We sighted one ship on Saturday, the 14th, and and three on the following day, off Staten Island. But I must return to Picton Island. You will think my mind too much occupied with these storm pageants; but it will not be wholly an evil if, in giving so much prominence to the trials of the work by sea, I enable our friends at home to properly appreciate some of the difficulties of the Mission, to the support of which, and its direction they are pledged.

“ The anchor was scarcely dropped in the tranquil

waters of Banner Cove, when the distant shouts of the natives attracted our attention; one canoe, then another, then a third, with a man standing erect in each, vociferating and gesticulating in their accustomed manner, hove into sight, and presently we were engaged in friendly intercourse with a people, degraded indeed, and barbarous, but deserving in no respect of that contempt and indifference in which, according to the positive or negative tone of their minds, too many of the Christian church's members affect to hold them. My former impressions about the Fuegians—their physique and mental and moral characteristics, their capabilities of improvement and social habits—all begun to undergo a serious modification, most favourable to them, and happily prophetic of the ultimate success of the Society's work, from the very first hour of my intercourse with them; and the reaction of feeling in favour of this people received no check, but on the contrary became more settled and powerful as our acquaintance with the natives in different parts was extended, and our opportunities of watching their habits and testing their peculiarities became more frequent. The Committee will recognise at once an immense advantage possessed by our Missionary party this time over that of any previous party visiting the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Ookokko as an interpreter, and a very good interpreter of our purposes, brought us more into contact with the minds and consciences of the people than has heretofore been possible. Mr. Bridges, moreover, had considerable success in his first attempts to carry on a conversation in Fuegian in a familiar style. And



Alfred Cole, with a less regular scholarship, but a lively acquaintance with the odd shapings of ideas, and off hand touches of thought—the knowing glance and smile and movement, indicative of desire satisfied, or still restless in these children of nature, enabled us by his dear bought experience, some four years ago, to measure pretty accurately the state of feeling existing amongst them.

“At Banner Cove we were visited by only a few natives, who behaved as we thought very well, and who expressed great anxiety for us to remain till they announced our arrival to their neighbours. We remained however but two days, Saturday and Sunday; and in the middle of Saturday our friends all departed in different directions to spread abroad the tidings of our presence. Early on Monday morning the *Allen Gardiner* was under weigh, despite the shoutings of the returning natives, and the dark specks on the outside waters, which we knew to be canoes. On Saturday, during our stay at Banner Cove, we thoroughly examined the surrounding shores, with a view to the selection of a site for our projected Station. If it be finally determined to commence the Society’s first Station amongst the Fuegians in that place, there will be no difficulty in carrying out the plan, so far as materials for building, a genial climate, good water, and a soil sufficiently fertile when properly drained, are concerned. I am not however prepared at this moment to recommend Banner Cove as the Society’s first Station in Tierra del Fuego. It will be prudent I think to wait a little to see what effect the *Allen Gardiner*’s next visit to Packsaddle Bay and Woollya produces;

how far the influence of the natives now under our care and instruction actually tells, and what degree of power over the minds of the inhabitants in these parts our knowledge of their language and their intelligent acquaintance with our purposes place in our possession. Should the results in these respects be favourable, it would, as I think, be expedient to draw closer to Woollya than Banner Cove, to avail ourselves of all the means in our power to deepen in the hearts of those, who have hitherto been the principal objects of our attention, hopes of future blessings, which we desire to bestow, and convictions of the great love of that God in whose name we proclaim all our benefits to be conferred. I return however to the narrative of our voyage. On Monday, March the 23rd, the *Allen Gardiner* left Banner Cove, and the weather being bad, brought up in Goree Roads till Tuesday, when we reached Packsaddle Bay, and anchored. The wind had throughout been dead against us, and was still adverse for an approach to Woollya.

“While in Packsaddle Bay we were visited by only one canoe, containing a man, two women, and three boys: the man reported that many canoes had gone round to the other side of the island, but that he had caught sight of us, and ventured to come along side. At first there was some little hesitation in doing so, but Ookokko’s voice and friendly exposition of our mission soon dissipated all fear, and we had the satisfaction of communicating with a Fuegian party, as well conducted, and quiet, and fair in their dealings, and modest in their behaviour, as the most fastidious could require. Having overheard us singing at our

morning prayer, they wished us to sing again, which we did, Ookokko once leading, and then Mr. Bridges; and subsequently on the shore when we landed, the man and his eldest son, now with us in Keppel Island, sat and listened with the most evident pleasure, while we sang 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' The women and younger children remained in the canoe fishing all the time that we were on shore.

"I desired Ookokko and Mr. Bridges to make plain to this man the nature of our work, and our desire to teach and benefit his people. To this he attentively listened; and when we asked him if he would like his son to visit Keppel Island, to be instructed, &c., he was not long in talking to his boy about it, before he gave his consent. The boy too was well pleased; and when an hour or two afterwards we were going off to the ship to dinner, the father, contrary to my arrangements and wishes, urged us to allow his son to come with us at once, and not wait till the vessel was on the eve of sailing, or till later in the day.

"And now a word about the lad, whose age is perhaps fourteen, and his name, phonetically spelt, Uroopatoosaloom. In height he is just over five feet; with black hair and full laughing eyes, a very pleasant expression, good features, and a mouth just large enough to display an enviable set of white teeth. Full of gentleness and good nature is this Fuegian lad,—as far removed from a savage as I am. Not a man in the *Allen Gardiner* but likes him; not a man but has expressed surprise—not at the degradation of



the boy, but at his good qualities, his docility, his willingness to oblige, his quick accommodation to his new circumstances, his good looks, and cleanly habits. The fact is, I went to Tierra del Fuego screwed tight up in my prejudices or pride, or both, to view my own superiority with as much humility as possible, and to exercise a very large charity towards a people belonging to the fag ends of the human race. To my surprise I found myself wondering at the evident resemblance to myself which these savages presented, and then struggling to convince myself that they must be worse than they seemed to be. But I think I have learnt that it is at least more becoming to think and speak of these people respectfully, to observe in fact the Apostolic precept—‘honour all men,’ than to cherish exaggerated notions of our own superiority and their degradation. Our new protégé came on board the *Allen Gardiner* at dinner time, but not to dinner.

“His father expressed a fear that our food would scarcely at first be acceptable to his son. So the canoe party furnished fish and shag, the latter plucked and cooked for the occasion, in order that Uroopatoosaloom should not suffer from hunger. We admitted the father to the *Allen Gardiner*, to witness his son being washed and dressed, with the result of which marked satisfaction was felt. The boy looked extremely well, and made a far from unnatural appearance among the ship’s company. By 4.30 p.m. the canoe party, having said farewell, were paddling to land, distant a mile at least; and soon they seemed to be settled for the night in a wigwam which they occupied. A heavy squall was just coming on, when to

our surprise the canoe was seen again approaching the ship, with the man and one female in it. As soon as the canoe came within hail, we called up Uroopa, who was below, to speak with his father; and the short and earnest exhortation of the latter, to give which he had made this special visit, was that his son should not go ashore at Woollya, but remain in the vessel, as the natives were not friendly there with his people. The sound of the wind beginning now to rush off the mountains, and the disturbed waters, were warnings for the canoe to be gone; so having uttered his last instructions, and waved his last farewell, the father of the lad, so entrusted to our care and instruction, resumed his work at the paddle, with the woman his help meet, and amid the tossings of the now roughened water, and the beating wind and rain, made good their passage to the shore. Our own long boat, with three men, which was away at the time some two miles off, with difficulty reached the ship about 7.30 p. m., owing to the force of the squall. The day had been peculiarly fine and enjoyable; and though not very far from the Horn I had refreshed myself in the forenoon by bathing. Next morning, Thursday, March 26, the Captain resolved to take his chance of beating up to Woollya. I think there are many things to recommend Packsaddle Bay for a Station, but I will not at present enter into the matter. We quitted the place about 9 a. m., on the 26th of April; and with a fine sunny sky, but contrary wind, the *Allen Gardiner* beat up towards Woollya. Our progress was very slow, and it was already becoming dusk when we were some seven miles from our destination. To

reach it before dark was impossible, as the distance would be at least trebled by the constant tacking and working the ship against a strong breeze and adverse current, and this latter so strong at one point that the *Allen Gardiner* would not come round, and the Captain had to wear ship. It became a question whether any sure anchorage could be found at hand, or should we run back to Packsaddle Bay. Happily the Captain determined to try a certain bay not marked in the chart, but which he thought might without risk be explored for the occasion, accordingly he ran in, gently sounding of course all the way, and finally brought up in good holding ground, about half a mile from the shore, and in twelve fathoms. The bay is exposed to the south west, but with good anchoring gear there is no risk; and besides we discovered a creek with water sufficient for the *Allen Gardiner*, though the entrance is narrow, into which on our return from Woollya we kedged the *Allen Gardiner*, and lay there in this most lovely spot for four days wooding. This creek runs up between wooded banks, bright and glowing with all the beauties of autumn, into two lakes, whose transparent waters reflect the grandeur of the granite peaks which, turbaned with snow, rise far above where forest trees can climb, and form a barrier on either side as you ascend the stream.

“On Saturday, March 28th, at 12.30 p. m., we reached Woollya, and our eyes rested with a painful interest on the house, still perfect in skeleton, where on November, 1859, our Missionary party and crew were engaged in the worship of God, when the fatal attack was made which cost eight valuable lives, and



an amount of sorrow and anxiety not to be expressed in words. For awhile we were allowed in perfect quiet to gaze on the henceforth sacred shore, the place where the martyrs fell. The bay was sheltered from the winds, and outer channel by the hills that folded it in, and no canoe paddle plashed for a moment in the tranquil waters, nor strange human voice disturbed the pleasant calm. It was a time not long indeed, but very precious, just one hour, in which to recall the past and chequered history of efforts to advance God's kingdom in these parts to bring the hearts and consciences of men under the power of the Divine law, and the grace of Christ; to think of what others have done and suffered with this high purpose, and to look forward in faith to the promised and most certain day when the Lord shall take all the heathen for His inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession. But soon our presence in the bay drew towards us from many quarters the hitherto unseen inhabitants, and in about two hours after the anchor was let go we were surrounded by twenty-nine canoes, containing on an average not less than five persons, while other canoes were continually approaching with fresh contributions to the number of our visitors, and I must say eager petitioners for gifts. There was James Button and Thomas his brother, men whose character Ookokko ever vindicates from guilt concerning the massacre; respecting the latter of whom Wm. Bartlett and Alfred Cole alike agree in giving a good report. We kept close to the ship during the remainder of Saturday, and all Sunday holding intercourse with the people in the canoes alongside, and

with the few privileged persons admitted on board, amongst these latter was a brother of Ookokko. James and Thomas Button were also in the *Allen Gardiner*, and Lucca, formerly on Keppel Island, under Mr. Phillips' special care. Jamesina also, a wife of James Button, and from time to time one or two others, to whom we wished to show special favour.

“The return of Ookokko with his wife, the mother now of two nice intelligent and cleanly children, born both of them at our Mission Station, was in itself a pledge of our honourable purposes and good will. Two opinions existed about these persons, or rather I should say *one* opinion, viz.: that they had met a violent death, the circumstances of which ranged themselves, according to the opinion of parties, under two heads—one was, that we had killed them in retaliation for the massacre; the other, that when attempting to bring them back to Woollya, our ship had been wrecked on the coast of Tierra del Fuego, our whole party drowned, Ookokko and his wife excepted, that these had reached the shore safely, but been subsequently murdered by the natives in the neighbourhood of Banner Cove. This latter opinion was founded on *a wreck last spring* of some vessel on their coast, the *crew of which all perished*; but it gathered strength sufficient in the minds of some, and particularly in Ookokko's brother, the avenger of blood in virtue of his kindred, to induce a war party to be formed, and a hostile expedition to be undertaken, against the suspected natives, amongst them Ookokko's brother had killed two men, in return for which he was more or less expecting to be himself the object of attack. I

declined his offers to come with us, not being at all prepossessed with his appearance. Others we found most willing to come to us for instruction; and soon I decided on taking with me Lucca, Threeboys, and Pinoiensee. Lucca will be remembered by all friends of the Mission as a hopeful and intelligent lad; he is I think very likely to profit by what he sees and learns of civilised life here, for he is quick at picking up things, and shrewd enough to see their bearing; but above all this I cannot but hope that God may bless the lessons of truth and Christian love, and the manifold grace of Christ's gospel, with which his mind will become, we trust, more and more familiar, to the good of his soul, and the future good through him of his now darkened people. Threeboys will be readily remembered as a young son of James Button, who spent five months at our Mission Station, in 1858, with his father, mother, and sisters. It is but the simple truth to say that he would pass for a European anywhere; his good looks and intelligent countenance are beyond dispute; and it is a remarkable fact that James Button (his father) and his children are manifestly in possession of the best looks of the Woollya tribe. Pinoiensee is the good natured looking son of Thomas Button, his age is about twenty. These three, with Uroopa from Packsaddle Bay, were invited to come to Keppel with us, besides these Thomas Button with Wendoo, his wife, and infant, was urgent to come. I was not equally urgent, thinking him too old, but I thought it possible that not only biscuits, but a sort of guardianship of the youths, committed to our care, might be his object, so I said, if he really



wished to come with us, I would not prevent his coming, thus our party ran up to seven; and we have now, with Ookokko and his family, *eleven natives* of Tierra del Fuego under our training and care."

N.B. The latter part of the letter which is of deep interest will be given in our next.

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### EL CARMEN.

It is our duty simply to record the progress of events in each Station. If we might hazard a guess as to what is probable, we should be inclined to fancy that the ordinary course of missionary operations may perhaps be somewhat quickened in this part of South America. The desire for the Bible, followed by opposition to it, has arisen more rapidly than usual. Without further preface, we give Mr. Lett's report.

"26th March, 1863.

"Since writing my last letter to you, we have removed from the north of the Rio Negro (El Carmen) to the south (Pueblo Merced); a step we found absolutely necessary, as there was no convenient access to the Indians on that side; there were as well many other hindrances. In our neighbourhood here we have two Indian families, who are very friendly, and willing to give instruction in their language.

"In the month of February this place was visited by the Messrs. T. L. D. Jones, Parry, and L. Jones, who came as explorers on behalf of the Welsh colony proposed to be settled on the river Tchu-a, or Chupat, about two hundred miles south of this. They kindly took me with them in the schooner *Candelaria*, and I

thus had an opportunity of seeing that part of the country, in which I see, by the 'Voice of Pity,' it was at one time proposed to establish a Mission Station. The country about that river is a very fine one indeed; and if the proposed colonization be carried out, it will become a good basis for approaching the Indians, who are stated to be in great force in that part of Patagonia.

"At the present time Mr. Andres is absent at S. Xavier, about five leagues up the river, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Indian Tolderia of the Cacique Chingali, where we have got a little house for a temporary lodging, while we pick up some of the Indian languages, Tchuélche and Chillenian; of the latter we have already got some two hundred words.

"Meanwhile a most vigorous course of opposition is being carried on by —— who went up to S. Xavier in company with some of the chief people of the town, to try and alienate the Indians from us. They, however, do not seem to mind; and although the greater part of the other people are against us, yet I am convinced we have some friendly parties.

"Even these oppositions may be regarded, perhaps, as tokens of some success, for wherever Satan finds hurt to his kingdom, he will, no doubt, commence offensive operations against the kingdom of grace.

"I trust the time is not far distant when you shall have the pleasure of receiving cheering details of the work of God in Patagones.

"At present it has necessarily been our part to make but some preparations, yet even these I sincerely trust will be conducive in the end to that great object,

which is our heart's desire and prayer to God. May He be glorified, and may souls be won by the blessed Gospel's voice."

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### LOTA.

The accompanying description of Mr. Gardiner possesses considerable interest, *as showing the character of the country* over which our Missionaries so often travel. Some time since Mr. Gardiner forwarded a very graphic account of one of his journeys, during which he was exposed to considerable danger. Our narrow limits then only allowed us to give scanty extracts from it. We are feeling our want of space more and more, as the Mission becomes extended, but the small circulation of the "Voice"—two thousand seven hundred—prevents the Committee from increasing its size, or illustrating it, from time to time, with wood cuts. If our friends desire more information, they may easily secure it by aiding, as some are doing, to increase its circulation in a way to lighten the expense of publication. £6 per month, in addition to what is now received, would enable the Committee to increase the interest of the periodical considerably; and this again would make it more easy for our friends to find subscribers to the Mission funds. We shall be glad if these few words draw attention to the subject.

"April 15th, 1863.

"The winter, or rather rainy season, having now set in, which closes our work in the camp till September 18th, the usual date of the Chili spring, I forward by this mail the report of our work so far.



