CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER
OF PATAGONIA

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BY

JESSE PAGE

AUTHOR OF "JAPAN AND ITS MISSIONS," ETC.

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PREFACE

SOME lives, radiant with high endeavour, are best remembered by the pathos of the things they failed to do. This is true of the man whose life is briefly sketched in the pages of this book. Never had the Truth a more chivalrous knight-errant. In his quest for the souls of men he bravely pressed through dark thickets of heathenism, fought the dragons of superstition and ignorance and fear long; at last, with a song of triumph on his dying lips, seeing by a vision of faith the final victory.

In so many respects Gardiner reminds us of Gordon. His nature had the same marvellous union of strength and tenderness, with a like deep, underlying element of spirituality; he, too, knew no fear, and possessed in a high degree a love of the forlorn hope. It was his destiny, as it was Gordon's, to deal single-

handed with the wild children of barbarism; and, to press the comparison no further, Gardiner also perished heroically at the post of duty, waiting for the rescue which came, alas! too late.

Hitherto, the life and labours of Captain Allen Gardiner have been associated almost exclusively with South America. That country was, of course, not only his latest but his most important sphere of work, for it led to the creation of the South American Missionary Society. But Africa, as well as America, was written on his heart.

Among the archives of that Society, so generously placed at my disposal in preparing this volume, is a journal which Gardiner issued in 1835, now of extreme rarity, and to be considered, in relation to this subject, a biographical "find." It not only describes with the vividness of an eye-witness the events of his three years' travel in Zululand, but also reveals the inner life and feelings of the writer. Half the original journal was lost, not like Gordon's in the Nile, but amid the swirling eddies of the Tugăla; there is,

however, no lack of interest in the portion which was happily preserved.

Where is Gardiner's monument? Charles Darwin, an impartial witness, recognised it in the transformed character of the Fuégian natives, and in token thereof sent a subscription to the Society which, after the death of the pioneer, continued his good work. But possibly some day, when we find room on our pedestals for more uncrowned kings and swordless heroes, the statue of Captain Allen Gardiner, sailor and saint, may be an object-lesson of grace to our children. Still, not in stone, but in a noble sentiment, his truest memorial will ever be in the hearts of all who can recognise and revere a man of God.

The life of such a man never really ends. For a moment, on that bare Fuégian strand, the icy finger of Death stayed the living current; but with undiminished force it sprang on again, to animate and inspire thousands of other lives in the years to come.

The riddle of the destiny of mankind is not to be solved by the golden calculations of

the financier, nor settled by the stately epigrams of the philosopher, nor cut by the sword of the man of arms. All these but deepen its shadows and intensify its hopeless pain, so that at last the wounded heart of humanity cries with infinite pitifulness, "Who will shew us any good?" The answer comes in tones of mercy from the Cross of Calvary, and the lives of men like Gardiner, Moffat, Livingstone, Gordon, and a host of other heroes, attest the sufficiency of Him who was their Rock and Salvation.

The undaunted persistence of Gardiner's labours, refusing to be baffled by incessant difficulties, was due to a supreme sense of the presence of his God and that passionate yearning for the souls of men which glowed in his heart. He felt that he was making footprints which other workers might find and follow. "Grant, O Lord," was his fervent prayer, "that we may be instrumental in commencing this great and blessed work; but shouldest Thou see fit in Thy providence to hedge up our way, and that we should even languish and die here, I

beseech Thee to raise up others, and to send forth labourers into this harvest."

The lessons which the reader will find in the pages of this book are: strong faith in God, unselfish love to man, the power of prevailing prayer, the joy which springs from whole-hearted service, and the perfect peace of those who to the end endure. These are the everlasting flowers of the Divine Garden, old-fashioned, but fadeless in their beauty, and fragrant with the breath of Heaven.

JESSE PAGE

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CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER

CHAPTER I

THE DARK CONTINENT, AS GARDINER KNEW IT

"Come, labour on!
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, 'Come'!"

JANE BORTHWICK

WHEN Bartholomew Dias in his little Portuguese ship first caught sight of the African mainland in 1486, he discovered a country which was to be the absorbing interest of the world four hundred years later. The forerunner of a mighty host of discoverers and adventurers, Dias stepped ashore, and, after the religious fashion of the day, erected a cross upon the promontory still known as Pedestal Point, and named the spot Angra Pequena, or The Little Bay, which has been its title ever since. A few years later, a better-known discoverer sailed in the same waters, and Vasco de

Gama's fleet landed some men, who had a brush with the natives, the first of a series which, apparently, is by no means completed yet. Sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, he reached the pleasant shore of the east coast, to which he gave the graceful name of Natal.

The founder of the Zulu nation was Charka or Tsaka, who was born about the year 1783, and who eventually rose to power as a young warrior in the ranks of a warlike leader of the tribe, by name Dingiswayo. This last-named chief had already seen a good deal of warfare, and attained considerable reputation as a military organiser; and when he died, the army of braves unanimously elected Charka to be their leader.

From the very first he showed his ability for that position; but with these qualities he unhappily exhibited a spirit of cruelty and disregard for human life which was exceptional even for a Zulu. Two ideas he had in order to consolidate and enlarge his kingdom: first, to drill and train the whole male population as soldiers, well armed and brave; and second, to exterminate all the tribes in other districts, so that the Zulu should reign supreme.

While he lived he carried out this terrible resolution to the very letter. He greatly

improved the equipment of his warriors, trained them in the use of short swords, and established military camps throughout the country, where they could go through their evolutions and be under his watchful eye. As a result, they became the best soldiers in the country—an invincible army which, like the host of Sennacherib, continually came down like wolves on the folds of their weaker neighbours.

Charka, however, in 1828 met the tyrant's fate; for his brother Dingarn compassed his assassination and grasped the reins of power. At that time the larger proportion of the settlers were Dutch colonists, and a collision was inevitable between these and the warlike swarms of Dingarn's braves. On several occasions the Zulus caught the colonists in ambush, and slew men, women, and children without mercy. The name of the native king became a note of terror, for in his conquests he was cruel and pitiless.

But the days of this fiendish despot were numbered. The new commandant-general of the Dutch colony—a very able and brave man, named Andreas Pretorius—collected four hundred and sixty-five men, well armed, and with them proceeded to Unkunkinglove, Dingarn's capital. Every precaution was taken against a surprise, and night after night

the little band formed into laager, in case of attack. They were men of a deeply religious spirit, and went about the business with the same spiritual fervour as Cromwell's Ironsides at the battle of Dunbar. Daily their prayers went up to God that He would deliver this tyrant into their hands, and with one accord they covenanted that if their prayers were answered, a church to commemorate such a crowning mercy should be built. They kept their promise, as the fine church of Pietermaritzburg bears witness; where every year there is a special day set apart for thanksgiving, and still called Dingarn's Day. When the battle was fought, over three thousand Zulu warriors were slain; but Dingarn himself escaped, after setting his capital on fire. So Pretorius returned with his men and five thousand herd of cattle as spoil, and built the town of Pietermaritzburg. Dingarn, however, was scotched, not killed. He returned to rebuild Unkunkinglove, and was only watching for an opportunity to have his revenge. This time the colonists were prepared for him. Panda, his half-brother, raised an army and joined the white men against him. Dingarn, finding himself pressed, sent his favourite counsellor, Tambooza, to the camp to arrange terms of peace; but very unjustly, although doubtless the

provocation was great, the ambassador and his servant were immediately put to death. A terrible battle ensued, in which Dingarn led his picked regiments with great bravery ; but in the end the Zulus were utterly defeated. Dingarn, once more flying for his life, was assassinated by a native on the way. The remnant of his followers volunteered into the ranks of Panda, and the Zulu power, at any rate for the present, was utterly gone.

The subsequent history of Zululand and the Province of Natal, and the progress of English colonisation, is well known, and need not be repeated here. But two important events must be mentioned, to illustrate on the one hand the extraordinary impulse which nearly extinguished the Kosas, and the other as indicating the rise and fall of the Zulu nation.

A native girl, one day in May, 1856, went down, as was her wont, to fetch water from a little stream near by. On her return she told her uncle Umhlakaza that certain mysterious beings had spoken to her ; and on his going to see for himself, one of these strange visitants told him that he was his brother, long since dead, who had come to tell him how the English nation could be driven into the sea. Several other interviews followed, but the principal instructions were that witchcraft was to be abandoned, and all

the fat cattle killed. Then, when all the cattle had been killed, and the grain destroyed, a wonderful resurrection would take place and beasts far more beautiful would rise from the ground, and fields of rich maize await their sickle. And with these the great and invincible warriors of the past would reappear, and the English intruders would fly before the victorious host. This revelation, which appears to have been arranged by Kreli, the chief of the Kosas, flung the whole tribe into a passion of excitement, and soon they were selling the hides of two hundred head of cattle to English traders, and starvation began to stalk through the land. The day of doom arrived, and a famished multitude watched for the two blood-red suns which should come above the hills at dawn. Instead, of course, all things were as usual, and in that morning light they began to realise the dreadful possibility that after all Umhlakaza's prediction might be untrue. What followed was an unspeakable horror. The poor dying wretches rushed madly to the settlers for help, and although they were liberally dealt with by the very men they sought to kill, they died in multitudes like flies. This superstition cost the tribe at least twenty-five thousand lives: some put it at twice that number—a terrible instance

truly of the wild fanaticism which at times maddens the native races, and leads them, not only to wage a religious war with the white people, but in this case to commit what amounted to a national suicide.

When Natal became a Crown colony, the vast territory once ruled by Dingarn became also a dependency under the English flag. But troubles soon arose, and the Hlubi tribe, a Zulu clan of warriors under the leadership of Langalibaléle, rose in rebellion, and it was not until after much loss of life that the combined powers of Cape Colony and Natal overcame them. Langalibaléle was tried and sent into exile, but his cause, it will be remembered, found a strong and chivalrous defender in the late Bishop Colenso.

Great and surprising have been the changes in that part of Africa since Captain Allen Gardiner travelled to and fro between Dingarn's Kraal and the coast. In the neighbourhood where he built his humble dwelling the city of Durban stands, and on the spots where he strove to plant Christianity among the heathen are fair towns and the steeples of Christian churches. The contrast adds peculiar interest to subsequent chapters, which give in his own words vivid incidents and valuable impressions that have been hidden away for a long number of years. No

country has seen more brave confessors of faith than Africa; the flower of missionary chivalry has given its life for her salvation. And by what he did in those far-off years of pioneer service, Allen Gardiner, praying without ceasing for the salvation of the natives, won his laurels as a standard-bearer of the Cross.

How this prayer was answered, a very brief sketch of the work in Zululand now will suffice to indicate. Notwithstanding that the country has again and again been swept with war, the missionaries driven from one district have migrated to another; and so, as it was after the persecution at Jerusalem, the seed, widely scattered by adverse influences, has established the Kingdom far and wide.

Leaving out any reference to the development of Christian work in Natal and Durban, the beautiful and prosperous city which Gardiner foresaw in his imagination, with its spires and spacious houses of prayer, it will be well perhaps to limit our view to the native churches in the districts away from the towns alone. After passing over the ground with Gardiner many years ago, it is like a dream to open a missionary report of the district to-day. The little spot where he saw here and there a missionary fighting with pioneer

difficulties is now the centre of wide and permanent usefulness. Take the Clarkebury district, for instance, which, as arranged by the Methodist African Conference, embraces from the Bashee River on the south to the Umzim Kulu River on the north, and covers that stretch of country from the Quathlamba Mountains to the sea, which Dingarn specially marked out for Gardiner. Here are strong missionary centres and training institutions, doing noble work among those studious native boys and girls. The membership of the district is over nine thousand, the Sunday- and day-schools are increasing yearly, and the native local preachers are, as everywhere, a strong and indispensable branch of the executive.

One of the interesting features of the work is to see in the list of subscriptions the great majority of native names, altogether unpronounceable by English lips, but speaking eloquently of the thoroughness of the support given by the Zulus themselves.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has, in British Zululand, several centres, most of them in the southern part of the country. They were early in the field. Bishop Gray, in 1850, visited the district from Durban, and Bishop Colenso made himself personally acquainted with the life of

the Zulus by going into their kraals; his little book, *Ten Weeks in Natal*, shows how thoroughly he worked his dioceses, and how he there met with Mr. Flynn the pioneer, whose name has been mentioned by Gardiner in his journal.

A later addition to the missionary workers in Zululand was the Salvation Army, who have had some most encouraging conversions among the natives. One stalwart Zulu, certainly a splendid specimen of his race, paid a visit to England, and was an evidence in himself of what the spirit of Christ can do for a man, of whatever colour or speech.

Of the future of Zululand from a missionary point of view one can forecast little. The political situation must always determine to a large extent its missionary prospects. But one thing is certain, that the duty of Christians in every land must be to publish among these people, gifted with fine natural qualities, the precious tidings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER II

THE DAYBREAK OF LIFE

"Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?"
C. E. MUDIE

IT is the leafy month of June in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, and George the Third is King. Across the Channel Paris is in an uproar, revolution going apace like a huge bonfire, casting its glare over other countries, and sending not a few fiery sparks over the water to fall on English thought and opinion. A stirring time, the hearts of men shaking with fear, the air full of thunderous excitement and unrest, and over in the streets of yonder city of dreadful tragedies, the guillotine clicking off the lives of the fairest men and women of France.

But while storms raged afar there was quiet peace in the little Berkshire village of Basildon, where, on the twenty-eighth day of that midsummer month a little boy was born within the house of Mr. Samuel Gardiner.

The child first saw the light in a parsonage, but his father was a layman to whom the house had been lent temporarily by the clergyman of the parish. In due course the little boy received his Christian names as Allen Francis, and those relatives and villagers who were so greatly interested in the baby's birth little dreamt that the infant would one day make the corridors of history ring with his honoured and famous name.

Little seems left on record about his parents, except the great and important fact that they were pious and noble-minded people, who feared God and did their utmost to lead their children to follow in their steps. Their regular observance of family prayer, unfortunately much rarer in these crowded times, was never forgotten by their illustrious son. In some respects his nature needed special training and care, for he was as a child volatile and rather restless, and as he grew into boyhood it was evident that a life of adventure and travel was in store for him. He again and again urged his father and mother to let him go to sea; for although born and bred in a midland county he had that indefinable yearning for the ocean which is more or less in the heart of most British boys.

We were at war with the French in those

days, and young Gardiner, though still a little lad, worked out upon the floor of his room his own plan for overtaking the enemy's ships in the harbour of St. Rochelle. He felt instinctively a strong desire to see distant lands, and, eagerly reading Mungo Park's book of adventures, he determined to qualify a little by making himself a vocabulary of the Mandigo language, in case his path ever lay among that people.

Then he knew that it was essential for travellers to have good constitutions and health to bear hardships and to ignore comforts; so once, when his mother came to say good-night, she found the bed empty and her little sailor-boy peacefully sleeping on the bare boards of the floor—"to accustom himself to roughing it some day," as he explained to her.

His first taste of real life soon came, for at the age of thirteen he bade good-bye to his quiet home in the Berkshire village and entered as a cadet in the Naval College at Portsmouth. Here he passed his youth for two full years, like other young midshipmen, save that the influence of that Christian home from which he was separated was as a wall of protection in the midst of temptation.

The little sketch of an attack upon the

French fleet which once was pictured in his childish imagination was soon to be put into something like reality. He went to sea under Captain Vansittart in the *Fortune* in 1810; his next appointment was to the *Phœbe*, a vessel of forty-two guns, which was commissioned to engage the American war-ships which were making sad havoc with our merchantmen in Pacific waters.

When the *Phœbe* at last met the American vessel *Essex*, a fearful naval duel took place, and although the victory was left with the English, both vessels had suffered severely. Some young officers, among whom was Allen Gardiner, were put on board the prize, and, after some difficulty, she and her captive crew were brought safely into Portsmouth.

It was Gardiner's first action, and no doubt he very bravely conducted himself in his country's cause; but God had destined him to fight a better fight, not with carnal weapons, but as a good soldier of the Cross.

At this time, however, he had already drifted into that reckless career which was the life his worldly companions led. The thought of God seemed to have faded from his mind, and only at times of great peril and hazard did he seem to welcome the consideration of eternal things. Several narrow escapes showed him how near the borders of

the unseen land his calling led him. While off the coast of Peru the boat in which he was going ashore suddenly capsized, and he only just saved his life by swimming. Very soon afterwards a similar accident occurred again; but this time a young midshipman comrade was drowned before his eyes. Still, the solemn thoughts engendered by these sad events soon passed away. Not so easily, however, did he get over a calamity which at this time came to him in the death of his mother. Like all sons worthy of the name, Allen Gardiner was passionately attached to his mother, and often in his voyages the thought of seeing her again filled his mind with bright hope. He knew, not only that she loved him, but that her prayers were constant for his safety and salvation; and now she was gone out of mortal sight, into his heart and life came a void which nothing else could fill. Instead of this leading him to higher thoughts and to faith in his mother's God, Allen Gardiner lost interest and mingled still more freely in the revels and godlessness of his companions. More than that, he began to imbibe infidel opinions, and the glorious truths upon which he had been nourished as a boy became an object of mocking ridicule and scorn. He was fast drifting, and to those who knew him at this period of his life

there seemed to be no probability of his becoming a true and faithful witness for Christ. He had not seen the vision on the Damascus road yet.

One day, when at Portsmouth, he was walking the streets with many serious and unusual thoughts. The loss of a friend by sudden death had made him grave, and he determined to purchase a Bible. It was a long time since he had read the Scriptures, and when he came to a bookseller's shop he walked up and down the street, half ashamed to make his purchase; when he found an opportunity unobserved he went in and bought his Bible. The perusal of this little volume, although his conversion did not immediately follow, prepared the way for that great decision. Once more he set sail with a squadron of war-ships for India, whence, after a short stay, his ship moved on to China.

When Allen Gardiner was at Penang, letters came from England, one from his father and the other from Lady Grey, who had taken a very deep interest in him from the time that, as a cadet, he came into the Naval College. This lady had been his sincere friend, and had watched with much regret the waywardness of his life in later years. Her conversations had not been lost

upon him; and before he set sail on this voyage, she had put in his hand a record of the last few months preceding his mother's death.

It was at this crisis of his life, with the deep impressions made by this letter fresh upon his mind, that Gardiner, shortly afterwards sailing to the South American coast, made acquaintance with Christianity in the mixed and superstitious worship of the Church of Rome. Walking through the streets of Santiago, he saw in the cathedral of that city the gaudy magnificence of its ritual, and afterwards, when visiting one of the monasteries in the neighbourhood, was struck with the levity of the monks, and how little the priests cared for the poor, who were buried without coffin, prayer, or mass.

It was at Lima that he saw the place where the Inquisition was established, and had at last been suppressed. But the young English officer walked through the rooms of the building, noting the darkened chambers where the judges sat to condemn their victims, and those awful instruments which were used to torture the innocent and faithful. Such scenes, with their cruel memories, depressed Gardiner, and gave him a strong repugnance to a system which could resort to such infamous means to gain a proselyte — and crush the spirit of truth. Fortunately he was

soon to visit other scenes, where the peaceable fruits of righteousness would be manifested.

His vessel, the *Dauntless*, was returning to China when it was found necessary to call at Tahiti on its way. It so happened that the ship reached the island on a Sunday morning, and Gardiner at once noticed that an atmosphere of peace and rest pervaded the place; no canoes came out to barter, and on landing he found in this place at least the sacred day was carefully reverenced. Christian work among these natives had not long been established, but the teaching of the missionaries had already transformed the people, and when he entered their place of worship he was struck with the thoughtfulness and decorum of the congregation. A native teacher was engaged in teaching a number of children, who showed great skill and knowledge in giving answers to the questions of the catechiser. He also visited the huge wooden structure which the king had built for Christian worship, capable of holding six thousand people.

