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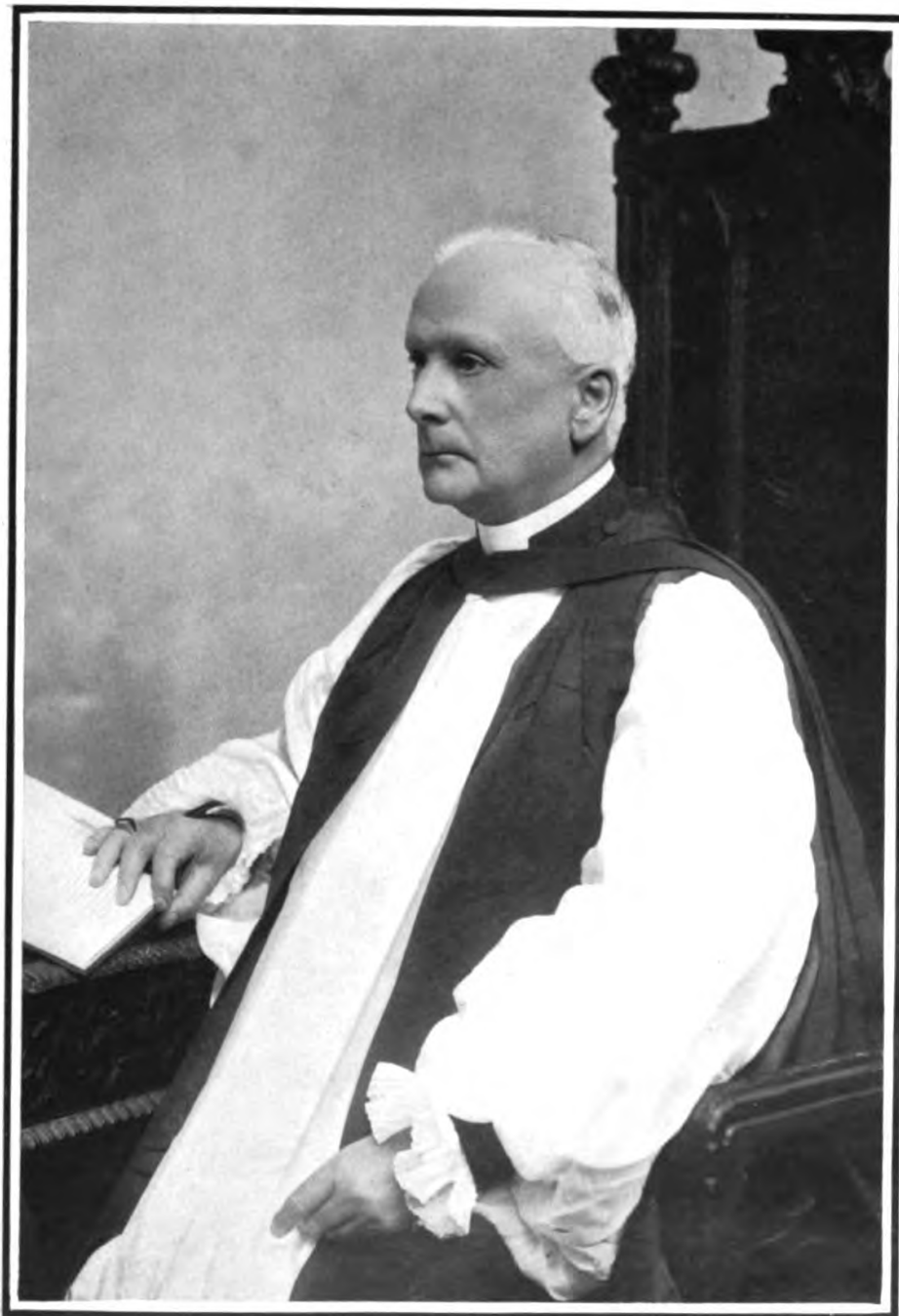




1344.

c. 24





BISHOP STIRLING

Taken after he had retired, and was Canon of Wells. This picture shows that he retained all his old characteristics, bold and daring, reticent and self-restrained, simple and deeply spiritual.

BISHOP STIRLING OF THE FALKLANDS

*THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF
THE CROSS WHOSE HUMILITY HID THE
DARING SPIRIT OF A HERO & AN
INFLEXIBLE WILL TO FACE
GREAT RISKS*

BY

FREDERICK C. MACDONALD, M.A., O.B.E.

*Hon. Canon Durham Cathedral
Rector of Purleigh*

Joint Author of "Bishop Handley Moule, a Biography"

With an Introduction by THE RIGHT REVEREND
THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD

With Illustrations & Maps

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FOR
HIS TWO DAUGHTERS
AND
THEIR DESCENDANTS
TO HAND ON
THE PROUD HERITAGE
AND
HOLY TRADITION
OF
A MAN SENT FROM GOD

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

"IF any man deserved the Victoria Cross," said Admiral Kennedy, "that man was Bishop Stirling, for he carried his life in his hand, and the chances were all against his ever returning to civilization."

Yet very few of his contemporaries knew any details of his extraordinary adventures. Indeed, a great part of his charm lay in the feeling that the humble, saintly Bishop was carefully hiding the daring spirit of a hero who had faced great risks for God.

Some of us, as children, heard parts of the story which are here set down, together with extracts from faded old letters and diaries of long ago. Some chapters read like one of Captain Marryat's novels, and all will agree that they ought to be published to show what frail people can do in the strength of God, and to pass on the inspiration felt by all who knew the man.

His life as "God's Sentinel" at Ushuaia is something apart. Few men, surely, since Pentecost can have laid down their lives in quite the same way for Christ.

And Mrs Stirling's life at Keppel is no less marvellous. The way that refined lady endured hardness in scarcely civilized conditions is at once a rebuke and an inspiration. Bishop Valpy French of Lahore, another of God's "mighty men," wrote when he heard of her death: "I am persuaded that the example of her memorable Christian self-devotion and heroism will not soon lose its fragrance and holy influence."

Bishop Stirling's story is also worth the telling to show the great changes since he began. "When I started," he once said, "it was in dug-out canoe and in ox waggon, but now one goes in luxurious trains and palatial steamers." And the advance in Church life has been as marked: from scattered little congregations with no cohesion, and no loyalty to the Bishop, to the ordered life and organization and affection called forth by him and brought to perfection by his successor. Right through the story there are noble men and women whose fellowship in danger and devotion in service deserve to be recorded. Here we can do no more than refer to such books as Mr Barbrooke

Grubb's *An Unknown People in an Unknown Land*. That tells of some :—

“There be of them that have left a Name behind them; and some there be which have left no memorial. But these were merciful men whose righteousness hath not been forgotten, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.”

Allen Gardiner is such an one, and a brief summary of his life is a necessity here, as is also a reference to Bishop Every's current *Quarterly Record* (it may be obtained from Miss E. M. Every, 18 Montagu Street, Portman Square, W. 1), for as the Bishop of Lichfield says, the story of our Church's work in South America is in three stages linked with the three leaders, and the effect of Bishop Stirling's work is best seen by reference to what went before and what follows.

This book could never have been written but for the help of many kind friends, especially Mrs W. F. Robinson, Mrs J. Dickinson, Dean Brandon, Canon Aspinall, Mr Barbrooke Grubb, Mr F. E. Cobb, and the Committee of the South American Missionary Society and the whole staff in their office.

It will not have been written in vain if it sets some young heart afire with the same flame of burning zeal to “expect great things from God and attempt great things for God” in South America in the days to come.

FREDERICK C. MACDONALD.

St Matthew's Day,
1929.



INTRODUCTION

IT is an honour and a privilege to be allowed to write an Introduction to this book ; first, because it recalls to our memory one of the most heroic figures in the most heroic venture of modern times in the missionary work of the Church ; secondly, because it brings me into happy association with two old well-tried friends ; one is the author of this book, the other is the present Bishop of Argentina, the builder who has worked bravely and wisely on the foundation so well and truly laid by his great predecessor.

It has become a commonplace of our presentation of Christianity that the Christian life has no " safety first " about it ; if it is anything, it is a venture. In our everyday life at home it is not always easy to perceive where the call to venture is to be heard and how it is to be answered, though assuredly the call is not lacking. If we feel something of a sense of shame, we are conscious also of stimulus and encouragement when we read the record of a life which was a heroic venture from beginning to end.

There was the venture of absolute trust in God. There was the venture of meeting perils greater surely than the perils even of St Paul. Not less real was the venture of preaching the Gospel to the most backward races on God's earth, a venture triumphantly justified by the result. The Bishop was called to a different kind of venture, but one which needed consummate wisdom and sympathy, when he sought to make the ministration to our own people in South America at once orderly and effective.

It is good for us to place against the wonderful background of the heroism of its founder the splendid work which is now going on in his diocese, both in the growing missionary enterprises among the Indians and in the ministry to Europeans. The story of our Church's work in South America is in three stages—" pioneer," " founder," " master-builder," linked with three leaders, Allen Gardiner, Stirling, Every.

Bishop Every, who has been Bishop in these regions for more than

a quarter of a century, was able to carry through the design which Bishop Stirling desired but was unable to accomplish, namely, the division of the vast diocese. When his story comes to be written it will be seen to have been hardly less wonderful than that of his great predecessor. The work is still too great for two Bishops to encompass. The opportunity cannot be exaggerated. South America is the continent of the future. Doubtless, the main responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the people of the Latin races must rest with the Roman Catholic Church. But members of that Church cannot fail to recognize the danger of the highly-developed civilization of the great cities lapsing into secularism—the cult of a worldly world which leaves out God. There is need of every resource which every part of the Christian Church can supply, and we believe that, without any attempt at proselytizing, our own Church has its contribution to make in South America as elsewhere to the furtherance of God's Kingdom. Apart from this general need, there is a constantly growing immigration of people of our own race. How shall they give their witness if they are left as sheep without a shepherd?

This story of the life of a great man will be widely read, and all who read it will give thanks to God and be encouraged to go forward with that work in which God deigns to make us fellow-workers, the extension of His Kingdom of love and joy and peace.

J. A. LICHFIELD.

AUTHOR'S NOTE ON
Commander Allen Gardiner, R.N.

COMMANDER ALLEN GARDINER, fifth son of Samuel Gardiner, Esq., of Coombe Lodge, Oxon, was born on 28th June 1794. He was brought up in a very religious home and early chose the Navy as his profession, entering the Naval College at Portsmouth in 1808 and going to sea in 1810. As a midshipman he distinguished himself in the action between the *Phæbe* and the *Essex* off Valparaiso, and came home as one of the officers in charge of the prize *Essex*.

In 1815 he was cruising in the Channel in the *Ganymede*, and later sailed for the Cape and Trincomalee. The following year he joined the *Dauntless* and sailed to all the chief ports of the Far East.

It was while on the *Dauntless* that he became earnestly devout and began to take an interest in the aborigines of South America. He also on this voyage made his first acquaintance with missionary work, and saw the results at Singapore and Tahiti.

In 1822 he had serious thoughts of taking Holy Orders and consulted Bishop Ryder of Gloucester, who gave as his decision: "Let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God."

On 1st July 1823 he married Miss Julia S. Reade of Ipsden House, Oxon. Five children were given them, two of whom survived their parents. She died in 1834. He sailed as second lieutenant in H.M.S. *Jupiter* in 1824 for Newfoundland, and in 1825 was in command of H.M.S. *Clinker* till 1826 when, after bringing her to England, he obtained his promotion as Commander and left the service.

He now threw himself actively into the work of a missionary pioneer, first in Africa, where he explored the Zulu country and started the first missionary station in Port Natal, and it was he who gave the name Berea to the beautiful bay of Durban.¹ Then for many months he tried to get an entry into New Guinea. He went from island to island in the Indian Archipelago interviewing governors and magistrates in vain.

He left South Africa on the outbreak of war between the Zulus and immigrant Boers, feeling there were missionaries enough there for the work when peace was restored.

His mind turned naturally to the Indians of Chile, whose heroic

¹ See p. 13.

fight for their independence had won his admiration. He married as his second wife the eldest daughter of Rev. E. G. Marsh in 1836, and for the next six years she and his children were the companions of his wanderings, a happy if precarious existence.

They left Table Bay and reached Rio de Janeiro in 1838, and, as soon as the season allowed, crossed the Andes to Chile. In July 1841, after repeated attempts, he abandoned with great reluctance all hope of reaching the Indians in Chile, and we get a hint of his future plans.

"Happily for us and, I trust, eventually for the poor Indians, the Falkland Islands are now under the British flag. . . . With this as our headquarters I purpose crossing in a sealer, and, if possible, bringing back with me two or three Patagonian lads to teach them English and prepare them as interpreters for missionaries later on. Who can tell but the Falklands, so admirably situated, may become the key to the aborigines, both of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia."

After many fruitless attempts to get in touch with the Indians in Chile he finally fixed on Patagonia as a possible base of operations, and coming to England with his family (who had waited for him at various points as he explored the continent), he applied to the C.M.S. to send out a staff of missionaries. This they declined to do as their undertakings already in hand precluded further attempts elsewhere.

So, in 1844, the Patagonian Missionary Society was started with headquarters at Brighton, and Mr R. Hunt, a schoolmaster of Kendal, was engaged as first Catechist to Patagonia. He and Gardiner landed in the Strait of Magellan from the *Rosalie* with three small huts and stores in 1845.

But a change had come over the natives, who turned hostile, and a few months later the two brave missionaries had to return to England. The Committee were so disappointed at this failure that they would have abandoned the scheme, but Gardiner was unshaken. "Whatever you do, I am determined to go back to South America and leave no stone unturned to establish a mission among the aboriginal tribes. They have a right to the Gospel of Christ. While God gives me strength; failure shall not daunt me." He would go at his own charge and suggested the Society should invest any money they had in safe securities. This was done and he returned to the South.

With a frame of iron, and nerves which never flinched from fatigue or danger, he broke with dauntless vehemence through every difficulty that beset his path. Always ready to meet attacks of friend or foe, to listen and reply to opposing arguments, he was invariably steadfast to his own purpose.

He never entered a new enterprise without much earnest prayer.

He generally found some path in the garden, when staying with

friends, which he paced like the quarter-deck for hours daily, deep in the study of God's Holy Word.

To follow his ceaseless journeys and fruitless efforts would take too long for this brief sketch. But they reveal a remarkable character. At one time he hired an Indian to swim across the Pilcomayo with him. "Away we went, leaning together on a bundle of reeds. The current was full 4 or 5 knots, but we gained the opposite side in good style, the Indians all aghast to see a white man who could swim as well as themselves." At another time he and his companion were stricken with fever and ague. "I will not go through all the distressing circumstances of our journey, suffice it to say we were only fit for bed, yet we traversed steep mountains by paths strewn with rocks, so steep and slippery that we had to walk as our horses could not stand. Often and often we both lay down exhausted. . . . I wonder we ever reached San Luis."

The Bolivian Government seemed friendly, so he hastened to England to urge his Committee to make a new start. They again applied to the C.M.S. to take over the work and were again refused. Then a revolution in Bolivia killed what chance there had been. And at last he turned to Tierra del Fuego, "beyond the reach of antagonistic influence."

Before starting on his last fatal expedition, Allen Gardiner applied to the Moravian Church in Silesia, but meeting with another refusal he tried the Foreign Missions of the Church of Scotland, where he was equally unsuccessful.

It was now clear that the Patagonian Mission must be started with fresh life or be abandoned. Gardiner would never give in so he was encouraged to go through England and Scotland lecturing and collecting funds. Doing this he fell in with Rev. G. P. Despard, a kindred spirit, and the two men became firm friends. The Society's headquarters were shifted to Bristol so that Despard could act as Secretary.

A lady in Cheltenham gave £1000 and so started the last venture. Volunteers were found in Dr Williams, a surgeon from Staffordshire, John Maidment of the Y.M.C.A. in London. Joseph Erwin, ship's carpenter, who had been out before, insisted on going again as "being with Captain Gardiner was like heaven on earth, he is such a man of prayer." Three godly Cornish fishermen, John Pearce, John Badcock, and John Bryant completed the party.

Taking two mission boats, *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, on board, they sailed from Liverpool in the *Ocean Queen* in September 1850. Gardiner's ideal scheme was to cruise about in a schooner which would at once be their storehouse and refuge in case of danger. Instead of this they went, as he well knew, with the very minimum of safety,

and when the supply ship they relied on failed to appear, the brave company died of starvation.

Anxiety about their possible condition prompted Mr Lafone of the Falklands to send a schooner *John Davison* in search—twenty days after the death of Gardiner as it proved. They found the dead bodies of some of the party on the beach. "The sight was awful in the extreme. The two captains who went with me cried like children. Books, papers, medicine, clothing, and tools lay strewed along the beach and on the boat's deck and cuddy. . . . But we had no time for further search as the gale came on so hard. It gave us barely time to bury the corpse on the beach and get on board and out to sea. I have never found in my life such Christian fortitude, such patience, and bearing as in these unfortunate men."

The wonder was that neither wild beast, nor savage, nor the sea had been allowed to interfere with the dead or their belongings. Gardiner's diary, now a precious relic, was found intact, and records clear evidence of the presence of the living God in all their trials.

Savages appear: "Taking for granted their intentions were hostile considering the overbearing conduct of the two who had been with us since daylight, we landed with our guns and walked towards them, and when within a few paces we knelt down upon the beach and committed ourselves to the mercy and protection of our Heavenly Father. They stood still without uttering a word while we were in prayer, and seemed held in some sort of restraint. . . . They gradually became quiet and their demeanour was greatly subdued."

Another day they found themselves faced with a large crowd of natives with long war spears and baskets of stones. The cable was cut and the crew just got away in time.

Starvation from which there was no such escape made slow and steady advance.

"We expected abundant fish here, there is literally none. Our stock of powder was left on the ship, so we can't get ducks or geese of which there are plenty. . . . Yesterday for a few nails we purchased seventy fish from the natives."

The lack of fresh meat produced scurvy.

". . . Buried three bottles with letters in them at Banner Cove, with a notice painted on the rock, 'Gone to Spaniard Harbour,' where they settled in Pioneer Cavern.

". . . Our gun-trap has at last succeeded, the fox has paid nightly visits for some time. We found him shot through the heart, as he tried to take the bait attached to the muzzle of the gun with a string to the trigger. We ate him for dinner. His flesh had a fishy flavour.

". . . Yesterday we dined on the remnant of a shag Maidment

found on the beach. To-day, five fish were caught. Very seasonable for the sick. We have reason to thank God for His mercies.

"Pioneer Cavern, May 8, 1851.—'Though I walk in the midst of trouble Thou wilt refresh me. Mine eyes are unto Thee, O God the Lord. In Thee is my trust, leave not my soul destitute.'

"May 12.—Three fish caught. As the biscuit is getting low, and we may not have supplies for more than three weeks, those in health were put on short allowance.

"May 22.—Yesterday was set apart for special prayer on account of the sick and for supplies of food, and the expected vessel, in the following order. General Confession in Communion Service. Psalms lxxvii. and xxxiv. 1 Kings xvii. Ps. xxiii. Acts xxvii. Collects 1, 5, 2 at the end of the Communion Service, and last two prayers from the Litany. Prayer for all conditions of men. General Thanksgiving. Last Communion Collect."

Though the outward man was perishing, the inward man was renewed day by day.

Mr Williams, the surgeon writes: "June 12. Asleep or awake I am happy beyond the compass of words to tell. We have long been without animal food. Our diet consists of oatmeal and pease, with rice occasionally, but even of this we have only a stock to last out the present month or so. The weather is very severe, deep snow on the ground. But the worst feature is all hands are now sadly affected. Captain Gardiner, a miracle of constitutional vigour has suffered least. If I listened to his words he is none the worse, but his countenance bespeaks the contrary."

Gardiner's diary continues:—

"July 3.—John Badcock died. He entered his eternal rest in a most triumphant manner. The grave was dug among some trees. We retired to the forepeak of the boat, and as the day was bad and we were all tired we had no regular service, but I read 1 Thess. iv. and engaged in prayer.

"July 4.—We have now been seven weeks on short allowance, and latterly even this has of necessity been curtailed."

About this time apparently they painted on the rock by the cavern a hand with Psalm lxii. 5-8 under it.

"July 28.—Erwin in bed suffering much from eating mussels.

"July 29.—Hung a tablecloth to a branch of a tree as a signal to any passing vessel.

"August 14.—I was so weak I kept to my bed, but anxious to keep up as long as I could, especially on account of Maidment. I went to the cavern on three following days, but yesterday I found the exertion of getting in and out of the boat and walking even that short distance

twice a day too much for me and only reduced the little strength I had."

Erwin died on 25th August and Bryant on the 26th. Maidment, brave fellow, walked to the spot, buried them and crept back to help. He went out to help again, and was found dead by the crew who came too late.

Feeling his own end near, Gardiner wrote last letters to his son, and to his wife, and to his daughter.

" . . . I trust poor Fuegia and South America will not be abandoned. Missionary seed has been sown here and the Gospel message ought to follow.

" If I have a wish for the good of my fellow-men it is that the Tierra del Fuego Mission might be prosecuted with vigour. But the Lord will direct and do all, the hearts of all men are in His hands."

As he lay dying he felt thirst. " Yesterday I was enabled to get out and scoop up a sufficient supply of water from some that trickled down at the stem of the boat by means of one of my india-rubber shoes."

His last words in a letter found by his body, discoloured by exposure and torn, are for the most part legible, and end :—

" Yet a little while and through grace we may join that blessed throng to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food. Marvellous loving kindness to me a sinner. Your affectionate brother in Christ.

ALLEN F. GARDINER.

Sept. 6, 1851."

When the news of the calamity reached England it made a great sensation. Much blame was cast on all who were supposed to have occasioned it. Some sarcasm was expended on all Christian Missions. But great and general reverence was felt for the heroic courage and patient endurance manifested in the sufferers.

But the death of Gardiner and his friends put new life into the cause for which they died. As in the case of Hannington's murder, which started the Church in Uganda, it was one more proof of Tertullian's saying: " The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church."

THE FOUNDER OF DURBAN SOUTH AFRICA

COMMANDER ALLEN GARDINER was the actual founder of the flourishing city of Durban, Natal, South Africa (called after Sir Benjamin Durban, Governor of the Cape).

Having failed to start a mission among Zulus he came, in 1835, to what is now the flourishing city, and found a party of white settlers, who welcomed him. He at once formed them into a community, established a mission, and laid out the town, the central portion of which remains much the same as he planned. He built his own house on rising ground above this, and because, contrary to his usual experiences, the people had "received the Word with all readiness of mind" (Acts xvii. 11) he called the place "Berea." This is now the fashionable residential suburb of Durban, and St Thomas' Church there stands on the site of his first Mission Church.

One of the main streets of the town is "Gardiner" Street, and in the principal square, opposite the Town Hall, is a bronze tablet to his memory.

Lately, owing to the active interest of Colonel Molyneux, D.S.O., the Old Fort of Durban, which has a thrilling history, has been enclosed and preserved for the city, and its magazine has been turned into a little chapel.

On the panelled walls of this chapel are brass tablets in memory of men who have made history in building up Natal and Durban.

Among them is a tablet with the following inscription :—

"To the Memory of

Captain ALLEN FRANCIS GARDINER, R.N.,

Born at Basildon, Berks, 1794. Died of starvation in Patagonia 1851. Who laid out and named the Town of Durban on 23rd June 1835, and in the same year gave the name Berea to the first Christian Settlement in Natal, on the site of Old St Thomas' Church.

Erected by the South African National Society in 1927."

CONTENTS

PART I

THE VENTURE OF FAITH

CHAP.	PAGE
I. EARLY LIFE	19
II. CLERICAL LIFE AT HOME	24
III. THE VOYAGE OUT	32
IV. MRS STIRLING AND KEPPEL ISLAND	44
V. HOMEWARD BOUND, WITH FUEGIAN BOYS	61
VI. SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY	72

PART II

"GOD'S SENTINEL" AT USHUAIA

VII. "GOD'S SENTINEL" AT USHUAIA	83
--	----

PART III

BISHOP OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

VIII. THE NEW BISHOPRIC AND THE NEW BISHOP	117
IX. TRIALS IN FORMING THE NEW DIOCESE	126
X. TALES OF ADVENTURE	144
XI. STANLEY CATHEDRAL BUILT	168
XII. THE BISHOP IN THE WILDS	188
XIII. THE CLOSE OF A LONG REIGN	214

PART IV

CANON OF WELLS

XIV. CANON OF WELLS	229
-------------------------------	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Bishop Stirling	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Mrs Allen Gardiner's Family	24
Mrs Stirling	32
Mr Stirling and his four Natives	64
Pinse-Tawa a Lengua Witch-Doctor	88
A Yahgan Hunt on the South American Coast	96
Indian Stalker disguised as a Clump of Foliage	104
The Right Reverend Waite Hockin Stirling, D.D., Canon of Wells	120
Section of a Lengua Woollen Blanket	128
Blanket Weaving	128
Stanley Cathedral Past and Present	168
Keamapsithyo, afterwards called Philip	176
Mount Sarmiento	184
Rev. J. Bridges	192
The Yawl <i>Allen Gardiner</i>	192
W. Barbrooke Grubb	200
Bishop Stirling with a Group of Missionaries	208
Bishop Stirling's Autograph	162
Map	248

Part I

THE VENTURE OF FAITH

"Of course we have considered the difficulties of our work. . . . We go forth as instruments in God's hand, looking to Him for wisdom to open the way for us. We go forth as earthen vessels, we may be broken : What then ? . . . If I die, or any of us die, don't give up the work."

Mr Stirling's parting words before his first voyage.

a

B

Early Life

*Lineage & Family Traditions—Boyhood, Education & Adventures—
Nicknamed "Bishop" & "Admiral"—Life under his Tutor
at Exeter—Enters Exeter College, Oxford.*

WAITE HOCKIN STIRLING, one of the Missionary heroes of the last century, was born on 14th January 1829. The story of his life, so far as he allowed it to be known, reveals a character bold and daring, reticent and self-restrained, simple and deeply spiritual. A born Missionary, he was never so happy as when he was among the poorest and most ignorant natives, yet all through life he seemed ever to have had, "in remembrance into how high a dignity, and how weighty an office he was called, to be a Messenger, Watchman, and Steward of the Lord." A man of the world in the best sense, he was at all times, and all places, a man sent from God, who seemed to radiate holiness.

This nobility of character is not to be wondered at, when his ancestry and early influences are revealed.

His father, Captain Thomas Stirling, belonged to the family of Sir Henry Stirling, created a Baronet in 1666. He joined the Royal Navy in 1809, as a midshipman, and had many thrilling adventures in the exciting days before the triumph of Waterloo. In 1815 he was on board H.M.S. *Glasgow*, cruising about in the English Channel to prevent Napoleon escaping to

America. Later he was ordered to guard the great man when he was prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*. He used to tell how every time he passed the cabin where Bonaparte was confined, he saluted, and Napoleon was most careful always to return the salute.

When the Captain went ashore at Plymouth, he was actually mistaken for Napoleon, with such animosity that he was glad to take refuge ; at another time he was taken for the Duke of Wellington, with more enthusiasm than was convenient. These things reveal the excited condition of the populace; they also tell us there was something very distinguished about the appearance of Bishop Stirling's father.

He retired from the Navy after peace was proclaimed, and seven years later married the beautiful sister of Admiral Hockin.

She was a descendant of the Earl of Glencairn, an ardent Jacobite and patron of Robert Burns, who wrote of him :—

“ Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou mayst discern ;
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn.”

Thirteen children were born of this marriage, of whom the two eldest were Charles and Waite Hockin. Both became men of exceptionally handsome appearance and great charm of manner. Both entered the Christian Ministry, and both lived to great age. Charles died within a few days of his ninety-fourth birthday, and Waite, fourteen months younger, lived with astonishing vigour till within a few weeks of his ninety-fifth year.

The future Bishop was born at Dartmouth, and in 1921, when 92 years old, he wrote to his life-long friend, Dr Townsend:—

“Dartmouth ! There I was born, and my associations were in early years closely connected with the dear old town. In the waters of its harbour I have bathed and boated, and on the hills overlooking the entrance I have climbed with boyish delight.”

When he was about nine years old his parents lived at Kingston-on-Thames, and there he went to school. He must have been somewhat of a pugilist, for he used, as a Bishop, to tell of his fights with the street boys. Once he went home with his nose “all over his face.” Nothing much was thought of it at the time, but long after when he was about forty, his doctor, attending him for a cold said: “I suppose you know you have a broken nose ? This makes it much more stuffy than other peoples.’” A small piece of bone had been obtruding ever since his boyish battle.

After being at school a short time, he became very ill with brain fever. This was largely due to the bad treatment and rough usage he received from a big bully in the school. It must have been real persecution to upset a boy of young Stirling’s courage, and the sequel proved it, for later on the bully, becoming an usher, was tried for manslaughter, having knocked a boy about so much that he died. As a result Waite was kept at home for a long time. His father bought him a grey pony on which he used to scour the country round and follow the hounds whenever they were

near. His father used to give him eighteenpence in his pocket and turn him loose for the day. And at the tender age of 10 the future Bishop actually went to the Derby on foot. He got lifts on the way and thoroughly enjoyed his day out.

His character began to manifest itself early and earned for him two nicknames. Some boys called him "Bishop," while others dubbed him "Admiral."

In those days it was the custom for clergy to receive several young men into their parsonages as pupils, so instead of going to a public school, Waite Hockin Stirling was tutored by his uncle, the Rev. William Hockin, at Exeter, and went from thence to Exeter College, Oxford, when he was 18. He took his degree in Classics in 1851. He only gained a fourth class, but he always felt that his work was considerably handicapped by delicacy, for he was never strong and suffered a good deal, while at Oxford, from giddiness. He must have outgrown this weakness at Oxford, for he developed an astonishing agility. In later days he must surely have won his "blue" for jumping. He was noted for his vaulting. He would jump gates when going across country simply for the joy of living. This lasted through life. He would jump to amuse his children, and many stories could be told of such athletics among the natives and on board ship. Up to the last he was so light on his feet that he would go upstairs two steps at a time, and would come in with clean boots in the muddiest weather.

His "Uncle Hockin" was for forty-five years (1842-86) Chaplain to the Devon and Exeter

Hospital. He was an Evangelical of pronounced opinion and strong character, and took a keen interest in missionary work. The spiritual atmosphere of his house, coupled with the early influences of home, laid the foundation of that old-fashioned Evangelical piety and zeal for missions which led to Waite Stirling's vocation to Holy Orders, and his volunteering for the daring adventure of bringing the Gospel to savages.

Clerical Life at Home

Ordination—Nottingham—New Links with Allen Gardiner—Break-down in Health—Country Curacy—Led to Bristol—Secretary of the P.M.S.—His own Account of his Call to go out as a Missionary.

HAVING taken his degree in 1851, Mr Stirling, after a short waiting period, was ordained to the Curacy of St Mary's, Nottingham, in 1852, under Prebendary Joshua William Brookes.

Nottingham was then in the Diocese of Lincoln, whose Bishop was the learned Dr John Kaye. The young candidate's note to his vicar gives a glimpse of the preliminaries to the Ministry seventy-seven years ago :—

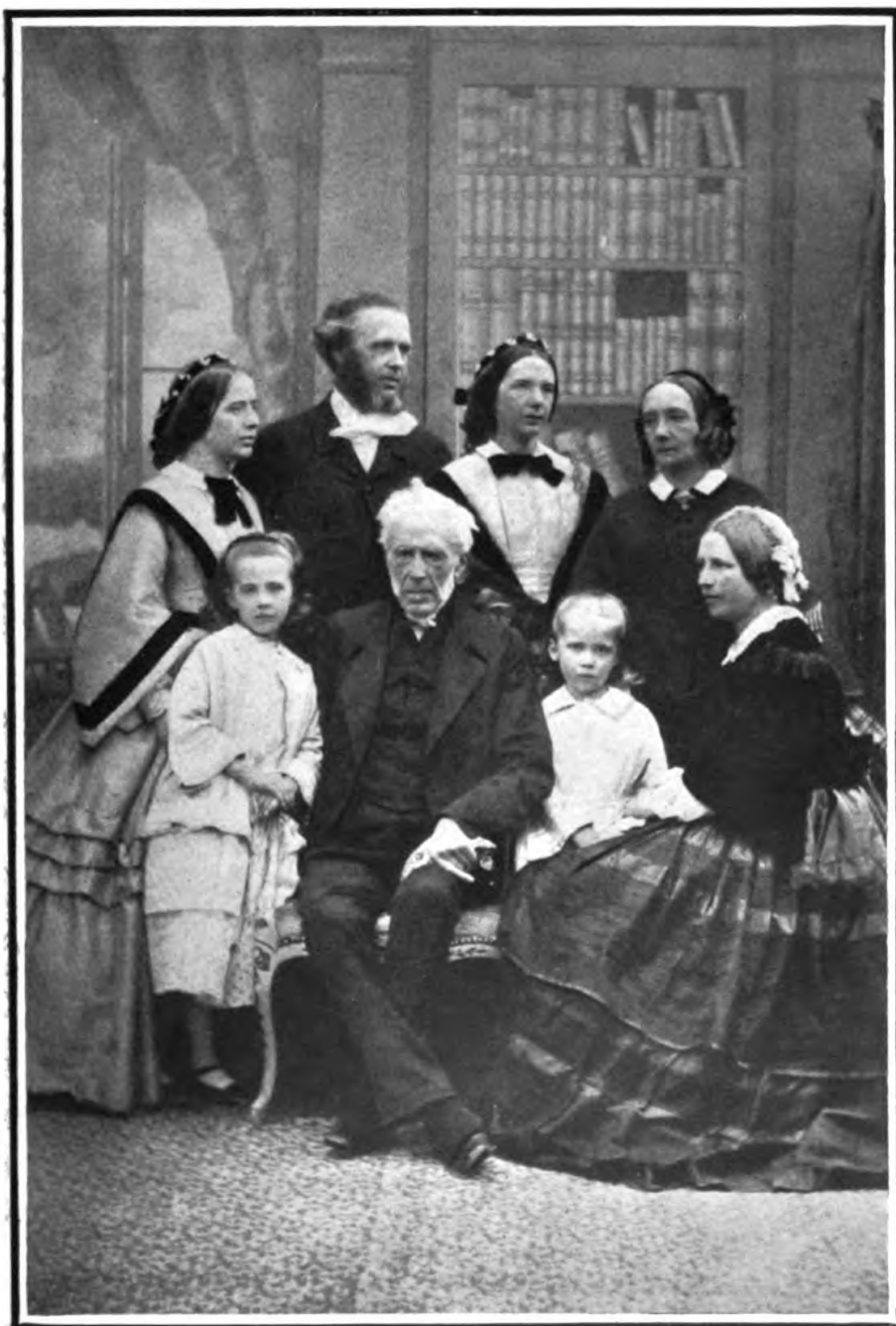
“ LINCOLN : *Friday afternoon.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

You will I dare say pardon me for troubling you with a note to announce myself safely over the shoals. The examination has been both short and easy. The Bishop's kindness of manner is most delightful. To-night I dine with him, in company with my fellow-deacons, I suppose, at his residence in the country.”

Bishop Jackson, who succeeded Bishop Kaye in 1853, ordained him Priest, and, seventeen years later, presided over his consecration as Bishop.

What led him to Nottingham is not known, but, in



MRS. ALLEN GARDINER'S FAMILY

Seated on the right is the widow of Commander Allen Gardiner, eldest daughter of Rev. E. G. Marsh, who is by her, with his two grand-daughters, children of Rev. J. W. Marsh, who with his wife and two sisters stands behind. The two Clergy were original members of the Patagonian Missionary Society.

God's providence, it was the first step to the Falklands. For at the neighbouring parish of Holy Trinity he began his lifelong friendship with Prebendary Macdonald, and leaving St Mary's he acted for a short time (1854-56) as his curate.

Trinity in those days, as in these, was a very vigorous centre. Among its young men were R. C. Billing (later Bishop of Bedford), Henry Wright, the well-known Secretary of C.M.S., and W. Hinde Smith of Y.M.C.A. fame. There was also a large Working Men's Association, which, in days when few could read and cheap newspapers were undreamed of, gathered crowds of men for popular lectures. The lecturers were neighbouring clergy or friends from a distance, such as Canon J. M. Wilson, then a young master at Rugby, who all gladly served on the "staff" of the Association. Among them was John William Marsh, Vicar of Bleasby, a keen historian. He and the Vicar became great friends. His sister had married Allen Gardiner, and he and his father, Rev. E. G. Marsh, (1) were original members of the Committee of the Patagonian Missionary Society. When old age compelled the retirement of the elder Marsh his place was taken by T. M. Macdonald.

Mr Stirling was thus brought in his early ministry into intimate contact with the brother-in-law of the hero of Tierra del Fuego, and it was natural that, when health reasons dictated his seeking work in the South, he should be brought to Bristol. So after a brief ministry at Clifton, Derbyshire, under Mr Gamble, he went in 1857 as Secretary to the Patagonian Mission-

ary Society in succession to Rev. G. F. Despard. It is amusing now to recall the fact that at first his nomination as Secretary was strongly opposed by the Committee at Bristol. Marsh and Macdonald had come from the Midlands eager to press the claims of an unknown curate there. At length the meeting was adjourned for a week, in the hope that the two clergy would go back to their parishes and not return. They went back to their Sunday duty, and reappeared at Bristol more zealous than ever for their friend. He was elected and, needless to say, in a very few months had completely won the hearts of all the Committee.

For nearly five years he worked as Secretary, till in the summer of 1862 he volunteered to go out as Superintendent of the Mission abroad.

The story of his going is best told in his own words at his Farewell meeting, at the Victoria Rooms, in Clifton. Even then, when he was only 33 years old, we recognize the same strength of character and repose in God that made him such a leader through life and such an inspiration in his old age.

The Chairman and other speakers had dwelt on the "difficulties, dangers, and trials" that must beset Mr Stirling and his companions. And well they might, seeing the little vessel in which they were to sail, when it came home in 1859 to be refitted and lengthened, bore branded on its deck the marks of fires lit by the savages, who only three years before had massacred the whole of its crew except one who miraculously escaped. (2)

But Mr Stirling was undaunted. "Of course," he

said, " we have considered the difficulties of the work. I have not been five years in connexion with this Society without knowing that there are many difficulties. I have been behind the scenes. It would grieve my heart to look upon this farewell meeting as a day of glorification or a gala day. It is nothing of the kind. We go forth as instruments in God's hand, looking to Him for wisdom to open the way for us. We go forth as earthen vessels : we may be broken : What then ? Why, you will be discouraged but I wish I could not think that. I was in London the other day and went by invitation to Lord Shaftesbury's to see him before my departure. He said, after we had had some conversation, ' Is there anything I can do for you ? ' I replied, ' there is one request I have to make, and it is this : if I die, or any of us die, do not give up the work, or think it of less importance on that account.'

" I went also to the Bishop of London and repeated the same thing to him. His Lordship replied: ' Of course such things must be expected,' and added that he would do all he could to keep up encouragement.

" If anything happens to us, the cry will be ' there is another disaster and the work won't go on.' Now, my friends that is not the feeling that should pervade us.

" With regard to our qualifications I can only speak for myself, as far as I have had God's guidance marked upon the circumstances of my life. I have not loved the Mission only since I have been Secretary ; I was first interested in it at Oxford, by Captain Gardiner, where during my collegiate course I was introduced

to him. Amongst my friends at home likewise an interest in the work was early excited, so that in a very humble way circumstances tended to keep alive in my heart a regard for the Mission prior to my ordination ; after which my first Curacy was in Nottingham, where I found my beloved Vicar, the Rev. Canon Brookes, interested in it. And in my next Curacy, in which I was associated with the Rev. T. M. Macdonald, incumbent of Holy Trinity, in that town, and a member of the Committee, I was brought into direct connexion with one of the Society's most flourishing associations. My previous interest was rekindled and strengthened.

“ My health after four and a half years broke down, and I was supposed to be almost unfitted for pulpit work at home. I undertook very light duty in the country for a few months, where I waited the opening of God's providence, though of course it was an anxious time for me.

“ About this period the Society wanted a Resident Secretary, Mr Walker having been appointed to Mary-le-Port Church, Bristol. This office I may say was suggested as suitable to me by two members of Committee without my seeking it, on condition that the Committee at Clifton would entertain their proposition. It was received, and I was appointed, much to my happiness and to my great joy now. My health then, however, was very indifferent, and I only longed to take a prominent part in God's work, as people generally do when they are ill ; if they had their health, what would they not undergo ? These feel-

ings occupied my heart and prayers, and my health has been given back to such a degree as to justify, in the opinion of my medical advisers, the step I am about to take.

“ When I look back there seems to be no forcing, but a gradual preparation for the work. When my health was declining I was anxious to go abroad in the service of this Mission, as it was stated in the advertisements in the papers respecting this Mission that the climate of the Falkland Islands was not unsuitable to persons with delicate chests.

“ Mr Despard, however, went out on that occasion; but had he not offered his services I might have presented myself ; and possibly been appointed to the work. I had no proper acquaintance then with the true nature of the work, its difficulties and the preparation required or anything of the kind, and had I gone then probably the difficulties would have been greater than, with the qualifications I possess, I could have surmounted.

“ Mr Despard, however, went out to Keppel Island, and circumstances so worked themselves round that he returned home after having done a great work.

“ My dear friends, do not give us your sympathy as though we were going to attempt some new thing. The way has been pioneered for us, we know the names of individuals there ; their language has been reduced to writing by Mr Despard, and, therefore, we must not be dispirited.

“ The ship is ready and the Captain with us on the platform. Therefore, we do not want your sympathy

so much as those did, who in 1856 went forth to grapple with the earliest difficulties of a really difficult enterprise. We do not go, then, unprepared. The first bloom of one's hopeful feelings has been rubbed off, perhaps, but there remains a calm estimate of the work and a fixed desire to carry it out.

"It is right to say the Committee did not accept my offer to go without due consideration. The post which I am now to occupy was offered to four different persons, who, from various circumstances, were unable to accept it. We then found our ship ready and devoted men ready to go in her, who are here this day, and for whom your prayers ought to be fervently and constantly given. I have only to go nominally for the short period of three years, but in as much as the ship and men were ready, and the party abroad were in need of an adviser it seemed inexpedient for the Committee to refuse my offer.

"Now instead of going out with too much impulse I am fearful that I have not sufficient impulse. I have hardly enough emotion in my heart, yet my desire to do God's work is a settled one. We shall go in the strength of the Lord. 'The Lord will give strength unto his people. The Lord will bless his people with peace.' "

NOTES

(1) Edward Garrard Marsh was a remarkable man, he came of a military family at Salisbury. Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, 1801, B.A., 1804. Fellow of Oriel, 1805, won the English Essay on "Posthumous Fame," 1806. Prebendary of Southwell Minster of 1821. Vicar of Sandon, Herts, 1828. Vicar of Aylesford, Kent, 1841. Bampton Lecturer, "The Christian Doctrine of Sanctification," 1848, and Author of various works. He died 20th Sept. 1862, aged 79.

(2) All hope of anything further among such treacherous savages seemed at an end. But months later a passing vessel found the *Allen Gardiner*, dismantled badly, but capable of repair. And strange to say some of the natives bitterly repented of the cruelty. Two of them begged so earnestly to be taken to Cranmer that in spite of positive orders to the contrary the Captain brought them to the Falklands and the work was begun again.

The Voyage Out

Mr Stirling's Marriage—Mrs Stirling & her Children Sail with him in the Allen Gardiner—Her Diary—The Ship & its Doings—Valedictory Service—Incidents of the Voyage—Madeira—Music & Fun—Father Neptune Aboard—The Doldrums—The Sudden Burst of the South-east Trade Winds—Descriptions of the Ocean in Calm & Storm—Monte-Video—Santa Fé—The Cabin Boy Lost Overboard—Arrival at Keppel Island.

WHILE Curate at Nottingham Mr Stirling had married, at Cheltenham Parish Church, on 14th July 1853, Miss Louisa Jane Phinn, daughter of Dr Phinn, of Bath. In her girlhood she had travelled in Italy with her brother, Mr Thomas Phinn, Q.C. (sometime Member for Bath), and it was while in Rome with him in 1843 that her portrait was taken on a cameo, reproduced here.

She, and her two little girls (their son having died in infancy) sailed with Mr Stirling on his first voyage, in 1862, to South America. Her wide reading and refined culture are revealed in the full journal she kept of the voyage, the beauty of the ocean recalls to her mind Humboldt's glowing description of the Pacific, and she quotes both Wordsworth and Chateaubriand, whose ideas she compares and criticizes.