"1. THE SELECTION OF THE LINE OF THE ITINERANT MISSION.—On receiving the sanction of the Committee to the plan of occupying Lota as the head quarters of the Mission on the west coast, and at the same time being authorised to commence a series of exploring journeys, with a view to determine the best line for the Itinerant Mission amongst the Araucanian Indians, I endeavoured from the date of Mr. Coombe's joining the station, October, 1861, to gain the necessary information on this subject, and the Bio-bio line being strongly recommended, and Nacimiento specially indicated by the British Chaplain in Valparaiso, as the best site for an outpost from whence to acquire the Indian language, I explored the whole frontier line of the Bio-bio for one hundred and ten miles east, as far as 'San Carlos, En Puren-de-los-Andes,' which place you will find marked in Black's or any other atlas of large size. The result of these journeys was communicated to the Committee, namely that the wars of the last twenty-five years have completely disarranged the old frontier line, and practically shifted the Araucanians one river lower down in the map. I recommended in consequence the erasure of the Bio-bio line, and the substitution of the sea coast line instead, and the selection of one of the small rivers south of Lota, as the site of an outpost in the Indian territory. In pursuance of this object I carefully examined all the rivers for one hundred miles south of this settlement, and recognised the river Labo as the most suitable of the seven, and accordingly, after a proper consideration and examination of the Chivilingué Laricetti, Carampangué,

Melilupu, Labo, Compania, and Tucapel rivers, I forwarded home the name of the Labo river as the most eligible for an outpost, and received an affirmative reply on the subject, and the official sanction of the sea-coast line.

“The proprietor of a large estate on the Labo, purchased from the Indian chiefs, offered me a site near the mouth of the river, without purchase.

“The outpost, a strong log hut of the same dimensions as Mr. Schmid’s on the Santa Cruz, has been put in frame, and is now nearly finished. And we have very carefully surveyed the road from Lota to Tucapel, being the first hundred miles of the Itinerant Mission, which will, I hope, extend eventually from Lota to Valdivia; Valdivia to the Lake Rauco; thence to the Pass of Villa Rica; thence to the sources of the Rio Negro; and there unite with the Ultima Thule of the El Carmen Mission.

“2. DESCRIPTION OF THE ROUTE FROM LOTA TO TUCAPEL, ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MILES.—The road runs due south from the settlement into Colcuro valley, and passing over a log bridge, winds up into the forest of Villegran, in the middle of which is a shepherd’s hut, that serves as a good landmark when riding by night. The track then passes Look-out-Point, and winds up Prospect Hill, from the summit of which the boundless Pacific Ocean meets the eye oppressed with the gloom of a deep forest. Turning off S. S. W. a pass runs over Woodcutter’s Ridge, and leads into a smooth glade like a lawn, there dips down a stone run, followed by a very abrupt descent through some very thick timber down the valley and river of Chevi-

enqué. After crossing this river, the track runs over a sand beach, and then leads E. S. E. by a rancho built under the shade of a large apple tree up a long red sand hill, and down by a winding path to the sea shore, passing under Fisherman's Rock to the mouth of the River Laricetti, crossing a little beyond the rock, if the breakers are not coming in too heavily, otherwise try the river five hundred yards further up, but with care, as there are quicksands; passing abreast of the old quarries, the track enters an avenue, with good galloping ground for three leagues, after which the road becomes heavy and sandy, and at last leads out into a waste of sand hillocks, terminating in a large river, the Carampangué over which there is a good boat, big enough to hold five horses. Half a league further is the old spanish fort of ARAUCO, twenty-three miles from Lota.

“ARAUCO FORT TO MELILUPU RIVER. — From Arauco fort the road leads, first, across a sand beach, about one and a half leagues, and then turns E. S. E. up a hill, across an open country for another league, through a thick belt of trees, past two ranchos, and then down a very steep sand cutting into a gorge, over two log bridges, through two dingles, round a snake fence, past water meadows, and up a hill to a rancho built under some very shady trees, and occupied by a very civil man, who has, or rather had (for I bought it) a small green parrot, which can talk a little in Spanish; then down a wooded hill across some more snake meadows, and you then reach the Indian settlement and river of Melilupu, and are in the district of the Cacique Isidoro.



“MELILUPU RIVER TO MR. SMITH'S HOUSE.—Passing a ragged tree on the left, and three ranchos on the right, the track leads down a glen, and then a slope, to a very steep pitch, with a deepish stream running below. Getting your horse carefully together, slide the pitch, and be careful not to bring him up too sharp in the water; that splash successfully over, enter Snake Fence Valley and climb a ravine; the track then leads into cane-breaks, and up a hill with magnificent prospect of a long black spine of mountain ranges in the back ground; then enter a jungle, with a very confused track, amongst roots and broken ground, and so on through a thickly wooded district interspersed with occasional open runs, till arriving at Mr. Smith's house. His little girl, Florinda, is in the third class at the Mission School, and was now at home for the Easter holidays; it seemed singular to find a fair-haired English child by that wild forest, (What a valuable Missionary she may be by and by) and to be talking in English amidst the sounds and sympathies of Indian wigwams and Indian woods.

“MR. SMITH'S HOUSE TO ANTILWE.—Leaving the district of the Indian Cacique Isidoro, who, by the death of another chief is now the superior Casique of Melilupu, Ranche, and Antilwe, the track passes through Frog Swamp, and up a brow past Elephant Bush, along a common terminating in a conical hill, with extensive sea view, then through sand tracks, copse cover, and moorland, into a valley thickly wooded, and terminating in an obscure track which winds through a projecting angle of a deep forest running S. W., and crosses very broken ground, and

leads up a ravine to the shepherd's hut, on Antilwe Common.

"ANTILWE COMMON TO THE RIVER LABO.—The track bears S. W. down a hill and along the outskirts of a wood on to a very extensive marsh, where flocks and herds are to be seen feeding, and by their condition evidencing the richness of the pasture, and the abundance of water. Carefully avoiding fairy-rings, and places filled with rushes, unless you wish your horse suddenly to disappear like a water rat or a penguin, bear due west for the right hand bluff, and passing under the brow of the cliffs, ride down to the sand beach; if the tide is not flowing, take the beach for half a league, to the great comfort of the horses; then scale a cliff by an Indian hut, and plunge down into Black Glen. Emerging from this ravine, Labo river is seen in the distance, and the new fort and settlement by its side, looking like a quay full of broken cargo.

"RIVER LABO TO RIVER TUCAPEL.—Leaving Labo, the track winds up a steep hill and leads S. E. Arriving at the top of the hill, the upstairs and downstairs is all over for many leagues. Ravines, glens, dingles, banks, pitches, dips, and runs, are now exchanged for long undulating plains, flanked on both sides by regiments of forest trees, dressed in Lincoln green, and preserving a grim and military silence as you pass by. The district of Labo and Compania belongs to the Caciques Lepin, and Guaraman. At the river Tucapel stands the ruined convent of Tucapel, the residence of a Franciscan friar.

"TUCAPEL TO THE BLACK BLUFF.—Leaving the river

Tucapel, the Indian path runs E. S. E. to the extremity of the plain which is divided off from the next plain by an intersecting cape, which with a thick fringe of trees, abuts upon the plain, and close to this Black Bluff stands the wigwam of the Cacique Marignan, which at present is the limit of the survey."

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MR. COOMBE'S LETTER AND JOURNAL.

We regret that want of space obliges us to print only a small part of Mr. Coombe's interesting letter. Next month we hope to give the remaining portion of his journal.

"LOTA, *May 4th*, 1863.

"Enclosed I forward you a journal of my journey into the Indian country, which I thank God was every way satisfactory, and I may fairly say successful. I met upwards of 200 Indians. The pronunciation (of the language) I found very easy, and as the Indians are exceedingly communicative, any person with the faculty of learning a language might acquire it with ease in twelve months, provided he could give his time exclusively to this work. Once acquired it would open a most extensive field of labour, as I found on enquiry that *the Indians on the Pampas speak the same language*, having fewer words, and the terminations slightly different. I hope this will show the Christian supporters of the work that there is an open door for the Gospel. We hope they will not be slow in providing the means, for I can assure them a fellow traveller in these long and solitary journeys is very desirable. In my next I hope to send a photograph of the station." (Should our friends like a copy?)



" *Monday, April 6th.*—At one o'clock I started for my journey, purposing (D. V.) to make Tucapel, or if possible a little further. It was a beautiful day, the sun shone brightly in an almost cloudless sky, but from the absence of the usual summer breeze from the southward the heat was rather oppressive. After an easy ride reached the Carampangué at dusk, where I had supper, and remained till next morning.

" *Tuesday 7th*—Arose early this morning, being unable to sleep from headache, the effects of yesterday's sun; the sun had not yet risen, although it was very light from the brilliancy of the moon. The moonlight in Chili is extremely beautiful, as its soft, silvery light is rarely interrupted by clouds, a cloudy sky being the exception. By the time the guide was ready the sun had risen, and it was after six when we set out, at twelve o'clock we drew up at a farm house and breakfasted; this house and farm is the property of the Chief Iaioro.

"A little after mid-day thick clouds from the southward and westward gathered fast, which whilst exceedingly welcome, were rather intimidating on the *outward bound*. Riding slowly we reached Lebu about seven in the evening, for which I felt thankful, and after a ride of fifty miles was quite ready for a 'Casuala' (chicken broth) and found a cup of tea very refreshing. It is a mercy for which we cannot be too thankful to the good providence of God, that so far from home and civilization, one can obtain those little necessaries of life so essential to persons whose work calls them to use mental rather than physical energy.

*Wednesday, 8th.*—This morning, whilst the horses were resting, crossed the Lebu to call on Mr. McKay to direct me to the outpost, or rather its site; as he was on his way to the mines I accompanied him, they were at some distance from the town on the side of a high hill, which rises from the banks of the river, covered with large trees, whose growth has been interrupted by the woodman's fatal axe; the mines have been recently opened, but results have been so far satisfactory. Ascending to the top of the hill, a height of 400 feet, we had a beautiful view of the river, which winds its way in a lovely serpentine, between hills varying from two hundred to five hundred feet in height, covered with dense forests, the scenery quite reminding one of that of Devonshire and Cornwall; the Lebu being more like the Tamar between those two counties, than any I have ever seen. Returned, and saw the outpost, which is in course of erection, and but for the scarcity of boards would have been finished by this time.

*Thursday, 9th.*—Went and saw the carpenter, and calculated the quantity of material and cost for the completion of the outpost; agreed with him, as directed, that it was to be ready as soon as possible, probably about July or August, rather a protracted notice, but it must be remembered that there are three months in which no work can be done out of doors. As the day was now advanced, and I was unable to obtain an interpreter to accompany me into the Indian territory, I made the best use of my time by taking my dictionary and grammar to the house of an Indian, who spoke Spanish; on entering his coral I found him packing up seaweed for the interior, which when cooked with

horse flesh forms one of their favorite dishes; when finished, he seated himself on a stool, Mr. McKay and I on another, his wife was weaving a poncho, whilst his daughter and her husband sauntered in the door way enjoying themselves at our expense, for each failure of pronunciation brought forth a fresh peal of laughter. We went on very well for an hour, by which time my *tutor*, who was more accustomed to training horses than the tuition of his language, evinced signs of fatigue. I found it, like all human works, imperfect, many of the terminations being incorrect, but they will nevertheless be a great service to us. Having heard of a large cave at Lebu, and being near the spot I went to see it, and was struck by its magnificence; the entrance was about six or seven feet wide, by about twenty high; about fifty yards from the mouth was a large cavity with a concave ceiling, about forty or fifty feet in height, from which snowy white crystallizations of fantastic forms were suspended. It was perfectly light, having two entrances, and sufficiently large to contain six or seven hundred men. On our return we visited the fort which is built at the foot of a hill, in front of the only pass the Indians have, it is a nice looking building, built in rectangular form, with a strong wall and trench thrown around it, and I have no doubt will be great protection in times of revolution.

“Returning to Mr. M.’s house he found an Indian awaiting his arrival, his name was Malita, assistant to the chief Mariñan, he spoke Spanish fluently; Mr. M. introduced me to him as one sent to teach the Indians, he said he had a little boy, whom he wished to have taught Spanish when a little older. At my



request Mr. M. asked him, in what this people believed, he readily replied 'in God.' In nothing more, I asked 'yes,' he said, 'in two gods, the one who makes the the good, and the other who makes the bad.' What do the people think when they see the fire coming from the mountains (Chillan)? 'It is God, verily.' And the earthquake? 'also God.' Why, asked Mr. M., do you kill sheep as sacrifice? 'That it may please God that He do us good.' As I afterwards found they sacrifice to both (spirits) and to the wicked spirit, that he may not do them harm. On his departure I arose to shake hands, instead of which he threw his arms round me, and gave me a very affectionate embrace, saying, 'I am a poor Indian, sir, you will forgive me, you are a gentleman, but I shall have much pleasure to make your friendship.' Poor fellow, he little knew how much I desired to befriend him and his people by pointing to the Lamb of God."

#### CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

TRANSLATION OF LETTER FROM CAMILENNA COPAN-  
ISCOLA TO HER YOUNG FRIEND, H. D.

"My young friend,

"I to you say thank you, because you sent me a letter. My little son mischievous. Comb, knife, eating-on-English-plate, cup, my things he all burns. Little son! His little shoes he burns, he does not take care. He puts his hands in and takes, he all things puts his hands in. Pockets he puts his hands into. Mr. Bridges's pockets he likes much to put his hands into. He everything smashes. My little daughter soon grow teeth. First when born, teeth already were in. I was astonished at first, not like

my country children, much fat, not as when you lived here. My son himself burns, clothes also. My husband again is strong. I am very happy, again he makes work. Mrs. Bartlett, she is kind to me, even as Mrs. Despard. Ookokko, he all over was hurt at first. CAMILENNA."

Please, dear children, to think a little after you have read this Fireland woman's letter. She first describes her son, a little fellow born 13th February, 1861, and she writes in May, 1862, so that he was only 15 months' old—she describes him as very mischievous—destroying both other people's things and his own. Who taught him to destroy? Not his father, or mother, or Mr. Bridges, or anyone. Who set him the example? Nobody, for he lives with his parents in Cranmer, where are only good and careful people! He has only his own nature to guide and incite him to evil. Why, instead of doing mischief, when he sees no one else doing it, does he not what is good? Why is he not *careful* to avoid breaking and burning things? He must have a bad nature in him from the first. So have we all, my dears; we needed not to be taught to be wilful, to get soon angry, to be cross tempered, to do mischief, to slap people, to tell stories when we were little; but we had to be *taught*, and over and over again many times, to be good, and careful, and truthful, and patient.

Camilenna would not have noticed the mischievous way of her boy in her own country, but here in Cranmer, she has been herself taught to love good and to do good. What a blessing this is to her children! They will be brought up as no children in Fireland have ever been. There the children are not taught at

all, for the parents know nothing to teach; they are never corrected, for the parents do not know what *sin* is. But if this little boy grows up to be wicked, he will be a great sinner, and deserve greater punishment than the boys of Fireland. Of you also, dear children, to whom much more even of good Christian teaching and example is given even than to little *Crannie*, very much more will be expected of good behaviour than of the Firelanders' children. She tells us of her little girl, that it had teeth ready to appear as soon as born; this is as strange among us as it seems to be among her people, since teeth are used by her countrywomen for such useful articles as scissors and pincers; this may be regarded as an omen of the child's future industry and usefulness. They are two bright eyed, merry looking little things, with which you would be much pleased. The thought occurs to me, that these children should be *adopted* by two schools; one of English boys, and the other of English girls; the boy's expense of clothes and food to be paid by the boys' school, and the girl's by the girls' school.

What say you, is it a good *idea*? Make haste then, boys, and adopt your son; and you, young ladies, claim your daughter. The Secretary will be happy to assign this honour and pleasure to the first bidders. Some day Master and Miss Copaniscola may come to England and thank you in person for your fostering care; and I know *who* will be pleased and smile at your loving liberality—*One* far greater than

Your old friend, G. P. D.

Our friends will remember that this letter will find its way to Keppel, and South America. What is done let it be done quickly.



## THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Some time since the attention of the Committee was strongly directed to this part of the enormous work which lies before them by J. H. Robilliard, Esq. who was for a long time a merchant in Valparaiso, where our missionaries have more than once received abundant kindness at his hands. Mr. Robilliard's father-in-law, the Rev. W. Armstrong, was one of the first in South America who promised Captain Gardiner help. In one of his letters he says: "I find that out of forty named commercial cities, towns, and ports, on the west coast, only three are supplied with religious privileges, of which Lota is one. The great success of Lota, and the cry now coming from other ports and places will form good ground on which to stir up the merchants of this (Liverpool) and other places who have grown *rich and wealthy* from the great trade on the *west coast* in particular, and with South America in general." And again in another: "the effect so highly appreciated in Chili, of the Lota Mission, points out a clear direction for energetic Christian effort along the whole of the west coast"—"the expansion of the missionary work abroad calls for extended effort at home in the way of raising the required and necessary funds."

These statements command attention. It will, however, tend much to confirm them to read an extract from a letter of the Rev. Joseph Henry, the English Chaplain at Lima, written to a lady at Clifton.

“ 13th May, 1863.

“ I have to thank you for the two boxes containing books and tracts; they have arrived safely, and have been partially distributed. The persons who have received them declare that they are pleased with them, but I can say no more at present of any effect produced.