When the *Dauntless* arrived in Sydney, Allen Gardiner was in poor health, and he determined to return to England to regain his strength. Calling at Cape Town on his way, he recalls his feelings on his last visit,

and there is evidence in the entries he makes in his journal that a great change had taken place in his heart and life :

" The last time I visited this colony I was walking in the broad way, and hastening by rapid strides to the brink of eternal ruin. Blessed be His name, who loved us and gave Himself for us, a great change has been wrought in my heart, and I am now enabled to derive pleasure and satisfaction in hearing and reading the Word of Life, and attending the means of grace."

Indeed, before this time, while still with his ship in Chinese waters, he had shown by his letters home that he was under deep religious impression.

On reaching London his inclination led him naturally to the London Missionary Society, whose work he had seen so conspicuously blessed in Tahiti and the Society Islands. He had made up his mind to become a missionary, and he determined to make the neglected natives of South America the first field. The Society, however, did not see their way clear to fall in with his project, and for a time he gave way to discouragement and took no further steps in the matter.

He had still, however, a devout intention to devote himself to Christian work, and

thinking he had a call to the ministry, we find him diligently preparing himself for holy orders. Here again he was disappointed, but, conscious of his great unworthiness, he was soon resigned to the position.

An important step was taken on 1st July, 1823, when he married a young lady, Miss Julia Susannah Reade, who seems to have been in every way an amiable and worthy helpmeet. In less than a year he had to bid her good-bye, on his appointment as first lieutenant on board the *Jupiter*, bound for North America. During his absence he received news of the birth of his daughter. In the same year he was promoted to the position of Commander on his return to England, and for some years his missionary ambition seems to have been in abeyance. He settled down in his home at Swanmore House, near Droxford, in Hampshire, and afterwards in the Isle of Wight, whither he had gone for his wife's sake, her health having rapidly given way. Here, however, she lingered on but a short time, and the letters of Gardiner at this date exhibit all the anxiety and foreboding of his heart. He was passionately attached to her, and this protracted illness only drew more closely the bonds of love between them. Few and meagre are the references to her which have been preserved, but they show a

nature singularly blessed by Divine grace, and that in her weakness she devoted herself to her husband's and children's good. When the end came, in the month of May, 1833, and she bade farewell to her beloved family, there fell upon this little home at Godshill the desolation of irreparable loss. The bereaved husband, writing from Ramsgate soon afterwards, speaks of the succession of sorrows which he had been called to pass through. His words have not a tincture of rebellion or bitterness; rather does he seem to sit in the sunshine which from the other side of life irradiated his wifeless home. He felt that she he loved had passed in peace to happiness and rest, and, looking in at his own heart, only lamented that he was so unworthy.

This sad loss was, however, the turning-point of his career. Like many others who have lost the earthly companionship, Gardiner determined to throw all the released ardour of his soul into service for God. He had, indeed, already made this resolve in the most solemn manner, for while his wife lay in dying circumstance he knelt by her bed and promised in her presence and with her blessing to give himself wholly to God. Henceforth he must be a witness, a light to shine in a dark place, a messenger to bring the news

of the unsearchable riches of Christ to those who were spiritually desolate and without hope. As we have already seen, his original desire to go as a missionary to South America had faded through disappointment on finding his project unfavourably received, and the claims of that country did not then recur to him. To him, as with us to-day, a deep interest was evinced in the Dark Continent of Africa, at that time even more miserable and mysterious in its darkness than now. Beyond the very fringe of the country little seemed to be known, and any knowledge of the interior could only be gleaned by one or two brave missionaries and some chance travellers. It is difficult to realise the immense change in the map of Africa since then. Civilisation, with its towns and busy homesteads, covers the country where then the white man was unknown, and native races, long since subdued to British rule, were then the cause of fear and trembling to the few colonists. It was indeed a Dark Continent, and its need fired the soul of Gardiner as he cast his glance round upon the heathen for a sphere of service. He determined to set sail for the Cape and push up the country to carry the Gospel to the Kafirs and Zulus. In many respects it was a most unpromising decision. The country about the Cape Colony

was very much disturbed, and the firm measures which, under the new Governor, had been put forth to curb the Kafirs, spread a smouldering spirit of resentment among the native tribes.

The friends of Captain Gardiner shook their heads with disapproval, and it was a frequent remark, when it became known where he had gone: "Poor Captain Gardiner! We shall never see him again."

But these considerations did not affect him. He had a sailor's true courage and disregard of hardships, and beyond even this his solemn dedication to the work precluded the fear of obstacles. He had put his hand to the plough with a spirit something like that of Henry Martyn; he had set his face towards the heathen, and nothing would deter him now. On his way he kept his journal, as is usual on shipboard; and his meditations on his errand are as follows:

"Oh that, if it be Thy will, I may be a humble instrument in Thy hand for good unto their souls! But I am as unequal as I am unworthy to do Thee any service. I know, O Lord, that without Thee I can do nothing that is pleasing in Thy sight; but at the same time I thankfully believe that with Thee all things are possible. Save me from the galling yoke of my besetting sin, and

bring me wholly to submit myself cheerfully to Thy yoke, which is indeed easy, and Thy ways are pleasantness. *Having put my hand to the plough, may I never turn back! May Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness!*"

CHAPTER III

IN QUEST OF DINGARN

"It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?"

SARAH E. MILES

IT was on 6th September, 1834, that Gardiner saw the last of his native land as he left Falmouth, and, the *Wellington* having a good passage, as it was counted in those days, she reached Table Bay on 13th November of that year.

When he started Gardiner intended to make the expedition alone, but on the voyage he formed the acquaintance of a Polish gentleman who had adopted the use of the name of Berken, and was on his way to New South Wales, having, for political reasons, been deprived of his property in Poland. When Gardiner unfolded to him his plans, however, he willingly altered his own, and determined to be his companion. He was not perhaps moved with the same missionary spirit, for

his idea was rather to see how far the new country could be utilised as a colony for his people; but he proved in every respect a valuable and helpful companion. They started together from Cape Town within a week of their arrival; all their luggage was carried upon the two horses upon which they rode, a third being for their guide and interpreter. When they arrived at Graham's Town they purchased two well-appointed waggons, with thirty oxen and seven horses, and with them pushed on towards Kafirland. Travellers' troubles soon, however, came, and on Buffalo River they met with an unexpected check. The man in charge of the waggons came in great distress to Gardiner, with the news that in the night the whole team of oxen had been stolen by the natives, and he himself had scarcely escaped with his clothes. Gardiner was still an officer, and determined to put his foot down, to save further complications. He went down at once to Tchatchou, the chief of the tribe, and demanded that his property should be immediately restored. A warrior was ordered to accompany Gardiner, with whom for two hours he scoured the country; and finally they found the thieves in their village. Here all the men were ordered in the chief's name to present themselves, and under the terror of the poised

assegai, a sort of trial or examination of witnesses took place. Very cleverly the culprits evaded committing themselves, and finally Gardiner rode back to the chief. Before he had time to return to his waggons these light-fingered gentry of the plains had driven back all his oxen, and once more the travellers went on their way.

They had not gone very far, having halted for a rest by the Yellow-wood River, when an incident occurred which, had it not been for the tact and courage of Gardiner, might have ended the expedition. He shall tell the story in his own words, as recorded in his journal, to the pages of which we shall have frequently to refer. He noticed that the people seemed unfriendly.

"Not far from this station is a stream called the Yellow-wood River, near which we had spanned out for our mid-day's halt; but it was soon apparent, from the threatening attitude of the natives, who were collecting in great numbers, and by no means civil, that an attack was meditated. At this time I was seated under a tree on the opposite side of the river to the waggons, occupied with writing some memoranda; but my fancied retirement was soon broken in upon by a crowd collecting around me. Anticipating their intention, I immediately sent off

directions to collect the waggons and span in as soon as possible, but to be careful not to show the least symptom of alarm or hurry. Something, however, was absolutely necessary to divert their attention in the meantime, and my pen-knife, for peace' sake, I consigned to the hand of one of the natives, who had made frequent signs for it to disencumber his chin, but which, to his great disappointment, proved ineffectual. The idea immediately occurred that, could I succeed in thoroughly shaving this man, the whole current of feeling might be changed in our favour. With this expectation I placed him on the trunk of the tree on which I had been sitting, and, in spite of the red ochre with which he was liberally smeared, applied the soapsuds and the razor to such good effect that in a very short time his beard of many years' growth was entirely removed. To follow up the interest and excitement which this unusual operation had occasioned, a glass was exhibited, that the patient himself might have ocular demonstration of the effect; but to my great dismay he pointed to his upper lip, and seemed sadly disappointed that any portion of mustachio had survived the operation. All that remained in this dilemma was to assure him that such was the usual custom of many of our English

warriors: happily for me this explanation sufficed, for in the state to which my razor had now been reduced, had anything further been required it would have been an utter impossibility to have complied with his wishes. In perfect good humour the whole party then accompanied me to the waggons.

"During all this time the crowd had been increasing, and when we crossed the river there could not have been less than two or three hundred men, besides women: it was one of those merciful escapes in which the hand of a gracious God is so eminently conspicuous, and for which we have great and lasting cause to be thankful."

His adventures, however, did not stop here, for every step gained seemed to be a progress, in spite of man and the elements. On coming into the country of the Amapondas the travellers were present at a curious scene. Gardiner had noticed that groups of armed people were gathered on the hills, which lay in his path; and as he had been evidently observed, he judged that it would be risky to attempt to avoid them. He therefore rode unconcernedly into the midst of the crowd, the men on all sides letting him pass along without a word. It was clear that some important occasion had brought the warriors together. Early next day he went again,

when the concourse of people were gathered, and perceived Faku, the chief, seated in grand state, surrounded by his head men and protected from the glaring sun by uplifted shields. Before his majesty stood a dignified person, who was on his trial for life or death —the "rain-maker," who had failed to produce the required shower. The presence of Gardiner for a moment stopped the proceedings, for the chief very courteously rose from his seat and gave the visitor a hearty welcome, shaking him by the hand. Then the trial went on, the charge against the defendant being that, in consequence of his usual presents from the king being withheld, he had intentionally prevented the rain from falling. In answer to this indictment the man gave a long and impassioned speech, which was, so Gardiner afterwards learned, successful in ensuring his acquittal.

It ought to be noted that he had pushed on alone for some time, his companion Berken having elected to take charge of the waggons and find his way direct to Port Natal.

The way became increasingly difficult, and in some cases all trace of the path was lost, and the travellers found themselves wandering along the tracks where herds of hippopotami had crushed down the long, rank grass beneath their feet. Then the deep and

slushy morass, so characteristic of African travel, had frequently to be faced, the horses on one occasion sinking so far in that the riders could only release them by digging away the black mud with their hands. Gardiner's seamanship came in useful in many crises, as, for instance, when he constructed a raft of poles and skins and, before the eyes of the astonished natives, ferried himself across a broad river.

When, however, Gardiner by a forward march alone reached Natal after his arduous journey, and was welcomed by the traders there, he soon heard bad news of the party he had left behind. His interpreter followed him with the tidings that the two pack-horses with their burdens had been lost downstream. Gardiner at once procured assistance, hurried back to investigate, and reached the Tugăla, a wide and rushing river, which, with the aid of a hunter and his men, he managed to cross. No sign of his missing property could, however, be discovered. But with feelings of intense interest he noticed the high hills of the Zulu country before him, and saw a blue stream of smoke curling among the distant trees. He was indeed on Zulu ground, and in spirit saw the people for whose sake he had gone through all these perils. He thanked God and took courage.

CHAPTER IV

DANGERS OF FOREST AND FLOOD

"Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light."

F. W. FABER

THE condition of the Zulu natives at the time when Captain Gardiner reached the country needs, perhaps, a little explanation at this point. One of the greatest African despots, Charka, had not long since ended his cruel reign. He had climbed to the ruling power by the assassination of his relations, and was without principle, although as a great warrior able and full of resource. It was through his management that the Zulu kingdom became such a masterful nation, and during the years of his reign he established large barrack towns, and thoroughly trained his warriors in the art of war. His ambition was to extend his country from beyond the limits of the Quathlamba Mountains, and, as already mentioned, in his

incessant forays he destroyed hundreds of peaceful villages, putting their inhabitants ruthlessly to the edge of the sword. It was at the height of one of these campaigns that he, who had mercilessly taken the lives of others, was to lose his own, and that too by the very manner in which he had gained the kingdom. His brother Dingarn, himself a powerful and ambitious man, had, as we have seen, Charka killed by a treacherous assegai, and then made himself king in his place.

The new ruler, however, was seen to be much in the lines of his predecessor. He also had little regard for human life, and was particularly fierce and resentful towards those who, to escape his tyranny, had fled to European settlements. The little colony at Port Natal, then only consisting of a few settlers' houses, was continually alarmed by his encroachments and threats when pursuing the deserters from the Zulu ranks. A young officer, Lieutenant Farewell, had been enticed by a crowd of rebellious Zulus into a place of ambuscade, and then killed with all his attendants. Altogether the prospect was very gloomy, and any communication with this unruly and powerful nation would be fraught with danger.

Captain Gardiner had formed the quixotic

idea that if he could get at the Zulu king and persuade him to be a Christian, all further trouble would be at an end. It was this thought which had fired him on his way through these dangerous expeditions so far, and made him so thankful that his eyes saw the goal of his hopes.

His first interview shall be narrated in his own words :

" Dingarn was habited in a blue dungaree cloak, relieved by a white border and devices at the back ; the train swept the ground, and, although tarnished and worn, well became his height and portly figure. After dividing some meat amongst his soldiers, he slowly approached the place where we were seated, and in solemn silence stood motionless, like a statue, before us, until a chair was brought from within, when he at last sat down and commenced a long conversation. His first inquiries were respecting the conduct of the guides, who were also present (and by whom we had been misled), but who were readily pardoned on the assurance which I gave that if blame were attached it must entirely rest with me, as I had mistaken the road while in advance of the party. He then requested to know the object of my visit, which I found great difficulty in explaining.

" That my views were not in any degree

connected with trade he could understand; but what was God, and God's Word, and the nature of the instruction I proposed, were subjects he could not at all comprehend. In order to give him some illustrations, I related a few of the leading circumstances which, in other heathen countries, had led to the worship of God, and contrasted their superior character, and the many advantages which they possessed since their reception of Christianity, with their former condition. He asked if his people could learn also, and seemed to regard the whole as an impossibility.

"My next interview was in the Issigōrdlo, or inner hut, where I found the king reclining on a head-stool at the door of his house, before which I was desired to seat myself on a mat. His first question was as to whether I had brought 'the Book,' on which my pocket Testament was produced, and at his desire delivered into his hand; but after turning over the leaves with much curiosity for a few minutes, he returned it to me again. On requesting that I would then read the words of the Book, I read in order a number of passages previously selected, as exhibiting the nature and penalty of sin, the power and omniscience of God, and the awful day of account when He will judge the world in righteousness. At the conclusion he asked

several very pertinent questions, such as 'Where is God? How did He give His Word? Who will be judged at the last day? What nations will appear? Will mine be there? Shall I live for ever if I learn His Word?' Two women only were in his house, and but one chief attended me, so that it might be considered a confidential meeting; and to me it was particularly interesting."

Writing to Natal, under the following peculiar circumstances, he contrived to send another missive to England. Sitting in his hut, by the light of a lamp made by filling a small calabash with native butter and inserting a rag wick, he scrawled what he felt might be his last letter, for the aspect of things had become so threatening that treachery seemed certain. This communication does not seem to have survived, or it would, after all these years, be a very interesting document. Happily his fears as regards his safety were not realised, and he found that his treatment was due to jealousy, for the two indunas told him plainly they were the king's eyes and ears, and that it was usual to make friends with them. The king had not lost confidence in his white friend, but at the same time he took every opportunity of displaying his power, and the

extent of his resources. Some of these pageants were of an amusing description, and one, in which the fair sex played an important part, is admirably described by Gardiner in the pages of his journal. He tells the story in these words :

" One afternoon, while occupied in what may be esteemed a very puerile amusement, planning out the rooms of a house, with stones laid together on the ground on the spot, which (if permission could be obtained) I had selected for the mission buildings, a messenger, running and breathless, came to inform me that Dingarn was waiting to see me. I found the king seated near the fence of some detached houses at the back of the Issigōrdlo, where I was joined by my interpreter, who informed me that several messengers had already been dispatched for me in different directions. Dingarn appeared in high good-humour, but with a degree of mystery which rather prepared me for some strange antic. He began some trifling conversation to eke out the time, when suddenly the head of a column of the most grotesque-looking figures debouched from their ambush on the right and marched past four deep, raising and lowering their bent arms, as though in the act of tugging at steeple bell-ropes, and repeating two lines

of a song as they passed, which may be thus translated:

" ' Arise, vulture !
Thou art the bird that eateth other birds.' "

Gardiner at last found an opportunity of getting away, and struggled alone through the forests to reach the English colony. When his clothes were nearly worn out, and his shoes had to be tied upon his feet, he at last stood on the banks of the Tugăla, and saw, to his unbounded satisfaction, his old friend Mr. Berken waiting on the other side. He had come out of Natal on an excursion of curiosity, in the hope of meeting Gardiner, but at once returned with his friend, talking as they went upon the events of their long absence from each other. On arriving at Port Natal the colonists presented him with a written memorial expressive of their regard, and that, although his mission to Dingarn had not met with success, they begged him to establish a Christian mission at Port Natal, which they promised to support and protect.

One of the most successful places in the neighbourhood of the colony was at Berea, where a church and schoolhouse had been opened; and so sincere were the natives and others in their Scriptural study that the name of Berea was given to it by Gardiner, and this

title has distinguished the place until this day.

After a few months' stay amongst his friends at Port Natal, Gardiner set out for a second visit to Dingarn, crossing the Tugăla for the second time, not without some difficulty. He found the king at Congella, and on his reception Dingarn was naturally most interested in the presents which Gardiner had brought.

The leather sack containing these was laid on the ground, and Gardiner, to the king's immense delight, began to place before him its contents. They comprised a deck-glass, naval epaulettes, three pairs of lady's gilt bracelets, sword-belts, small looking-glass, coloured pictures, especially one giving a view of the Pavilion at Brighton, a full-length portrait of George IV., and the young face of her Majesty Queen Victoria. He was a good deal puzzled with the epaulettes, but eventually had them sewn on his red cloak, and tried in vain to get the bracelets on. "These are worn by ladies in England," said Gardiner. "Ah," he replied significantly, "they shall not wear them here." The pictures delighted him much, and he peered into the Brighton sketch with great interest, wishing an explanation of a coach-and-four which stood at the door of the Pavilion;

and what amused him still more was the sight of a lady and gentleman arm-in-arm. The telescope, however, seemed the most wonderful of all to Dingarn, who soon managed to focus it himself, and, after many futile attempts to catch a sight of the moon, at last cried, "*Deaībona conalappa!*" ("I see it here!")

But Gardiner was still unsatisfied; for, with all his conversations with the king, when the question of teaching and preaching to the people was mooted, Dingarn evasively treated that which, after all, was nearest his visitor's heart.

At last a day arrived, a Saturday, upon which Dingarn granted Gardiner an interview, and as the conversation referred almost exclusively to the important subject of missionary work, it is well worth while to record here the portion which happily has been preserved. It is a dialogue between Dingarn and Gardiner. The latter, referring to the coming Sabbath, said, "To-morrow is our holy day, on which we do no work."

