

the rushing mass would have been like the mighty waves of the ocean beating upon a rock bound coast.

"The diameter of the jet is supposed to be over one hundred feet, and this we can easily believe, when we reflect that from it proceeded the river of lava that flowed off from it toward the sea. In some places this river is a mile wide, and in others more contracted. At some points it has filled up ravines one hundred, two hundred and three hundred feet in depth, and still it flowed on. It entered a heavy forest, and the giant growth of centuries is cut down before it like grass before the mower's scythe! No obstacle can arrest it in its descent to the sea. Mounds are covered over, ravines are filled up, forests are destroyed, and the habitations of men are consumed like wax in a furnace. Truly, "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

"We have not heard of any destruction of life from the eruption now in progress. A rumour has reached us that a small native village has been destroyed, but of this we have no authentic intelligence. Should it reach the sea without destroying life or property, it will be a matter of thankfulness and almost unhopd for exemption. A large number of the residents of Honolulu had gone to Hawaii to witness the upheavings of Mauna Loa."

Another letter, after stating that the lava had burned through the woods to within fifteen miles of Hilo, and was still progressing, adds:

"The side of the mountain has opened about midway its dome, and the lava pours out with unrestrained effort, and comes rolling, tumbling, and flashing on towards Hilo. It is accompanied with frequent explosions. At night, the imagination cannot conceive a spectacle more awfully grand. The immense flow of lava reflects upon the clouds its cherry red hue, and as they gather in density about the mountain, are caught up by the upward current of atmosphere, and hurried with rapidity into every imaginable shape, representing in the heavens a wild picturesque scene."

Wonderful Sagacity of the Elephants

In the Island of Ceylon, the value of elephants to perform heavy labour can scarcely be estimated. A late traveller saw a troop of them at work near Colombo, in the commissariat timber yard, or civil engineer's department, in removing or stowing logs and planks, or rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not, (says he), but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony. The lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe these uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and by means of their trunks lift it up on logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row, feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to a greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred weight. There was a short pause before the fourth was touched; but the difficulty was no sooner perceived, than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on the ground, with the other resting upon the pile, so as to form a sliding way for the next logs; and having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four legged labourers rolled up the slope they had just formed, the six pieces of ebony for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were placed perfectly square with the rest. The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weaknesses in the jungle bridges thrown across some of the streams

of Ceylon, is not less remarkable. I have been assured that, when carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore feet upon the earth-covering of the bridge, to try its strength; if that feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed, until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal; and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotten structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river, and the latter was drowned.

Missionary.

The Martyrs of Patagonia.

About three months ago the Watchman received and published a notice of the discovery of the inanimate relics of two individuals belonging to the Patagonian Mission party; and now, just as the anniversary services of our own Missionary Society were approaching, an official Report has put the public in possession of as much as is likely to be known of the sufferings, the patience, and the calmly triumphant death of those devoted men. It is due to their memory, as well as to their cause, to survey this mournful yet sublime episode in the history of modern Missions.

Captain Allen Gardiner, having the comforts of home and family, had already devoted much of his fortune, and often hazarded his life, in attempting to plant the cross of Christ in the interior of South America. The Spaniards and the Portuguese had, for more than three centuries, occupied the eastern and the western coasts, establishing their superstition, as they founded their colonies, by driving out and extirpating the original inhabitants. But there are yet a few remnants of aborigines, among whom not even the Jesuits have been able to find a settlement, and our departed brother hoped to make known to them the glad tidings of salvation. Again and again his approaches were met by emissaries of Romanism, who managed to raise the suspicions of the heathen, and turn their ferocious jealousy against him and a clerical companion who went with him. He then resolved to direct his energies towards the Patagonians, or some of their kindred savages northward.