“ In general, I am happy to say, that I think there is an improvement here, though it be slight. Some workmen have sent for their families, others for persons to whom they were engaged in England, and to whom they are now married. So that altogether one great need is being gradually supplied, the want of homes and of family influence for good. This is the case both among the artizans and in the mercantile community, and I hope that what I constantly urge is being done, that each family endeavour to gain influence over some one or more young men, and by giving them some means of spending their evenings otherwise than at the public house, guard them against all the evils that so certainly follow. We have already a prayer meeting established; we shall have next month (p. v.) a school for the poorer

children ; a Sunday school has been going on for some time, and yesterday I got the promise of two new pupils. I hope soon to have arrangements made for a fortnightly or monthly supply of the Sunday at Home, Leisure Hour, &c.....If we can get what we are trying for, a good school room, which can be employed in the evenings as a reading room, and a steady, fresh supply of periodicals, I hope to get together more of the working classes, and in time to produce some effect upon them ; there is indeed need.....I hope to send home next mail to the Bishop of London a representation of the wants of the English at Callao, the Chinchas, and various places along the coast, and ask if *no society can give help*.

“ I shall remember your offer of kindness, and shall not forget that there is one who takes an interest in her countrymen so far away. Please remember us also in your prayers. I shall be truly glad to hear that there is in England any fresh effort made to spread the Gospel here.”

Last month we had the voice crying from the east coast “come over and help us.” This month it cries from the west coast “delay not to come to our rescue.” From the south it is always uttering its petition—“THOU has given me a south land, give me also springs of water.”

O that each of our readers would bear these cries heavenward, and let them plead with Jesus, our



risen Lord, and then gently whisper into the attentive ears of the friends of Jesus that HE has work for THEM to do in South America.

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## TIERRA DEL FUEGO AND ITS PEOPLE.

(*Mr. Stirling's Letter—continued.*)

“It was very interesting to watch Ookokko, as he sought to impress his people with our desire to benefit them, to raise them out of their present poverty, and to ‘teach them about God and Jesus Christ.’ The tone of his voice, as he addressed them, was unaffectedly earnest; and many attentive eyes and ears were fixed upon him, and occupied with his words as he spoke with an energy and animation congenial to the Fuegian mind, from the deck of the *Allen Gardiner* to the assembled natives in the canoes about the ship. This was the first time that anything like preaching in their own tongue, and in their own land, had been addressed to these neglected people, and it seemed like the beginning of better things; it is certainly significant of a blessing on the past labours of the Mission, and prophetic, I trust, of greater blessings to come.

“On Sunday, the 29th of March, he went on shore with his wife and family, and spent the day, as he assures me, and I have no doubt of it, in seeking to make his countrymen alive to our real objects, and to secure their friendly disposition towards us, telling them that the ship was built and sent out expressly for them, that they might be made acquainted with

God, and know about Jesus Christ, who died for them, and that good men go to heaven, and bad men go to hell; that if they were good, we would come and teach them many things, that would profit them now, and that by and by they should have goats, and sheep, and gardens, all the same as at Keppel Island. This is a faithful summary of what he stated that he said to his people, as he visited them in their wigwams; and if I may judge of the effect of his words, by the subsequent quiet and exemplary conduct of the natives, I should say it was eminently beneficial. On the following day I went on shore with the Captain, and Mr. Bridges. Thomas Button went with us in the ships' boat, not one native followed us, or haunted us, or begged of us, or stopped to stare at us. Our course was unmolested throughout, and we went where we liked. Stirling Island was visited and explored, and we did not fail to visit the now too-celebrated hut, the scene in 1859 of our brethren's death. That it should be in a dilapidated state is not surprising; but all the main parts are standing, and I have promised James Button certain presents, on our next visit, if by that time he has restored it to its proper condition, and made it habitable. To test further his influence, and the immediate possibility of getting his people to work in the hope of future reward, I have requested him to get a quantity of wood, of a specified quality, stacked, and ready for embarkation, in anticipation of our next visit. Wood is of the utmost value in Keppel Island, and in the event of my request being complied with, I have engaged to deliver to James Button two hatchets, four knives, two buckets, and a

quantity of ships' biscuits. These things are highly valued and eagerly sought. During the remainder of our stay at Woollya, we continued on the most friendly terms with the natives, but were never off our guard for a moment. Mr. Bridges gained much éclat by his acquaintance with their language, and there can be no doubt that his whole heart is in the work, and occupied with a very strong desire to be a messenger of Christ to these people. By an arrangement which I made, Mr. Rau did not accompany us to Tierra del Fuego, but remained in Keppel Island in special charge of the religious services at the Station. For the manner in which he conducts others, and for his general interest in what concerns the Mission, I feel very thankful; but my present object in mentioning him is to assure you that he is already making advance in the Fuegian language, and that his spirit is zealous for the work of Christ in Tierra del Fuego. I think the Society very happy in having in active preparation for developing its Christian purposes in that country men animated with a spirit such as Mr. Bridges and Mr. Rau possess, and a native so clearly desirous of promoting the same objects as Ookokko. On Wednesday, April 1, the *Allen Gardiner* left Woollya, and in the evening was lying at anchor in the creek mentioned by me on the fourth page of my third sheet. Here we cut wood for the Station, and placed it securely on board, and made all ready for sea by the following Saturday afternoon. The next day being Easter Sunday the Captain consented to remain quiet till Monday, and then start homewards. Unfortunately the *Allen Gardiner* having her chain twisted round her anchor,



managed in the course of Saturday night, during a breeze of wind, to upset and drag it, which cost a good deal of trouble in kedging, and before she was restored to her proper berth. This disturbed our Easter Sunday, a wet and gloomy day. Generally, however, we had splendid weather while lying in Tierra del Fuego, bright, warm, luxurious days, with nights calm, and lighted by a brilliant moon. When leaving Woollya Bay James Button most cheerfully aided in towing the *Allen Gardiner* out, his canoe being fastened ahead of the long boat, and earnestly he begged *three cheers* in remembrance, I suppose, of auld lang syne. We yielded to his wish, as soon as the vessel was fairly under weigh.

“It was dark on Monday evening, the 6th, ere we got clear of Helen Creek, so called by the Captain, who has prepared an accurate chart of the place for future use. In that creek, well watered as it is and beautifully situated, I long to see a floating Mission house, perhaps an old man of war hulk, presented by government. This is what we want, and what comes nearest to Captain Gardiner’s plans. By the exigencies of her services in Patagonia and the Falklands, our present vessel is unable to meet adequately the conditions of a floating Mission house. Do you think it well to apply for such a hulk? To send her out would cost say £300, but a Station formed on land in Tierra del Fuego would cost much in the way of labour, and never be so safe itself, or offer to our Missionaries such safety as a roomy hulk, moored a little distance from the shore. Females might then live in Tierra del Fuego with the missionaries, the work be conti-

nued unintermittingly, a school be regularly conducted in the ship, and ample stores of all kinds be laid up. We passed through the Straits of Le Maire, on our voyage to Keppel Island, on Tuesday night, by moonlight, and entered Hope Harbour on the following Saturday, at 8 p.m. The interval had been filled up by a gale of wind from the N. W. which compelled the *Allen Gardiner* to lay to for many hours, and drove her to leeward as far as Cape Meredith. It was Sunday evening, April 12th, when we cast anchor in Committee Bay, five weeks exactly from the time when we embarked to go to Tierra del Fuego; for it was on the evening of Sunday, the service on shore being concluded, that we gave our adieus, and quitted our happy little Station, to renew the work of the Mission on the coasts of Fuegia. For the Lord's blessing we had not failed to ask at the throne of grace, and I think with confidence it may be said the Lord did bless us. Our beloved ones were well, having been kept from all anxiety on our account, and only being surprised at our early return; but this again was the Lord's doing, for He had prospered our way, He had preserved us from the perils of the sea, He had disposed the mind of the heathen favourably towards us, and to Him be all the praise.

“*Stanley, April 27, 1863.* I continue my report of our doings with the natives at the same date. At Keppel Island I placed the three younger lads, Lucca, Threeboys, and Uroopa, under the immediate care and instruction of Messrs. Rau and Bridges, in the cœnobium. This arrangement was cordially entered into by the brethren, and has ma-

terially furthered the happiness and improvement of the lads. Thomas Button and his family, including Pinoiensee, I have settled in the brick building, near the beach. The conduct of all our guests up to the time of the *Allen Gardiner's* leaving Keppel Island for Stanley, at which port I am now writing, was orderly and without any unpleasantnesses. Finding a desire among them to visit this place, I at once determined to bring them hither, in order that His Excellency Governor Mackenzie might have an opportunity, at this early period of his official career, of seeing some of the natives under our care, and forming his own estimate of the probable character of our work. I was anxious also to allow the residents in Stanley generally to witness the renewal of the Society's labours after the many trials through which they have been prosecuted. On Thursday last the *Allen Gardiner* left Committee Bay, bound to Stanley, and having on board (of the natives) Pinoiensee, Lucca, Uroopa, and Threeboys; Thomas Button, at the last hour, I may say, preferred to remain on Keppel Island. Mr. Rau came as my aide-de-camp in charge of the boys, and William Bartlett on leave of absence for a few days, the first time since he set foot on the mission island. I left Mr. Bridges in charge of the Station and natives. Thomas Williams will in all things carry out his wishes, and Ookokko likewise will give his ready help.

“ On Friday last, the 24th instant, at 4 p. m. we anchored in Stanley harbour. Among other vessels H. M. S. *Stromboli* was lying here, and having dipped our ensign three times and received the return salute,



we ran in between her and the shore, and speedily brought up. I took two of the boys on shore the following day, and introduced them to Mr. Bull, who at once manifested a warm and generous interest in their welfare. Mr. Dean, Mr. Lane, Dr. Hamblin, and others, were likewise interested in seeing them. At the suggestion of Mr. Bull we took the two boys to the cemetery, and it was at once palpable that they distinguished the nature and solemnity of the place. On Sunday all four boys attended church in the morning, and three of them were present in the evening. Their behaviour was quiet and attentive, and in no single respect open to complaint. A suitable pew for them to occupy had been kindly provided by Mr. Bull's prethought. H. E. Governor Mackenzie happened to meet them near the church door in the morning, and they instantly saluted him with 'good morning, sir,' and all removed their caps; after a few kind remarks His Excellency passed on. In a conversation with him on the previous day I was very glad to hear Governor Mackenzie say that he thought a very mistaken notion of the Society's work had before prevailed. So far as I can at present judge the feeling here seems very favourable to the work. To-day I took the boys, by special invitation, on board the *Stromboli*, over which vessel we were most kindly shown by Mr. Cooke, one of the officers; everything on board which Mr. Cooke deemed most likely to impress the minds of the boys beneficially he carefully pointed out to them, and it was very evident that they took a real interest in what they saw.

"I may mention here that the *Stromboli*, in coming

down to the Falklands, encountered at the same date with ourselves the terrible gales mentioned previously in my letter; one of the ship's large guns was, although lashed, hurled overboard by a large wave that came aboard, swept the upper deck, and rushing below threatened to drown the men, who thought they had securely bolted the door. Every seam in the vessel yawned, a fine boat was carried away, and the netting torn to pieces. Since her arrival at Stanley the *Stromboli* has had to be caulked throughout, and her carpenters have had unintermitted work. Yet go on board of her from the *Allen Gardiner* and you would think so fine a looking vessel could never come to harm, and must be a palace of comfort.

"From the *Stromboli* we went direct to Mr. Bull, to drink tea, Mr. and Mrs. Bull having kindly expressed a desire to entertain the Fuegian strangers. Mrs. Dean and her daughters, and Mrs. Phillips were present, and everything was done that a mother could suggest to make all happy; there was music, and singing,\* of which the natives are very fond. Our protégés gained many words of commendation for their good behaviour, and a very genuine expression of surprise at their intelligence and general appearance again and again found vent; the party broke up at 7.30. p. m. having had much enjoyment from 4 o'clock. To-morrow there is an appointment for the boys to visit the school and hear the children sing.

"Before closing this to night I may state that a

\* Next month we hope to give one of their Songs which, though wild, is very pretty.

special communion, after the morning service, took place on our deck ; and for the future the presence of the *Allen Gardiner* will be a signal for the like solemn yet true Christian privilege. The alms on these occasions will be always small, but will be devoted to the Mission.

“I remain, &c. &c.

“W. H. STIRLING.”

Our only news from the Falklands this month is subjoined in a letter from Captain Williams, who now takes the command of the *Allen Gardiner*.

“STANLEY, 2nd June, 1863.

“It is my duty to inform you of my arrival here in the *Springbok* on the 15th of last month. On arrival I found Mr. Stirling had sailed about ten days for Santa Cruz, but as he was acquainted with the fact that I was daily expected he deferred proceeding on to Rio Negro, as he had first intended, so that if all be well he will be here again for me in about seven or eight days. Everybody here has a good word to say for Mr. Stirling, indeed I should say he was universally beloved by all classes, and the fact of his success on his first visit to Tierra del Fuego seems to have been taken for granted by all. I think the mission will prosper under his superintendence. It would indeed seem that the blessing of God was attending his labours. If the news brought here last week by Capt. Smiley be correct, who states that the people at Sandy Point told him that Casimero and his tribe were at Santa Cruz ; if this be true, Mr. Stirling’s loving and



winning manner cannot fail, under the divine blessing, to deepen the good impressions already made by Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker. Mr. Bull has told me to-day to inform you that they have collected here twelve guineas this year on behalf of your funds, which I think is a great proof of the confidence the people of the place put in Mr. Stirling's management. The Fuegians he brought round here last time quite look up to him as a father; and the ladies are continually speaking of his humility, in laying all pride aside, mingling in their gambols and counting himself as one of them; so he has quite won the hearts of these poor savages. But though a Paul may plant, and an Apollos water, yet it remains alone with God to give the increase, therefore daily should prayer and supplication be made unto Him. Oh gentlemen, you at home know little of what these servants of Christ have to endure in these tempestuous latitudes. While I am writing a southerly gale is blowing in all its fury, and I fear poor Mr. Stirling is exposed to all its buffeting, but glory to God his faith is firmly fixed in One who holds the waves and winds in the hollow of his hand, and he believes that your and numbers of God's children's prayers are continually ascending on his behalf. But I must draw to a close, hoping to write by next mail from Rio Negro.

“S. WILLIAMS.”

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MR. COOMBE'S JOURNAL (*continued.*)

“Persons at home so accustomed to the regularity of the post, the punctuality of the railway, and

promptitude of the hotel, can form but a faint idea of the loss of time on the frontiers of savage lands. Let the reader try to imagine, instead of the punctuality and regularity with which our institutions are managed, all uncertainty and irregularity, how fatal would it be to the onward march of progress and civilization. Suppose the railway engine driver to forget to water the engine until the moment of departure, the porter to connect the carriages, or the guard not to appear—the merchant to send his servant to the post for the letters, and to find that the postmaster being on an excursion he would be unable to obtain them until the morrow—the superintendent of police to be apprised of a burglary a few moments after its occurrence, and to promise to investigate it to-morrow; instead of that activity, diligence, and despatch for which our country is notorious, all would be listlessness, indolence, and inactivity; these are some of the most formidable difficulties in our every day life.

“Arising this morning at break of day, sent a messenger for the interpreter, who arrived in about a couple of hours, more asleep than awake, sent him to catch his horse, and be in readiness as soon as possible, which was not till another two hours had passed away, so that it was after ten o’clock when I left Lebu with Don José Habindaños and my servant, Juan de Dios, for the river Pyguevi, a distance of about forty miles, viâ Tucape. The road is extremely beautiful, being a series of plains nearly the whole way, covered with variegated forms of rich foliage of perpetual verdure. On the road we met with several Indians, and passed a number of houses, although not as many

as would have been expected, as they instinctively build away from the road side, and generally amongst a clump of trees. At about sunset reached Tucapel, and rode up to I enquired for who soon made his appearance, and gave me a hearty welcome, nor was I sorry to partake of his good cheer, although I had purposed spending the night with the Cacique Mariñan. After dinner enquired into the articles of our creed, which was followed by a debate. He expressed his surprise that we did not adore the virgin or believe in the intercession of saints, as he said it was but reasonable that the saints in glory could approach God nearer than we, and know better what and how to ask than we ourselves; to which I replied, 'there is but one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus;' this was followed by the subject of purgatory, in which he broke down when I reminded him of the thief on the cross, who although a sinner, and not repenting till his death, did not pass through purgatory for purification; this led to baptismal regeneration. I was thankful that a good feeling prevailed on both sides to the end. In conclusion I recommended him to Jesus, telling him that 'whosoever believed in him would never perish.' To which he replied, he was taught to believe what the church said also. Having finished our religious discourse we conversed of the Indians, of whom he gave me a great deal of useful and interesting information, corroborating what *Melita* told me the preceding day, respecting the belief in a good and an evil spirit, and their worshipping of them both. On the Imperial, he told me, was jesuit with a church,

that it was quite safe to travel thither, viâ Tucapel, he having recently come from there. Whilst the men were getting ready I took a walk over the plain on which the convent is built, or rather on which stands its charred ruins; in the centre is a large cross, the meeting place of the Indians—the plain is about a mile and a half in extent—here he told me, in a few days the Indians were to have a great feast, a thank offering for the ingathering of the harvest (the Indians set us a good example) several sheep were to be killed, and a large quantity of ‘Chicha’ sacrificed after breakfast. We made for Mariñans, met the Cacique with an attendant coming to Tucapel; on meeting he gave the usual salutation of ‘Mari’ ‘Mari’ ‘Peiñe,’ which I returned. He enquired where I was going, ‘Cheu muayme,’ the next inquiry being where did he come from, ‘Cheu que pyme huentro.’ The interpreter told him who I was, and that I wished to speak to him. When he returned to the house, which was in the centre of a plain, the name of which I have forgotten, at the house he spread a poncho, in which we both sat, the interpreter in front, but our conversation was chiefly in Spanish, to insinuate myself into his graces I gave him a riding whip from Mr. Gardiner, with which he was highly delighted, and enquired into the details of manufacture, until I was unable to satisfy his curiosity. But again and again he expressed his thanks to the ‘Curé.’ My difficulty was with the ladies, who were very clamorous in their request for beads, and which I had forgotten when leaving home, but promised to remember them when on my next journey. Mariñan excused himself from inviting us to stop at his house