"Are not my people to do any work?"

"They have not yet heard God's words; those who have understood them will not work on that day, but employ it in worshipping God; it is therefore my wish to say all that is in my mind to the king on this day.

It is necessary that the agreement between us and the king should be taken to Port Natal as soon as possible, as I wish the king's words to be known there, and therefore it is my intention that the waggon should return the day after to-morrow; but I do not wish to take leave of the king without letting him know all that is in my heart."

"Say on."

"I feel just as anxious to do your people good as ever, and I know that the best way is to teach them lessons from the Word of God. This was what I came up for before, and now it is my only desire."

"Can *we* learn them?"

"Certainly. There was a time when we ourselves did not know these truths; before that time we were a poor people, but, by keeping those words, we have become a great people. You are now a great people, but I wish you to know these words that you may become greater."

The result of this conversation and subsequent interviews was that permission was granted to begin Christian teaching; and before he returned to Port Natal Gardiner obtained the "fast word" of the king that if a teacher were sent he should be protected and treated well. Gardiner expresses himself thus upon the success of these negotiations:

"The Lord has answered my prayers and given me good success—blessed be His holy name. May I ever regard myself as only an humble instrument in His hands, unworthy to be employed in His service, and ascribe to Him all the wisdom, all the power, and all the glory! He works not as man works—His ways and His times are the fittest. Oh that He may prepare me by His grace for the work which is before me, and grant that the door which He has so graciously opened may be effectual in giving light to those who now sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and incline the hearts of many to go forth as labourers into this harvest!"

CHAPTER V

THE IDEAS OF THE HEATHEN

"There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified,
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side."

ANNA L. WARING

POSSIBLY it was a necessity of his position, but Gardiner soon found himself very much hampered by his political relations, as the treaty had been broken between the Zulu king and the colonists at Port Natal.

He also found the teaching of these Zulus attended with a great many difficulties, and, save certain encouragements in many respects, so different from other heathen; they had no caste to break through like the Hindoo, they had no idols to cast aw .y, and they were ready enough to acknowledge their ignorance and ask for knowledge.

When he asked them by whom the rivers and mountains were created, they pointed above; and when pressed as to who it was who exercised this great power, one of them

said it was the Incosi-pezūla or great chief above. When Gardiner asked them what they knew about him, they answered by shaking their heads and saying, "No; now we are come to hear about him, it is you who must tell us."

Is it surprising that Gardiner was forcibly reminded of those words of Cornelius to Peter on an eventful gathering: "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God"?

Their religious ideas were very primitive, the leading belief of which was in a great overruling Spirit called Villenanga or the First Appearance, who soon after created another heavenly being of great power called Koolukoolwani, who visited the earth to publish the news. This consisted of two messages to mankind, one conveyed by a chameleon that man was not to die, the second by a lizard to the contrary. The lizard, more fleet than the other, came first, and the people therefore always heap reproaches upon the unlucky chameleon for his laziness. They had traditions which point to sacrifices of cattle upon altars, to appease the wrath of the unknown God.

Although the military system of Charka, continued so ruthlessly by his successor Dingarn, had absorbed the domestic tradi-

tions and religious life of the Zulus, Gardiner found evidence enough of their superstitious rites and beliefs. In common with all heathen nations, the foundations of their religion were fear and cruelty. Long before the Zulus had relinquished the quiet occupation of a pastoral life for that of the prowess of war, their priests and medicine-men had taught them to disregard the sanctity of human life. Every new chief, on his succession to power, was washed in human blood, frequently that of a near relation, whose life was sacrificed in order to secure, as they believed, a successful and prosperous reign for the new ruler.

The punishment of death was exacted for very trivial offences, and of course in the conflict of battle the waste of human life was fearful.

To such a people had Gardiner come; and had he not believed that the grace of God had power to change the vilest character and illuminate the darkest heart of ignorance, he might well have despaired of success.

His new missionary station Gardiner called Culoola, which in Zulu means to set free or loose from bonds, "trusting," as he said, "that by the blessing of God it may eventually be the means of loosing many souls from the captivity of Satan, and bringing

them out of darkness into His marvellous light."

Here and there he found encouragement in the spirit of inquiry which was exhibited by these fierce and imperious people. They were not so utterly satisfied with their position as to refuse to hear of the white man's religion. Those who followed Gardiner's steps noticed the same hopeful sign.

On one occasion an old induna gathered his people together in the kraal to hear the wonderful tidings of Christ's salvation. During the sermon he very often put pointed questions to the speaker.

"Has Jesus Christ sent you?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I had felt this in my heart, and I know my coming to teach you was pleasing to Him."

"I suppose it will please Jesus Christ if we come to hear His words."

"Most assuredly," added the missionary; "but still more if you believe and practise them."

The present important district of Port Natal and Durban was really in the first instance given to Captain Allen Gardiner as his own personal possession. Acting upon this generous grant, he communicated as soon as possible with Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of Cape Colony, and expressed his

desire that the English General should take possession, and that some officer should be put there who would be responsible. This was the letter which Dingarn wrote to the King of England :

" All the ground on which the white people about Port Natal have settled I give to the King of England. I give him the whole country between the Umgani River and the territory occupied by Faku, from the sea coast to the Quathlamba Mountains."

A great deal of negotiation and tact was required in order to establish this upon a firm footing, and Gardiner, standing as it were in confidential relations with the native king and his own people, had a delicate duty to discharge, which he did well and nobly. He little thought what would be the future outcome of the step he took. And yet he was keenly alive to the risks he ran in mixing himself up with matters outside his own spiritual aims and purposes.

CHAPTER VI

THE COMMOTIONS OF WAR

"Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thine open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died."

C. WESLEY

TO the African, the witch-doctor is even a greater power than the king. He rules absolutely all ranks of the people, and the tyrant who, literally, "fears not God, neither regards man," is made to tremble and supplicate mercy at the sight of some fetish with its accompanying incantation of evil. Unfortunately this horrible supremacy of superstition is allied to the most cruel practices, so that any human and tender feeling which might arise naturally in the heart of these natives is speedily destroyed with this Satanic practice. Gardiner was often an unwilling witness to sights which he records in his journal, but which will hardly bear repetition—very refinements of cruelty; perhaps worst of all the spectacle

of men gloating over the sufferings of their fellows.

Another attribute of the Zulu character and especially of the Amaponda tribe, was cattle-stealing. This act of theft has been the cause of most of the native wars in Africa : they live to steal, and do not steal to live.

In drawing near to the settlement at Port Natal he found the people full of fears as regards Dingarn, who, however, was doing his utmost to reassure them of his peaceable intentions.

After a journey full of exciting incidents, especially as regards attacks from wild elephants and hyenas, he reached his own little village of Berea. Here he returned to his poor grass hut—and yet the place which he called home ; and here he parted with his faithful native servant, who had pleaded to be allowed to go back to the Tugăla to his people for a time.

He then, after a few days' rest, began the last stage of his journey to Port Natal, intending then to find a ship and go to England to plead the cause of these people. He had some rough travelling, however, and was thrown out of his track for some time by following the wheel-marks of some Dutch waggons. Eventually he reached the village of Foortu, an important chief, whose acquaint-

ance he had already made at Berea. His village was called Doomāzoolu or Thundering Heavens, and occupied a fine position on the right bank of the Tugăla, whither they had been driven by the hordes of Charka. They were only a remnant of what at one time they could boast of as a kingdom, perhaps only seven thousand, occupying twenty-five villages. But they were a very intelligent tribe, and Gardiner's heart was much drawn to them during those few days' stay.

While Gardiner was on his travels through this country he found that, in order to obtain supplies, he had to barter with a stock of glass beads which he had brought with him. These attractive little articles have always been greatly in favour among the African people. They are worn, not only by the women, but equally by the men, who are quite as fond of finery as the other sex. Their favourite adornment is a string of white beads round the head, not tightly bound round the crown, as would be supposed, but hanging just between the eyes and resting upon the bridge of the nose, giving the face a most remarkable expression.

It was Gardiner's custom to sit with his bag of beads before him, purchasing therewith stores of Kafir corn and ground beans, the latter being a very delicious food, the

plant from which they are obtained growing very low, and the beans being produced quite near the root.

At this time the district through which he was passing was deluged with one of those tropical torrents which are one of the greatest afflictions of the African traveller. The lightning was incessant and vivid, and for hours the thunder rolled, during which Gardiner sat alone in the waggon—for the tent had been blown away by the high wind. His guides, forecasting the storm, had stayed behind in the shelter of the village. During the intervals of light he could see in the distance the snowy ridge of the Quathlamba Mountains; in the space between the swift river Umcāmās rolled, now swollen by the rains into a roaring sea. But in his solitude the servant of God found his Master very nigh; far from home, friends, and human comfort, Gardiner prayed and sang, his faith undiminished by difficulty, and his hope undimmed by the surrounding desolation.

Throughout his journeyings Gardiner made such scientific observations as he could; and especially does he note from time to time the beautiful flowers and plants with which the country abounds. He noticed that the flowers, though radiant with lovely colours, were mostly scentless. Everywhere, he tells

us, the ground was carpeted by many varieties of the hæmanthus, with their bright pink and crimson colours, and that the gladiolus, with its white, blue, and amber bells, is very common. Where the rocks abounded he found between deep crevices the elegant *Ixia pendula,* with a profusion of lilac-blossom. The leontice also was growing wild and to a great height, and plants of the lachenalia, with a cluster of red pendant bells, are quite general. Among these he discovered a charming variety, which he ventured to name the feather-plant. The stamens are feathered with a glossy violet down, and beautifully relieved by the bright yellow of the anthers. These rich blooms were well set off by the dark and luxurious foliage of the ferns and trees.

When at last Gardiner reached Bunting, the Wesleyan Mission Station, once more, he gave thanks to God for His many mercies. He found the country, however, in a very unsettled state, and soon after his arrival Mr. Palmer and Mr. Davis, the missionaries, came in from a long journey from the colony. They had much to tell Gardiner of the world outside, from which he had been absent so long; but one piece of news greatly distressed him—the death of his old friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Berken. He had taken

a voyage home to England, but the vessel had met with some mishap and had never been heard of any more. Gardiner felt this loss keenly, and was not insensible to its lesson to him upon the uncertainty of life.

"I have lost," he wrote, "a most esteemed friend and companion, but I doubt not he has gained an immortal inheritance undefiled, and that fadeth not away. So unexpected a termination of his mortal career calls loudly upon me also to 'prepare to meet my God'! What though no earthly memorial shall record the day or the place in which he exchanged his tabernacle of clay for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—his mental acquirements, his amiable character, and, above all, his genuine piety, will embalm his memory, and render it dear to all who were privileged with his acquaintance; and his name is already enrolled among those of whom, in the language of inspiration, it has been said, 'These all died in the faith.' 'The righteous man perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace' (Isaiah lvii. 1, 2)."

But the time drew nigh when these travels in the land of the Zulu must come to an end,

and he turned his horse's head towards Graham's Town, where he hoped to have an interview with the Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, whose name he had given to the little group of huts, destined to become such a fair and important city.

Reaching King William's Town, he was struck with the development of the place, which he only recalled as the quiet and solitary spot where Mr. Brownlie, of the London Missionary Society, had laboured.

On arriving at Graham's Town he found that Sir Benjamin D'Urban was at Port Elizabeth. Thither he rode by forced marches, and found his Excellency. Gardiner laid before him, at a long interview, all his communications with Dingarn, and was much encouraged by the evident interest taken by the Governor in the religious as well as the commercial relations between the Zulu nation and the settlement at Port Natal. As a result of that interview his Excellency sent a special letter to Dingarn.

On 19th October Gardiner embarked on board the *Liverpool,* which came in sight of Falmouth on 20th February, and in a few hours the brave traveller and missionary stood once more on his native shore. His first care was to consult with the Church Missionary Society, who accepted the Mission

Stations of Berea and Culoola. His next step was to make an appeal to the English people, especially to the Christian Church, for help on behalf of the dark and cruel heathen of Africa.

"Let it not be said that teachers are reluctant to go when nations are willing to be taught—that injured, benighted Africa, groping through the thick darkness, calls unheeded for your aid, and stretches out her hands to you in vain. Much as there is undoubtedly to be done at home, are there none willing to spend and be spent in the cause of their ever-blessed Redeemer abroad? Is the path once so humbly and so holily pursued by a Schwartz, a Brainerd, and a Martyn become too hard and too self-denying for the modern disciples of Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sake became poor—who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows—who not only loved us, but gave Himself for us?"

The visit of Captain Gardiner to his native land was productive of good results in the interests of the Zulu nation, for after a great and enthusiastic meeting at Exeter Hall, the Church Missionary Society commissioned the Rev. Francis Owen to return with Gardiner as missionary. This he did, accompanied by his wife and sister, on 24th December,

1836. Captain Allen Gardiner had that year married a second time, and took with him his wife and three children, when he thus accompanied the missionaries to the Cape of Good Hope. He proceeded to take the missionary party to Dingarn, and on the way thither suffered a very painful bereavement in the death of his daughter, his eldest-born, a girl of great promise, very dear to her father's heart. He buried her at Berea on 11th May, and, carrying in his heart the burden of his trouble, started again upon his journey to Dingarn. He founded a settlement at a spot half-way between the Tugăla River and Port Natal; and here Gardiner built a house for his family, and called the place Hambanati, which in the language of the country meant "Go with us."

Leaving his wife and children there, he and his party hastened forward until they caught sight of Dingarn, sitting on a high rock, looking out for them through the ship's telescope which Gardiner had given him. After the presentation of gifts from the Colonial Government, including a huge pair of worsted slippers, which gave his Majesty immense satisfaction, Gardiner began to tell him of the missionaries, and persuaded him to fulfil his former promise to find a place for them at his capital of Unkunkinglove. In

due time Mr. Owen reached the capital, under the guidance of Gardiner, and a hut was built up for him by direction of the king, at a spot about two miles off. The mission started under most hopeful auspices. Schools were built. Dingarn and his indunas manifested a considerable interest in what was going on, and held long discussions with Mr. Owen upon the rules and doctrines of the Christian Faith. But there seemed, beneath all this courtesy, an undercurrent of jealousy and insincerity, which very much discounted the prospect of any permanent success. The first indication of the coming storm was that Mr. Owen was summoned one morning to the king's presence to read a letter which had just been received from the Dutch farmers, or Boers, who had come to settle in the neighbourhood. Dissatisfaction with the English rule at Cape Town had led these people to seek a fresh home, and this letter prayed for an assignment of Zulu land. But the outbreak of hostilities with the Boers, and the vigorous war of extermination which they had undertaken, assisted by the English from Port Natal, speedily closed all the doors of mission work, and the fierce tornado of a war of bitter and relentless retaliation swept Zululand clear of the beginning of Christian teaching, established at such cost. For a

time it seemed as if all the heroic efforts of Gardiner, his sufferings by travel, tempest, and incessant toil, his persevering endeavours to bring this wild and cruel despot to the feet of Jesus—it seemed as if all this was in vain. But Gardiner was one of those pioneers who never live to see the fruit of their labours; and the changes which have been wrought in the aspect of the country during these intervening years prove that no work for God can fruitless fall.

CHAPTER VII

THE DARK CONTINENT OF THE WEST

"Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations, lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before."

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER

THE nation whose adventurers first saw the golden strand of South Africa also by her ships discovered the coast-line of South America. It was at the very beginning of the sixteenth century, so mighty in potent events, that the Portuguese commander, Pedro Cabral, approached the New World. From that moment when, following in the footsteps of the discoverers, the Jesuits stealthily carried the sword of persecution, that sharpest of all weapons, into the land which has been the prey of the Papal power, it is simple history, which he who runs may read, that through these countries Rome has had, from Cape Horn to the Gulf of Panama, an unhindered sway, save where her misrule has provoked reprisals from the people she has

enslaved. Some four centuries have swept by since the priests first took possession, and it is comparatively within the last generation that the South American people, struggling for national existence, have begun to break the ecclesiastical yoke which has for so long degraded and enthralled them. To South America the power of Rome came; and to North America, a century later, came the Pilgrim Fathers; if by their fruits we shall know them, there is not a more striking comparison in the world.

In the one case the shadow of the crucifix and the Inquisition have created a Dark Continent; and in the other an open Bible and a free people have evolved an example of human progress and national righteousness.

South America has been ill-treated from the beginning. The conquests of Peru and Brazil are classic histories, which tingle with injustice and cowardly fraud; and the flood of Spanish devastation which swept away the ancient civilisations of the Incas overlaid its mighty temples with the slime of oppression, ignorance, superstition, and sin. The immense lake of Titicaca is its Dead Sea — solemn, silent, reflecting the broken and tenantless walls of departed glory.

Like Africa, she, South America, has her

deep secret, and bears upon her heart the traces of long centuries of darkest wrong.

And one of her saddest memories is that when the light of truth first came to her shores, that light, which could have brought happiness to her children, suffered violence, and was quenched in blood. The French Puritans who were put ashore at Rio in 1555 ought not to be forgotten.

In June, 1738, two of the Moravian Brethren, Lewis Christopher Daehne and John Guettner, sailed from Holland to work amongst the Indians of South America. They landed at Berbice, and, pushing their way into the interior, formed the first mission station, which they called Pilgerhut. The establishment of this pioneer work was attended with much peril and privation. They had to carry with them their supply of bread while traversing these desolate wastes, swim rivers, and at night hang up their hammocks to the boughs of the trees, and sleep. For days they travelled immense distances without seeing a human being, and when they found a little colony of Indians the squaws used to catch up their children and run shrieking into the woods. Disease from the fell climate continually claimed the faithful missionaries, one after another ; but as they fell, others from Europe were found ready to

fill their places, and so the mission grew, though a life became the price of almost every convert. False friends at home, the hardness of the Indian heart, the deadly climate, and perils from man and beast, could not deter them from the prosecution of their sacred work.

From Berbice the Brethren began to labour in Surinam, and succeeded in establishing the settlement which they called Sharon; but their success in attracting the Indians excited the jealousy of the escaped slaves who swarmed the woods. The Brethren, however, pursued their quiet and unostentatious way, unarmed peacemakers, who won the hearts of the Indians by gentleness and love. But a terrible disaster occurred.

"In January, 1761, a band of negroes came to the neighbourhood of Sharon one Lord's day when the congregation was met for Divine worship. On the dismissal of the assembly, they sallied forth from their retreat among the bushes, and commenced the attack. Such of the Indians as had dispersed after the sermon to meditate on what they had heard immediately took flight, some into the thicket, others to the house of the missionaries. The negroes, afraid to approach the house, as there were some within who were armed with guns, placed them-

selves behind the trees, and, continuing the assault, wounded Odenwald, one of the Brethren, in the arm with a ball. As they at last set fire to the house, the missionaries, together with the Indians, fled into the thicket; but in the midst of their terror and confusion, they missed their way, and, after rambling about till the evening, found themselves at no great distance from the settlement. The negroes having in the meanwhile taken their departure, the Brethren proceeded to the spot where Odenwald lay. He was still bleeding; but they dressed his wound, and, having saved one hammock, put him into it, while they themselves lay down to sleep on the wet ground, as they durst not kindle a fire, lest the enemy should discover their retreat. On the return of one of the missionaries next morning to the settlement, he found their house burnt to ashes, and all their little property destroyed. Three of the Indians lay dead on the ground, and eleven others were carried away prisoners."