Landing at Valparaiso in the year 1845, accompanied by a young Spaniard, a Wesleyan Methodist, he penetrated far into the interior wilderness, at cost of almost incredible labour. Often they lay exhausted in the mountain-passes, or, leaving his fellow-traveller on the bank of a river, Captain Gardiner would swim across to hold a parley with the Indians, less ferocious, indeed, but not less civilized than the Patagonians themselves. Unable to obtain a grant of land from the government of Chili, for the purpose of opening an agricultural mission there, he resolved to try a marine mission on the rugged and most inhospitable shores of Terra del Fuego. No terror of those regions—where the vocabulary of misfortune supplies names of "Desolation," "Massacre," and "Famine," to its dim geography,—could deter him; and he once more returned to England to travel over our island, and beg from town to town assistance for carrying out his purposes. By dint of toil that would have overwhelmed any ordinary man, he gleaned moneys, and communicated some flashes of his own ardour to a few pious persons, who consented to act as a committee in England for a Patagonian Missionary Society; and six devoted men freely gave themselves up for death or victory, in an aggression on heathenism in its lowest form on the barbarian islands of the Terra del Fuego. It was scarcely possible that any committee could catch an enthusiasm equal to such an enterprise, and therefore that of the Church of England Missionary Society could not be persuaded to adopt his enterprise. Having procured two large boats, with a good supply of stores, he and his party embarked in a merchant-ship that was bound for the Pacific, and on the 5th December, 1850, landed on the desolate shore of Picton Island. From some unexplained circumstance, it seems that even the landing was infelicitous; some part of the stores could not be got out of the Ocean Queen, which left the seven men in the pre-

sence of crowds of savages, barbarous almost beyond comparison, by whom they were incessantly assailed.

The sum of the whole is, that, obliged to keep to their boats, and sail from place to place for refuge, they suffered from storms, and flooding tides, and rocks, and incendiary fires, just saving a little food, and but a little, by burying it out of sight. Of the two boats one was wrecked, the other so damaged as to be no longer sea-worthy, and they were left, helpless, on a desert island. Without means of shooting or fishing, they were soon reduced to short allowance, were then enfeebled by scurvy, weakened each day more and more by the inclemencies of the climate, besides want of nourishment; and at length, when every desperate expedient had failed, were plunged into the depth of famine. After a struggle of more than nine months, the last of them—Captain Gardiner himself—was translated into the happy country where they shall neither hunger nor thirst any more.

The narrative that is expected to be published will not have its interest forestalled by the details, furnished in the official report of Captain Moorshead, of Her Majesty's Ship *Dido*, who went in search of the party under orders from the Admiralty, and whose report is written in a style that does him honour as a Christian-minded man, and as a British officer. We cannot refrain from marking meanwhile the evidences of unwavering piety afforded by the few records that lay near the skeletons of the deceased, without a syllable of repining or of regret that they had left their homes on an errand of mercy. Mr. Williams, a surgeon, and formerly a zealous and successful Local Preacher in the Burslem Circuit, wrote when he had barely strength left to do so:—"I would not exchange my situation for, or with, any one in life,—I am happy beyond expression." Probably in a last effort to seek for food, he and another had separated from their surviving companions,—for one or more were already buried,—about a mile and a half, signals being hoisted, and directions painted on the rocks, to guide any who might be induced to come on shore in answer to them. Two merchant ships were indeed sent in search, in the months of September and October, but it was then too late to help them; and, to add to the list of calamities, one of those ships was wrecked.

The journal of Capt. Gardiner is indeed a heart-rending record of suffering. He notes down the sickening and dying of one after another, the efforts they make to draw subsistence from sea-weed, muscles, dead fish, or birds, washed up on the beach, and even mice. As eternity makes nearer and more visible approaches, his records become, if possible, more full and clear, his testimony to the grace of God his Saviour more pointed, and his love to his wife and children at home, and to his brethren in the Church on earth, more fervent. His last writing, which was in pencil, and scarcely legible in some parts, is addressed to Mr. Williams, whom he did not know to be already dead. He was, at that time, the only one of the party in whom life yet lingered, and the party to whom he referred in that last effort was Mr. Maidment, a Catechist. We take it as the dying testimony of the leader of this company of martyrs:

"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 the 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 . . . heaven. Your affectionate brother in . . .