by saying, he had become very poor since the last revolution in 1859, which was a fact, for the government sent in their soldiers, who destroyed all their sheep, and slaughtered or carried off all their cattle, leaving them destitute, as a punishment for their insurrection. I however gained what I most desired, which was permission to pass into the country, he accompanied me across the next river, when he bid us adieu, saying we were quite at liberty to prosecute our journey, and hoped it would be a pleasant one. Arriving shortly afterwards at a cross way the interpreter was at a loss as to which was the right one; a house was fortunately near, at which he enquired, when a young Indian, who was going in search of apples, offered to accompany us; he was about seventeen years of age, of a fair complexion, with dark eyes and hair that hung over his shoulders, tied back by a coloured handkerchief wound around the head; he was exceedingly communicative, sustaining a conversation for upwards of an hour, much to my delight, for it was an excellent opportunity of listening to the pronunciation. Ascending a hill called Cero Pángue, we came in sight of a beautiful plain, which extended as far as the eye could reach on the left, at the feet of the towering hills, a branch of the Cordilleras, was a beautiful lagoon; I regret not having had time to ride up to it. Across the plain ran a stream of crystal, which I fancy flows from the lake, while its surface is covered with long grass, dotted with clumps of trees, here I stopped to lunch, inviting our bare legged friend to partake with us, which he did readily, without making the slightest obstacle. I

was just on the point of offering him a knife to eat his cheese, when I found him already possessed of a large blade, which until then was hidden beneath his poncho, there was no difficulty in recognising it as part of a sword. On this plain we met with numbers of Indians, generally laden with apples, which were tied up in a sack and thrown across the horses' backs. Reaching the woods, where the apples were, our companion said 'Adios,' touched his horse with his massive spurs, and with his long hair streaming behind was soon out of sight. A little further and I reached the house of Juan de Dios Hordines, where I was to spend the night, and rest for the sabbath. Perhaps some of our lady friends would like to become acquainted with rancho life, which is exceedingly primitive; attainments in the culinary department have not reached a very high state of perfection in this part of the world, so that there is little choice. The principal dish is soup, or chicken broth, as the people in the country rarely eat meat; their principal articles of food being arina tostada, (parched wheat ground into flour) beans, and maize. On your arrival at the house two or three little ragged semi-civilized children are sent to catch some unfortunate chicken, which is soon despatched, plucked, and cut up; the eldest girl is set to work grinding the corn, which she does in a most primitive manner by bruising it between two stones, it is then mixed into dough by boiling water, and made into little cakes, I need not add without yeast or leaven; these are then buried in the ashes of a wood fire in the centre of the house, and in about a quarter of an

hour they are ready; in an hour, or at most an hour and a half, the whole is served up in a dish of home manufacture, some large mussel shells supplying the place of spoons. As the house comprises only one apartment, one becomes tolerably well acquainted with the routine at the end of a long journey; but the greatest inconvenience is at night, when one finds sleep impossible, with so many numberless invaders with which you are soon invested, and which seem to forsake everyone else to fasten themselves on the new comer. The sun had set ere I dined, a beautiful calm evening, not a sound disturbed the calmness of the evening air, but the clouds threatened rain, which the padre predicted in the morning. Sung some hymns, much to the amusement of my host's family, but I trust not the less for my own edification and comfort. Rained nearly all night, the morning was dark and gloomy, emblematic of a sabbath away from civilization and the means of grace, and surrounded by paganism, for no pealing bells broke the death-like silence of that sabbath morn. Many there were who ran to and fro, but not to stand within the courts of the sanctuary and with joyous hearts to hear the glad tidings of a crucified Saviour; but I trust the day is not distant when these people, poor, ignorant, and neglected, as they have been, will hear in their own language the wonderful things of God. Being but a few minutes' walk from the house of a chief named Porma, I went with the interpreter, hoping at about ten o'clock to find him alone, but was rather disappointed to find him at breakfast with a number of Indians seated around him, I suppose his staff.

Having satisfied his curiosity as to my name, country, and whereabouts, he invited me to breakfast, which I declined, promising to stay with him longer at a future time, for his three wives seemed to have as much as they could do to wait upon the present company. He was about forty-five, tall, and very stout, he did not look as if he had ever suffered hunger or want. I enquired the number of his people, but he declined giving me an answer for some time, until I assured him that it was mere curiosity that prompted the question, then he told me one hundred and fifty. I expressed my surprise that I should see so few houses, but this he said was owing to their being built so far apart, many being hid in the forest. Our conversation was entirely through the interpreter, although he understood all that I said in Spanish. On leaving I promised to call again, and he introduced me to his four sons, who were seated outside the house, all breakfasting. Gladly would I have spoken to him of things divine, but I felt this was not the season. Remainder of day reading Bible and Dairyman's Daughter, by Legh Richmond. I was very glad when the grey streaks of dawn appeared, having suffered all night from violent toothache. At daylight sent Juan and Jose to catch and saddle the horses; I had purposed visiting Sepin and Huaraman, neighbouring chiefs of Mariñan, but having traced the river Pyguevi as far as the mouth (where I found an Indian fisherman, who obtains a livelihood by drying fish, and when he has a sufficient quantity sends it into the interior, some Indians were fishing in the river with a net, in a canoe hewn from the solid tree,)

and as my teeth were still aching, and the weather threatening, I thought it better to make my way back to Lebu along the coast, being a straight road, although as I afterwards found a very rough one. Our way for three quarters of the road was over vast mounds of sand, the accumulation of ages, some of which were fifty feet in height, besides two unpleasant rivers, one the Pangué, was very deep, the other had high banks. About two o'clock we arrived at the house of the chief of the district, Caril, and shortly afterwards passed one called Quinalhue, chief of the district of Cheuquian, but did not stop at either, as our progress had been very slow on the sand. As the afternoon was far advanced, I was anxious to be at Lebu, where I might find shelter from the rain, which came down in torrents before I had time to unsaddle the horses. This morning being fine left Lebu at ten o'clock for Lota, the roads were very slippery from the night's rain, which obliged us to walk slowly, fearing a fall; reached Milidupu in the afternoon, where we remained for the night; set out about three o'clock in the morning, it was still very dark, as there was no moon until four a. m., and when she arose the slight rain afforded us but little light. I continued however to keep in the road, walking on foot in the difficult parts of the forest; it was my first time without a guide, and I was glad to find I had made Arauco at seven a. m., and, stopping awhile at the Carampague, to bait the horse, reached Lota at two p. m., not a little thankful to our heavenly Father who has been with me in my going out and

my coming in, watching over me in hours of danger, and prospering my journey.

VOCABULARY.

SALUTATIONS.

How do you do?	Mari Mari peiñe.
Where are you going?	Cheu Muaymi.
Where do you come from?	Cheu que pyme.
Where do you live?	Muecheu.
Are you well?	Comellayme.
Come inside.	Tneuyige purua.

ARTICLES.

A or an	Quine	The	Chi
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SUBSTANTIVES.

Man	Huenthu	Woman	Malghen
Boy	Hueche	Cow	Huaca
Sheep	Huachu	Girl	Huedomuche
Father	Chao	Mother	Nugue
Brother	Peiñe	Sister	Samgen
Children	Peñihuen	House	Ruca
People of a } house	Rucatucho	Town	Cara
Forest	Thoy mahuyda	Tree	Mamull
Horse	Caballo	Mountain	Mahuyda
Bad	Hueda	Good	Cùme
Black	Curu	White	Ligh
Ugly	Alta	Pretty	Ayvingen
He has a house	Nien quine ruca		
A good house	Quine cumeruca		
The black horse	Chi caballo curu		
He is a good man	Cumellay huentha		
Has he a white horse	Min quiñe caballo ligh		
This is a beautiful country	Vacho mapu themo		
Yes it is	Vey may		

Under date June 10th, Mr. Coombes writes a few pleasant words.

“Everything here goes on comfortably and prosperously. Our scholars continue regular in their attendance, always giving marked attention, and are making great progress. We pray that the divine showers of heavenly grace may descend on their young souls, ‘as the small rain on the tender herb,’ causing the seed sown to bring forth much fruit. We always make the Bible the foundation of all our teaching, and I sometimes feel surprised at the readiness with which they will learn and remember a Scripture lesson when contrasted with other subjects. They never seem to weary of it, and I believe prefer it to any thing else. Having occasion the other day to change the lessons from the ordinary routine, the boys were not long in manifesting disappointment, and the eldest boy thinking I had mistaken the day, came up to me and said: ‘if you please, sir, this is the day for our Scripture lesson.’ Even the native boys listen with great attention, and considering they have never seen the Bible except at this school, their knowledge of its sacred truths is fair. Followed as we know these instructions are by the earnest prayers of zealous Christian supporters, who can doubt that ‘His doctrine shall drop as the rain, and His speech distil as the dew?’ We have nearly arrived at midwinter, but the weather is not so severe as it generally is. Two evenings of the week we are employed in teaching the young men who are engaged by day on the works in connection with the mines, a third is devoted to a Bible class, and a fourth to a prayer meeting, which

is always well attended and much enjoyed by the people, many of whom, I believe sincerely, have chosen that better part which I trust will never be taken from them. *And it is pleasant to know they all date their various changes of mind to the effects of Mr. Gardiner's ministry amongst them.* May not this be a token of better things to come? May we not expect that the little one shall become a thousand? It is our privilege to pray; it is our duty to wait. Let us hope that Araucania, Patagonia, and Fuegia shall become the heritage of our God and His Christ for ever."

LADIES' WORK FOR MONTE VIDEO.

Our kind friends will, we trust, remember that the time is drawing near when we should be preparing our tinned boxes for sending all the tasteful productions of their delicate fingers to Mrs. Adams and her friends, at Monte Video. By the middle of October our boxes ought, we are told, to be ready for packing. Remnants of silk, and light, pretty muslins, worked into children's dresses, are the things most prized. The finest babies' clothes are also much valued. Some beautiful and some very useful gifts have reached us from kind friends already. For these we would desire to express our most sincere thanks, but we have not as yet received any sufficient quantity to attract purchasers in any numbers, or to realize any large sum for the general purposes of the Mission.

WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS ?

The daring leader of a gallant army, fancying that nothing can withstand his arms, may succeed, like Alexander of old, in raising himself to a high pitch of renown, and forget that his course is directed by a higher power. He may boast that he has accomplished mighty deeds in his own strength, but "He that sitteth in the heavens laughs." The Christian who lives in Christ and for Christ, cannot be deceived in his strength or power. "My strength is in Thee," is the language of his life, and of his inmost heart. Such thoughts as these continually cross the mind of any one engaged in any important religious work, at home or abroad. We only utter them now because the needs of South America press themselves upon us with force, and with these needs another thought arises, how shall we meet them? The God of prayer will answer this. We may well say with the poet,

"A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

"A little while to wear the robe of sadness,
And toil with weary step thro' miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

“A little while, midst shadow and illusion,
 To strive, by faith, love’s mysteries to spell,
 Then read each dark enigma’s bright solution,
 And hail sight’s verdict—‘He hath done all things well.’”

Since the above was written, the quarterly tea meeting of collectors has been held in Clifton, in the house of the Rev. B. Charlesworth. Seeing the great need of increased exertion, a friend in the room proposed to contribute £5; three others offered a similar sum, provided £100 was raised within three months; an hour after, a fifth £5 was promised. Any persons wishing to aid the fund, will please send their names to the Secretary. We are glad to know that similar exertions are being put forth in other places. A lady in Belfast has offered £5 if nine others give a similar sum this year. This money is to be paid to J. T. Abbott, Esq., 14, Joy Street, Belfast. A third effort is being made in Liverpool; a merchant has promised £10 if nine others give a similar sum. This money is to be paid to Rev. Dr. Hume, 24, Clarence Street, Everton, Liverpool.

This month brings us news that we looked not for. We are asked, “Is all well?” We answer unhesitatingly, “All is well.” We have much reason for thankfulness. Our Superintendent is physically stronger than he was when he left England. He is diligent, prayerful, and hopeful; anxious to be “the friend of the Indians,” and to be known by this title. May it be so. The *Allen*

Gardiner is safe. The eye of our God has watched over her. In her sailing qualities she is very greatly improved. The Mission work in Keppel goes on well; and to this Station have come three Patagonians at their own request—this is a new and very interesting feature in the Mission. A new Association has sprung up at Stanley, which may prove of value not only to the Mission, but to the place itself. All is well at Lota; the work goes on most hopefully. We are however anxious about several matters. Our friends at Buenos Ayres long for work to be begun at ——. With the help of our friends we shall hope to put forth our strength in this direction soon; meanwhile, Mr. Andres' health suffers in Patagones, and he is obliged to seek medical advice in Buenos Ayres. Most thankful are we that in that town there is an active corresponding Committee, who have large and liberal hearts, and wise and prudent minds. They have received our Missionary as a brother beloved, and have advised that, on account of his health, (which will we believe be re-established in a short time,) he should go northward on the Parana for a little while. Mr. Lett however is left alone in Patagones; would that sufficient means were at our disposal to send out one of those who offer to go forth to South America for Christ. Our friends will observe that the Patagonian Indians spoke to our Super-

intendent of moving northwards, towards land which at one time was formally taken possession of by Great Britain. Here seem to lie the best hunting grounds of the Indian. We do not know whether England will ever assert her claim to this land: it is more likely that a Welsh colony may purchase it. It strikes us as singular that English interest is directed towards this point at a time when the Indian mind is drawn towards their English friends. Will our readers make it a subject of prayer that all things may be so ordered of God that our course may be clear, and that the work in hand may prosper abundantly, so that these hunters of Patagonia may soon stretch out their hands unto the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. To accomplish this is to advance the interest of all concerned. A few days since a letter was received at the office, which we give without comment. It runs thus:

“There are many reasons, I think, why we should regret that Great Britain has apparently lost hold of that part of the coast of Patagonia, (Port Desire) which was with due formality taken possession of by Sir John Narborough, in the name of the king, in 1669. It would appear that the Chilian Republic are now gradually extending ‘a protectorate,’ if not something more substantial, over the whole of that region, without any remonstrance on the part of our own government. I think we may be carrying our present policy of acquiescence too far.”

The brethren Schmid and Hunziker have returned for a short period to Keppel, where they are refreshing their minds with Christian fellowship, and are being strengthened for renewed work in Patagonia. But we have only spoken of outward things, and kept from sight the deep spiritual work. In Patagonia there is no word by which to convey an idea of spiritual truth; what a mighty work then lies before the Missionaries—a people to be converted, and a Christian language to be formed for the purpose! words of life must be introduced from our own tongue. “Who is sufficient for these things?” The answer is, “I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.”

P. S. Since the above was in type, letters have been received from Mr. Stirling, from Buenos Ayres, which have greatly encouraged us. Is it not good to wait upon God?

CRANMER.

Mr. Stirling writes: “It is now Wednesday, June 3rd, and all is going on favourably at the Station. Ten tons of potatoes are on board the *Allen Gardiner* to be conveyed to Stanley; the wool is all shipped. To-morrow morning we sail. The Fuegian lads are progressing nicely: *Lucca* is the most promising in

respect to intelligence and steady work ; but on none of their minds has the true light yet shined. Oh ! that the Lord may lift up the light of His countenance upon us."

Mr. Bridges writes under the same date: "As the *Allen Gardiner* is to start to-morrow, it becomes me ere she departs to let you know what is being done at this Station for the spread of Christ's church. The Fuegians committed to Mr. Rau's care and to mine are doing well. From 9.30 A. M. till 10.30 or 11 o'clock they are taught reading and writing, in which they have made progress, for four of them know the letters perfectly, and two of them can make out some words. Luccaenges, whose letter was printed in the 'Voice of Pity' some years back, has not forgotten what he learnt here formerly. It is our care not only to teach these natives those things which chiefly concern their temporal interests, but also to instil into their minds such principles as may be a bulwark against wickedness, and an incentive to holiness. I trust that they will understand the wholesome laws of God before they leave this place. Three of these Fuegians live with us, and are therefore more especially under my care. Our daily morning prayers (in Mr. Stirling's absence we suppose) are performed by turns by Mr. Rau and me. The natives and Europeans are constant in their attendance. Prayers are at 9, A. M., and at half-past school commences. Mr. Rau takes the lads, whilst I take Ookokowenges. I am trying to get him forward in writing dictation, and he is making greater progress than ever. There are but few words, if he is careful, that he cannot spell correctly, after the phonetic

system, whether they are English or Fuegian. The two women, as they have children to care for, are under no *regular* instruction; and Tommy Button, unless he should very quickly learn to read, is so far advanced in life that he would be a profitless pupil. Mr. Rau in the evening gives a short lesson to his scholars, which they generally are most happy to receive. The evening the boys generally spend either in play or sewing. At seven we have evening prayers, after which the boys retire to bed. These natives earnestly desire to introduce the cultivation of potatoes, turnips, &c. into their own country. The natives are very useful in helping to dig and house the potatoes; they generally work willingly, and *there is no lack of merriment among them. These are hopeful people*, and if the Lord give his blessing, great good will result from their brief visit to us."