The presence of this cultured and charming lady, roughing it at sea and making the best of mean surroundings at Keppel Island, is one of the most striking



MRS. STIRLING

Miss Louisa Jane Phinn, before her marriage. She travelled in Italy with her brother, Mr. Thos. Phinn, Q.C., M.P., and while with him at Rome in 1843 this cameo portrait was made.

features of the story. Her high tone and passionate devotion to the work of bringing the Gospel to ignorant natives made her a most fitting helpmeet to her heroic husband till her death at El Carmen in 1864.

The voyage from Bristol to Keppel Island took five months and nine days, from August 1862 to 30th January 1863 ; a month was spent at Montevideo and three weeks at El Carmen, but for all that time this little ship was the home of eighteen or twenty people who were 112 days at sea in her.

The *Allen Gardiner* was designed by Captain Sullivan, R.N., and was only 64 feet long and 88 tons when she was launched in 1854. After seven years roughing it round the Falklands and Tierra del Fuego she was brought back to Bristol and lengthened, so when Mr Stirling and his party left she was a square-rigged two-masted schooner 78 feet long and about 120 tons burden. She was "a sweet little craft" in her skipper's eyes, with an average speed of six and a half knots but she could do 9. In the North Atlantic, in the most favourable weather, she made 187 miles in twenty-four hours, but in the South Trade-winds she raced along making 585 miles in three days. (1)

The start from Cumberland Basin was characteristic. "Running in and out amongst the crowd might be seen the Rev. W. H. Stirling, calm and collected, yet with a certain, solemn feeling apparent, bidding good-bye to many a friend and receiving many a blessing and many a cheering word of kind and respectful sympathy." At 4 o'clock, in glorious weather, the

vessel began to move, and as it did so the party on board raised the well-known hymn, "From all that dwell below the skies." This was caught up and echoed by many on the shore.

Passing through the dock-gates the crews of other ships gave hearty cheers ; as she was towed down the river by a steam-tug crowds on the bank, on the Clifton Cliffs, on the Suspension Bridge Pier, cheered and waved farewell. At King Road a Valedictory Service was held on deck. The schooner lay that night in Penarth Roads, detained by contrary wind, and next day made a good passage till the pilot was dropped, off Lundy Island.

The party included Mr Stirling's brother Tom, and Messrs Lett Andrews, and Rau, who went as Missionaries, and Mrs Stirling's nurse.

Like Lord Nelson, Mr Stirling was an expert sailor, passionately fond of the sea but always a martyr to sea-sickness. On one occasion, in the second week of the voyage, the sea was as smooth as glass and he was tempted as a last resource to try the effect of a dip which gave him a momentary feeling of relief ; at times he was so ill, "he might easily have been mistaken for a patient recovering from yellow fever." When quite unable to officiate he deputed his brother to read the service. For they had regular services all through the voyage, morning and evening, on deck or in the cabin. Every morning and evening the whole ship's company, or all who could be spared, met, when St John's Gospel was expounded. On Sundays they said the Litany and Prayers in the morning, and Evening

Service and Sermon at 5 o'clock, and twice during the voyage they had Holy Communion. "The men joined very heartily in the singing, which they like, it enhances the warmth and devotion of our services." Mrs Stirling goes on to describe a scene which reads like a fairy-tale in these days: "Yesterday was a beautiful day, just what one wishes a Sunday to be. It is so pleasant to see every one in a different dress all looking neat and clean. I thought I had never seen the crew look so nice; they are well behaved and seem to enjoy the day of rest. They sit about the deck reading till service and after dark they sing hymns."

When the schooner anchored in Funchal Bay they went ashore and saw the sights of Madeira, riding on ponies to the summit of "Little Curral" Mountain. After seeing other sights and laying in a store of fresh fruit, and going on board H.M.S. *Rattler*, they put to sea in good heart. The monotony of life at sea in so small a vessel is pleasantly varied. Sailing-ships of all sorts are passed in the course of the voyage. *Eliza*, schooner of Falmouth is asked to report them. Another day no less than seventeen sail are in sight. Tom went aboard the nearest, a French ship for Marseilles, where she is to post letters for us. Later on a large Yankee clipper passing close to and is most polite, dipping her flag. Another day a great sunfish is examined close alongside, and a comet is a wonder every night, as is the phosphorescent track of the ship.

In southern latitudes becalmed, the mate, seated at the end of the bowsprit, catches with hook and line two large bonitoes, excellent food for those who

could eat them. Every birthday is also a red-letter day, especially Tottie's, with heaps of toys, a splendid feast, lemonade for all the crew, finishing up with a blue light on deck which put the moon into the shade. Such little episodes are most useful auxiliaries on board ship. They do much more than pass the time. On 9th September very early risers saw the glorious peak of Teneriffe, with a belt of cloud around its base. The day before it was but dimly visible, like a cloud on the horizon, 120 miles away.

Two goats gave a constant supply of milk for the children, during most of the voyage; but they came to an untimely end, as did most of the live-stock; they started with three dogs and four cats, but of these only "Bosun," the bulldog, and one cat escaped a watery grave. The goats were the special charge of Alfred Cole, better known as Jemmy Button. Second Mate though he was, he was not much respected, and all sorts of practical jokes were played upon him. He was alarmed one day to find his goat lost: later he discovered it stowed away in his own bunk.

The musical talent of the crew showed itself in the evening concerts, "not of first-rate quality, but a pleasant whiling away of an idle hour and a little softened by distance and darkness. It becomes a thing to look forward to. Their only instruments are a concertina and a fiddle. They have blind-man's-buff and hunt the slipper on deck in the moonlight."

And there were the usual pranks on board: once when a practical joke, a theft from the ship's stores, caused some annoyance Mr Stirling took occasion

very briefly and kindly to refer to it at evening prayers. The story as told in the "Diary" reveals his strength of character, and tact and gentleness. He would join in their games, but all the time he is revered as a man of God.

The climax of the fun is reached when Father Neptune and his attendants come aboard. He inquires how many children, and demands a footing from the uninitiated. The fun grows fast and furious. One Missionary, who had no sense of humour, fights his captors in grim earnest till Mr Stirling begs him off. Then the steward gives the invaders a rare dance up and down the rigging till at last he is caught, lathered, and shaved.

At length Mr Stirling himself is the only one left. Very considerately they ask permission, which being granted readily, they passed him through very tenderly.

Then Neptune is to depart over the bows, mid a blaze of fireworks. All rush for'ard to see, and are met with buckets of water from the rigging.

The next act was the procession of the Ass. Two men, with a sailcloth, and rough mat for a hide, a long swab for the tail, and two portentous ears formed the moke, bestrode by one of the lightest-weights of the crew. Round the deck the donkey goes, till becoming unmanageable, and kicking, it suffers a sudden dissolution, and the head runs away from the tail.

Then all come aft for the concert. Big Tom, the humorist brought the house down, as, standing big and burly, he gave :—

"When I first went to service,
I took a housemaid's place."

Everybody sang something. "Cheer boys, cheer, my mother's got a mangle," and "O Willy, we have missed you," being the favourites.

These concerts were a great help after passing Cape Verde, when they encountered sixteen days of "variables": intense heat, becalmed, great rain; when life below was almost unbearable, when progress was slow, the wrong way. There were long, smooth rollers, which are as far from rest as they are from progress, and wonderfully sickening. "Let no one attempt to describe that subtle thing, ennui, till they have had the like experience."

To break the monotony Mr Stirling brought out his revolver and succeeded in hitting a bottle hung from the yard-arm, and again hitting the neck that remained.

The change comes at last: "We were sitting in the cool of the evening, looking at the beauty of the young moon, sails flapping idly to and fro; all was still, as we listened to the music, and the chorus "Fear not, but trust in Providence, wherever thou may'st be." All was still, a moment's silence—and then the sudden sharp order from the stern—'ABOUT SHIP!'

"The effect was electrical; the South-east Trade at last! All hands came running, sails were shifted, the endless question to the steersman, 'How's her head, John?' satisfactorily answered at last; and away we go, in the right course at last. How thankful we feel. It is like the crisis in a fever, and the relief is instantaneous."

The ship has made 585 miles in three days, quite a feat for the *Allen Gardiner*.

"It is pleasant to feel ourselves dashing along. No words can describe the beauty of the water, as it rises in banks of shining crystal, blue as sapphire against the prow, and then shivers like glass into boiling eddies of foam that really looks whiter than snow.

The moonlight has been too bright lately for the phosphoric light to be visible, but last night the moon rose later, and we had porpoises playing round us, leaping out of the water, crossing and re-crossing each other's track, all luminous in the darkness and shooting like rockets upon the surface which was so clear that by the sea-fire's light we could distinctly see the nails in the copper of the ship's keel."

At length they cast anchor in Montevideo, where they had a pleasant month, staying with the Chaplain, Rev. Samuel Adams. Mr Stirling preached, and visited Buenos Aires and Santa Fé, and was cheered to find such cordial welcome.

But the ocean has other moods. Here is one of several descriptions of their experiences in stormy seas :—

"When approaching Santa Cruz," Mr Stirling writes, "the tempest broke over the ship unpityingly for forty-eight hours at one time, and twenty-four at another, so as to tax her powers to the utmost. Weary oneself, and anxious, it was a strange and wonderful thing to watch the *Allen Gardiner* in her lonely struggle with the fierce and briny giants, that now hurled her above their heads, and now dragged her down head-foremost into the roaring deep. The

shrouds were chattering with the blast, save, when drowning all minor noises, the rushing mighty wind swept like a tornado over the ship and shook her to the keel. To 'lie to' was impossible, for there was no lee-shore, to run before the gale might have been to forsake Santa Cruz for a month, to beat off and on was the only prudent plan as long as it was possible, and so we did. Cooking and sleeping were in nowise easy, but we made the best of it. It was soothing to know that amid the loudest tempest the small whisper of the prayer of faith never fails to reach the ear of Him whose words the wind and sea obey. Had this hurricane overtaken us at sea these lines might never have been penned."

Then, after a short stay at Santa Cruz, they reached the Falklands. The voyage had been wonderfully prosperous. On the whole, they had favourable weather and no serious disaster. But just at the last the little ship's company was plunged into mourning by the loss of Alfred, the cabin-boy. This jolly little fellow was an orphan, befriended by the skipper, and he was a favourite with the whole crew, especially with the little children. A regular boy, he chased the best hen over the side of the ship, and he had been the first patient shaved by Father Neptune, and his cleverness in dodging the lather-brush with shut mouth when plied with questions had amused them all. Mr Stirling shall tell the sad story :—

"As we neared Keppel Island the water became smoother (the sea had run very light at times) and all seemed well. The Captain had ordered the boats to be

hoisted from the chocks to the davits, and thoughts of pleasure and congratulation at our almost charmed passage occupied our hearts. I had been on deck since 2.30 a.m. and descended about 6 o'clock, when I heard a noise overhead, and some unusual shouting. I was so sure all was well that I stayed in my berth, the stir, however, continued, mingled with cries of 'Alf—Alf!' The order to 'bout ship rang in my ears. I rushed up, alas, to find Alfred Lee overboard and hopelessly astern, for he could not swim, and the ship was running about seven knots an hour. The first and second officers and another of the crew were off in a boat within three minutes of the accident, and a man in the rigging directed their course to where the poor boy was last seen. After a while we picked up the boat, the only thing recovered was the young lad's cap. My elder girl's grief broke forth in sobs and tears, and the whole ship's company mourned no less truly though more quietly the loss of their youngest member. He was a pleasant lad, and a promising seaman. He was fond of music, and oft-times pleasant melodies of familiar hymns sounded sweetly thro' the ship as he played his concertina in some quiet corner."

How he met death so suddenly may be judged from another episode told by Mrs Stirling. "The ship was dashing along like a runaway horse, with the huge waves behind her, with fierce and irresistible speed. All sail was reefed except one topsail to steady her. Waite told me he was quite anxious for the boy's safety when he was sent aloft at the beginning of the

storm. He went to speak to him, when he had come down in safety. And when he said, 'I hope you lift up your heart to God, Alfred, when you feel yourself in danger?' the boy answered, 'Indeed, sir, if I did not I could not have gone to the end of that yard.' "

At 2 p.m. that day (30th Jan. 1863), the anchor was let go in Committee Bay, Keppel Island. "The sad event of the morning held many emotions of joy in check, but while we all felt that God had spoken to us thereby it was with gladdened spirits that we gazed—our first view—through the bleak and humid atmosphere on the cottages and gardens which represent the Society's Station in the Falkland Islands."

The future Bishop took his first walk to the Station with Bartlett the head of the Mission, who had no idea who his companion was! He soon discovered, and a few days later Mr Stirling gave a feast to the crew. The *Allen Gardiner* gay with flags lay gracefully on the water. The sailors galloped over the island on the Mission horses, and came back to a grand feast, welcome after their five months' voyage. "We had island beef and mutton and rabbit pie, and plenty of vegetables, all the produce of the island. The dinner, the horses, rounders and prisoners' base have made us all pleased with one another, and I hope," says Mr Stirling, "will inaugurate happily a new regime."

NOTE

(1) Her Log gave the following dates: 1862 Aug. 21, left Bristol. 22nd Penarth Roads. 24th Off Lundy Is., dropped Pilot. Sept. 5th Funchal. 6th Left Funchal. 9th Passed Canary Islands and Teneriffe. 12th Entered the Tropics. 14th Passed Cape de Verde. Oct. 4th Crossed the line. 13th Sighted Cape Frio. 19th-20th Rough weather. 21st Maldonado Light. 22nd Anchored off Flores. 24th Anchored Monte Video Bay. Nov. 25th Left Monte Video. Dec. 1st Rio Negro. 2nd El Carmen. Dec. 12th Left El Carmen. 15th Aground inside the Bar. 24th Stood out with fair wind. Dec. 26th-27th Fierce storm. 1863 Jan. 28th Santa Cruz. Jan 30th Anchored in Committee Bay, Falkland Islands.

Keppel Island

Captain Gardiner's Scheme—Keppel Island Rented—The Falkland Islands Group—Keppel Described—Scenery—Settlement—Life of the Party—Solitude—Different Impressions—Mrs Stirling's Cheery Optimism—Picnics—Her Thought of Others—Trials—Shortage of Food—Natives at the Settlement—Death of a Native Girl—Mr Stirling's Voyages—Santa Cruz—El Carmen—Mrs Stirling & Children go Thither—Her Illness & Death—Respect Paid by Roman Catholics.

IN the journal found by his dead body at Banner Cove in 1851, Captain Allen Gardiner had recorded his opinion that the best method of evangelizing the natives was to establish a Mission Station in the Falkland Islands, and bring young natives thither from the Mainland, to train in the arts of civilization, under the influences of the Gospel.

To this end, Keppel Island was granted to the Mission, at a peppercorn rent for twenty years—extended in 1868 for another sixty years. The intention of the Society in founding the Settlement was that it might be a “durable centre of operations, a place of rendezvous for the Missionaries, a safe depot for stores, a model community for the natives, a refuge for Missionaries in winter, where they might do printing and writing, and finally it was hoped that Keppel might produce a considerable revenue.” These ambitions were certainly fulfilled in some degree, as the story shows.

The great islands of East and West Falklands, of which East is about the size of Durham and Northumberland, and West the size of Sussex, have long needlelike promontories, and narrow fiords. Stanley Harbour (where our fleet lay hid from the approaching German ships in the memorable Falkland Islands Sea Fight) is a long narrow loch, hidden by hills, with a bottle-neck entrance. Surrounding these greater islands are a host of others, all shapes and sizes, scattered over the sea, amid racing tides, and cross-currents, making navigation difficult.

Keppel Island lies north of the West Falkland, within two days' sail of Stanley, though with a strong favouring wind it has been reached in seventeen hours. From the summit of Keppel a grand panorama is seen. The Mission Settlement at one's feet, Committee Bay, and Keppel Sound beyond, with its medley of rocks, reefs, and islets. Pebble Island rises grandly farther away amidst its own rocky satellites, and the highlands of West Falkland (Mt. Beaufort, 2230 feet, and Mt. Adam, 2290 feet) towering in the distance, and glimpses of the ocean on the far horizon.

To the north is the long stretch of Despard Vale, ending in three large fresh-water lakes : Lake Sophia, Lake Elisabeth (named after Mrs Allen Gardiner), and Lake Webb.

The Mission Settlement stands in a horseshoe valley. The edge of the shoe is all sloping hills, the "hollows" two valleys, with a watercourse in each, and the "frog," the elevated ground, on whose centre stands Sullivan House. The "heels" of the

horseshoe open out on Cove Creek, the "toe" being the hill above Sullivan House. Between it and the Cove lie the Cœnobium and other buildings of the Station. Sullivan House, at the top, is conspicuous with its garden and flagstaff. It had, in Mr Stirling's day, a dining-room, drawing-room, and study in front, two bedrooms, two kitchens behind, and upstairs one large and two small bedrooms.

The Settlement was started in February 1855, when, by virtue of an Authority from the British Government, the island was taken possession of by behalf of the Patagonian Missionary Society, and Sullivan House, a wooden structure, was run up and finished in a fortnight.

When Mr and Mrs Stirling arrived, with their little girls, and Mr Rau in 1863, they found, in addition to Mr Bartlett, the Bailiff and his wife and family, Mr Tom Bridges, Cole the boatman, and a native, Okokko and his wife and children. They had a herd of some thirty head of cattle, a wild herd of about eighty, and 200 sheep, forty goats, and plenty of geese and rabbits. When the butcher's shop was empty a sheep was lassoed, or one of the wild cattle was brought down with the gun. The four acres under cultivation were chiefly growing potatoes.

The "Camp" beyond the Settlement was boggy and treacherous, a horse and some calves were one day engulfed in it ; so, Mr Tom Stirling describing a ride says : " Away we start, sometimes at a gallop sometimes picking our way, sometimes stuck in a bog, till at last we reach the sands." There were seven or

eight horses on the island, rough-looking, but quiet and hardy, and they evidently enjoyed the races when the men of the Settlement caught them and galloped over the fine stretch of sand.

Life was very primitive and intensely lonely. When Mrs Stirling's servant deserted her and went off to Stanley, Mr Tom Stirling and Cole the boatman did the washing, with many a laugh.

But the solitude of such a life was most trying. Left by themselves in so lonely a spot it was natural that they should anxiously await the sight of the schooner which was their one link with the inhabited world. The old letters repeatedly tell of this intense anxiety. On one occasion when Mr Despard returned, Phillips the catechist rushed eagerly to kiss him. What Mrs Stirling must have passed through is not easy to describe.

Another Missionary's wife gives a description of her surroundings in the more civilized Stanley, which gives some idea of it :—

“ Here we are in a poor hut, containing four rooms and two garrets above. The poorest houses on the high road are palaces to this. I have turned into a complete servant. I wash, do housework, clean knives and shoes, and cook. The houses are wood, painted white. Everything is dreadfully dear ; a reel of cotton 7½d., and everything in proportion. I have managed to make our cottage comfortable, though the walls are only whitewashed, and we have neither carpets nor curtains of any kind. Here ladies are servants all the morning,

and except on ironing days, the evenings are passed in work, reading and music. I am thankful to say I am cheerful and resigned, knowing I am called to work by One who gives strength for my day. Time passes very quickly; my greatest trial is being separated from my husband; not knowing where he is keeps me in such a dreadful state of anxiety, which brings on neuralgia and deprives me of sleep.

"I don't think I ever was in such an uninteresting spot, nothing but high mountains and high stony hills; not a tree or flower or shrub to be seen. The wind is so violent, and there is so little warmth of sun that the people will not cultivate the land. I am told that Keppel is warmer and more sheltered."

Mrs Stirling was determined to think so. She writes:—

"I must tell you a home in Keppel is not to be despised. I am much better in health, though I never expect to be free from my life companion, asthma. Still I now enjoy life, a thing I had not done for many a day. The scenery here is full of interest. I can never tire of the prospect from my windows. It is ever changing and ever beautiful. The mountain peaks of Pebble Island, like three sisters, hand in hand, block our view in front. On the right the long range of the West Falkland Mountains makes a wall against the sky, and though we do not see the setting sun, since Mt. Keppel rises in the west behind us, we see the full reflection of his glory in the sea and mountains which surround us; and we enjoy to the full the beauty of

the rising moon, besides the gladdening influence of the morning sunshine.

"I was told the Falkland skies were always dull and cloudy, and the wind always blowing, and rain very frequent. We have been here two months and a half, and I don't think we've had six days' bad weather. For the most part perfect weather. I find myself repeating Herbert's lines over and over again :—

' Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky,' etc.

"When the wind rises it becomes rather cold, especially indoors—ours being a wooden house it is impossible to exclude the air very effectually. But the nights are almost always calm, and such a complete calm. The stars are so bright : the planets cast quite a reflection on the water."

But in August the weather was in different mood : "We thought we had done with the worst of the winter, and were talking of spring and gardening ; but with the *Allen Gardiner* arrived some tremendous weather. South-east gales, deep snow, intense frost, and mud immeasurable, cold hands and chilblains in consequence. There was ice in the jug this morning, but this afternoon is most lovely, the sea so calm that every tuft of grass, and every line of cloud is reflected in it. These are the days to enjoy Keppel.

"The scenery is of such a cheerful character that I can find no room for my constitutional proneness : melancholy. The very bareness of the country conduces to this. We have no sombre forests on which the wind can wreak its fury, no dark precipitous cliffs with

black chasms. Sunny banks everywhere, all easily reached from the shore—healthy breezes, and bright sunshine. All this, with plenty of work, abundance of wholesome food, with a sense of duty accepted and delighted in, to sweeten the whole—this is about as pleasant a lot as anyone has a right to expect this side of Jordan.

“ You will think perhaps that I count my husband’s continual absence but lightly, but the fact is, I have not forgotten to compare these short separations with the far longer and more anxious one that was my only alternative : besides which there is such intense pleasure in having a bright, warm, comfortable home awaiting him when he returns from the wretchedness of these stormy voyages.

“ Our riding excursions are fête days for the children. I ride a fine yellow mare, as quiet as a lamb when led. This is a necessary precaution, as the ground is so rough and full of holes that we can never go out for a walk. There are many beautiful bays with beaches of white sand, and the tussock plains and fresh-water lakes are also features of interest, and there are many pretty birds. Some about the size of a thrush, with vivid scarlet breasts, are the most persevering depredators of our gardens.”

Though she has no eyes for her own loneliness, she knows well what it means, for she draws from her own experience in describing the trials of others. “ In your prayers,” she writes, “ remember our dear friends at Santa Cruz. The solitude of those regions is something oppressive, and the trials of their position have

aged Mr Hunziker so much that I scarcely knew him. Patagonia is a fine country, but the loneliness of those rivers is a great trial to those solitary missionaries : surrounded by uncertainty and doubt as to the probability of their being visited in due time by the Mission vessel. I cannot express the admiration and love I feel for those devoted men."

But her own trials were at least as great. At one time she was surprised to see the *Allen Gardiner* round into the bay many days before she was expected, driven by strong favourable winds. At another the ship is weeks overdue, and supplies are running short, when a schooner is sighted : Captain Tom Stirling, and another man gave chase. Their boat was wrecked, and they had to bivouac on an islet, and got back next day with difficulty.

"That morning," says this heroic lady, "for the first time in my life I was left to my own devices of management. I succeeded in lighting a fire, and getting a comfortable breakfast over before the arrival of the shipwrecked crew. By the time they had breakfast (which she had no doubt prepared), the *Allen Gardiner* hove in sight.

"This was a crowning mercy, and very thankful did we feel. We were getting short of provisions : no tea in the Station, and coffee, sugar, flour and biscuits all at the lowest ebb. But we cannot starve at any time while we have flocks and herds and gardens."

She is the maid of all work, with her house full : three men lodgers, as well as her own children. Her

maid has left, and " Alfred Cole the boatman is doing for us," at present, which he does in more ways than one ! It was such a relief, however, to get rid of the discontented servant that I feel quite happy by contrast, and when Mr Schmidt and Mr Lett leave the work will be comparatively nothing.

Yet lonely and overworked as she was, she was " not accepting deliverance." " Mr Stirling strongly urges me to go and meet him at Rio Negro, but though I should like it very much I don't think it right to go and leave the station with so many natives and so few Europeans. Not that I think there is the least danger to be feared from the natives now here, but still, if anything unpleasant does happen here there is no head, no one in authority."

Her missionary heart rejoices in the presence of the natives at the Settlement. In an earlier letter she had written : " Hitherto we have had our mission work only in prospect, as during the absence of the ship we had no natives on the island. Now we have fresh interests springing up in the new company they have brought."

The native boys were lodged in the " Cœnobium " with Mr Bridges, Mr Rau, and Mr Hunziker. The married natives had houses of their own. All had a busy life with gentle discipline. The men worked before breakfast, which consisted of potatoes, goose, biscuits, bread and butter, and coffee. After breakfast came lessons : learning English and counting. They learned to read phonetically, and were soon able to write letters in English. Later in the day they worked in the gardens. Mr Bartlett, the bailiff, had his own

methods of discipline. When he observed the natives were getting slack and lazy digging potatoes, he would pick one up and shy it at one of them. This was the signal for a "potato fight" in which all the diggers took part, when he saw their spirits were revived he called them to order, and the digging went on with new zeal. Canoe Indians as they were they soon learned to ride, and were clever at lassoing sheep.

"If you could see the four lads who are now our guests," writes Mrs Stirling, "you would admit that the term 'savage' would be altogether wrongly applied to them." These boys will often appear in this story. Under Mr Rau and Mr Bridges they got on well. Rau made good progress in the language in the few months that he had been out : while Bridges, who had been brought up amongst them ever since he had come out with Mr Despard, could talk like a native.

Mr Bridges, indeed, might well have a whole chapter to himself in this book. It is impossible to go far in any direction in the story of the earlier days without the assistance of this interesting man. He was everything by turns, labourer, teacher, evangelist, interpreter, clergyman, farmer : he was the friend and helper of every one. His influence with the natives was as great in its way as the Bishop's, for whom he was often interpreter. He cared nothing for personal appearance so long as he could get his work done. Above all else that he achieved, he succeeded in reducing to writing the "wilderness of words" that formed the language of the Yahgan tribes. He

compiled a dictionary of it (1) and translated the Gospel into it ; but he unfortunately made the great mistake of inventing his own symbols instead of using already well-known letters. But after all, the Yahgan is a dying language, but the real work of Thomas Bridges will be seen in glory.

His long diaries have been a gold-mine for the compiler of this story. In later years he took his family to the mainland and established them as farmers there.

Okokko, a native, who with his wife had been in Keppel before, was invaluable. He taught the English people his own language, and preached to his countrymen in a way that left no doubt as to his *sincerity*. He and his wife taught the raw natives the arts of civilization : washing, baking, sewing, and the care of a house. Many an English cottage was not as clean as theirs.

But the care and training of the native women fell chiefly upon Mrs Stirling, who found time to go down to their dwellings, and also had them up to her house to teach them. "Poor Wendoo," she says, "has made a little pelisse for her baby under my direction. She sewed the hooks and made the eyelet-holes very creditably for a first attempt. Camellina works fast and well, and generally keeps her house very clean and neat." (These women, be it remembered, belonged to the race of whom Darwin despaired.)

While at Santa Cruz Mr Stirling had persuaded an old native of 60, and his boy of 18, and his daughter of 22 to come to Keppel. They settled down very happily and were very useful,

making lassoes, etc., but quite suddenly one afternoon, Mariquita, the girl fell ill and died in a few hours. Apparently well and full of merriment, she was seized with apoplexy, and in spite of Mr Tom Stirling's efforts as doctor, she died in a few hours. He dug her grave in the little cemetery, and, with the help of Coles, sewed her up in her shroud and buried her.

Mrs Stirling writes : " Our gentle, amiable Patagonian guest has been suddenly removed from us. It was a sad shock to us all, but it seems, thank God, to have rather attached Platero and Belokon more strongly to us instead of alienating them. They were most grateful for the care and pains bestowed on the funeral. They seem inclined even to abandon their wandering habits and settle down among us."

Yet with all this success Mrs Stirling laments that she cannot do much for them. The hill from her house to the natives is " such a bugbear," and she finds such constant employment in her own house that she " sadly feels she is a poor wife for a missionary." The truth is she never had a leisure moment, she was attempting work that would have tried two strong women, while in a very weak state of health : and the inevitable consequence soon came.

Meanwhile, Mr Stirling is as busy. In a true apostolic succession he is " in journeyings oft, in perils of the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings oft, in fastings oft, in cold and nakedness, beside those things which come upon him daily, the care of all his churches."

After a trip to the mainland we read : "They have experienced fearful storms, but God has brought them back to us in safety, after prospering their work exceedingly. My husband is much pleased by his visit to Tierra del Fuego, which he says is very beautiful. Its inhabitants, he thinks, have been unduly depreciated. He is quite persuaded that the work of the Mission has told favourably upon them, in spite of all that has occurred. There was no unpleasantness in their intercourse, and no difficulty in persuading a fresh company to commit themselves to our care."

His life was mostly spent at sea. "He never remains at Stanley an hour longer than is absolutely necessary. He has more work on his hands than he can possibly overtake. We see very little of him here, his holidays are few and far between."

The centres of activity on the mainland were Santa Cruz, El Carmen, and Woolya. From Keppel to Santa Cruz, 400 miles, meant a voyage of three and a half days ; and to El Carmen from Keppel was 700 miles—about twice the width of the North Sea—this involved a trip of twelve days or more in the wildest ocean. To Buenos Aires, whither he sometimes went, was another 500 miles from El Carmen.

Santa Cruz was in charge of Messrs Schmidt and Hunziker. For many months these devoted men had waited, hoping for Indians, but none appeared. Mr Stirling learning this on his arrival decided to remove them. That very day a few Indians appeared, followed soon after by the whole tribe. It was a fine sight to see them coming over the brow of the hill and winding

down into the valley, all mounted, fine men and women. They quickly formed an encampment : booths of skin stretched over poles, with one side open to the fires. The women did all the work, and cooked as well.

After a visit of some of them to the *Allen Gardiner*, and exchanging presents, they were all great friends, and Mr Stirling and his two helpers asked for some of their children for school. The Indians liked the idea, but asked time to consider. They then broke up the camp and left ; but not before three of their party, Mariquita and her father and brother, had agreed to go in the ship to Keppel.

This *Santa Cruz* Station was broken up early in 1863, as it was found that Captains of other ships visited the place in order to get skins, etc., from the natives, whom they bribed with great quantities of brandy, rum, etc. The poor savages would not come to the Missionaries unless they would "trade" on such terms, so the whole house, property, etc., was removed to El Carmen.

El Carmen was a little town 18 miles from the mouth of the Rio Negro. This river is a mile wide most of the way, with farms surrounded by fruit and rose-trees and groves of poplar all the way up. The bar at the mouth and the rush of water at Carmen where the river is only 800 yards wide made navigation difficult. This Station was in charge of Messrs Lett and Andrews, "false prophets" as the local Roman Catholic Priest described them. It was a sort of asylum for outcasts of society from every quarter of the globe—the son of a Swiss pastor, the daughter of an English clergyman

among them. On all sides they found scope for missionary work. But the crying need here as everywhere was for more men.

The "Asylum" could also be a "prison" for a lonely Missionary: "I am tortured," says Mrs Stirling, "now by the idea of his being alone at El Carmen in anxiety and distress, at the delay of the *Allen Gardiner*. He gave the Captain five weeks to go and return, and I believe it will be ten or twelve before he reaches the Rio Negro. There is absolutely no accommodation there, no such thing as an inn, however humble. He must depend upon the hospitality of the people, and they do nothing but sip 'mate' all day long, so that I fear he will be half starved."

Little wonder that she adds: "We cannot help getting very anxious sometimes and wishing we had the electric telegraph out here—but the arrival of letters is so refreshing, and gives us spirit to go on again cheerfully for a while."

But only for a while. Those who saw her remarked that she was "not long for this world." She was anxious to be with Mr Stirling, who had found that the work at El Carmen had developed remarkably. New openings among different sections of Indians and other work showed scope for more workers if only they could be found. This decided him to stay there, and he sent the *Allen Gardiner* specially to Keppel to bring Mrs Stirling and her children. After nearly a fortnight's rough voyage with the invalid and her children on board the little schooner stuck on the bar of the Rio Negro, and lay on her side all night in a most un-

comfortable position. Mr Stirling, who had come to the mouth of the river to meet them, came off in a boat, but he had to wade the last few yards to get on board. When the tide rose next morning they refloated and managed to get off and sail up to El Carmen, where some kind Spanish-speaking friends named Leon took them in. Rev. Dr Humble, a medical Missionary came at last, but for nine weary weeks Mr Stirling single-handed nursed his dying wife night and day till his strength almost failed. The end came ten weeks after she had landed at El Carmen, on 16th October 1864.

The gentle, patient heroism that she showed at Keppel was still more wonderful in her trying last weeks. "No one," wrote a friend who knew her well, "can fully estimate the nobleness of Mrs Stirling's character ; the extent of her *unselfishness and devotion* cannot be put into words. The supporting grace and strength given to her all through the last six weeks of her life is beyond what I could have conceived possible, because one leading trait of her life was her deep undying love for her relations. Yet she was kept not only in peace, but joy ; she must have held most intimate communion with her Saviour and her God on that lonely isle to show forth such fruits. Hers was true woman's work, and she was filled with deep humility, always averse to anything approaching to publicity." The position she and her husband had gained, and the respect in which she was held were unexpectedly revealed. "To my great surprise," he writes, "without any invitation from me the leading gentlemen of the place, all Roman Catholics, including

the Justice of the Peace, in all sixteen, volunteered to attend our full funeral service, and to carry with their own hands my beloved wife to her earthly resting-place, which was a mile from the house, through difficult tracks, over loose sand." Dr Humble in his robe headed the procession, and the solemn service seems to have made a deep impression on the natives.

This new cemetery was walled in ; but fifty years later Bishop Stirling was quite unable to locate even the cemetery itself, let alone the grave, owing to the immense upheavals and alterations of the place.

NOTE

(1) *Mr Bridges' Dictionary*. During his long life among the Yahgans Mr Bridges compiled a very remarkable Dictionary. Mr Despard, with whom he had gone out as a boy, began it in 1859, by collecting about 1000 Yamana (Yahgan) words. Bridges set to work to complete this, and after a final revision more than twenty years later, he was able to write : " My Yahgan Dictionary has 32,430 words." This was about the middle of the Eighties, as from 1880 onwards he was busy translating the Gospel of St Luke, then the Acts, and then St John into Yahgan.

While compiling the Dictionary he wrote : " This is a very interesting employment, and to see rule after rule of a language open to one's mind is very cheerful." Yet at the beginning the same language was to him a " mere wilderness of words."

What he did in all this, and what his reputation on the Continent has become is best told in the estimate of Pater W. Kopper's *S.V.D.*

" Bridges' Dictionary represents a performance both imposing and valuable, worthy indeed of the indefatigable Thomas Bridges. It is undeniably unique, the fruit of twenty years' work, with ten or twelve revisions. The book represents an invaluable source book for the Ethnography (especially in the departments of Economics and Sociology) of the Yamana as he learned to know them at that time.

" All things considered, we need hardly fear contradiction in saying that this Dictionary is unparalleled within the limits of this Science. Above all there exists no nomadic, hunting, and collecting people about whose cultural and spiritual life so comprehensive and valuable a document can be produced."

Quoted in *S.A.M.S. Magazine*, June 1927, pp. 71-4.

Homeward Bound, with Fuegian Boys

Mr Stirling sails for Falklands & Tierra del Fuego—Final Arrangements at Cranmer—Sets out for England—With Four Natives—Savage Life & Civilized Christianity Contrasted—Darwin's Opinion—Characteristics of the Four Boys—Arrival of Allen Gardiner at Bristol—Impressions Given & Received by the Fuegian Lads—Their Visit an Epoch—Admiral Sullivan on Sailors Shipwrecked near the Horn—Mr Stirling Secretary again—The Society shifted to London—Ownership of Mission Vessel—"Tell Mr Stirling to come back Quick"—Allen Gardiner sails again for the South—Mr Stirling's Work at Home—He renews his Offer of Service & goes out again.

SHORTLY after the events of the last chapter Mr Stirling set sail for the Falklands, where he left his daughters with their kind friends, Dr and Mrs M'Clinton, and took ship again for Tierra del Fuego. He found that in a fit of jealousy, three natives at Woolya had burnt down a Christian native's house in which all the Mission property was stored and killed most of the goats. He determined to bring back to Keppel eleven of the most hopeful natives.

It was a quick and prosperous voyage, extending over five weeks till he was back at Stanley. Having arranged with the Colonial Government that the *Foam* should visit the Settlement every four months during the *Allen Gardiner's* absence in England, and persuaded Rev. C. Bull, the Colonial Chaplain at Stanley, to visit Cranmer when possible, Mr Stirling started for the long voyage home.

There is no descriptive diary this time and its absence illustrates the blank he must have felt. He wrote home that he "anticipated a weary voyage," having no one to take care of his motherless children, but he was casting all his care on the Lord, *praising Him for His grace and mercy.*

He decided to bring with him the four Fuegian boys already mentioned, Uroopa, Three boys, Mama-stugadagenges, and Sesoingenes. It would be a wonderful education for them, and the sight of them was convincing evidence of the power of the Gospel in dark places.

The long tedious journey from the tiny Colony in the bleak Falklands, through the Tropics, to the heart of the Empire was little compared with the change from savage life to the peace of Christ and the comforts of civilization. These lads belonged to the race of which Darwin despaired (1), and of whom Lady Brassey in her *Voyage in the Sunbeam* quotes as an apt description: "Magpies in chatter, baboons in countenance, and imps in treachery."

In view of the behaviour of the four boys in England, it is instructive to recall some facts of their savage surroundings as recorded by Rev. Thomas Bridges :—

"Every child is born in the open air, even though it be in deep snow. Children are sometimes born in canoes. Often a baby clings to its mother's back as she swims ashore from a canoe. Children are not weaned early. Their first food then is mussels, fish, and berries. Girls are early taught to make baskets, plait

fish-lines, and paddle. Boys soon become clever at throwing spears, stones, slinging, and making spears.

"They have no form of worship—no alphabet ; their language is a mere wilderness of words. There is no such thing as love, or fidelity, and no method. All do as they like, and they never till the ground and have cattle, horses, sheep or goats. They live from hand to mouth, on fish, fungi and berries. Polygamy is common, and they are most improvident." And the Missionaries found that at first they resented any talk of the law of God, which condemned their own ways.

Yet in spite of all, Dr Beddoe of Clifton, Foreign Associate of the Anthropological Society, examined their heads phrenologically with remarkable results. Savage born and bred though they were, they were better shaped and sized than those of the average people of Bristol and neighbourhood. Uroopa's head was in length slightly, in breadth and circumference greatly, above the average, while in "Three boys" though the head was rather short it was both high and broad, and the circumference slightly above the average. The base of the brain was large, but there was no apparent deficiency in the upper parts except in the lateral frontal region, the temporal region however was full, and forehead of good breadth.

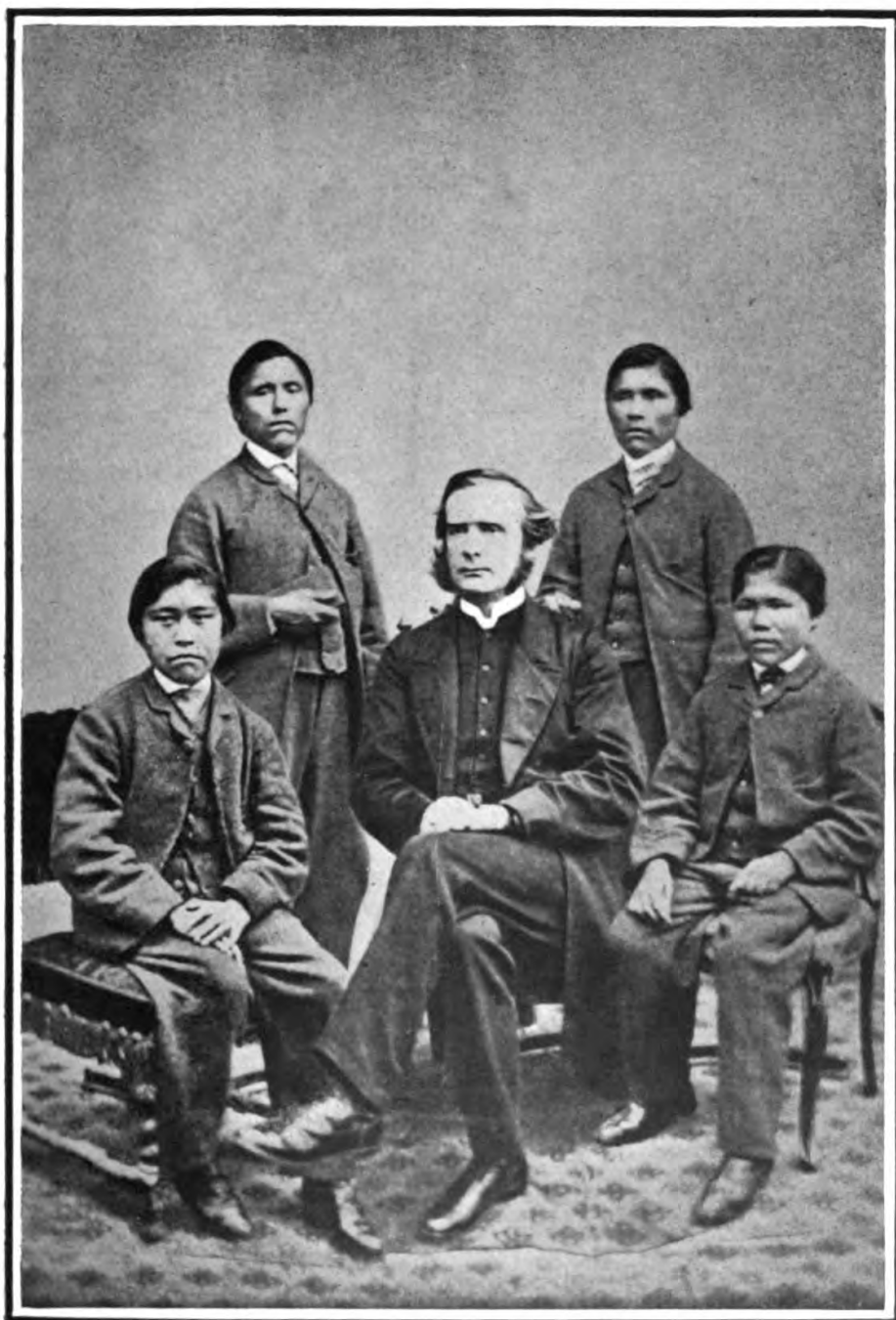
Uroopa and "Three boys" appeared to be about 18 years old ; Mamastugadagenges and Sesoienes being about 12 and 11. The two elder lads had been two years at Keppel, and for eight or ten months later they had been back by themselves among their heathen fellow-countrymen. But they had not in the least

lost ground in their manners or outlook. Uroopa had proved himself a handy-man in the short sea trips and was useful as a sailor on the voyage home. They were all easily stowed and very happy.

"Three boys" was the youngest son of "Jemmy Button," whom Admiral Fitzroy had bought as a child for a pearl *button*; he was brought to England with "York Minster" and "Fuegia Basket" (2) and presented at Court to H.M. Queen Adelaide. By a strange Providence when the *Allen Gardiner* first went out, her very first anchorage in Tierra del Fuego happened to be at the spot where Jemmy Button was living. He of course was delighted, and so an opening was found at once for the Mission work.

"Mamastugadagenges"—or "Jack" as he was called—could not be left behind. Mrs Stirling used to speak of him as her husband's adopted son. He had no parents, and from the very first sight of Mr Stirling at Woolya the little fellow had put himself under his protection. He followed him about and clinging to him said, "You will be my very good friend," with a look that was impossible to refuse. If Mr Stirling sat quietly in the woods with a book little "Jack" was sure to soon be at his side, offering him to share his feast of fungus and berries. He quickly picked up English words. One day he counted on his fingers all the good things at Keppel. "Horse—cow—goat—sheep—biscuit—soap—towel—pig—pannikin—spoon," and ended with a strong petition to be taken thither on the ship.

"Sesoienges" was the name of the last of the party—



MR. STIRLING AND HIS FOUR NATIVES

The four boys whom Mr. Stirling brought home. Although savage bred and born, their heads were phrenologically better shaped than the average Englishman's. The smallest boy, "Jack," on Mr. Stirling's left, was his so-called "adopted son."

"enges" being the termination of all boys' names at a certain age. He had not been long at Cranmer but was chosen as being very intelligent. Mrs Stirling had written of him: "He is a nice little boy, cleverest of all the four at learning, and is a nice, rosy-faced, clean-looking little fellow who would look not at all out of place in an English National School."

