



VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

war in those days, and an English ship had met an enemy here. The smoke rolled away at last English cheers filled the air, and the Union Jack floated proudly from the masts of both ships, for the victory was won, and the enemy's ship was a prize. Among the officers on board the *Phæbe*, the victorious ship, was a young midddy, just twenty, named Allen Gardiner, and he had fought so bravely that he was at once made lieutenant. No doubt many a bright vision of glory and fame glittered before his eyes that night. Did they come true? We shall see.

Seven years later Allen Gardiner was again sailing those waters, and another battle was raging, but not a visible one. This time the battle was in his own heart—God and Satan were striving for the mastery. And when the battle ended, the standard of the Cross was set up in Allen Gardiner's heart, and he had enlisted under it to fight for his King "unto his life's end."

Years passed by, the war was ended, Captain Gardiner returned to England, married, and settled down. But though he no longer fought for his earthly king, he was always on active service for his King in Heaven. During his voyages he had seen something of the work of the missionaries at Singapore and in Tahiti, and had also seen how grievously the heathen need the Gospel of Christ. "Seeing is believing," and I often think that if we could really see for ourselves how ignorant and wicked the poor heathen are, we shouldn't be so cool and contented to leave them to themselves. At all

events, Captain Gardiner had seen too much to allow him to spend his life in ease and comfort in England. Sometimes he thought of becoming a clergyman, but at last decided that he could serve God best as a layman, and he kept on praying to be guided to his right work. And, of course, that prayer was answered; but, as so often happens, the first part of the answer was written in very sad, black letters. For his dear wife, who was very delicate, was taken away, leaving him with four little children, and then, in all his grief, he saw that her death had opened the way for him to go abroad to the heathen. He could not have gone while she lived. That very year, 1834, he went to South Africa, and founded the first mission at Port Natal. There he stayed for three years, until war broke out between the Zulus and the Boers, and he had to leave.

During the time he had spent on the coast of South America he had seen a good deal of the native Indians of Chili, and longed to teach

them of Christ. Now, driven from Africa, he thought of these Chilian Indians, and resolved to go to them. He had now married again, and, taking his wife and children with him, he sailed to Rio Janeiro, then down the coast to Buenos Ayres, and then went right across the country, over the great Cordillera Mountains, into Chili. Get the map and see what a journey it was. Would you have been afraid to go so far? Captain Gardiner's little children became quite hardy little travellers, and their father did all he possibly could to make them comfortable and happy. He played with them, and talked to them, and taught them; and though he was very strict, and never let them disobey him for a moment, they loved him all the better for that.

When they reached Chili he settled his wife and children in a town, and started inland to try to find some place where they might all go to live among the Indians and teach them. But, though the Indians received him kindly, they would not let him come to live with them. They could not understand, and would not believe, that any white man could want to come to their country except to get something out of them. The Spaniards, who had conquered the greater part of their beautiful land, were the white men they knew most about, and they thought Captain Gardiner was a spy of some sort, and if they let him live among them, they fancied he would by and by bring his countrymen and conquer the little land they had left. So, after many weary and difficult journeys among them, he was obliged at last to give up