Mr. Stirling most wisely cultivates innocent and healthful amusement amongst the Fuegians, on the principle that the boy who plays well will learn well. He is anxious to have better means of securing this desirable object, and accordingly writes: "Mr. Bridges is desirous of having a pole and ropes properly attached for circular swinging. Can this be sent out? There is a promise of £3 towards the expense already made. The native boys would like the fun." We remember well the immense value of such things in the West Indies amongst the negroes, who, like the Indians, are naturally indolent. It was astonishing how rapidly the school tasks improved when the negroes learned to enjoy themselves between the hours of school. To be excluded from the play-ground became one of the

heaviest punishments. Mr. Bridges has kindly furnished us with three tunes which the Fuegians commonly use. The singing of them in Keppel seems to have created some amusement; but Mr. Orchard, of Bristol, who has kindly put chords to one of them, and set it to suitable words, is greatly pleased with the wild and rude melody, which he thinks indicates more than ordinary taste in a savage; but of this our readers can easily judge for themselves.

FUEGIAN MELODY. No. 1.

Christians, pi - ty poor Fu - e - gia! Send un -

to the "Land of Fire," The glo - rious Gos - pel.

Fierce and cruel are its people,
 Long neglected dark and sad,
 Arise and help them.

Let them hear the joyful tidings
Of Christ Jesus sent to save
The lost and guilty.

Praise to God, the work of mercy
Has already been begun
In faith and prayer.

Grant, O Lord, that soon Fuegia
May stretch out her hands to Thee,
And hail the Saviour.

STANLEY.

Our readers will at once see the importance of the Mission gaining a firm hold on the sympathies of those who live at Stanley, and who have such power to represent the work of the agents of the Society in a favourable or unfavourable light. If our friends at Stanley pronounce the work a good work, we may be very certain it is indeed worthy of our highest confidence. Last month we saw their feeling towards the Society from the statement made by Captain Williams; this month we add some confirmation of it.

Mr. Stirling writes: "We had a meeting on behalf of the Mission in the school room, at Stanley, on Thursday Evening, April 30th. The Governor was not present. Mr. Bull took the chair. The four Fuegian lads were present. At the close of the meeting a collection of £4 : 10 : 0 was made, and subsequently a few shillings were sent in to Mr. Bull. A few persons sent in contributions of old apparel for the natives. One most liberal contributor was Mr.

Clark, under whose management, superintended of course by Mr. Bull, the school at Stanley is most happily flourishing. Another instance of clothing being contributed I must mention. The giver in this case was a married woman, who had not long since lost a young child....by some word or other her heart was touched, and she came to Mrs. Bull a day or two afterwards expressing a desire to do something for our Mission, and asking if we would accept the garments of this deceased child for the use of the children under our care at the Station, not without observation in times past of the value attached by a mother to the smallest article of dress once worn by a child no longer on earth.

“I received the proffered gifts of ‘a poor woman,’ (for so the neat and cleanly and carefully-wrapped parcel of clothing was marked) feeling that I had something specially sacred under my care, for the hallowing influence of a great sorrow imbued these offerings. You may consider that we have now an Association at Stanley, the Rev. C. Bull, M.A. being Hon. Sec. and J. M. Dean, Esq. Treasurer. And here I must repeat what in other letters I have assured you of, that Mr. Bull has in every way given me his warm co-operation as a clergyman, and his cordial and generous sympathy as a friend. Amongst many things to be grateful for in these uttermost parts of the earth is the kindness of those whom we meet only for a moment as strangers, and learn quickly to love in the fellowship of Christ’s work and the communion^g of His church.

“Captain Packe has a scow at Port Louis, just the

thing if repaired for the Indian ferry, I was told. Immediately after hearing this I met him, and asked him to give me the scow. With the utmost friendliness he said, 'you may have it if you like to fetch it.' I may perhaps do so, but I have already more than half engaged to buy a boat, the size and safety of which are greater than that of the scow. The kindness of people is however very pleasant to me."

Mr. Bull writes: "We had a very large meeting in the school room, April 30th. Mr. Dean and Captain Molony were the only representatives of our small aristocracy; but I feel sure that to work upward, though a slower process, is a surer one. I think you may depend upon a yearly increasing interest in Stanley in the work. Mr. Stirling came here on his return from Santa Cruz, where he had a most interesting interview with the native tribes. If his health and life are spared, (and I am thankful to say he looks heartier by far than when he first arrived,) he will do a great work, without admitting it to himself." It is a great point getting Patagonians to visit Keppel. You will have no difficulty now about centres of sympathy. Please let me have 'Voices for South America' regularly. I enclose a list of donations. The pictures (oil paintings contributed by a friend in Clifton) I shall dispose of. Should you wish to forward things for sale here, Mrs. Bull will undertake to dispose of them for the good of the Society. Children's things are always called for; fancy needle-work, cuffs and sleeves, &c. are in demand."

We shall only add that the Secretary will be glad, from time to time, to receive and transmit to Mrs.

Bull any needle-work which our kind lady friends may be good enough to direct to his care for this purpose.

SANTA CRUZ.

Mr. Stirling writes: "Having taken in stores for Santa Cruz, the *Allen Gardiner* left Stanley on Monday, May 4th. Strong head winds prevailed, but the anchor was let go in Committee Bay on Thursday morning, the 7th instant. A party of four was sent out to shoot wild cattle to get some fresh meat for the ship's use, but principally to get a supply of meat to be salted down for the party at Santa Cruz. Two little pigs were brought in and set apart for Santa Cruz. Potatoe digging was likewise vigorously commenced, and the general work of the Station set in orderly motion. The Fuegian lads were draughted into the ranks of the potatoe diggers and carriers, and a pleasant air of industry prevailed at the Station. On Thursday, the 14th instant, all things being in readiness, except the wind, which was dead ahead, I embarked in the *Allen Gardiner* for Santa Cruz. Our chief officer, James Parry, thought the *Allen Gardiner* would have much to do to get out of Keppel Sound, but she managed it cleverly, and by four P. M. on Friday, (once more, contrary to Parry's avowed convictions) weathered the Jasons, passing beautifully through a fierce tide rip off the bays. I mention Parry's opinion because he is a capital seaman and good officer, but also because he was formerly for six months in the *Allen Gardiner*, and knew her well. Now he says she is twice the vessel she was,

and except for her alterations could never have got out of Keppel Sound, or weathered the Jasons. There is no doubt about her being a beautiful sea boat. On Sunday evening, at 10.10, P.M. we dropped anchor off Keel Point, in Santa Cruz, having crossed the bar about 9.30, P.M. This passage is very creditable to the *Allen Gardiner*, for she had to beat across almost the whole way, and for many hours with a strong head wind, and bumping sea. On Monday morning at daylight, 7.30, A.M. we weighed anchor, and with a favouring tide, but contrary wind, beat up to Weddell Bluff, which we reached at 9.30. Having taken breakfast and had our usual morning service on board the ship, the Captain and myself went ashore, and were received on the beach by our Missionary brethren, Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker. It required no great sagacity to see that the hearts and minds of our brethren were very depressed and gloomy, and in need of some immediate refreshment.

“On Tuesday morning the Captain announced from the deck the signal fires of the Indians, distant some three miles along the beach. This announcement sent a rush of joy through my heart—the boat was quickly manned, and I accompanied our dear brethren, to meet and receive the Indian visitors. There were six of them, two men, two lads, a woman, and an interesting little girl four years old, they promised the arrival in a few days of a numerous body of Indians, some 800 of whom were encamped not many miles off. The new comers were soon entertained at the little Station with coffee and biscuit, and the most friendly sentiments were exchanged.

This party consisted of one Indian belonging to the northern division of the Indians, a fine, tall, friendly looking man, but unfortunately very deaf, though not exceeding forty years of age; of a southerner, aged about sixty, perhaps, but stalwart, and unbent, the father of one of the lads whose mother, an Araucanian, had died some years back at Port Desire; and of the little girl whose mother, belonging to the *Alikhoolip* tribe of Fuegians, had been stabbed to death and burnt as a witch, about eighteen months since. The woman was the step daughter ~~of this man~~, she being the daughter ^{of a} ~~by~~ ^{previous} husband of the Alikhoolip woman just mentioned—of this woman the old man is extremely fond—the other lad was a son of Casimiro, and a former pupil of Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker. The southern was in the highest repute with our brethren; his countenance and manner indicated much amiability, and from the first sojourn of Mr. Schmid amongst his people the man had proved a friend who could be relied on; I determined therefore to show him honor, and invited him on board the *Allen Gardiner*. A present of biscuits and a little sugar, with some beads and a dress for his step daughter, gave him much satisfaction. Like all Indians who are brought in contact with Europeans in these parts, he asked for brandy, and I scarcely think he believed me when we assured him that we had none; but some lime juice he greatly relished, and drank most cordially; his son came on board with him, a nice, well-conducted, good-looking lad. To my surprise he expressed a wish to visit the Falklands, to see the Governor and so on; this wish he again

and again expressed, as also that his step daughter and son should accompany him. Mr. Schmid carefully explained to him that the Governor of the Falklands was very different from ——— at ———, and gave no brandy to the Indians, and furthermore that our Mission Station was very far away from where the Governor lived; with these explanations he was quite content, but still wished to go in the ship. This posture of affairs suggested to my mind a release from those difficulties affecting the conduct of the Mission in Patagonia.

“ On Wednesday morning some Indians appeared on the heights overlooking the Station, and these in picturesque groups descended to the position which we occupied. On Thursday the number of arrivals rapidly increased, so that some 400 must have been present by night fall. The leading chief of the southern Indians is Gemōki, son of Ascaik, the faithful ally of Mr. Schmid during his first sojourn amongst the Patagonian Indians. Gemōki is a fine man, but his aide-de-camp, who seemed ever by his side, has left an impression of manly glory that I shall never forget; a prince amongst men, a Saul amongst his people, fit to dictate terms of peace at a conference of kings; such he seemed as he stood erect, the arched neck of his well trained horse forming a rest for his sceptre-like arm. He was attired, as Gemōki also was, with the flowing poncho and loose gaucho trousers; the foot and leg being covered with well prepared, but untanned hide of the puma, or guanaco. Supported in his girdle behind shone the silver mounted hilt of the deep bladed knife or sword, a

characteristic weapon of his people; a fillet of silk, which on this occasion bound our hero's hair in order about his head, served unwittingly but well to keep aloof sentiments of regret that a forehead less noble than you wished crowned his manly face. He was above too, (or at least was so far as our observations went,) the tricks of vanity and barbarism so prevalent amongst his people. While blotches of paint too often disfigured the persons of the Indians, of the women particularly, this man bore no trace of such disfigurements, and his countenance and bearing made it difficult to believe he ever submitted to them. I slept on shore that night, in order to form some estimate of the probable conduct of the Indians now bivouacked around the Crimean hut of our Missionary brethren, a genuine one, once occupied by Mr. Gardiner, on Keppel Island. Once I went out and took a view of the scene on which the silent stars and the silvery moon, faintly shining, were looking down. The camp fires still burning at uncertain intervals, and the baying of the dogs, alive to every strange footfall, contrasted strangely with the gloom of night, and the slumbering forms of many men crouched around the grey embers of the burnt-out wood. A hard frost had set in, and no unfrequent coughing showed that the effects of exposure were not to be disguised even amongst this hardy people. They had in fact come in most instances without their tents, the presence of the *Allen Gardiner* at Santa Cruz having reached them somewhat unexpectedly, and drawn them to our Station in irregular groups according to the time and place at which they received the news,

and the temper of the individuals interested in the matter. The neighbourhood of Weddell Bluff was occupied by the advance guard of the Indians, whose main camp was pitched some fifteen miles to the south-west. Gemōki and Casimiro and a northern chief were in the advance; a nephew of Casimiro, next in influence to Gemōki, presided over the main division of the people. Casimiro's nephew, however, with a retinue of about twelve men, came over for a few hours to pay his respects, as he said, and to express a hope that on my next visit he should see more of me and so on.

“The chiefs and a few of the influential men I took on board of the *Allen Gardiner*, and presented to them gifts: a few biscuits, some sugar, and rice, beads, and small articles of dress. To Gemōki I gave a whole bag of biscuits to be distributed amongst the Indians present, in any proportion he liked. Mr. Schmid acted for me as interpreter, and most efficiently; through him I communicated with the chiefs and influential persons of the tribe, the great objects of our coming to them, and in particular our desire to form a school for their children, and to have some of their families residents, or at any rate frequent visitors, at the Station. Our wishes were to be made known throughout the camp, and on Friday morning a reply was to be given; the time arrived, and I took my seat outside the house, Mr. Schmid being on my right hand, Gemōki on my left. Casimiro was placed immediately before me, and all about him in a semicircle were seated on the ground, some fifty men. Here and there were groups of Indians engaged in conversation, or watching the

palaver at a distance, while ever curious children not wholly unawed, hung like tassels on the outskirts of the assembly. The women of course were everywhere; one in particular I remember, who, little impressed with the object of the meeting, kept up a most complete system of facial telegraphy; her arms meanwhile hoisting sundry skins into notice, to dispose of which was her evident desire. And she had some excuse, for the noble lords in council began the palaver by presenting to me, with many complimentary words, some guanaco mantles, and the skins of pumas. These gifts so handsomely made, it is customary to pay for in the afternoon, or, within a few hours of their presentation, by a worthy return; so Mr. Schmid informed me, and I did not object, the number of the mantles being only three, and of puma skins four in all. These last have no marketable value, but I took them of course for the value set by me, on the friendship of the Indians. Preliminaries being duly settled, the question of forming a school for the Indian children was formally opened, and many pros and cons were stated. It was my endeavour to dispel from the minds of this people any suspicions of sinister dealing on our part, and to persuade them of the simplicity of our object in coming to teach them about the 'true God, and Jesus Christ whom He had sent;' not to occupy their territory; not to display the power of foreigners; not even to trade, was our great purpose; but to instruct them about another life, and a better world which lies beyond the grave. We wished to see the Indians numerous and happy, becoming, as Mr. Schmid translated my meaning, a great nation.

We were Christians, English Christians, not Spanish, not Chilian; and our single object was their good. In reply Casimiro, who acted as spokesman, said, 'the neighbourhood was not good for hunting; that it was the intention of the people to go northward in the winter; that for himself he should like his own children to be instructed, but that others would not promise. When would the ship be back again?' We answered, in about two months, wind and weather permitting. They then said they intended to remain in the district about that time, and expressed frequently and anxiously their desire that the *Allen Gardiner* would be again at Santa Cruz before their departure.

"You thus see a summary of our first formal palaver; other palavers took place, but in the main the results were the same. The Indians would make no promises, especially Casimiro, who in fact was rather jealous, Mr. Schmid told me, of instruction being offered to any but his own children. He wished to augment a waning influence at our expense. The issue did not disappoint me. I should have been less satisfied if the Indians had made full and free promises of agreeing to our proposals. They do not understand now the nature of those benefits which we seek to confer upon them: and they have had too much experience of the duplicity of so-called Christians to place themselves unhesitatingly under their control. It is not therefore surprising that they should be cautious in accepting our novel and disinterested proposals, the aim and scope of which glimmer doubtfully on the horizon of their minds. My

own view of the matter is, however, far from gloomy. I see a people presenting many most interesting features of character, a fine race, barbarous indeed and superstitious, but practising no cruel rites, and shut out of the pale of the Church of Christ, not from hostility to its truths, but by the perverse example of a conquering race too little amenable to the precepts of the Gospel. The language of the people is now familiar to our Missionaries, who have gained their confidence by the blameless character of their lives while wandering with them for months together, away from all European presence, over the hunting grounds of the South. I see, too, the children of this people capable of instruction, giving every indication of intelligence, and offering a most inviting field for the sowing the seed of the word of God. No heart that ever loved a child could fail to acknowledge the appeal which the little bright-faced Patagonian children make for a share in one's interest and natural affection; and to us, as Christians, what does not this appeal mean? The women, too, excite at once sympathy; for they have looks superior to their lot in life, something which tells you they deserve a better fate, and seems to promise, in the day of opportunity, a rich and beautiful manifestation of the grace of the Gospel. Why then should we not look hopefully on the work of the Mission? Of course it would be a very easy thing to summon up difficulties, which must be resolutely encountered; but allowing all these, I am persuaded in my own mind that a wise and earnest and persistent prosecution of the work is all, humanly speaking, that is required to make our Missionary

enterprise a great reality amongst the tribes of Patagonia. To Casimiro, who was engaged to hunt for our party at the Station, to have an eye to them, and to keep the Indians from mischief, being self-appointed to these arduous duties, I have promised one bag of biscuits, and three pounds of tobacco, when the *Allen Gardiner* returns to Santa Cruz. To Gemōki I have promised sundry articles of clothing; and to all I have promised a boat and hawser, to be used by them as a ferry across the river, a few miles beyond Weddell Bluff; a boat they have long coveted; the rapid current of the Santa Cruz making it dangerous for the men even to cross its turbid waters. The promise of a boat afforded great satisfaction; and one Indian, a northerner, said he should spread the news far and wide amongst the tribes. Only a few, and those the most daring of them, ventured now to the south of Santa Cruz. Casimiro said many more Indians would visit our Station if a boat were provided. In promising the boat the conditions were good and friendly behaviour on their part; any violation of which would lead to the removal of the boat. These promises, when faithfully fulfilled, must tend, I think, to inspire the Indians with fresh confidence in our good will, and desire to benefit them. That I should be known as '*the friend of the Indians*' was, I told them, my desire; but this ambitious title requires a better heraldry than mere words, and I shall strive to vindicate it so far as means are placed at my disposal. How far the Indians themselves will respond to our friendly advances, I cannot of course foresee. Their conduct towards the parties in charge of our Santa

Cruz Station, (William Gardiner and Matthew Paravick) during the next two months, will in some respects be a test for the future; if they abstain from molesting them, and have enough courtesy to furnish them with spoils of the chase at times, I shall augur well for the prospects of the Station. If they in any way annoy our party, or rob the premises, I shall not be in despair, but only think of precautions and safeguards in time to come. Yet I hope our understanding with the Indians has been sufficiently established, and our confidence so mutually guaranteed and balanced, that on our return to Santa Cruz we may fairly expect to find things on a friendly footing.