The gallant little Mission vessel had started from Keppel on 11th June 1865, and cast anchor at King's Road at the mouth of the Avon on 11th August. Light head-winds had kept her back somewhat off the Azores, but otherwise she had made a quick run of only sixty-two days at sea, as against 112 on the outward trip. But she was "celebrated for rolling and pitching," so there must have been many a day like the previous Christmas Day, when they had no service and no dinner owing to the motion of the boat.

Sailing up the Avon to Bristol they passed under the new Clifton Suspension Bridge, whose great piers had only been visible when Mr and Mrs Stirling sailed out three years before. As soon as the ship was berthed at the "Float," Bishops Anderson and M'Crae and other friends went on board and held a Thanksgiving Service, when the singing was led by the Fuegian boys.

From the moment of landing they were of course astonished and delighted at the wonders and varied scenes of civilization. They were taken to the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, where Mr Stirling introduced them to the President, Sir R. Murchison, with whom they conversed. They saw the Crystal Palace and other sights, and were entertained up

and down the country and in Ireland in the homes of friends of the Mission. And they took part in many Missionary Meetings, speaking in Yahgan, their native tongue, and singing hymns, etc., in English. Their good manners and happy dispositions and alert attention attracted every one. The Bishop of Cork, presiding at a big meeting in Cork in which "Three boys" had sung a hymn, said: "Of the addresses which I have heard to-night, the one which I shall longest remember is the address written on the face and form of this youth and in the tone of his voice 'warbling his native wood-notes wild.' There is a softness and sweetness in it that shows that he can say with us, 'God is my Father, Heaven is my home, and Eternity is my lifetime.'" The Committee said, with good reason, that their presence in England marked an epoch in the work of the Mission. It was no light task to have reduced their confused speech to a grammar and to have taught savages to live civilized lives. But best of all there was evidence that God's mighty Spirit was working in the hearts of people sunk in the depths of barbarism.

Admiral Sullivan, keen as he was on the missionary aspect, put another light on the subject from the sailor's point of view. It had been notorious that crews shipwrecked anywhere in Tierra del Fuego escaped the sea only to be murdered by the savages ashore. He urged that on this account, no less than for the sake of the Fuegians, "we are bound by the means of the Gospel to make these coasts secure and the natives friendly."

Mr Stirling's return coincided with the change of the Society's name and base. The Patagonian Mission of Clifton became, on 1st January 1868, the South American Missionary Society of London, with offices at 8 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street. He was at once asked to resume his place as Secretary, with Rev. W. W. Kirby who had been his substitute as Assistant. These two had the difficult task of gathering a London Committee together. Some names of the old Clifton Committee reappear, but there were difficulties to be got over. For example, the *Allen Gardiner*, though in principle belonging to the Society at large, was owned in point of fact by certain nominal owners, who legally were independent of any Society. While the Headquarters were at Clifton, and the "owners" were members of the Committee there, all was plain sailing. But the result of the move to London was that the "owners" and the Directors of the Mission formed two distinct bodies, who for a short time were somewhat at variance. And worse still, two of the "owners" were abroad, and their legal consent to the transfer of the control of the ship took up much time. The result was the *Allen Gardiner* could not start back after her repair (3) for months.

"Tell Mr Stirling to come back quick," was the message that actually came home from the wilds. The Captain of the *Tilton* touched at Orange Bay and found a boy who could talk English and sent that message. The natives, who seldom saw a ship in their waters, were missing the friendly visits of the *Allen Gardiner*. In the wigwam, by the fire, in the fleet of

canoes moored to the kelp, with fishing-lines dipping in the waters, under the dark shadows of the mountains and the shelter of their tree-clad sides, they kept talking of the Mission ship, and wondered at her delay. And at Keppel the natives, who were astonished at the photograph of their four boys, in England, were eager to see them, and also to go back to their homes.

At length all difficulties were overcome, and the little ship sailed from Bristol again on 21st December 1866, with the four Fuegians and with everything right for the long voyage. "She never looked smarter or in better condition," was the general opinion. There was a short farewell service in the cabin when Bishop Anderson gave each of the Fuegian boys a book as a keepsake. The ship sailed for Montevideo where she was to pick up Mr Stirling. While at home he had put new life into the whole work of the Society as its Secretary. Visiting many centres he revived or reopened new associations and preached the Annual Sermons.

Now for the second time he offered to go out as Superintendent of the Mission, and sailed in the R.M.S. *Rhone* from Southampton on 9th January and left as his last message to his friends: "Let us never go one day unprayed for."

NOTES

(1) MR DARWIN AND THE SOUTH AMERICAN MISSION

At the Annual Meeting of the South American Missionary Society, on 25th April 1885, Archbishop Benson in his speech from the chair said that the Society's work "drew the attention of Charles Darwin, and made him, in the pursuit of the wonders of the kingdom of nature, realize that there was another kingdom, just as wonderful, and more

lasting . . . and it drew his earnest support and gratitude toward the Mission."

The Editor of the *Daily News* questioned this statement, and thus drew from Admiral Sullivan the following letter, which, with its valuable and detailed statements, is decisive on the subject :—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Daily News*

SIR,

Your article, in the *Daily News* of yesterday, induces me to give you a correct statement of the connexion between the South American Missionary Society and Mr Charles Darwin, my old friend and ship-mate for five years.

I had been closely connected with the Society from the time of Captain Allen Gardiner's death, and Mr Darwin had often expressed to me his conviction that it was utterly useless to send Missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians, probably the very lowest of the human race. I had always replied that I did not believe any human beings existed too low to comprehend the simple message of the Gospel of Christ.

After many years—I think about 1869, but I cannot find the letter—he wrote to me, that the recent accounts of the Mission proved to him that he had been wrong, and I right, in our estimates of the native character, and the possibility of doing them good through Missionaries : and he requested me to forward to the Society an enclosed cheque for £5, as a testimony of the interest he took in their work.

Note.—On 9th February 1867, Mr Charles Darwin paid into the funds of the Society, through his old friend Admiral B. J. Sullivan, the sum of £5.

On 30th January 1870, he wrote :—

"The success of the Tierra del Fuego Mission is most wonderful, and charms me, as I had always prophesied utter failure. It is a grand success. I shall feel proud if your Committee think fit to elect me an honorary member of your Society."

In the same letter, in reply to remarks of mine on the success of his sons, he says, "Thank God, all gives me complete satisfaction."

On 6th June 1874 he wrote :—

"I am very glad to hear so good an account of the Fuegians and it is wonderful."

On 10th June 1879 :—

"The progress of the Fuegians is wonderful, and had it not occurred would have been to me quite incredible."

On 3rd January 1880 :—

“Your extracts (from a journal) about the Fuegians are extremely curious and have interested me much. I have often said that the progress of Japan was the greatest wonder of the world but I declare that the progress of Fuegia is almost equally wonderful.”

On 20th March 1881 :—

“The account of the Fuegians interested not only me, but all my family. It is truly wonderful, what you have heard from Mr Bridges about their honesty and about their language. I certainly should have predicted that not all the Missionaries in the world could have done what has been done.”

On 1st December 1881 :—

Sending me his annual subscription to the Orphanage at the Mission Station, he wrote :—

“Judging from the *Missionary Journal*, the Mission in Tierra del Fuego seems going on quite wonderfully well.”

I have much pleasure in sending you these particulars.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. J. SULLIVAN (Vice-Admiral).

BOURNEMOUTH, 24th April 1885.

(See *Daily News*, 29th April 1885.)

What this steady support from Mr Darwin, through succeeding years, meant in the mind of the great scientist is best revealed by the following extracts from his *Journal of Researches* (pp. 201, etc.) :—

“17th Dec. 1832. . . . We anchored in Good Success Bay (in Tierra del Fuego). In the morning the Captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came on shore the natives looked rather alarmed but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld, I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man. It is greater than between wild and domesticated animals : inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. . . . Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised, and startled.

“The language of these people scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.”

(At the very same time the natives, as was later discovered, observed that the language of Mr Darwin and his friends sounded to them like the rattling of pebbles on the beach.)

. . . . "These Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even the one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman who was suckling a new-born child, came one day alongside the vessel and remained there out of mere curiosity, while the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom and on the skin of her naked baby.

"These poor wretches are stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men one can hardly believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world."

No wonder he wrote: "I should certainly have predicted that all the Missionaries in the world could not have done what has been done"—by Mr Stirling and his helpers under God.

(2) Captain Fitzroy in 1831 had commissioned a ship intending to take back these natives to their home, when he was appointed to command H.M.S. *Beagle* for the same voyage. Thus as his fellow-travellers Darwin had "*Jemmy Button*" "a universal favourite," *York Minster* (so called from a great rugged mountain in those regions named thus by Captain Cook), and *Fuegia Basket*, a nice, modest, reserved young girl. They were accompanied by a Missionary, Mr R. Matthews, who was settled with them in a spot in Beagle Channel. But the savages were so dangerous he had to go away with the ship and settled in New Zealand. York Minster and Fuegia Basket married, so did Jemmy Button. Only a few months later he was met in a canoe stark-naked, having relapsed into savage ways. But he returned to civilization and was mate of the *Allen Gardiner*. In 1842 a whaler was astonished to find a Fuegian savage woman talking English. It was Fuegia Basket.—*Journal of Researches*, p. 207, etc.

(3) Her repairs give a glimpse of Mr Stirling's methods. "My idea," he wrote, "is that the *Allen Gardiner* might for £50 or £80 be made suitable for lying in Tierra del Fuego all the year round if you like. A movable skylight, lofty and airy, over the main hatch, would, with but little other alteration, fit the hold for a schoolroom, and the deck wants to be renewed in parts."

Second Missionary Journey

Voyage Out in a Steamship—Arrival of the Allen Gardiner—Illness & Death of Uroopa—Mr Stirling sails for Tierra del Fuego—Cruising among Savages—Plans a Settlement—Gorgeous Scenery—His Dress for Rough & Tumble Life—A Goat Hunt—"Johnny Rooks"—A common Language prevents Hostilities—Uroopa's Father appeased—"Three boys" falls Ill & Dies—The Allen Gardiner's narrow Escape from Shipwreck—H.M.S. Shearwater & her Crew.

LIFE on board the *Rhone* was very different to sailing in the *Allen Gardiner* for Mr Stirling, who embarked on 9th January 1867. "It's not like going to sea : salt-junk and ship's biscuits, head-winds that drive you off your course, and calms which prevent you getting on your course ; reefing sails in a gale of wind, or laying to in angry tempest ; these are the conditions of going to sea, which still have their grim fulfilment ; but not in the R.M.S. Company's ship, which is like a luxurious hotel by the seaside." He sees from the deck three splendid yachts, come from New York for the Cowes Regatta, and "thinks of another yacht about half their size, that has won her spurs in stormy seas off Cape Horn."

They call at Lisbon, St Vincent, and Pernambuco, where he makes his first acquaintance with tropical vegetation. From thence to Bahia (S. Salvadore) and Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. Here he tranships to the *Arno* which brought

him to Montevideo. He records with thankfulness his ministry on great steamers for a month.

Fears had been felt for the *Allen Gardiner* but she arrived at last ; after a stormy passage of sixty-seven days, on 26th February, with fore-topmast and jib-boom carried away and mainsail split.

But there was sadder news. Fuegians, who for generations lived exposed lives with no clothing, fall an easy prey to pulmonary disease if they adopt the clothes and ways of civilized man ; and Uroopa arrived at Montevideo far gone in consumption. Nine days ashore made no difference, so he was brought back to the ship, which was kept in port lest the tossing at sea and bad nursing might kill him at once.

In his illness, Mr Stirling ministered to him, and observed how the inner man was renewed day by day. "His thoughts are much on heavenly things, and he prays like one verging on eternity." He was baptized "John Allen Gardiner" in the presence of Rev. S. Adams and the crew before they put to sea, with a fair wind, on 23rd March for Keppel.

The voyage lasted eleven and a half days, for five of which the ship lay hove to in the worst weather they experienced. Poor Uroopa won all hearts by his demeanour in illness. He had the most clear consciousness of the presence of Jesus, and was "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God." He passed away in the early dawn of 2nd April, and three days later he was buried in the little cemetery at Stanley.

Mr Stirling then visited Keppel, and a few weeks later, taking Mr Bridges with him, he resolutely set off

in the *Allen Gardiner* for Tierra del Fuego, in spite of short days and the fierce tempests of winter. Some of the natives wished to revisit their homes, though others would not face the voyage in such weather. The cold was intense, and when not deep in snow the deck was "slippery enough." After buffeting with the waves for ten days they were under the lee of Staten Island, surrounded by a crowd of fur-seals.

Cruising among the islands they had Morning and Evening Prayer before the anchor was weighed, and again when it was let down at the close of the day. "Every one who can be spared from duty is present, the singing led by Mr Bridges is hearty, and the attention very encouraging." They learnt much about the natives. Mr Bridges made a list of 400 men of one tribe, and got news of three other tribes, both canoe and foot Indians. The latter were queer customers. A few months before they attacked a surveying vessel with bows and arrows ; when, even if shot through the body and lying wounded, they would draw arrows from the quiver and shoot fiercely. As a precaution a cannon on board the *Allen Gardiner* was kept loaded to give signal if danger threatened. But the natives were friendly and there seemed a good opening, so Mr Stirling began making plans for a Christian Settlement among them in the following spring.

The narrow channels made navigation difficult, and a land-locked bay looked safe anchorage, yet in the fury of the sudden squalls in these sheltered waters the Skipper threw out a second anchor. Even so the *Allen Gardiner* dragged her anchors to the opposite shore.

After a fortnight of severe winter, snow and hail, and wind and sleet, there came a lull when the scenery was of enchanting loveliness. Snow-clad mountains rose in every direction reflecting the rich hues of the sky, and at sunset a delicate pink light spread over all as far as the eye could reach.

"But for the young moon it would be dark at 4 o'clock. The sky is blue and cloudless and the bright stars kindle the very waters by their light. The air is calm and the sea as if stilled with awe at God's presence. Towering white peaks, dark forests, bays and headlands in endless variety.

"It is so pleasant I don't like getting back to the ship. With Bridges in the boat, after visiting natives in their wigwams, and exchanging kind words with women in canoes moored to the kelp as they fish, we have lingered on our oars and gazed without a word at times on the sky and the waters and the mountains, listening ; and wondering at the voice and beauty of them all. 'The Lord is in His holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.'"

People who only knew him as the very smartly dressed Bishop will be amused to read what he tells his little daughters in 1867.

"This is how I dressed yesterday to go ashore: a pair of Oxford cord-breeches, boots long and large, to get into which is almost like going down a chimney ; warm knitted sleeve waistcoat, sealskin waistcoat over that, under both pilot-cloth waistcoat, and over all waterproof coat, and on my head a cap. By leaving off the warm coat, or monkey-jacket I have more room to

move my arms for such duties as here belong to us." Here is a sample of "such duties."

"To-day we caught a seal, and landed some goats, which, making a great noise, were hoisted out of the hold with their legs tied and lowered into the boat. From thence they had to be carried to their own wigwam. The natives took some and I started with one, followed closely by 'Swift' a Patagonian hound, a great favourite, but not of the goats. Not being a good nurse, the goat was by no means quiet. At last I decided to loosen its legs, and drag it with a cord round its horns. The grass was long and wet and snowy, my boots above my knees were heavy though very comfortable for wading in water, or pushing through grass and bushes in water."

The cord broke, and away went goat and dog and Missionary, to the keen delight of the natives who laughed aloud—as did the Skipper of the *Allen Gardiner* at a respectful distance. At length the goat was caught and put with the rest. Later they all made their escape, and the woods rang with the voices of natives and dogs till the flock was recovered.

Fur-seals, whales and porpoises are their companions as they sail about the narrow waters. But cruising in and out among the Falklands they are visited by flocks of "Johnny Rooks," whose efforts to gain and keep a foothold on the mast-head are a constant amusement. These birds are a species of very savage and destructive vulture, and Darwin asked Mr Stirling to collect particulars of them for him. They resemble the ostrich of Patagonia in the habits of the male sitting on the

heap of eggs where the heat of the ground is not sufficient to hatch them.

He sees a large ship disappear, and dwells on the fate of crews of such disasters. The want of a common language is a danger, as the natives easily mistake a gesture meant to be kind for a threat, and at once there is hostility. "A kind disposition is a sure passport to the goodwill of the natives." They had a proof of this one day, when suddenly four canoes came alongside, in one of which a native was standing shouting and wildly gesticulating and aiming a spear in a threatening way. He turned out to be Uroopa's father. He had heard that they had killed his son and he had come for vengeance.

"I discovered who he was, and immediately called to him to come aboard. He refused but the friendly tone of Mr Bridges won him, and soon he was in the cabin listening to all we had to say.

" 'Three boys' and 'Okokko,' natives on board, were invaluable. They told quite simply the whole story of his illness and happy death. The poor man was grieved, but comforted, especially as he was given his son's little possessions."

Mr Stirling records with special interest the way in which Okokko, with evident sincerity, spoke of Jesus and the Resurrection, in this way aiding Mr Bridges as he taught the poor savage the glad tidings of life after death.

" 'Three boys,' who had become a most capable assistant steward quite suddenly fell ill of a mysterious disease. Mr Stirling nursed him in his own bunk,

prescribing for him as best he could with his medical book.

Early in his illness, as he expressed a wish for it, he was baptized and given the name "George," after Mr Despard, whom he remembered. He was more reserved than Uroopa, but his lively faith in Christ was clear enough.

"In his delirium, in the deep of the night, his rich, deep voice resounded through the ship as he said, 'I believe in one God the Father Almighty,' with a solemnity and power I never heard equalled. The grandeur and strength and precision of the words never seemed to me so marvellous before. An unconscious utterance ; it was a testimony of the hold the teaching he had received had taken of his mind."

They had crowded on all sail to get to Stanley for the Doctor, but the dear lad died the day before they landed. A post-mortem revealed Bright's Disease as the cause of death. He was buried at Stanley.

At Keppel, Mr Stirling found all his helpers laid down with rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica, which diseases flourish in the Falkland Isles. But these trials only brought into clearer light the friendliness of the natives, and there were cheering signs of increasing blessing on the work.

"The *Allen Gardiner* had made a good run from Keppel and at 12.40 a.m. was entering Port William, the outer port of Stanley. The wind was strong and the night moonless, and we were going 'every inch of 9 knots an hour.' Suddenly a cry arose, 'A vessel ahead!' 'Put the helm up!' 'Let go the mainsail!'

"All this in a moment ; next a terrible shock. Captain and 1st and 2nd officers on deck were thrown on their faces, and the man at the wheel thrown back over the taffrail, and I head-foremost against the bulk-head of my cabin, while books, stove, lamp, chairs, everything that could get loose fell about one's ears and threatened one's toes. . . . The well was sounded and all was right below. As soon as we were disentangled from our adversary the ship refused to come round as her head-gear was all carried away, and hung over her bows stopping her way. Our safety depended on our anchor, which was with difficulty extricated and let go. One half-minute's delay and she would have been a wreck. The rocks were so close that the spray breaking over them came back on our decks. For an hour the vessel rolled and struggled and strained at her cable as if affrighted by the danger."

They managed to get in all safe. It was all the fault of *Elvizia*, which in spite of warning had anchored in the fairway.

All ship's carpenters in Stanley were busy on a big ship, but the Governor most kindly gave orders for all dockyard carpenters and marines to help, and the shipwrights and caulkers of H.M.S. *Shearwater*, luckily on the spot, were lent by the Commander, and all set to work to mend the damage. "The caulking over my head is still going on vigorously, and if not very musical it gives me the utmost satisfaction."

After a solid month's delay they put to sea again. While thus detained, he made great friends with the officers of the man-of-war, and held service on board,

when the congregation was large and attentive, and next evening, by the request of the seamen and officers, a service was held in the church ashore. "Mr Bull, the Colonial Chaplain, is always glad to afford these opportunities of refreshment to strangers. The Sacrament will be administered, and I hope the dew of the Divine Blessing and the felt presence of the Saviour will refresh many hearts.

"I go into the camp for the next few days to hold services for the settlers. The weather is bad, but I hope to get through the work."

Part II

"GOD'S SENTINEL" AT USHUAIA

*. . . "In perils of robbers,
in perils by the heathen,
in perils in the wilderness,
in perils in the sea,
in weariness and painfulness,
in watchings often, in hunger
and thirst, in cold and nakedness."*

“ God’s Sentinel ” at Ushuaia

Daring solitary Life among the Savages at Ushuaia—Previous Failures—Fifteen Friendly Natives—Beagle Channel—Darwin’s Impressions of the Savage Scenery—Going into Residence—His Hut—Stores distributed among Natives—Alone amid Angry Savages—A Fight ended by Stirling’s Presence—An Attack by Night—His Birthday Party & Games—Opposition consolidates his Community—God’s Sentinel—A dim Touch of Heaven—The Day’s Routine—Prayer & Work—Teaching Savages the Creed—Good Effects of Daily Worship—Industry—Feeling his Way as an Employer—Trying Conclusions with the Yacamoosh—The Need of Employment & the Difficulties—His varied Duties—“ For their Sakes becoming Poor ”—His Privations—“ A Fish & Mussel Diet ”—Erecting a Flagstaff—Monotony of Life—First Case of Native teaching God’s Law—Longing for the Ship’s Return—Danger of an Attack on the Hut—Native Gossip—Doctoring a Girl—A Shipwrecked Crew—Wood-cutters at Work—The Allen Gardiner Arrives—His Recall to be made a Bishop—Admiralty’s Testimony to his Good Work

WE now come to the wonderful story of his life alone among savages at Ushuaia. To appreciate the extraordinary daring of this, we need only recall the experience, recorded by Darwin, of his shipmate on the *Beagle*, Mr Matthews the Missionary, who tried to settle at Woolya among Fuegians. He was thankful to be taken away again. He reported that the natives surrounded him night and day, and showed by signs that they wished to strip him naked and pluck the hairs out of his face and body. The *Beagle* only arrived just in time to save his life.

And only five years before the events we are now to

84 “*God’s Sentinel*” at *Ushuaia*

record, Mr Stirling himself found the remains of six of his friends, massacred at this same Woolya, near which place he was now to settle. And on the way to his new home he sailed past Spaniard Harbour, where Allen Gardiner and his companions had perished by starvation.

Certainly he had fifteen friendly natives with him, men and women trained at Keppel, but, as we shall see, it was only a precarious trust that could be placed on some of them. They were:—

Okokko and his wife, Camilenna ; Lucca and his wife, Anibutchiakeepa (Annie) and Ycaif, her brother ; Jack and his wife, a mere girl ; Liwyenges and his wife, who was Three boys’ sister ; Pinoi ; Wagaradaga ; Tiashaf ; Otaboosh ; and Mugatelasenges.

In his opinion the best place to settle was on an island, at the end of Beagle Channel, to which he gave the name it still bears on the map of “Gable Island,” from the gable-shaped hills thereon.

But in view of possible jealousies he decided on Ushuaia.

Beagle Channel, discovered by Fitzroy in 1830 in the *Beagle*, is one of the most remarkable features in the whole world. Darwin likens it to the chain of lochs in Scotland that have been linked into the Caledonian Canal, but it is far larger. It is about one hundred and twenty miles long, with an average breadth of about two miles. It is perfectly straight most of the way—and the vista, each way, is lost in the long distance.

About half-way along, nearly opposite the opening to the south called Ponsonby Sound, is the bay on

which Ushuaia is situate. This Bay is about eight miles long, about the length of Loch Striven or Ullswater, with an inner inlet at the far end, and it was on the shore of this that "Stirling House" was erected.

The scenery to Darwin's eye has a "savage magnificence":—

"There was a degree of mysterious grandeur in mountain behind mountain, with the deep intervening valleys, all covered with one dusky mass of forest. The atmosphere, likewise, in this climate where gale succeeds gale, with rain, hail, and sleet seems blacker than anywhere else.

"It is my watch till one o'clock," he writes, while on an excursion in open boats where they bivouacked a few miles from Ushuaia in Beagle Channel. "There is something very solemn in these scenes. At no time does the consciousness in what a remote corner of the world you are standing come so strongly before the mind. Everything tends to this effect, the stillness of the night is interrupted only by the heavy breathing of the seamen beneath the tents, and sometimes by the cry of a night-bird. The occasional barking of a dog reminds one that it is the land of the savage."

If such was the passing effect on the great Scientist surrounded by his shipmates what must it have been to the lonely Missionary living on for months, and intending to spend longer time there?

Fortunately, we have two very vivid and descriptive accounts of his seven months' solitary life among savages in this weird land. One is a diary letter

86 “*God’s Sentinel*” at Ushuaia

written to his little daughters full of playful details and occasional glimpses that reveal his inner self ; the privations he felt and his longings for home ; the other is his long article in the *South American Missionary Magazine* for 1870, in which he deals with the more public aspects of his work.

On 13th January 1869, he began. The Captain had persuaded him to sleep one more night on the *Allen Gardiner* as the chimney and fireplace of his hut were not finished:—

“ So I stayed on board, not altogether regretting it, as the day had been one of pitiless rain, and very gloomy. Early next morning the men were ashore finishing off my house, and soon after breakfast I landed with the rest of my goods to go into residence at Ushuaia.

“ My little room barely 8 ft. wide and 9 ft. 8 in. long is crammed with boxes, barrels, packages, bedding, bedstead, ironmongery, spades, boots and so on. It had been washed out on Monday, but what with the rain, and storing of goods and trampling of feet it looked disconsolate indeed. But we began work, the Captain helping as he always does, and in two hours we made a clearance. Some things were sent to wigwams to be kept. The contents of some were placed on shelves over the bed, or in the outer room which is kitchen, chapel, hall and schoolroom in one.”

He put up a shelf in “ no time.” Books, table and wash-stand all found a place, but the bath had to stop outside. An empty barrel made a good kennel for “ Fly,” his big dog protector.

“My hut is placed on the very skirts of a beech wood which protect it from the S. and S.W. winds, perhaps three-quarters of a mile in circumference, very pretty in summer and plenty of firewood and fencing.”

He had taken the precaution to leave his greatcoat and many other things in the ship, “that I might have garments to wear in case of losing my clothes,” if ever he got away.

Such stores as he could not stow in the hut were divided, for security, among some of the natives who promised to take care of them in their wigwams. “I thought this prudent, for thereby confidence in their character was avowed, and the temptation to attack my hut was lessened. I am bound to say these trustees faithfully fulfilled their trust.”

“Just remember that the wigwams (mere bundles of sticks and brushwood) were open day and night to any who chose to enter; that the natives are a most prying, begging set, and thieves to the backbone, and you will then almost wonder, as I have done, that bags of rice and potatoes, barrels of biscuits and beans, spades and axes, pots and pans, etc., were honourably preserved by my native friends. Yet so it was. And this, notwithstanding the women had to attend to their fishing, and the men to the work assigned to them by me. The fact was they took a lively interest in the charge they had received, and never left their wigwams without making arrangements for the safe custody of the property within.”

At length the wind is fair, and having sent ashore a sheep killed that day, the *Allen Gardiner* set sail. She

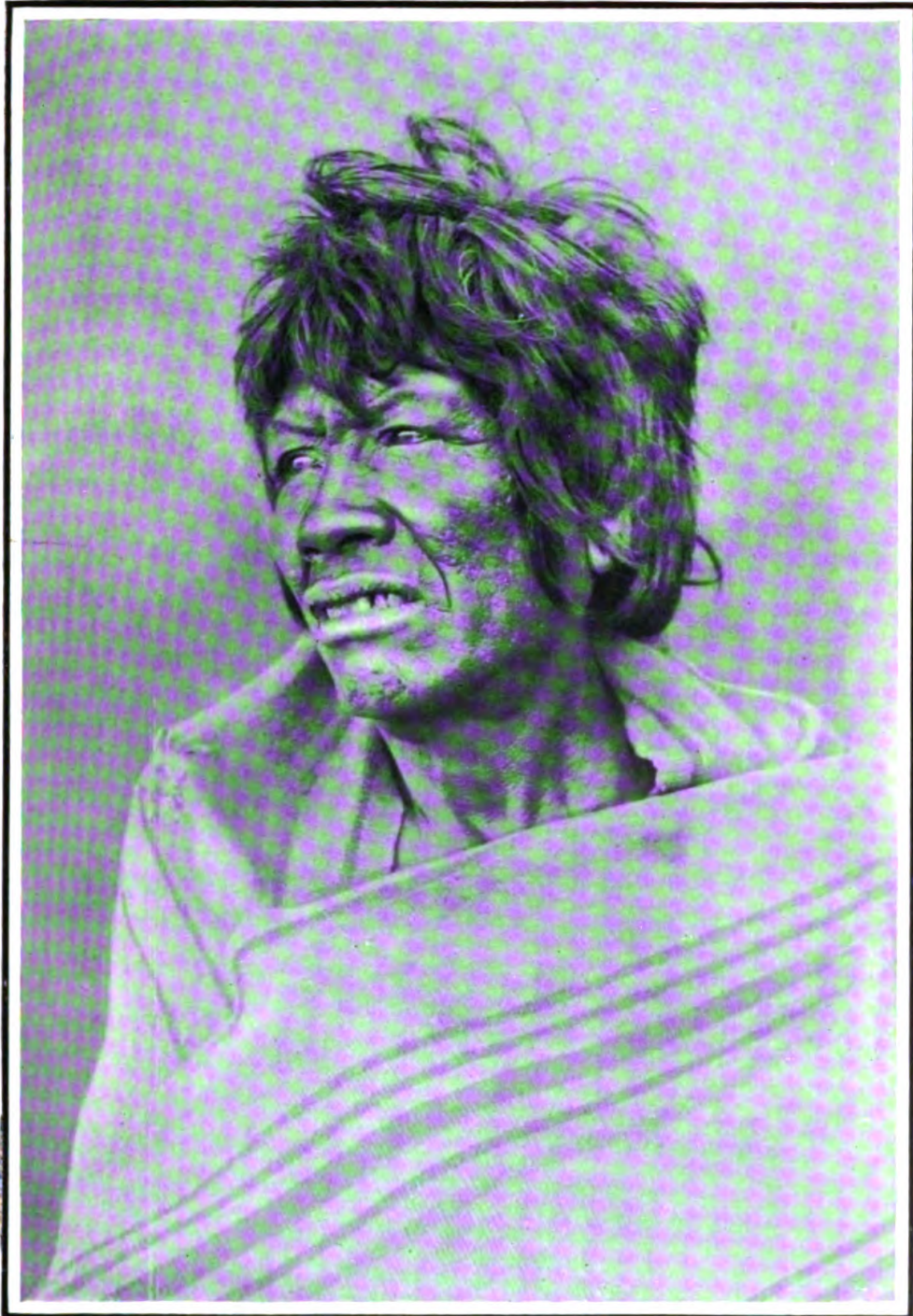
was sent off in a hurry to take Joe, a boy on whose foot Mr Stirling had operated, to the Doctor at Stanley. This was an anxiety, not only because it was a serious operation, but his reputation with the natives depended on it. If the boy died, his position would be most insecure. Mercifully the boy recovered, as we shall see.

“I found myself alone, with the Fuegians only about me, and diligently got on with my work. In the bustle and excitement of the ship’s sailing, and the carriage and stowage of my goods I forgot dinner, but it is long since breakfast, and the sun is dropping into the west (I have no clock or watch, and judge of time by the sun’s passage over the mountains). So I stopped work and searched for tea, and biscuits, eggs and bacon for my first meal at home in Tierra del Fuego.

“‘Jack,’ well known in England, was installed as cook, and the table ready, with cups and plates, my friends trained at Keppel were invited to share my provisions.

“Grace was said, and we all sat down on chairs, or hastily constructed benches, or on the floor, as cheerily and orderly as if in England. The other natives could not disguise their curiosity at the strange scene. First one and then another peeped through the window (1), yet they seemed to check their curiosity so as not to annoy me.

“But there are Fuegians and Fuegians, and some with by no means prepossessing faces hung about in out of the way corners—when least wanted they were seldom absent.



PINSE-TAWA, A LENGUA WITCH-DOCTOR

A good type of a Lengua witch-doctor's face. Age about 55. Pockmarks and the absence of eyebrows, eyelashes, and all hair on the face is noticeable. The Indian considers himself superior to dogs, horses, and other hairy animals, and gives this as his reason for the painful operation of pulling out all hair on his body, the top of the head excepted.

"One of these, Urupuaia, who was the Yacamoosh or witch-doctor, gave considerable trouble at first. I had been specially warned against him as a dangerous character, 'That big fellow' they called him, for he was immensely strong. He was a great thief, of violent temper, and a woman-killer.

"Supper ended, the Keppel natives were sent to the beach half a mile away to bring up the beef barrels, etc., to the hut. 'I stayed at home on guard.' By and by Fuegian women came by in Indian file; they said that a fight was going on and they had come to fetch the wives of some of my Keppel friends to help their husbands in the fray. This rather startled me for a moment, and the question was, 'Shall I go to the fight or stay by the hut?' I decided to go leaving all in charge of Jack. As I came near the shouts of the natives sounded more and more terrible, suggesting all kinds of violence and disaster. Arrived at the top of an embankment, I saw a confused and exciting scene—natives rushing to and fro, brandishing clubs and spears and axes, while threats and defiant shouts rose wildly through the evening air. It was evident in a moment that my few Keppel natives, the nucleus of my future civilized settlement, had been suddenly beset by the natives of the place and others who were jealous of them. And it was by no means reassuring to see among the adversaries a leading native of Ushuaia whom I had trusted, and who had promised as far as he could to make his natives favourable to us.

"The little Mission ship was now far on her way to Stanley, and I felt all the responsibility of being

alone, face to face with the savage and excited multitude.

"It was a critical moment but with complete confidence in the gracious Providence of the Most High, I walked firmly and rapidly towards the beach, where to my great satisfaction and surprise I suddenly saw the ringleaders in the strife beat a hasty retreat.

"My appearance, even at a distance, had worked a marvellous change, and at once I appreciated the force and acknowledgment by the natives of moral influence. I knew, once for all, that I had an ascendancy over them which was of priceless value. Strong therefore in the strength of acknowledged authority I went at once to the wigwams of the ringleaders, there to rebuke them and examine into its cause.

"The explanation was very simple: the Yacamoosh was at the bottom of the whole thing. I had invited all the grown-ups of Ushuaia to my birthday party *next day* but the Yacamoosh told them the party was to have come off the day of my arrival but had been cancelled, through the jealousy and intrigues of the Keppel natives. Hence the frenzy of indignation. My friends were regarded as intruders and meddlers, and nearly became the victims of the rage of their countrymen. I explained that Yacamoosh was wrong, I hoped they would all come to tea to-morrow if the weather was fine. The outbreak did not last long, and the evening closed peacefully. We gathered in my hut for prayer and praise, a little band of about fifteen, committing ourselves trustfully, with a remembrance

of past mercies, to the watchful care of Him who never slumbers or sleeps."

Yet the night was not a quiet one. A party of Indians from the opposite shore of Beagle Channel landed with a view to plunder.

"At last I got to bed and tried to go to sleep, but this is not easy. Then the dogs begin to bark, and 'Fly' is very restless, straining at his chain and making the night echo with his deep baying. I hear, too, voices and a rattle of barks from small dogs. This is my first night ashore, and I say to myself, 'This is the way of this people, they prowl about at night, and the dogs bark, and I suppose a little extra curiosity about my coming ashore must excuse all this disturbance for once.'"

He hears a thud outside, and thinks it may be the carcase of the sheep hung at the gable end. "I step out of bed into the open, and, ghostlike, walk round my premises. The sheep is hanging safe, and I hear the sound of axes in the wood. 'All's well,' and I go back to bed and about 4 a.m. get to sleep. Next day, gossiping over the fire, I hear that strange Indians had prowled round last night, to rob; five of our Indians stayed up all night, and used their axes to show they were on guard. They only keep off the foe by saying loudly, 'We will shoot all who come near our wigwams.' The thump I heard was of a man falling over a log in the dark. None of our natives had guns, but I lent them two old muskets to astonish unwelcome visitors if they get violent—yet I feel very secure

with my window open for I believe God will fill the hearts of these bad men with coward fears."

Next day, 14th January, was his fortieth birthday, so he had a tea-party of forty-six men and women outside his hut within its railed enclosure. The children outside had been treated to his birthday cake, given by Mrs M'Clinton. The grown-ups feasted on potatoes, biscuits and treacle, and tea and sugar which they enjoyed immensely.

"Then came a game of balls, pelting one another in great amusement. The old Yacamoosh got it well. Jack hit him so well and repeatedly at times that I thought it best to tell Jack to leave off lest the man should get angry. His son is a great friend of Jack's, and he is a promising lad, with a pleasant face, and willing to work, so I have taken him to live with me and help Jack. How such a nice boy can belong to such a terribly forbidding father I don't know.

"The experiences of the past evening have drawn our community closer together. Every show of violence or attempt to frustrate our wishes helps to strengthen, not weaken, our union. The Indians are timid, easily inspired by fears and suspicions of one another. But, with confidence infused into them by one firm will they grow into a corporate strength, and show a fidelity which are the best safeguards against external danger."

Thus day by day, the partially civilized element acquired force and consistency, and began to make its beneficent influence felt in the midst of surrounding barbarism.

“Jan. 20. This day week the *Allen Gardiner* left Ushuaia and I have with God’s mercy passed in safety and comfort seven days in these secluded parts. My nearest countrymen are probably careering in gallant ships over the billows off Cape Horn.

“As I pace up and down at evening before my hut, I fancy myself as Sentinel, God’s Sentinel I trust, stationed at the southernmost outpost of His great army.

“A dim touch of heaven surprised the heart with joy, and I forget my loneliness in realizing the privilege of being allowed to stand here in Christ’s name. At times, indeed, when thinking of you I look into the children’s faces and ask myself why I should leave you for them, and if I could look no farther than their faces I should have but a feeble answer to give my heart, but through all the dirt and wildness and uncouthness of their looks I try to see the face of Jesus and for His sake to love them. I think of the tender love and care which you enjoy, and so my mind solaces itself with sweet thoughts of the gracious dealings of God our Father.”

He soon saw that some sort of industrial work was essential as well as Christian teaching, and plans his day accordingly.

“It was our custom to begin work early, and about half-past seven, or eight, by the sun to have prayers and catechizing. My little room held but few, but it was a satisfaction to know that the few came willingly. Cleanliness, and tidiness, so far as compatible with their condition of life, were always insisted on ; and

no one was allowed to enter the hut without giving a proper salutation. I flatter myself Fuegian manners received a considerable modification and improvement during my stay in Ushuaia.

"A hymn, followed by the Creed, and a portion of God's Word, and prayer, was the service of every morning. The Creed always, and the Ten Commandments frequently, were the subjects of the morning catechizing. An intelligent acquaintance with the former, and a willingness to keep the latter seemed to be the simplest conditions of receiving these natives into the Visible Church of Christ."

To give savages an idea of the meaning of the Holy Catholic Church is a problem few could solve so well as Mr Stirling. He told them, and a Theological Treatise could not say more, "That there is a God who has spoken to man, and called some of all nations into His family."

"Family life is the only sort of organization in Fuegia. Get outside the family and relationships are doubtful if not hostile. A common language is no security for friendship. A stranger and an enemy are almost synonymous terms.

"So I sought to impress them with the privilege of belonging to God's family, and with the duty of keeping the laws of the great Father of all. Few, who haven't tried, can understand the difficulty of impressing spiritual ideas on dull uneducated minds. It is difficult everywhere, but specially among Fuegians, whose religious sentiment has never found any form of

expression. Their hearts and minds are benumbed and deadened, giving but slight response to spiritual questionings, and requiring supremely the quickening energy of the Holy Ghost.

"But God draws men to Himself wisely ; and in revealing Himself as the Head of a Family in Christ, and inviting men to join His Family, He has dealt with them in a way not to be misunderstood, even by the humblest and least enlightened heart.

"I felt the force of this when daily in contact with the consciences of the heathen ; and, beyond the effect of texts of Scripture, or of isolated precepts, was the effect apparent—though not so much as I longed for—of dwelling on the privileges of joining God's Family ; and of the loving invitation given to all men to join it.

"It was evident that a reality existed about this, for it was something immediate and tangible, and yielding immediate results. In order to foster this idea more, it was my habit, morning and evening, to mention by name in our public prayer special friends of the Mission, known by report, if not personally, to the natives. Thus they came to see that it was not for ourselves alone that we prayed, but as members of a great and varied family throughout the world, and for and on behalf of others."

And he found this method of teaching answered well.

"Jealousy and suspicion prevent any social life. To be of the same tribe is no guarantee of safety in travelling. Fear and distrust killed any chance of loyalty or patriotism. Under these circumstances the Indians are not blind to the blessings of a religion

which speaks to them of love to God, and love to man, and lays on this foundation a basis of union and prosperity.

“That there are hindrances to their joining with heart and soul this family of God may be well supposed, but certain it is this form of attracting them to God and holiness has stirred their hearts more effectually than anything I have seen before.

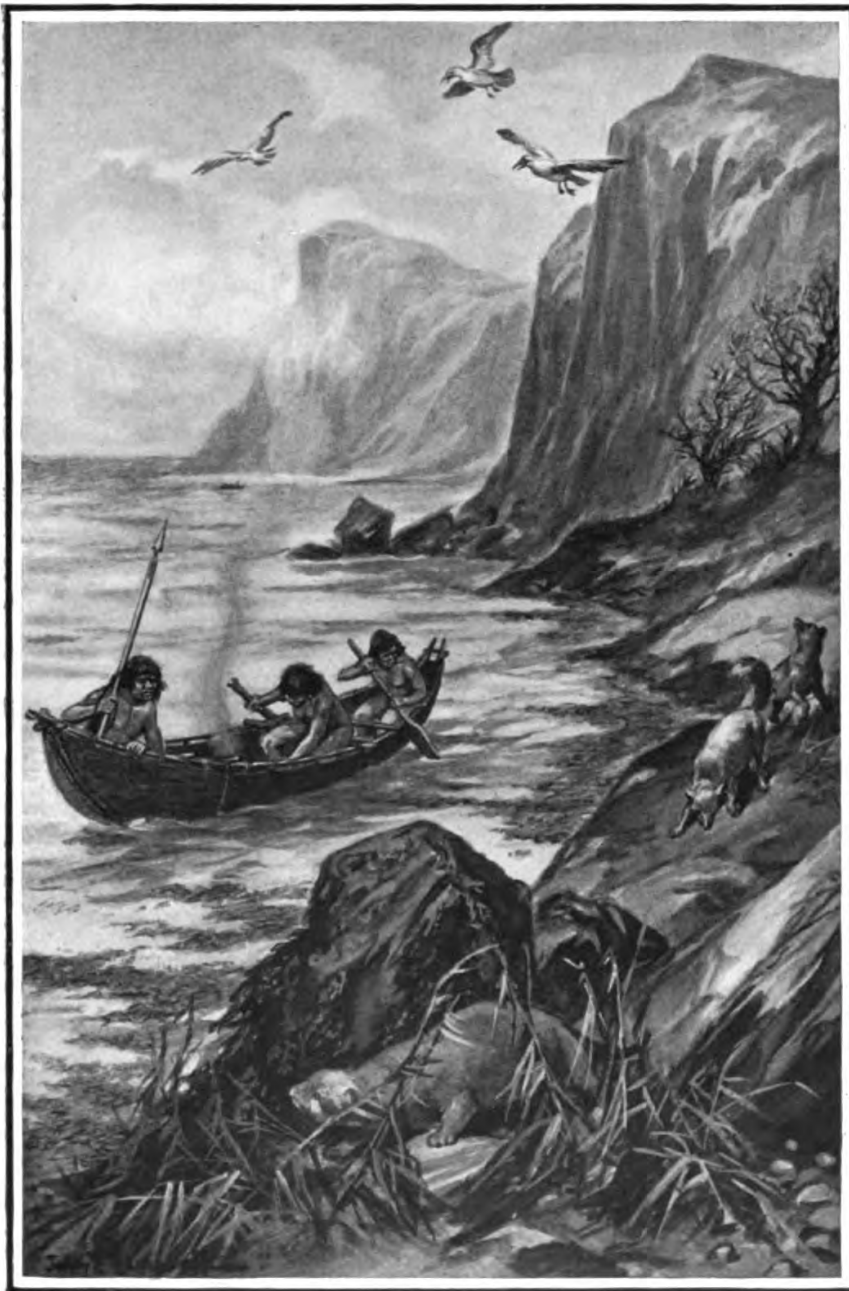
“The regular morning and evening service had a marked effect on all. The authority of God’s Word, and of God’s Law—the love of God revealed in Christ—Christ our Example, shining like a beacon light across the dark waters of man’s guilt and misery—the promised gift of the sanctifying Spirit—all this could not fail to modify considerably the grossness and ignorance of even Fuegian life ; as each day brought round its testimony to these things.