They held on to the station, however, for years, and then passed on to found another centre of work at Hope, amongst the Indians on the banks of the river Corentyn. Here Daehne lived a very solitary life; the Indians assisted him to build a hut, but then left him. And without a creature to keep him company,

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in the midst of a district full of enemies, the good man could still write: "Our Saviour was always with me, and comforted me with His gracious presence, so that I can truly say I spent my time in happiness and peace."

But one morning, after being warned by the soldiers of a fort near that he would be killed, and refusing to go away, fifty of the Caribbee Indians surrounded the hut, waving their tomahawks, and shouting for his blood. The man of peace came to the door, and in tones of cordial welcome received them. In answer to their angry questions as to why he had dared to build upon their land, he told them, "I have brethren upon the other side of the great ocean, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what He has done to save you." In the end, struck by his calm and affectionate bearing, the Indians repented of their action, prayed his forgiveness, and gave him some of their provisions, of which he stood in great need.

On another occasion this good man had a narrow escape—a miraculous deliverance, it might be called—from a dangerous animal. The place where he lived was infested with all

sorts of venomous reptiles and wild creatures, from which he stood in daily peril.

"A tiger for a long time kept watch near his hut, seeking an opportunity, no doubt, to seize the poor solitary inhabitant. Every night it growled most hideously; and though he regularly kindled a large fire in the neighbourhood before he went to bed, yet, as it often went out by morning, it would have proved but a miserable defence had not the Lord protected him."

These noble men saw little fruit of their labours, and to many superficial critics these precious lives would appear thrown away upon such an unpromising work. But they were sowing the seed which others should some day reap, and with their dying breath they prayed for the coming of the Kingdom of the Lord. What is the result? Miss E. Guinness, in her very interesting book on the South American mission fields, written some years ago, states:

"In Dutch Guiana, we are told that there is probably more blessing than in any other mission field. Paramaribo has 14,000 converts out of 22,000—two-thirds of the whole population. The four large Protestant churches are crowded every week, long before the hour of service, overflow meetings being held for those who cannot contrive to get a

hearing through the open windows, crammed with listeners. The largest of these churches is the spiritual home of a congregation numbering upwards of 8000, of whom 3500 are communicants."

The greater portion of South America is the collection of vast states, any one of them larger than a European country, known as Brazil. When the continent was first discovered, this received the name of Terra da Santa Cruz, or " the land of the Holy Cross " ; but afterwards it took its present name from Braza, meaning in Portuguese " a live coal."

No language is adequate to describe the wretchedness, from a moral and spiritual point of view, of these millions who people the vast plains, forests, and cities of South America. For beyond the white population of the states there are five or six millions of aborigines who are sitting in darkness and ignorance. And no field of missionary labour has been more deplorably neglected than this. Henry Martyn, on his way to India, went ashore and was shocked with its superstitions and depravity. But it was not until Captain Allen Gardiner set his heart upon reaching the poor Indians that any real and definite work began. He saw that to other countries missionaries went in numbers, and money flowed without stint for the conver-

sion of the heathen in the Eastern Hemisphere. But South America had no friend, and therefore he mournfully undertook, at his own charges, to preach the Gospel to the Indians; and thus he became its apostle, and ended by being its martyr. What the South American Missionary Society has done will be briefly shown in the concluding pages of the book. But it must never be forgotten that Gardiner led the way, and, by his faithful and intrepid pioneer efforts, made a highway along which others, bearing like precious seeds of Divine truth, might follow. He longed for the time when the praises of the true God should be heard in the language of the Indians of the Amazon, and when the blessings of an uncorrupted Christianity should be given to a sin-weary and priest-ridden people.

CHAPTER VIII

THE INDIANS OF CHILI

"All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity.
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be."

T. T. LYNCH

SOME years before, in one of his voyages, Captain Allen Gardiner had touched upon the South American coast, and now, finding his work finished in Africa, he turned his eyes towards the missionary possibilities of that continent across the sea. Setting sail from Table Bay with his wife and family, he made a prosperous voyage to Rio Janeiro, the enforced inaction of these months on board giving him opportunity for maturing his plans. He was conversant with the history of the country towards which he was travelling, and he had in his heart a special interest in the spiritual welfare of the Indians who had been left in utter ignorance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, unless the questionable missions of the Jesuits might be con-

sidered as teaching Christianity. He felt that his mission clearly was to them who had no helper, and he had a strong attraction to that work which, from its difficulties and dangers, had hitherto been neglected. He felt that God had commissioned him to preach deliverance to the captives and the opening of the eyes to the blind, and to do this by Divine grace and with unstinted sacrifice.

He was greatly shocked, on arriving at his destination, to see the black men at Rio Janeiro, who had been nominally freed, working as slaves. Their condition, he found, was pitiable in the extreme ; and on making some inquiries of a slave-dealer at the port he discovered that they were, on landing, so utterly emaciated and ill from the voyage that they were unfit for any work. It was then his duty to feed them up and give them the semblance of health, so that they might be better disposed of in the country. All this greatly stirred the heart of Gardiner. He soon afterwards sailed thence to Monte Video, and there found a hospitable welcome in the house of the British chaplain, who gave him valuable advice as to his project of reaching the vast companies of Indians who lived in the Pampas in Chili. His journey thither was in parts not unlike the difficulties of his Zulu travelling, but this time he had

his wife and children in the rough coach or omnibus which slowly dragged its way over the nine hundred miles between Buenos Ayres and Mendoza. In this distant inland city he found the Romanists so well in possession that the Bible was not allowed to be sold, and at one of the shops he found that Romish breviaries, novels, and almost any other books would and could be disposed of, but not the Bible. The only gleam of encouragement which he received before leaving Mendoza was the thanks of the master of a school, who told him that the two Bibles which his pupils had bought gave them great pleasure.

From this point the little party began their toilsome march over the Corderillas. In some places the snow, melting, had caused the mountain path to be full of shifting stones, and many a time they were in danger of falling down the precipices; on other occasions they had to pick their way across natural bridges formed by huge slabs across dark crevasses. Reaching Concepcion at last, Gardiner made arrangements for his family to reside there, while he pushed on to the districts where the Indians might be found. When he came to Piligen, he made acquaintance with the first Indian chief, one Corbalan, who received him not ungraciously.

Returning to Concepcion, Gardiner found it expedient to take his family to Valdivia; and passing up the river he arrived at the village of Quinchilca. Here the natives offered the party the choice of a native house, already full of Indians, or an apple tree, for their shelter. This was scarcely attractive, but they arranged to spend the night in the rough hut, from which the company, with native good breeding, one by one departed.

When at last Gardiner, determining to get at the Indians somehow, had struggled through a forest of bamboos and presented himself, all torn and weak from the journey, to the Chief Wykepang, he was told that no Spaniards were allowed to live in the districts of the Indians. Gardiner produced his Bible and begged to be allowed to instruct his people in the way of God; but the very thought of anything like a missionary, after their experience of the Jesuits, was quite enough to close the door of hope. So back again returned the dauntless man, passing through perils and sufferings on his homeward way which would have taken the heart out of any one less imbued with the spirit of Christ. What next should he do? The suggestion seems to have been made to him that by taking a farm he might in time ingratiate himself into the confidence of the

Indians, and be more welcome ; but the idea was far too shadowy and uncertain for a man of Gardiner's restless energy. For the present South America was apparently shut against him ; he therefore determined to sail to New Guinea and see whether the natives of those islands were more accessible to the missionary.

Here, however, disappointment awaited him ; when he reached his destination he found the Dutch were by no means prepared to appreciate his mission. " You might as well try to instruct the monkey as the natives in Papua," said the Dutch Resident, to whom he applied for a pass. Gardiner's reply was significant : " Monkeys in appearance or not, being men in reality, they are not incapable of being instructed, for they are included in our Saviour's command to preach the Gospel to every human being."

Driven from the islands of the Indian seas, Gardiner recruits his health and that of his family by a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, where he finds a ship which takes him once more in the direction of South America. Arrived at Valparaiso, he finds that a delay must occur before he can make a further move to the island of Chiloe, and this time he occupies in renewing his stock of Spanish Bibles and tracts, which, greatly to his

encouragement, have passed the Custom-house. San Carlos was the beautiful port of the island of Chiloe, and here Gardiner and his family took up their abode. But one Friar Manuel, like Alexander the copper-smith, withstood him greatly—not to his face, as the latter did, but by spreading all sorts of absurd and mischievous rumours. He poisoned the mind of those superstitious people against Gardiner, and actually, on one Sunday at the Mass, when one of the wafers was found missing, he proclaimed that "the foreign Bishop had stolen it"! The prejudices thus raised against him were a great hindrance to his plans, for when he offered money to get a number of men with axes to cut a way through the forest to the Indians beyond the Corderillas, not a man could he engage, in consequence of the influence of the priest. Under these circumstances there was nothing for Gardiner but to turn again for some open door in South America, where he could go with the glad message of salvation. The historic importance of the following entry in his diary makes the words a turning-point in his future career:

"Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian population, where they are most civilised and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned towards the

south. We purpose to proceed to Berkeley Sound, in the Falkland Islands. Making this our place of residence, I intend to cross over in a sealer, and to spend the summer among the Patagonians. *Who can tell but the Falkland Islands, so admirably situated for the purpose, may become the key to the aborigines both of Patagonia and of Terra del Fuégo ?"*

The first introduction of Gardiner to the Falkland Islands and the coast of Patagonia is very remarkable. He managed, by efforts which only a sailor could have invented, to get to Port Louis, and thence to the Straits of Magellan. A crazy old boat called the *Montgomery*, declared quite unfit by its owners for any more voyages, was, however, chartered by Gardiner, who, providing himself with a few stores, intended to live on one of the islands until some means were found. When he started the little crew was intoxicated with drink, and after infinite trouble they managed to reach the coast of the mainland. Gardiner went ashore and lit a fire, and presently some natives approached and did the same ; and some, in response to signs of invitation, drew nearer. They were armed with bows and arrows, and clothed scantily in skins. Brass buttons, bits of coloured braid, and, most appreciated of all, a little looking-glass they received, but never relaxed

the cold and unwelcome expression of their faces. The only thing which seemed to give them pleasure was the farewell, when Gardiner shook hands with them all round twice, and returned to the ship in his boat. Sailing still along the coast, they landed again at Oazy Harbour, and, after bringing some natives on board, returned with them to visit San Leon, a Spanish adventurer who had considerable influence with the tribe. They built themselves a hut near the shore, and here Gardiner and his companion Johnson spent the first night on Patagonian territory. The dogs were rather a nuisance to them for a long time; but the most formidable intrusion was that of a huge Patagonian who, without apology, stalked into the hut, and, simply saying "I go sleep," took possession. In vain did Mr. Johnson expostulate with him in the English tongue — the drowsy savage affected to take no notice; but Gardiner was equal to the occasion. He knew one word at any rate of the language, and laying his hand upon the bare shoulder of the native he pointed to the door, and shouted "Go!" And the man went. During these days' residence among the Patagonians Gardiner found time to gather some information respecting them. He ascertained that they were composed of five tribes, collectively

known as Choanik, and that the natives of the coast of Terra del Fuégo were known as Treys. The two languages differed considerably, but some of the Fuégians can fluently speak both.

These Patagonians he found had no idols and no places or times of worship — indeed, their religious instinct was at a very low ebb. Their religious beliefs may be summed up in the usual doctrine of a good and evil spirit, and that when people die the good go to the sun, and the wicked to the moon.

The number of witches at one time amongst them was many, until Quansi, a reforming chief, succeeded to the reins of power, and killed all but two. The Patagonians always bury their dead with their heads to the west, and the tent and property of the deceased is immediately after his death burned with fire ; such things, however, as will not consume are buried with him, the body being clothed in a new mantle. It is their custom there to blow with their mouths over the grave, beating their heads in distress all the time. If the deceased possessed any horses, they are killed, and their skins are used as bed-furniture by the surviving relatives. They show their grief, however, in a very severe manner, by cutting gashes in the calves of their legs in the case of the men, the women

cutting their cheeks, and the old women cropping their hair short round their heads. Blood, of course, gushes forth from these wounds, in which they dip their fingers, sprinkling it upwards towards the sun, and falling upon their knees in prayer to Hek-a-ona, their good spirit.

A little item of history should not be omitted in speaking of Captain Gardiner's stay upon the Falkland Islands at this time. Two ships called, which proved to be the *Erebus* and *Terror*, then upon their voyage of discovery in the Antarctic Seas. The two commanders, Captain Ross and Captain Crozier, were very ready to help their missionary comrades with any little comforts from their ships. In the account of his Antarctic voyages, Captain Ross bears willing testimony to the pleasure he derived from meeting with Gardiner, and how thoroughly he was in sympathy with his self-sacrificing labours. They saw that their unceasing work was doing wonders for the islands. "They are doing a great deal of good," Captain Crozier wrote, "and yet no persons have been more maligned."

Gardiner was very disappointed that his appeal to the Church Missionary Society for a missionary had been unavailing, in consequence of the low state of their funds, and

he determined to go back to England himself, and there plead the cause of his beloved Patagonians. He felt that his own mission was that of a pioneer, and here as elsewhere he was quite satisfied if what he had done and suffered paved the way for some earnest witness to follow and sow the good seed of the Kingdom.

Leaving his hut and most of his luggage on the Falklands, Gardiner and his family made their way homewards, to do which they had to take ship to Rio Janeiro; and from thence, in a Swedish vessel, the *Fanchon*, they reached England on 17th February, 1843.

Six years had now passed since Gardiner had left his native land; but not all the hearty welcomes of many friends, nor the comforts and privileges of an English home, could abate one jot of his missionary spirit. If any man felt, as John Wesley phrased it, that "the world was his parish," it was Allen Gardiner. All his yearnings seemed to stretch across the sea, where heathen, without the knowledge of God or hope for this world and the next, were in darkness and sin. One thing he decided, and that was that when he next went forth his wife and children should be left behind; it was by no means necessary or advisable that they should share his hard-

ships and perils, however much their presence was a joy and comfort to him. He would go forth alone, satisfied that in all his wanderings the Lord of Hosts would be with him.

He again laid his plans before the Church Missionary Society, but found that, reluctantly, they did not feel justified in incurring a fresh expense. Then he went—for his heart was large and loving—to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, with a like result, and finally the London Missionary Society, but, from the same need of funds, in vain. This being the case, he appealed to the Christian people of his country, and printed his cry for help, from which the following extract is given, showing at once the nature of the work and the character of the pleader :

" The people in behalf of whom I am now pleading are the scattered tribes of Patagonia, but more particularly those which are found in the immediate neighbourhood of the Straits of Magellan.

" The present appeal is put forth simply with a view to afford information, and to solicit the aid of a few Christian friends who are interested in the promotion of the same great cause throughout the world, and is not intended for more general circulation.

" Let us remember Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, who

willeth that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, and who will not be satisfied until He has received the fulness of that harvest which the travail of His soul is still ripening; until many from the east and from the west, from out of all kindreds and nations and tongues, shall be gathered into His fold, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of His father."

CHAPTER IX

TERRA DEL FUÉGO AND BOLIVIA

"Let there be light, again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then, through faith, shall understand
Thy great, mysterious majesty,
And by the shining of Thy grace
Behold in Christ Thy glorious face."

GREAT issues are involved in small events, and when a group of Christian men, with hearts hot with a Divine yearning for the salvation of the world, meet to start a work, not even the wisest can foretell the limit of their future usefulness. This was true of a few people, clergymen and laymen, who met for the first time at Brighton, and formed themselves into a committee to send the Gospel to the Patagonians and Terra del Fuégo. It was a day of small things, and their means would not allow of a beginning on anything but a very modest scale; but they decided to send Mr. R. Hunt to Patagonia, and Captain Allen Gardiner, the secretary of the new Society, volunteered to go with him at his own expense. When Christopher Columbus sailed towards the

West it was to discover a new land. When these two brave Christian men, on 12th December, 1844, started on their voyage it was to make the discovery to those poor natives that the love of Christ can make all things well. They were the forerunners of the Prince of Peace, making for His feet of salvation a highway, so that the wilderness should bloom as the rose, and the blessedness of His Kingdom should be established in a land of sin and woe.

The *Rosalie* reached Gregory's Bay, and the two visitors were landed with their stores, and then left to their own devices—and at one time it seemed as though left to their fate. They lighted a fire and looked very long and anxiously to see whether the signal would be responded to by any of the Patagonian natives further inland, but without success. Presently, however, they saw a man approaching, who turned out to be a Fuégian, carrying his bows and arrows; and after him, some distance in the rear, were a group of his wives and children. Captain Gardiner returned with this man to the interior, but came back again and began in Robinson Crusoe fashion to build their huts and secure their stores.

They found the walking very arduous, and Mr. Hunt began to be ill from want of water.

They had been obliged to lighten their loads by leaving part of their clothing in some bushes on the top of a hill; and when the nights came on very cold and windy they found it impossible to sleep for the risk of exposure, and often had to get up and jump about to keep up the circulation in their stiff and benumbed limbs. With some reluctance they were therefore compelled to turn back without having succeeded in seeing a single Patagonian. Captain Gardiner made some notes of that return:

"On one occasion, after traversing a dry district in which we had in vain searched for water, Mr. Hunt lay down, quite unable to proceed. I went out, not knowing whither, but in hope of finding water, and most providentially my steps were directed to the exact spot where probably the only spring in the neighbourhood was to be found; on partaking of this he revived. It reminded me of Hagar's well in the wilderness (Gen. xxi. 19), for which we were both thankful, and thus refreshed were able to proceed some miles farther, and at night lay down among some thick, damp grass beside a bush near a muddy pond, the best place and the best water we could find. Although the night was very cold, it was beautiful; the heavens splendid. The glowing Milky Way, in which,

immediately over our heads, blazed forth the uplifted Cross, appeared one brilliant mass of light, from Orion to Antinous."

When they reached the mission station they were immensely relieved to find the houses standing. Soon after they were settled they received a visit from Wissale, the chief whom Gardiner had seen on his previous visit. At first he seemed friendly enough, but brought with him a large party of men, besides his own wives and a liberal detachment of children. He soon, however, began to show quite a threatening attitude, pretended to take offence, and would not even be propitiated by a number of presents ; and yet Gardiner knew only too well that any show of anger on his part would jeopardise their lives.

Matters soon got unbearable, for the chief insisted upon sitting down to every meal with the white men, which meant the uninvited presence of all his wives and children, and such of his warriors as could get hold of anything. The worst of it was that Cruz, whom they had previously befriended, had also reached the station and made it his home, and was found secretly plotting with Wissale to compass the death of his kind hosts. Growing more bold and presumptuous every day, the chief brought his children into the

house, and one child he put into the arms of Gardiner, saying, "This your son Hontechi," and another he handed to Mr. Hunt, saying, "Mitter Hunt, this your son Lux." It was clear that he intended to foist upon the Englishmen, not only his children, but his wives and such of his people into the bargain who needed or wished for support.

One day things came to a climax, for Wissale rode off in a great rage, and threatened to fetch his tribe to avenge what he considered an insult, in the missionaries refusing one of his children a little tin mug. The occasion for such a display of resentment was ridiculous enough; but the two missionaries knew it might mean a massacre for the sake of robbing the mission premises without interruption.

"All that could be devised to ward off the impending danger had now been done; but our hopes of deliverance were not built on any measures of our own devising. We had endeavoured to use the best means in our power to preserve ourselves and the station from harm, and now we betook ourselves to that sure refuge, the God of all means and the Father of the friendless, assured that if it should be consistent with His glory, not a hair of our heads should be touched. We read the four first verses of the twenty-sixth

chapter of Isaiah, and then committed ourselves and all our circumstances, in prayer to the gracious care and providence of our Heavenly Father."