“Many slight but interesting incidents I might mention occurring during our sojourn at Santa Cruz with the Indians, but my already long letter would then be condemned as fit only for ‘ballast,’ to use a Lord Chief Justice’s words. I must, however, say that our friends, Mr. Schmid and Mr. Hunziker, were quite at home with this people. Evidently in possession of their good will, and recognised as honorary members of the southern tribe, ‘Ophilo,’ (Mr. Schmid) and ‘Fred-rik,’ (Mr. Hunziker) were introduced to a northern chief as attached to the Tsonica of the south. During the night which I spent on shore, while I was lying wakefully, wrapped in a guanaco mantle, and thinking of the novelties of my position, I heard two men making dirge-like sounds immediately outside the hut, chaunting the praises of ‘Ophilo,’ it seemed, for his name rose frequently articulate above the strange and melancholy tones that these men gave vent to. We reached Keppel Island on Friday last, May 29, at 2 P.M.

The three natives were rather sick, but behaved very well."

Mr. Schmid adds, in Keppel:—"The Patagonians have already embraced some outward token of civilization; they wash every morning; cook their own breakfast, which consists of tea and biscuit; as well as their other meals. In a few days *they will go and fetch some of the wild cattle home, at least some of the young ones.*"

With regard to the language, Mr. Schmid writes:—"I have prepared a vocabulary, arranging the words in alphabetical order, and an outline of grammar; a considerable enlargement of that which was printed in 1860. It is all written in the usual alphabet, for as the inventors of the phonetic system are always changing their alphabet, I thought it best to do without it; and I should therefore not like to return to phonetic. As far as my knowledge of grammar goes, I have written down rules; the inflection of verbs alone, with the dative and accusative cases, negatively and interrogatively, the inflection of a certain class of nouns; with a possessive pronoun prefixed, &c. The words which I have collected have been subjected to several tests, and they have come out true and genuine; but as for abstract words, I am getting more and more convinced that there is nothing which could enable us to set before the Indians the truths of our holy religion." He then gives the translation of the Lord's Prayer.

Ushwanco,	coje-hai	m' bec.	Santa cemece	m'
Our Father,	heaven in	Thou art.	Sanctified be	Thy
yā.	M' kendo	mice ce-nue	{ (rule chieftan-	ship)
name.	Cause to come	Thy kingdom		

Cemec Meurnicen caled-hai coje haice go. Ma-a
 Be done Thy will earth in heaven in as. To day
 d' ush e ush kata mewie. Ush pardon
 us give our bread (victuals) sufficient. Us forgive
 ush maish ush pardon-she ush-wa-go yoms neco
 our injuries forgive we as to every one
 ush waisho-kenc. Ush hanen heudo
 of our injurers (persons injuring). Us lead not
 daice temteshen, keloï ush m' wane dirne wilomco
 into temptation, but us deliver from all
 deronco, cetowit mashe (aue) hiecenue, (aue)
 evil, because Thine is the kingdom, the
 hegencenue shem (aue) glori-shem ogelunico.
 authority (power) and the glory, and for ever.

Amen.

Amen.

Psalm ii. 8.—Hari ya yima eshe wilcomo
 Ask me I to thee give all
 Zonica ma do-hainen-go caled hinicen shem
 people thy inheritance as earth ends also
 mecenicen go.
 thy possession as.

NOTICE TO THE PRAYER UNION.

Your prayers are especially requested for two objects:

I. That suitable Association Secretaries may be supplied.

II. That means, in proportion to our needs, and the vast openings presented in South America, may be given.

Thanks ought also to be offered for God's love towards the Mission.

THE MAN OF MACEDON.

Well do we remember that the feeling which existed in many minds about six years ago was, "South America is closed against Missionary effort. You are forcing your way against God's will. His providence has distinctly told you that you ought to seek entrance into some more open field; for our part we can have nothing to do with persons who, however zealous, are nevertheless blind to the leadings of the pillar and the cloud." We are all naturally fond of our own opinions, and more or less perhaps there is some pride mixed up with the maintenance of these opinions. It is therefore difficult to convince a man against his will, nor shall we attempt so very hopeless a task. We shall not, for instance, try to prove that very often God sends trials on those whom he is educating for eternity, simply that their faith may be more perfect, and their character more exalted in his eyes.

We shall not endeavour to reason that we may expect the same sort of treatment in bodies of men who devote themselves to the prosecution of some important religious movement in order that their constancy under trial may strengthen the faith of others, and also purify them from the mere leaning on an arm of flesh. We believe these

truths would be admitted as a matter of course, but would not shake the previously formed opinions of those who fancied South America closed against the Gospel sound.

We shall not insist either on the command of our Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to *every creature*," because doubtless we should be told that we have tried to do this, and have failed, and therefore that we ought to turn to those more willing to receive the glad tidings. We shall not appeal to personal experience, and ask whether if God were to turn away from us after we had sinned and turned from him many times, there would be much hope of our ever entering into the mansions of glory. We shall not argue that what God has impressed upon the minds of so many good and holy men as a work in which He delights is assuredly of Him. We shall not argue even that the success, (so far as that appears,) which has attended the labours of these men, has been in answer to the many earnest prayers of His people offered by the Holy Spirit through the one glorious Mediator Jesus Christ, the only begotten of the Father. But we come to what affects these men who look from hard logical reasoning, and from emotions and feelings to that which they themselves acknowledge, the visible leading of God's providence in South America. Once in the visions of the night when

deep sleep falleth upon man, the glorious Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul, was startled in his slumber by the appearance of a man of Macedon standing before him and seeking help at his hands. It was a dream. No man with real flesh and blood stood beside his lowly couch, there was before his mental vision only the form which fancy produced; yet he reads the vision as one sent from heaven, assuredly gathering therefrom that he had a work to do in Macedonia, nor was he disappointed. Some time since we saw that on the west coast in Araucania, an Indian, real, and in the body, not an imagination in a dream, threw his arms round our Missionary and begged kindness at his hands. This was an appeal of a kind very difficult to set aside. But this month we can place before the minds of our readers an appeal of such a startling character that we think there can no longer be a doubt that God is calling us to work, and is making the people willing in the day of His power. As the *Allen Gardiner* lay at the El Carmen, in the Rio Negro, an Indian came on board and slept there. He had much conversation with our Superintendent. He is a man of no ordinary intelligence. A man of no ordinary position and influence amongst his own people in Araucania, and amongst the Caciques of northern Patagonia, this man for years had been anxious about the state of his people—(who made him so?)—he was anxious about their improve-

ment; day and night these thoughts pressed upon him; and now he is brought into contact with one specially sent to effect the object for which he pants—he listens—he grasps the plan—the idea banishes the desire for sleep, and brings him early in the morning beside the berth of the yet sleeping Missionary to kiss his hand, and to tell him that henceforth he is his brother, and that the Missionaries he sends into Patagonia shall be welcomed with open arms. The God who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, who beckoned Paul to Macedon, and has from that time guided the steps of good men seeking to serve Him, seldom, we believe, has made a clearer manifestation of His will. He at all events has told us that the Indians are ready to receive Missionaries, if we are equally ready to send them. Away then with the cry, "South America is not open." It is not only open, but stretches out its hands to us, and with human words, and human actions, cries aloud, "COME OVER AND HELP US." And shall we not do so? Yes, unless our hearts are otherwise completely absorbed, we cannot refuse such pleading as this. But curiously enough, the same mail which brings us these good tidings, brings us also the account of a debate in the Council Chambers of Buenos Ayres, which shows that a change is passing, and a very important change too, in the spirit of their dreams. Moral force, moral suasion, is to supersede the action of the sword in

the management of the Gran Chaco Indians. We are most thankful for this. We trust the poor Indians may now really know what they are to expect at the hands of Christians. No longer the sword of the conqueror, but the gentle teaching of those who have learned what it is to have the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus. It used to be the reproach of the Protestant Church, that it was without Missions. As yet the Protestant Church has not wiped away the reproach to any extent in South America. Are we afraid to do so? or shall we permit those, whose faith we deem not so pure as our own, to carry away the palm from us, and still to sneer at the luke-warm zeal of Bible Christians, who are ever saying there is a lion in the way, a lion in the way? Nay, rather, if there be a lion, let us, with holy David, rend the animal; and, like Samson, we shall find within the seeming obstacle the means of refreshment and renewed strength. But, in truth, we believe the lions that have frightened so many timid Christians, are much like those which John Bunyan saw in his dream, chained up, and with their teeth in no condition to inflict any grievous injury. One thing seems certain, that there is a cry for help, and that there is a felt need of help. Let us echo, and re-echo, the cry from the Indians of South America, "COME OVER AND HELP US," and pray earnestly to our God, that we may be able to respond to this stirring appeal.

The following Extracts of a Letter received from our esteemed Superintendent, the Rev. W. H. Stirling, will be read with interest.

“BUENOS AYRES, *August 11th*, 1863.

“My last letter was concluded and left at Stanley to be forwarded by the *Springbok* to England. We were detained in Stanley Harbour by adverse winds, however we at length started for the north, and encountered some very heavy gales of wind, but there was plenty of sea room, and the waves were by no means so high as we once found them off Staten Island. The wind was adverse for crossing the bar, and for thirty-six hours we had to anchor outside, when by means of the south channel the *Allen Gardiner* was safely introduced to the waters of the Negro. On getting into the river I at once landed, and rode up to the town, a distance of twenty miles, for I had received intelligence of the departure of Mr. Andres for Buenos Ayres. I found Mr. Lett at Carmen, in good health, and I may add much interested in his work. Details of this you have I know received from him, and also from Mr. Andres, but I append certain fragments of information gathered from the former, and subsequently confirmed to me by other persons. I found at El Carmen a decided good influence, as the result of the residence there of Messrs. Lett and Andres: they were referred to in terms of respect and confidence by all who did not oppose them on religious grounds. In this respect I was entirely satisfied. To many persons, nominally Roman Catholics, I feel most deeply indebted for the kindness extended to your Missionaries, a kindness which has borne the test of much real opposition, and some obloquy. To

make some little requital to these dear friends I have naturally desired, but it rejoices me deeply to know that He who has promised to those that in the least offices of love help His disciples, the reward of His grace, is even now magnifying the truth of His promise by revealing the preciousness of His word and the beauty of the gospel to some enquiring hearts. If God enrich them with spiritual gifts, they in no wise lose their reward.

“ With regard to the Indian work, I found that difficulties had been placed in the way of our brethren. I determined to visit Buenos Ayres. The difficulty in the way of my going arose from pre-engagements at Santa Cruz, and the expediency of taking back to that river Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker and the three natives of those parts; but I determined to send Mr. Lett as my nuncio to the south, to visit first, Santa Cruz, see how the two men in charge of the Station were faring, to convince the Indians of the speedy return of the Missionaries and their friends, to give them the ferry boat, &c.; secondly, to hasten to Keppel Island, and if necessary and time permitted to Stanley, there to arrange all business matters according to my instructions, returning as hastily as possible to Santa Cruz and Carmen. I embarked in the *Corrientes* steamer, of Buenos Ayres, on Thursday, July 31st. The *Allen Gardiner* descended to the ‘Boca’ that day; next morning the *Corrientes* quitted Carmen, passing the *Allen Gardiner* at anchor in the ‘Boca.’ In five days I reached Buenos Ayres, *i. e.* on Wednesday last. My arrival was unexpected, but the warm reception vouchsafed to me by two or three of

my dear friends was perfectly overcoming. The Rev. H. Ford was in the camp on pastoral duties, so I did not see him till the afternoon of Saturday, but Mr. Goodfellow and Mr. Corfield welcomed me on my first arrival with a Christian kindness and regard that did my heart good. It was cheering to me also on the following Saturday to receive from Mr. Ford a most cordial greeting. His pulpit for Sunday last he at once offered to me, and I had the pleasure of preaching in the English church in the morning, while in the evening I occupied Mr. Goodfellow's pulpit.

“A very eloquent speech in the House of Deputies on the subject of The Defence of the Frontiers, and in favour of moral power in dealing with the Indians, was made by a Mr. Marmol. I send you in MS. a literal translation of the debate, reproduced from a newspaper. I took Mr. Andres back to Carmen with me.

“I have had deeply interesting and prolonged conversations with an Indian, whose name is _____ who belongs to Orsono, in Araucania, but who is connected with, and much in the confidence of the Indians of the Andes. On the occasion of negotiations, involving peace or war, which were opened between the Indians and the Argentine Republic, in 1863, _____ was chosen as Ambassador and Plenipotentiary by the Indians. He is a man of small stature, but keen and intelligent in the extreme, a man of prudent councils, and in favour of peace, if it can be honourably secured. The threatening of war arose out of the massacre of the Indians in 1862; an account of which is in the Patagonian Missionary Society's Report, recently published.

“ ——— is *most earnest* in his entreaties for the location of Protestant Missionaries among his own people. He would ‘receive us with open arms.’ ‘Many sleepless nights,’ he said, ‘he spent thinking of the woes of his country.’ As we talked together far into the night on the subject of our work and its special features, he expressed a desire that the conversation might continue all night, for we ‘might not meet again,’ and he longed to see his wishes fulfilled. Having slept on board the *Allen Gardiner*, he was up before myself, ready to depart; but asking permission to come into my berth, he most touchingly bade me good bye, kissing my hand, and saying he regarded me henceforth as a *brother*.

“This man will be a faithful interpreter of our wishes and plans to the Indians and Caciques, of whom he has promised to consult in formal parliament respecting them. To the east of the Cordilleras he had no authority as a Cacique, but on the other side he had much; yet his influence must be great with the Indians, since they selected him as their plenipotentiary.

“The Indians occupying the banks of the Negro up to the Andes are called by the people of El Carmen ‘Indios Chilenos,’ and speak the language variously called ‘Chilise,’ ‘Chilidugu,’ or ‘Araucanian.’ Their principal Caciques are Pylacan, Lyclaca, Ycayal, Shyswac, &c. According to the account given by members of these tribes, they are more numerous than other tribes east of the Andes. They have sheep, pigs, horses, cattle; a few of them till the ground. With members of these tribes Messrs. Lett and

Andres have had hitherto the most ready intercourse. One language is common amongst these tribes, but there is a parliamentary as well as a conventional mode of speech.

“Many of the Indians are called ‘Christianos,’ but adhere to their old superstitions, and worship the sun, the moon, and some great spirit, the author of all things. A fear of the evil spirit, Walluchio, leads them to propitiate him by sacrifices, a favourite one is a white mare, which they cut open, then pour into its body spirits, or yerba, &c. after which they cast it into the river. When children are born, the mother as soon as possible visits the nearest water, into which she dips the infant three times, muttering certain words. / Don ——— late at Patagones, a very well informed person, and specially acquainted with Indian affairs, gives it as his opinion that the Indians of the east of the Andes, in the province of Bayres, can muster at least 20,000 spears, *i. e.* fighting men and youths. The Perrinches, he says, are a tribe reported to be the largest and most inland S.W. of the Mendoza, and to have the least communications with Patagones.”

“BUENOS AYRES, *August 7th*, 1863.

“CONGRESS OF NATIONAL DEPUTIES.

“(Session this day.)

“Having read, approved, and signed the acts of the former sitting, *notice* was given of the incoming business.

“The President of the Chamber notified to the Minister of War why his attendance was desired,

which was to beg particulars relative to the Frontiers of the Republic.

“Mr. Oroño, who was the mover of the motion requesting the attendance of the Minister of War, said, he was sorry to have to trouble the Minister to beg some explanations about the insecurity of the Frontiers, which were so often trespassed upon by the Indians; that in Mendoza, Cordova, San Luis, and other provinces, the Indians had occasioned death and desolation; that in the presence of such facts, he had asked himself what had the Government done, and what means did they possess to repel such invasions? that he put the questions to the Minister so that the country might know his answer, and the Congress take such means as might supply the insufficient resources possessed by Government.

“The Minister declared that he did not consider the mode a convenient one, by which Ministers were called to the Chamber; but notwithstanding, he would tell the Deputy, that he was very sorry to see the attention of the Congress occupied in this enquiry; that the Government had done everything possible to counteract the action of the savages; that it had been obliged to call away many of the frontier forces to stop a greater evil, which was, to stay a rebellion, that that being suffocated, forces had now gone back to the neglected places named by the Deputy; that these troops are at present strong enough to do the best service required of them; that the Government had not forgotten the frontier question; and that everything was done for its comfort and effectiveness.