“In fact I attribute the self-restraint of the natives and their loyalty to promises, and their readiness to fall in with my wishes, all to this teaching constantly enforced.

“Thus, in our morning worship I felt a guarantee of an orderly and prosperous day. The discipline of prayer was manifest in the way it subjected the natives—more or less—to duties hitherto strange and unacknowledged.”

They may not have learned much, but there was a higher tone of feeling, and more definite aim than they were ever conscious of when left to themselves.

“The natives drafted off for work were early at



A YAGHAN HUNT ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST

The man crouches in the bows of his frail bark canoe. The women paddle from the stern. The smoke comes from the fire, always kept burning on a slab of turf in the canoe. The dogs run along the shore to sniff and turn out any lurking sea-otter.



their labours. In summer and autumn they often occupied the first bright hours before prayers in the duties assigned to them. Prayers over, then came breakfast, for a select number, provided by the Mission.

“My plan was a certain course of instruction limited to short periods, with a vigorous programme of outdoor work, laying out a future settlement, and the labour was paid for.

“When I first began I thought my own wants in food were all I need think about. But when details were thought out I came to a different conclusion.

“My object was to found a Settlement and keep natives about me. But how was this to be done? The Indians lived a roving life in order to catch fish, seal, or porpoises. But organized industry meant supplying the workers with food on the spot.

“At first, in fine weather, there was plenty of fish in the neighbouring waters, and I could keep them at work without difficulty. And it gave time to make up my mind what was best to be done and how to do it, to measure also the disposition of the natives and the amount of pressure I might put on them in the development of my plans. I felt my way and gradually saw that I must assume the character of a regular employer of labour.

“But the first essential was to provide food. So I sent the *Allen Gardiner* to the Falkland Islands for stores sufficient, not only for myself, but for the number of natives I had decided to employ.

“I had stores enough to start, so I engaged them. They were to be paid with food, rice, potatoes, and

biscuits. But they begged me to cook all in my hut for them, since it was a rule among them to share all food with needy neighbours.

“A seal or a guanaco caught is at once shared out to everybody. This being their custom, it was impossible for my workmen not to hand out food to their friends at home ; on the other hand, they needed it for themselves if they were to stay. So, to get out of the difficulty they had all their meals in my hut.

“Employment is what these people want. I believe they would work steadily if only they received proper pay. Had I biscuits and knives and clothes at command I could cut down the forests of Tierra del Fuego and drain it. But for what good ? It grieves me as I seem to hear them say, ‘No man hath hired us.’

“Their present condition gives little scope for the exercise of Christian virtues. A race doomed to idleness must perish.”

He thinks of timber-cutting, sealing, and charcoal-burning—but, apart from the expense of starting, competition with some company who would surely come, and the cost of freightage, forbid all such efforts.

He set them haymaking. “I am going if possible to save grass for winter use. We cut it with our knives, or pull it with our hands, and carry it in bundles on our heads. Nevertheless, I mean if possible to have a good haystack for winter use. . . . Rain has set in—after days of sunshine—good for turnips and cabbages, and to me very refreshing as the sun branded me deeply and I felt I wanted it washed off.

"Every day revealed the multitudinous bearings of my new position. I had come to teach ; and teach with authority, to get them to give up many of their established usages, and to impress on them, with the whole weight of my influence, a deference to God's holy law.

"Consequently, I was appealed to as a law-giver. I was expected to act as judge, jury, policeman—and often executioner.

"As foreman of the works I was looked to, to arrange the various kinds and limits of the work to be done.

"As a Minister of Christ, I was looked up to, whose teaching had to be taken on trust and therefore with more stolid reverence than sympathy."

He was "looked up to" because he not only taught Christ, but "lived Christ," "who though He was rich yet for our sakes became poor." The following extracts, soliloquies rather than private letters to his children, reveal his struggles in the resolute effort to empty himself, thinking it not a thing to be grasped at that he had food and clothing. To read and ponder here is to stand on holy ground.

"I had a treat of fresh milk brought across the Channel by a native, who is in charge of the goats at Liwya. I do enjoy milk in my tea or coffee although I am pretty well used to doing without it.

"It is pleasant to think of these amenities in Tierra del Fuego, of the thoughtfulness which sent, and the

carefulness which conveyed, the milk a day's journey in canoe for my use. Generally from the people here the look, and hanging about, the peeping in at the windows, and the lips too are ever uttering the cry 'Give, Give,' so I am the more gratified when any token of grateful feeling shows itself. Often late at night, or in cold snowy weather, presents of fish are brought to me by the women or their husbands. On Sunday various little presents of fish were brought to me, for the day has been fine for fishing. These I received with pleasure, and I must somehow manage to get down to a fish and mussel basis, for I find that the beans and rice and biscuits I brought as my necessities are regarded as luxuries to be distributed with ruinous freedom. 'I want beans and rice,' said Camillena to-day—as though I kept a store and she had money to pay for them. Okokko, her husband, sees me better clothed than he and having food at command, and being ignorant of ways and means (how should he be otherwise) thinks he has only to ask to have.

"Jesus asked people to follow Him through sorrow and privation. We are asking men to follow us for the attainment of manifest earthly comforts, as well as spiritual privileges. Is it surprising that they think more about the former which are seen than the things not seen ?

"Is it possible our method is wrong ?

"I see no other unless a Missionary must strip himself literally as well as figuratively of the accessories of civilization and go hungry and thirsty and naked, without a place to lay his head, and move from wig-

wam to wigwam inspiring dull ears with words of Heaven and Christ the Revealer.

"Oh, for the wisdom from above to guide my way !

"Hurrah ! here comes some kid mutton from Liwya, fetched by a canoe party dispatched for the purpose ; three kids, one for me, one for Lucca, another for Wagaradag. Milk too ! This is refreshing. This morning I was picking up mussels in the mud without shoes and stockings, because I was tired of cold meat, in fact I eat but little of it ; my preserved meats I keep in reserve. Lucca came with me, and we came back with two good bucketfuls. The neap-tides give one a good chance to get some fine fat mussels out of the inlet below, where they fatten on the slime and are in splendid condition. It is strange for a man to get mussels down here, as only the women fish, but I want the people to see that I think it no shame.

"A man has to-day brought me some fish and berries, so my larder is full ; mutton and fish ; mussels and milk.

"It really bothers me having so much, and I have with a certain satisfaction been daily getting nearer the end of my stores and more on a level with the natives.

"The difficulty of settling with my conscience how much I should keep for myself and how much I should give has been so daily present and vexatious that I am almost recklessly letting go my supplies, that I may say 'I have nothing to give beyond what you can get for yourselves. I am even as you, and must trust to you for food.' However, with no increase of supplies it is well to be provident."



"This morning before Prayers, my flagstaff, a pole some 40 feet long and more than 2 feet round the base, tapering away to 13 inches at the top, was brought in from the forest by seven men. I chose it yesterday and Jack cut it down : Lucca will trim off the bark, and I hope to set it up and have a flag flying to salute the *Allen Gardiner* when she comes. But what shall I do for a flag ? The *Allen Gardiner* left in such a hurry that the flag intended for me was forgotten. But a bit of blue I have for a blind, and a white handkerchief and a red one can be sown together, and so get a red, white and blue. But shall we be ready in time ?

"All the male population has turned out to help. It took us a good hour and a half to get it up—a somewhat risky job as our mechanical means are limited.

"My clothes-line, strong and long, and some seal-hide ropes lent by the natives were fastened to the top through a hole, then some props, with forked ends, of various lengths were cut in the wood close by, and then by tugging the ropes and supporting the staff with the props it was lifted, and at length firmly placed in honourable position as our Mission Flagstaff.

"Great zeal and good humour was shown by the natives, who wanted nothing in return—but I served out tea and a biscuit each to the twenty men engaged. Biscuits are getting scarce, but the fact is, between us all, Skipper, mate, storekeeper and I, we made some mistake about the quantity of biscuits shipped. We paid for three or four more barrels than we got. However, we all drank our tea, etc., very happily as if all were in order.

“But now the flagstaff was up, who was to climb it, to cut off the ropes, and insert the halyard?—36 feet of straight pole is no easy climb, and work at the top is not what every one can do. I promised a knife as a prize. But no one offered. Jack is a little fellow, but stiff and strong and active, and he will try in the morning. Lucca would but he hurt his shoulder helping to bring the staff from the forest.

“Next morning, up went Jack to the top, but he could not hold fast and cut the ropes at the same time, so down he came, tired and unsuccessful. No one else will try. In the evening I was planning to make a ladder up with nails for a climber, with shoes on, to rest his feet—but Lucca meantime had made up his mind to go up without such help—so, with a knife in his mouth, and the cord for hoisting the flag hanging round his neck, he went up—*and did it*. When down, he said, ‘Oh, I am very weak,’ but he was pleased and so was I. And the prize of a huge knife gratified him. Up went the red, white and blue, but there was no breeze stirring, so it drooped cheerlessly from the mast.”

“The old Yacamoosh was in a great rage this morning and raved in the fierce Fuegian style, and gesticulated and foamed at the mouth because Lucca shut the door in his face when he was prying in. Lucca did it, I am sure, with no wish to offend. He thought it the right thing to do as he had just come in for prayers.

“The Yacamoosh is very jealous of the Liwya party

and says many bad things, but he does not get any supporters. I have kept him in the cold shade rather, because I was informed of his violent nature, and because he stole a plane belonging to the ship's carpenter who was putting up my house : a spade and chisel had previously been stolen.

" But directly I heard of the theft of the plane and who had committed it I determined to try conclusions with my new acquaintance, to see how far I could go and who was to be master here. So I went off duly prepared towards the wigwams, expecting to have a great row there. Fortunately, I saw my friend coming up from the beach by himself and carrying something on his head. To his astonishment I walked up to him, took the thing off his head in an unceremonious manner and demanded the plane. He denied having stolen it. But Otaboosh was at hand to testify to his guilt, and so the Yacamoosh presently confessed that he had taken it and hid it in the wood : and said he would fetch it. And this I took care to see him do at once.

" I don't think I have lost anything by theft except it be a teacup full of sugar. Lucca has not been so fortunate. A beautiful American axe I gave him has gone. Ushuaia people are not supposed to be thieves, but strangers have arrived to-day, so we must watch."

" Life is monotonous. Even in this summer season, my experience hitherto is in favour of fires and blankets without stint. In winter the snow is never off the ground, and it is very cold, the sun showing little above



INDIAN STALKER, DISGUISED AS A CLUMP OF FOLIAGE

The inset clearly shows how the hunter may be mistaken for an ant-hill covered with vegetation, the bow and arrow being barely distinguishable. The stalker runs for some yards, and then stops dead at any warning of his approach, moving on by stages till within bow-shot. The raw hide belt is usually the only hunting dress.

the mountains to north and east. We had another inroad of night prowlers from across the Channel. Fortunately, our party were awake and all agog. A gun was discharged into the trees to warn skulkers. It is really more of an amusement to us than otherwise and relieves a little our sluggish moods. The constant plague of the native dogs, and the numbers of eggs laid by the hens are the chief events. One hen, ‘Blackie,’ is a celebrity. She came out from Bristol in the *Allen Gardiner*, and somehow survived being cooked, and became known at Stanley as ‘Mr Stirling’s hen,’ and her eggs, though only the size of a walnut were saved for him. She is not much use but she has been across the line, has seen Montevideo, sojourned in the Falklands, visited Tierra del Fuego, and is doubtless too tough to eat so her life was spared. At length when the new henhouse was thatched ‘Blackie’ is so tormented by the rest, that thin and tough though she be she is given refuge in the pot at last.

“News comes of Sesoingees, Lucca’s son, one of the four who came to England. Notwithstanding the great temptations of savage life to which he returned he has shown wonderful purity of character and sweetness of temper. Lucca tells of his great love to his father. He would rather wait patiently for his father to let him come willingly than force his way back to us. But he longs to come back to our care again. My heart is full of love for him.

“The Yacamoosh’s son is caught in the act of stealing biscuits and Jack’s wife was waiting at the door

to receive them. I was grieved for I had thought him honest. (He washes up for us, and takes pride in keeping the table clean. On an emergency his mouth and a dirty shirt are all that are needed for cleaning a knife.) He looked so distressed, and gave a reproachful and beseeching look at the girl, and said 'she told me to get it for her. It's not for me, but for her.' The little vixen only laughed, quite unashamed. But the boy seemed shamed and grieved till her laughter set him off too. I scolded them both and told him to go back to his father's wigwam as I could not love him if he stole.

"I hoped against hope that they were not so bad as they seemed, and I thought of many discouraging things, but I asked God to work in the hearts of this people for His Glory.

"Not long after Jack's wife was out, and the boy, Mugatella, came to me with a new-laid egg in his hand, but I saw that this was only an excuse. His face was flushed, and his eyes almost in tears, and at once he began, 'I love you—I don't wish to leave you—I did not take the biscuit for myself. I will never steal again.' He spoke very excitedly, holding his head back to keep his tears from running down his face.

"Such a pang of tenderness I was not prepared for ; but I discovered that Joe had taught him the Ten Commandments during the last time we were away in the *Allen Gardiner*. This is the first case I know of, where the natives have taught their own people definite lessons learnt at Keppel.

"The days bring nothing new. The *Allen Gardiner*

may arrive on Saturday, but it’s all uncertain. For letters and news I shall be glad to see the ship, and also that we may hasten the export of wood : but I almost wish she may not arrive till I have things more advanced, so as to give the visitors a surprise.

“ Still I find myself casting a look now and then down the Channel, and the first streak of dawn this morning saw me peeping through my window eastward. Whenever I thus look out at dawn, I am sure to see in the pale light the patient women busy at their fishing, a lesson for those who are fishers of men.

“ I have been half dreaming about the *Allen Gardiner* and specially about the boy whose foot I operated upon. This made me restless and expectant. Some women who had been fishing said they heard a distant gun. Some thought this was from the *Allen Gardiner* but it was in the wrong direction. Perhaps it was a stray boat’s crew or exploring vessel.”

“ Another fight has taken place, with more serious threatenings. The offended party say they will return with a party of foot Indians. If so, it will be bad for the Mission, and may lead to the sacking of the Station. Of course if not resisted they will plunder all they can. To conciliate the invaders the local natives may make a joint attack upon my hut—but we are in the good guardianship of God and I fear no evil.”

“ Last night I went to see some games, as I thought it would please the natives.

“ A lot of boys and men locked themselves together in a circle, arms round each other’s necks. Then they

jump together a low jump, and move as they jump round and round like a wheel. Then together they give vent to a two-syllabled sound corresponding to the rise and fall of the jump. Inside this moving circle were, to begin with, two little girls, who crouched on the ground. They were captives. Then as the wheel went round, the women gathered round outside, and rushed against the moving circle trying to break it and deliver the captives. Sometimes they managed to bulge in, and partly break the wheel, but several of the women were caught and had to stay inside the wheel till rescued. More women join, then more men join the circle till at last it becomes quite large, and the attacks get more and more exciting.

"Feeling cold, as it was raining, I rushed off home, followed by a pack of curs—and then a troop of children, women and men all hastening for shelter.

"This wrestling is called Carleca. It gives place very soon to another game, Wabisca, a very rough business. Two attack one and throw him if they get the chance. He has no chance against two, specially if one gets him by the legs and the other by the wrists as in wrestling. Two against two is the rule, but quick action continually leads to two against one, and then the conflict gets warm, for there are generally a lot at the same time, and women rush in to help their husbands and friends, and heavy throws, bruises, and bleedings are the result."

"On Monday I joined the fishing party in the inlet. You would have been amused. An Englishman would

place a net across the stream and trap as many fish as he liked. These natives have no nets, so they place bushes and grass and sticks instead, and then form a living barrier standing, or squatting in the water, till the fish approach so as to be caught by hand, or speared, or in their fright left high and dry by the outflowing tide. The men stand in formidable array—spears in hand, as though waiting for armed foes instead of innocent fishes. The excitement and shouting as the fish are seen nearing the barrier is intense, and the women stoop into the water, regardless of chills, in the hope of filling their baskets. I did my part in getting wet and so on, but hurried off to see a poor girl very ill, said to be worse, in Lucca's wigwam. She is 'Three boys' sister' and suffers much the same way. My strongest remedies have failed, and I now rub in laudanum and oil, and give laudanum internally to relieve the pain. The Yacamooshes take turns with me. They make a hideous noise, and shake and pull and pinch and rub the poor thing till you would think she must die. And the people all crowd in where they think death is near, and yell and make the Shadow of Death horrible with noise.

"I am at war with all this, and it is wonderful how far they let me have my way.

"You will be glad to hear she is better, and thinks me a very good Yacamoosh. I despaired of her life, and said, 'If she does not mend by 10 a.m. to-morrow she must die.' At noon next day there was a decided change for the better, which has continued. This is another mercy for which I am very thankful.

"Ycaif, the most intelligent of all the natives I ever met, tells me of a large four-masted ship wrecked near his home. The sailors got ashore and built a beautiful house in a precipitous place, and lived there a little while—how long he can't say—but later they were taken off by a passing ship. It was not till he and others saw the boat going away that they knew sailors had been living there; but one day, much to their astonishment they saw from the mountain-side a boat-load of people leaving a creek for a vessel in the offing. They then of course sought and found a beautiful house, and in it some saws, boots, biscuits, etc., and the dead body of a seaman. They did not take his clothes, but the women cut off the buttons for ornaments.

"I went across this morning at 7 a.m. with Lucca and Ycaif, carrying tea and biscuits for the wood-cutters' breakfast. We lit a fire on the beach and boiled the kettle, and enjoyed a meal in the calm, sunny morning. The natives like me to visit them at their wood-cutting, and are much pleased to see me count the poles and enter them in my note-book. A ship's biscuit for each pole is what I give, and they earn thirty to seventy at a time. In Stanley I sell the poles at 2s. each for the Mission.

"On Thursday afternoon in the distance I could faintly, yet certainly, catch a glimpse of the *Allen Gardiner*. Oh, delightful moment! my eyes almost sprung a leak, and my heart beat for joy.

"It was a dull day with heavy squalls from the south-west, and as I saw her with all sail set beating up to Ushuaia, I thought she never looked so brave, or

the Captain so skilful. I quite loved him as I watched through the glasses his management of the vessel and the way he carried on.

“Still the distance was great, and for a good half-hour I lost sight of her, and even the natives, who have marvellous sight, could not see her and thought it a false alarm ; but again, dimly through the darkening squalls she loomed upon the darkened waters.

“There was no mistake. Now for the flag ; we must get it ready. But the cord for hoisting has been stolen.

“A man from Woolya (a leader in the massacre) and my canoe-maker is suspected, and although he protests his innocence, I shall put on the screw. So in a peremptory way I said ‘Schwaia, unless you go quick and fetch the line you stole from the flagstaff, just look out. The *Allen Gardiner* is at hand, and no biscuit, no knife for you.’

“‘I didn’t steal it !’

“‘Yes, you did, somebody saw you.’

“‘Who saw me ; who ?’ was his reply. But his face let out that he had the line : so feeling sure now, I told him in an angry tone to be off and fetch it at once. To my satisfaction and to the surprise of all, he went, and in half an hour the line was returned.

“Lucca after two tries got it up. He won the knife but was very tired.

“Meanwhile my hut was full of tea-drinkers and my last bit of biscuit disappeared.

“The *Allen Gardiner* comes very slowly. Wind ahead and very uncertain ; now heavy squalls, now almost a dead calm.

112 "God's Sentinel" at Ushuaia

"The sun sets, and I light my lamp, an agreed signal to be kept in my window all night. Along the beach beacon fires are blazing, and at 3 a.m. the *Allen Gardiner* drops anchor, and shortly after 4 o'clock I meet the Captain and Mate, who have landed and bring me my letters. News all good. Friends at Stanley very kind, things at Keppel very satisfactory, and passages to and fro good.

"The Doctor sends word that I operated splendidly on the boy, and ought not to have been afraid at the flow of blood. Nothing was needed at Stanley but a fresh dressing for the wound.

"Joe says 'I am *very* glad to see you. I thought my countrymen kill you.' He certainly warned me ere he left against certain persons, and said very solemnly before I went ashore, 'You have wigwams all round your house,' meaning wigwams of friendly natives."

Many years after the Bishop told an old friend how once at Ushuaia at this time he was alone in the forest cutting down a tree. Suddenly he looked round and saw close behind him a fierce-looking native with weapon in the air in the very act of bringing it down on his head. He neither moved nor spoke, but looked fixedly at the man, who dropped his weapon and fled.

"This," added the old friend who reported the story, "would have broken the nerve of most men, but not so with this Saint of God, who realized that he was not alone, and that his Master was beside him."

After seven months of such a life in the wilds, the *Allen Gardiner* again returned in August 1869, bringing

him an unexpected summons to return to England to be consecrated Bishop in Westminster Abbey. While obedient to the call to higher service, he stated on his first visit to Ireland as Bishop, that he would "rather live in his lonely hut on the barren shores of Tierra del Fuego than plead the cause of his own Mission as a deputation at home."

What he accomplished by the Grace of God for His Kingdom will be known only at the glorious ingathering at last, but his services to civilization by thus founding an ordered settlement are best illustrated by the following statement printed on the chart of the region issued by the British Admiralty (January 1927) :—

"Settlements which may be used as places of refuge for shipwrecked mariners have been established at Rio Douglas Mission Station, Navarin Is., Ushuaia, Haberton Harbour, and Allen Gardiner Bay (Latitude and Longitude is given for each spot).

"The Natives living South of Beagle Channel are friendly and most of them speak English. They can be trusted to assist shipwrecked mariners.

"A great change has been effected in the character of the Natives generally, and the Yahgan Natives can be trusted."

114 “*God’s Sentinel*” at Ushuaia

NOTE

(1) The Bishop in old age was sitting in a clergyman’s study, and saw the Missionary Box model of this Hut. Pointing to the window he said, “I was sitting within that open window once, when I saw a native with bow and arrow aiming at me.” “What did you do?” asked his host. He answered very quietly, “I went on writing, and then a little later I put out my hand and closed the window.”

The Bishop called this man “Blackbird” because of his large head and black hair. The sequel is worth telling: Some years after, when he went to hold his first confirmation at Ushuaia, Mr Bridges presented this very man as one of his leading converts.

Part III

BISHOP OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

“Take a Bishop of real self-devotion, of genuine & manly enthusiasm, in whatever he undertakes; of large sympathies & entire disinterestedness; & what nobler place can be given him by God than one in which all men will gladly take him for their example if he prove himself worthy of being so.”

Dean of Durham's Sermon at his Consecration.

The New Bishopric & the New Bishop

Need of a Bishop for South America—Mr Stirling the Right Man—Difficulties in the Formation of the Bishopric—Her Majesty's Licence issued—Mr Stirling recalled to be Consecrated with Dr Temple—Excitement over Essays & Reviews—The Two Heroic Men, Witnesses in different Spheres of the Peace of God—Climax of the Debate in Jerusalem Chamber—Dean Lake's Sermon, descriptive of Temple & of Stirling—Dr Benson's Story of the Little Girl at the Abbey—Enthronement of the New Bishop at Stanley.

FOR some years the need of a Bishop in South America had been felt, and at length on 10th February 1868, Archbishop Tait of Canterbury undertook to bring the subject of Mr Stirling's appointment before the Colonial Bishops' Council.

His suitability for the post was never doubted. He was approved of by the Archbishop and by the Bishop of London, Dr Jackson, who as Bishop of Lincoln had ordained him and had followed his career with interest.

Some there were who would have put forward another name, but most persons interested held that the man who had gone out and shown himself such a Missionary was the right man, and when he came home the S.A.M.S. Council presented him with his Bishop's robes "in recognition of his fitness for the high office he was about to occupy."

Many were the difficulties to be overcome before a Bishop could be consecrated. Were there to be two Sees, east and west coast? What was to be the title of

the new Bishop, "Stanley" or "Falkland Islands," and what would be his status? Were future appointments to the See to be at the discretion of the Secretary of State? Both the Colonial Office and the Foreign Office had to be consulted. Was he to have power to ordain, or was he only to be a Commissary to the Bishop of London? Were all the Colonial Chaplains to be under him?

It was in the early days of Colonial Bishoprics, and Counsel's opinion had to be taken.

In the midst of all this came a change of Government. Gladstone's momentous resolution, which foretold the doom of the Irish Church, was carried by a large majority, and Disraeli resigned in July 1868.

All the proposed arrangements for the Bishopric which were being agreed to by the Duke of Buckingham, Disraeli's Colonial Secretary, thus fell to the ground.

The Archbishop advised the promoters to begin *de novo* with a Memorial to the new Colonial Secretary, Earl Granville.

At length on 4th June 1869, Mr J. B. Lee, Archbishop's Secretary, writes to Rev. W. W. Kirby, Secretary of the S.A.M.S. :—

"All seems now arranged for the appointment of Mr Stirling as Bishop of the Falklands; the Archbishop will be ready to consecrate him on Tuesday, 29th June, St Peter's Day, in Westminster Abbey."

"But Mr Stirling is in Ushuaia" was the answer. Mr Lee then wrote that the Archbishop would consecrate him as soon as possible on his arrival. And on

14th July, Mr Lee sent to the Committee a copy of Her Majesty's Licence, dated 19th June 1869, which set out that :—

“Humble application had been made to Her Majesty for Her Majesty's Licence by Warrant under Her sign Manual authorising and empowering the consecration of the Rev. Waite Hocking Stirling, B.A., to the intent that he should exercise his functions in one of Her Majesty's possessions abroad (the Falkland Islands) . . . and he was fully commissioned by the said Archbishop to exercise the functions of his office throughout the continent of South America (British Guiana excepted).”

A letter had been sent out in June to Mr Stirling, recalling him. This was delivered at Ushuaia by the *Allen Gardiner* on 30th August. He set out at once, but an accident to the Captain delayed him.

When he reached home in November, he found all England in a storm of excitement over the nomination of Dr Temple to the See of Exeter. It so happened that he and Dr Temple and Lord Arthur Hervey (Bishop of Bath and Wells) were to be consecrated together on 21st December 1869, St Thomas' Day, in Westminster Abbey. Thus two of the most heroic men of their time stood side by side on an occasion memorable both for themselves and for the Church. Each in utterly different spheres revealed the calm strength that comes to the lonely soul that leans hard on God in anxious days. Dr Stirling (he had received the D.D. degree at Oxford on 18th November) had

stood alone amid angry savages, more than conqueror ; and Dr Temple, as fearless and triumphant, was standing alone before thousands of angry voices all over the land.

Looking back at the noble career of the great Archbishop, it is hard to believe that such cruel bitterness was poured out upon him. Five years before he had been censured by convocation for his share in the celebrated volume of *Essays and Reviews*. And now Lord Shaftesbury and Dr Pusey, strange partners, were united in opposing his appointment as a Bishop. He had " participated in the ruin of countless souls." Someone else said his " consecration would be perhaps the greatest sin with respect to fidelity to revealed truth in which the Church of England has been involved since the Reformation ! "

Archbishop Tait confronted the whole agitation by saying, " I am bound to pronounce that in my judgment Dr Temple is not responsible for the opinions of the other essayists, and that his own works contain no statements contrary to the faith of the Church of England.

The climax was reached in Jerusalem Chamber on the day of consecration.

The Archbishop, who had been dangerously ill, had intended the service to take place in Lambeth Chapel, hoping himself to preside. But his recovery was not so rapid as was hoped, so it was fixed for the Abbey under a Commission issued to Bishops Jackson of London, Connop Thirlwall of St David's, Philpot of Worcester, and Harold Browne of Ely.



THE RIGHT REVEREND WAITE HOCKIN STIRLING, D.D.
Canon of Wells.

It was the darkest and gloomiest day of the year, candles being lit during the whole service. Every place was filled, and in the sacarium were many clergy in black gowns. Interest was intense, as the columns of *The Times* of the day reveal.

The service was timed for eleven, but the hour struck, and the quarter, and half-past broke the silence, but still there was no movement in the Abbey.

But in the Jerusalem Chamber at the west of its great nave there was a keen debate. Almost at the last moment Bishop Jackson was confronted with four grave remonstrances by his brother Bishops. Bishop Elliott's was read. Bishop Jackson laid down that he had no course open but to proceed. Connop Thirlwall, the most learned Bishop of the day, concurred, as did Bishops Philpot and Harold Browne.

As a last resort, Bishop Jackson, standing at one side of the table, looked across to the other side, where the three Bishops designate stood, with their Chaplains, (1) and appealed to Dr Temple to declare his want of sympathy with the *Essays* in the notorious book.

Temple, pale and motionless as a statue, made no sign. At length, after a long pause, Bishop Jackson moved, and the tension was past.

The procession moved up the nave and the long service began.

The sermon was preached by Dean Lake of Durham, a life-long friend of Dr Temple. Almost an hour long, it was an able discourse on Titus ii. 11-15. It was a careful exposition of the "Broad Church" position of the day, tending to show that such a man as Temple—

on whom all eyes were set—was just the man for a Bishop.

There was only a bare allusion to our own Bishop . . . “in the farthest islands of the South, as in the apparently easier, but far harder work in England—he had served God zealously . . . by that training which will best fit him for a self-denying work.”

But though so little thought of, there are sentences in the sermon which strangely fit in to the story of Bishop Stirling : “ . . . Firmness in a distinct faith, which is the Child of Prayer and Conscience ; a large and generous tenderness, nay, confidence toward many with whom we disagree ; an absolute indifference whether they agree on minor matters, provided we are assured they do so in love toward their Lord and ours : these principles animated the best Christians in every age, and by them alone Christianity can retain its ascendancy over the hearts of a thoughtful people.

“ . . . Our teachers should be men of power and love and sound mind, and gifted with that largeness of heart and mind which may at once win souls to Christ, and adapt His truth to the ever new wants of men.”

“ . . . Take a Bishop of real self-devotion, of genuine and manly enthusiasm, in whatever he undertakes ; of large sympathies and entire disinterestedness ; and what nobler place can be given him by God than one in which all men will gladly take him for their example if he prove himself worthy of being so.”

The preacher in all this was sketching Frederick

Temple as he had known him intimately for long years ; and his portrait is exactly what all men found the great Archbishop to be. But read after sixty years with all the memories of South America and Wells, this beautiful description vividly calls to mind the personality and characteristics of Bishop Stirling. "These principles," as the preacher said, "animated the best Christian in every age."

Among the vast congregation that day was Dr Benson, Headmaster of Wellington. He had been a master under Dr Temple at Rugby, and was present as one of his keenest supporters. Sixteen years later, on 21st April 1885, he presided as Archbishop at the Annual Meeting of the South American Missionary Society, and recalling that memorable day, said:—

"I was myself present at the Consecration of Bishop Stirling in Westminster Abbey; I shall never forget it. It was on St Thomas' Day, one of the darkest winter mornings I ever was at Church in. The darkness hung over the Abbey until just before the end of the service, when it broke out into a very bright ray. In the midst of that bright ray I was going round the cloisters, the ceremony being over, when I saw a little scene that touched me to the very quick. There was a pretty little girl waiting at the corner of the cloister. Bishop Stirling came out in his new Bishop's dress. His little daughter, the child whom I had caught sight of a moment before, sprang forward and clasped him round the neck, her eyes full of tears and her face full of love ; and I thought what a wonderful thing it was to see this

little child welcome her father as a Bishop, and to know at the same time that it was a parting."

At once the new Bishop began his "journeyings oft," and visited Ireland and Scotland as well as England. Wherever he went the greatest interest was aroused, and he gained the entry for the South American Society into many churches up to that time not opened to it.

On Ascension Day, 1870, he preached the Annual Sermon for the Society in Portman Chapel, and later in the year left for South America.

"Governor Robinson" of the Falkland Islands had been informed by Lord Granville's letter from Downing Street of 24th June 1869, that "the Queen has been pleased to issue her Mandate authorising the Archbishop to consecrate Rev. W. H. Stirling as Bishop," "and you will inform the Colonial Chaplain that he will be required to recognize the Bishop as his Ecclesiastical superior."

But more than two years elapsed before the new Bishop could be enthroned. A new Governor, Colonel D'Arcy, writes from Government House, Falkland Islands, on 12th January 1872, to Rev. Chas. Bull, the Colonial Chaplain: "In obedience to the Royal Mandate I am empowered to direct you will perform the Holy Office of Installation of Bishop Stirling on the next occasion of Divine Service."

The Rev. Chas. Bull readily obeyed, as he was an old friend of the Bishop. So on the Second Sunday after

Epiphany, 14th January 1872, his forty-third birthday, he was enthroned in the public building known as St Thomas' Church.

The Colonial Chaplain concluded the beautiful little service with a prayer and benediction that was answered in rich measure through more than half a century :—

“Receive the blessing which may be thy safeguard on this day and in the days to come. Let the people honour thee : the Lord grant thee all thy petitions. Be thou adorned with honour, purity, and with knowledge and graciousness. Be thou just and humble, patient and sincere, as becometh the Messenger of Christ. God confirm thee in grace. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost descend upon thee and abide with thee now and for ever. Amen.”

NOTE

(1) Dr Stirling's Chaplains were Prebendary Macdonald, Rev. W. Hockin, and Rev. W. W. Kirby.

Trials in Forming the New Diocese

His Enthronement symbolic of the Unsettled Church Life—Visit of Bishop of Honolulu—Bishop Stirling & his Commissary—First Visitation—Difficulties in the Transfer of Authority from the Bishop of London & the Foreign Office—Irregularities & lack of Licences—Morrho Velho—Bishop gaining Hearts everywhere—A Centre of Opposition becomes the Bishop's Stronghold—Bishop Temple's Manly Explanation of an Irregularity—Commissaries to issue Licences, but not to a Deacon to minister Holy Communion—Lord Derby & Archbishop Tait issue Documents to strengthen the Bishop's Hands—His need of an Aide-de-camp—His Ideas of Wrong & Right Clergy—"I don't want a Picture Soldier"—Plain Speaking to a Half-hearted Chaplain—His Genial Kindness—A Picnic—Visit to a Sick Chaplain—Admiral Kennedy's Stories & Estimate of the Bishop.

WE have seen him as a pioneer in civilization, now we are to watch our Bishop in the equally difficult task of educating his scattered congregations to accept his Episcopal government instead of being under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London.

Till he began there was no such thing as diocesan life in his vast sphere of administration.

His enthronement was rather symbolic. The public building known as "St Thomas' Church," Stanley, was no cathedral ; it was not even a church. It had been built as a corn exchange ; but when the little community realized that there was not enough corn grown in the Falklands for "exchange," one-half of the building was turned into a day school and the other into a church. It was here that the Colonial Chaplain

“ assigned ” to him “ this Throne and Episcopal Chair ” with all due solemnity and pomp. But not many years after, as we shall see, the peat slide destroyed the whole building and not a vestige of St Thomas’ Church remains.

All over the continent of South America it was the same story ; attempts at Church life began and failed. Chaplains came and went as they liked, and chance visits from some passing Bishop were the only opportunities for Confirmations, etc.

Dr Staley, the American Bishop of Honolulu, is expected to pass in a few months, so a Chaplain writes home to the S.A.M.S. Committee as to his reception. The Committee “ see ’no objection to the Chaplain presenting candidates to the Bishop for Confirmation, and receiving him with all due courtesy.” They ascertained that he was going under a Commission from the Bishop of London, and resolved that at any station which the Bishop should visit “ our clergy may avail themselves, if required, of any Episcopal services proffered, and the Committee request that every respect and facility be afforded to the Bishop during his visit.” It would be difficult to imagine a stranger conception of the position of a Right Reverend Father in God.

Dr Staley’s visit took place in 1869, so Bishop Stirling deferred his primary visitation till 1871, when diocesan life may be said to have begun.

There is no complete record of his work in its infinite variety and scattered places, but letters survive which tell much of his difficulties and reveal his shrewd judgment and fiery zeal. They were all addressed to his Commissary, Prebendary Macdonald, whose curate

he had been, and who continued through life to be his staunch supporter.

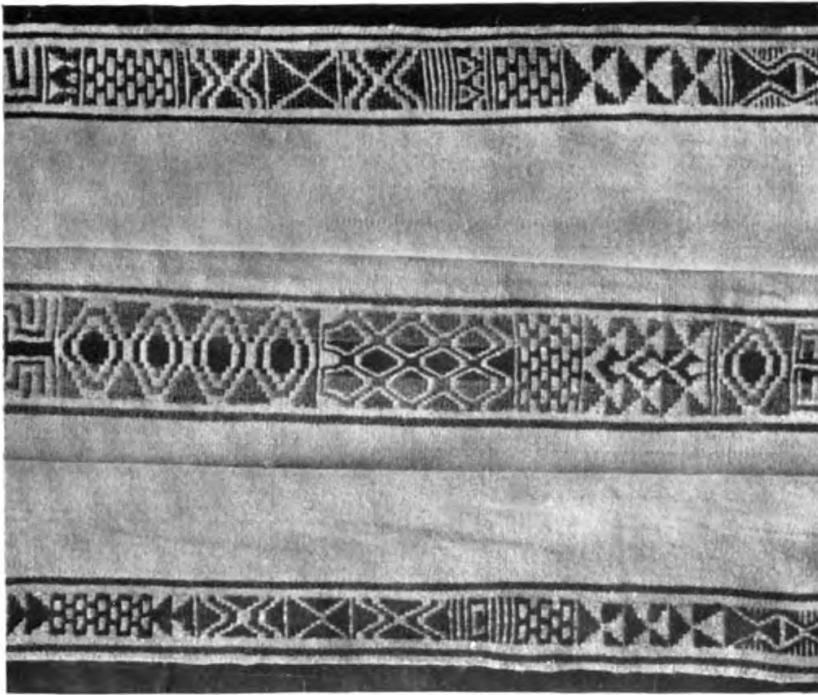
The two men, with very different gifts, seemed the complement of one another. They saw eye to eye on most theological and missionary questions ; and as they worked on together into old age their friendship was more than friendship, as the Bishop's letter on his friend's death revealed.

It is necessary to say this much, to explain the openness of some of the Bishop's sayings. As a rule he was extremely reticent ; but to his intimate friend and elder brother, as he always regarded him, he spoke his mind without reserve. After half a century this private mind may be revealed, as all concerned are passed away, and by so doing the early struggles of the work are best explained.

During his first visitation he writes :—

“ Gradually I am becoming acquainted with my vast diocese. In some little measure I hope to be useful ; but again, as in every case in the past, I feel my dependence on your co-operation and sympathy, and look to you with a very earnest heart and much confidence to strengthen my hands by selecting worthy men.”

As on the continent of Europe to-day, Chaplains resident in the various Republics had each been licensed by the Bishop of London ; these men were disinclined to transfer their allegiance and recognize the new state of things. The great difficulty at first, therefore, was to claim and maintain, without seeming



SECTION OF A LENGUA WOOLLEN BLANKET

The only male attire. The whole process of manufacture is the work of the women, and the result is remarkable considering the primitive materials at their disposal. Various designs are introduced denoting snakes' skins, palms, cross-roads, etc., and in some cases there is a striking resemblance to Inca designs—pointing to the possible origin of the Lenguas.



BLANKET WEAVING

The most primitive loom in the world. Two forked uprights and two horizontal branches. Upon this crude frame woolen blankets of very even and fine texture are woven.

self-assertion, his position and authority as the Bishop. Wherever he turned it was the same. Officials, vestries, societies and individuals, at home and abroad, were all in the habit of acting as if there was no Bishop of the Falklands at all.

Consular chaplaincies are now a thing of the past in South America, but in those early days there were several, and the position was complicated. The official document appointing a Chaplain stated that he "held the appointment subject to the pleasure of the Crown, to be signified by H.M. Principal Secretary of State." One of the Chaplains asked whether a Bishop's Licence were needed under such circumstances? The answer seemed quite clear: "The Foreign Office simply defined the independence of that office, but not the independence of the Chaplain."

And yet the Foreign Office actually required all their Chaplains to be licensed by the Bishop of London. This created an impossible position for the new Bishop, and Bishop Jackson of London himself suggested, as a way out, that Bishop Stirling should hold a Commission from him as regarded Consular Chaplains only. "To put myself in harmony with this action of the F.O." wrote Dr Stirling, "I value, and exercise the Bishop of London's Commission, but this should be regarded as an anachronism, destined to give way to the new order of things."

But it took years to get rid of the anachronism. His daughter who was travelling with him in 1871, writes in her Diary: "We had a short service before anchoring at (a certain port), and then the Bishop

received a letter from the Churchwardens, saying they would not trouble him to remain ! So he decided to proceed in the same ship. Several of the men of the place saw us off, expressing regret at my father's not staying. It all had to do with the change of jurisdiction from the Bishop of London to my father; for some reason the change was resented."

Three years later a well-disposed Chaplain, knowing nothing of the difficulty, was met by a Chaplain at a port of call, and warned not to be licensed by Bishop Stirling. He accordingly refused, but very soon he realized his mistake, and was duly licensed, and became one of his most loyal supporters.

To strengthen his hand the South American Missionary Society made it a rule that all their ordained Chaplains or Missionaries must hold the Bishop of the Falklands Licence.

As late as May 1880, a Chaplain wrote to the Bishop's Commissary :—

" My letter of appointment from the Foreign Office expressly states that as Consular Chaplain I do not require a Licence from any Bishop. As the omission to obtain the Bishop's Licence was quite unintentional, I hope his Lordship and you will overlook the irregularity, and kindly accept the will for the deed."

The following extracts show the laxity with regard to other licences :—

" One of the clergy had brought out a curate without any authority, and the Bishop was compelled to express his displeasure : ' His papers were not in order,

he had not seen my Commissary, I will not interfere if he is given any duty. But he is in no sense to regard himself as Assistant Curate there till he presents his papers in proper form and gets my Licence."

"I have insisted on the Vestry getting a Licence for any clergyman they bring out. But I cannot have any confidence in the Vestry, which is guided by a wealthy foreigner who always resists me.

"There is a young Deacon here from Texas, with letters of commendation not to me as Bishop, but to 'anyone whom it may concern.'

"V—— was ordained Deacon after examination by me at my request by the Bishop of —— ; and though thus ordained for me, and for work in South America, took the oath of canonical obedience to the Bishop who ordained him.

"This sort of thing confuses men's minds, and, when difficulties arise, helps to develope insubordination."

In order to correct these irregularities the Bishop found it necessary to say that he could not visit chaplaincies unless his authority was properly recognized. A very unlooked-for result took place at Morrho Velho in Brazil. The little English community was so remote that no hint of the Bishop's difficulties reached them, so when Mr Gordon, the manager of the mines, begged him to visit them, he was puzzled by getting a reply quite favourable, but conditional on Dr Stirling being duly received as the rightful Bishop of the Diocese.

The mines were several days' ride from the rail-

head, so letters took a long time. But a reply was sent, promising the desired reception, which was certainly very imposing. A highly-coloured version is still current on the coast, which can best be corrected by reference to the Bishop's own account of what took place, recorded among "Tales of Adventure" in a later chapter.

The Bishop stayed a few weeks at the mines, thoroughly examining the forty candidates whom, to his surprise and delight, he found waiting.

The estimate he formed of what he found is recorded in a letter to his old Commissary :—

"Mr S. A. Gordon, H.M.B. Consul and Director of important gold-mining, holds high the English name in these parts, and has established a reputation which all envy but few attain.

"For several years there has been no resident Chaplain at the mines, yet I have found a more orderly tone, and appreciation of Christian things, a higher and more educated intelligence among the candidates for Confirmation (thirty-three were confirmed) and a greater respect for public worship than I, in my most sanguine moments, ventured to anticipate.

"To the direct influence of Mr Gordon and his family I attribute this most satisfactory state of things.

"He hopes to induce the Company to appoint a Chaplain, who would be an officer of the Company, subject to the Director, except in things specially belonging to the Bishop."

As time went on he gained a place in the hearts of

all that secured for him the lasting affection of every class. Years after he had resigned and left, he went back for a visit to Buenos Aires. His coming was heralded by an article in the newspaper headed "The Coming of a Man." Children everywhere regarded him as their very own. The small son of Canon Aspinall, for instance, regarding the Bishop as a contemporary, with a sympathetic glance at his Lordship's gaiters asked, "Won't your Mummy let you wear trousers?" A Roman Catholic, head of a great business, called him "that courteous prelate," and the phrase caught on, even in distant parts. At Santiago a Presbyterian gentleman with a big country house had one room, richly upholstered in blue silk, which was known as "Bishop Stirling's room." No one else was ever allowed to sleep there. Next to it was a large room fitted up as his church. Other Anglican clergy have been allowed to use it, but only under protest: it was the Bishop's room, and no one else's.

