

"Yes." "Then we are brothers?" "Ah," said he, "it does seem to me that you, my white brethren, with that great Book and its wonderful story, have been a long time coming to tell it to your red brother of the woods." That is the question which the weary, waiting, longing pagan millions of earth's nations are asking us: why we with the Bible should be so long coming with its wondrous story.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Off the very southern point of South America, separated from it by the Straits of Magellan, lies the little archipelago of Terra-del-Fuego. Who named it thus we do not know; but its mountains, rising six and seven thousand feet into the sky, were once volcanoes, and perhaps some ship's crew, far from home, making their course slowly around that dangerous coast, watched the flashes of fire and red-hot lava hissing down the mountain-sides, and christened it Terra-del-Fuego—"Land of Fire." Or, it may have gotten its name from the signal-fires often seen burning on its rocky headlands, by which the natives of one island send messages to those of another.

This archipelago consists of eleven large and twenty little islands. The western coasts are mountainous; the eastern level, sometimes barren; but more often covered with dense forests of Antarctic beech, and evergreen trees of great beauty. The scenery is grand and beautiful. High mountains with snowy helmets form the background; blue glaciers the foreground; and between lie green, sheltered valleys, where vegetation is abundant and semi-tropical because of frequent rains and temperate winters. Here the Atlantic meets with mad fury the Pacific which, all unmindful of its name, tosses its white mane and roars and struggles with its foe.

The people living in these islands are savages, sometimes wearing a garment made of the skin of sea-otters; but usually, even in the snows of winter, men, women and children go naked, save that

their bodies are covered with a thick paste of red earth and grease which helps to keep them warm. They are about the average size, with skin as white as ours, mild black eyes and pleasant faces. They live much of their time in canoes, which are made of rough boards held in place with the sinews of animals. A fire is built in the centre of the boat on a little pile of sand, and around this the family gathers. They have no quadrupeds but dogs: raise no grain or vegetables, and subsist upon eggs, wild fowls and fish. Their dogs are trained to go into the water, and by barking and floundering about, drive the fish up into the shallow bays and inlets where they are easily caught. They are a very social people and spend much time in talking, making up long stories and "supposings." They fear to die, for they expect then to wander as lone spirits on the tops of the mountains. They have no idea of God and therefore no word that represents Him.

In 1850 a missionary party of seven, under Captain Allen Gardiner, set sail from England to carry the Bible and civilization to the Fuegians. Not being well received by the natives and no help arriving, in 1851 the whole party perished from hardships, exposure and starvation. In 1854 a second expedition, headed by Captain Parker Snow, arrived from Bristol. This too was unsuccessful. Later, Bishop Selwyn of the Falkland Island Mission, cruising about in his little schooner, has visited these islands and done much for the people. And now the South American Missionary Society of England, has sent over another little party of heroes under Mr. Aspinwall, a medical missionary. They have a little schooner named the "Allen Gardiner," in which they go from island to island. At first the women and children would hide in the woods, and the men remain to defend their property; but they have learned to welcome the little white-winged ship and its messengers of peace. They wash off the red paint, and in their otter-skin robes, sit and listen to the story of Jesus; but when