(To be continued.)

EL CARMEN.

We have much pleasure in giving the following letters, which need no comment. Mr. Lett writes:—

“PATAGONES, *July 29th*, 1863.

“You will, I am sure, join with me in the joy I experienced at the arrival, a fortnight ago, of the *Allen Gardiner*, with Mr. Stirling, who appears much healthier looking than I had ever seen him before. I was alone at the time, Mr. Andres having left this on the 28th of June, in the steamer to Buenos Ayres, on account of the state of his health. Mr. Andres went from this with rather unfavourable impressions of the prospects of missionary work here. I confess that I have oftentimes been cast down and depressed somewhat on account of surrounding circumstances, but at the same time see no reason to despair, on the contrary, I believe that if there is a field of hopefulness in South America, it is Patagones; would that I had time to write in full of the many proofs of this, the eagerness of the people to have the Scriptures, the friendly demeanour of such numbers, and the real friendship of so many; with all the bright seasons of converse with them on high and holy things, I believe are quite sufficient to dispel those sadnesses which unavoidably may at times cross us, and to encourage us in the name of the Lord to go on, confident that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. I wish nothing may prevent me entering fully this field wherein I have seen reason to conceive the greatest interest; where I see the greatest hopefulness; and where, God willing and blessing, I believe that success shall attend patient, judicious, and continued

labours. To-morrow Mr. Stirling goes to Buenos Ayres, and he sends me in the *Allen Gardiner* to Santa Cruz and the Falklands, whence I hope it shall be my privilege to return quickly, and to labour here in the Lord's name, and trusting on the Lord's help. You will be pleased to hear that I have, though imperfectly, been able to interpret for Mr. Stirling; and expect, D.V. that I shall be able to manage Spanish, and some Indian, by the time I conclude a further half-year's stay here.

"I remain yours very faithfully,

"FRANCIS N. LETT."

Mr. Andres writes:—

"BUENOS AYRES, *August 8th*, 1863.

"Though I have written to you by the last mail, yet I shall take the present opportunity of writing some few lines to you. I thank you for your kind letter I received by Rev. Mr. Stirling. I was much pleased to see Mr. Stirling again, and have been greatly refreshed by his society. In regard of my health, I can thank God that I feel much better; and as the doctor thinks that I can support it to go towards the south, and as Mr. Stirling it not willing to part with his men, I shall, with the help of God and trusting in His promises to strengthen His people, (Psalm xxix. 11) return with Mr. Stirling. I have been also greatly refreshed in mind by the enjoying of Christian fellowship here; it is only when deprived of this blessing that one values it. I have also received by Mr. Stirling a very interesting letter from a native of El Carmen, and I think it would interest you to read it; but as it is in Spanish, I shall try to translate it as well as possible.

'PATAGONES, *August 1st, 1863.*

'Dear friend,

'I feel very much that you cannot follow your mission here in Patagones, or with the Indians, who visit Patagones on account of their trade. Because I have much hope that the Indians would become much more moderate in all and for all, by your good counsels. But, my dear friend, the good desire is not where the power is, and the power is not where the good desire is. I had the pleasure of visiting the senior Superintendent on board the vessel, and also to receive him in my house. What I can say of the senior Superintendent is, that the affection which he had towards me and my family was entirely that of a father towards his son.

'A Dios amigo—a Dios amigo.'

"This letter is a great encouragement for you, my dear sir, and for the Society especially, when you hear that that man has already suffered some persecution for his friendship to us, and for his desire to know the truth; and I have the firm hope that by and by this man, along with some others there, will be converted to the pure faith of Christ. Really, the Patagonian and South American Missionary Society is not working in vain, and the blood of its martyrs must bring forth some fruit; therefore, courage, and let us go on. Mr. Stirling will, better than I could do it, give you a report of his visit, and how the things seem to turn to our favour. For that we have to be very thankful to our covenant God, in whose hands are the hearts of men, and who has graciously disposed them to our favour. The Society

has very warm friends here, and I have experienced much love here, for which I am very thankful to them; and I take this indirect opportunity to acknowledge my gratitude to them.

“Yours, &c.,

“JOHN ANDRES.”

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LOTA.

Mr. Gardiner writes:—

“*July 23rd, 1863.*”

“I have received your letter, and will make the necessary enquiries on the point with respect to which you request information, viz. the possibility of introducing a self-supporting system at Lota.

“The very heavy gales that have lately prevailed here delayed the mail, and I hardly expect to get this letter off before August 18th. Within a few miles of this place two large barques were wrecked in the same night; and I hear a schooner is on the rocks as well. One of the barques was very soon broken up by the violence of the breakers; but the other, being only in ballast, was thrown so far in, that though hopelessly wrecked, she looks as yet surprisingly uninjured. All her masts and yards are standing, and the bowsprit and jib-boom are not carried away. It is a melancholy sight, instead of watching a fine ship in her snug berth at sea, to be able to ride up within a few feet of her counter, and hear her timbers creak, and her knees groan with the rise and fall of the tide, whilst the loose sand and shingle plays in eddies round her.

“I was just reading, last night, of the interesting



discovery of Messrs. Speke and Grant, respecting the sources of the Nile. It occurs to me that I have never yet mentioned a rather curious geographical fact which a German traveller, Mr. Frick, has recently made in South America, respecting the Atlantic and Pacific river communications. You are aware that there is a large German colony on the banks of the river Calle-Calle, at the mouth of which lies the old Spanish fort of Valdivia, which was built about 300 years ago. This river is navigable by small steamers and schooners for some distance. Its source lies near the Andes, in a lake called 'Reûrgue.'

"On the other side of the pass is a large lake, called the 'Lascar,' and only sixteen leagues from the sources of the river Negro. These two lakes are connected by steamers; and a probably extinct crater, called Pîrë-pîcë-cō, lies about half-way between them. So that he states, in his report to Government, that there is good water communication, and the basis of a canal system, right across from Valdivia to El Carmen.

"Another traveller, an Englishman, has explored the site of the ancient fortress of the old Spaniards, close to the pass, which bears the name of Villa-rica, so called from the supposed neighbourhood of silver mines. He described it to me as a most interesting journey; and the curious appearance of the ruins well repaid him for the trouble and expense of the journey. His horses were knocked up by the ravines and other vicissitudes of travelling in the camp; and he was indebted to a very hardy mule for his trip proving successful. The old forest, on the borders of which Villa-rica was situated, had resumed its territo-

rial rights, and large trees were growing triumphantly amidst the ruined streets. He found that the Araucanian Indians drive horses and mules across the Villa-rica pass, and trade with the Pampas Indians, and that he met with an Araucanian who had visited El Carmen. This is an important piece of information, as eventually pointing to a comparatively easy junction between the Patagonian and Araucanian Mission, by means of a central station on one of those three lakes.

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The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Gardiner:—

“LOTA, CHILI, *July 1st, 1863.*

“If I am not mistaken, you often receive articles of work from ladies who are interested in Missionary enterprise in South America; if so, and you think it worth while to send me a box of things for sale, I might be able to dispose of them. The following articles would be most likely to sell:—

- Nets for the hair;
- Head dresses, (pretty but not very expensive);
- Mittens, (black silk and worsted);
- Neck ties of all sorts;
- Patterns of children's dresses, and any things for babies, made up *strongly*;
- Ladies' jackets;
- Pincushions;
- Dolls, dressed, and any toys;
- Scrap books;
- Knitting and crochet needles, and cotton patterns;
- Knitted shoes;
- Little work boxes, fitted up;

Collars, (bead and embroidery);

Needle books, (the needles must be put in an airtight box, and very carefully packed, or they will rust; we cannot buy any good ones here.

A few watch chains and pockets;

Anti macassars;

All sorts of children's clothes would sell well; they should be made of fast colours, strong and useful.

"Our congregations, on Sunday, have continued very good all through the winter; and the weekly prayer meeting has kept up most satisfactorily. My husband is longing for the spring, to recommence his direct Missionary work. I am thankful to say, he seems stronger than he was last year."

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Mr. Coombes writes as follows:—

*"July 29th.*

"We continue to go on unmolested, none making us afraid, and I trust that our peace is tending to prosperity and increase, if not like the churches of old, numerically, in godliness and holiness, and the things belonging to our salvation. I still get applications for entries in the boys' school; but an increase of numbers without an extension of premises will I am afraid, ere long, be rather inconvenient; but we will hope for both. It is not however immediately concerning the Mission that I now desire to address you.

"Mr. Gardiner has long wished an agency to be started for carrying the Gospel to the sailors, English and German, who visit this port; although the multiplicity of engagements which we have hitherto had in the erection of the Station has prevented our doing anything in that branch of Missionary work, but



having finished the secular part of our work, we hope to have more time for the other; and the sharp frosts of spring, are bracing us for the coming summer, when we desire to put into execution the long-talked of project. This will not be allowed to interfere with more direct Missionary work, but be an effort to meet a great want, as strength and opportunity may occur. Often there are as many as twelve and more ships in the port, and many of them commanded by English-speaking German Captains, with a good per centage of English and German sailors amongst the crews. We have frequently had three Captains of vessels at the Sunday service during the past winter, and these and others would doubtless be glad to hear service on board for the benefit of the sailors. My object in writing is to obtain a few requisites for the work. The first is a Bethel Flag, which I should prefer having as a gift, and I have no doubt you will be able to obtain one for me. I shall also require some tracts, and if possible a few books: please let the tracts and books be English and German. If you could get me two Prayer Books in Spanish I should be very thankful.

“I cannot as yet say which will be the best way of working the Mission. I think of visiting them once in the week with tracts, when I may find an opportunity of reading or speaking to them; and on Sunday mornings, between seven and nine o'clock, having divine worship on board some central ship, from which the Bethel Flag would be hoisted to announce the service, it having been left on the Saturday for that purpose by a person who has kindly offered to render me any assistance in his power.”

# "Jesus shall reign!"

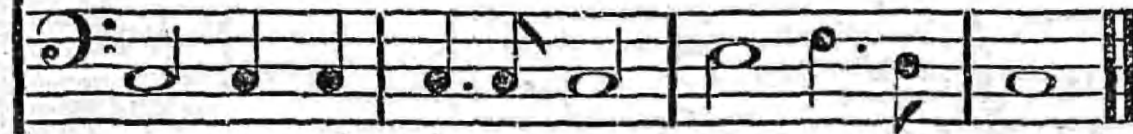
Music and Hymn composed expressly for the  
"Voice for S. America."



Through-out the wide, wide world, Je - sus shall reign ;



His name shall be a - dored, End - less His fame!



His king-dom shall ex - tend E'en to earth's ut-most end,



Till shouts the skies shall rend, "Je - sus doth reign!"



\*This tune may be sung to the hymn commencing—"There is a happy land," by altering the minim of the eleventh bar into two crotchets.

This shall our spirits cheer,—  
                                 Jesus shall reign !  
 We have no cause to fear ;  
                                 Jesus shall reign !  
 Though darkness lasteth long,  
 Though Satan's power be strong,  
 Still this shall be our song,—  
                                 “ Jesus shall reign ! ”

Lord, give Thy Word success ;  
                                 Let Jesus reign !  
 Pour showers of heavenly grace  
                                 O'er land and main.  
 Fulfil Thy faithful Word,  
 Send out Thy truth, O Lord !  
 Till—as His right reward—  
                                 Jesus shall reign.

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#### WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

It is needful to say a very few words on this head. The sum intrusted to the care of the Committee for those who suffered so deeply by the massacre in Tierra del Fuego in the year 1859, is now almost completely exhausted, not £10 remain in hand. Those who have benefited by the sum subscribed are Mrs. Fell and Mrs. Phillips, and their children. Each of these widows has, since the massacre, received a sum of £50 per annum. It was hoped that by this time they would have been in a position not to require any further assistance.

They have made and are still making praiseworthy exertions to support themselves, and their children, but as yet they are not altogether as independent as



we should desire to see them. There is a great variety of feeling existing amongst our friends as to what ought to be done for them. We merely venture to state facts, and then leave it to our friends to act as they deem best. We may safely place the matter in the hands of those who have already given such practical proof of their tenderness of heart, and of their kind feelings towards those for whom God specially cares. The general funds of the Society are not in a condition to admit of any expenditure for this purpose, even if it were ever desirable to burden the general funds with a particular act of charity.

The Committee will gladly receive and apportion any money entrusted to them for the special use of the widows and orphans, and they wish it to be understood that if any thing is done it must be done by means of this special fund. May the Father of the fatherless, and the Friend of the widow, direct the hearts of our friends to do that in this matter which may prove acceptable to our God and Father.

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#### THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The news of the loss which the death of the lamented Archbishop has inflicted on the Patagonian Mission, reached the writer in Scotland, where the splendid abilities and consistent character of the late prelate were very highly esteemed. In the "Scotsman" of Friday, the 9th of October, we read:—"The demise of this distinguished Christian prelate has left a blank in the Church, in literature, and in theological circles, which it will be difficult to fill. The strong persistent

common sense, the liberality and conscientiousness, the sagacity and vigour which he brought to bear upon the concerns of life and thought, the sincere and earnest love of truth, charity, and Christian fellowship which he displayed, the indomitable industry and singular impartiality of his mind, his indefatigable and unselfish philanthropy, the purity of his personal character, the general passionless serenity of his mind, have made him a man whom the world cannot but admire." "With a patience absolutely perfect, he has been for months waiting for death. Serene, calm, hopeful, and thoughtful, he has lain on his sick bed; and the prayers of the whole of the Churches in Ireland have, we believe, been offered for weeks on his behalf." From private sources we have heard the same thing, that in the midst of intense suffering there existed even playfulness and cheerfulness, whilst the soul seemed to ripen in its child-like faith and confidence in his heavenly Father, whose everlasting arms were, we believe, beneath him, making his bed in his sickness, and keeping him in perfect peace. A prince has, indeed, fallen in Israel; and one of our best and warmest friends has gone the rest where we trust to follow him. In speaking of our loss, we would not be ungrateful for the gift which God lent to us when we needed such a gift most. We well remember that in one of the most severe trials through which the Society passed, the whole case was laid before the late Archbishop, who found time, amidst his many important duties, to investigate the matter fully; and having done so, he shrank not from throwing the shield of his position and talent and character over us. The good which he accom-

plished for the Mission remains. His keen calm judgment saw the wisdom of acting as the Committee pledged themselves to act, when, after Captain Gardiner's death, the work was commenced from the Falklands; nor was he ever shaken from his position by any objection by whomsoever urged, or by any delay which appeared in results which are sure to arrive at the proper time. In nothing, perhaps, is a great mind more certainly seen than in such things. His strength lay not in obstinacy, but in the clearness with which he was enabled to foresee certain results. The path of the Society is now more plain and simple. It will not probably, in a few years, require the same amount of human authority to make men trust it. It is much to the late Archbishop's honour that he was instrumental in establishing for it a character for prudence which the Christian world was by no means inclined to accord it. Our readers will not, we trust, misunderstand us. We lean only on our God; it would be but folly and sin to lean on any man, however exalted in intellect, as man. But we are most deeply grateful to our God when, in His providence, He raises up such men to aid on His own work; and for our own sakes we lament deeply the loss of the wise and valuable superintendence of the good and great Archbishop Whately. May his good name be alike an heritage, a glory, and a stimulus to his remaining family.

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*The attention of the friends of the Society is particularly drawn to the 2nd page of cover, as to the manner in which letters should be addressed and post office orders and cheques drawn.*



### THE THIRD GRAVE IN CRANMER.

Bright with joy, and looking forward with undefined hope to seeing the English land and English habits, a few months ago, Mariquita, the daughter of Platero, accompanied by her father and brother, embarked on board the *Allen Gardiner*, amidst the rejoicings of the Missionaries, who saw in her the probable agent to influence her sex for good in her own circle. Women must always civilize women. Mariquita soon landed in Cranmer, and endeared herself to those who were brought more immediately in contact with her. She was exceedingly happy also herself. She is described as a most interesting young woman, full of gentleness, docility, and modesty; a proficient in sewing after the Patagonian fashion, and readily acquiring the English style of using the needle. A bright pleasant smile was her answer to the question whether she would like to learn to read: and hearts at Keppel beat more quickly as they looked forward to the improvement of the young woman, and to the probable career of peace and usefulness which was before her. We can well fancy her wonder at the novelties she saw, and have before now pictured her as drinking in information from wood cuts, simply explained.