A certain church in South America in his early days was a centre of bitter opposition. It is pleasant to record that that same church is now one of his successor's strongholds; and the change was wrought, by God's grace, through Bishop Stirling's own action. Just as in his first contact with the Committee at Bristol, he won the hearts of men who had opposed his appointment, so here his loving personality gained the day. During a vacancy the Bishop determined to go himself and serve as Chaplain, and did so for several months. "If I work from within," he wrote, "instead of from without, I may be able to gain the Vestry, and bring

about what has hitherto been vainly attempted : church organization and discipline." At the end of his ministry as Chaplain he could write : " I trust that a new era has dawned and the way paved for more success in the future, and by my successor."

It is a regular custom in the Diocese of London that men are ordained for the Church Missionary Society for work abroad. There is no such custom in connexion with the work in South America, yet it happened that a man was ordained for a post in South America without any reference to its Bishop. His Commissary had the unpleasant task of pointing out this irregularity to Bishop Temple, who at once wrote a manly apology and explanation. Bishop Stirling, on receiving a report of what had taken place wrote : " You have asserted the principle of order. It is necessary in these days : clergy come out here from England, and the States, holding the Bishop very cheap."

Owing to the enormous extent of the Diocese, it was often possible for a Chaplain to be at his post for months, and even years, before meeting his Bishop : indeed, there was at least one case where a Chaplain served a term out there and came home without ever seeing the Bishop, though he writes with glowing recollections of his letters and arrangements. To meet this difficulty, unknown in other Colonial Dioceses, the Bishop authorized his Commissaries to issue his Licence to clergy before going out from England. On one occasion a request came asking the Commissary to be good enough to insert in the Licence of a Deacon " a clause giving him permission to

administer Holy Communion, as otherwise the people would be without it for an indefinite period ! ”

This utter want of a sense of Church order could be detected, in one way or another, during most of his episcopate, though he was happily able, in 1882, to write: “ At present I know of no clergyman who has not my Licence or permission.”

The condition of things was so bad in early days that in 1874, nearly five years after his consecration, two important documents were issued to strengthen his hand.

Lord Derby, as Foreign Secretary, issued a circular (1) to all British Consuls in South America acquainting them that Dr Stirling had, with the sanction of the Queen, been consecrated, and appointed Bishop of the Falklands . . . and the spiritual superintendence hitherto exercised by the Bishop of London over Ministers and congregations in South America devolved on Bishop Stirling.

To the same effect Archbishop Tait of Canterbury and Bishop Jackson of London issued a “ Brief (2) to all Christian people.”

Eight years later Bishop Jackson went out of his way to say the same thing : “ I shall be glad if you will mention (at that public meeting) my regard for Bishop Stirling, whom I ordained Priest and assisted to consecrate Bishop ; and the fact that I have made over to him the Episcopal superintendence of all the chaplaincies in South America which were previously under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London ; as well as the Missionaries of the South American Mission.”

There was some talk of a young clergyman, who is now a Bishop, going out to him in the early Eighties.

"I wish I could get him as my aide-de-camp. My baldness is painful, a Bishop wants so many things. He wants advisers ; he wants eyes. I want all these. With a scanty income, and destitute of all official prestige, with a sphere weakly occupied by clergy, unwieldy and immense, I plod my weary way, with a ploughman's homeward look for rest."

Yet he ploughed a very straight furrow, and sowed good seed.

He had a high ideal and a firm belief, unshaken in the most depressing times, of the place which the Anglican Church in South America is destined to fill, if only he could get the right men.

Wrong ones were sometimes to be guarded against. An elderly curate applied for a post, saying he had worked in the Diocese. When the Bishop heard, he burst out laughing, and said : "Yes, I remember he came out as a layman, trying his hand at farming, etc. When all trades failed, he suddenly produced his Letters of Orders, and asked to be put into the Priest's office that he might have a morsel of bread."

At another time he is shocked to hear a report of "a clergyman at a bullfight, on his first Sunday out here. I hope he can clear himself of this disgrace on my inquiry into it."

"While I thankfully acknowledge the presence of clergymen distinguished for their ability and usefulness, and pray for their continuance I confess with pain

that it has been necessary for me to withhold, or withdraw my Licence from more than one, whose singular unfitness for the work became sorrowfully manifest."

He had very clear conceptions of the right sort of men :—

" . . . Let him learn Spanish with a view to extending his influence. The English sphere in ——— is cramped, numerically, spiritually, morally, intellectually, and socially. And a man of energy naturally wishes to get beyond it, or else wearies. A quiet man does little and draws his salary.

" I don't like men who pick and choose so nicely their sphere of work. I can understand a man preferring Europe to Africa, or North to South Africa ; but I cannot understand a man of Christian zeal and love, a man desirous of doing genuine Christian work in a continent like South America, making a strong distinction between this place or that. . . . I don't want a picture-soldier. Everything depends on the man. If he is genuine and not a bit of moonshine, if he has work for Christ at heart, and possesses patience, energy, temperance, meekness, love, and wisdom, send him at all costs ; but if he wants a chaplaincy in a nice climate, keep him back !

" I would on my knees thank you for sending suitable men, but unsuitable men, however good in themselves, are a mischief."

The following extract, while giving a vivid glimpse of slavery under Britishers, reveals the Bishop's conception of the work of a " man sent from God,"

and also his way of dealing with a half-hearted Chaplain :—

“ . . . I told him I could scarcely be induced to give him a Licence if I did not think he would do all in his power to make Christ known to the black slave population ; that I *did not ask him* to attempt to proselytize the slaves who are nominally Roman Catholic ; that I did not wish him to make proselytes, but that I could not bear to think of his being a Chaplain to a slave-working Company, and receiving pay to minister to the officers of that company, without doing all in his power to bring the law of Christ to bear upon master and slave, for the good of all. St Paul's Epistle to Philemon would, I said, be his guide.

“ The loathsomeness of slavery, and the cruelty, are to me insufferable, and I wished to impress upon this Chaplain the painful solemnity of his position. In doing this, it seemed to me, I was in the most forcible way reducing him to the necessity of looking at things in the light of Christ and not merely of the Church.

“ I could not bear to be a Chaplain in such a place. But to go there, and in the presence of such a gigantic evil, to be indulging in superficial church talk would be, if possible, nothing short of a calamity. Not to be a Missionary in such circumstances, but merely a Chaplain to the ruling few, would be heartless indeed. Yet this was his coveted position : to be a Chaplain, and not a Missionary ! On grounds of church order, do you think that a wise-hearted Christian can thus shut his eyes to the great facts of life about him ?

Having an opportunity, can he deliberately neglect it ?

“ I told him that the noblest proof of his churchmanship would be in the solution of this problem of the Christian brotherhood, the problem of preaching Christ to the slave and introducing the law of Christ. It is such an opportunity as this which gives such interest to Mission work. We go to the English and come in contact with the African, or the Indian, or emigrants from China, and so on. But if our Chaplains take pains to limit their work, and hedge it off, our opportunities perish.”

The Rev. R. W. Colston, who was Chaplain at Lima from 1885 to 1896, tells a story that reveals another side of the Bishop's character.

“ It is most interesting to walk with the Bishop. He generally took my arm, and as the Episcopal dress was not known to the Peruvians they would stare at us all down the street.

“ Once he wrote to ask me to arrange a picnic at his expense. I got up a party of eight to visit an old Inca town in ruins, called Pachacama, about twenty miles from Lima. Three naval officers were in the party, and we rode horseback over sand in the broiling sun. It was rather a trying ride, but the Bishop stood it admirably.

“ I had to go to Chile to take part in the Ordination, when two Deacons were ordained Priests. Influenza was rampant when I reached Valparaiso, and in two days I was a victim, and in bed for a fortnight. The Bishop

came to see me each day, and was most attentive, doing his utmost to make me comfortable and cheer me up. I only had the privilege of meeting him twice at Lima, which is far the most remote of his places of call. His visits were looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by the English community, who admired him as a man as well as a Bishop."

This Chaplain had said there was no need for a Confirmation at Lima in 1896 ; but his successor asked for one, so the Bishop started on the long journey, from Buenos Aires. When half-way there he got a telegram to say that the Chaplain had downed tools and left for England.

Two stories, told by Admiral Kennedy, belong to this period, recorded in his book, *Sporting Sketches in South America*.

In February 1888 the Bishop, accompanying Admiral Kennedy, sailed in H.M.S. *Ruby* from Stanley to Keppel. They landed on the 14th and the Admiral shot 600 head of rabbits and geese while the Bishop inspected the Mission. Thence on the 17th to Christmas Harbour in the West Falkland, and so to Staten Island and on to St John's Harbour. The ship passed through high bluffs on either hand, and anchored off the Settlement in ten fathoms. Thence they sailed to Spaniard Harbour.

"The Bishop and I landed to seek the spot where the bodies of Allen Gardiner and his friends were discovered. We soon found a cross close to the Captain's grave. We put a copper sheet round the tree to record our visit. Banner Cove is a lovely little

glen with wild flowers and ferns, like the south of Devon."

"On our return journey from Chubut in 1889 (there were only two trains a week) an amusing thing happened. The engine-driver, to show off before his distinguished passengers, went at a reckless speed of 20 miles an hour, when our carriage went off the line and we were well shaken before we could get the driver to stop. When we did we were in a fix, 20 miles from either terminus. There seemed nothing for it but to walk.

"But the worthy Bishop, nothing daunted, suggested hoisting the carriage back on to the rails. He put his shoulder under it, and by our united efforts we succeeded. Thus he proved himself not only a pillar of the Church, of which he is so distinguished an ornament, but also a staunch supporter of the Chubut Railway."

The Admiral knew enough of the Bishop's life-story to have unbounded admiration for him, which he expressed in the following sentence in a letter to a friend :—

"If ever a man deserved the Victoria Cross that man was Bishop Stirling, for he carried his life in his hands ; and the chances were all against his ever returning to civilization."

NOTES

(1) COPY OF A CIRCULAR ISSUED TO THE BRITISH
CONSULS OF SOUTH AMERICA

(CIRCULAR)

Consular.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *August 13, 1874.*

SIR,

I have to acquaint you that the Reverend Waite Hockin Stirling has, with the sanction and approbation of the Queen, been consecrated according to the rites of the Church of England, and has been appointed to be Bishop to reside in the Falkland Islands; and I have further to acquaint you that it has been ordered, with Her Majesty's permission, that the Spiritual superintendence hitherto exercised by the Lord Bishop of London over the Ministers and Congregations of the Church of England in certain countries in South America, including that country in which you reside, shall henceforth devolve upon Bishop Stirling.

Her Majesty's Government trust that all such Ministers and Congregations will recognize the position which Bishop Stirling holds in Spiritual matters; and it is the intention and desire of her Majesty's Government that Her Majesty's Servants in the Countries referred to should give due support to Bishop Stirling whenever he may require it.

You will acquaint the Ministers of any British Episcopal congregations established in the district wherein you reside with the appointment of Bishop Stirling.

It is the intention of the Bishop to visit from time to time the several countries under his superintendence.

Whenever, therefore, he may arrive at the place of your residence, for that purpose, you will treat him with the deference due to his office, and furnish him with all proper assistance which he may require from you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

DERBY.

Her Majesty's Consul.

(2) COPY OF BRIEF ISSUED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

To all Christian people to whom these Presents shall come
and more particularly to the clergy and laity of the Com-
munion of the Church of England, residents in the different
countries of South America (British Guiana excepted).

GREETING !

Whereas by a mandate under the Sign Manual and signet of Her Majesty the Queen, bearing date, the nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and sixty nine, after therein reciting that We had humbly applied to Her Majesty for Her Majesty's Licence by Warrant under Her Sign Manual and Signet authorizing and empowering Us to consecrate the Reverend Waite Hockin Stirling, Bachelor of Arts, to be a Bishop, to the intent that he should exercise his functions in one of Her Majesty's possessions abroad. We were authorized and empowered by Her Majesty to consecrate the said Waite Hockin Stirling to be a Bishop, and whereas in pursuance of the said mandate and authority the Lord Bishop of London acting under our Commission and assisted by the Lord Bishop of St David's the Lord Bishop of Worcester and the Lord Bishop of Ely, did on the twenty first day of December in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty nine duly consecrate the said Waite Hockin Stirling to be a Bishop : Now therefore We the Right Honourable, and Most Reverend Archibald Campbell by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan do by these presents, with the assent of the Right Honourable and Right Reverend John by Divine permission Lord Bishop of London to whom belongs by law or Custom the jurisdiction over all congregations of the Church of England in Foreign Countries where no provision in that behalf is otherwise lawfully made, pronounce, decree, and declare that the said Right Reverend Waite Hockin Stirling is invested with all authority Episcopal and Ordinary within the limits of the different countries of the Continent of South America with the exception of British Guiana, to the end that he may exercise within the same limits all Spiritual functions appertaining to his office.

Given at Lambeth under our hand and Archiepiscopal Seal, and the hand and Episcopal Seal of the said John Lord Bishop of London this twenty seventh day of October in the year of Our Lord One thousand eight hundred and seventy four, and in the sixth year of our translation.

A. C. CANTUAR. (Seal)

JOHN LONDON. (Seal)

Tales of Adventure

A Trip to Morrho Velho before the Days of Railways—A Yankee Schooner's Crew saved by the bold Action of the Bishop—Trial Trip of the Messenger & the Bishop's Seamanship.

THE following extracts from long letters to the daughter who happened to be at home are too important to be omitted.

The trip to Morrho Velho gives a vivid picture of travelling before the days of railways. And the story of the Yankee Schooner shows a side of the Bishop's character little dreamed of by those who only knew him as a dignified clergyman, while his animated story of the *Messenger* reveals his almost boyish delight in sailing and his astonishing seamanship.

Trip to Morrho Velho.—In January 1875, Mr Gordon, the manager of the gold-mines sent down a wonderful equipage to escort the Bishop and his elder daughter. There were men-servants, and a good old Cornish woman as attendant on Miss Stirling ; every sort of food supply and silver and table-linen, bed-linen, and even a carpet and a bath. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten. The journey of 160 miles was through mud indescribable and among breakneck hills. A farrier accompanied the troop, with good reason, as on one day no less than fifteen shoes were lost in the mud. These shoes were made with sharp heels, and put in with big-headed nails to grip the ground. The track,

so to call it, lay through a fairyland of coffee plantations, Indian corn, and lime groves.

“20 Jan. 1875.—Our journey will be seven days more, owing to the state of the roads and the poor condition of the cargo mules. About 20 miles a day are all we shall manage, but the really bad part of the road will be over when we have completed the next 40 miles. We left Rio by the 10 a.m. train on Monday (this is Wednesday), slept the night at Dr Gunning’s, and proceeded by rail to a place called Parahybuna where we got on the outside of the coach and made for Juiz de Fora. The drive was beautiful and refreshing. But we had a crowded and heavy-laden coach (a second had to be put on), five mules were attached to each, and away we went to explore new scenes. The River Parahybuna refreshed us all the way, and the new railroad in course of construction interested us greatly.

“Our chief adventure, however, was in charging downhill into a mass of bullocks. The mules could scarcely be pulled up in time to prevent a disaster. As it was the mules and coach got right into the bewildering mass, and whether the horns hurt the mules, or both mules and bullocks became terrified, the former, our three leaders, plunged and jumped amazingly, clearing a passage, and rushing full gallop, in spite of the drag, and curving road, headlong downhill. Coming towards us were other herds of stupid, lumbering bullocks, but fortunately, before we got up to them, the rein and drag had checked our course, and at the nick of time we came to a stand. E. shut

her eyes, I feared the piled-up coach might topple over. All turned out well.

“Thursday, 6 p.m. Jan. 21.—We have completed another stage of our journey. The roads have been terrible, not fit to be called roads, almost impassable, even for mules. To-day we covered 16 or 18 miles. We were six and a quarter hours in the saddle, and rested in a decayed-looking town for upwards of an hour, where we breakfasted. Starting at 7.30 a.m. we arrived at our present destination, a farmhouse, about 3.15 p.m. Picturesque groups and files of natives, Brazilians, Negroes, and Indians with their various mixtures of blood and colour, passed us on our way, all toiling in the mud. One party, at the head of which appeared to be a gentleman on horseback, with top-boots, and white kid-gloves seemed to be a single household, composed of men and women and children—black, yellow, and sallow-white complexions—marching as it might be with their chief to some new residence or scene of labour. I have heard since they were slaves going to be sold! Wellnigh all would be slaves but four little children slung in boxes. Two tiny darkies in each, on either side of a mule. They did not seem to be conscious of anything but fun, for their black faces beamed with smiles as we looked at them and made some remark.

Jolts, and little shocks in consequence, of an innocent kind, broke the monotony of the way, but a thunder-storm and rain this afternoon was no joke. So fierce was the rain, more like a terrible hailstorm accompanied by wind, that our mules refused to face it, stopped,

became restless, and then turned their backs to it. E. and I got separated from our attendants, and with difficulty urged our mules to a place of shelter, 200 yards back on the road we had come. My hat went flying through mud and water, my waterproof gave me no shelter, and poor E. got soaked through. We looked pitiable as we reached our refuge. Meanwhile, Mr Clements our chief guide had come back to us, and the boy who had gone to search for E.'s whip, dropped on the road, also arrived, but E.'s good old woman attendant had been left on the road to struggle alone. . . . There are bad pitfalls on the way, and strange stories are told of voices coming up, gaunt and hollow from many a gloomy Hades on the way, supposed to proceed from unwary travellers who have sunk, mules and all, in abysses of mud.

" . . . Friday's journey, with the exception of the last hour, was in heavy rain. The hills, up and down, were severe, and the road in parts as bad as any we had encountered. We came to a halt for breakfast at one of the usual wayside vendas, a sort of travellers' rest, where a meal can be got, and if necessary, a night's shelter in a rough sort of way. . . . I know of no specially interesting event on the road yesterday, unless it be the appearance of a most beautifully-coloured snake, with circles of red, brilliant and regular, all round the body. Mr Clements said it was very dangerous, and cautioning us to look out, he dismounted from his horse (we have a few horses among our troop of twenty-seven animals), and getting hold of a large stake attacked and killed the snake.

It was about 2 feet long, and of such singular beauty that it seemed to me like smashing a lovely vase, when the stake descended again and again on the wriggling creature. To us at the time it was of course not in any degree dangerous, for though it reared its head and put out its poisoned fangs, it evidently wanted to get away.

"Yesterday, I saw the chief 'Tropero,' head of the mule department, jump quickly from his mule, and with a huge stick attack some object in the bush. It was a large cobra. I did not see it, but the man attacked it as if his life depended on it being killed.

"Yesterday our journey was seven leagues, and the road was better, but still bad and difficult. Some of the places were very steep, and in one part it seemed doubtful whether E.'s mule would reach the top, it had lost a shoe, which gave it less holding power in the slippery ground. The summit, however, was gained and all went well, but in England even hunting men would look twice at some of the places we have gone up and down. Ravines rather than roads, some by the edge of dangerous precipices, form the ordinary thoroughfare in these parts. Yet everything seems very matter of course, and nobody thinks anything of the risk. In some places where you would think it utterly impossible for a cart to pass, there you will find carts being dragged, almost suspended, you might say, to the necks of the oxen, in teams of fourteen, sixteen or even eighteen, yoked two and two together. Just let it be possible for the oxen to get a footing, however precarious, and then the cart seems bound to come. Were shafts used this could not so well be, but a long pole,

elastic but strong, attached to the cart, firmly but not too rigidly, enables the oxen to bear what otherwise they never could of the jerks and pulls, now this side and now that, of the creaking, labouring carts. It is necessary, therefore, to have a long line of oxen, that the front ones may get over the critical and dangerous parts and get a firm hold, before the dead-weight is felt and hangs almost from the necks of those behind.

“Our store of provisions for breakfast has now failed, and we trusted to the people at the little venda, where we stopped. A couple of fowls were caught and cooked, one stewed and the other roasted, some fresh pork was fried, rice and black beans, and farina (cornflour), potatoes, and cabbage, vegetables of the country, served up in savoury messes, made a capital repast. Coffee, sometimes coffee and milk, is our principal drink, but good old Mrs Vernon, ‘Nurse’ as I call her, takes care to give us a good cup of tea out of her private supplies every night.

“Yesterday we were up before 1.30 a.m. and about 2.30 a.m. we were in our saddles. We had 9 leagues to do, and climbing steep hills, descending into deep and abrupt valleys, scrambling through ravines, and crossing streams, required time. The moon was shining when we started, and, except when opaque, milky-looking clouds veiled them, the stars made the sky lustrous and gem-like.

“One in particular shone out every now and then with a light rivalling the moon’s and had a halo round it like the moon. Its lustre surpassed any star I ever saw. About 5 a.m. day broke, and we continued our journey

for about six hours without a halt, except for a moment to tighten girths. A river, sometimes fordable, threatened to delay us, but by a detour through woods and brushwood we reached a dilapidated-looking bridge. It served us well, being better than it looked, and we continued our journey. At twenty minutes to nine a steep, winding pathway brought us down into a village, in the centre of which stood a lofty cross, some 40 feet high. On it were a hammer, nail, a pair of pincers, a spear and a ladder, all symbols of the sufferings to which our Lord was put. We asked for accommodation and got it in a poor but not clean cottage. Meanwhile the village was gathering to see what an English Bishop was like and to see his daughter, so the cottage instead of giving us shelter was the least retired spot of all. Two hours later we set off again, and fourteen hours elapsed from the time we set out to the time of our arrival here. We determined to stay a whole day here. The house looks clean and comfortable and the mules need rest, some are nearly dead with fatigue. The one great distress of the journey has been the sight of the suffering of the poor mules.

“It has required an artist’s eye at times to discern the only safe track. A branch pulled down and thrown in the road indicated a pitfall hidden deep in mud, and branches placed across the road told us the danger of passing, and advised the search for some other track.

“Yesterday, the poor mules pursued their journey without halting for fourteen hours. Their loads weighed from two to three hundred pounds. I urged the hiring of fresh mules, but was told no one would lend their

mules for such a journey to the gold mines. Then I wanted them to buy fresh ones, but our guide would not take the responsibility, so the patient, noble animals laboured on. You should hear and see the excitement when their nosebags of Indian corn are served out. New life seems to come to the jaded creatures.

“On a card nailed to the door of this hostelry is a prayer, in Portuguese : ‘O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us that we may return to thee, Holy Joseph, pray for us.’ Along the road yesterday slaves stretched out their hands and asked, for Jesus’ sake, for a blessing. From me, as a Bishop, more particularly is this blessing invoked. One beautiful, young, black woman came and knelt, and asked an alms for the soul of some departed friend. Afterwards I found it was to get money for the priest to pray for the dead. But all this profession of religion does not mean purity of life. It is one of the great evils of the Roman Church that it has separated religion from morality.”

“Casa Grande, Morrho Velho, 29th January.

“On Wednesday we had a pleasant ride of 19 miles, and then stopped for the night. Fresh mules from Morrho Velho came down to relieve our jaded troop. A league off we were met by all the officers of the Company, headed by Mr Gordon. He rode up like a fine old chief, with a body-guard of trusty knights. A brigade of young blacks, with bright scarlet military caps, and new serge suits trimmed with scarlet, signalled our advent by a shower of rockets. After a moment’s greeting we started for Morrho Velho, amid the hissing

and explosion of more rockets. The place assigned to me was in the very van, with Dr Buchanan, a very handsome fellow, who rode by my side. Next came E. with Mr Gordon and the gentlemen on horseback, and their servants followed in imposing procession, and the rocket brigade on foot brought up the rear.

“Our course was one of alternate steep ascents and descents. On each commanding hill-top rockets were let off, and on the summit of the hill overlooking the little town of Morrho Velho a specially grand display was made.

“As we approached the town Brazilian gentlemen on horseback swelled the cortege, and in the town itself all who had eyes to see were in the streets and doors and windows to gratify their curiosity. Right through the town our course lay, and the stir seemed to increase as we went along. Presently we approached the English quarter and saw the dear old flags of England waving from many staffs. Then from a knoll on our left boomed forth a grand salute, and then more loudly as if from guns of the heaviest calibre came explosion after explosion.”

Mr Gordon certainly did his best to fulfil the condition, mentioned above, in Chapter IX, that Dr Stirling should be “duly received as the rightful Bishop of the Diocese.” And it is small wonder that an exaggerated account of what took place got abroad. But as we have seen the Bishop was highly pleased with the vigorous church life he found, and when they left Miss Stirling was presented with a portrait of the Bishop and a

letter of cordial appreciation of their visit signed by Mr Gordon and the leading officers of the Company.

“On board the *A.G.*, 24th Feb. 1876.

“*Story of a Yankee Sealing Schooner.*—The *Golden West* sailed from New London at the end of last June, badly provisioned, and badly found in every way. At Cape de Verde Island she took on board twenty-five Portuguese, so that in her comparatively small, dark, and very leaky fore-castle, there were in all twenty-eight men stowed away—twenty-five Portuguese, and three Americans. Of course the Captain and officers, and a few favoured ones, lived aft in the cabin.

“It is marvellous how these Cape de Verde Islanders endured the hardships and specially the cold and exposure. Sealing in the south (she had gone far below Cape Horn) is a very severe, life-exhausting work. Yet, year after year, generation after generation, these Cape de Verde Islanders ship for this work. In some ships they are looked after and made fairly comfortable, and this helps them to make light of exceptional hardships. But the *Golden West* is not a ship of this kind; and so she came in to Stanley Harbour the other day with eleven men very bad with scurvy, and some supposed to be actually dying.

“The U.S. Consul stopped me one evening, and in apparent great anxiety told me that on board the vessel men were actually dying; that all day he had been trying to get them ashore and failed; that there was but one Christian in Stanley, naming him, who had taken in the Captain and Mate, but that no one else would take in

any of the sick men. Altogether the case looked very bad.

"I suggested his engaging an empty house, pointing to one that seemed very suitable, but he made objections. I suggested his applying to the Governor for an empty cottage. Lieut. Sweny, who was with me, said he would tell off a marine as cook for the sick if that would relieve the difficulty. Still the Consul seemed afflicted with indecision. The one point on which he was quite clear was that there was not a Christian in Stanley save one.

"I volunteered to go on board to see the men. He accepted my offer, and said that two at least were Protestants, and that a few kind words would do them more good than medicine. He arranged for me to go off in the boat belonging to the vessel, with the Colonial Surgeon, who was in charge of the sick. Before starting I went at the Consul's request to see the Captain and Mate. I said a few words to them and said good-bye, as the Doctor was waiting to take me on to their ship. In the ship I at once descended into the fo'castle, a sort of black hole, heated and damp and dark. Asking for the two men who were supposed not to be able to live out the night, I was introduced. They were wrapped in blankets, and lay corpse-like on some chests round the floor of the fo'castle. I said, as I hoped, to cheer them, that to-morrow evening everything would be arranged for them to go ashore, and I then hoped they would get better.

"Instantly there was a wail of grief, more like a child's cry of distress than anything else, only more painful,

coming from a man. Then one of them gasped out, with intense earnestness, 'I will die in the ship, I will die here, if I can't be taken ashore to-night. To-morrow, even if alive, I will not go. I can't bear to be dressed again, the pain and agony I have gone through in being dressed are greater than I can bear again.'

"The ship had been in harbour twenty-six hours when I boarded her, and the poor fellows had waited for hours to go ashore, as if life depended on it. And now they were put off with the hope of to-morrow, it was too much for them, and too much for me.

"Immediately I went on deck and spoke to the Colonial Surgeon of the pressing need of acting at once. I then jumped into the boat, determined that if no one would take them in for money, someone should from sheer compassion.

"On landing I inquired for the Consul. He was at Government House, more than half a mile off, and was expected down presently. Thinking I was aiding the Consul as well as doing a work of mercy, I spoke to the proprietor of the 'Stanley Arms' who happened to be on the jetty. I said there were men dying on board for want of care and attention, and it might save their lives if they were brought on shore at once, could he take them in? It was then getting dusk. 'I will give you a sovereign apiece for the night,' I said. His answer was that he would not take that sum, but he thought he could take in two. He had never been asked before to take in the men and did not know of their serious illness. He told me of someone else who

might take in others who was working overtime at such a place where I might find him.

"I went and found him. He would take in three, but only for one night as his wife was ill. As soon as I got a promise of help on the jetty I had sent to the ship, to request the Surgeon to bring them ashore if he thought proper. He did so and in the end we got five of the worst cases ashore. They were very bad ; of course they could not walk, and the difficulty of carrying them was great as they suffered much, and fainted, some several times. One the doctor thought was dead, but he lived. He had to give them each brandy every few minutes. At last they were in bed and under careful treatment.

"About 10 p.m. the Consul arrived from Government House, very angry in my absence, very grumpy in my presence. I told him the men were my guests for the night, he could afterwards make such arrangements as he thought well. He kept on talking in the sick-room, as if talking about dying was a luxury for the sick, and a delight to the Consul. Finding the two men in the 'Stanley Arms' very comfortable, he wanted the proprietor to take in all five and stow them in one room, and do it for 3s. a day each, which, as he was careful to tell me, was the U.S. Government allowance for distressed seamen. I begged him to defer the matter till next day, as the proprietor would make no terms that night, very wisely as he could not tell how much trouble and nursing there might be.

"Next morning I was going down the Settlement and met the Consul at the head of a troop of seamen from

the *Golden West*. He told me he was taking them all to stay at the 'Stanley Arms.' I said I hoped they were not all to be placed in the one room, which was very small, without a fireplace and only a very small window.

"He said it was not my business, the men were under the U.S. flag, and that he would attend to them.

" 'There is a sanitary law,' I said, 'which will surely rule over you. It is not a question of U.S. or English law, it is the law of health you have to do with.'"

"He was very angry and almost flew at me, denouncing me with great vehemence. I said if the men were placed in one room, and that a small one, I should inform the Governor of the fact. His rage now was desperate. He told me never to speak to, or go near, or look at, or in any way have to do with U.S. citizens.

"I walked on, saw the two poor fellows in the 'Stanley Arms' and coming out I fell in with the Colonial Secretary. I told him all that had happened. Then, on walking towards the place where the Consul and his gang of men were getting the other three invalids ready to be taken to the 'Stanley Arms' I saw one of them leaning against the palings, and other men not sick standing by a handcart.

"I said, 'Are you going to put the sick into that cart?' The Consul heard me, and from a few yards off he rushed at me ready to swallow me up, and then followed such abuse as I never before heard or experienced. I was an imposter, a pirate. I was full of impudence, and impertinence, in fact I was very bad indeed. All this on

the open road. Knowing him to be a very passionate man, and believing him to have good feeling, I reported the matter to the Governor, and left it, thinking he would get the Consul to apologize.

“For forty-eight hours I waited, and then in reply to a note of inquiry I sent him, the Governor told me he had had an official letter from the Consul demanding an apology from me. The Governor added that if I apologized for ‘setting the Consul unwittingly aside,’ the Consul might say he was sorry for losing his temper. This showed that the Governor did not realize the wrong I had sustained. ‘He is a good man,’ said the Governor, ‘but rather quick tempered.’

“I did not see things in the same light, and as a reply to both of them I summoned the Consul for abusive, and something worse, language that might have led to a breach of the peace. This I did for a further reason, to get orderly evidence in court of the state of the *Golden West*, as well as of the conduct of the Consul in the matter, in order to send it home to the Government of the United States.

“This frightened the Governor, for I told him I meant to send the whole case both to our own Foreign Office, and to the Foreign Office of the States. But if the Governor was frightened, the Consul was almost out of his wits. I was plied with overtures and offers from Government House, which I declined. The Consul now saw clearly that his office was lost, and being old, he would probably never be employed again.

“This wicked old man was simply acting a part when he came to me with his tale of woe, invoking help for the

sick and dying. 'Only one Christian in Stanley!' The facts were that two persons had agreed to take the sick men in and do for them at 24s. a week each. He had accepted this at first, but later stuck out for a reduction of 3s. each and because this was not agreed to he was letting the poor men die on the ship. Of course I only found this out after. This good Christian was in collusion with the Captain, I fear. The seamen in these vessels go shares, so the more who die, or run away, the better. Why then should these men not complete their sacrifices and hardships by dying, and so leave more plunder for the Captain? If the Captain himself had not been ill, I am afraid the *Golden West* would not have put in to Stanley, and these poor fellows would have been food for the fishes. If the Consul was not in collusion with the Captain for a consideration I don't know how to account for his conduct. Meanwhile, the men have got the benefit of the disturbance, and the *Golden West* will be made more comfortable.

"But about myself and the summons. When the Consul saw that I was in earnest, and that the Governor had proved a broken reed he was very sad. He found me one afternoon at Mr Dean's. The door opened: 'Mr Jenkins wishes to see you; he is anxious to make a complete apology for what he has done,' and following the messenger, was the Consul himself. 'I throw myself at your feet, I humble myself before you. I make the most full and true apology for my violence toward you. Only to-day have I heard of your goodness to me' (on a certain occasion it would be too long to explain). 'I see I have not only done wrong, but I have

done it to a friend, I mistook your attitude towards me . . . ' and so on.

"All this time I had remained seated, uncertain how to act, but wishing to get out of the room. However, with increased earnestness, and with tears in his eyes the old Consul sought my forgiveness. Then offering me his cane he said, 'Strike me with this, strike me, I deserve it.' I was obliged to yield, so I shook his hand and retreated.

"The summons was withdrawn, and I hope the *Golden West* and her crew will not be without advantage after all. The Consul is, of course, now acting in the public eye, and for decency sake will do more than he otherwise would for the U.S. citizens."

Dean Brandon tells of similar action by the Bishop on behalf of the colonists. "Sometimes an employer had to hear a very sharp rebuke, but a true one from the Bishop, which did much good." Once, when the Governor was interfering, most unfairly, with the Church work, the Bishop appealed directly to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, giving the Governor a copy of his letter. The result was a great release for the time being from undue and unfair interference.

"Things were rough and ready in my time, but far worse when he first went out. The old people, speaking with the utmost respect, referred to the Bishop's 'outbreaks of indignation' with great satisfaction. They were badly needed and did much good."

The *Messenger*.—The Bishop in 1879 ordered a

10-ton yawl from Messrs Forrest in England, to be built to his own specification. The following extracts from letters to his elder daughter in England, tell of his first experiences with the new boat. Crossing from Sandy Point to the Falklands, the crew consisted of the Bishop and a Fuegian for one watch, and an Italian and Fuegian for the other, with his younger daughter as passenger. When becalmed she was towed by her crew taking turns in her dinghy.

His letters reveal the keen sportsman and experienced sailor who knew no fear. He constantly sailed this boat across the stormy ocean. Dean Brandon says: "He was a wonderful man at sea; once he went across with only a local sailor as guide. Many old salts shook their heads at the venture, but through the good providence of God he got safely across." The best evidence of the risks he ran are to be read on the Admiralty charts, over parts of his track to Ushuaia, in such sentences as these: "Vessels entering the Strait of Le Maire should wait for an hour after high-water, to avoid heavy race and foul tide. . . . Dangerous and heavy race. . . . Very strong currents are reported in this vicinity."

"8th November 1879.—The *Allen Gardiner* came slowly and waveringly back from Ushuaia and cast anchor in these open roads off Sandy Point about 3 p.m. yesterday. Long before we anchored we were using binoculars and telescopes to try and catch sight of the *Messenger*. I had some misgiving, as it blew a heavy gale the day that the *Potosi*, which was bringing

the *Messenger*, was due. As it was, the gale was severe and great difficulty was experienced in getting the *Messenger* off the *Potosi*. But they did it, and after twelve hours' work they brought her alongside the hulk and made her fast. She has had rather rough treatment and leaks badly, so she must be put ashore to unship the rudder and stop the leak. But in spite of all this I am well satisfied with her appearance. She looks as if the sea were her native element. Our seamen think her a splendid boat and say the *Flora* is not a patch on her. I had the *Flora* in mind as her rival, and if the *Messenger* can beat her I shall be well satisfied. As yet I can only judge by her hull. She is not rigged, and her sailing qualities I do not know. That she is not a clipper her build would show, but I dare say she will do well under canvas. A good sea boat often means slow and sure, rather than fast, and therefore I am anxious to test her speed.

"G. will tell you that we visited Ushuaia, where I confirmed thirty Indians, all intelligently desirous to live the Christian life. The Orphanage is a very attractive feature of the work there. The children look remarkably well and happy. It will be a sort of nursery garden and training-place for future Christian wives and husbands. I have brought two Indians to help to work my boat, one, Henry Windle, the other quite a novice, who has never been in a ship before. But he is bright and full of promise at work, and keen to see what is to be done and how he can help. I have never seen a native of these parts more knowing and less inclined to be idle and listless. How he will turn

that I was awaiting direction
from your Grace.

It grieves me to add to the
labours of your office - but you
will not fail to see that I am
in a position requiring advice -

As a Suffragan of your Grace, and
under an oath of due obedience to the
See of Canterbury, I venture to ask
for your consideration, Counsel.

I remain, My Lord Archbishop,

Your dutiful Obedient Servant in Christ,

Walter St John Land Islands.

BISHOP STIRLING'S AUTOGRAPH

This close of a long letter to Archbishop Temple with regard to his resignation, dated
February 22, 1901, illustrates the relation between a Colonial Bishop and Canterbury.

out remains to be seen ; he is a native of Lennox Island, and quite a boy.

“ An east wind made up a nasty sea here for some thirty-six hours and fairly prostrated G. and myself. It was a lost day for preparations ; no landing of goods or despatching them from the shore ; no work in the *Messenger* possible while she pitched and rolled at her anchor. But to-day is fine and we feel like new creatures. About 1 a.m. yesterday we cast anchor here from the creek on the opposite coast ; there we went to beach the *Messenger* in order to unship her rudder and stop a serious leak which Captain Willis said must be in the rudder trunk. He was right and the damage has been repaired. The mending took half an hour, but the going and coming and beaching the *Messenger*, with all sorts of difficulties involved, took three days and nights. But with the boat herself I am very pleased. Forrest has done himself credit. The poor *A.G.* seems glued to the bottom in fine weather with a tender breeze, while the *Messenger* glides by her at 3 miles an hour. To-morrow, if possible, we get under way for our F.I. voyage. To-day we are busy preparing for it. The weather promises well after a long season of tempestuous weather. We shall watch our chance and slip across, I trust, during a fine spell.

“ Captain Hanson, who now owns the *Foam* and is across here, said that if he had a mate fit to take the *Foam* across he would like very much to go in the *Messenger*. He speaks flatteringly of her. I mention this that you may not be anxious. We are going across cutter fashion, the mizen mast having been removed

and put in the *A.G.* so that astern we shall have room to carry the dinghy. With the dinghy thus placed she looks like a jaunty young lady looped up behind and starting to walk in earnest. The Governor has been very courteous (Colonel Wood); he let us have the Government carpenter (Cox, an Englishman), the only ship's carpenter on the place at present, and take him with us to the other side.

"Crossing from the Straits we had very high seas. The top-mast of the *A.G.* when close to us, disappeared from our sight between each wave as we ran before the strong fair breeze; at least 30 feet in height were the pursuing waves. Yet we never closed the cabin doors the whole voyage, and the shutters were only partially on. We left Sandy Point on 25th November and anchored in a cove at West Point Island on the following Friday evening at 9.30, the 28th November. The first day as we made for Cape Virgin, the weather was superb. Next morning Captain Willis hoisted a signal, 'Weather threatening.' With this my glass agreed, for it had gone down by jumps in the night and squalls were breaking over us. However, I thought it wise to go ahead and so signalled back, 'I propose to make the best of the wind and to keep the prescribed course.' The wind was now strong from the north and traversing the outgoing tide, which caused a serious rip. The *Messenger* astonished us all and those in the *A.G.* by her splendid conduct, for under double-reefed mainsail with a storm jib she went to windward of the *A.G.* through the turbulent rip and kept herself drier.

“The day was dreary and squally; but the wind blew round to a fair quarter, and that night and next day with the wind W.N.W., we ran under a close-reefed mainsail only and over mountainous seas towards our island home. Above us all was bright, the moon approaching the full and the stars brilliant in the extreme. We seemed to be in the very keeping of God’s angels, while from above the Divine presence shone through the translucent veil. G. watched the waves as she lay in the cabin sofa, for they rose grandly in our train and rolled on in majestic course to the deep music of their mighty voices. On the 28th we shook out all reefs and at 11 a.m. caught our first sight of land. It was New Island. About 1 o’clock we passed close to a full-rigged ship outward bound and carrying all sails. She hoisted the English ensign and waved us welcomes and farewells with evident goodwill. At 9.30 p.m. (owing to light winds we did not get there earlier) the *Messenger* cast anchor in a cove at West Point Island, for our men wanted rest; and next day at 11.15, leaving West Point, we came to anchor in Committee Bay at 5 p.m.; the *A.G.* going on all night had reached there at 10 a.m. Captain Hanson of the *Foam* had begged us not to go in the *Messenger* from Sandy Point. He wished to send her over in charge of his mate, whom he could trust; it would be too much for us. The anxiety and knocking about would do more harm than a year’s other work. He would do all he could to prevent it. Almost he turned us from our purpose, but G. begged me not to yield and said she was equal to anything. The end was, I had the services of Hanson’s mate in

exchange for one of the two men already engaged for the *Messenger*.

"I am an A.B. man and can shake down on a mattress on the floor. If you pay us a visit, you and G. can have the sofas. Lots of carpenters and blacksmiths are at work on the *Messenger*, for I am having alterations made and needful repairs. Unfortunately, the expense will be great, but it is better to have things done off-hand and to the best advantage than to go pottering on wanting this and that."

"In smooth water the advantage is all on the side of the *Messenger*. The *Allen Gardiner* requires half a gale of wind to get up her enthusiasm.

"Off Lively Island the *Messenger* carried away her mainsheet at a moment when we were changing her jib, and in front was a dangerous reef. It was a critical time, for it took three-quarters of an hour to repair the damage ; but all turned out well and the little boat did the next 34 miles in three hours and forty minutes, passing through some miles of kelp which hindered her progress of course. She is an admirable boat and Forrest deserves the highest praise for her. Mr Bailey's *Edith* came out to try her pace with the *Messenger* on Monday last. The *Edith* was built by Forrest and specially for speed and weatherly qualities. She is 1 foot narrower than the *Messenger* and on the keel 3 feet shorter ; between perpendiculars the *Messenger* has the advantage of 4 feet ; over all she exceeds the *Edith* by 7 feet 6 inches, but the overhanging stern of the *Messenger* does not affect her

speed or seaworthiness. The *Edith* by Mr Bailey is rated as $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons, the *Messenger* by the same at 10 or 11 tons. In smooth water I thought it very likely the *Edith* would outdo her rival, although in rough water she could not be expected to do so. Mr Bailey too, I think, expected his boat to be successful, but the *Messenger* ran away from the *Edith* and then, giving her some 500 yards start, overhauled her in a mile or a mile and a quarter's run. In fact, I consider I have a first-rate boat from Forrest."