These prayers were heard. Just when it seemed darkest and they felt their last hours had come, on a Sunday, while holding a little service together and afresh committing their souls to God, they heard frantic shoutings outside, and found the natives excited at the sight of a ship in the offing. Gardiner hoisted a handkerchief on a long stick, and was rejoiced to find the signal answered by an English flag being run up to the gaff of the ship; and soon after a boat reached the shore. Now was the time for decision. Wissale, at the sight of the sailors, turned obsequiously affectionate, and told the captain "to tell the people of England that his heart was towards his brother, Captain Gardiner." This the missionaries knew was of no value, though they made him promise to protect them in the presence of the ship's captain and officers. But these noble men, who cared not for their lives, were ready to stay for the salvation of these heathen, and therefore allowed the ship to leave without them.

But directly the *Commodore* had disappeared round the corner of the bay, Wissale

broke out afresh, and the old trouble was ten times worse. This time he demanded some drink, and took from them the bottle of brandy which, for medicinal purposes only, they had amongst their stores. The result was appalling. He drank the fiery fluid and returned to them madly intoxicated, insisting in his frenzy that all his people should be fed from the stores on the morrow. Fresh demands evidently would continually be made, and the provisions, which were only just enough to last them for the winter, would be devoured by the rapacious savages. Even now they had to seriously consider their position.

"The occurrences of yesterday were of too serious a nature to be lightly passed over. Anxious as we were to avail ourselves of everything that might conduce to the furtherance of the work in which we were engaged, and willing to bear all that might be laid upon us, as far as the Lord in His infinite mercy should strengthen us to endure, we had arrived at a point when it became a question whether, under existing circumstances, we could conscientiously proceed with the mission. Before we retired last night, and again early this morning, the whole subject was carefully reviewed, and on both occasions we referred our case in prayer to

God, beseeching Him to show us the path of duty, and direct us to do that which should be for His glory."

Therefore, when shortly after another ship came into the bay, the missionaries decided to go on board and return to England. In doing so a storm arose which nearly swamped the boat, so that most of their personal belongings had to be thrown into the sea, and, excepting a few things, the private journals and the clothes they wore, Captain Gardiner and Mr. Hunt were destitute of everything. But they felt they had done their duty, and they cared nothing for the loss of their luggage; and when they reached home they laid before the Committee the reason which justified them in abandoning the station.

Although Captain Gardiner had been compelled to relinquish work in this district, he had acquired invaluable information and experience in regard to the country and character of its people. He found the opinion of Darwin, who had passed these straits in the *Beagle*, to be quite correct when he said, "I apprehend so great an area covered with shingle could scarcely be pointed out in any other part of the world. Whatever the cause may have been, it has determined the condition of this desert country. The curse of sterility is on the land, and the water, over

a bed of pebbles, partakes of the same curse." It is indeed a desert and desolate land. The soil is a layer of vegetable mould only a few inches thick, underneath which is a subsoil of indurated clay. With the inclement drought and keen winds no tree will grow; scarcely any grass is to be seen, and Gardiner points out that the ground is so parched and impoverished that in digging he never met with a single earthworm. The only vegetable products are some bitter sorrel, a shrub of lignum vitæ, and on the stony ground cranberries, the only wild fruit, grows plentifully. The birds are not unlike those in England—partridges, hawks, falcons, snipe, geese, etc.—and the only domestic animals are the horse and dog.

Of the people themselves he had, during his brief sojourn at Gregory's Bay, a rather too intimate acquaintance. Taking Wissale as a fair representative, the Patagonians, though in person strong and well formed, were in temperament and principles decidedly unsatisfactory. Both the men and women wear the same dress of guauco-skin, with the hair inwards; their hair is tied tightly to the head by a fillet of worsted—with the women the gayer the colour the more acceptable are such presents from European hands. The poor wives, as usual, do all the drudgery, while

their lords saunter about in idleness; they have no cooking utensils, and devour their food almost raw. Their tents are made of sticks and skins, and resemble the wigwams of the gipsy. Their small horses are generally over-worked and under-fed, their dogs are also half starved, and a cause of constant terror; and Gardiner noticed that these animals seem to possess none of those noble qualities of love to their masters and obedience which usually distinguish them.

The Patagonian language is a series of gutturals, and has a poor range of expression; in moments of excitement their words can only be said to resemble an effort to cough. Altogether they might be considered a most unpromising field for work, and certainly they manifested no gratitude towards the two missionaries who had come to bring them the priceless blessings of the Gospel. And yet the heart of Captain Gardiner regarded them with affectionate interest; like his Master, he had compassion on the multitude because they were as sheep without a shepherd.

It was a real grief to him and Mr. Hunt to return empty-handed of results, and when the news of their failure to establish the mission amongst the Patagonians spread abroad there was great disappointment among the sup-

porters of the mission. In fact, at the first onset, it seemed as if the new Society would die of discouragement. But Captain Gardiner was undaunted, and firmly believed in the ultimate success of the work. He, for one, was not prepared to look back, having set his hand to the plough, and his earnest words soon raised the spirits of those whose missionary zeal was oozing away.

A young Spanish Protestant named Frederico Gonzales had offered himself for the work of the Mission, and Gardiner started for Monte Video with him on 23rd September, 1845. When they arrived Gardiner made inquiries respecting the stock of Bibles which he had been the means of circulating at Cordova on his last visit, and was informed that the priests had collected them all together and burnt them in an open court at the back of one of the churches.

They found war raging in the neighbourhood of the Parana River; the vessels of England and France had combined to force the passage of the river, and this greatly impeded their enterprise.

Gardiner discovered, moreover, that there was no open door for him to enter upon mission work at Valparaiso. He could not reach the Indians from that side, in consequence of the bitter feeling against the

English, engendered by the part the allies had taken in blockading Buenos Ayres. He, therefore, was compelled again to move the base of his operations.

"Humanly speaking," he writes, "there is but one path open for us—viz. to visit the neighbourhood of the Grand Chaco. The facilities in that direction are greater. Besides which, I enter upon a fresh body of aborigines, with all the experience which I have gained by previous attempts in the South, and without the inconvenience of being known by the priests."

Thus resolved, he sailed in the French ship *Leonie* to Cobija, in Bolivia, and, reaching the tumbledown, mountainous little port of that name, set to work at once to secure the mules and men for his necessary journey into the interior.

Started at last, he found on the journey that the mules were ill fitted for the purpose, and the descent of the Incas Mountain was attended with considerable danger and difficulty. A whole month was consumed with the hard travelling, and at length he arrived at Tarija, and met General O'Connor, an Irish officer in the service of the Bolivian Army; also Dr. Weddell, who had been commissioned by the French Government to undertake botanical researches in that dis-

trict. Here he ascertained that the Jesuits at one time had a flourishing college, and from it they were able to support twenty-two missions among the Indians. But this was a thing of the past: they had retired from the field and the way was open.

The weak health of his companion, Mr. Gonzales, was already beginning to cause Gardiner some anxiety; he was indeed so seriously ill with fever that they had to halt at a place, in order to send back to Tarija for some medicine. When they again started, a swift and wide river, the Pilcomayo, had to be crossed. There was some natural hesitation as to what must be done, which Gardiner settled by beckoning an Indian to share a bundle of reeds with him, while they swam across on it in fine style. This bold measure gave the party confidence, and certainly raised the character of Gardiner in their opinion, as they had never seen a European do such a thing before. Visiting the villages of the Indians, he found the people very ready to receive him; and the chiefs always offered him some refreshment. His interpreter was a big, picturesque fellow, who had known the Indians for some time. To each of the chiefs Gardiner explained the object of his mission, and begged them to allow him to build a house and live with

them, so that he might learn their language and thus bring to them the words of salvation and peace. The result was not very hopeful. These Indians had some misgivings about giving him permission. As a *visitor* they seemed to make him welcome, but all sorts of excuses were made when the idea of a permanent mission was mooted. He poured out the deep feeling of his heart in the following extract from his journal. It is a little window through which we see the very spirit of the man.

" By the goodness of my God I am brought to another Sabbath, and am now in the midst of the Indians to whom I desire to convey the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ. Here is a suitable time to pause and seek fresh strength and guidance of my God. What mercies have attended me in all these long journeys ! Why am I in health and my companion in sickness ? O Lord, graciously raise up Thy servant, whom Thou hast seen fit to afflict with sickness ; restore him again to health, and enable him to go forward in the work to which Thou hast called him. And, Lord, vouchsafe to me the light of Thy Holy Spirit, to guide me in Thy way. Purify me from pride, engraft Thy love in my heart, and enable me to set Thee ever before my face. Graciously direct me in my present perplexing circumstances. . . .

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to hear my supplication, and show me clearly the path of my duty. Let the light of Thy truth shine on these poor blind Indians, for Jesus Christ's sake."

In this mind Gardiner moved about amongst the people, eager to catch any glimpse of appreciation or sign of the truth having entered into their hearts. Like Brainerd, his faith was tried, and he had to wait patiently for the Lord; like Martyn, he was vexed with the unrighteous conversation of the wicked, and saw his words blown back, as it were, in his face. But like those two saints he held on, cheered with the Divine presence and that perfect peace which only Christ's loved ones know. What he suffered may be gathered from his own words. Both Mr. Gonzales and himself were ill now, and every step was a trial of suffering.

"I was well in the morning; but no sooner had we commenced the journey than a strong fever came on. Several times I was obliged to lie down, unable to proceed. At last I lay exhausted under a tree, perfectly helpless, unable either to return or go forward. There I thought I must have perished; but providentially there was a shed near, and though nothing but water could be procured there, I was truly thankful for such an asylum in my

state of helplessness. Mr. Gonzales, at my request, proceeded with the baggage, as it was necessary that he should reach the village of Sapatera before his expected ague-fit came on. Two men passed the night at the spot where I was, and kindly supplied me with water, and on the following morning I was able to mount my horse and proceed to Sapatera. But I will not go through all the circumstances of our distressing journeying to San Luis; suffice it to say that though we were only fit for our beds we traversed steep mountains, by-paths strewed with rocks, and were often obliged to walk, as it was either so slippery or so steep that the mules could not stand, and our saddles were continually slipping forward upon their necks. Often and often we both lay down exhausted; and when I look back upon what we endured, and what, by the good hand of our God upon us, we were able to accomplish in those three most trying days, I wonder that we could ever have reached San Luis. Never was that gracious promise more fully verified: 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' On the day after our arrival I was attacked with dysentery, which continued for eight days, and brought me so low that I was obliged to keep my bed for a considerable time afterwards."

Gardiner felt that if he were to do any good he must get the support and protection of the Government, and to that end he had a long interview with Don Sebastian Estensoro, who promised that when Congress met, his appeal should receive proper and careful attention. Through him Gardiner sent a letter to the British Consul in Bolivia, Mr. Charles Masterton, and from him in due course Gardiner received a frank and most sympathetic epistle, which, however, warned him that any attempts to establish a Protestant mission would be suppressed by the fierce and bigoted Romanists.

A month after, his friend the Governor called to see him, and gave him the astonishingly good news that the President had succeeded in getting the Congress to sanction his petitions about the Indians. Gardiner could hardly believe such good tidings could be true, and further pressed Don Sebastian Estensoro to say how the priests would like it. "We pay them their salaries, and we have the power of moving them from their parishes should there be a necessity." With such an opening before him, Gardiner hurried back to England, leaving Gonzales to labour on at Potosi. Gardiner in due time laid the whole matter before his Committee, who consented, under the circumstances, to send out

another missionary, to assist the one left at Potosi. But all these bright hopes were unexpectedly quenched by the outbursts of a revolution. The party of the priests returned to power, and the once promising field had to be summarily abandoned.

CHAPTER X

THE MARTYRDOM

"Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last."

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

ONCE again Captain Allen Gardiner turned his face towards Terra del Fuégo. He had made heroic attempts to reach the Indians of Chili and Bolivia, and although, as will be seen, his pioneer work in these districts was not fruitless, he now felt constrained to return to those desolate savages who inhabited the Land of Fire. Once more he went up and down his native country, bringing before the Christian people the urgent needs of this remote and neglected part of the mission field. He had prepared large maps, indicating the position of the islands, and what plan he proposed to adopt to establish a mission thereon. The result of this endeavour was not very considerable, as, like all pioneer reformers, though he won the respect and admiration of his hearers, the practical response was disappointing. Still,

he managed to make a start, and on 7th January, 1848, with four seamen and a carpenter, and a stock of stores sufficient to last for seven months, the *Clymene* sailed from Cardiff under Gardiner's personal direction. They did not stop to land at Staten Island, as at first arranged, but made for Lennox Roads. Gardiner landed on an island, after beating round it in a small boat, drenched with a continuous storm of sleet and hail, and battling with a wind which drove the waves across the bows every few minutes. His march across the island through deep mud, often walking knee-deep in boggy holes, was a trying experience. "Surely," said he, "the Lord has been our help and our shield, and His fatherly care over us has been conspicuous. May His goodness be had in continual remembrance!"

He was greatly cheered by seeing one morning, while they were fixing up their tent, a number of natives coming towards them. In his journal he very graphically describes what follows:

"On seeing me direct my glass towards them as they were approaching, they evinced some uneasiness, mistaking it no doubt for a musket, and made signs that it should be laid aside, which of course was immediately done. The women and children remained in

the canoes, but in course of time the men, one by one, came on board. The tallest of them measured five feet five inches and a quarter, and the next five feet two inches and a half. Buttons, needles, and other trifling articles were exchanged for fish, shell necklaces, etc.; but it was evident that they set a much higher value on clothes than on anything else that was offered them. One of the women, after a good deal of coaxing, at length consigned a child, about three years old, to our care, and evinced great delight on receiving it again shortly afterwards, decorated with a coloured cotton handkerchief, tied by way of cloak over its shoulders.

"In the countenance of the lad who came on board, and of the little girl alluded to above, there was an expression of much intelligence; nor were any of the party wanting in observation. The operation of hoisting in some water-casks from a boat alongside excited much curiosity, and riveted their attention; and when one of the seamen ascended the fore-rigging and went aloft, they gave utterance to their astonishment by several simultaneous shouts.

"*29th March.*—This day we moved from Lennox-roads, and at night anchored off Banner Cove. Early on the following morning we landed in the whale-boats, and selected

a spot for the station on a rising ground on the south side of Banner Cove, near to a small rivulet, and well sheltered by trees on the land side. The forenoon was occupied in landing the materials for a storehouse, which, together with a tent, was subsequently erected; several necessary articles were also brought on shore. Scarcely had our temporary store been tolerably closed in with canvas than some natives made their appearance, probably directed to the spot by the report of the fowling-pieces, a party having left the ship this morning on a shooting expedition, in the hope of procuring some ducks. Their behaviour, as soon as they found that our respective numbers were nearly equal, was very unceremonious, amounting to rudeness. They were not satisfied by merely examining and feeling the texture of our clothes, but took every opportunity of pulling them, particularly the buttons, vociferating at the same time the all-comprehensive word 'Yammerschooner.' Happily the carpentering work had been sufficiently completed before their arrival; but from that time it became absolutely necessary to keep a sharp look-out, as they were evidently intent upon making booty of anything that might incautiously have been left about. As soon as it grew dark I appointed,

in regular turn, a watch for the night; and great was their disappointment on perceiving, contrary to their expectation, that we did not all retire to rest. More than once they signified, by unequivocal gestures, that such a procedure would be far more conducive to our comfort. They occasionally entered our storehouse, from which it was not possible to exclude them, as it now became our dormitory; and while I was occupied in making some memoranda, one of them suddenly appeared at my side, and laying his heavy hand upon the top of my inkstand, emptied its contents (unwittingly, indeed) upon the page on which I was writing. Some observations had already fallen from the men who were with me, referring to our actual position and the prospects before us. They did not disguise their apprehension that we should be always obliged to keep watch—that we could neither build in peace, nor separate for any length of time with safety."

The conduct of the natives and the general outlook gave Gardiner great concern, and he felt that no time must be lost in coming to a decision whether he should stay or not, seeing that the ship *Clymene* would, according to orders, disembark all her stores on the morrow, and then leave. The plunder of the station seemed an inevitable consequence of

their utterly unprotected state ; and, indeed, there seemed no chance of their building any houses or making any provision for their comfort and living while their watchful enemies' eyes were upon them. It was a momentous and trying moment. Gardiner sat at the door of the tent, turning over in his mind the matter, while in front of him, at a few yards' distance, a number of natives sat waiting, like beasts of prey. They little deemed how much this lonely man loved them—how for their sakes he had made such costly sacrifices, and had come with the light of salvation which would irradiate their dark hearts and create in them a new spirit ! For himself, his own comfort, his own life, he cared not a whit, but he felt that he would not lightly jeopardise the helpers and the stores which the Society had entrusted to him. He foresaw that there were difficulties in the way of establishing permanent mission premises on shore, and that if any good was to be done some decked boats should be utilised which could preserve their stores and pass from point to point. If the Society could have afforded a ship of its own, he saw a very successful future before the work ; but with their limited resources that, of course, was out of the question. So, very reluctantly, he decided to strike his tent and get back to

the ship *Clymene* before she sailed, and return home.

He landed, however, at Picton Island, and found, contrary to expectation, that it comprises inland lagoons full of wild-fowl and surrounded by dense forests. He caught a glimpse of canoes carrying natives to the mainland in the distance. Before leaving the place he put on the island some goats which he had brought from England, and also planted cuttings of raspberry-, currant-, and gooseberry-bushes, and some flowering bulbs. The two days spent there had been very happy, and he makes a note that "long after we had quitted our snug anchorage, my glass was directed towards Banner Cove, and although it and Picton Island have passed from my view, and are now far sunk beneath the horizon, I trust that it is not the last farewell which I have taken of those interesting shores, but that ere long, by the blessing of God upon our exertions at home, a mission on a suitable footing may be established there, and the banner of the Cross 'displayed because of the truth' (Psalm lx. 4)."

The stores were sold at Payta, and Captain Gardiner came back to Southampton to report to the Committee the experience he had gained, and his conviction that the mission establishment, at any rate for the

present, ought to be a floating one, moving amongst these islands. Filled with hope and energy, Gardiner, finding the Patagonian Society unable with its straitened funds to carry out his plan of reaching the Fuégians, went over to Germany, to enlist the sympathy and help of the Moravians. This step was a matter of serious discussion at Berthelsdorf for some months, and the Brethren were greatly touched by a recital of Gardiner's experiences in the past. He told them he came authorised by his Society to hand over the work to them, to be under their control, and that in England the Society would do its best to assist with getting funds. But the reply at length came, couched in the fraternal and sympathetic language of these good Brethren, stating that, with what they had in hand already, and other new stations which they were pledged to establish in fresh fields, they could not undertake it.

Still Gardiner persevered in his quest, going up to Edinburgh to ask the two great Scotch missionary societies, the Free Established, and the United Presbyterian, to come to the help of the poor Fuégians. Once more he was disappointed.

But there arose a light in the darkness, and what seemed a human impossibility became a Divine reality. A fresh Committee

of the Patagonian Mission had been formed, and a lady at Cheltenham had come forward with the really munificent gift of £6000 towards the mission. In addition to this monetary assistance, there came forward some volunteers to join Gardiner in his work, and eventually the Committee chose for his fellow-travellers, Richard Williams, Esq., surgeon, of Burslem; John Maidment, waiter and Sunday-school teacher; John Bryant, John Pearce, John Badcock, Cornish fishermen; and Joseph Erwin, ship's carpenter, the latter of whom had been with him in the former expedition. Some particulars of the farewell meeting which was held in the Music Hall, Park Street, Bristol, are happily preserved, the chief features being the language of the outgoing missionaries, so full of faith and hope, shining through the shadow of natural regrets on leaving their homes and loved ones. They had all, without exception, taken up this work at considerable sacrifice, although not a sign of this appears in any of the farewell remarks. The meeting finished with commendatory prayer, and then the whole company stood up and sang together "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Dr. Williams, amid a great deal of emotion, addressed them with some valedictory words, full of wise counsel, faithful

warning, and inspiring hope. Above all, he exhorted them to live near to God and in truest fellowship with each other.