We can imagine without difficulty her admiration of the flowers that grow around Sullivan House, and her wonder at the new labours that she witnessed, labours which add so much to comfort and enjoyment. Gradually her affections were doubtless drawn towards her teachers, and her heart expanded with child-like love. But the bright scene was suddenly and sadly changed. The mild weather had passed, and snow and storm fell upon the little Settlement, fit emblems of sorrow. In the morning Mariquita was in excellent health and spirits, full of life and gaiety; at four o'clock in the afternoon she was seized apparently with apoplexy, probably caused by change of habit and abundance of food; everything was immediately done that was possible under the circumstances, but at half-past six o'clock she had ceased to breathe, and her released spirit had passed into the hands of Him who made it. The grief of the relations was overwhelming; it is described as heart rending; and the low mourning chant used by them seemed to express the very embodiment of sorrow and desolation. Father and brother wandered on the hills, and refused to eat. Providential it was in the extreme that these fond relations were with Mariquita; most providential also that Mr. Schmid was there, whose love they know, and who could best comfort them and soothe their sorrow in their own language. By

and by the deep grave was dug, and gently and reverently the corpse of the once happy girl was laid in its tomb far from her land, and far from her people, by the hands of strangers; the sod was laid gently on, and kind and tender hands planted flowers on it, and scattered, after the Patagonian fashion, some beads, a small tribute of respect, a small mark of love for the departed one. Again the sobs of the relations burst out afresh; but after awhile they began to be comforted, and to feel deeply touched with the kindness and sympathy of their English friends; they returned to their work again, and when we heard last were about to leave the Island with Mr. Schmid and Mr. Hunziker, who are now in the enjoyment of renewed health.

Let us stand for a moment by this third grave at Cranmer, "the saddest spot on all the Island;" beside it there is the grave of Dr. Ellis, the one who could have been most useful had he lived; but the skilful hand is cold, the medical knowledge once possessed has passed away, and none has arisen to supply his place, to enliven the little company with lectures on natural history and botany, or to relieve the Superintendent from much of purely secular work. Would that it were otherwise; but alas funds permit not this. Beside this grave there is another, the grave of the embryo Missionary, Frank. The lad was full of



hope and promise ; a bright career seemed before him, when he too was taken.

What are the lessons we learn beside these graves? Beside that of Dr. Ellis it is a lesson of humiliation that the Missionary staff is not so perfect as it was, or so perfect as it ought to be ; it is a lesson to increased effort and increased prayer. Beside the grave of the youth once training for Missionary work it is certainly a lesson for ministering children, that no time must be lost by them in their labour for God and for Christ. But at the third grave, the grave of Mariquita, we are told,—as with a voice coming unexpectedly and suddenly upon us, with overpowering force—a voice speaking as from God's lips—not to linger, not to delay, but to hasten with our fullest power the work before us. It is the voice which finds such a sad echo in the words of the poet :

“The heathen perish, day by day,  
Thousands on thousands pass away ;  
Oh ! Christians to their rescue fly,  
Preach Jesus to them *ere they die* ;

Wealth labour, talent, freely give,  
Yea, life itself that they may live.  
*What hath your Saviour done for you ?  
And what for Him should you not do ?*”

This young and interesting Patagonian woman was brought near the river of life ; her lips seemed almost as if they were destined to touch it, and

yet she has sunk without tasting of it. She was brought to those who longed to teach her of Jesus, yet before the truth was taught her she had passed away. Oh! what a dreary cry issues from that grave: "*Why did you not come sooner?*" There is however another lesson of the power of love and sympathy, and we are grateful for it; the hearts of the heathen have been deeply touched by this power of love; their heavy sorrow has been lightened; and by the power of love the work which otherwise would have been almost surely hindered has we trust even received a new impetus. Oh! that it may be so. Gentle hearts will beat more lightly if the love called out by sorrow, and flowing responsive to the love of the Saviour, shall have been made instrumentally a rich blessing to the splendid tribes of the Patagonians.\*

"The world's a room of sickness, where each heart  
Knows its own anguish and unrest;  
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,  
Is his who skills of comfort best;  
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone  
Enfeebled spirits own,  
And love to raise the languid eye,  
When like an angel's wing they feel him fleeting by."

\* There is a Carte de Visite of a Patagonian, price 1s. 6d. now ready. It may be obtained at the Office.

## EL CARMEN.

We extract the following from some interesting letters received from the Rev. W. H. Stirling, showing that the work expands rapidly, in extent and cost. It would be difficult and undesirable to add to the strength of his unselfish appeal from the mission field.

*28th August, 1863.*

“Once more my heart burns with interest, and I long to remain here to establish a Church, Schools, and all the requirements of a Mission, for the Indians on this river are very numerous. They are engaged in friendly trade with the inhabitants of the place, who in fact chiefly depend upon the trade with the Indian tribes. They are ingenious, adventurous, independent, and without doubt capable of Christian instruction, if only their confidence is gained, and they meet with respect. At present the duty of our Missionaries is to master the language of these tribes, as well as to perfect themselves in Spanish, but I am already meditating the erection of a school exclusively for the Indians. Often I have received invitations to build a church, school, and parsonage on the south side of the river, and land for the purpose as well as for a cemetery has been seriously offered to me by a resident there. When at Buenos Ayres, I may here state, I purchased a quantity of suitable material of an educational character in anticipation of commencing a school at once. What I desire to see here is the erection of a church, with all its suitable adjuncts, on the south bank of the river; the parsonage to be the residence of the Superintendent of the Rio Negro Mission, and to be regarded as the home of Missionaries visiting the tribes on either



side of the river, as far up as Las Manzanas (the apple trees) where a large body of Indians are located, some of whom till the ground, and are otherwise enjoying a primeval civilization. There would be thus a double action of the Society in these parts, for its agencies would reach at once first, a small English-speaking population, and secondly, an Indian population.

“The church, school, parsonage, with its enclosures, including garden, corral, &c. might all be completed for £750, and who will say that is too much to expend to develop so important a branch of the Society’s work as I hold this to be? Is the way open for such a demonstration of the Society’s agencies? I think I may say without reserve that it is. I now give an index of the feelings of the people. Here by the residents we are received with great consideration, and only through our own faults shall we forfeit it. I will illustrate the feeling of intelligent people by what occurred at Bahia Blanca, at which place we landed and remained four days, on our way hither from Buenos Ayres. During those four days that the steamer lay off the above place, I went ashore with Mr. Andres, deeming it my duty to push to the utmost all my enquiries about the Indians, and to furnish myself with as much local information as possible. The outlay of £4 was not, I thought, to be considered in a case of this kind. We landed six miles from the little town of Bahia Blanca, and drove in a carriage provided for the purpose to the desired place. Here we looked up a sleeping place and hostelry and succeeded, but it would fill a ‘Voice for South America’ to detail the salient characteristics of our new position. Out here

one soon gets accustomed to 'the ways of the country,' and after voyaging in a steamer, where there is but one place to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, &c. it is not wholly unpleasant to dine in the presence of Gauchos sipping brandy, and ill looking troopers, and whining candidates for dollars, in apartments which might in England be used as barns perhaps, while the raps of the balls on the billiard table and the shouts of the players, suggest ideas at variance with peace. This was the Hotel de Fonda, the only Fonda fit for the distinguished arrivals by the steamer; so we made our arrangements, and found our host and hostess really nice sort of people, being not wholly destitute of taste, æsthetically given, in fact; they had adorned the walls of the rooms with pictures. Now what this country wants is just this: a clergy to inspire respect, and an era of peace to inspire industry. But I am wandering from my subject, which was to illustrate the feeling of intelligent people respecting our work. Well, in the course of the first day of our arrival at Bahia Blanca, we were introduced to a family named ——— a favourable report of whom had reached me previously, we called in the morning, and were invited to repeat our visit in the evening. Expecting as one does to meet in these parts with persons whose whole lives have been spent under a bushel, although they are warm hearted and courteous generally, it was not for a few minutes that I could fully realise the superior character and intelligence of ——— yet every minute one's impressions of regard were deepening, and at last it became impossible to doubt that our new friends were persons of great refinement and very

superior education; we had come into a new atmosphere of thought, there was a freedom of sentiment, a force of character, that made itself felt genially everywhere. Mr. — is an Italian, a refugee, Mrs. — is a French lady. Both admire Mazzini, and say he is a true Christian. England they likewise admire. In the midst of all the people present (for there were many) these kind friends managed to make it plain that they felt an interest in our work, and were anxious to aid us. One fine old gentleman, a friend and visitor in the house, before leaving on a journey, shook me warmly by the hand, and then uttered words of Christian sympathy and encouragement that took me by surprise, and set my heart bounding with joy. It is wonderfully cheering in a strange land and among people wholly incapable of appreciating the motives which actuate you and the purposes of your work, to meet suddenly with words and looks that tell you you are not alone. The gentleman in question is an American by birth, but has been for a long period resident in this country. On the morning of our arrival; having heard from a fellow passenger of ours, the purport of our visit, and so on, he came with him to the suburbs of the town, where the friendly Indians dwell, expecting to find us there; and he did so, for we were at that time deep in conversation with the Cacique, in whose house we had been received with great cordiality, and to whom we communicated the nature of our projected work. 'Is it possible! is it possible!' he exclaimed, 'what wonderful people the English are, they have come to teach us, and have a ship too in order to visit us, is it possible?' He then



expressed his great pleasure at the news, said he had one son educated by the Government at Buenos Ayres, and that if we erected a school at Patagones, he would send another of his sons to us. The son at Buenos Ayres is a clerk in one of the Government offices, and some of the letters received from him by his father and exhibited to us and translated, prove that he is a very intelligent and promising young man. —

possesses two wives, and has a fine family. His residence is very superior for this part of the world, and he farms somewhat largely. He said he was 'not a Christian, neither were his daughters, but his sons were Christians,' i. e. baptized; why he had not been baptized seemed to him an amusing puzzle, for he said, with a rich, rolling laugh, 'quien sabe,' when we inquired why he was not a Christian. Of course it was plain that the difference to his mind between 'los Christianos' and 'los Indios,' were matters affecting a social status, rather than anything else; and that if he let his sons be baptized, it was merely to secure for them a little of the magic of civilisation. We visited this Cacique and his people four times, seeking to awaken in their minds an interest in the Saviour's work. One of his sons was about to visit Buenos Ayres, and going in the same steamer with us to this place, and hence to the capital. Two other Indians likewise were his companions in travel. They belonged to the tribe Cafalcura, and were about to enter into some arrangements with the Government. The persons, but specially his son, he commended to our care, and as we parted from him finally, at his casa, he said, 'I am old, I may soon die, you are young, if

ever you meet with my sons by and by shew them friendship, be kind to them.' He then, as his wont is, took our right hands in his right, and placing his left hand most tenderly upon both, wished us with great grace and pathos God-speed. We noticed the Indian women all busy, some engaged in delicate needle-work, others making variegated articles of attire, with the aid of three simple sticks, on two of which they stretched the threads of diverse colours, and with the other worked them into the required pattern. Of these Indians there are at the present time resident in Bahia Blanca, and receiving pay and rations from the Government, exactly 202. They are 'Indios Mansos,' and watch the frontier in connection with the regular troops. The independent tribes, however, visit Bahia Blanca frequently. The place was quite alive with them during our visit, and wore a more Indian look than any town which I have yet visited, indeed this town was formerly the basis of extensive military operations against the Indians, and the fort accommodates 2000 troops; at present the number of troops is small. A wire fence round the entire town acts as a protection against sudden incursions of hostile Indians; for depending entirely on the fleetness of their horses, and the sharpness of their lances, for success, these lords of the Pampas are easily baulked by a palisading, and retire if the roll of the drum or the rattle of musketry announce that within the garrison is moving.

"Much important information respecting the Indians was furnished to us by ———. It seems that within the district described there are but three tribes

actually settled, and of these ———— tribe is the chief. These can furnish together 1500 lances; but in one engagement, where Mr. ———— was present, in 1839, not less than 2000 Indians entered the conflict; some friendly lances had doubtless come from a distance. The plan of battle is given, and one cannot but be struck with the disparity of force and appliances of war presented by the opposite parties. The Indians were out-numbered, and with the horse, the lance, and the bolas, could make a stand against a well-equipped *armée de corps*, with its well-served artillery. But these tribes are now at peace, and in treaty with the Government, dwelling at Salina Grande, three days' ride from Bahia Blanca. Some of them are at this moment proposing to settle at the above town; and it is probable that at least 200 of them will almost immediately do so. Mr. ———— has expressed his desire to aid us in our work, and has offered his own house as a home for a Missionary, the use of horses, and above all the whole strength of his influence to place all the Indian Children under the instruction of such a Missionary. This offer was most encouraging to me, and I looked upon it as a leading of Divine providence, for indeed with much earnestness and frequency had I asked the Lord to prepare my way before me. There were however difficulties. First, the Missionary if sent would indeed have great privileges in a country like this, and there would be much economy in the liberal offer of Mr. ———— to give board and lodging to him; but there was this wish expressed, that for 'an hour or two of an evening' the person commissioned to the Indians should teach Mr.



— sons, two nice lads, to learn English, was their parents' desire for them. Now, my opinion is that not less than two Missionaries should work together; but in any case you must not send out any but superior kind of men. Mr. Andres was evidently much appreciated by —, and would, I am sure, be very acceptable to them. LET ME EARNESTLY ENTREAT OF YOU NOT TO REST SATISFIED TILL YOU HAVE MET THE WANTS NOW EXPRESSED. I pray that men may be raised up. THE COUNTRY IS OPEN FOR THEM, and they must prosper if only they are true and intelligent Christian men. But, while I thus plead for these parts, I do not forget the claims of my dear friends in Chili. Mr. Gardiner deserves your immediate and earnest help, and I hope he will receive it. OH! THAT THE LORD'S PEOPLE MAY QUICKLY UNDERSTAND THE MAGNITUDE AND IMPORTANCE OF THE WORK TO BE ACCOMPLISHED IN THIS CONTINENT, AND GENEROUSLY EXTEND THEIR AID.

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CONGRESS OF NATIONAL DEPUTIES.

*(Continued.)*

“Mr. Oroño was happy to hear the statements of the Minister, and stated, that the evil had not arisen since the commencement of the Chacho Revolution; but that it was more remote; that from the Peace of Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, the troops had not departed; that notwithstanding the frontiers of these two provinces were insecure; that from the Peace of Santa Fé, more troops might have been put in motion for the public good; that there are 8000 and odd men

paid by the nation to guarantee the security of the frontiers; that it should be known how they are distributed; that it is necessary to confess that, since 1811, no such invasions have been known; that the savages have become so bold, even as to possess themselves of entire populations. The Minister of War stated, that he could not enter into discussion with the Deputy, because he had only come to render explanations; that when any change was made which could be discussed, he was ready to state how the forces were already dispersed; that in Mendoza, San Juan, Cordova, and Santa Fé, there are cavalry troops attending to the frontiers.

“Mr. Oroño said, that as the Minister declined discussion, he would present a project, which he handed to the Secretary of the Chamber.

“Mr. Moreno asked whether, in the opinion of the Government, the forces employed were sufficient to defend the frontiers?

“The Minister answered, they were not. He went on stating the plans which had been always adopted to form soldiers of the line; that in one word, the object sought could not be secured but by an especial law.

“Mr. Moreno said, that the Government ought to have proposed the law to protect frontiers; that he wished to know what forces were actually needed to defend them.

“Mr. Marmol said, that this war dated two centuries back; that it was the reproduction of the war of the former conquerors; that the Indians saw in us what they saw in the Spaniards, and they quarrelled

about rights, which they believed they had been deprived of; that to oppose the savages a force of 20,000 men were certainly necessary; that possibly a vigorous effort of the Republic might be needed to push back the whole of the Pampa tribes to the other side of the river Colorado; that it was necessary to continue the war of the conqueror with the sword and the cross; THAT THE CROSS NOW OUGHT TO BE OF MUCH MORE VALUE THAN THE SWORD, BECAUSE THE INDIANS WERE FAR MORE CIVILISED THAN THEY WERE TWO CENTURIES AGO; that at present there are Caciques who beg land of the State to establish their settlements; that a military line of soldiers in the frontier would afford no beneficial result; that the Government cannot be asked to defend the frontiers with national guards already fatigued with their continued fighting; that no step is gained by asking of the executive with what a number of soldiers it can count, to defend the frontiers; THAT IT IS NECESSARY TO DO SOMETHING MORE, A STRONGER EFFORT MUST BE MADE, TO RESULT IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF REDUCTIONS, WHOSE FRUIT WILL BE REAPED BY COMING GENERATIONS; that the nature of our territory and the employment of the Indians as political elements, have much to do with the state of the frontiers.

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#### THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Our friends will be gratified to learn that much more notice seems to be taken of the work of the Mission by the public press than formerly. In the "Christian Treasury," for the last three months, very



interesting papers have appeared. We should like to see them in a reprint. In "Christian Work" the Editor kindly admitted a paper. In the "Sunday School Magazine" there has been a short sketch of our work. In the "Colonial Church Chronicle" for Oct. there is a letter from the Rev. C. Bull. In the "Sunday at Home" there are papers from the pen of the Rev. G. P. Despard;\* and in Liverpool the following valuable letters appeared in one of the leading papers. They certainly deserve preservation; we trust our friends will read them carefully.

"SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Of all the great divisions of the world there is none with which Englishmen are so little acquainted as South America. They know its general appearance upon the map, and they have a limited notion of its climate, soil, and productions; but of the details of its geography, of its political or social relations, and of its daily life, they are in general profoundly ignorant. The reasons for this are easily assigned. In every other great division of the world England has founded an empire, but here she has none. In Europe, there is its original seat in the British islands; in Asia, there is our extensive Indian empire; and in Africa the old Cape Colony stretches northward towards the interior, especially on the eastern coast. Almost the whole of North America, though possessed by nations having different interests, is peopled by our Anglo-

\* Letters have been received from Mr. Despard by friends in Clifton, speaking of God's love to him and his family on their outward passage to Australia.