



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIII. No. 18.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1888.

30 CTS. per An Post-Paid.

**TERRA DEL FUEGO.**

Terra Del Fuego, "the Land of Fire," as the Archipelago is called, lying south of the Straits of South America, is one of the most desolate and inhospitable corners of the earth's surface. How it derived its name, whether from volcanic eruption in the interior, or from the numerous fires which are lighted by the natives, is unknown, but to judge from all accounts the Land of Gale and Gloom would have been a more appropriate designation. The coast, as may be seen from our illustration, says the English paper from which the cut is taken, is exceedingly bare and rocky, with glaciers coming down to the water's edge, and is intersected by fjords and sounds, like the coasts of Norway. The interior, where it is not mountainous, contains huge dense forests, the ground being covered

with plains of peat and decayed vegetation saturated with water. Vegetation grows rankly, and many flowers which need greenhouse care in England flourish, while humming birds may be seen sipping their sweets. The inhabitants are savages of a comparatively primitive and low type, but possessed of strong imitative faculty. They live in rudely-made huts, and subsist chiefly on shellfish. Their habits are far from cleanly, and their clothing mainly consists of skins of the guanaco, worn, unlike the Patagonians and a certain Brian O'Lynn, with the woolly side out. The navigation of the channels is now fairly safe, thanks to British surveys, and on one of the most prominent headlands is affixed the most unique post-office in the world—a simple box suspended by a chain, where in every ship deposits letters for home, and

takes the missives which may be found there to any port at which she may touch. The best account of Terra del Fuego was given by Darwin in his story of the cruise of the "Beagle" in 1834. Of the exit from the Straits to the Pacific, he writes: "The western coast generally consists of low, rounded, quite barren hills of granite and greenstone. Outside the main islands there are numberless scattered rocks, on which the long swell of open ocean incessantly rages. We passed out between the East and West Furies, and a little further northward there are so many breakers that the sea is called the Milky Way. One sight of such a coast is enough to make a landsman dream for a week about shipwreck, peril, and death."—Our views are from photographs by Diaz y Spencer, 88, Calle Compania, Santiago, Chili.

**A HINT TO YOUNG PEOPLE.**

Did you ever see boys or girls eat fast, slam doors, rush through a room, talk loud, swing their arms, shake their shoulders, bow as stiffly as if they were ramrods, or act as loose jointed as a jumping-jack, never offered older people a seat, make up faces, say careless things, and use bad grammar and slang? This is the kind of boys and girls that sometimes stand before a looking-glass, and wonder why they are not invited into society.

It is not the high summer alone that is God's. The winter also is his. And into his winter he comes to visit us. And all man's winters are his—the winter of our poverty, the winter of our sorrow, the winter of our unhappiness—even the "winter of our discontent."—George Macdonald.

GLACIER AT TAMAR BAY, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.



NATIVES OF TERRA DEL FUEGO.

CAPE PILLAR, ENTRANCE TO THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN, FROM THE PACIFIC.