"Often examine yourselves as to your real state before God; it will give you confidence in danger. The brighter your evidence of a renewed state within, the greater will be your confidence in God amidst dangers from without. It will increase your fortitude. Death cannot make him afraid who knows 'that to depart and be with Christ is far better'; who believes that when this earthly house is taken down, he has a 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Aspire to this sweet assurance. Allowances, we know, must be made for a difference in our natural constitutions; but it is the privilege of some to have faith in more lively exercise than is found in others. Let your Bible be your daily companion. It is rich in instances of God's particular and immediate interference in behalf of those who seek Him in prayer and confide in the word of His truth. He still dwells between the cherubim, and under the shadow of His wing there is safety and salvation."

On Saturday, 7th September, 1850, the *Ocean Queen*, with the missionary party on board, sailed from Liverpool. Mrs. Gardiner and many friends stood on the land, waving

a last farewell, hardly anticipating, however, that they would never clasp hands again with the voyagers until the eternal morning dawned. The ship had a prosperous passage, except that a good deal of sickness on board gave Dr. Richard Williams plenty to do; and when at last the *Ocean Queen* had to disembark her missionary passengers, the captain handed a letter of sympathy and thanks to Captain Gardiner for all the kindness and invaluable services to the passengers and crew on the voyage. Then, on 18th December, they said "Good-bye," and the *Ocean Queen* sailed for her destination, California, leaving the mission party on an island in Banner Roads.

From this point all intelligence ceased. The Society at home began in January to actively prepare stores for their assistance, and to find a ship to take them to that distant land. But to the dismay of all friends, no ship would undertake it. In vain appeals were made to captains of outgoing vessels at Liverpool, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the ports of South America. "No vessel," they invariably said, "would risk her insurance by attempting to land so small a freight as your stores."

In their extremity the Committee laid their case before the Admiralty, and begged them

to allow one of the men-of-war going to the Pacific to carry them relief. Although the Government promised in the last instance to send a ship from the Pacific in search of Captain Gardiner and his companions, this step was postponed. At last, all too late, the *Dido* sailed from Devonport on the last day of October, 1851, with the stores on board ; but by that time all the missionaries and the party were lying starved to death on the shore.

The rest of the story must, however, now be told from the journals and fragments which were afterwards found.

The missionary party, having disembarked from the *Ocean Queen*, soon found that this desolate island was not a suitable place. They were also favoured with an early visit from some natives, who behaved with great rudeness, and even threatened them when they would not allow the Fuégians to enter their tents. Mr. Maidment was pushed off the seat where he was sitting, and one of the sailors, John Bryant, was seized by the savages, who tried to get off his boots. This was too serious to be tolerated, therefore Captain Gardiner got the *Ocean Queen* to take them off for a day or two more, until their two missionary boats, the *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, were ready for their use. When they

managed to set sail from the ship at last, a swift current and a fresh breeze drove them apart, and the *Pioneer*, with Gardiner on board, had to put in where there was a sheltering cove, which he called Blomefield Harbour; and the jutting headland by the side he named Cape Despard, after the secretary of the mission at home.

Setting sail again in the evening, he then went in search of the missing *Speedwell*, and in a drizzling rain reached Banner Cove, where they had separated. This is what followed:

"The wind failed us off Garden Island, when we took to our sweeps and pulled in through Cook's Passage. Our anxiety for our companions became intense as we approached Banner Cove, and rejoiced indeed were we at the first glimpse which we had of the *Speedwell*, which, although the night was dark, we observed at her accustomed anchorage. Before we saw her we had commenced hailing, but now we redoubled our efforts, and sometimes united our voices, in the hope of hearing a response to satisfy ourselves that they were safe. But all was still; not a sound was heard but the splashing of our oars and the murmur of the surf on the outward beach. It was an awful suspense; not a word was uttered among us. We were

now approaching the boat, and hailing as we advanced, but still no reply; but our worst apprehension seemed to be confirmed — each in his own mind imagining that the natives, emboldened by their weakness, had availed themselves of the opportunity and overpowered them. We were now actually alongside, but no movement or sound was heard on board the *Speedwell*. I confess my blood ran cold; it was a moment of deep anxiety. Surely, I thought, they are all murdered; and as I placed my foot on the deck, I fully expected that it would have been dipped in blood, when, to our inexpressible relief, a voice was heard from below which was at once recognised, and shortly afterwards our companions awoke from their sleep, and appeared one by one to return our hearty welcome, which was cordially responded to on both sides. No language would adequately express the feelings which were called forth during the excitement and suspense of that short half-hour, when the most gloomy forebodings suddenly gave place to the most hearty and lively congratulations; and it was delightful to witness on all sides a sincere and grateful recognition of the watchful care of our Heavenly Father, who had so mercifully shielded us from dangers and permitted us to meet in safety."

They then tried to bring both boats to Blomefield Harbour, as then it was hoped the interference of the natives would not be so much. They arrived at Picton Island, and a new disaster occurred by the grounding of the *Pioneer*, and the appearance of some more hostile natives, including the leading thief whom they had called Jemmy, and who had tried to steal the boots from Bryant. In vain Gardiner tried to launch the boat again—it would not move in the deep sand; and when the missionaries had got within, Jemmy and his party tried to storm the gunwale and take possession. The opportunity seemed a tempting one for the natives; they evidently realised the utter helplessness of the visitors. There was no escape, and as the *Speedwell* did not arrive Gardiner called upon his companions to commit themselves to God in prayer. While they were praying the other boat hove in sight, and they then made a rough raft to take them to her, for in consequence of the lowness of the tide they could not bring the *Speedwell* near enough to offer help. By this time the company of natives was reinforced by several armed men, and matters looked rather serious. Gardiner and his party walked up to where they were standing, and when they were within a few paces of the natives they knelt down and

asked God to help and save them. The natives looked on without saying a word, and never attempted to molest them. God had shut the mouths of the lions, and His children were graciously preserved. Indeed, while they held their little service, and sang their hymns together, the crowd observed them with quiet and respectful demeanour. Mr. Williams, in his journal, makes a note of their deliverance :

" I felt that I could trust God, yea, for all things ; it was sufficient for me to know that my God ordered all events, and that He had all power to do whatever pleased Him. Whilst thus hanging upon Him, into whose lips grace was poured, that we might find treasure inexhaustible therein, it suddenly occurred whether I could believe that we should get out of our present difficulties. Faith unhesitatingly replied, ' Yes.' But when ? when wilt thou get out of them ? ' When it shall please God.' Couldst thou not believe God was able to send His water high enough to float the boats this very morning ? ' Yes,' replied Faith, ' I could believe it without a doubt.' But now ? said the same questions within me. Now ? I thought ; now ? I replied. It required only the pause of a moment. ' Yes, now—now—I do believe—I do believe that God will send

His water this very morning, and float the boats, that we shall get off.' A wondrous power constrained me to believe it. It was no act of my natural, fleshly mind, but the Spirit of God gave light to see the Lord's will, and that therefore I might believe He could precisely do what He suggested me to believe. Scarce had the assent of my faith been given than I heard one of the men, who had just got up and gone on deck, say, 'She is afloat!' From any natural ground I had not the slightest suspicion, much less intimation, of the fact. It was not long afterwards that our boat (*Pioneer*) which had so dangerously entered amongst the rocks, but as wondrously escaped injury from them, was once more in open water, and safe. The *Speedwell* was also sufficiently surrounded with water to have enabled her to float, only that the rollers which were under her raised her very considerably, and did not allow of her getting off. This, however she did the next day (Saturday), the rollers having been taken away; thus once more we were out of our difficulties."

They soon got back to their anchorage in Banner Cove; but directly afterwards a large concourse of natives, in their canoes, came to visit them. Some of their canoes had bundles of spears laid ready for use, and

although the men pretended to offer them first for barter, it was clear that there was mischief abroad. The missionaries therefore weighed anchor and tried to get away; but the *Speedwell* ran aground, and it was only the fact that the natives were busy in taking possession of a raft that gave them time to push the boat off safely.

Gardiner, looking through his glass, saw more reinforcements of natives coming up, and considered the fact of the canoes being equipped as for war an ominous indication of assault:

"In all probability there would have been no immediate attack, even had the war-canoes (for they were expressly equipped for that purpose) joined the others alongside. My opinion is that, having some dread of our guns, they would have watched a favourable opportunity, while we were engaged in barter, to make a sudden rush on board. What the result would have been there is no room for doubt; according to all human calculation, we should all soon have fallen under their weapons. But He who kept us in the hollow of His hand ordained otherwise and, either by confounding their counsels, or paralysing their efforts, frustrated their plan, and thus delivered us out of their hands. The words of the hundred and twenty-fourth Psalm are

truly applicable to our case, and I trust we were all deeply sensible that it was the Lord alone who had been our shield and our defence."

They reached Spaniard's Harbour and passed an island which had a high mountain; this Gardiner named Mount Grey, in memory of Lady Grey, and the river which ran into the harbour he called Cook's River, in grateful remembrance of the lady whose munificent gift provided the mission with means, just when most wanted. The place which they had selected seems to have been a little exposed, and during the first week of their stay a strong hurricane blew so fiercely that the boats, although riding at anchor, were driven on to the beach, and the boxes of stores and bedding within them were knocking together in the rough water which filled the hold. With great exertion the party got their stores on the land and dragged them to a cave, where for two nights they also slept in shelter, but found that the damp gave them rheumatism. During this storm the *Pioneer* was quite disabled; the surf flung her ashore, and against the jagged root of a large tree, which injured her past any effort to make her seaworthy again. They therefore converted her into their sleeping department, after hauling her up above high-water

mark. Just at this time the exceedingly high tide invaded their cave residence, and floated out several articles, among which were Gardiner's journal, his Bible, and other valuables, which went out to sea, and were never seen again. His warm clothing was also floated away, but this providentially returned with the tide. A fresh misfortune, however, awaited them, this time not from water, but fire. Gardiner gives this account of it :

" Yesterday morning, a little before eight, the boughs which closed in one end of the Hermitage, near the fireplace, took fire, and in a very short time, notwithstanding the help of the people, who landed as soon as they perceived what had occurred, the sails which covered it were consumed. Happily I saved all my things, excepting combs and brushes, towels, one carpet-bag with its contents, and a few other articles, such as thread, tape, etc. It was a mercy that it did not occur during the night. The accident was occasioned by my having been supplied the day before with logs of wood too large to kindle without the aid of smaller stuff, so that I was obliged to place two or three of them together. I had much trouble in keeping up the fire during the night in consequence, and collected some small pieces in order to make

the others kindle as soon as I was up. After some time, while the fire was apparently low, they suddenly caught, and before I could tear down the boughs, or cut away the canvas, the flame spread so fast that I devoted the remainder of the time, till the people arrived to my aid, in ejecting as fast as I could my bedding, etc. This morning, on visiting my old quarters, which I had quitted with regret, deeming the accident of the preceding day a very untoward one, I found that several pieces of the rock had fallen down from the face of the cliff, which overhung considerably; one of these pieces was lying exactly on the spot where, had I slept there, my head would have been. How marked was the gracious Providence that caused me to leave the Hermitage in time to escape the danger which would otherwise have been fatal! May my preserved life be devoted to the God of my mercies! Mr. Williams is now so much better that I have resumed my former berth in the sleeping boat."

In addition to this, the encroachments of disease began seriously to weaken the strength of the party. Scurvy had attacked Mr. Williams, who, being a medical man, knew only too well the serious features of his sickness. Then the provisions began to run ominously short. Now and again a few fish

were obtained, and Gardiner succeeded in knocking over some wild-fowl on the beach; but these were rare occasions, and they felt it very necessary, while they had any strength left, to make an attempt to reach Banner Cove, where they had left a reserve of their provisions. Therefore, on 19th to 21st March, Captain Gardiner, Mr. Maidment, and Mr. Williams were sailing in the *Speedwell*, and had to go ashore in the rough weather at Reliance Cove, where they walked sixteen miles along the course of a river, in the hope of meeting with Indians. Eventually they came to Banner Cove, and found the wigwam full of natives, noisy but friendly. They were, however, satisfied that there was no safety from the Fuégians, and that at the earliest opportunity they must get away.

The kids they had put on the island on the first voyage had been all killed, and there was nothing for the visitors to eat but fish of a very indifferent character, which they had to purchase from the natives. Gardiner began to foresee the possibility of relief coming too late, and also that they might get so enfeebled as not to be able to signal to any vessel sent in search of them. He therefore began to take steps to notify where they were in case of a search.

" On considering the circumstances in which

we are at present, with sickness on board, and the remainder by no means so strong as formerly, I have come to the resolution to take on board the remainder of the provisions (two casks of biscuits) which were deposited in this cove, and to leave for Earnest Cove as soon as we conveniently can. We are now again obliged to keep watch by night, which, with two of our party sick and the others enfeebled, will be too fatiguing to be continued; besides, we may have to get under weigh suddenly and leave in bad weather. All this, together with the alarm and anxiety which it would occasion to the sick, should, if possible, be avoided. It is not to be expected that we shall be permitted to remain here long in quiet, and the next attack on the part of the natives will no doubt be conducted with great stratagem probably with a more numerous party, and perhaps during the night. The bottles contain the following directions: 'We are gone to Spaniard's Harbour, which is on the main island, not far from Cape Kinnaird. We have sickness on board: our supplies are nearly out, and if not soon relieved we shall be starved. We do *not* intend to go to Staten Island, but shall remain in a cove on the west side of Spaniard's Harbour until a vessel comes to our assistance.'"

His fears as regards the annoyance given by the natives were not unfounded. Jemmy and his party of thievish Fuégians came in their boats and tried to steal some of the stores while Gardiner was painting upon the rocks his texts and directions. So daring were they that he had to abandon some kegs of biscuits; and when he saw one morning that the natives had gone to get reinforcements wherewith to attack and massacre the party, Gardiner made all haste to embark for Earnest Cove. Arrived there, the sickness of Mr. Williams and the two Cornishmen became worse; and to add to this, another storm arose, dashing the great waves high ashore, and imperilling the lives of the whole party. They had already placed themselves on very small rations, and to such famishing men, living now only upon biscuits and a few garden seeds, it was a great treat when a fox was caught in a trap near the tent. They cooked his flesh in a shovel, the frying-pan having long since disappeared.

The strength of Mr. Williams was now fast failing. The boat was made as comfortable as possible for him, and here he lay restlessly awake at night, praying to his Lord. During these terrible months of suffering and trial Mr. Williams kept a most interesting journal, carefully noting, not only the events day by

day, but putting on record his own feelings in this strange isolation. Some of these passages remind the reader of the journal of David Brainerd, so full are they of a spirit of conquest over present pain and the fear of approaching death. Here is a man standing on the threshold of the grave, dying of slow starvation, and racked with disease, and yet with a heart buoyant with Divine joy and resignation. The following words were written by Mr. Williams, just before he died :

" This evening, having Pearce in addition to our company, I felt in prayer much softening and tenderness of heart, with longing after the perfect love of God. Pearce read Mr. Wesley's sermon on repentance in believers, and its plain, simple exhortations did me much good ; since then I have been able to exercise such a measure of faith in Christ as I had not felt before, and to realise blessings far higher. I could say that I did—I dare say that I do love God with a love I had no conception of ; with a love that actuates every faculty of my whole soul, and the love of God in Christ I feel beyond all expression full and complete. This much I venture in much weakness to write : whether I shall be able to add much to the journal is known only to God ; but this I may say, I have not had at any time a disquieting thought, or a

mistrusting fear as to the result. I have felt —come life, come death—God's will would be my choice, and my perfect good, my utmost gain. I have not had any doubts as to a vessel coming to our help. I have for the most part believed God would restore me to health, and I have thought, in accordance with the singular impression made on my mind, that certainly my course would be directed back again to my native country—but this in no way eventuated by any act, or will, or choice of my own, but simply by the Providence of God. This I have believed —yet I cannot say that God *will not* take me hence, by taking me sooner than I expected to heaven and glory. His will be done, His blessed will be done; I have no longer a choice, when I know His holy will. My poor frail body is now very attenuated, and has very sinking, distressed feelings, very great at times, though not of my mind—that scarcely feels depression, and certainly no depression except in its mourning over my unfaithfulness and shortcomings; but my bodily sinkings are very great, and seem to tell me in plain and forcible language that death cannot be far remote: still, the circumstances of mere physical prostration will not cause me to think positively that such is God's will. A few days more, and all that

sustains the body, however, will be gone; our animal food will be consumed. That, however, does not affect my mind.

"I know that if God only *wills* to sustain my life, it shall not fail—it cannot, but by an act of His; well then, although my very near approach to the grave, in the weakness and corruption of my mortal body, and the apparent ground for thinking that its course thither will be precipitated by a failing of the necessary articles of food themselves—although such circumstances could not but have the salutary influence of making me contemplate death as really at hand, and opening up the prospect of an eternal departure from the scenes of this vale of tears; yet I nevertheless may here say that I fully expect to recover, and speedily to be rescued from our present sad and critical position. I doubt not a vessel's present arrival, and I really anticipate seeing fully manifested the wonderful salvation of God. Should, however, anything prevent my ever adding to this, let all my beloved ones at home rest assured that I was happy beyond expression, beyond all expression, the night I wrote these lines, and would not have changed situations with any man living. Let them also be assured that my hopes were full and blooming with immortality; that heaven, and love,

and Christ, which mean one and the same Divine thing, were in my heart; that the hope of glory, the hope laid up for me in heaven, filled my whole heart with joy and gladness, and that to me to live is Christ, to die is gain; that I can say, 'I am in a strait betwixt two, to abide in the body, or to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' Let them know that I loved them, and prayed *for every one* of them. God bless them all!"

The first of the little company to die was John Badcock, one of the sailors, who had for weeks been a great sufferer from scurvy. He was so patient and resigned in his last moments, and as life was fast ebbing out he summoned up all his remaining strength and sang in a loud voice Wesley's hymn:

"Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

"He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace."

With these words echoing from the rocks, and faintly joined in by his companions as

they lay panting on the beach, the soul of John Badcock reached the better land.

Only two of the party could now walk about—viz. Gardiner and Maidment—and they visited the cavern residence, to find that the sea had again rushed in with destructive force; and these losses by high tides had so lessened their stock of provisions that Gardiner felt it necessary to still further curtail their daily allowance of food. A little rice, two cakes of chocolate, six mice, and one pound of salt pork comprised nearly all that they had left to subsist upon till help came.

