

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES.
VOL. III. No. 3.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1858.

{ WHOLE SERIES.
{ Vol. XXII. No. 3.

Poetry.

Jacob's Ladder.

Ah! many a time we look on starlit nights
Up to the sky as Jacob did of old,
Look longing up to the eternal lights,
To spell their lines in gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way the angels walk abroad;
And never more we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes the ladder still is set,
And angel visitants still come and go,
Many bright messengers are moving yet
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are red-cross'd, Faith's outspread
—ing wings—
Prayers of the Church, are keeping time and
—tryst—
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings,
Their flower the Eucharist.

Spirits elect, through suffering render'd meet
For those high mansions—from the nursery
—door
Bright babes that climb up with their clay-cold
—feet,
Upon the golden door.

These are the messengers, for ever wending
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan,
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Upon the Son of Man.

—From a recent Oxford Prize Poem.

Religious Miscellany.

Dr. Livingston's Early life, and Missionary Travels.*

THERE are few parts of the habitable world, except Central Africa, which continue to give scope to the enterprise of the discoverer. Till within the last twenty or thirty years, almost the whole of that vast continent was still unexplored.

The work of exploring Central South Africa had, however, only been suggested, not begun. It appeared to present insuperable difficulties, both as regards climate, means of travelling, dangers from the inhabitants, &c., which might well have deterred a man even of the stoutest heart, and which would undoubtedly have deterred Dr. Livingstone, had he not been actuated by the strongest motives of religion and of humanity. It may be said, that before the work accomplished by Dr. Livingstone, the investigations of most, if not of all other African travellers, sink into insignificance. Not only did he travel through districts of immense extent, which were before entirely unknown to Europeans, but he took the most accurate observations in regard to the features of the country, its geography, its products, and the character of the varied inhabitants,—so that he has been able vividly to picture these before us; in fact, to make us familiar with his newly-discovered world. This he has accomplished, not by means of such Jesuitical arts as those adopted by Hue in his passage through China, or by such systematic deceit as that practised by Mr. Burton on the Arabs, on his way to Mecca; but sustaining throughout an honesty in his dealings, and a straightforward manly bearing, which renders the work done more than doubly valuable, because he has thus prepared the way for the cordial reception of future English explorers.

Dr. Livingstone's work begins with a sketch of his life, which shows the remarkable manner in which he had been prepared, both by nature and by circumstances, to battle with and overcome the difficulties which he encountered. He is descended from a Highland family of the far-famed island of Ulva. His great-grandfather fell in the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings. His grandfather, who had first removed from that island, had his memory stored with a never-ending stock of wonderful stories. These, and the Gaelic songs of his grandmother, fed his imagination when a child. The family had been noted for its integrity through the many

* Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa. By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L., &c., with Portrait, Maps, &c.

generations, with the history of which his grandfather was familiar. His father, who lived at Blantyre Works, near Glasgow, where he was born, was a true specimen of the Christian Scottish householder, ruling his family with gentleness, in the fear of God; setting before them "a continuously-consistent pious example, such as that, the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in 'Burns' Cottars' Saturday Night.'" The family occupied an humble sphere in life, his mother having "enough to do to make both ends meet." From the age of ten he had to struggle to aid by his earnings in the support of the family. Afterwards, while finishing his school-days, and attending the art, medical and theological classes at Glasgow, he supported himself by cotton-spinning, "placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jeany," and keeping up a constant study, "undisturbed by the roar of the machinery." Such a life of toil, such a struggle to obtain knowledge amidst difficulties, which, to their honour be it said, is not uncommon among the poor of Scotland—and the continued maintenance of the possibility of which is an ample defence of the Scotch university system, whatever improvements might be made in detail—formed, he says, such a material part of his early training, that, were it possible, he should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training. It without doubt gave him a readiness of resource, a quickness of perception, and a strength of will, which aided him much in carrying him through the difficulties of his hazardous excursions. Intending to go to China as a medical missionary, he was prevented by the outbreak of the war; while his attention was at the same time turned to Mr. Moffat's labours in Africa. He went out to South Africa, in connexion with the London Missionary Society, in 1840.

