

all hope of teaching them. The Falkland Islands, at the south-eastern corner of South America, had lately come under British government, and Captain Gardiner thought if he went there he might be able to sail over to Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and teach the natives there. So, with wife and children, he set sail once more, and landed in the Falklands in the end of 1841.

It would take too long to tell you all about the brave captain's efforts to take the news of God's love to these poor heathen. Three times he returned to England, where he left his family, and travelled about over the whole country, trying to make people understand how much the natives needed the Gospel, and explaining his plans for reaching them. But, though many heard him, few were touched with his spirit, and he could not get money enough to start the mission properly. He tried to get the Church Missionary Society to take up the work, but they had more work on their hands in other places than they could do well, and they felt obliged to refuse. Most men would have been utterly discouraged, but nothing could make Captain Gardiner despond.

At last a society was formed, called the South American Missionary Society, to look after this work in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Captain Gardiner started once more, taking with him six others—one a doctor, one a gentleman from London, the rest sailors; but all earnest Christian men, full of love to God and each other. One of the sailors, named Joseph Erwin, had sailed with Captain Gardiner before, and was now most eager to go again, for, as he said, "being with the captain was heaven on earth." They had two big boats, and stores to last six months, and they hoped before that time was over some ship would come from England, and bring them more food. So they landed on Pictou Island, south of Tierra del Fuego, in December, 1850.

When the English vessel which had brought out them and their boats sailed away, the seven brave-hearted men set about preparing for a voyage to another island, where they knew the natives were friendly; but heavy storms came on, their boats were damaged, some of their stores destroyed, and before long Mr. Williams, the doctor, became ill. They managed to sail to a place called Spaniard Harbour, in Tierra del Fuego, and there for six long, weary months they waited for the ship which never came, their provisions failing, their strength wasting, and one after another falling sick and dying. Yet this is what Mr. Williams wrote in all this suffering:—"Ah, I am happy, day and night, hour by hour. Asleep or awake, I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell." And Captain Gardiner's diary is full of thanks for little mercies, such as catching a fish when they had had none for days.

At last the people in England thought they ought to send to see what had become of the brave missionaries, and in October, 1851, a ship was sent out, which did not reach Tierra del Fuego till January, 1852. Ah, what a sight was seen then! On the beach lay one of the mission boats, and beside it was the body of Captain Gardiner. In a cave near by lay one of his companions, and about a mile away the other boat was found, with Mr. Williams in it and one of the sailors beside it. Books and papers lay about, and Captain Gardiner's diary was found, telling how one and another of his companions had died, and how at last he was himself lying in the boat too weak to move, having tasted no food for five days, and he supposed that now the others were all dead, as he had not seen them for some time. But he adds: "I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous loving kindness to me a sinner!" And the date of these brave words was September 6th, 1851. So, when the long-expected ship came at last, those she came to rescue had been more than four months in the Father's House, where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

Was this, then, the end of Allen Gardiner's work? Had all the old dreams of fame and glory come to this? Ah, no! his work had only begun. His death stirred others to work, and the good news of the love of God is now being preached to the natives for whom he laid down his life.

WHILE travelling down the Ohio River on a steamboat, my attention was called to the pilot, who was a coarse-looking man. The captain informed me that three weeks ago, as the boat was going through the rapids, the pilot called to him to take the helm. He had just seen a boy struggling for life in the rapids. He sprang into a mere skiff and ventured himself amongst the boiling waters without an oar, and saved the boy. I went up to the brave man and spoke to him: "Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?" "Yes," he answered, "at every trip he comes down to the boat to see me." "And how do you feel when you see him?" "More than I can tell," he replied; "more intense interest than in any of my seven at home for whom I have run no risk." Thus there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

A POOR Chinaman came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, he answered that he had never heard the Gospel, but had *seen* it. He then told of a poor man at Ningpo, who had once been a confirmed opium-smoker, and a man of violent temper. This man had learned about the Christian religion, and his whole life altered. He gave up opium and became loving and kind,