"September 6th. ALLEN F. GARDINER."

If this was not the last day of his life on earth, it must have been nearly the last; and beautifully expressive of triumphant faith is the final word, written for the brother who is already there,—"Heaven!"

It is not without an emotion of pity that we have read some heartless newspaper comments on the sad termination of the Patagonian Mission, made by writers who are utterly incompetent to appreciate the zeal of our departed brethren, or to perceive the grandeur of their object; which was, to carry the Gospel of Christ to a section of the human race as yet unvisited by the messengers of salvation, and environed on all the habitable shores of South America

by heathenism masked under a guise of Christianity. There may be too much reason to suppose that Captain Gardiner was less-skilful to contrive for himself, than to conceive and undertake a scheme of toil, and peril, and charity, that thousands of such censors put together could not execute. It may be also true that sufficient care was not given to arrangements for supply, and we fear that in some quarters there may not have been diligence enough in carrying out the arrangements that were made. There does appear to have been a culpable want of perseverance in Capt. Langley, of the *E. Davison*, who found the bodies of Mr. Williams and one of the men, when he was obliged by a gale of wind, as he says, to put to sea after burying the two bodies, not returning to make further search after any who might be yet alive.

But, turning from the irrevocable past towards the future, in regard to the country which those martyrs have taken possession of for Christianity, we rejoice to find Captain Moorshead expressing his persuasion that there cannot be a doubt as to the ultimate success of a mission there, if liberally supported, and well looked to by practical men. It pleased God to call his servant to devote his life to that object; and the devotion of the lives of six other good men, most of them, if not all, Wesleyan Methodists, is a fact of too much interest for us to overlook. And, seeing that the Church of which Captain Gardiner was a member refused to enter on the ground, we cannot refrain from pointing to the scene of so sublime a sacrifice, and asking our readers to ponder, after the rejoicings of their own glorious anniversary, the lesson which is inscribed for them on that Southern extremity of the Western world. Let it, at least, serve to arouse all sections of the universal Church of Christ to pray for that spirit of devotion to their Lord which first impelled and then sustained our brethren.—*London Watchman*.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Rev. Mr. Bewell's Letter.

One cannot but observe the paucity of interesting news which occurs even in a large city. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." Still there is in the nature of man a longing desire after what may be called the tit-bits of this world's incidents, provided they be of recent and strange occurrence. There are thousands upon thousands in all our cities, who, like the Athenians and strangers spoken of in Acts xvii. 21, "spend their time in nothing else, but to tell and hear some new thing." Now, your correspondents "only have seven loaves and a few little fishes; but what are they among so many." The laws of distribution and accumulation do not go together in this case, and hence it is we have no surplus to be given on subsequent occasions.

We have, perhaps, too many news-mongers whose principal aim it is to satisfy the voracious appetites of those who deal in the articles in question. We should recollect that a true old thing is better than a false new thing, even though it be tipped with the marvellous.

We said in the commencement of the present communication that this was a large city—of this fact you will be convinced when we inform you that it contains between twenty and thirty thousand more houses than New York itself, although in the number of its inhabitants it may fall short of it. If New York be the London of America, its interests being mainly commercial—Philadelphia is the Birmingham, its interests being mainly manufacturing. The living beings in a ship resemble very much the living beings in a factory, and when they disgorge their thousands, it is that they may meet on the same platform, and strengthen each other's hands in vice, or in virtue.

THE LIBERTY OF ITS INHABITANTS.

We go in this country almost everywhere upon allowing the largest liberty to every class, and if the excess of this thing does not prove our ruin, it will be owing to God's mercy rather than to our own prudence. The outbreaks which occur in our midst are the result of liberty run mad, and one of your writers has said, "they are like the pimples upon a man's face—they are rather unsightly to look upon; but they prove a healthy action in the system." Law and order are not more closely allied to each other than experience and age, and the latter are the props of the former, without which they could not be maintained. Wisdom is the legitimate offspring of experience, although experience is not the result of action; but of reflection upon it—he who acts