

evening we took off a load, fifty or sixty, to the Havens, and it was pitiful to hear the 'take me, oh, please take me,' of those who had to be left behind. Still more pitiful was it to hear one little girl, now safe and happy in a Haven, plead 'to be let die in the snow.'"

Such terrible scenes as these are never, (thank God for it) witnessed in Canada, and it is because what we have to give is not needed to supply food to starving thousands clamoring for bread, that our Missionary Church should stretch forth her hands to those dark regions of the earth where the heathen sit in the shadow of death. And assuredly neither the misery nor the darkness would exist if Christians, living ever in the presence of the fact that we are God's stewards of all He gives into our keeping, gave freely of what we have so freely received. But we must give *freely*, looking for no visible or speedy reward, no sudden crowning of our labors with success, the duty is ours—results are God's.

Often, far too often, we hear it asserted that mission work, both at home and abroad, is very discouraging. All of us, perhaps, have said it; all of us, perhaps, have felt it. But were not the words and the feeling wrong?—foolish too, for the results of our labors are not ours; not in our poor feeble hands. Why should we doubt and be discouraged? These results are sure and certain; they are God's, and though to know the results of our own efforts be denied us, let us look bravely, lovingly, trustingly out beyond our own narrow horizon into the great world, and note thankfully the results of the labors of many devoted servants of Christ who have toiled and died, having utterly failed, so it seemed to them, to achieve anything. The history of what is called the Fuegian Mission is a striking and touching comment on the words, "Results are God's." It is just forty years since Captain Allen Gardener, an officer in the navy, resolved to devote his life to the work of christianizing the people of Tierra del Fuego. It is one of the most dreary spots on the face of the earth, with a cold damp climate, and inhabited by a race of ferocious savages, so low down in the scale of humanity and so devoid of any kind of religion that their language did not contain the word "God." Captain Gardener's first attempt in 1848 to found a mission there, for which friends at home had supplied funds, failed utterly. Storms at sea and murderous onslaughts made on the little band of devoted men by the natives, compelled them reluctantly to abandon their undertaking. Two years later a second attempt was made, and Gardener and his devoted companions this time effected a landing. But unfortunately their organization was faulty and inadequate; they had no vessel of their own, but had simply taken their passage in a ship which landed them on the inhospitable shore, and then pursued its course. In their ardor and generous enthusiasm they had not, as perhaps too often happens, sufficiently counted the cost, they had not taken needful precautions, nor provided against

possible emergencies. The barren country supplied them with no food, the two small boats with which they had furnished themselves could not live in those stormy seas, and when, months afterwards, another vessel touched at the place, they were all dead, some of starvation, others murdered by the natives,—they had died and accomplished *nothing*. 'In the journals left by Gardener and one of his companions, there was not one word of complaint; not one regret for what looked like utter failure, but many expressions of their firm belief that their efforts would not be entirely lost, that other men would take up the task that had fallen from their dying hands. And so it was. A company of missionaries settled, not in Fuego, but, following out a plan left by Gardener for their guidance, in the Falkland Islands, whither they brought a few Fuegians and learned their language, and after awhile, accompanied by them, proceeded to Fuego where they landed and, for a few days, were treated with friendliness by the treacherous savages. Then, one calm Sunday morning while celebrating Divine service on the sea shore, they were surrounded and ruthlessly murdered, passing from the Church militant to "the great Church victorious," and at rest. Once again the Fuegian Mission had ended in disaster and death, and nothing was accomplished. But the Bishop of the Falkland Islands again brought Fuegians to his diocese, where they were patiently instructed in the Christian religion, and after awhile, a certain measure of success crowned this work. One of these Fuegians received into his mind some glimmer of Christian truth, and though incapable of doing among his people the work of an evangelist, he yet was of use by disabusing the minds of the cowardly, suspicious natives of their mistaken notions about the intentions of the missionaries, when they, with the Rev. Mr. Bridges at their head, once more landed on those unfriendly shores, where, after many difficulties and perils past, they succeeded in establishing and maintaining their blessed work. To-day they have there a flourishing Christian village with a church, school house and orphanage, while neat cottages have replaced the wretched native wigwams, and Mr. Bridges has compiled a dictionary, grammar and vocabulary of the language, into which he has translated a great part of the Bible.

An additional interest is lent to the history of the Fuegian Mission by the connection with it of the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, whom most people know as an eminent scientific man, holding strange, untenable, unchristian theories about the origin of man and the doctrine of evolution, but not as an advocate and helper of missionary societies. At the time of Captain Gardener's death, Mr. Darwin expressed to his friend Admiral Sir B. Sullivan, who was interested in the mission, his firm conviction that it was utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians, probably the very lowest type of the human