"But," said Gardiner, as he made a note of these scanty provisions, "in noting down our wants and difficulties, I would not conclude without expressing my thanks to the God of all mercies for the grace which He has bestowed on each of my suffering companions, who, with the utmost cheerfulness, endure all without a murmur, patiently awaiting the Lord's time to deliver them, and ready, should it be His will, to languish and die here, knowing that whatever He shall appoint will be well. My prayer is, that the Lord my God may be glorified in me whatever it may be, by life or death, and that He will, should we fall, vouchsafe to raise up, and send forth, other labourers into this harvest, that His Name may be magnified, and His King-

dom enlarged, in the salvation of multitudes from among the inhabitants of this pagan land, who, by the instrumentality of His servants, may, under the Divine blessing upon their labours, be translated from the power of darkness into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

And now the little band were nearly all lying prostrate at different parts of the beach, and Death, like a merciful angel, came softly to one captive and another, to still their sufferings and give them release. Pearce crawled across from Cook River to say that Joseph Erwin had not spoken or moved for two days, and when Gardiner and Mr. Maidment struggled to the place, it was to find this faithful helper quite dead. The next day it was John Bryant's turn; he had no one with him when the summons came, but they found him lying still and white, with a strange smile upon his features.

Mr. Maidment slowly, and with painful effort, made a grave, and had just power enough to get back again. The little group was thinning now. Gardiner himself was at last laid aside. It was nearly all over. The rest must be told in the words scrawled with pencil by the hand of Gardiner, just when the light of the world was fast fading from his eyes.

"On Sunday last, the 10th" (August 1851), "I felt so weak that I kept my bed during the day, but, anxious to keep up as long as possible, especially on account of Mr. Maidment, I went to the cavern on the three following days; but yesterday I found that the exertion of getting in and out of the boat, and walking even that short distance, was too much for me, and only tended to reduce the little remaining strength which I had. To-day I am, from necessity, obliged to keep my bed, with little expectation of again leaving it unless it shall please the Lord in His mercy and compassion to relieve us, and vouchsafe the food which we so much stand in need of. I grieve for this, not on my own account, but because it lays an additional burden on my kind and truly brotherly companion, who often, beyond his strength, labours most indefatigably in procuring what is necessary for our subsistence and comfort. To him as the human instrument I must now look for these things, as I am laid by and comparatively helpless; and in his weak state it will be a severe trial and burden. But the Lord has been very gracious to us; we have been provided with food and fuel, and are in the enjoyment of many blessings, more especially in the ability which has been given to my companion to assist and provide for our

maintenance, which he does, often with great discomfort to himself, but always most willingly. In all this I would desire to trace the hand of my gracious Heavenly Father, who knows what I need, and has, in wisdom and mercy, seen fit to bring me very low. He does not afflict willingly—there is a 'needs be' in it all; and I pray for peace to receive it as a merciful means of calling sin to remembrance, pulling down pride, and causing me to wait more implicitly upon my God. My prayer to Him is that should He in His abounding compassion see fit to raise me up again to strength, and to prolong my days, I may have grace to devote them to His service, that I may be more grateful for His mercies, and a faithful steward of all that He may vouchsafe to commit to my charge, regarding myself and all that I possess as not mine, but His, for which I must give account.

"*Wednesday, 27th August.*—We are now almost entirely separated, as there is but one individual here and at Cook's River to procure firing, cook, and supply the two who are unable to leave their respective boats; and both had rather be within their beds than bear the toil and burden of such exhausting labours. But the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender compassion. He knows our frames;

He appoints, and measures all His afflictive dispensations ; and when His set time is fully come, He will either remove us to His eternal and glorious Kingdom, or supply our languishing bodies with food convenient for us. I pray that in whatsoever state, by His wise and gracious Providence, I may be placed, I may therewith be content, and patiently await the development of His righteous will concerning me, knowing that He doeth all things well.

"*Wednesday, 3rd September.*—John Pearce was too much overcome by the loss of his companions to render Mr. Maidment any efficient help. On Wednesday last Mr. Maidment went once, again on the 28th. Pearce still much cast down, and could assist but little. Mr. Maidment prepared the grave—a wide one, in which both the remains of our fellow-labourers were laid side by side. Mr. Williams somewhat better, but the unexpected death of John Bryant had been a great shock to him, and he had been wandering in his mind during the previous night. Mr. Maidment returned, perfectly exhausted. The day also was bad—snow, sleet, and rain. He has never since recruited from that day's bodily and mental exertion. Wishing if possible to spare him the trouble of waiting upon me, and for the mutual comfort of all,

I proposed, if practicable, to go to the River and take up my quarters in the boat. This was attempted on Saturday last. Feeling that without crutches I could not possibly effect it, Mr. Maidment most kindly cut me a pair (two forked sticks); but it was no slight exertion and fatigue, in his weak state. We set out together, but I soon found that I had not strength to proceed, and was obliged to return before reaching the brook, on our own beach. Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed until noon, and I have not seen him since, consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. I cannot leave the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body or enjoying the presence of the gracious God whom he has served so faithfully. I am writing this at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Blessed be my Heavenly Father for the many mercies I enjoy: a comfortable bed, no pain or even cravings of hunger, though excessively weak, scarcely able to turn in my bed —at least, it is a very great exertion; but I am, by His abounding grace, kept in perfect peace, refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed, and pray that I may receive the full blessing which it is doubtless designed to bestow. My care is all cast upon

God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure to dispose of me as He shall see fit. Whether I live or die, may it be in Him! I commend my body and soul into His care and keeping, and earnestly pray that He will mercifully take my dear wife and children under the shadow of His wings, comfort, guide, strengthen, and sanctify them wholly, that we may together, in a brighter and eternal world, praise and adore His goodness and grace, in redeeming us with His precious blood."

On the following day Gardiner wrote the scrap of manuscript, part of which is reproduced on illustration facing page 125.

Another paper was found afterwards, addressed to Mr. Williams, and written in pencil, the whole being very indistinct, and some parts quite obliterated, but nearly as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though . . . the Almighty to sing the praises . . . throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though

. . . days without food. . . . Maidment's kindness to me . . . heaven.

" Your affectionate brother in . . .

" ALLEN F. GARDINER.

" *6th September*, 1851."

All was still now on that shore, and, in sight of the sky and the sea, the unburied martyrs lay. No slow and painful footsteps on the shingle now, no reverent words of praise and trust whispered by the faint breath of dying men. God had sent His messenger to stay the suffering of the saints, and they rested in peace. " So He giveth His beloved sleep."

Meanwhile, a vessel was on its way thither. Twice before had help been dispatched from Monte Video. The first ship was wrecked in a storm; the second passed in another direction, contrary to instructions; and now the third, the *John Davison*, under Captain Smyley, was hurriedly commissioned to go to the relief of the missionary party. It was not, however, until 21st October that the vessel reached Banner Cove. Guided by the directions painted on the rocks, Captain Smyley sailed to Spaniard's Harbour, and here found a boat on the beach, with a lifeless body within; another was lying not far off, washed to pieces by the waves; and yet

another lay buried in a shallow grave. The awful spectacle quite unnerved the visitors, and Captain Smyley says that the two captains who accompanied him cried like children at the sight.

A gale came up suddenly, and it was with difficulty they were able to get back to the *John Davison*, having secured what they could of the relics of the dead. They then returned with all speed to Monte Video, to carry the terrible news. Then came the English warship *Dido*, unaware that the sad discovery had been made. The coast was eagerly scanned for any sign of life, and cannons fired amid the solitudes, as signals of coming relief. At last, on a boat being lowered, and the rocks closely scrutinised, an inscription caught their eye: "Dig below, gone to Spaniard's Harbour." The crew landed and followed the directions, but found no message, the bottle buried there having already been taken away by Captain Smyley. But very sorrowfully and with many misgivings they continued their quest, only to find the dismantled remains of the missionary party. Carefully searching, they discovered the beach strewn with books, tools, and medicines, and loose papers upon which, written in pencil, in the clear handwriting of Captain Gardiner, were the precious records

of these closing weeks. Gardiner had fallen down by the side of the boat, evidently too weak to climb back again. Maidment they found in the cove, with the journal of Dr. Williams, and other treasures, safe. Very tenderly they bore the bodies to a grave, and while the ships and boats had their flags half-mast high, one of the officers, with a voice full of trouble and grief, read the Office for the Dead.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

Three volleys of musketry were then fired over the grave, and slowly the mourners returned to the ship. And once more the tide rose and fell on that desolate shore, and the sea-birds mingled their cries with the sobbing of the wind. The dirge of many waters sounded by the graves, while the snow, falling noiselessly, covered with its mantle of white the place where the saints slept.

During those long weeks between the closing of the latest life and the arrival of the first relief party, God had miraculously preserved the fragile manuscripts which lay scattered on the shore. The fierce tumult of many a storm had beat upon that coast, but to the wind and water He had set a bound,

so that, though stained, the papers were undisturbed, and are now kept as a mute and pathetic appeal from the dead to the living to carry on the work.

While he was alive Gardiner wrote on this shore the lines :

"At length on bleak Fuégia's strand,
A feeble but confiding band,
In all our impotence we stand.
Wild scenes and wilder men are here,
A moral desert, dark and drear;
But faith descries the harvest near,
Nor heeds the toil—nor dreads the foe,
Content, where duty calls, to go.

"In cloudless skies we ne'er descry
Mercy's sweet bow enthroned on high—
'Tis brighter when the storm is nigh;
The troubled sea, the desert air,
The furnace depth, the lion's lair,
Alike are safe, when Christ is there;
In perfect peace that soul shall be
Whose every hope is stayed on Thee."

How far his prayers were realised and his faith fulfilled the remaining pages of this book will show. He had painted on the rocks, in those last days of pain and isolation : "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."

That expectation was gloriously fulfilled; and though the exposure of years has almost obliterated the writing of the martyr, the memorial of his faith and patience is found

in the Fuégians who know his Lord. So he did not die in vain.

"Not idly have ye perished! Not in vain,
O martyr-heroes of the utmost Isles,
Borne the slow agony, the lingering pain,
Facing gaunt hunger still with patient smiles.
Serene in peace Earth gave not, nor could take;
Love, that outlived the mother-quelling test,
Faith, that no want of all things once might shake,
And joy, in threefold misery thrice blest.

"No, not in vain. When from the blazing pyres
Rose the glad hymning of triumphant song,
Died *they* in vain, who in the fervent fires
Gave glory to the God that made them strong?
Nor they, nor ye—who, far from human gaze,
Alone on desert-beach in Ocean Cave,
With failing fingers tracing words of praise
To Him, your Food in famine, glory gave."

CHAPTER XI

THE GOOD WORK CARRIED ON

"O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?"

SCHEFFLER

IF ever there was a case when the blood of the martyr proved the seed of the Church, it was exemplified in the death of Gardiner. The faithful warrior had fallen flag in hand, and, to all human appearance, the mission to which he had given his life was a fruitless disaster. A work without a convert, a death unmourned by a single disciple, it seemed indeed that the tragedy of Banner Cove was the grave of this missionary effort. But this it was not to be—indeed, will never be. When the news of Gardiner's death reached this country it awoke much enthusiasm, and there arose those who determined to keep alive the sacred fire which the dying Gardiner had handed on to futurity. The scrap of writing

found in the cave by his body, in which he had drawn up a plan of campaign for the mission, was a sacred treasure, and the tide of failure turned when the secretary, George Pakenham Despard, declared to the Christian people of England that " with God's help this mission shall be maintained."

" The white *man*," said he, " has found his way to Patagonia, has discovered the wanderers, has taught them his vices, has given them his passions, and has brought a strange death for an inmate of their huts. The white *Christian* must now do his part, and 'tis not too soon to reach that land, teach its dwindling inhabitants his faith, and give them God's Bible for healing, and with it the knowledge of the Father and of His Son, Jesus Christ, which is eternal life."

Thus it came about that the *Allen Gardiner* sailed from Bristol on 24th October, 1854, with a new party of earnest men, and reached Keppel Island early in the following year. There they settled for a time, intending to found a training home for young Fuégians who might be persuaded to leave the mainland and put themselves into their care. They then paid a very sad visit to the spot where the remains of Captain Gardiner and his party were found, and

raised a memorial with the following inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
LAMENTED MISSIONARY MARTYRS
[*The seven names follow here*]
WHO, AFTER MUCH FATIGUE AND PRIVATION FROM WANT OF FOOD, DEPARTED THIS LIFE BETWEEN JUNE 28TH AND SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1851.
Their remains are buried close by, etc.

Later, when young Allen W. Gardiner, the martyr's only son, had joined the party, another voyage was made to Spaniard's Harbour ; and he thus records his visit to his father's resting-place :

" About 5 p.m. we ran into this harbour. We put off in the boat, the first mate and I taking two of the oars. The captain (Fell) steered straight for the mouth of the cave. The waves break into it at high water, and the surf on the rock in a gale of wind must be truly awful. We landed a few yards off, on the beach. With a lighted candle we walked on and on till we ascended into a gloomy chamber. There is the fireplace where poor Maidment's bones were found ; beyond is a gloomy cavern ; while in front is the breakwater, which the waves have broken in upon. I left the cavern to search for the painted words (Psalm lxii. 5-8). Yes, there

they were still, just outside the entrance, quite distinct and legible.

"19*th April, Sunday*.—Asked the captain for the gig, and landed alone to take a last look at Pioneer Cavern and my father's grave. On the headstone is painted 'Captain Gardiner,' and on a smaller one at the foot 'H.M.S. *Dido*.'

"*Banner Cove*.—We got under weigh from Spaniard's Harbour at seven o'clock on Monday morning, and anchored here at one on Wednesday morning, having accomplished thirty-two miles in forty-two hours. I went below, extremely thankful for such a snug berth at Banner Cove. After dinner the captain and I pushed off in the gig, and rowed to the rock at the entrance, on which is painted quite legibly, 'Gone to Spaniard's Harbour.' The other distressing words are now hardly traceable. The scenery of Banner Cove is beautiful. Every one on board is charmed with it."

It was during a subsequent voyage that the mission party met with Jemmy Button, a native who had visited England, and since his return had been as good as lost, and for all they knew, might have quite lapsed back into barbarism. They were cautiously coasting along by the shore, and perceived some canoes making for the *Allen Gardiner*. Look-

ing with great interest at the visitors as they drew nearer, presently Mr. Gardiner shouted at the top of his voice, "Jemmy Button!" His excitement may be imagined when he saw a man stand up in one of the boats and shout back in reply, "Yes, sir." Very soon the native was standing upon the deck, with a girl whom he introduced as his daughter, she having evidently first descried the vessel, as she had been paddling about for a long time in search of her father.

Jemmy, who had not lost all his English, was soon being regaled with coffee and bread-and-butter in the cabin, and recounted as well as he could his experiences since he had returned to his native land. Gardiner afterwards went ashore with him and assisted him to repair his house. Other natives looked on or helped, and Jemmy gave an account, while working, of how a shipwrecked crew had been killed at the place by the natives of another tribe. Afterwards he brought his other children to Keppel Island, and one little lad of eight, in whom Mrs. Despard, the missionary's wife, took a special interest, was very quick in learning. His English name given by his father was "Threeboys," but his native appellation was the equally appropriate name of Wamestriggins. He and his three other brothers were all brought to

England, and it is recorded of one of them, whose name Uroopa had been replaced by the Christian name of John, that he fell sick and died on the return voyage. Very beautiful indeed is the incident as told by Mr. Stirling.

After mentioning that he had the sick lad moved into his own cabin, that he might the better attend upon him, he proceeds :

" His thoughts are much on heavenly things, and I am confident that the subject he likes best is that which has the most of Christ in it. At his own request he received the English name of John, because John was the disciple whom Jesus loved."

As he grew weaker one of the sailors remarked :

" I wish I was as ready to die as that poor lad."

Another day Mr. Stirling adds: " He has calmly and deliberately distributed his few articles of property, making me his executor, and said, while doing so, in a tone that seemed full of sweetness, ' If Jesus takes me, do this or that.' To be with Jesus in the better land was his simple desire. The twenty-third Psalm, which he had often repeated in England, furnished words expressive of his own experience : ' When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for

Thou art with me.' At one time, on the voyage from Monte Video to Keppel, he said that he was troubled with bad dreams, and feared to go to sleep. I spoke a few encouraging words to him, and commended him to Him who giveth His beloved sleep, and he seemed hopeful and refreshed. Next day he told me that all night his mind was full of happy thoughts—full all night of the thoughts of Jesus.

"All the attention that could possibly be given him he received, and he seemed grateful for it. Thinking he was dying on the afternoon preceding his death, he asked me to call the captain, saying, 'I wish you both to be here.' But the pain passed away, and he rallied and spoke distinctly, and we again hoped he might reach Keppel alive. That evening at prayers he joined audibly in every Amen after the Collects, and with great clearness repeated with us the Lord's Prayer. Gradually he became capable of less effort, and at a quarter to one on the morning of 2nd April, 1867, his spirit passed away. We laid his remains in our little cemetery. It was life, not death, that triumphed. We believe that he is gone to join that great multitude which no man can number, out of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, whom St. John saw in his vision

standing before the throne and before the Lamb."

Another terrible calamity was, however, in store for the devoted band of missionaries. On 6th October, 1859, the *Allen Gardiner*, having on board some native youths who had been trained and were returning to their homes, stood off Woollya, Navarin Island, and began to hold intercourse with the people on shore. No sign of opposition or treachery was observed, so Captain Fell, his brother, and the rest of the crew went ashore on the Sunday, and held public worship, with their boat drawn up on the sands. They had built for themselves a little house, in which the song of praise was swelling from their full hearts, hopeful that one day the poor dark-skinned natives would join in the same glorious song. All at once shouts were heard. As they rushed in alarm to their boats, unarmed as they were, the infuriated natives fell upon them. The captain and his brother stood back to back and were beaten to death. Mr. Phillips (who had had the direction of the expedition) had just touched the boat when a huge stone struck his head and hurled him insensible into the sea; and, as it has been said, "in one short hour from the time they had left the ship in health and strength, to join together in prayer with the Church

militant on earth, they were called to join the eternal song of praise with the Church triumphant in heaven."

Only one man, a native cook, had been left on the vessel, and when he saw the terrible massacre he escaped in fear and trembling by swimming to a point farther down, and was nearly starved to death in the woods before help came.

Mr. Despard, at Keppel, grew distressed about his absent friends, and sent a small vessel to inquire into the delay. Captain Smyley, on reaching the spot, was heart-broken at the sight of disaster—the *Allen Gardiner* plundered and injured, and not a survivor to be seen. He wrote back this agonising record to the little colony at Keppel:

"Mr. Phillips, Captain Fell, the four seamen, and two mates of the schooner have been massacred by the natives in Woollya. Let me pause, and weep, and pray, now that I have written these terrible words. Pray ye to the Lord not to lay this sin to their charge. Weep not for the dead; weep for the living. Weep not for the dead in Christ; weep for the mourning widows; weep for the mothers deprived of their sons—their support. God has tried us in the furnace of affliction."

The worst of the case, perhaps, was that

grave suspicions lay upon Jemmy Button as to his part in this cruel massacre; although he protested he had no hand in killing the white men, it was feared that he connived at it for the sake of the plunder. Thus we see again the Fuégian strand stained with the blood of those who came the sinner's soul to save. The *Allen Gardiner*, however, still rode the waves on its mission of mercy.

But dark as was the prospect of the Fuégian Mission, it was the shadow which lies deepest before the dawn. God buries his workmen, but the work goes on, and others, full of faith and holy devotion, step forward to fill the vacant places in the ranks. Thus, it was a momentous event in the history of this work when Mr. A. H. Stirling went forth as Superintendent in 1862, and reached the Falkland Islands in due time. In 1864 the title of South American Missionary Society was adopted. The work laid down by Captain Gardiner was resumed by Mr. Stirling with great and unflagging zeal, and he returned to England in 1869 when he became the first Bishop of the Falkland Islands. The spirit of this true shepherd of these Fuégian sheep is best seen in the account he himself gives of his experiences. He not only determined to put himself in friendly touch with these natives, but devoted himself especially

to training the dusky boys who some day might become missionaries to their own people. At Packsaddle Bay he managed to get the confidence of a chief named Chingaline, and he thus describes one of his visits to this man's family :

" Having overheard us singing at our morning prayer, they wished us to sing again, which we did, Okokko once leading and then Mr. Bridges ; and subsequently, on the shore when we landed, the man and his eldest son sat and listened with the most evident pleasure while we sang ' Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow,' and ' From Greenland's Icy Mountains.' I desired Okokko 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, he was not long in talking to his boy about it before he gave his consent. The boy, too, was well pleased.