C H A P T E R E L E V E N

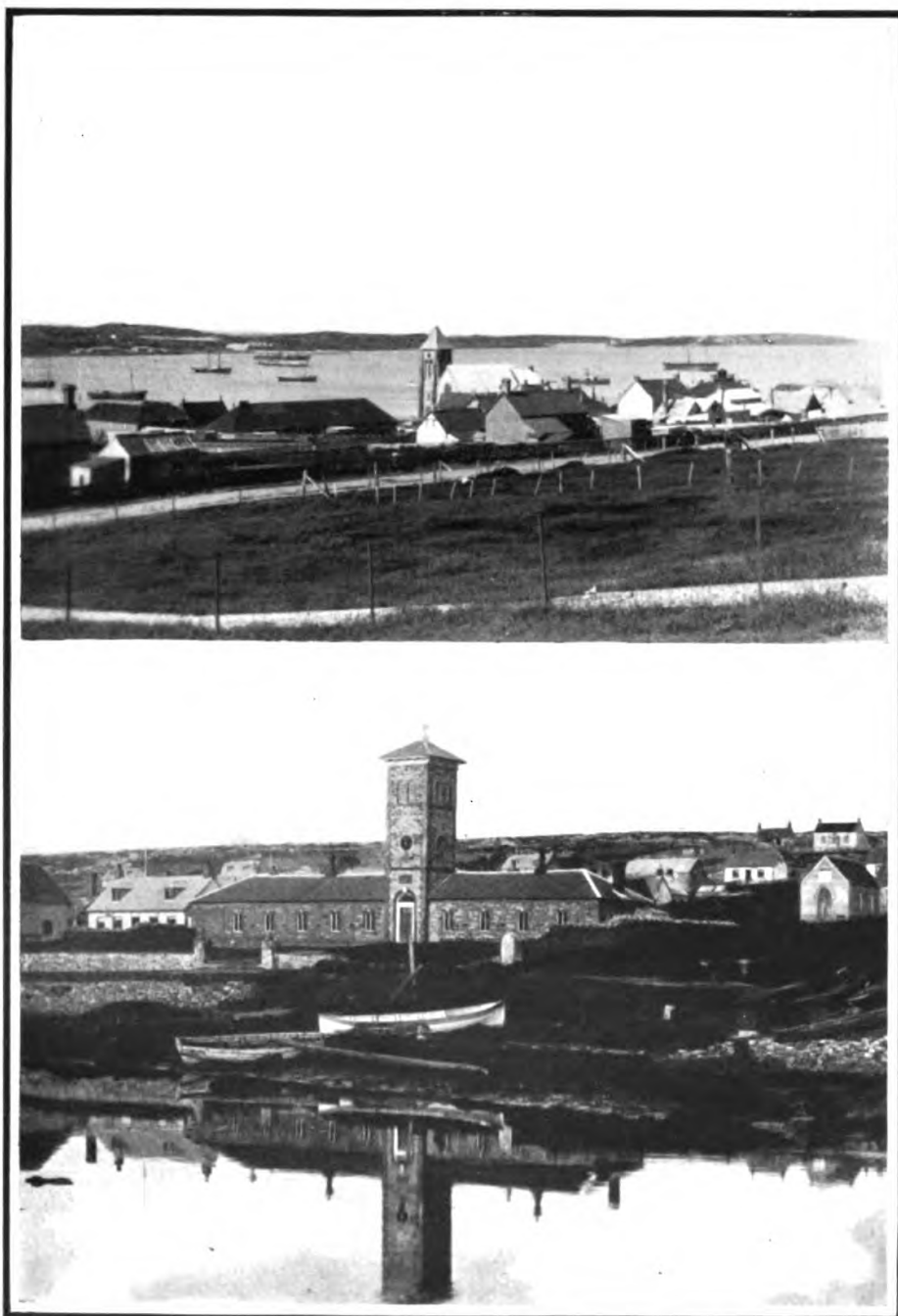
Stanley Cathedral Built

St Thomas' Church, Stanley, no Church at all & soon Destroyed—Originally a Corn Exchange—Destroyed by the Peat Slide—Vivid Description of the Disaster—Cause of the Overthrow—Historical Associations of the Old Buildings—Scheme launched for New Cathedral—Designed by Mr Oldred Scott, later Design by Sir A. Blomfield—Active Contributors, Mr W. F. Robinson, the Leader in the Enterprise, Bazaar Workers at Buenos Aires—Dean Brandon's Recollections—Consecration of the Church—H.M.S. Cleopatra's Visit makes the Occasion Greater—Later Improvements—Clock, Bells—East Window, in Memory of Bishop Stirling—Brass Memorial of Falkland's Battle Heroes—The Organ—The Original "Chapter."

AS we have already seen, St Thomas' Church, Stanley, was never intended for a church, and came to a disastrous end.

An old pensioner's wife who had gone out to the colony about 1843, and died many years ago, handed on the tradition that the place was originally built as a corn exchange in the early days of the Settlement, about 1833. But when for reasons of climate it was found that there would never be corn to exchange, the left-hand portion to the east, with its five windows and long, narrow interior, was turned into a church, while the right-hand, western portion, with four windows, was converted into the Government School.

The accompanying picture, from a photograph taken more than forty years ago by Mr Frederick E. Cobb, is certainly the best, if not the only, record we



STANLEY CATHEDRALS : PAST AND PRESENT

The lower photograph shows the old Corn Exchange of 1833. Later its eastern wing, with five windows, became St. Thomas' Church. In June 1886 this building was destroyed, and the new Cathedral, shown above, was built on the site of the old one. Stanley Harbour, seen in this view, concealed our warships from the German view before the Falkland Islands Battle.

have of it. A smaller and less satisfactory print from a photograph by the late Rev. Chas. Bull, Colonial Chaplain, appeared in the *South American Missionary Society Magazine* for 1862. The reflection of the tower in the still waters of the harbour in the present picture is rather remarkable.

In June 1886 the old building suddenly collapsed, and the story is best told in the words of an eye-witness, Mr Frederick E. Cobb, Manager of the Falkland Islands Company, in the report which he sent home to his head office in London:—

“*From Port Stanley, dated 3rd June 1886.*—A horrible calamity occurred here last night, by which at least one life has been lost, and great damage done to property. About 9 p.m. another peat slip took place similar to that of 1878, but more disastrous in its results. It started from the top of the hill and descended with immense force to the Harbour, moved one house several yards and nearly overturned it, smashed all fencing and walls that stood in its way, carried down all outbuildings to the water, and found its way into the back premises of many dwellings. The church is half-buried and the back wall cracked and bulged in, so as to be unsafe. A lad named Ratcliff, in trying to escape when the first rush came, got caught in some wire fencing, and although several people had hold of him and nearly lost their lives in trying to rescue him, he was horribly smothered and his body only recovered after daylight this morning. There is a report that a man is missing, supposed to be dead in a house that is nearly buried, and

a search is being made for him. Our store next the church has suffered severely, and I have at present as many men as I can gather trying to clear it, but it is an impossible task. The liquid peat is nearly up to the ceiling in the kitchen, and as fast as any is moved more slides down slowly from the hill. The inmates escaped just in time, and took refuge in my house last night. In short, Stanley is in a horrible plight and upside down, and how it is to recover this winter I don't know."

"*From Stanley, 17th June 1886.*—I regret to say that the report of a man being lost in the peat is confirmed, and it is impossible to say when he will be found, as the stuff lies in some places 8 feet or more deep. A number of people have been turned out of their houses, and some have lost a good deal of property ; one house was carried 20 yards from its foundations and nearly thrown over. A part of our drapery store will have to be rebuilt. It has cost a good deal to clear the premises partially, as the kitchen and back premises were knocked in and the peat was up to the ceiling. The church wall is cracked from end to end, and the building closed and pronounced unsafe. A subscription of nearly £200 has been raised in Stanley in aid of the sufferers."

The cause of this sudden overthrow is soon told. Stanley lies on the slope of a ridge several hundred feet high, which falls towards the sunny north.

This slope is covered with peat, which when cut and dried makes good fuel. This had been cut and burned gradually from year to year, still leaving a soft mass on

the slope toward the town, behind which a number of small pools of rain-water had formed. The subsoil is of white clay, which, when the water touches it, becomes slime. A very wet season that year had swollen the pools to such an extent that the peat on the slope below them, weakened by the cutting, could not withstand the pressure of the water, and gave way, the whole mass moving down in liquid form right past the settlement into the harbour.

The front of the building known as church and school had been built with lime and mortar, and stood the shock ; but apparently the builders ran short of lime, and built the back with clay, which gave way and made the place unsafe and necessitated its being taken down.

But though so prosaic in origin and so suddenly lost to sight, the old place had gathered memories that are the imperishable treasures of the church in South America for all time.

It was there that the funeral service took place of "Three boys," the bright Christian lad who arrested attention with his companions in England and was "the first-fruit of Fuegia unto Christ."

It was there that the first Christian Bishop was enthroned with spiritual authority over his vast sphere of administration in South America.

And the school adjoining had witnessed the scene where a Fuegian, once a wild, naked, cruel savage, had stood and spoken of his desire "to benefit his countrymen and teach what he had been taught about Jesus," while Mr Bridges interpreted his Fuegian speech to

His Excellency Governor Robinson in the chair of the meeting. This native belonged to the race Lady Brassey describes in the *Voyage of the Sunbeam* as "magpies in chatter, baboons in countenance, and imps in treachery."

But their buildings were gone, and so from 1886 onwards the church people had no better accommodation for their public worship than a sail-loft fitted up for that purpose.

They soon set to work, with the Bishop at their head, and in 1888 an appeal was launched for £6000 to build a beautiful church from the designs of Mr J. Oldred Scott. Towards this sum the colonists undertook to find £3000 and the Bishop strove to raise the other £3000.

Later on, in view of the difficulty of raising funds and the high cost of materials, etc. (the freight and insurance of one ship's cargo of 700 tons came to at least £1500), it was decided to give up Mr Scott's most attractive but expensive design. This was "only abandoned under much constraint and with honest regret."

Sir Arthur Blomfield's design was then adopted and was carried out in the present very handsome church.

The Bishop in his appeal pointed out that the church would have a threefold use. It would be the Parish Church of the Colony, the Cathedral of a vast Diocese, and a sanctuary of refuge for many a shipwrecked sailor.

Happily enough, the very first contribution was an offering of three sovereigns from a merchant captain, whose ship had foundered off Cape Horn, when he

and his crew were saved by a passing vessel. He saw the old church and heard it was tottering, and his gift was evidence, as the Bishop said, of the need of spiritual comfort felt by men who escape from the jaws of death at sea. This gift was at once followed by four other subscriptions from other skippers of merchant ships. One gave £15, another £10, and a third another £10, and another £5.

The settlers were by no means behind the sailors in their generosity. Members of one family gave £1000 between them. The Falkland Islands Company gave another £1000 as well as much indirect help, while the chairman and local manager each gave £100. Other residents showed their liberality, so that the colony soon put together its £3000.

Meanwhile, friends at home were equally active. Their leader was Mr W. F. Robinson, the Bishop's son-in-law. Though he never set foot in the Falklands and never saw the church, it is no exaggeration to say that he was the driving force of the whole scheme, and but for him, humanly speaking, the cathedral would never have been built so quickly as it was.

He was a busy bank manager in London, yet he found time in the midst of all his duties to attend to every detail of the building of the cathedral in the Falklands. He and Mrs Robinson would be up till 2 a.m. very often issuing "snowball" envelopes in their great appeal for money.

His skill as a banker was invaluable, managing the somewhat complicated accounts in Stanley or Buenos Aires or London. Dean Brandon acknowledges that

“ in the Falklands we simply carried out instructions from England.”

The following extracts from Mr Robinson's letters to the Bishop give some idea of his activities :—

“ I enclose : 1. Statement of your Local Fund received by me, all of which I have expended, save £105, which I would ask your Lordship to hand to the Committee.

“ 2. Statement of English Funds overdrawn in anticipation of coming receipts.

“ 3. Summary of total outlay so far.

“ I send the Bill of Lading of materials shipped per *Dux*, another of the set sent to you to Montevideo. You will find account for lime and cement.

“ I regret to say the *Dux*, after all materials had been shipped with all speed, met with an accident off the Nore, and had to put back into dock. I am informed she will sail to-day. The cargo and freight are insured for £2750.

“ I trust the delay will not hinder Mr Vinnell keeping all employed till the vessel arrives. You will, of course, make arrangements to store all she brings. If your winter is as mild as ours you will be able to build all through it.

“ I have accurate accounts and vouchers for all I have spent here, and you must have the same for your local outlay, as these must be produced to prove that the £6000 has been spent before I can get the £600 grant from S.P.C.K.

“ I hope Vinnell can manage with local carpenters and

labour, as sending out English workmen is so very costly.

"I paid the wives of the two bricklayers, and will continue to do so every four weeks till you stop me.

"Two or three pieces of timber are broken, but the contractor says he sent others. Many are soiled by handling, but Vinnell will know what to do."

The change from Mr Oldred Scott's plan to Sir Arthur Blomfield's plan was wholly due to Mr Robinson, who writes :—

"I looked again carefully into the cost."

He compares them and adds :—

"The latter has been in my power to accomplish actually ; the former even as per estimate (sure to be exceeded) was far beyond it.

"We save you now much labour in Stanley—plumber, slater, tile-setters, and skilled masons. The Swedish iron roof goes in the *Dux*, and was ordered before your letter accepting slates arrived.

"When the *Dennis Brandit* and the *Dux* arrive you will have all materials required to build, roof, heat, and window the church.

"I hope the local funds will meet the labour bill, and materials you say will be provided by Stanley contributions. This will need careful calculation and foresight, so that the work may not be stopped.

"I am doing nothing now about the church, beyond seeking promises for the fittings. Miss Williams will take the altar, I think, and Miss Gaster the pulpit,

Mrs Dickinson the font, and if not beyond our reach we will ourselves try to collect for the screen. There still remain the choir seats and wainscot round the church and doors, etc.

“Will the altar cloth you have do again? If so, I should like to know its size, and also a list of any church furniture that will do again.

“Does Vinnell think the 10-feet dado could be made more cheaply at Stanley than we could send it out. It would cost quite £250 here with freight. I should be glad if they could do it cheaper.

He ends his last letter to the Bishop and his Committee :—

“I trust sincerely that the work may proceed without interruption, and that the church may stand as a link between you in the Falklands and us in England, and for years to come be as a blessing from God for you and your children and successors.”

Meanwhile a working party was regularly held at Stanley, which met on alternate weeks at the houses of Mrs Felton and Mrs Dean, to lessen the debt on the church. A Grand Bazaar took place at Buenos Aires, for which the Bishop printed an interesting little story of the Falklands with an appeal, which had on the cover a wonderful reproduction in gold of the cathedral. It is due to the ladies who raised a considerable sum for the work that their names should be here recorded:—

Argentina Stall. Mesdames J. M. Puttock, John M'Clymont, and R. O. Watson.

Quinta del Molina Stall. Mrs Crowther.



KEAMAPSITHYO, AFTERWARDS CALLED PHILIP

The first photograph of a Lengua taken with his consent.

When nailed up in Mr. Grubb's hut it was promptly torn down by superstitious Indians, who regarded it as the soul of Philip which he had stolen, thus explaining the influence he had over him.

The show of ornaments is typical of an Indian dandy; but the feather anklets are worn chiefly as a protection from snake-bite.

Las Rosas Stall. Mesdames Harry Watson, Goodwin, Percy Clark, and Evans.

Lomas Stall. Mesdames Pinchard and Huxtable.

Flower Stall. Mesdames Wallace, Thursby, and Miss Anderson.

Stanley Stall. Mesdames Stirling and A. Dickinson.

Refreshment Stall. Misses Lamb and M'Clymont.

The Fish Pond. The Hon. Mrs Pakenham.

Mrs Jarley's Waxworks. Mrs Hunt and Mrs Fox.

In each case the book in giving this list of stalls adds "with assistants," so there must be a host of other unnamed friends here who helped in the work.

The Very Reverend L. E. Brandon, who was Colonial Chaplain from 1877 to 1907, and Dean of Stanley from 1892 to 1907, was an active worker, with the chief responsibility all through the building operations. He has recorded some of the vicissitudes through which they had to struggle before the great task was completed:—

"The new church was erected in the very centre of the Settlement, on the same site as the old one, which was given by the Government, together with the rough material saved from the old edifice. Another site had been promised, but later it had to be revoked, as the spot was required for a Customs House.

"In view of the past, very deep foundations were laid, and wisely so, for a crack appeared later on between the chancel and nave, but it has not increased, so the foundations will hold.

"The foundation-stone was laid by His Excellency Governor Kerr and Bishop Stirling on 6th March 1890.

"A strike among the masons delayed them two or three months, but when several of the malcontents had left the colony work was resumed.

"Money for wages was so uncertain that it was decided to finish only the walls and get a roof on. Even then the work was only kept going by the kindness of the late Mr W. W. Bertrand, sheep farmer of Roy Cove, West Falkland, who advanced £500, at a low interest, with no security but an IOU.

"Some years later Mr Girling, one of the Falkland Islands Company's officials, with the aid of the Company started to complete the tower, when a shepherd, Mr Charles Scott, came forward with £150, which he lent on the security of an IOU.

"Soon after they started another mason's strike seemed likely to wreck their plans, but the carpenters and labourers came to the rescue, and finished the tower, 15 feet or more shorter than originally intended, but as Mr Girling said, 'It was that or no tower at all,' so the Dean agreed. It is largely due to Mr Girling's courage and persistence that the work was finished at last."

At length the long-looked-for day arrived and the Cathedral was, "with solemn rites and service, consecrated and set apart on Sunday, 21st February 1892."

By a happy chance the inhabitants woke up on the Monday previous to find H.M.S. *Cleopatra* anchored

in her old quarters, and the ship's company joined heartily in the service, and added gaiety to the memorable time.

On Saturday before the service there was a Cricket Match between "The Ship" and "The Shore," when the ship won.

Next day at the service, as we shall see, "The Ship" provided a large part of the congregation.

On Tuesday the sailors came ashore again and gave a splendid entertainment in the Assembly Room, the proceeds of which went towards the purchase of an American organ for the Cathedral. They gave songs, comic and serious, and finished up with a scene from "Hamlet."

On Wednesday, the festivities were brought to a close by a Ball, and the *Cleopatra* sailed next morning for Lively Island.

The jolly tars had brought glorious weather which lasted all the time. Sunday broke wet and stormy but soon the sun triumphed and they had a perfect day. Originally the Consecration was to have been at 3 p.m., but that time was fixed for the funeral of the Congregational Minister, the Rev. C. E. Lawson Good. He had endeared himself to everybody by his Christian bearing and fortitude; carrying on his ministry in extreme weakness. The heart of Stanley was moved at his death, and all wished to attend his funeral, so the Consecration took place at 11 o'clock.

The congregation exceeded 300, and included Captain Land, R.N., Senior Officer of the S.E. American Station, Capt. Horsley, R.N., and other officers of

H.M.S. *Cleopatra* with nearly 100 seamen and marines. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Goldsworthy were also present, attended by distinguished members of the Council and other officers.

The Bishop, preceded by the Rev. L. E. Brandon, Colonial Chaplain, the Rev. W. B. K. Francis, Chaplain of the *Cleopatra*, and by the Wardens and Sidesmen, Messrs F. C. King, J. Vinman, F. I. Hardy, and T. Aldridge, entered the church by the west door. His Lordship was accompanied by the Honourable R. M. Routledge in full judicial robes, who acted as the Bishop's Chancellor.

As they sang the 68th Psalm, the procession went up the aisle, and the Bishop having taken his place on the north side, the clergy approached, and requested him "in the name and on behalf of the clergy and congregation to bless and formally consecrate this building." The Bishop replied, "I will do so, the Lord being my helper." The Deed of Consecration was then read by the Honourable R. M. Routledge, who also read the Constitution (1) under which the church is held and used.

The simple, beautiful service was then proceeded with. First, the Bishop and his attendants standing at the chancel step offered suitable Collects and Responses, and then during the singing of a hymn, specially written by His Honour Judge Routledge, the Bishop and his company went to the font and again to the chancel, in each place offering appropriate prayers, according to the usage of the Church of England for those Baptized, Confirmed and Married, as well as for

God's blessing on the Word preached. The Consecration of the Holy Table followed.

The Bishop preached from the words: "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord" (Ps. cxxii. 1).

At the close he offered prayer for all who had given of their substance and help to raise and furnish this House of Prayer: —

"Remember this to them, O Lord for good. Bless them in their going out and coming in. Be with them in the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment, and at last take them to Thyself for ever, for His sake who died and rose again."

LATER IMPROVEMENTS.—*A Clock and Peal of Bells* and *The West Window*, given by the late Mrs George Dean in memory of her husband, were dedicated by Bishop Every on 29th March 1905.

The East Window, in memory of Bishop Stirling, given by various subscribers, was put up in 1928. This beautiful three-light window is by Mr A. K. Nicholson, of Gower Street, London.

In the centre light is a representation of the Lord in glory, blessing. Beneath this, in a clever way the artist has introduced a suggestion of a map of the Atlantic Ocean from the British Isles to the Falklands. At the top of the light is an angel, bearing the crown of thorns.

The left side-window has St Peter, and the right side St Nicholas, while at the foot of the lights are the arms of the Diocese, and the *Allen Gardiner* schooner in full sail.

A new Screen has been erected, and *Wood Panelling* in the chancel up to the roof, and in the nave up to the window-sills.

A new Heating Arrangement has been installed, and *Electric Light* is at present being put in.

There is a handsome *Brass* on the south wall of the nave, with the following inscription :—

IN MEMORY OF
REAR ADMIRAL SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK
K.C.V.O., C.B.

CAPTAIN PHILIP FRANKLIN, M.V.O.
CAPTAIN FRANK BRAND

THE OFFICERS, WARRANT OFFICERS AND MEN OF
H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE", AND H.M.S. "MONMOUTH,"
WHO LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR KING AND
EMPIRE IN A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF CORONEL
ON 1ST NOVEMBER 1914.

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED FROM OFFER-
TORIES GIVEN AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD
IN THIS CATHEDRAL ON 29TH NOVEMBER 1914,
WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE
GOVERNOR, THE CAPTAIN, OFFICERS AND MEN OF
H.M.S. "CANOPUS" AND BY THE OFFICERS AND
MEN OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS VOLUNTEERS.

The sweet-toned two-manual organ, with its twelve stops, which has since been added, was bought by Canon Aspinall in Dublin. He found that Messrs Telford, the organ builders, had made it to the order

of a musical society, but it was afterwards thrown on their hands. So it was sold as a bargain to the Canon for £350, which he himself advanced. Most of the money was afterwards raised in England and in the Colony.

The late Mrs Aspinall had, most fortunately, a very remarkable ear for music ; so after being carefully taught by the builders, they brought the organ to Stanley, where she and her husband erected it, and then tuned it so well, that an expert, who happened to visit the Colony, pronounced it quite perfect.

Canon Aspinall also collected the money for the wood panelling round the chancel.

The original Chapter were as follows :—

Dean—The Very Reverend Lowther E. Brandon.

Canons—The Reverend G. A. S. Adams.

The Reverend E. C. Aspinall.

The Reverend J. T. Stevenson.

The Reverend Arnold Pinchard.

NOTE

(1) UNTO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD WAITE H. STIRLING,
D.D., BISHOP OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

WHEREAS a Building has been erected by public subscription in Stanley for the purpose of the Public Worship of Almighty God in harmony with the Doctrine and Discipline, the Rites and Ceremonies, of the Church of England : AND WHEREAS it is now desirable to Consecrate the said Building under the name of Christ Church, and to use it for the benefit of the Community in the performance of Divine Services, the Administration of the Holy Sacraments, the Celebration of Marriages, and all other Rites and Offices set forth in the Book of Common Prayer now in use : AND WHEREAS it has now become expedient and necessary to frame a Constitution under which the said Church shall be

used and maintained, and whereby the rights and privileges of PUBLIC WORSHIP shall be guarded and upheld : We, therefore, whose names are hereunto attached pray that the said Building and ground belonging to it may be Consecrated, and set apart for Christian use, under the terms of the appended Constitution, and that the Building may be opened for the Services of Religion with Cathedral and Parochial privileges under the name of Christ Church.

CONSTITUTION

I. The Doctrine and form of Worship of the English Episcopal Church in these Islands shall be in conformity with the Articles and Formularies of the Church of England as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer now in use.

II. Until it become expedient and convenient to formulate special Canons for the enforcement of discipline, and the administration of the affairs of this branch of the English Church, it shall abide as far as practicable by the law and usage of the Mother Church.

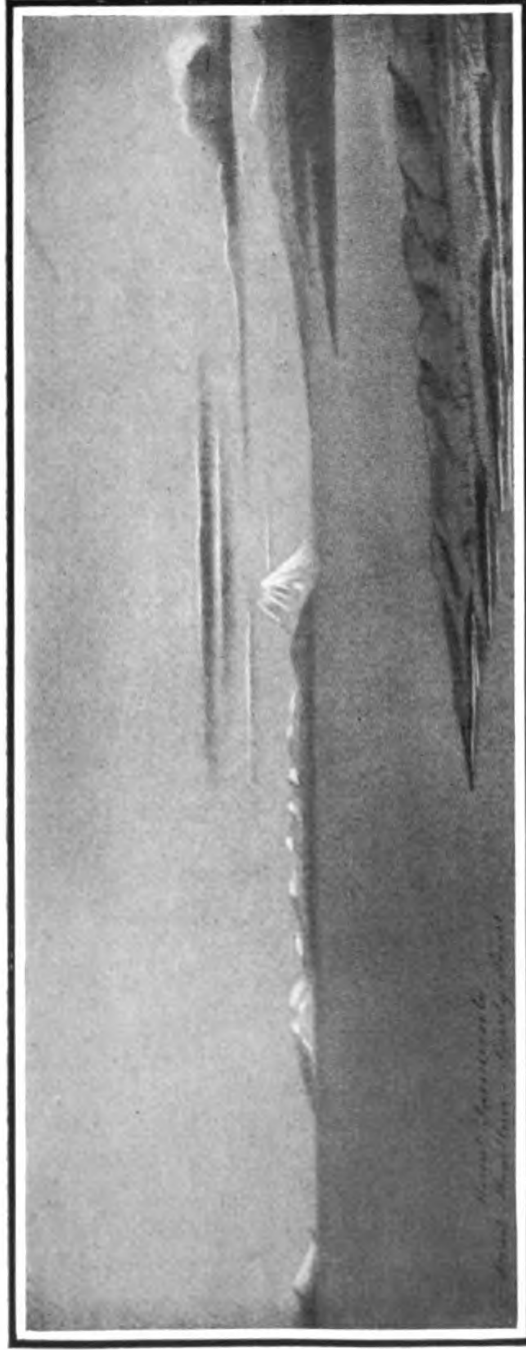
III. In the event of there arising any serious difficulty (such as does not admit of local solution) in the carrying out of the terms of this Constitution, a humble appeal shall be made to HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WITH ASSESSORS chosen by himself to determine the matter. Should such appeal fail to determine the question at issue, no prejudice shall accrue to the parties concerned, in view of further action, should it be deemed necessary.

IV. Christ Church shall be at once the Cathedral and a Parish Church, the rights of each being set forth in this Constitution.

V. The Bishop of the Anglican Communion, of whose Diocese and sphere of Administration the Falkland Islands form a part, shall have unquestioned authority to visit said Church, and to exercise in all respects the rights and functions belonging to his office as Visitor, Bishop, and Ordinary, within the lines of this Constitution.

VI. No Clergyman shall be appointed to the said Church without the formal Licence and authority of the Bishop, who shall have power to confer the title of Dean upon the duly appointed incumbent, or to retain the title himself.

VII. The Colonial Chaplain for the time being shall, if licensed thereto by the Bishop, be considered the Incumbent of Christ Church. If at any future time it should be found expedient to appoint as such Incumbent a Clergyman other than the Colonial Chaplain, such new appointment shall not take effect until a vacancy is caused in the In-



MOUNT SARMIENTO

This great white throne of perpetual snow may be easily seen on a clear day from Sandy Point, a distance of 96 miles North. It is nearly seven thousand feet high.

cumbency either by the resignation, retirement, or decease, of the Colonial Chaplain for the time being.

VIII. Trustees, who must be *bona fide* members of the Anglican Church Communion, shall be appointed, in whom shall be vested the Church-building, and all other properties which from time to time may be acquired for the use of the Church, and the Ministries thereof.

IX. The patronage of the Church shall belong to the Trustees, who shall safe-guard in every way the interests of the Church, in seeing that the Deed of Trust is duly observed, and by turning to good account the means and opportunities which may arise of forming an Endowment, and of otherwise strengthening the position of the Church for the benefit of the Colony.

X. A Registered Vestry shall be formed composed of all persons of full age who, in good faith, accept and subscribe their names to this Constitution.

XI. It shall be the duty of the Registered Vestry to choose annually out of their number six male persons—being Communicants—to act as a Select Vestry : of these six persons, two shall be Church-wardens (one being selected by the Incumbent and the other by the Registered Vestry) : two Sides-men : one Honorary Secretary, and the other Honorary Treasurer.

XII. The Incumbent shall be *ex-officio* Chairman of the Select Vestry, which body shall be responsible for all that affects the Order of the Church, and the arrangements for Public Worship : for the provision and safe-keeping of the Church Registers, Service books, etc., and for a suitable Table of Fees to be placed conspicuously in the Vestry : for the assignment of seats in the Church : for the decent maintenance of the fabric of the Church : as well as for the drainage and good order of the ground connected with the same.

XIII. Members of the Select Vestry shall be capable of re-election, an Annual Meeting of the Registered Vestry for the choice, by open voting, of Members to serve on the Select Vestry being held at Easter. Duly certified proxy votes shall be allowed. In the absence of the *ex-officio* Chairman, the Select Vestry shall have power to select one of their own number as Acting Chairman. No Meeting of the Vestry shall take place without ample notice to all Members within reach, and no resolution shall be binding, except for temporary service, which a minority of Members in Session may pass ; such resolution must at the first opportunity be submitted to the full Vestry.

XIV. Offertories shall be handed over at once to the Honorary Treasurer to be used, at the discretion of the Select Vestry, to defray

Church expenses, except when, after due notice, offertories for special purposes shall be sanctioned by that body.

XV. No alteration of the fabric of the Church, and no adornments shall be made, without the sanction of the Bishop.

XVI. There shall be an Annual Audit, and rendering of Accounts to the Registered Vestry, who shall cause the same to be printed and published. The Registered Vestry have the right to meet and consider matters connected with the Church, and to express their wishes to the Select Vestry, should twelve Members agree upon the expediency of so doing. And further, any Meeting of the kind must be public, and must be summoned in the most public way, and after ample notice of the subject to be submitted for consideration by such Meeting has been given. The Meeting shall elect its own Chairman.

XVII. No alteration or modification of the terms of this Constitution shall be allowed except upon the most careful and formal deliberation on the part of the Vestries and Bishop and the Trustees: and no alteration whatever shall be allowed which in any way invalidates the character of Christ Church as a Cathedral and as a Parish Church, or which tends to interfere with the full communion, and inter-communion, of the English Episcopal Church in the Falkland Islands with the Mother Church of England, and with the various branches of the Anglican Church Communion in inter-communion with her throughout the world.

XVIII. That the Trustees now to be appointed, and under this Constitution now actually appointed, shall be the Bishop and his successors in virtue of their office: the Reverend Lowther Edward Brandon: Charles Montague Dean, Esquire, of Port Stephens, Falkland Islands: John Hall Dean, Esquire, of Pebble Island, Falkland Islands: Ernest Augustus Holmsted, Esquire, of Adelaide Station, Falkland Islands: and William Frederick Robinson, Esquire, of Number Fifty Three Baker Street, London.

XIX. The Trustees appointed under this Constitution shall have power to add to their number and to fill up vacancies as they may occur either by the resignation, or decease, of any of their number, provided always that the Vestries, through the Dean or Incumbent, shall be duly informed of any alteration regarding the same, and that the Vestries shall have a right of veto or otherwise regarding the nomination of any person chosen for the office of Trustee.

XX. The Trustees appointed under this Constitution shall by subscribing a Minute of acceptance (copy of which is appended hereto), acknowledge their acceptance of the office of Trustees of Christ Church Stanley, Falkland Islands.

Stanley Cathedral Built 187

MINUTE OF ACCEPTANCE BY TRUSTEES

WHEREAS under the Constitution of the English Episcopal Church in the Falkland Islands, provision has been made for the appointment of Trustees, who shall hold in trust Christ Church, Stanley, and all properties at any time acquired for that Church and the Ministries thereof in accordance with the purpose and terms of the said Constitution: And whereas we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have been in due form named and chosen as Trustees under the said Constitution, We therefore hereby signify our acceptance of such office and trust, acknowledging ourselves severally and jointly responsible for the proper fulfilment of the duties thereof.

CHRIST CHURCH, STANLEY, FALKLAND ISLANDS DEED OF CONSECRATION

WE, WAITE HOCKIN STIRLING, DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, by Divine permission, Bishop of the Falkland Islands, with jurisdiction Episcopal and Ordinary over the Clergy and Congregations of the Church of England on the Continent of South America, British Guiana excepted, Do, by these presents declare and make known to all whom it may concern, that in the lawful exercise of Our Episcopal functions We did, on Sunday the twenty first day of February in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety two, in deference to a petition publicly presented to us and duly signed by parties rightfully interested, proceed to Consecrate and did actually, with solemn rites and service, Consecrate and set apart, under the name of Christ Church, a Building erected in Stanley by Public Subscription for the Worship of Almighty God in harmony with the doctrine and discipline, the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, and in terms of accordance with the Constitution hereunto appended of the English Episcopal Church in the Falkland Islands, We being well assured that all necessary provision had been made for the proper and reverent performance of Divine Worship.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF We hereunto attach our hand and seal of Office this twenty first day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety two and in the twenty third of our Consecration.

WAITE H., Falkland Islands,
Feb. 21, 1892.

C H A P T E R T W E L V E

In Company with Wild Beasts : In Company with God

His passionate Devotion going to abject Natives—Yachting in dangerous Waters—Amidst Scenery of savage Grandeur—Seeking for Natives—In the Track of a Shipwrecked Crew—Holy Communion at Ushuaia—Teaching Natives Farm Secrets—Visit to Allen Gardiner's Grave—A terrible Gale—At Woolaston and Tekinika among scarcely Human Beings—The Work of Grace in their Hearts—The Bishop's Visits—Five Weddings—"Give me a Blanket & I'll sleep anywhere"—His Sympathy & Support in Trouble—In Araucania—Most intelligent Natives—Mr Walker sent to found a Mission—Other Helpers—The Bishop in Consultation—His Escape from Drowning—Periods of Communion & Prayer—His Care for an invalid Lady Missionary—In the Chaco—Barbrooke Grubb—The Bishop tests his Man—Sets him an Ideal & sketches a Policy—How best to develop & settle Natives—The first Baptisms—Savage good Manners—Philip, a Native with holy Influence over White Men—Bishop's Policy with regard to Baptism of Heathen Converts—Professor Wyville Thompson's Impressions of the Bishop—Amusing Native Mimicry—Visit of H.M.S. Challenger.

"**I**N COMPANY WITH WILD BEASTS : IN COMPANY WITH GOD." When St Ignatius wrote that to his friends at Smyrna, as he was being led to Rome, to be thrown to the lions, he was describing the universal experience of God's servants in terrible danger, as many Missionaries in South America could testify. Mrs Burleigh was once speaking of the perils of life among savages at Tekenika, and added, "but at such times you feel as if you could almost see God, and touch Him."

Bishop Stirling well knew this secret of the Saints. By lineage and training his natural sphere

was refined and educated society : yet one of the most striking things about him was his passionate devotion to the poorest and most abject natives. He never tired of work as an Evangelist among people in darkness. Though this often meant untold self-denial and privation, he found in it a strange happiness. In spite of all the degradation he saw, and the utter loneliness, the dirt and squalor, which his soul abhorred, he would tell his intimates, in after years, how there came a spiritual happiness, as he found himself uplifted and strengthened by the consciousness of God's close presence with him in perils by the heathen. He had tasted this joy to the full, when he lived as God's Sentinel at Ushuaia, and always afterwards during his long episcopate he seemed glad of every chance of getting back among the natives.

In 1877 after a visitation down the west coast, the Bishop arrived through the Strait of Magellan at Sandy Point, where, leaving the steamer he went aboard the Mission yawl *Allen Gardiner*.

He was accompanied by his eldest daughter and her Diaries of the voyage give us vivid glimpses of magnificent scenery, strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes. They also showed us the Bishop as a Missionary, yachtsman, pioneer, and Saint of God. The south end of the great continent of South America is broken up into endless bays and promontories and islands intersected by a perfect labyrinth of waters, so that his voyages are unintelligible without reference to the map.

The scenery everywhere is of surpassing wonder

and beauty. "Pretty little bays, high mountains thickly wooded and quite impenetrable rise up from the water's edge looking majestic in their stern, cold, blue-tinted grandeur. More distant Fuegian and Patagonian mountains, north and south, surround us with their snowy peaks giving variance to the scene."

Sailing south, on a bright frosty morning down the Magellan Channel, they see snow-capped Mt. Sarmiento rising toward heaven at the end of a vista of ever-changing beauty.

Then as they turned into Beagle Channel and its branches: "It is very grand sailing through these narrow channels with the mountains towering on each side, the glaciers and waterfalls, bare rocks and wooded slopes surrounding you."

All the arts of seamanship are needed at every turn, in waters unsurveyed. And the Bishop took his turn on watch or at the wheel.

"Sailing peacefully in 7 fathoms I was roused by a shake and a quiver of the 'brave little craft,' and became conscious by the concerned look on every face that we had struck a rock. Down came the sails, an anchor was put out astern, and as the tide was rising, we were released in a couple of hours." At other times they pass great lumps of floating ice. Often in the narrow channel it is too deep for an anchor, and a hawser is made fast to the trees on shore. The wind changes in the night and they wake to the sound of the stern touching the land and haul off in a hurry. At one time they are becalmed and drift back, at another a sudden squall blowing with increased force as

through a funnel made by high cliffs close together, catches the vessel and almost throws her on her beam-ends.

With a fair breeze they make 70 or 80 miles in a day, pleasure-sailing all the way, at another they are close-hauled, fighting their way in short tacks along the channel in the teeth of a gale.

The yawl is only a "fifty tonner," and accommodation is cramped. The Bishop sleeps on a sofa or on the floor, and ship's biscuit and cold water are their only rations in bad weather. Both he and his daughter suffer often from sea-sickness, but in spite of all, the monotony when becalmed and the close quarters with seven aboard, and at one time fourteen, they are a merry party, playing draughts, telling stories, and reading. Day by day they have morning and evening prayer, conducted by the Skipper when the Bishop is ashore.

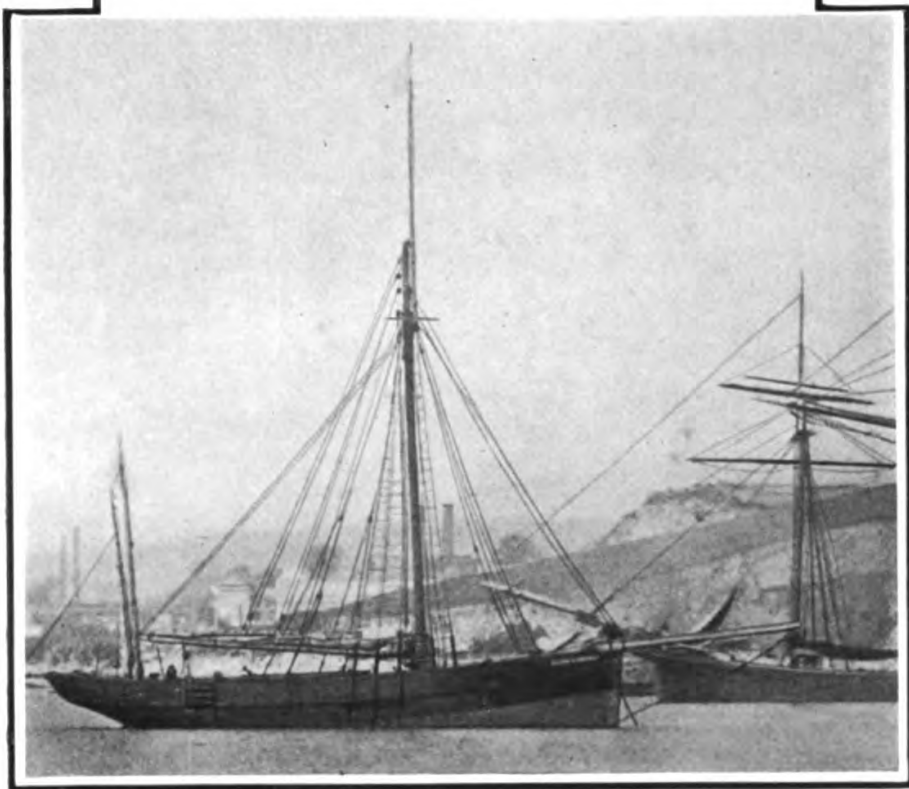
The main object of those adventures was to seek out natives, and ascertain if another Settlement was needed. So, whenever any smoke was descried they sailed straight for the place, and the Bishop and his helpers went ashore, often to find the fire deserted. Recent footprints told that the natives had left on seeing their approach, most likely on account of all the ill-treatment they had received from white traders. But after a thorough investigation, it was decided that no further Settlement was needed in Tierra del Fuego. On one occasion they shipped three horses and a dog and seven extra men at Sandy Point, and crossing to Gente Grande the explorers with their horses went

ashore. "Before starting to explore we all knelt on the beach to ask a blessing on the journey." They were to make for a gap in the hills while the yawl went round the coast to meet them a week later in Useless Bay.

"Sea smooth as glass. Miss V. (her fellow-traveller for this short trip) and I rowed about and went on shore. Tom, a sailor, in the absence of the cook gave us 'sea-pie' and fritters for dinner, very good."

At length they found the Bishop and his companions who had done some 12 to 18 miles per day amid mountains, lakes, and streams, into one of which the Bishop fell full length. They saw no natives, and only a few traces of them, so a Settlement was unneeded. Plenty of wild fowl of all sorts, swan, gold and silver plover, and herds of guanaco. The poor horses, who were a great help, were made to swim to the yawl, and then were hauled up from the yard-arm, making her careen over dangerously, and lowered into the hold. The stormy passage across the Strait is such a trial to them that they are put ashore at Aqua Fresca, and allowed to trot home the dozen miles to Sandy Point.

Arrived at Ushuaia after safely traversing dangerous currents and rocky coasts they hear of a shipwrecked crew south of Brecknock Passage and at once up anchor and away to the rescue, taking the native who brought the news with them. Getting out of Beagle Channel they work south and eastward, trying island after island, till at last on Caroline Island the Bishop finds booted footprints of a man and little shoes



REV. T. BRIDGES

He went out with Mr. Despard in 1856, and growing up among them learnt to speak Yahgan like a native. His Dictionary (pp. 53 and 60) is the admiration of German scholars.

THE YAWL " ALLEN GARDINER "

in which the Bishop sailed the Beagle Channel, etc., was the successor of the two-masted schooner " Allen Gardiner," which had witnessed the massacre of 1859, and brought Mr. Stirling and his family out in 1862.

running by his side. But though they climbed amid slippery rocks to the summit they could see no sign of life, and returned, getting into the south-west arm of Beagle Channel by midnight. "Christmas Sound is studded with rocks and little isles, and it required some care to thread one's way between them. York Minster stood out well in the evening light."

At Ushuaia Mr Bridges, who had been with them, rejoined his family, and there are various gatherings of the natives at the Settlement. On Sunday, five of the erstwhile savages were present at Holy Communion.

Proceeding east, the Bishop visited Gable Island, where he inspected the grass with an expert to see if it would support cattle. He also instructed a native how to make a fence without nails. On another occasion he is teaching them how to shear sheep without inflicting so many cuts on their victims.

They put in at Banner Cove and also at Spaniard Harbour, to see the grave of Allen Gardiner, founder of the Mission. At the entrance of the cave, where one of the party died, was still to be seen the verse from the Psalms scratched on the rock. (Psalm lxii. 5-8.)

Putting out thence for the Falklands, they were caught in a terrible gale from the south-west, and the wonder remains how so frail a boat could live in such a tempest. "About 10 p.m. the gale seemed to have reached its height, and in the paroxysm of its rage seemed to shake the yawl until every timber quivered. The sea was running very high, and it was almost frightening to look back at it as the waves rose like mountains and, rolling after us, seemed as if they must

fall and swamp the little craft, which was indeed brave, as she ran along under the double-reefed mainsail and jib. The Captain seemed quite subdued with the fierceness of the storm as he sat by the man at the wheel, watching intently the working of the gale. Later the wind left us to our fate in a most troubled sea." At length after five weary days of anxious struggle, they anchored in Keppel Island. The Bishop had been too ill to hold service on the Sunday at sea, and Miss Stirling was glad to land and revisit the scene of her childhood.

At the launching of the yawl at Plymouth, Miss Stirling had performed the ceremony and wished God-speed to the "brave little craft." She had seen her wish come true in terrible experiences.

Ushuaia under Canon Aspinall, Messrs Burleigh and Bartlett and others, grew as we have seen into an ordered Settlement, but the whole population gradually perished. At Woolaston and Tekenika, Mr and Mrs Burleigh ventured into regions never visited by civilized man. In 1888 they settled on a small island not far from Cape Horn. Later, in 1892, the Bishop decided to shift the Settlement to Tekenika, on Hoste Island, in hopes of a less terrible climate. But the conditions were extremely severe in every way. The poor creatures they found seemed scarcely human; some looked wretchedly ill and some dreadfully wicked. They were filthy, with no clothes, save a skin worn over the shoulder. They were all painted, and the witch-doctors looked ghastly with head-dresses, spears, bows and arrows.

