

fortunately it is not thought necessary to leave any one in charge of the boat. But doubtless the desire was to make the natives see that the day was very sacred, and the worship very solemn. The entire crew therefore, was to be present. Our brethren then entered the chosen place, and at 10.30 a.m., in remembrance doubtless of hours of worship in our favoured land, the little band of Christian men met for prayer and praise, surrounded by 300 heathen people. The service had not long begun when, struck by an assassin hand, one of the crew fell within the sanctuary. The treachery was now unmasked, and a rush for life was made, but the ruthless multitude without, almost in a moment clubbed and stoned our whole party to death.

The cook of the *Allen Gardiner* was attracted by the noise, but there was no time to render aid, his own life was threatened, and jumping into a boat he rowed rapidly away. For a time he was pursued, but at last landing and getting into the woods he remained concealed for four days. Wet, miserable, and hungry, he at last ventured near the natives. By the first party he was robbed of his clothes, but not otherwise treated unkindly, while on his return to the scene of the massacre he was re-clothed by contributions of garments from those who had shared the spoils of the *Allen Gardiner*. For three months did this man live unmolested by these strange people, and evidently regarded with some degree of respect. On the 28th of February a vessel chartered by the Rev. G. P. Despard to search for the missionary party, picked up this solitary survivor of our ship's company.

The ship itself, as far as hull and spars go, is safe, but everything within her has been rifled or broken. Means have been taken to bring her over to the Falklands. The sufferers are Mr. Garland Phillips, a most valued catechist, who has left a young widow on the eve of her confinement; Captain R. S. Fell, a man invaluable to our mission as a seaman and a Christian, who has also left a widow and one child. His brother, Mr. S. A. Fell, chief officer, and, five seamen, four of them being guides. In the deaths of the two Fells, an aged mother has lost two worthy sons, who contributed to her support. Our hearts indeed mourn—mourn more than I now venture to express.

But what is to be done? The work in *Tierra del Fuego* is but a branch of the Society's operation. In *Patagonia* itself we are engaged in the duties of the Mission. To join Mr. Schmid, of whose welfare we have lately heard, a Mr. Hunziken sailed from England in March last. In *Araucania* the Society has but lately determined to track new ground. The Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M.A., leaves this country in June for this purpose. The blow, therefore, which has now fallen upon us need not, if friends are true at home, paralyze the Society. The Rev. G. P. Despard is writing undaunted abroad for fresh resources. Shall they be withheld? This is the question, which I now ask you to put to the Christian Church. Even now I am encouraged. The British Chaplain in the Falklands proffers help. Try fresh plans, he says. My humble services are freely offered to you. From one who speaks out of a warm heart, and with a strong faith, but who utters sentiments held by one,