After a residence in Africa of above eight years, he at length set out on the 1st of June, 1849, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and his family, and by Messrs. Os- well and Murray, on a journey across the Kalahari desert. In two months they reached Lake Ngami, which was then for the first time seen by Europeans. In 1851, another exploring trip was made to Sesheke, at a much greater distance north, by Dr. Livingstone, and Mr. Oswell. The Zambesi, which had not been previously known to exist in that part of the country, was then discovered. The discovery of this noble river, of a breadth of from three to six hundred yards, more than answered to the expectations of Dr. Livingstone, and appeared to present to him the prospect of realizing his highest hopes of opening up the rich districts of Central Africa to commercial and evangelistic enterprise. This determined him to the commencement of his great expedition, which he undertook in 1852.

Wichern and the Rough House.

We do not hesitate to pronounce Dr. Wichern one of the greatest and best men of the age. He stands foremost in the ranks of Christian philanthropists on the continent of Europe, and, since the death of Chalmers, we know of no English or American divine who equals him in fervour of spirit, and incessant activity of love to God and to fallen man. His name will ever be identified with the noble work of Inner Mission and the regeneration of German Protestantism. History will assign him a place by the side of Vincent de Paul, the father of the Sisters of Charity, Augustus Hermann Franke, the founder of the orphan house at Halle, William Wilberforce, the emancipator of slaves, and other truly great men, who, filled with the love of Christ and generous sympathy for their suffering brethren, went about doing good, and became practical reformers and benefactors of the race.

The Rev. Dr. Wichern was born at Hamburg, in 1808, and is, therefore, now in the prime of life—although his grey hair gives him already a venerable appearance. He studied at Berlin under Schleiermacher and Neander, and still holds teach-

ers in grateful remembrance. He is a well educated divine, of strictly evangelical, and yet truly liberal and comprehensive views, an earnest christian, a dignified and accomplished, yet plain and unostentatious gentleman. He has an eminently practical genius, great power of organization, untiring energy, fiery and commanding eloquence. Even before he had completed his studies he felt a strong desire to devote himself to works of charity, in a free, untrammelled way. He has since amply proved to the world that this is his peculiar mission.

Destitute of worldly means, but full of faith in God, like Franke, he founded, in 1833, near the villages of Horn, about three miles from Hamburg, a vagrant school, under the characteristic name of the "Rauhe Haus." It was, at first, an old broken down farm-house; but it has grown since to be one of the most important and interesting benevolent institutions in the world. An English traveller calls it the "House among the Flowers," which is true, both in a literal and spiritual sense; and an American tourist, Brace, in his "Home Life in Germany," (p. 96,) states it as his impression, in a visit in the year 1850, that "the friend of man, searching anxiously for what man has done for his suffering fellows, may look far in both continents, before he finds an institution so benevolent, so practical, and so truly Christian as the Hamburg Rough House."

This noble establishment is a large garden full of trees, walks, flowers, vegetables, and adjoining corn-fields, with several small, but comfortable wood-houses, and a neat quiet chapel. It embraces various work-shops for olive-making, tailoring, spinning, baking, etc., a commercial agency, (*Agentur*) for the sale of the articles made by the boys; a printing and publishing department; a lithograph and wood engraving shop, and a book-bindingery—all in very energetic and successful operation. Many excellent tracts and books are annually issued from the institution, also a monthly periodical, under the title "*Fliegende Blätter*," which is, at the same time, the organ of the central committee of the German Church Diet for Inner Mission. The children are divided into families, each about twelve in number, are controlled by an overseer, with two assistants. These overseers are generally theological students who prepare themselves here for pastoral usefulness. Many of them have already gone out to superintend similar institutions in Germany, Switzerland, and Russia, established on the plan of the Rough House. The general management is, of course, in the hands of Wichern, who is universally respected and beloved, as a spiritual father.

And who should not venerate the man who, from the most disinterested motives, picks up the orphan, the harmless, the outcast, from the filth and squalor, the dark cellars and vicious corners of Hamburg and other cities, to rescue them from temporal and eternal ruin, to transform them into useful men and pious Christians! He succeeded in some most desperate cases with boys of whom the very devil seemed to have taken full possession. In this work he has gathered a rare amount of psychological knowledge and spiritual experience.