Gradually the Grace of God brought a great change. Cleanliness was the first step to Godliness. Most of the women had heads like mops, with matted hair in a disgusting state. They admired Mrs Burleigh, who was tall and dignified, with beautiful auburn hair. They learnt that washing was her secret, and head-washing became fashionable, and a consignment of brushes and combs from England helped them to make a great advance. Some of the women, also, became quite clever needle-women. The climate round Cape Horn is really unfit for human life, yet God gave this brave couple and their children wonderful health. Their only home was a miserable hut, where at times they could not keep a fire alight or a candle burning. The land was all swampy ; nothing would grow, so they depended on Keppel Island and the *Allen Gardiner* for supplies. The natives were thankful for potato-peelings or any scraps, as their usual food was fish, berries or fungus, or on rare occasions a stranded whale.

The Bishop took the greatest interest in the work and paid periodic visits. Once when he came he noticed the famished looks of the natives, and ordered a feast of bread and jam, rice and sugar from the schooner, as well as tea and condensed milk. He himself donned a white apron and cut up the bread, etc. Needless to say, the natives were pleased : "Very good man, Bishop ; we plenty like Bishop come again." He made himself at home with them, and it was a sight to see him seated on a log, with these poor creatures pawing his clothes and buttons as he talked

to them. And he liked to watch the children at their games and to listen to their sweet voices singing hymns in Yahgan.

Mrs Burleigh succeeded in founding a home, where she trained girls to be good housewives. And the Bishop arrived from Keppel once with five young men, of excellent Christian character, who had been trained at the Mission. They had heard of the fame of Mrs Burleigh's home, and had come in search of wives. As it happened, there were five very suitable girls. So, on a Sunday afternoon, the bashful swains were introduced to the equally shy damsels, and left alone in the schoolroom, being told to knock at the door when all was settled. The Bishop, much amused, said at last he thought he heard a knock, but when Mrs Burleigh opened the door she was greeted with : "No, ma'am, only one finished." Half an hour later came an unmistakable signal. The five couples were seated apart, and it turned out that many points in common had been found : three of the girls had known their suitors when they were tiny children, and all had known relations of one or another. The neighbours were gathered and a pleasant evening was spent. There was a formal "betrothal" when the Bishop addressed them. Next day he sailed in the schooner, to return in a week, when the weddings were to take place.

At once the little Mission Station was a hive of industry. The girls were up at 4 a.m. making their trousseaux, such as they could. And the bridegrooms, under Mr Pringle, the Missionary, erected their

future homes. On the morning of the sixth day the *Allen Gardiner* hove in sight, and the Bishop landed with fresh beef, plum puddings, etc. They had the solemn service and then a merry feast. The whole story reads like a romance, and reveals the Bishop as a real Father in God among his spiritual children.

Once when he was with them the schooner had to go to another island, and went ashore as she was returning, and the Bishop found himself homeless. "Give me a blanket and I'll sleep anywhere," he said. Mr Pringle wanted to give up his bed and sleep on the floor in the store. But the Bishop said sternly, "Who has been at work hard all day, Pringle or I?" His determined look settled it, and he lay down on the floor of a half-roofed store, exposed to wind and rain. But he slept well. At 3 a.m., when he knew the tide would turn and float the ship, he was up and going off, but not before he had been made to have some tea.

Some time later Mrs Burleigh's husband was drowned before her eyes. The tender sympathy of the natives revealed something of the wonderful work of grace that had begun in them. As soon as the Bishop heard he set sail at once, and Mrs Burleigh could never say enough of his sympathy and support in a time of sore trouble.

The Bishop was much interested in the people of Araucania, "the most intelligent natives I have met," as he wrote home.

They occupied the southern part of Chile, and had never known defeat till the advent of gunpowder

and firearms. Before that the Chileans could never subdue them. And it was not until after the war with Peru that these Indians were conquered and their lands taken.

English colonists settled on the land, and finding no church and no school, they appealed to the South American Missionary Society for help, and devoted men went out to spend and be spent for the 500 English.

"But what about the 50,000 pagan Indians of splendid race at their doors?" asked the Bishop.

He determined to send a Missionary, and chose Mr Walker (now Canon), who had shown marked capacity in very difficult work among sailors in Buenos Aires. So, in February 1895, at some sacrifice, he crossed the Andes with his family and started at Quino. His knowledge of medicine won the confidence of suspicious Indians, and though he nearly died of typhus, he succeeded in laying a foundation. In the following November, Mr Class (now Canon), Mr Wilson, and the Rev. J. M. Sadleir arrived. Six months later, in February 1896, the Bishop came to see the pioneers, and thoroughly discuss plans and decide on the best centres of work.

Sadleir and his companions naturally wanted places where large numbers of Indians were settled on their own land, and not too near civilization and its many temptations and dangers.

Long rides had been taken in all directions, and a fund of valuable information was ready for the Bishop when he arrived. It was decided that he should go

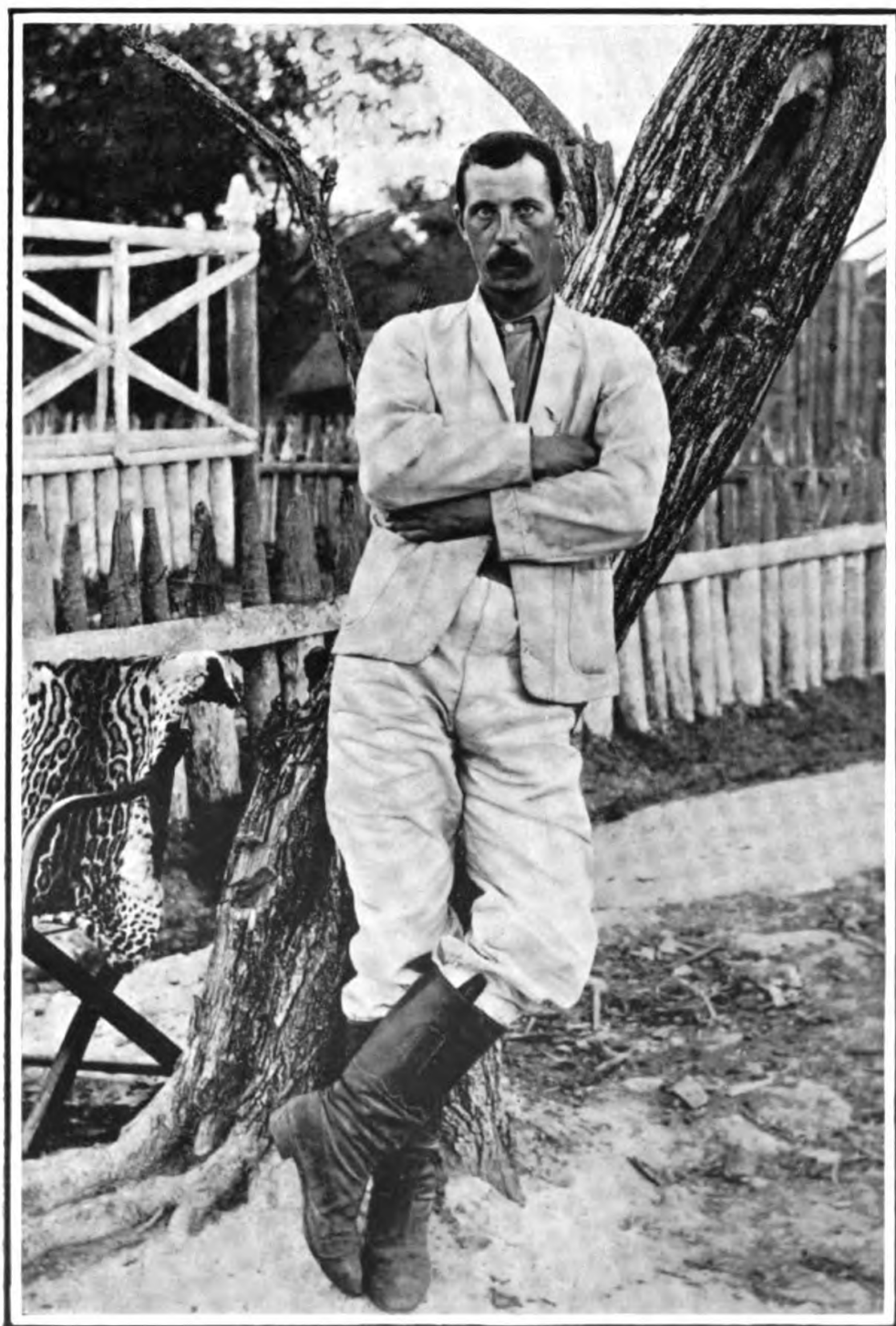
to Cholchol to see for himself the conditions there. It was a place with a most unsavoury reputation : a large village, over 20 miles away from Temuco, the nearest point on the railway at that time. All the country surrounding it was dotted with clusters of Indian huts. There were open plains, easy to traverse on horseback in every direction and, best of all, there were friendly Indian chiefs very favourable to the starting of schools to educate their children. The Bishop was taken to visit some of the principal Indians in the district, and was much impressed with all he saw.

“Once,” Mrs Class writes, “his busy, useful life was gravely imperilled, but God in His mercy preserved him for many more useful years of service. A visit had been paid to some Indians living the other side of the River Cholchol. When ready to leave, the Bishop rode on, but the rest of the party were detained. The road led him to a ford across the stream. There was no ferry at the point, and after waiting a little while and still no sight of his companions, he rode into the river to cross over. Now a ford is sometimes very treacherous. One sees the road leading into the river, and on the far bank, probably some distance up or down, the road leading out of it. But that does not mean that one can ride from point to point, and this the Bishop realized as he suddenly came into deep water and found his horse was swimming. He pluckily kept his seat, however, in these trying and dangerous conditions, and got safely over, soaked to the skin, of course, as a horse

keeps little more than his head above the water when swimming. The danger was great, but his prayers were answered and he was brought safely through. On hearing of his experience, grateful thanks were offered to Our Heavenly Father for His watchful care over His servant, by our little band of Missionaries."

The work was started in Cholchol, and all who have followed the history of the Mission know how wonderfully it has been blessed. There is a beautiful church, and large schools for boys and girls filled with happy Indian and Chilean scholars. Dotted over those wide plains are many little schools and out-stations connected with the Mother Church in Cholchol. There are still some among the older converts who remember that early visit and the coming of the first Missionaries.

Bishop Every had the privilege of receiving the first Araucanian converts into the Church, and all the advances here recorded have come about in his day. But it was Bishop Stirling's wise guidance and leadership that started the work. One worker recorded that his kindly personal sympathy with his workers was something beyond words. His visits gave them a real uplift, for besides discussing the best centres of work and other practical details, the Bishop followed his Master's example with his followers, who said, "Come ye apart and rest awhile." In this spirit they had quiet periods of communion and prayer, times of refreshment and inspiration for the little band of workers.



W. BARBROOKE GRUBB

Bishop Stirling, speaking of Mr. Barbrooke Grubb, said to the author, "If that young man lives he will become the Livingstone of South America!"

Mrs Class adds a personal note : " I have every reason to revere his memory. On one of his early visits I was very much run down, and had been ill for some time. The Mission Station at Quepe had been started then, and on his visit to this interesting new work he was much distressed to see how unwell I was. He proposed taking me up north with him to see Dr Cooper, the clever English doctor in Valparaiso, and I shall never forget his tender, fatherly care of me in my ill health. He paid all my expenses, and did everything he could for my comfort. Quietly resting in one of the lovely gardens for which this district is famous, he often sat with me and told me of those wonderful early experiences of his in the far south, when he had been left alone in his solitary hut among the savages. What a blessed memory it was to him—far from all human companionship, but all the closer to his Master. He told me those were some of the happiest months of his life. He was indeed a true Father in God to those entrusted to his care."

When Barbroke Grubb landed in Montevideo in 1886, he himself wished to go into the wilds in the interior, but no definite post was assigned to him. He was to place himself under the Bishop's orders.

He expressed his wish to go up country. The Bishop replied, " You are a soldier of Christ, you must not pick and choose, but go where you're sent." The way was not clear to him to go to the Chaco, so he was sent away south to Keppel, where he gained experience with the natives that stood him in good stead later on in the Chaco.

At last in 1899 the Bishop telegraphed, "Send Grubb Paraguay," and he set off for Buenos Aires very joyfully.

From Buenos Aires to Asuncion, the point of departure into the Chaco, there is a voyage to be undertaken of over 1200 miles by fine passenger steamers.

When discussing this trip up the river to Asuncion the Bishop said, "Of course you will go third class. Steerage is nothing to what you will have to endure later." Grubb consented and arrived at the office. The Bishop said, "This man is to have a third-class ticket." The officials stared, as Englishmen never travel third if they can help. But in due course the ticket was produced. It was first-class, and endorsed "with Distinguished Consideration."

Thus the Bishop took good care that his Missionary should be treated with proper respect, with a cabin to himself and a seat at the Captain's right hand at table. But privately beforehand he had been testing his man to see if he was prepared to face hardships.

When sending him he said, "Set yourself as high an ideal as possible ; and do your utmost to live up to it, in working out the policy of government of the future Indian Church. But don't expect your converts to attain to it too rapidly. Keep leading them up step by step. There must be no slacking in essentials, but where possible go gently. Remember they are only beginning." To the question, "May an Indian fish on Sunday?" he replied, "He has no food and you have plenty."

He strongly pressed on Grubb and later on his fellow-workers that they were beginning a work that might have far-reaching results in the future ; and therefore it was absolutely necessary that they should abstain from every opportunity of making personal gain.

“ He quite appreciated and approved our using any abilities we possessed to advance the interest of the Indians, such as helping them to acquire property as a means of livelihood and to advance their social position. We should help them to gain the means of supporting themselves by their own work, and thus diminish as far as possible any claims on the home society, so as to free its means to launch out new work. But he let us see clearly that if ever it could be shown that we had made money for ourselves by our advantage of local knowledge, though we might increase our own resources we would be branded as self-interested, and bring discredit on the Church and on the Lord.”

This rule has never been broken in the smallest detail. All the affairs go through a mercantile house in Buenos Aires, where one of the principal men keeps an eye on all transactions.

This very important distinction between resolutely shutting their eyes to personal gain, while keenly alive to advantages for the natives, was not clearly seen by the authorities in England in early days. “ No ranching on any account ” was a regular clause in every Missionary’s agreement.

But on the spot, in Tierra del Fuego, it was abundantly clear to Messrs Bridges, Whaites, Bartlett, and Lawrence, who were in daily contact with them, that

the only way with nomad Indians was to settle them by providing occupation that would keep them in a fixed spot, and so cure their roving habits.

The Bishop at once saw the wisdom of this; indeed, it was what he himself had done at Ushuaia, so he backed up the policy strongly against the rather narrow views of the authorities at home in those days. Grubb, who was for three years with these veterans at Keppel, had learnt their ways and adopted them in the Chaco, where the Bishop advised the purchase of ten leagues of land, and starting with 500 breeding cows. Had his advice been followed, the Chaco Mission would have long ago been self-supporting, and Christian work among the natives would have spread further.

All this reveals one of the secrets of the Bishop's influence over his men. He was ever ready to listen to them, and when approved he strongly backed up their ideas. He did not pose as being all-wise and self-contained. He called himself, and literally was, their "fellow-worker." He was a real leader, but never a dictator. It was this which endeared him to all his subordinates.

That the policy he thus supported was right has been abundantly proved in its success by God's blessing in the Chaco, and an unexpected testimony to its wisdom came from conference of all churches in Latin America, which placed on record their opinion: "That the South American Mission in the Chaco has solved better than anyone, the question how best to deal with Indian races."

In early days when Grubb was alone in the Chaco, the Bishop came up from Buenos Aires to the edge of the river, and there met an old chief who had only one eye, having lost the other fighting Paraguayans. The Bishop was very fond of Indians, as we have seen, and urged Grubb to explain that he was the head man among the Christians. Grubb did not wish to do this, as he well knew the Indian idea of a "Christian." But the Bishop insisted, so he said it. To their surprise the old chief said, "You're a liar!" And putting his hand on the Bishop's shoulder, added, "This old man is far too good to be a Christian." The name in those days was hated as descriptive of a white foreigner and conqueror, and had nothing to do with religion.

All this is happily changed now, and many of the Indians themselves are proud to be called Christians.

The Bishop always wanted to travel right into the interior to see the natives in their wilds, but he never could. He was only able to see them on the bank of the river. On his first visit after Mr Grubb was working there, the Missionaries had fixed themselves in a small hut on the river bank. A very small room built of palm logs, with a clay floor containing two shakedown made of canvas stretched on poles, was the only accommodation for the Bishop and Mrs Stirling. (4)

This hut was within sound of the river, and the grunt of alligators and other wild animals, as well as the splash of the carpinchio (water-hog), could be heard all through the night. The forest was close to, with the ceaseless hum of insects, cries of night-birds,

the bark of the fox, the cry of the wolf and other tropical sounds.

Every morning, in early dawn before the sun was up, the whole Mission party had a plunge off the bank into the river. After them came the Bishop himself for a swim, and finally when he had satisfied himself there were no alligators about, he returned and brought Mrs Stirling. The staff dined with them at a rough table in an open shed some distance off.

In expectation of their distinguished visitors the Missionaries had laid in a stock of jam and other luxuries from Asuncion such as they had not seen for months. They made grand tarts and meat-pies fit for any Bishop. The table-cloth was made of strips of calico, and when all was ready the guests arrived. It was observed they ate very little. The Missionaries were ravenous but kept the pace.

"We suggested," says Mr Grubb, "that they might like their coffee taken over to their own room, and we should stay and smoke. So they left. I took them across and the coffee followed. Then my three mates and I set to work. Being in a hurry, we gobbled and gobbled as fast as we could. Suddenly to our horror the Bishop appeared. 'Oh! I am sorry,' he said; 'I left my spectacles,' and picking them up he returned. We were so flustered that it took us some time to recover and join them. We saw a smile on Mrs Stirling's face, but he said very gravely, 'You seem to have been a long time over your coffee.'"

Months after in Buenos Aires Mr Grubb heard that Mrs Stirling had said she wondered how the poor

Missionaries could live when they had to eat such awful food.

Mrs Class tells that once at a London dinner-party a lady said : " Is it true, my dear Bishop, that you had to cook your own food when living among those savages ? "

" I had to do far worse than that, madam," he replied ; " I had to eat it when cooked."

While the Bishop and Mrs Stirling walked as far as they could into the forest, coming to a little stream, he was eager to cross and go further. A very cranky dug-out canoe was the only means of transit. It was long, shallow and narrow, and treacherous, as it might roll over unless you were careful in getting in and sat down on the floor.

The Chief, " Short Blanket," being asked by Mr Grubb to steady it, stood up to his knees in water holding it. Seeing Mrs Stirling hesitate, he put out his hand, but suddenly realizing it was not very clean he drew it back, spat upon it and, wrapping it in his still dirtier handkerchief, offered it.

She took it at once and stepped in safely.

The Bishop needed no help, but got in easily. But he was remarkably struck by the chief's courtesy : a pure heathen savage with the instincts of a gentleman.

It was at this hut on the bank of the Riacho Negro that the first Lengua Indians were admitted into the Christian Church in Holy Baptism by Bishop Stirling.

The service was all very simple but full of reverence, and the whole ceremony made a deep impression on

both Indians and staff. Only one of the two candidates, Philip, (1) is now alive, and still after twenty-nine years he is a pillar of the Church and an evangelist to his own people, with considerable influence when speaking to the Suhin or Toothli tribes.

A Missionary recently wrote: "These tribes almost regard Philip with reverence." Now that the country is occupied by the military authorities of Paraguay, this same coloured man has exerted considerable influence among the civilized white troops, pleading with them to come to the Saviour.

The Bishop had a very definite policy among the Indians with regard to the admission of adult converts to Holy Baptism. He resolutely refused to accept any European Missionary as a sponsor for an individual Indian because, as he said, "There is no guarantee of permanence." The Missionary might be recalled home, and there would be no further hold on the newly baptized.

Instead of this he laid down that the whole Christian body should take the responsibility. This policy has been developed as the years have passed, with most practical results.

Before any adult could be presented for baptism his case had to be brought before the whole Church. But the Church is now so large that this duty is relegated to the Church Council, which is appointed every year, consisting of regular communicants only.(2) This Council now includes Indian Christians of several years' standing.

If the Council approve of the candidate, he is baptized.



BISHOP STIRLING WITH A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES

The two Indians, Philip and James, were the first two converts of the Chaco Church.

If they have any doubt he is kept back as a Catechumen. (3)

There were, of course, no infant baptisms in Bishop Stirling's days. But now babies born of Christian Indians are brought to the font and the ordinary rule holds, and they have Christian Indian sponsors.

At Confirmation all candidates must be first approved by the Church Council before being presented to the Bishop. Such is the procedure in the Church of the Paraguayan Chaco. It is definitely set out in the rules in the "Chaco Trust," the Magna Charta of the Chaco Mission, and with tactful variation the same method is being carried out in the Argentine and Bolivian Chaco.

Though thus often among natives and sharing their primitive life, he never relaxed his own high ideals of life, and was as particular as ever about his dress.

Professor Wyville Thomson in his *Voyage of the "Challenger"* (II, p. 210), writes :—

"On our second visit to Stanley in the Falkland Islands in January 1876, our eyes were refreshed by the vision of a Bishop ; not a Bishop of blunt speech and careless externals as so hard-working a Missionary among the Fuegians and Patagonians might well afford to be ; but a Bishop gracious in manner and perfect in attire, who would have seemed more in harmony with his surroundings in the atmosphere of Windsor or St James's.

"We had great pleasure in the society of Bishop

Stirling during our stay at Stanley. Although he takes his title from the Falkland Islands, his diocese is so large, extending round the whole south coast of South America, that his visits to Stanley are somewhat rare ; and we owed the pleasure of making his acquaintance to an accident which had befallen his little Mission schooner, the repair of which he was superintending.

“ He is a most active and zealous pastor and greatly beloved by his scattered flock. A great part of his time is spent in Fuegia, where he has succeeded in establishing a half-civilized Mission Station ; and it was interesting to hear him talk of his strange experiences among, perhaps, the most primitive race in the world. Walking over the breezy camp with the Bishop, one could not help thinking that his great influence in these remote regions might to some extent be referred to the almost exaggerated care with which he maintains the culture and refinement of a gentleman and the dignity of the ecclesiastical office.”

The natives who were training at Keppel were equally impressed, but showed it differently. In 1887 the Bishop, in apron and gaiters, was visiting the station and was very smart in appearance. Next morning at 5 o'clock Mr Grubb was in charge and saw his twenty-five men all filing out to work. Each of them had tied any old rags round his legs as gaiters, and with their red handkerchiefs fixed on as aprons they walked in stately fashion like the Bishop. And as they passed each said to Mr Grubb, “ I am a ‘ Beeshoff ’ now ! ”

If Professor Thomson was impressed with the

Bishop, the Bishop was equally pleased by the action of the Professor and his shipmates. Writing to his daughter from Stanley on 5th February 1876, he says:—

“ We have had H.M.S. *Challenger* here, and her presence has given us all great pleasure. The Captain and officers are delightful throughout, and Professor Thomson and his staff of scientific men are also as nice as could be. Have you read anything about the voyage of the *Challenger*? She is a large man-of-war, but her guns, with the exception of two, useful as signal guns, have been laid aside and she has been fitted out for a voyage of discovery, not to look for new lands, but to search the depths of the sea, and she has dredged the world round, even in waters 5 miles deep. Of course she has gone to many strange places and seen many strange sights and come across many strange people. Her cabins are full of curiosities, collected on the voyage, but her chief work was dredging. It is most interesting to examine, by the aid of microscopes, the things picked up; but I want to tell you of the kindness and consideration of the officers and learned men in the *Challenger*. Their visit has made us all bright and cheerful, and this afternoon the children of the schools were invited and spent a most happy time. Tortoises and tame doves and a goat from Robinson Crusoe’s Island (Juan Fernandez) excited much interest. Peeps through microscopes, galvanic batteries and examinations of dredging machines aided the amusement. Flag-hoisting (this seemed to be the thing somehow) and running wherever they liked

through the ship added greatly to the entertainment. Finally, in the splendid ward-room the children sat down to a real sumptuous and elegant feast; cakes and jams and tarts and sweets and fruits were spread out in the greatest profusion, and nice tea was furnished at a side table. The officers, even the Captain and Professor Wyville Thomson smiled and waited on the children, and made them happy with their bright and kindly words.

"You may be sure the children cheered as they left the ship."

NOTES

(1) Philip, who is now growing old, takes the greatest interest in the training of the younger men. A lad called KILHATHAKPANG-WAIA ("Hakuk" for short) was being prepared by Canon Bevis for baptism last January (1929). In addition to this class he went regularly to Philip for private instruction. One day Philip came to the Canon for the loan of a pencil and india-rubber. "What for?" asked the Canon; "you can neither read nor write." "I know," replied Philip, "but if Hakuk made a black mark with his pencil and I rubbed it all out, it would help me to show him how Jesus rubs out all the black marks of his sin."

(2) Cases have occurred where nomination for election to this Council were objected to and ruled out because of non-attendance at Holy Communion or other delinquency.

(3) Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem (A.D. 351), had a similar custom. A Spanish lady came to Jerusalem when he was Bishop, and wrote home to her friends to describe what she saw:—

"Moreover, I must write how they are taught who are baptized at Easter. . . .

"One by one the candidates are brought up: if they are men, by their fathers; if women, by their mothers.

"Then the Bishop asks the neighbours concerning each individual: 'Does this man lead a good life? Is he obedient to his parents? Is he not given to wine, nor deceitful?' And he makes inquiry about the several vices which are more serious in man.

"If proved blameless he writes down the name with his own hand. But if he is accused of any matter the Bishop orders him to go out, saying, 'Let him amend, and when he is amended then let him come to the Bath (of regeneration).'

"He also makes like inquiry concerning the women. A stranger comes not so easily to baptism, unless he has testimonials from those who know him."

"Peregrinatio Etheriæ" in Duchesne's *Christian Worship* (p. 492).

(4) The Bishop had married as his second wife, on 3rd May 1888, Mrs Lucinda M'Clymont, widow of Mr William M'Clymont of Estancia Caledonia Argentina. The wedding took place at St John's Pro-Cathedral, Buenos Aires.

C H A P T E R T H I R T E E N

The Close of a Long Reign

Early Plans of Organization—Bishops' Council—Archbishop Benson's Letter—Rearrangement of Diocesan Boundaries—Transfer of Parts to Jamaica—A Fortnight's hard Work in Brazil—Diocesan Fund—Needs—Schools—Missionary Work—Endowment of Bishopric—Advances in the River Plate—St George's College—Rev. W. Case Morris's Schools—The Ark of Faith—Independence Day—The Bishop's Plea for Natives—"I have heard their Cry, I know their Trials"—His Correspondence—5000 confirmed—His Pastorals—Church Life consolidated by his long Reign—His Successor's Comment.

EARLY in his episcopate Bishop Stirling formed clear ideas of organization, and in spite of wearying disappointment, he never lost sight of his ideals.

His successor writes:—

"The Bishop's plan was to form a Bishops' Council of Clergy and Laity for consultation purposes at each centre—in many places they did not come to much, but at Buenos Aires it proved most useful, and was the foundation I built on."

As early as 1876, when he first visited Valparaiso, he presented his nomination by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the transfer of authority from the Bishop of London. And he then foreshadowed several statesmanlike measures, among others the formation of suitable boards or councils in every place which should be confederate and bound together by some definite principle and rule. They should act separately

for local matters, and conjointly for the general interests of the diocese. Orderly correspondence and occasional conference by deputies would do much to bring about sympathetic action.

He also advocated a Diocesan Fund and Schools and Training Institutions, and an increase of Clergy and Churches.

In the same visitation, in 1876, he was able at Peru to state on paper, but only on paper, a Bishops' Council and Diocesan Fund. The meeting constituting these recorded its recognition of the Bishop of the Falkland Islands as the accredited Bishop of the Anglican Church for communities in their continent. The Bishops' Council for Peru, composed of all the licensed clergy there with seven laymen, nominated by the Bishop, was to have the power to fill vacancies occurring before the Bishop's next visitation.

The Council was to be a permanent consulting body for the Bishop, and a properly constituted body with whom Church Communities might correspond, and a bond of union between scattered communities of English Episcopalians.

Ten years later he received a long letter from Archbishop Benson, which reveals His Grace's keen personal interest, and gives a glimpse of the bewildering claims for guidance that came to Lambeth daily.

“ADDINGTON PARK,
CROYDON, *Jan.* 11, 1889.

“MY DEAR BISHOP,

“I have read with much interest the five schemes of Church organization which you have laid

before me. You have interested me very much by your account of the conditions of Church life and feeling of the Anglican Communities of the Great Argentine Republic and of the awakening which seems to be going on. You have also very kindly added many particulars in answer to my questions.

"I very earnestly congratulate you on the Christian feeling and aroused desire for Church privileges and Church order among themselves which cannot be too *wisely* fostered.

"I only fear lest details should be too rapidly settled. Changes must come in the course of the immense progress which is before you which might render regulations made now very inconvenient even in the near future.

"I should venture to recommend you and your congregations to be content for the present with a Bishops' Council, with very simple rules, wherever it is wanted. Let it organize just up to the time, watch all openings, and be ready to advance work wherever it appears, but defer for the present complete schemes on paper. One thing I would lay stress on. That the Councils should be uniform in structure, so that they could, if called upon, get together without difficulty.

"In this way, and by any mutual accommodation, you would prevent that friction hereafter, which is the greatest hindrance when opportunities of extension occur.

"I most earnestly pray God to give to all His people the Spirit of Counsel that in our time, and not over-

hastily, they may complete the good work begun. May He be with you and your Churches in all riches and power.—Yours always most faithfully.

My Dear Bishop,

EDW. CANTUAR.”

Another decade passed, in which there was some advance. He began to see more clearly that some rearrangement of his vast sphere was necessary, so he came home, in May 1898, having informed his Church Council at Buenos Aires that he proposed to hand in his Commission to the Archbishop of Canterbury, from whom he would receive a new one.

By this act certain districts, which he found he could not work satisfactorily, such as Venezuela, the United States of Columbia and Panama, would form part of the Diocese of Jamaica, which, since the Lambeth Conference of the previous year, had been the See of an Archbishop.

This transfer of territory did not mean any wish for less work. On his way home he put in a fortnight's hard work, at the request of the Bishop of West Virginia, among the American Church Missions, in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. The following, from the Philadelphia *Church Standard* gives an astonishing record for an old man approaching his sixty-ninth year:—

“The Bishop spent from the 6th to the 20th of May on his visitation, sailing on the latter date for England *via* Santos. His two weeks' stay was marked by

218 *The Close of a Long Reign*

continual storm and heavy rain, and yet he managed to visit all the churches and to confirm 159 persons. He began his visitation in Porto Alegre, spending Sunday, the 10th, in the city and confirming at both churches. Monday a trip was made to Contracto by steamer, then on horseback, over wet plains and vast marshes, to a hearty southern welcome in the home of the Deacon Fraga. Thence to the Ulber Memorial Church, where seven were confirmed, many being kept away by the dreadful weather and the lack of notice. Another long night-ride to a station where the railroad authorities had sent a special train to bring the party back to Porto Alegre. Tuesday was spent there, and two more Confirmation Services held. Wednesday the Bishop and clergy went to Viamáo, where Cabral, the young and eloquent deacon, by his own and his people's efforts, has built a House of God. Here twelve were confirmed. As they were leaving two more came, and the Bishop going back to the church, again administered the rite. Thursday was Ordination Day. At daylight the faithful were wending their way to the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, where the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ was given and received. At 9.30 a.m. began the Ordination Office. The three deacons, the Revs. Brande, Cabral, and Fraga were advanced to the priesthood. The Revs. Brown, Meem, and Morris united in the laying-on of hands. This step marked the consummation of prayerful plans of long preparation, and due concern for the order of the Church. That day the Bishop and party went to Rio Grande, a day's journey, and on Saturday confirma-

tion for a sick lady was held. On Sunday there were three services, and forty-two persons were confirmed in the Church of the Saviour. On Monday the Bishop visited Boa Vista and Pelotas. In spite of heavy and continued rain, the churches were filled and fifty-four persons were confirmed. Tuesday the Bishop spent with the friends in Pelotas, going to Rio Grande that evening. He was to sail on Wednesday, but the steamer being delayed, advantage was taken thereof to hold another Confirmation Service in the Church of the Saviour, where two were added to the number. The next day, in storm and wind, the Bishop sailed, leaving behind a spiritual and blessed calm of comfort to the churches and strength to the brethren."

In his Pastoral Letter of 11th April 1898, he again advocated the formation of a Diocesan Fund. Its purpose would be general, and the distribution in accordance with the wishes of donors or "subject to the wishes of my Council." Such a fund would draw generous support from persons in England. The time had passed when each congregation or vestry thought only of its own interests. The Bishops' Council had fostered that union. Their horizon had been widened, and he was persuaded that their liberality would increase.

The Christian work in South America should be self-supporting and a strong Diocesan Fund would be evidence of this, and would give confidence to the people at home who wished to help.

Opportunities were abundant for Christian work

everywhere. But speaking of Argentina alone, there was a strong desire of British parents for more and better schools. This meant money, and here the Diocesan Fund could help.

Then there were places crying out for religious ministrations. At an estancia he visited there were colonists of various nationalities, all Protestants, gathered for worship—over 100—seven were confirmed, fifty partook of Holy Communion. The service was in the estancia house where £200 was subscribed, and bricks given to build a school chapel. “Can’t you get us a few hundred pounds to help us build it?” he was asked. “Such a request could best be dealt with by my Council and a Diocesan Fund.”

And there were the missionary as well as ministerial responsibilities and finally he pointed out that the endowment of a Bishop was most inadequate. “I ask nothing for myself, but I am anxious for the future, and jealous for the honour of our Church.”

The greatest advance towards settled organization was, as might be expected, in the River Plate. He had the joy of consecrating no less than five churches in or around Buenos Aires, at Flores, Lomas, Quilmes, Belgrano, and Palermo. This laid the foundation for the remarkable extension all over the greater part of the Republic of Argentina. Where Bishop Stirling left nine in 1902 there were nineteen in 1922, thanks to the leadership of the present Diocesan. Before starting to attend the Pan-Anglican Synod in May 1897, the Bishop presided at the meeting which launched St George’s College, Quilmes. “The first

active step of the Council " as he called it in his opening speech. This great venture was largely owing to the initiative of Canon A. O. Tisdal. Canon J. T. Stevenson, who was Chaplain of All Saints', Quilmes, was appointed Head Master and still continues to see his work advancing. They have five buildings capable of 180 boarders, and " St George's " has all the elements of an English public school.

Another still more remarkable school has grown up under the leadership of the Rev. William Case Morris. His Argentine Philanthropic Schools and Institute would need more than a chapter to describe the steady advance in spite of opposition and lack of funds. Undaunted by lack of accommodation Mr Morris has taken house after house till he had 6000 day scholars under Christian teaching when Bishop Stirling resigned and more since.

This increase in Church life enabled Canon Stevenson, in 1896, to start an Anglican magazine for all the congregations in the River Plate called *The Ark of Faith*. The Bishop in a foreword in the first number welcomed it as an instrument of drawing together the congregations and strengthening corporate life.

There is no complete record of his ordinations. They generally took place at St John's, the present Pro-cathedral, but there was at least one ordination in Chile. When an ordination was held in Buenos Aires the services in the suburban churches were suspended that all the clergy and congregations might be present.

At Whitsuntide 1896, when Mrs Stirling laid the foundation-stone of the new Church at Belgrano, the

Bishop in his Sermon spoke to the children present hoping they would carry on the work begun that day. He then showed himself loyal to the country of his adoption by saying:—

“They were met on the nation’s Independence Day, to which event they owed civil and religious liberty in their Republic. It was eighty years since she separated from Spain, yet in Spain to-day there was less religious liberty than they enjoyed in the Argentine Republic.”

While thus consolidating the Church life in the great town he took care to keep the needs of the natives in the wilds before the congregation. Presiding at a missionary meeting in Buenos Aires, where his own clergy were able from their own experience to describe the work in different parts, the Bishop bore fresh testimony to the kindness he himself had received from Indians. He also referred to the admirable work of Mr Grubb. In Tierra del Fuego colonization schemes launched in London drew settlers there, and the work of the Church had for long been confined to these settlers, but the question forced itself, “Are the natives there, the original owners of the land, to be uncared for and unattended?” Different Governments had different ways of answering this question. Argentina tried to exterminate them by murder. Chile gave them reservations in which to live. This plan answered well, but the other was cruel treatment, and he made representations to General Roca, and to the Archbishop of Buenos Aires and to the British Government. The last named alone took any notice

and brought pressure to bear on the Argentine Government to stop the wholesale butchery of the Pampa Indians and those of Tierra del Fuego. Argentina rose to the occasion well. The Bishop, speaking with emotion, and with a quarter of a century's experience, concluded with burning words:—

“ I have heard their cry of anguish ; I have seen their tears ; I have witnessed their sufferings ; I know their trials ; I sympathize with their distresses. And shall we plead in vain for those whose souls are as precious in the sight of God as our own? ”

In his Pastoral of January 1900, in view of his approaching resignation he reviewed much of his work. Owing to the vast extent of his sphere of administration, and the extreme varieties of his work, printed Pastorals had been useless. “ I have therefore dealt by private correspondence with the clergy and other numerous official members of our Church, directing to the best of my judgment their manifold and at times anxious duties.” It meant much writing, but kept him in touch and sympathy with them all more effectively than any other. And personal visitation had been his constant aim as well. But he had to regret that many good purposes had failed owing to many causes, the diversity and extent, differences of judgment, “ artificial obstruction,” and local complications.

He still even at the close of his episcopate has to deal with “ the superstition that the Bishop of London's jurisdiction held good in South America.” It seemed strange that at the close of thirty years' episcopate he

should still have to correct this idea. But old superstitions die hard and for the sake of his successor he desired to kill outright this evil-working prejudice.

"In Argentina alone from north to south I have confirmed more than 5000, and if the hearts of those upon whose heads my hands have been laid in benediction and prayer ever turn in reverent and loving desire towards me for good, I can assure them that though they may have grown out of all knowledge, and are far from me, yet I remember them as garnered for God, and surround them with a deep and affectionate reverence."

He speaks of his "strenuous disapprobation" of anything like compulsory confession in preparation for Confirmation, or in preparation for Holy Communion. There are points in his Pastoral that reveal the crying need even then of a Revised Prayer Book up to date.

Such is the tale of early beginnings of diocesan life in South America. No splendid ecclesiastical traditions, no glorious cathedral as a shrine of memories, no big centre of Church life, no sense of corporate unity. Chaplains came and went in bewildering succession, and congregations looked askance on the Bishop and his authority. What was there that could ever develop diocesan life? The one solution in the providence of God was the long reign of a Bishop who was a real leader, whose life drew people into the fellowship of Christ. God's gift to his scattered children was this humble, noble, fearless saint, who personified the Anglican Church, and proclaimed Christ to the world for a whole generation.

The same need has been met in the same way as the years have sped. The present Bishop, in a remarkable degree an ideal successor, has by God's grace already passed his twenty-fifth year as Bishop. In his charge at the Sixth Triennial Diocesan Synod of the Anglican Church in South America in July 1927 he referred to this striking continuity :—

“ My predecessor was Bishop of the diocese for no less than thirty years, and it seems to me a remarkable fact, possibly even unique in the history of Anglican Communion, that for more than fifty years a difficult and scattered Diocese of this kind should have been ruled over by only two Bishops. I venture to think that this has been to the advantage of the Diocese.

“ In any case the episcopate is the most permanent element in the Church, and where clergy and laity change, with almost bewildering rapidity, it is specially important (if he at all fits his post), that the Bishop should not change, for not only does it take a long time to grasp the varied conditions and complex positions of our Church domiciled in foreign lands (as they are to most of us), but the spirit of confidence grows with time, experience is preserved, and less apt to be wasted, and a vigorous Church life becomes more possible.”

It remains to place on record his attendance at Lambeth Conferences.

The first, under Archbishop Longley, was held in 1867 before he was Bishop. But of the remaining five he was present at three, Archbishop Tait's, 1878, Archbishop Benson's, 1888, Archbishop Temple's, 1897, as Bishop of the Falklands, and at the last two, 1908 and 1920, under Archbishop Davidson, as Assistant-Bishop of Bath and Wells.

226 *The Close of a Long Reign*

It is interesting to watch how, as time went on, he became on the last occasion the senior Bishop in order of consecration of the whole Anglican Communion. In 1888 among the 145 Bishops he was fortieth. In 1897 he was eighteenth out of 194. In 1908, when 242 were present, he had become fifth, and in 1920 he was the senior of all the 252 Bishops there.

In 1897 he served on two important Committees :—

1. On Foreign Missions, which dealt with many complex problems. There is a sentence in its report, by fifty-six Bishops, which enhances the wonder of his solitary life among savages at Ushuaia : “ Realising the special dangers which arose from isolation and loneliness, we commend the practice of missionary clergy and laymen going forth two by two.”

2. On *Reformation Movements*.—With Bishop Doane of Albany in the Chair, this Committee dealt with the Orthodox Catholic Movement, and the Swiss, Mexican, Spanish, and Austrian Churches. It then continues : “ The work in Brazil is on a somewhat different footing. The Bishop of the Falklands, who recently visited the congregations in Brazil, was most favourably impressed by the devotion of the Clergy (seven in number), and expresses his belief that the work is good and is preparing the way for still greater good.”

In 1908 he again served on the Foreign Missions Committee with Bishop Jacob of St Albans as Chairman, who had presided over the same Committee in 1897 as Bishop of Newcastle. They dealt with the Baptism of Catechumens, the adaptation of the Prayer Book to various needs, the marriage of Christian and non-Christian, the correlation of different missionary agencies, and closed an extraordinarily interesting report with a sentence that is really a summary of Bishop Stirling's episcopate :—

“ Compromise of principle is no path to concord, but essentials and non-essentials are not always discriminated, and the Committee believe that though the present generation may not see the issue, the aspirations after a deeper unity will not be in vain.”

Part IV

CANON OF WELLS

*“The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become
As they draw near to their Eternal Home.
Leaving the Old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the New.”*

—EDMUND WALLER.

Canon of Wells

Retirement—Impressions left behind—Canon of Wells and Assistant Bishop—Life in Somerset—Precentor of the Cathedral—Visit of Lord Glasgow—Among wounded Soldiers—His Ninetieth Birthday—Rev. R. H. Lightfoot's Recollections—Life in London—Care for Animals—Armistice Day—S.A.M.S. Sales of Work—His Home Life—Roman Catholic Tributes—Worship at St George's, Campden Hill—His Episcopal Jubilee—His Brother's Illness and Death, followed by his Own—His happy End—Funeral at Wells—By still Waters—Dean Armitage Robinson's Tribute—His own Hopes of the beatific Vision.

AT length the day came for him to go. In 1900, when well past his threescore years and ten, he returned home, to lay down the charge he had so well carried for thirty years and to live quietly in England.

The best test of work, and specially in the Christian Ministry, is to watch how it stands when the worker is gone. Many a clergyman has had a great "following," which has vanished when he himself has left.

It was far otherwise with our Bishop. We have seen abundant evidence of the affection he won in all hearts. But his work had no personal aim. Through life he studiously kept himself in the background, yet, by the grace of God, he had been steadily building up a spiritual Church which stood firm for years after he was gone, even when there was no Bishop to take his place. His successor, speaking at the Memorial Service in his

Pro-cathedral, at Buenos Aires, on 3rd December 1923, said :—

“ It is a tribute to his episcopate, that when I was appointed to succeed him, after an interregnum of nearly three years, I found a generous welcome everywhere, and experienced little difficulty in taking up the work, so well had the foundations been laid in the loyalty of our people’s hearts.”

When that sentence is compared with Bishop Stirling’s start in the difficult task of educating his scattered congregations to accept his episcopal government we see at a glance something of the great work God enabled him to do.

The following extracts illustrate the impressions he left all over the Continent :—

“ The congregation of St Paul’s, Valparaiso, feel that in losing your Lordship they are losing an old and valued friend, whose name will, for them, be ever associated with countless acts of courtesy. Your Lordship has most worthily upheld the dignity, blamelessness, and charity, and best traditions of the Bishops of the Church of England.”

Canon Stevenson of St George’s, Quilmes, wrote :—

“ He never spared himself, even when threescore years and ten, but on his return to Buenos Aires from his long and arduous journeys, he was ever ready to officiate and preach for his clergy and take their duty when indisposed. His purity of affection, and crown

of Christian charity made itself felt far and wide ; all his friends, even his merest acquaintances, confessed the charm of it, and knew that he was a true and transparent rendering of the Divine influence of the Gospel."