" And now a word about the lad, whose age is perhaps fourteen, and his name Uroo-patoosaloom. 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 gentle-

ness and good-nature is the Fuégian 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 his surprise at his good qualities—his docility, his willingness to oblige, his quick accommodation to his new circumstances, his good looks, and his cleanly habits. The fact is, I went to Terra del Fuégo screwed up in my prejudices, and desiring to exercise a very large charity towards a people belonging to the lowest portion of the human race."

Bishop Stirling worked away with a will, now catechising his young students, now wielding the hoe to make a clearing, and doing his part in establishing, not only in a spiritual, but also in a physical sense, the new Mission Colony. The principal place on the mainland, where he settled his residence, was Ooshooia, a spot opposite to Liwya on the north shore of the Beagle Channel, with the mighty snow-clad mountains in the distance. It was a solitary place, and there were times when the brave Bishop realised this, as when in one of his letters he says :

" As I pace up and down at evening before my hut, I fancy myself a sentinel—God's sentinel, I trust—stationed at the southern-most outpost of His great army. A dim touch of heaven surprises the heart with joy,

and I forget my loneliness in realising the privilege of being able to stand here in Christ's name."

The faithful few holding on in this desolate region were soon reinforced, and especially did the Bishop find his hands strengthened by the assistance of Mr. Bridges and Mr. L. H. Burleigh. In 1872, when the Bishop revisited, after a brief visit to England, Ooshooia, he was gratified to see much progress made in the little settlement. Comfortable houses had been built, with neatly fenced gardens; a small but really artistic church with a pretty belfry, had been erected; and on every hand were signs that the natives, once converted to Christianity, were as capable as others of improvement and order. He baptized in one day thirty-six of these Indians, and married some couples. An orphan house for the shelter of little girls was established, as one of the crying evils of these natives was child-marriages. He found it necessary to use discipline, and be very firm with many of his proposed converts who, possibly in ignorance, were not living as consistently as they might.

One of the workers gives a very tender account of the death of one of the native boys. He says: "You will be grieved to hear that Robert Yenowa died, after a most tedious

and trying illness. It was beautiful to see the devoted attention of his wife Hester, a daughter of the famous Jemmy Button, and of his own sister, the wife of Fred Hamaca. He has been more exposed to the temptations of the Argentines than others, and at times has given us much anxiety. When his end was drawing near, he again and again expressed his sorrow and contrition, both to Mr. Lawrence and to myself, and would take my hand and look up in my face and say, 'It is all right; I can trust Jesus.' He spoke much of dear Mr. Lawrence's brotherly kindness to him, which seemed to give him much assurance and confidence in the loving-kindness of our dear Lord."

One of the most useful helps in the work was a carefully compiled grammar and vocabulary of the language and a translation of the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John and the Acts of the Apostles, which Mr. Bridges had prepared. This was one of the last services rendered by this good man to the mission, for soon afterwards, after thirty years' hearty and invaluable work, Mr. Bridges resigned his official connection with the Society, and took charge of a piece of land granted to him by the Argentine Republic, in order to establish an industrial arm. But although his work at Harberton

engrosses his principal attention, Mr. Bridges finds time constantly to revisit the scene of his former labours and preach to the people the same unsearchable riches of the grace of God.

Of Mr. Burleigh much might be said in transcribing the interesting records of this work, for he was a missionary of whom the Christian Church may indeed be proud. He came and took charge of Keppel in 1877, and for eleven years worked incessantly in educating and training the native youths, who were now in considerable numbers, under his care. But he used to look towards the mainland with the intense longing of his earnest heart to take to those benighted heathen the blessings of the Gospel. Therefore, when the Society proposed opening a new sphere at Bayly Island, Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh volunteered in the hazardous enterprise. It was indeed a fearful place. So desolate and exposed was the station that for one year the record was three hundred days' continuous rain, twenty-five storms, and during the remainder neither fine nor wet; yet for three years this brave and gallant couple endured, not only such a frightful climate, but, what was worse still, the utter degradation and brutality of the wretched natives. And yet, working on in such infinite patience

and unwearied faith, they had wonderful success. Mrs. Burleigh, when she returned to England to plead the cause, told the following story of encouragement :

" The case of a dear old man is in my mind now. He was one of the oldest men at Cape Horn, and one of the most degraded. Our first service was held on the Sunday after we arrived there, and this man was one who came. We had no service-room, and so were assembled under the trees. I am sure, if you could have seen him, you would have thought the same as Darwin did, and asked the question, as I did on three occasions, ' Are these people really human ? ' But this man listened attentively to every word. This was the first token that God was with us. At the close of the service the man came up, and said to my dear husband, ' You have been speaking a great deal this afternoon about things we never heard. You have been telling us about a man called Jesus. He seems to be a very kind sort of man ; we should like to see Him very much. Is He coming to Wollaston ? ' We took him home that day. My husband stayed with him for two hours, and when he rose to go the old man said, ' Do not leave me ; sit longer and tell me more of this good news.' So he stayed as long as he could, and left with the

promise that he would come again. We invited the old man to come to our daily prayer-meeting, and that disciple of Jesus was always the first to be there. Not long after this he was taken ill, but still he wanted to come; and on one occasion he did come when he ought to have been at home. . . .

"From him we learned a great deal that was most helpful to us in after times. He told us his past history, and we thanked God for having given him life. He died rejoicing in Christ, and it was the first Christian burial that we had at Wollaston Island."

At last, after a careful survey of the place, the Bishop felt it right that a move should be made to a more acceptable spot, and in due time Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh migrated from Wollaston to Tekenika Sound, on the south coast of Hoste Island, fifty miles away. As a mark of their devotion, the whole native population followed the missionary and his wife. A good work was already begun, and much promise of success gladdened the hearts of these faithful workers, when a calamity befell which turned into mourning the whole settlement.

One day, from causes which have never been ascertained, Mr. Burleigh was drowned by the upsetting of his boat in the bay, to the inexpressible sorrow of his wife and children.

Too late the sad event was noticed on shore; but it shows the devotion and courage of the native women, who were first apprised of the occurrence, that they plunged into the surf and swam towards the spot, in the hope of saving their friend, although the tide was high and again and again they were thrown back by its waves.

But although Mr. Burleigh passed from the scene of his self-sacrificing labours, the effect of his teaching remained, and bore fruit among the natives. To thoroughly understand the change which had, by the blessing of God, come over the Fuégians, it must be remembered that for a long period of time this desolate shore had been the terror of sea-going vessels, because it was well known how pitiless and cruel the inhabitants were. At other places, even in the Falkland Islands, there had been, at any rate, no mercy meted out to the hapless mariners whom shipwreck had cast upon the rocks; but among the Fuégian Islands, and on the mainland of the Land of Fire, massacres were, alas! only too frequent. How great, then, is the difference which the Gospel has made in the hearts and conduct of these people! Here is one of the testimonies which prove that a new Terra del Fuégo, with a Christian welcome, awaited the sailor as he swam ashore:

"An American ship, the *Dreadnought*, bound for San Francisco, was lost off Cape Penas, to the north-east of Terra del Fuégo. The crew, consisting of twenty-two men, besides a boy and the stewardess of the ship, were thus cast away on a shore where, through the well-known cruelty of the natives, to be cast away was death. Yet, to their surprise and great joy, the Indians treated them well, not offering them the slightest violence. At the end of seventeen days they were rescued by a Norwegian barque. . . . The point to be ascertained is whether the novel fact of the kind treatment by the Fuégians of a shipwrecked crew may, in this instance, reasonably be traced to restraining influence from the mission station. A comparison of dates will throw some light upon this question. The *Dreadnought* was lost on the 4th of July, 1869. Mr. Stirling had been living among the natives at Ooshooia in the first seven months of 1869, as a Christian teacher, when this calamity occurred. The natives, who are not in any large numbers a settled community, were all the time coming and going to and from Ooshooia, as the great point of attraction. There is, therefore, presumptive evidence that one of the results of the good work at Ooshooia had extended to Cape Penas, and was shown in

the preservation of a crew from a miserable death."

Quite as remarkable also is the story of the *San José*, an exploring vessel, fitted out by the Argentine Government, which met with a terrible gale when lying at anchor in Sloggett Bay, when, to save the ship, the captain gave orders to run her ashore. What fate awaited them they did not know, and the whole party of twenty-two shivered in the snow, with many fears, till daylight came. They were eleven days on shore, and during that time were visited by friendly natives; and finally the *Allen Gardiner* came to their rescue, and brought them safely away. So much pleased were these rescued Italians with the great kindness shown to them that at the meeting of the South American Society in 1883, Captain Bové, of the Italian Royal Navy, presented a gold medal, specially struck to commemorate the occasion of their deliverance, about which he spoke on behalf of his nation, that "a monument for saving human life was far superior to a monument of territorial conquest." The King of Italy also sent the following letter:

"The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of His Majesty the King of Italy, wishing to testify the gratitude of the Italian Government for the generous action performed by

the English missionaries in saving from irreparable disaster the Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, James Bové, and his companions, wrecked last year in the channels of Terra del Fuégo ; according to the order of His Majesty the King, it is determined that a gold medal be presented to the English Society of the South American Mission, bearing on its face the august effigy of His Majesty, Humbert I., King of Italy, and on the obverse the motto, '*Demersis æquore nautis attulit Religio salutem*' ('Religion has brought safety to the mariners rescued from a watery grave')."

The work of the South American Missionary Society began already to extend its operations to other parts of the continent, and, although immense difficulties have had to be faced, and here and there disappointment has come, generally from lack of means, a good and permanent result has been obtained.

The Amazon Mission, which endeavoured to establish a station on one of the branches of that mighty river, had in the end to be withdrawn. A climate so deadly that the European missionaries one after another sickened and died, the necessity of a journey up-stream of nearly two thousand miles before the spot could be reached where operations might be established, and many

other obstacles, rendered the cause a forlorn hope. But in Paraguay more missions have been established. The Grand Chaco is an immense region of a hundred and eighty thousand square miles of swamp and forest, extending from the sea-coast to the range of the Andes. It is inhabited by wandering hordes of Indians, comparatively quiet in their habits, and willing to work in agriculture, but incessantly engaged in tribal strife. To these people Messrs. Henriksen, Robins, and Bartlett were sent by the Society in the year 1888. The former died in the field, but fresh helpers have been sent to assist in the work. A gentleman, who was not in any way connected with the Society, gives a lively account of what missionary work is over there, and with what hardships the workers pursue their labours. After describing the frightful condition of the vast area, nearly all under water, and most unhealthy, he goes on to point out, from his own observation, the nature of the undertaking :

" For nine months of the year," he writes, " the interior of the Chaco is one vast swamp, as far as it is known at present. During a two-hundred-mile ride, including the return journey, over a track chosen by the Indians as being the highest and driest, I can safely say

that a hundred and eighty miles lay through water, and this in the middle of November, with the sun almost vertical. Mr. Grubb has been an equal distance farther west from the point I reached, and found no variation in the camps. Through these tropical swamps your missionaries plod steadily on, leading such a life as I have only seen equalled by that of the hardiest pioneers—one moment scorched by the tropical sun, the next drenched to the skin by torrential rains, sleeping where nightfall finds them at the edge of a swamp, and often in soaking wet clothes. Even a cow-boy in North America is better protected from the elements than they. Perpetual journeys to and from the interior, with the coast of the Paraguay River as a base, must be undertaken, to keep the missionary staff in the bare necessaries of life; and only very small loads can be taken. Yet I find these men driving bullock-teams themselves, walking beside the team up to their waists in water, and working as no colonial bullock-driver would work, for a pound a day. At the end of a journey, which usually lasts a week, the only shelter awaiting these men is a rough palm-log house, with one small room and a verandah—nothing more—and this room serves as store, and affords all the privacy available.

"I may say that I have seen missions in many parts of the world, including those to the North American Indians, and that of the Danes to the Esquimaux on the west coast of Greenland, which I may take as fair samples of rough work. Yet I do not hesitate to say that as a record of hard, patient, rough, enduring work, this mission to the Chaco Indians has only been equalled by that of the Jesuit fathers, when they made their effort to Christianise Paraguay. It must, however, be remembered that even the Jesuits tried to evangelise the Chaco, but gave it up, as the obstacles were so enormous."

Mr. Grubb, the superintendent of the mission, is extending the work in all directions, while Mr. Pride, another helper, has done excellent service by his translations of sacred pages into the South American Indian language. The young men under their care stand well, as witness the case of the young fellows, converts, whose business led them to Concepcion, where many temptations abound, but who returned without tasting wine or falling a prey to other evil influences. A gift of land for a missionary station by a rich merchant there has been of great help, and Mr. Grubb writes very hopefully of the prospects of the work. He says:

"We shall now begin to build, the roads

being much drier. The road to Caraya Vuelta we have greatly improved, by cutting through the forest where possible, thus avoiding swamps and much hard work.

"The other day my boys told me of an old tradition which the Indians have, to the effect that for generations they have been expecting the arrival of some strangers, who should be as their own people, speaking their language and teaching them about the spirit-world. These long-looked-for teachers were called the Imlah. A very old man, who had never been to the coast, or seen a stranger or Paraguayan, inquired of our man Poet, when he was inland, talking, about us, and expressed his conviction that we must be the long-expected Imlah. Poet asked me seriously if we were the Imlah, and I answered in the affirmative. The tradition says that when the Imlah arrive all the Indians must obey their teaching, and take care that the said Imlah do not leave their country; for if so, said the old man, the Indian, by sickness and other causes, will disappear from the land. How very true! Their only hope is in learning what we have to teach them. May we prove good Imlah—the true Spirit."

One of the most recent developments is the establishment of a mission among the Auracanian Indians, a fine race which for over

two hundred years successfully maintained their national independence. The Indians were very dear to the heart of Captain Allen Gardiner, who visited them and saw in their character the material for the making of good Christians. The work was started in 1894, and in the following year Mr. Tyreman, the missionary among them, was reinforced by the arrival of Mr. Walker, a seaman's missionary, who soon mastered the difficult language of these Mapuches, as they call themselves. In some very interesting letters Mr. Walker shows what an open door for preaching the Gospel exists in Auracania. He tells us that they have no idea of God, and, of course, are utterly ignorant of Christ and His great salvation. They frequently laugh at the preacher at first, but in due time a hearing is obtained; and nothing pleases them more than to hear the singing of hymns, especially when accompanied with instrumental music.

Once, when Mr. Walker had been reading the Scriptures in a hut, he overheard one of the women say, as he was leaving, "He didn't bring his son with the music."

"I promised to bring him next day," writes Mr. Walker, "when I came to give the A B C lesson. As I was leaving, this woman also said, 'You will come to-morrow and

teach us how to pray also ? '—this in Spanish. I gladly responded. It so happened that Monday was wet and I could not go. On Tuesday, as I rode up to the door, I said, ' I bring the boy with the music,' and went in. A bundle of straw with a poncho spread over was set for us to sit upon, and we soon began, my son to play, and I to sing hymns in Spanish. Soon there were about twenty listening. I explained the hymns as we sang them, and so put the Gospel before them. Then I read over the Lord's Prayer in Mapuche as I have it in the grammar from which I study. They were pleased, and repeated it after me as I read it over again. I then left and went to another hut. The fame of the music had gone before us, and very soon men, women, and children came crowding in. I told them I was about to sing hymns to the Great Father God, and they understood, and listened accordingly. After two hymns I read a few words from the Word of God, and spoke to them earnestly of the love of God for them, and besought them to think of these things. I then knelt down and prayed for them. When I left they thanked me, and asked me to come again. I promised to bring the music on Sundays if the weather was good."

That Captain Gardiner had the interest of

the Indians at heart even to the very last is seen by the last letter which he wrote to his son from Earnest Cove, in which he advocates the Childegu Mission, but adds that the Church should extend its care over those poor scattered sheep, our own fellow-countrymen at Buenos Ayres, to whom Bibles and tracts should be given. This work the South American Missionary Society has faithfully carried on. In doing so the Society for many years had as its Secretary Rev. R. J. Simpson. He was an old Oxford man, having had amongst his early friends of Oriel College Newman, Fraser, Burgon, Lord Dufferin, Matthew Arnold, and others, whose names have become famous in the history of this century. In Rosario the chaplain and his workers are doing their utmost to reach the large number of English residents in the city, and amongst the farmers of Uruguay the missionary says, "In this thinly peopled land, to see a cavalcade of young men and maidens, old men and children, sometimes twenty abreast, suddenly appear on the horizon, galloping towards our place of worship, never fails to fill the heart with gratitude."

All through the Argentine Republic there is a religious crisis among the people. Many seek sincerely for truth, having rejected the

spurious Christianity of the Romish Church. San Paulo in Brazil has a mixed nationality of Spanish, Portuguese, Austrians, Turks, Russian, and English, and at Santiago in Chili there are many emigrants from Europe to whom the Gospel is indeed a message of good tidings.

Good work is being done among the sailors of the ships which crowd the ports of South America; the men are encouraged to attend the mission halls when ashore, and on leaving the seamen's missionary goes on board, to supply them with papers and books, for reading on the long voyage home. Who shall estimate the value of such thoughtful care!

The South American Missionary Society have, to the fullest extent of their resources, fulfilled the dying wishes of their founder, in being the spiritual friends of this great continent of the West. But with all their efforts and the co-operation of Christian workers from the United States, how deep and inadequately supplied is its need! In a book of some years ago, which pled the cause of "The Neglected Continent," Miss Lucy Guinness gave certain facts and figures, which presented the case with startling force. Briefly summed up, they were as follows:

In Venezuela there was only *one* Protestant missionary to 2,200,000 people. Colombia,

three mission stations to 4,000,000 ; Ecuador, *no* missionary at all, to its 2,000,000. Peru had *two* mission centres to its 3,000,000. Bolivia had a resident missionary to its 1,500,000. Chili had *sixty-one* to 3,300,000 ; Argentine and Patagonia, less than a dozen stations to its 4,000,000 ; Paraguay, *one* missionary to 80,000 people ; Uruguay, *one* to 375,000.

Such figures as these tell their own tale, and appeal with force to the hearts of those who believe in the marching orders, " Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The common sophism about the heathen at home meets its answer here, for while Christian missions are overlapping each other in our English alleys, yonder is a continent teeming with millions of sin-stained and superstition-darkened people, with a mere handful of missionaries. Some day the Church will wake up to its responsibility in this matter, and an impetus of zeal, something like that which created the China Inland Mission, will send forth the labourers by hundreds into this field, which is white with opportunity and need.

This was the dying dream of Gardiner, the long-cherished, forlorn hope in his marvellous life. He lies buried on the shore of that land he loved, and from the other side of mortality

he seems to beseech his fellows to come and bear the glad tidings of salvation to this interesting and neglected people.

It is not difficult for us to admire the character of the sailor saint, and our eyes moisten with the pathos of his lonely death; but the recital of this life will have scarcely fulfilled its end unless the reader asks himself the question, "What can I do to save South America?" And it is fervently hoped that here and there one may rise from these pages with a resolution born of the Spirit of God—"Here am I. Send me."