How strange! Dr. Wichern is one of the purest men; and yet he has a rare familiarity with the history and statistics of vice. He knows all about the horrible mysteries of society in such cities as Hamburg—once of the most corrupt in Germany—Berlin, Paris, and London. He spent once several weeks in visiting, with the assistance of the police officers, the ill-famed quarters of England's capital, in close neighbourhood to the magnificent palaces of Regent-street and Westminster, and he told me, he nowhere witnessed such appalling scenes of misery and wretchedness. What prompted him to acquire such knowledge was no idle curiosity, nor a morbid taste, but the love of Christ, who came to save sinners, and to seek that which was lost. He turns his large experience to the best account in his Rough House, which, for many wicked boys and girls, has become the birthplace of a new life, devoted to the service of God and the benefit of man.

SCHAFF'S GERMANY,

The Irish Boy.

A STORY OF THE FAMINE.

"O thin, don't shut the door awhile; won't some of ye listen to me? for 'tis a sorrowful story I've to tell. The shining beams of the blessed heaven on yer head, my lady! an' let me spake a minit, while the hunger laves me strength. Och! little I thought I'd ever driven from the stranger's thrashel. For I was n't always houseless an' frindless. 'Tisn't long since I was happy an' contented in my own father's house in the mountains beyant, but wirra true 'tis empty an' desolate now. The fire is gone out on our hearth-stone an' my hand will niver be strong enough to kindle it agin. Many a night I sat by it, listening to old stories or hearing my mother sing; wid the red light dancing up an' down her face, an' her voice rising an' falling so beautiful, till, in spite o' me, my eyes filled up wid tears. That was the pleasant crying; but many is the bitter one fell from 'em since. The blight of the hard year fell on our crops, my lady; an' thin come starvation where full an' plenty wor afore. A woe-some change came over us all; everything was sold to gather rint; even my own little goldfinch; sure, 'tisn't that I grudged it. Mother didn't sing thin, an' when she tried to spake joyful, to cheer my father up, there was a shake in her voice, an' her lip trembled; an' they both had a frightened look; no wonder wid famine staring 'em in the face. For we'd be a whole day, an' more may be, widout tasting food, an' couldn't get it anyhow; an' I'd go to bed sick and fainting like; but I didn't mind myself at all at all, only my little sister-Norah. In all the country round there wasn't a prettier child, wid her cheeks of pink an' snow, an' her white forehead, wid the yellow hair on it, like goold rings, only softer & dale; an' shining eyes, the color of the sky in June. O dear! the hunger bore heavy on the innocent child, an' rubbed out all the dimples in her face, an' faded the red blush, an' her eyes sunk back in her head, as if all the tears she cried put out the light in 'em. An' O lady! it would have gone to your heart's heart to see her hold out her thin long hand, an' hear her young-small voice, that used to be laughing all day, axing for bread, an' none to the fore. Then mother 'ud soothe her to sleep, an' her face working all the time. The sob would be on Norah's heart, an' she asleep. But one night, after being stupid-like a long while, she roused up to say, 'I'm very hungry; an' before the words wor out of her mouth, she stretched herself out on mother's lap and died. Well, I tuk on greatly at that; but mother said God had taken her from the misery, an' she wouldn't be hungry agin, for the angels in hiven wor feeding her. Thin I thought, only for mother, I'd like to go too. Father berrid her *widout a coffin*. She was the first I iver saw die; but 'twasn't to be long a strange thing to me. My father got work at last, but the power to do it was going fast. An' mother 'ud keep the last bite an' sup in the house for him, whin he'd come in, and made him believe that she ate afore, and pretend she was giving him her lavings, an' laugh and joke wid him. Och! but her laugh had a quare sound thin, just like the crushing of her heart; it 'ud make my flesh creep; but you wor always minding everybody barrin' yerself, mother dear! I heard 'em say no one could dhrive a spade deeper nor my father once, but *hunger is sthronger nor the sthrong man*; when that is tugging at the inside, thin the arm is very wake. He fainted over his spade, an' was soon lying down in the faver. We wor out of the doctor's way, an' the Priest was always out, an' a waight of sickness on my father, an' nothing to quench the thirst that was perishing him, barrin' a can of cold water from the strafe afore the door. Day an' night mother sat beside the whisp of sthraw that kept him from the floor. O! but his face was hot an' red, his two eyes like lighting coals, an' a puff of his breath 'ud burn ye, an' he saying such out-o'-the-way things in his wanderings. Well, we thought he was getting cool; but, sure enough, 'twas death's own cold fingers upon him. For he got quite sensible, and