A few months before he retired, the Bishop, speaking at a meeting in Buenos Aires, said :—

"As an instance of the friendly way our Roman Catholic neighbours regard us, I remember on one occasion visiting a small provincial town, and before I reached it, the authorities sent messengers to ask me to give them due notice of my coming that they might give me a proper welcome."

Canon Walker of Santiago writes :—

"Looking back over more than forty years in South America I am able to judge somewhat as to the fine work our first Bishop did in laying the foundations of respect in which the Anglican Church is held in these countries. His genial manner won for him the respect and esteem of all classes, British and foreign, of all creeds by his tolerance and goodwill.

"To those of us who had only our own party, and Indians and Chileans as companions, the Bishop came with a fresh atmosphere, not only as our leader, but also as one who could sympathize with us in our difficulties and trials, which he himself had experienced as a clergyman amongst the Yaghans and Indians of Tierra del Fuego."

Mrs Class of Araucania tells how :—

"I once asked an American Bishop in California,

who had recently returned from the Lambeth Conference, if he had met the Bishop of the Falklands there, my Bishop.

“Curiously enough he told me he had picked him out among all the Bishops, on account of his beautiful face, and had asked a neighbour who he was. He was very much impressed by his appearance, and was ever so interested in what I told him of his wonderful life and work, and that his character matched his beautiful face.

“‘Yes,’ he said thoughtfully, ‘he has the face of a saint.’”

Here are glimpses of the real man as seen by intimate fellow-workers :—

“He was humble to a degree, and would not on any account let me carry his bag. But if you touched his office in any way you caught a Tartar. He could be like a burning flame, and make folk shrivel up with his words, if he thought anyone was deceiving him, or doing dishonour to his office. He simply could not bear deceit or pretence.

“Once he most cleverly caught one of his trusted men, who had smartened things up for his visit, hiding the real facts. When the poor man said he had done it out of respect to the Bishop, he was told, ‘This is not respect, this is deceiving me.’”

“He always made me feel that he really was my own Father in God. He wanted me to write and tell him all about my difficulties, as he was eager to help

me. His counsel and advice were given rather to a son than a Chaplain."

"I knew little of his inner life. He was by no means eager to parade his religion. He was more of a 'Moses' than an 'Aaron.' He was a practical man to the last: he was, in fact, a Missionary looking at the practical side of religion. Great of faith, he used prayer, not as a form to be formally said, but as a means to acquire something.

"He was a leader, who never asked you to do, or try anything that he would not do or try himself. He was no 'Mahdi,' who remained at a safe distance praying, while his troops fought and got killed.

"He was out for obedience to God. He was keen on anyone who really did want to work for God, and he disapproved, or rather he despised, any who sought for position, money or comfort by means of God's service.

"He was a man of the world, who had failings and knew them. He was not affected, nor over-pious; not the priest, just a simple man wanting to serve God, and know His will, and then keen to do it. Afraid of nothing, shirking nothing in the line of duty, he expected all under him to do the same. There was no harping on duty to the Bishop, but duty to God, and loyalty to his officer for the time being, whether Bishop or layman.

"He was staunch and true and tried. He knew where he was and let others know that he knew. Kind he was always, and ever ready to bear the heavy end of the burden."

"He gave one the impression that he lived a deeply earnest life of private prayer and devotion. He lived a very abstemious life, and though he delighted to gather friends around him and entertain them, he was himself most moderate at table. On Fridays he aimed at as simple a dinner as possible, though fish was not obtainable.

"He had wonderful activity—riding, boating and sailing. He would not trouble to open my little gate, but jumped it. Except when riding, sailing or travelling he always appeared in episcopal dress. He was a wonderful man for fresh air, he would sleep aboard his schooner with the wind blowing full in his face.

"He crossed the Andes on mule-back, before the railway was built, and was so worn and tired from exposure to the snow and frost, and the journey, that he had to be lifted out of the saddle.

"He invariably brought theological books with him, and spent much time reading and studying, and keeping abreast of the times. If he saw we had any new book he was sure to borrow it while with us.

"He was most generous with his tips, giving gold instead of silver. Gold was very scarce at the time so his presents were kept as long as possible.

"Though the most courteous of men, and exceedingly kind and sympathetic, he could be roused to a white heat of indignation at any unfairness, injustice, or oppression of the weak by the strong."

Though his ceaseless journeys and labours in South America were ended, he was yet destined to do yeoman service at home for another twenty years. In 1901,

Bishop Kennion, Bishop of Bath and Wells, appointed him Canon of Wells and Assistant Bishop.

An anonymous "Layman" wrote to the papers to protest at the appointment of "an almost unknown and retired colonial Bishop." But his letter called forth an answer that spoke of the "magnificent heroism and apostolic labours" of the new Canon.

It was an admirable appointment, for Dr Stirling was a born West Countryman. He loved Somerset and revelled in his drives through the country, and appreciated the kind and friendly welcome he received everywhere. Apart from the special work as Bishop he was often opening sales of work and other functions in many of the surrounding places.

Those who were present at his Confirmations did not easily forget the sincerity of his voice as he invoked the Blessing of God on those upon whom he laid his hands.

In Wells itself he loved his pretty garden, where he spent many hours of rest, teaching people to be interested in South America. They seemed never tired of hearing of his adventures, and his sermons in the Cathedral on the subject were always followed with keen interest.

In 1903, the Bishop appointed him to succeed the late Archdeacon Ainslie as precentor of the Cathedral, an office, of which the holder is reckoned one of the "Quinque Personæ" of the Cathedral.

Making this proposal, Dr Kennion wrote: "You have, I believe, a very warm interest in the musical services of the Cathedral (he was known to take a

special interest in the choir boys), and I am sure they will never suffer if you fill the mysterious office which the title 'Precentor' connotes with the same sympathy, urbanity, and dignity which has always characterized the duties you have fulfilled at Wells."

Thirteen years later he sent in his resignation, saying he was not qualified as a musician to hold the office. Bishop Kennion replied: "I only know that the music has been much better of late years. Please, *please* be content to let us still look on you as the precentor. It would be so great a regret to me, and I may say to many others, to see you no longer occupying the stall in which I am always so glad to see you."

Everybody about the Cathedral loved him, they spoke in admiration of his wonderful voice, and his sermons were "most beautiful," "so full of teaching and strength," "packed with thought."

Mrs Kennion writes: "The late Bishop had a great sense of gratitude for the help that Bishop Stirling had given him in the years that he acted as Assistant Bishop. It was a very great comfort during the years when my Bishop's strength was becoming overstrained. It was a privilege to hear his conversation and notice his wonderful modesty about his own past work."

The late Lord Glasgow, a relative of Mrs Kennion, was staying at the palace, when he was in very bad health. As a young naval officer he had visited the Falklands many years before, and Bishop Stirling would spend hours in interesting talk with the invalid.

During the War "The Cedars," a house just opposite the Liberty at Wells was full of wounded

soldiers, the Bishop visited them regularly, and cheered their dull lives with stories of his rare experiences.

On his ninetieth birthday, 14th January 1919, a special merry peal of changes was rung on the famous Cathedral bells, and a small tablet recording the fact was put up in the bell tower.

His rule, when at Wells, was never to miss a service; at 8 and 10 and 3 o'clock, and his presence had a remarkable influence on the students of the Wells Theological College.

The Rev. R. H. Lightfoot, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and formerly Principal of Wells, writes :—

“ There is little to say of Bishop Stirling in those years, but that little is intensely real.

“ I was living at Wells as a member of the staff of the Theological College between 1912 and 1919, except for an interval during the war, and thus came to know Bishop Stirling well.

“ He had sometime previously given up his work as Assistant Bishop, and confined himself to the duties of the Canonry. Accordingly we did not see a great deal of him, as he lived the greater part of the year in London, and only came down three times a year for his month's residence, though I believe he was greatly attached to Wells and would have preferred to live there continuously.

“ It is, therefore, all the more remarkable with what intense respect he was regarded by the staff and students of the College. And I recall how cordially we

welcomed his appearance amongst us when the month of his residence came round.

“It is probably not possible to analyse precisely the grounds on which this respect rested. We knew, most of us, vaguely that he had done long service, and gone through astonishing experiences as a Missionary Bishop ; we appreciated keenly his beautiful reading of the lessons (his eyesight gave him a good deal of trouble latterly in this respect, but by a special reading-lamp he seemed able to conquer it and very seldom faltered). We looked forward to the quiet simplicity and sincerity of his sermons, and the beautiful fatherliness with which he gave the Benediction : ‘Grace, mercy and peace,’ etc., was the form he always used.

“But I think what moved us most of all was the indefinable, and intensely real, humility, combined with dignity, patience, and unfailing kindness, which none of us could help feeling in his presence.

“He as an old man appeared to live naturally and continuously in an atmosphere which to us young men was at present an unattained and unattainable ideal ; and I am quite sure that the silent and unconscious influence which he wielded in this way left a deep and permanent impression on many men at Wells.

“It was by no means the least valuable of the many spiritual influences of that most compelling place.

“Bishop Stirling was not easily induced to speak of his experiences in South America, although he once addressed us on Missionary work in that part of the world, which we knew was very near his heart, but occasionally we heard from others some account of the

difficulties and dangers which he had faced and overcome, and our respect for the familiar presence, the figure slightly bent and clearly aged, but full of quiet dignity, and always immaculately dressed, was deepened and enhanced.

“Indeed, what some of us felt for him was more than respect, it was affection and personal regard.”

The Bishop had decided to retire on the last day of September, and this is what he received from Mr Lightfoot :—

“29th September 1920. . . . My thoughts are very much with you at this time, thoughts of gratitude, affection, and respect.

“I recall how often men have remarked to me what the mere fact of your presence in Cathedral has meant to them, and how they respected you, not only for your past work, but simply for being what you were to them. And I know quite well what they meant. At any rate we are full of gratitude and thankfulness for all we have learned from you.

“I am glad to think that you have enjoyed the link you have so long had with Wells. I can never forget the chanting of the Psalms there. I used particularly to look forward to the 30th evening of the month, with all its joy culminating in the great shout of praise at the close of the last Gloria ; and I am sure it will mean much to you, and to all your friends who are with you there in heart and mind, to-morrow afternoon ; and we shall pray that ‘grace, mercy and peace,’ which was so often your benediction upon us, will

go with you in ever fuller measure in the time to come."

When in London, he lived at 24 Holland Park, and took great interest in his surroundings.

Once, when walking up Campden Hill, seeing two horses pulling a heavy load, he stopped the driver and persuaded him, after a few minutes' talk, to get a third horse. The driver was surprised at the Bishop's interest, and still more when he insisted on paying for the extra horse.

This consideration for animals was characteristic. When driving him to preach at a country church, near Bath, the coachman was dismayed to find on reaching the church door that there was no one in the carriage. His Lordship was seen walking up the hill; having jumped out, as he thought it too much for one horse.

At his London home he used to feed masses of birds three times a day, and in winter they might be seen perched on the walls waiting for him.

He was most particular about his daily exercise, and in his walks in Kensington Gardens he had many friends among the poor children, who would miss his little gifts and homely chats when he was gone.

Many wounded soldiers, both in London and Wells, were comforted and encouraged by his kind interest, and many would ask for his blessing before leaving. His sympathy and never-failing kindness to all who suffered meant so much to the sad and bereaved in the dark days of the war.

As Armistice Day came round services of remembrance were held in his own home, and were most inspiring to all who were privileged to be present. Nothing seemed too small for his notice and he had a rare power of helping people to bear pain and face bereavement.

Sales of work for the South American Missionary Society have been held annually for many years at Blackheath and Kensington, and he attended them regularly. No matter how tired or unwell he might be he was eager to be present, not only to support the cause, but to meet many old friends from abroad.

Until the last years of his life he was a very early riser, and every morning before breakfast he had family prayers for all the household, when the Psalm for the day and the collect and other prayers came regularly, and special prayers for those in pain and for absent friends.

He was a regular worshipper, when in London, at St George's, Campden Hill, and frequently assisted at the early celebrations of Holy Communion. The Rev. John Robbins, the Vicar, recalling those days, writes : " He was an inspiration to all who met him. To hear his voice joining in our prayers at Church always had an inspiring effect upon me. How wonderful his life was. Thousands must have had an inspiration towards a better life through meeting him. I know what that wonderful personality has been to me. He will ever remain in my memory."

Miss Ada Holt cherishes with pride the memory of many happy years of service in his household. " His

kind advice and sympathy and appreciation of our work made it a valued privilege to all who served him." She tells how once a well-dressed man of 60 called on the Bishop, and insisted on seeing him. When she asked why, he said :—

" He made all the difference to my life. I met him quite by chance in South America twenty-five years ago, and had a chat with him about matters that were troubling me greatly. I intended deliberately to do something wrong. The Bishop's advice made all the difference, and from that day to this I have lived a happy Christian life."

So he was admitted to see the Bishop, who had forgotten all about it. " He was glad," he said afterwards, " because it is so encouraging to find that the influence of the Church has made such a difference to the man's life after so long a period."

Another day, at Wells Station, some few years before his death, a stranger saw the Bishop's luggage, and asked if it belonged to Bishop Stirling of South America. When he knew, he said he was delighted to know he was still alive. " Though I am a Roman Catholic," he said, " I can never forget him. Once long ago, in South America, my wife and I were both very ill. We had none of our own clergy near, and the Bishop held a simple little service in my house. It was such a comfort to my wife that she recovered." So he was eager to see the Bishop and tell him what a joy that service had been.

His memory is still cherished all over South America.

Not long ago there appeared in one of its papers a story to the effect that when over 90 Bishop Stirling laughed heartily as he told how his brother-in-law, some sixty years before, had given him a gift of two great horse-pistols and a beautiful revolver. "I was going to the Falklands," he said; "nice things to take out to help me to preach the Gospel!"

On his ninetieth birthday, 14th January, 1920, a meeting was held at the Church House, Westminster, to celebrate the jubilee of his episcopate, and to start a "Stirling Jubilee Fund" to found in different parts of South America hostels where Indians could come and be trained as evangelists.

Bishop Guy Warman of Truro, who took the chair in the absence of the President, Bishop Nickson of Bristol, commented on the fact that our Bishop was consecrated before he himself was born.

Bishop Harmer of Rochester seconded the resolution, recording heartfelt thanks to God, and congratulations to Bishop Stirling on the attainment of his episcopal jubilee. "We must never forget," he said, "that in the wonderful transformation in the character of the people (of whom Darwin despaired), Mr Stirling's work was, under God, very prominent.

"When we think of him combining in his own person the various aspects of pioneer work among barbarous people (Yahgan and Chaco), and work among English-speaking people throughout one-eighth of the surface of the globe . . . we are simply astounded and grateful that God has allowed one man to do such immensely different work over so long a period of life."

As illustrating the length of that period, Dr Harmer recalled great names of some who had passed into history, such as Bishops Wordsworth of Lincoln, Moberly of Salisbury, and Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, all of whom were Bishop Stirling's contemporaries.

"Bishop Every," he continued, "is one of my closest personal friends, and I know that he has been inspired by the recollection of the work Bishop Stirling carried on ; and he has continued that work strong in the deep impression and mark which Bishop Stirling made, not only on those of our faith, but on all people throughout the Continent with whom he was in any way associated. . . . His character as a Christian gentleman as well as an Anglican Bishop has created an impression which lasts."

Admiral Sturdee, of whom Bishop Harmer remarked that he had made the name of the Falkland Islands blaze throughout the world, then moved the resolution establishing the "Stirling Jubilee Fund." He said it was a special honour to be present at the jubilee of "our distinguished and Right 'Honourable' Bishop." (A printer's error of Right Hon. instead of Right Rev. was made a useful point by several speakers.)

Bishop Ingham also spoke, and there were messages from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and from many English Diocesan Bishops.

When he heard that his elder brother was seriously ill he journeyed in haste from London to Somersetshire. His niece writes of that visit : "Never can I

forget Uncle Waite during father's last illness, nor his prayers as he stood at his bedside, with his hand on father's head. He said he had come prepared to sit up all night with him, and was quite astonished when I said I would not hear of such a thing. He asked what he could do, and I said father loved having his hair brushed, so there he stood brushing and combing for half an hour till father was so soothed that he fell off to sleep. It was a lovely sight seeing ninety-three ministering to ninety-four. Father kept saying, 'Waite, a brother is born for adversity, all through my life you have been a mainstay and help in every trouble, yes, a brother is born for adversity.'

"And uncle would turn and say, 'I don't know what your father means. It has always been the other way about, when *I* have been in any trouble it was always to your father that I have looked, and he has been my helper and comforter. We shall soon join the heavenly brotherhood.'"

The elder brother died next day, and the Bishop followed him on 18th November 1923.

In the early part of November, when at his home at Holland Park, he caught a chill, and had some bronchial trouble. On his doctor saying he did not think it necessary to make a thorough examination the Bishop replied, "All the same it is good to be in your hands." It showed his happy frame of mind, and his marvellous faculty for saying the pleasant thing, even on his death-bed; for he almost immediately relapsed into unconsciousness and gradually sank to rest.

All that could die of him was taken to Wells, and

rested a night in the Lady Chapel. The first part of the funeral service took place in the choir. The singing was lovely as the procession wended its solemn way, from the chapel to the choir, and later through the cloisters to the churchyard, where, in the bright sunshine of an autumn day, the Dean read the committal prayers and the Bishop of the Diocese pronounced the Benediction. "Brief life is here our portion" was sung as the clergy and choir passed into the cloisters, the melody of their song remaining after they were lost to view.

They laid him to rest next to the grave of Lord Arthur Hervey, with whom, together with Archbishop Temple, he had been consecrated on 21st December 1869.

"Go live the wide world over, but when you come to die,
A quiet English churchyard is the only place to lie."

Words fail as one thinks of this brave forerunner of Christ, who, in journeyings oft, had faced starvation and dared perils among the heathen, and perils in the sea, and was brought at last and laid to rest amid the lovely surroundings of Wells, "the most beautiful of English Cathedrals." The cloistered lawns, the never-failing waters, the hallowed memories, the haunting peace, all tell the heart of the rest that remaineth for this servant of God, made to lie down in green pastures and beside still waters.

Surely goodness and mercy had followed him all the days of his life : and he shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Dean Armitage Robinson, writing in the Bath and Wells *Diocesan Gazette* gave utterance to the feeling of countless hearts, who knew and loved Bishop Stirling :—

“ He was a winner of hearts wherever he might be, and when, after thirty years of incessant labour, he settled down in Somerset as Assistant Bishop in 1901, his quiet self-effacing goodness made him universally beloved.

“ The tall, stately presence, the noble head with its silvery hair, the courtly manner, the almost excessive modesty and self-restraint gave an attractiveness that was unique : while the firm lips, and the rare flashes of momentary indignation revealed the natural force which years of lonely discipline had harnessed to his Master's cause.

“ He had nearly completed his ninety-fifth year, but he never lost his broad-minded sympathy. He watched new movements with no apparent anxiety, and readily acquiesced in changes which he himself would not have made. He loved his Lord and had left all to follow Him. The heroism of his work will, we hope, be told us, now that the bar which he placed on its recital has been removed. His body rests at the foot of Lord Arthur Hervey's grave, his spirit is with the saints of God.”

The following letter, written to the widow of his life-long helper and commissary, is a good example of the sort of comfort he could give in trouble. It also gives a glimpse of what he himself looked forward to when

his time came to pass from our sight, but not from our life :—

“BUENOS AIRES, *Jan.* 4, 1905.

“MY DEAR AND CHERISHED FRIEND,

“This day has brought me news of the passing away, the translation, of your beloved husband, my revered friend, counsellor, elder brother, and upholder through toilsome years in the work of the Lord.

“The letter, full of Christian joy and faith, tells me of his closing day here, and of the most beautiful transition of his redeemed spirit into the enjoyment of the beatific vision.

“To enter into the fullness of joy at God’s right hand, for ever more, must be, to all we love, the thing to be longed for ; and the assurance of it a source of deepest gratitude.

“That assurance is now yours, and though conscious of its own loss, your heart cannot be robbed of the peace and the sweetness which such assurance brings.

“And you think, too, of dear and consecrated presences which have gone before, and of meetings round the Throne and in the Paradise of God, of His own, and your own—one in Christ.

“And He who sheds His glory and benediction upon them will not leave you comfortless, but rather fill you with joy and peace in believing.

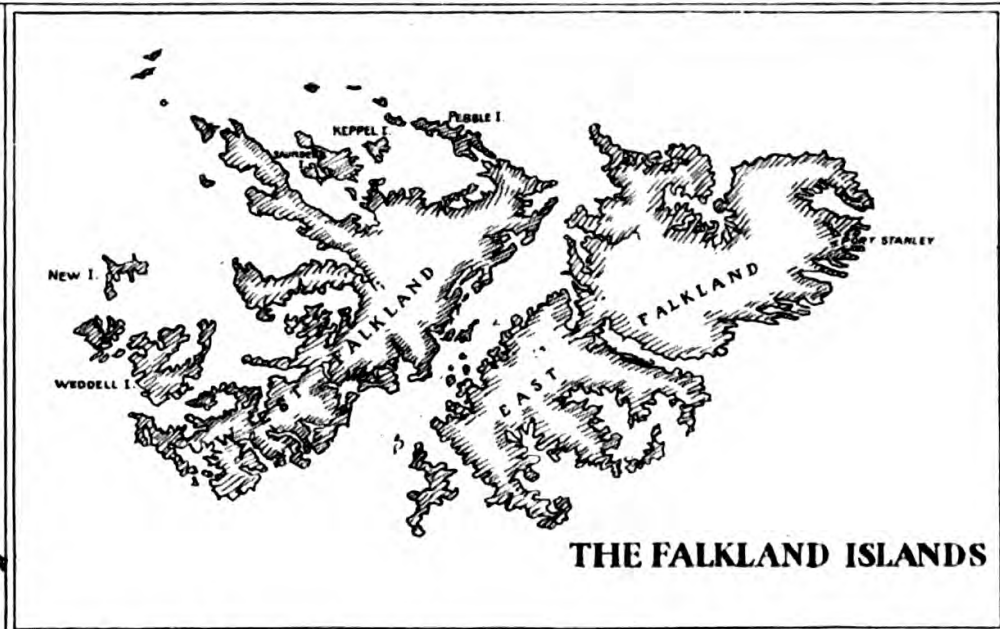
Yours, my dear friend,

In affectionate regard,

WAITE H. STIRLING.”







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INDEX

- ADAMS, Rev. G. A. S., 183
 Adams, Rev. S., 73
 Adelaide, Queen, 64
 Admiralty charts, 113, 161
 Aide-de-camp needed, 136
 " Alf," cabin-boy, 40
 Allen Gardiner, Captain, 6-13, 25,
 27, 44, 84, 140, 193
Allen Gardiner, The, 64, 71, 72, 73,
 74, 78, 86, 87, 89, 93, 97, 189, 195
 Alone amid savages, 88, 90
 Annual Meeting, S.A.M.S., 123
 Araucania, 197-201
 Argentine Chaco, 208
Ark of Faith, 221
 Arno, R.M.S., 72
 Aspinall, Canon, 182, 183, 194
 Aspinall's boy, 133
 Asuncion, 202
 Authority of God's Word, 96
 Azores, 65
- BAD Clergy, 136
 Bahia, San Salvadore, 72
 Banner Cove, 140
 Baptisms in Chaco, 207
 Bartlett, 42, 46, 52, 194, 203
 Bazaar at Buenos Aires, 176
Beagle, H.M.S., 71, 83, 84
 Beagle Channel, 71, 84
 Belokon, 55
 Bertrand's IOU, 178
- Bishops—*
Archbishops—
 Benson, 68, 123, 215
 Canterbury, 214, 217, 244
 Longley,
 Tait, 27, 117, 120, 135
 Temple, 119, 134, 246
 York, 244
- Bishops—*
 Anderson, 65, 68
 Bath and Wells, 246
 Billing, 25
 Browne, Harold, 120
 California, 231
 Cork, 66
 Cyril of Jerusalem, 212
 Goodwin, Harvey, 244
- Bishops—continued*
 Harvey, Lord A., 119, 246
 Harmer, 243
 Honolulu, 127
 Ingham, 244
 Jackson of London, 117, 120,
 127, 128, 129, 135, 214
 Kaye, 24
 Kennion, 235
 M'Crae, 65
 Moberley, 248
 Philpot, 120
 Thirlwall, 121
 Virginia, West, 217
 Warman, 243
 Wordsworth, Chris., 244
- Birthday party, 92
 Bishops' Council, 214
 " Blackbird " aims at Bishop, 114
 Blomfield, Sir A., 72
 Bolivian Chaco, 208
 Bow and arrow fighting, 74
 Brandon, Dean, 160, 173, 177, 180,
 183
 Brassey, Lady, 172
 Brecknock Passage, 192
 Bribery with drink, 57
 Bridges, Rev. T., 46, 52, 53, 70, 73,
 74, 77, 171, 193, 203
 " Brief " to all people, 135, 143
 Bristol, 25, 26, 28, 33, 68, 133
 British Association, 65
 Brookes, Prebendary, 24, 28
 Buchanan, Dr, 152
 Buckingham, Duke of, 118
 Buenos Aires, 39, 56, 203
 Building Cathedral, 174, etc.
 Bull, Rev. C., 61, 80, 124, 169
 Bullocks in the way, 145
 Burleigh, 194, 197
 Burleigh, Mrs, 188, 195
 Burns, Robert, 20
 Button, Jemmy, 36, 64, 71
- CALEDONIAN CANAL, 84
 Camilena, 54, 84, 100
 Camp visiting, 46, 80
 Canoe Indians, 53, 74
Canopus, H.M.S., 182

- Cape de Verde, 38, 153
 Captain of *Allen Gardiner*, 76, 86
 Caroline Island, 192
 Carpenter of *Allen Gardiner*, 79
 Cathedral, 126, 168
 Cathedral, consecration, 178-81
 Cathedral, constitution, 184
 Cattle at Keppel, 46
 Chaco Church Council, 208, 212
 Chaco Trust, 208
Challenger, H.M.S., 209
 Children's faces, Christ in, 93
 Chile, 197
 Cholchol, 199
 Christmas at sea, 65
 Christmas Sound, 193
 Chubut, 141
 Circular to British Consuls, 135, 142
 Class, Canon, 198
 Class, Mrs, 199, 201, 230
Cleopatra, H.M.S., 179
 Clifton (Bristol), 28, 34, 65
 Clifton (Derbyshire), 25
 Clothes left for safety, 87
 C.M.S., 134
 Cobb, Mr F. E., 168
 Cœnobium, 46, 52
 Cole, boatman, 46, 48, 52, 55
 Collision at sea, 78
 Colonial bishoprics, 117
 Colonial chaplain, 126
 Colonial Office, 118
 Colonial surgeon, 154
 Colonial secretary, 157
 Columbia, U.S. of, 217
 Commissary, Bishop's, 127, 134
 Conference of Churches, 204
 Confession, 224
 Confirmation, 127, 132, 162, 208, 218, 224, 235
 Congregational minister, 179
 Consul, U.S., 153
 Consular chaplains, 129
 Consumption among Fuegians, 73
 Cook, Captain, 70
 "Courteous Prelate," 133
 Cowes Regatta, 72
 Cumberland Basin, 33
 Customs House, 177
 Cranmer, 31, 61, 65
 Creed on lips of dying Three boys, 78
 Crew of shipwreck, 110
 Crystal Palace, 65
 Darwin and S.A.M.S., 68, 83, 84
 Darwin, first sight of Fuegians, 62, 70
 Darwin and Rooks, 76
 Daughters of Bishop Stirling, 61, 62, 129, 144, 147, 150, 161, 165, 173, 176, 189, 194
 Day's work, 52, 93
 Dean, Mr, 159
 Dean, Mrs G., 181
 Derby, Lord, 135
 Despard, Rev. G. F., 26, 29, 47, 53
 Dictionary, Bridges', 54, 60
 Difficulties in making new See, 118
 Diocesan Fund, 215, 219
 Diocesan Synod, 225
 Disraeli's Government, 118
 Distances by sea, 56
 Doldrums, in the, 38
 Dress of Stirling in wilds, 75
 EL CARMEN, 33, 56, 57
Elvizia in collision, 79
 Employment of natives, 97
 Endowment of Bishopric, 220
 "Enges," 65
 English picked up by Jack, 64
 Enthronement memory, 171
Essays and Reviews, 120
 Every, Bishop, 181, 200, 214, 220, 225, 229, 244
 Extermination of natives, 222
 FALKLAND ISLANDS, 25, 29, 31, 33, 40, 45, 97
 Falkland Islands Company, 169
 Falkland Islands Battle, 45
 Falkland Islands Memorial, 182
 "Family" picture of "Church," 94
 Fifteen friendly natives, 84
 Fights at Ushuaia, 89, 107
 First-fruits of Fuegia to Christ, 171
 Fish and mussel diet, 100
 Fishing party, 108
 Fitzroy, Admiral, 71, 84
 Flagstaff, 102
 "Fly," the dog, 86, 91
Foam, The, 61
 Foot Indians, 74
 Foreign Office, 129, 130
 Forrest, shipbuilder, 160
 Four natives, 53, 62, 68
 Francis, Rev. W. B. K., 180
 Friendly natives, 78
 Fuegia Basket, 64, 71
 Fuegians, Bridges on, 62
 "Fuegians and Fuegians," 88
 Fur-seals, 74, 76

Daily News, 69
 Dartmouth, 21

- GABLE Island, 84, 193
 Gamble, Rev. Mr, 25
 Games, 92, 107
 Games at sea, 37
 Gardiner, Mrs Allen, 25
 Gardiner, Capt., see Allen Gardiner
 Gaster, Miss, 175
 Girl, Dr Benson's story of little, 123
 Girling's IOU, 178
 "Give me a blanket and I'll sleep,"
 197
 Gladstone's Government, 118
 Glasgow, Lord, 236
 Glencairn, 20
 Goat chasing, 76
 God's presence in Nature, 75
 "God's Sentinel," 93
Golden West, 153
 Good Success Bay, 70
 Gordon of Morrho Velho, 131, 132,
 144-53
 Gospel a protection for sailors, 66
 Governors of Falkland Islands—
 D'Arcy, 124; Kerr, 178; Golds-
 worthy, 180; Robinson, 124, 172
 Government, British, 46
 Government, Colonial, 61
 Government House, 155
 Granville, Earl, 118, 124
 Grubb, Barbroke, 201-9, 222
 Gunning, Dr, 145

 HANSON, Capt., 163
 Haymaking, 98
 Headquarters of Society changed, 67
 Headwashing, 194
 "Heaven, a dim touch of," 93
 Hen, Mr Stirling's, 105
 Herbert, George, 49
 Hockin, Admiral, 20
 Hockin, Rev. W., 22, 125
 Holt, Miss Ada, 241
 "Holy Catholic Church" for
 savages, 94
 Horn, Cape, 194
 Horse-pistols, 242
 Humble, Rev. Dr, 59, 60
 Humboldt, 32
 Hunziker, Mr, 51, 52, 56
 Hut, Mr Stirling's, 86
 Hut, box model, 114

 IGNATIUS, St, 188
 Illness of Three boys' sister, 109
 Inca town ruins, 139
 Independence Day, 222

 Indians of Araucania, 198
 Indians of Beagle Channel, 91
 Indians of Santa Cruz, 56
 Industrial work needed, 93
 Ireland, 113, 124

 JACK and his wife, 84, 88, 102
 Jamaica Diocese, 217
 Japan, Darwin on, 70
 Jenkins, Mr, 159
 Jerusalem Chamber, 120
 Joe, 88, 106, 112
 Johnny Rooks, 76
Journal of Researches, Darwin's, 70
 Juan Fernandez, 211
 Juiz de Fora, 145
 Jurisdiction of Bishop of London,
 223

 KENNEDY, Admiral, 140
 Kennion, Mrs, 236
 Keppel Island, 32, 42, 44, 45, 61, 63,
 65, 73, 78, 106, 194, 204
 Kid mutton, 101
 King's Road, Bristol, 65
 Kingston-on-Thames, 21
 Kirby, Rev. W. W., 67, 118, 125
 Kopper, Pater W., 60

 "LADIES are servants here," 48
 Lake, Dean, 121
 Lambeth Conference, 217, 225, 232
 Language, common, a help to peace,
 77
 Language of Fuegians, 7
 Lawrence, Mr, 203
 Laxity of licences, 130
 Lee, Mr J. B., 118
 Lett, Mr, 34, 52, 57
 Lennox Island, 163
 Liberty, religious, 222
 Licence (Queen's) to consecrate
 Bishop, 119
 Lightfoot, Rev. R. H., 237
 Lima, 139
 Lisbon, 72
 Lively Island, 166, 179
 Live-stock aboard, 36
 Liwya, 99, 101, 103
 Liwyenges, 84
 Log of the *Allen Gardiner*, 43
 London Committee, 67
 Loneliness, 47, 50
 Lucca, 101, 102, 103

- M'CLINTON, Dr, 78
 M'Clinton, Mrs, 92
 Macdonald, Prebendary, 125, 127
 Madeira, 35
 Matthews, Mr, 71, 83
 Magazine, 86
 Mamastugadagenges, 62-64
 Marsh, Rev. E. G., 25-31
 Marsh, Rev. J. W., 25, 26
 Mariquita, 55, 57
 Massacre, the, 26, 31
Messenger, The, 144, 161-67
 Missionary work, 222
 Missionary's wife's complaint, 47
 Montevideo, 33-39, 68, 73
 Moral influence wins, 90
 Morrho Velho, 131, 144
 Morning and evening prayer, 74
 Morning prayer guarantees a good day, 96
 Mountains in Falklands, 48
 Mugatelasenges, 84, 106
 Mules, cargo, 145, 150
 Murchison, Sir R., 65
 Murder by savages, 64
 Muskets to frighten, 91
 Mussels as food, 62

 NAKED Fuegians, 71, 73
 Name S.A.M.S. adopted, 67
 Napoleon, 19
 Narrow escape from shipwreck, 79
 Natives at Keppel, 52
 Navigation in narrow waters, 74
 Niece of Bishop Stirling, 245
 Nelson, Lord, 34
 Neptune, Father, 37
 "Never a day without prayer," 68
 New Bishop: new Diocese, 126
 New Zealand, 71
 Nicholson, Mr A. K., 181
 No clock or watch, 88
 North Sea, 56
 Nottingham, St Mary's, 24
 Nottingham, Holy Trinity, 25
 Nursemaid, 34, 47, 52

 OATH of canonical obedience, 131
 Ocean's moods, 39
 Officers at Cathedral consecration, 179
 Okokko, 46, 54, 77, 84, 100
 One firm will, 92
 Operation on boy Joe, 107, 112
 Opposition consolidates friends, 90, 92

 Orange Bay, 67
 Ordinations, 139, 218, 221
 Orphanage, 70, 162
 Otaboosh, 84, 104
 Outcasts at El Carmen, 57
 "Owners" of *Allen Gardiner*, 67

 PANAMA, 217
 Pan-Anglican Synod, 220
 Paraguayan soldiers, 208
 Pastoral letters, 219, 223
 Patagonia, 51
 Patagonian Missionary Society, 25, 46
 Peat slide, 127, 169
 Pebble Island, 45, 48
 Pernambuco, 72
 Peru, 215
 Philip, 208, 212
 Phillips, Mr, 47
 Phinn, Miss L. J., 32
 Photo of four boys a wonder at Keppel, 68
 Picking mussels, 101
 Pinchard, Rev. A., 183
 Plate River, 220
 Platero, 55
 Polygamy, 63
 Ponsonby Sound, 84
 Porpoises, 39
 Potatoes, 92
 Potosi, R.M.S., 161
 Prayer Book revision, 224
 Prayer in danger, 40
 Pringle, Mr, 196
 Presbyterian friend, 133
 Private letters to clergy, 223
 Pro-cathedral, 221
 Property for Indians, 203
 Protests, Jerusalem Chamber, 121
 Pusey, Dr, 120

 QUEEN ADELAIDE, 64
 Queen Victoria's Mandate, 124
 Quilmes, St George's College, 220

 RAILWAY accident, 141
 Rau, Mr, 34, 46, 52, 53
 Religion and morality, 151
 Resentment at change of Bishop, 130
 Resurrection, 77
 Rheumatism in Falklands, 78
 Rhone, R.M.S., 68, 72
 Riacho Negro, 207
 Riding at Keppel, 46, 50
 Rio de Janeiro, 72, 145

- Rio Negro 52, 58
 Robbins, Rev. J., 241
 Robinson, Dean J. A., 246
 Robinson, Mr W. F., 173-6
 Rock, on a, 190
 Roman Catholic friends, 133, 231, 242
 Roman priest, 57
 Rome, 32
 Routledge, Judge, 180

 SACRAMENT aboard the *Allen Gardiner*, 8
 Sadleir, Rev. J. M., 198
 Sail-loft, church, 172
 St Thomas' Church, 126, 168-71
 Sales of work, 241
 Santa Cruz, 39, 54, 56, 57
 Santa Fé, 39
 Santos, 217
 Sarmiento, Mt., 190
 "Savage and civilized man," Darwin on, 70
 Savage magnificence, 85
 Scenery lovely, 75, 149
 Schmidt, Mr, 52, 56
 Scotland, 124
 Scott, Mr Oldrid, 172
 Scott's IOU, 178
 Seals, 76
 Sea life, 72
 Secretary of State, 129, 160
 Sermon by Dean Lake, 122
 Services, daily, 93
 Services at sea, 34
 Sesoingues, 62, 63, 64, 105
 Settlement founded at Keppel, 46
 Settlers' and sailors' generosity, 173
 Sewing meeting, 54
 Shaftesbury, Lord, 27, 120
Shearwater, H.M.S., 79
 Shipwrecked crews, 66, 76, 110
 Singing in Yahgan, 196
 Slavery, 145, 151
 Slavery under Britishers, 137
 Smith, Mr W. Hinde, 25
 Snakes, 145
 S.A.M.S. Committee, 117, 127, 130, 198
 Southampton, 68
 Spaniard Harbour, 84
 S.P.C.K., 174
 Split mainsail, 73
 Stanley, 47, 73, 78, 209
 Staten Island, 74
 Steamers, ministry on great, 73
 Stevenson, Canon J. T., 183, 221, 230
 Stirling, Rev. C., 20, 244
 Stirling House, 85
Stirling, Bishop—
 Lineage, 19; boyhood, 21; pugilist, 21; Exeter College, 22; ordained, 24; curacies, 25; Secretary, P.M.S., 26; Superintendent missionary, 26; farewell speech, 26; sails in *Allen Gardiner*, 33; arrives Keppel, 42; in journeys oft, 55; stays at El Carmen, 57; visits Woolya, scene of massacre, 61; sails for home with four natives, 61; activities at home, 68; plans for schoolroom aboard *Allen Gardiner*, 71; aboard the *Rhone*, 72; ministers to dying Uroopa, 73; plans a Christian settlement, 74; pacifies Uroopa's father, 77; nurses dying Three boys, 78; settling at Ushuaia, 86; tea party at Ushuaia, 88; facing angry natives, 90; in midnight alarms, 91; as God's sentinel, 93; created ordered work, 94; teaches Creed to savages, 94; employs them, 99; empties self, 99; erects flagstaff, 102; convicts Yacamoosh of theft, 103; forgives a boy, 106; homesick, 108; operates on a boy, 106; visits wood-cutters, 110; sees glimpse of *Allen Gardiner*, 110; convicts thief of a rope, 111; escapes being murdered, 112; recalled to be made Bishop, 113; confirms man who would have killed him, 114; receives his Bishop's robes from S.A.M.S., 117; nominated as Bishop, 119; his consecration, 120-24; enthroned as Bishop, 125, 126; primary visitation, 127; unreserved to his Commissary, 128; accepts Bishop of London's commission, 129; his licence refused, 130; visits Morrho Velho, 131; acts as chaplain and disarms opposition, 133; never saw some of his clergy, 134; lets Commissaries issue licences, 134; "I plod my weary way," 136; his ideal for the C. of E. in S. America, 136; his notion of the right sort of clergy, 137; speaks

- his mind about slavery, 138; goes picnic at Lima, 139; visits sick chaplain, 140; sails in H.M.S. *Ruby* for Fuegia, 140; lifts railway carriage, 141; journeys to Morrho Velho, 144-53; deals with Yankee schooner, 153; issues summons, etc., 158; rebukes employers, 160; "outbreaks of indignation" welcomed, 160; with *The Messenger*, 161-67; daring navigator, 164; starts new cathedral scheme, 172; lays foundation of cathedral, 178; devotion to natives, 189; yachting in Beagle Channel, 189; teaches farming, 193; visits Banner Cove, 193; in dangerous gale, 194; visits Tekenika, 195; sleeps on exposed floor, 197; sympathy with Mrs Burleigh, 197; starts Araucanian Mission, 198; escapes from drowning, 199; has quiet day at Cholchol, 200; cares for sick lady worker, 201; recalls stories of Ushuaia, 201; disciplines Grubb, 201; organizes his work, 202-3; urges purchase of Chaco land, 204; secret of his influence, 204; "not a Christian," 205; goes into the wilds, 205; "pies fit for any Bishop," 206; "Short Blanket's" courtesy, 207; baptizes first Lenguas, 207; rules for baptism, 208; described by Professor Wyville Thompson, 209; imitated by Keppel natives, 209; describes visit of H.M.S. *Challenger*, 211; early ideas of organization, 214; received letter from Archbishop Benson, 216; received new Commission from Archbishop, 217; visitation in Brazil, 217; consecrated five churches, 220; activities in Buenos Aires, 220-21; pleads for natives, 222; approaches different Governments, 222; his burning words, 222; letters his best visitation, 223; message to those confirmed, 224; retirement, 229; like a burning flame, 232; crossed Andes on mule, 234; Canon of Wells, 235-39; visits wounded soldiers, 237; influence on Wells College students, 238; in London, 240; care for animals, 240; a stranger's tribute, 242; jubilee of his episcopate, 243; funeral of Bishop Stirling, 246; Dean of Wells's tribute, 247; memorial service at Buenos Aires, 229.
- Stirling, Mrs Louisa J.*—
Lineage, 32; marriage, 32; describes voyage out, 33, etc.; life at Keppel, 48, etc.; death, 59; funeral, 59; estimate of her character, 59; her grave, 60.
- Stirling, Mrs Lucinda*, 177, 205, 207, 213
- Stirling, Captain Tom*, 19, 34, 35, 46, 47, 51, 55
- Stores run short at Keppel, 51
- Stores with natives, 87
- Sturdee, Admiral, 244
- Striven, Loch, 85
- Sullivan, Admiral, 33, 66, 69, 70
- Sweny, Lieut., 154
- "Swift," the hound, 76
- TEKENIKA, 194
- "Tell Mr Stirling to come back," 67
- Temuco, 199
- Teneriffe, 36
- Texas Deacon, 131
- Thieves, 105
- Three boys, 62, 63, 64, 76, 78
- Tierra del Fuego, 25, 33, 56, 64, 74, 222
- Tilton, barque, 67
- Tisdal, Canon A. O., 227
- "Tottie," 36, 41
- Trade-wind, S.E., 38
- Translation of Gospel into Yaghan, 54
- Tribes in Fuegia, 74
- Tropics, 62
- Tributes to Bishop Stirling, 230, etc.
- ULLSWATER, 85
- Uroopa, 62, 63, 64, 73
- Uroopa's father, 77
- Ushuaia, 84, 104, 162, 193, 204
- VALPARAISO, 139, 214, 230
- Variety of Stirling's duties at Ushuaia, 99
- Various Protestant nationalities united, 220
- Venezuela, 217

- Victoria Cross, 141
Vincent, St, 72
Vinnel, foreman of cathedral, 174-76
Virgin Cape, 164
Voyage described, 33, etc.
- WAGARADAGA, 84, 101
Walker, Canon, 28, 198, 231
War, during the, 237
Wardens at consecration of Cathedral, 180
Weddings, five, 196
Wellington, Duke of, 20
Wells Theological College, 237
"Wendoo," 54
West Point Island, 164
Whaites, Mr, 203
Wigwams, 87, 90
William, Port, 78
Williams, Miss, 175
Wilson, Canon J. M., 25
- Windle, Henry, 162
Winter at Keppel, 49
Wives of natives, 54, 57
Women in canoes, 75
Wood, Col. (Governor, Sandy Point), 164
Woolaston, 194
Woolya, 56, 61, 64, 83, 84, 110
Working Men's Association, 25
Wreck, 110
Wright, Rev. H., 25
Wyville Thompson, Professor, 209
- YACAMOOSH, 89, 90, 92, 103, 109
Yachts from New York, 72
Yahgan, 54, 60, 65, 196, 231
Yankee schooner, 144, etc.
Yicaif, 84, 110
York Minster (cliff), 71, 193
York Minster (boy), 64



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