

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

Hosanna.

Lo where they stand
At God's right hand,
The innumerable throng!
Hark how they raise
The shout of praise,
And sing the eternal song!
Ascend my soul and sound with them the ever-
lasting song!

"Worthy the Lamb,
Our noblest psalm,
Oh sing with one accord:
Praise him who died,
The Crucified,
Hosanna to the Lord!"
The chorus rolls a thunder peal, "Hosanna to the
Lord!"

"Exalt his fame,
And let his name
Forever be adored,
His life he gave
Our souls to save—
Hosanna to the Lord!"
"The Lord of Light, and Life, and Love! Ho-
sanna to the Lord!"

"For us he mourned,
For us was scorned,
For us his blood was poured.
And on the cross
He died for us.
Hosanna to the Lord!"
"Hosanna to the Crucified, Hosanna to the Lord!"

"In bitter strife
He passed his life,
All Hell against him warred.
But he arose
Above his foes.
Hosanna to the Lord!"
"Hosanna to the Conquering King! Hosanna to
the Lord!"

"For evermore
His name adore!—
His name shall be adored!
Oh then prolong
The eternal song,
Hosanna to the Lord.
Ah me! I would forever stay amid yon happy
throne:
In His dear presence stand and sing the never-
ending song."

F. B.

Selections.

Dr. Livingstone at the Cape.

The Cape papers which have just come to hand contain full reports of the farewell dinner at Cape Town, to Dr. Livingstone and the officers of the Zambesi expedition. The Hon. W. Porter, Attorney-General, presided, and Captain J. M. Hill, Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of the Cape district, occupied the vice-chair. On the right of the chairman sat his Excellency the Governor, Captain Beddingfield, Mr. Justice Cloete, the Rev. R. Moffatt, the Rev. Dean Douglas, and T. Baine, Esq.; and on his left were Dr. Livingstone, Justice Bell, R. Thornton, Esq., the Hon. H. Rivers, and the Rev. Mr. Livingstone.

The toast to Dr. Livingstone was proposed by his Excellency.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE in acknowledging the toast said:—"If you will allow me, I will explain to you how I mean to endeavour to follow up the discoveries which have been made. The central part of the continent which we now stand upon was supposed for a long time to be a great sandy plain. Certain rivers were known to be flowing in towards the centre, but they were not known further, and they were supposed in consequence to become lost. But instead of that, the grand view burst gradually on my mind of a very fine well-watered country; and not only that, but of certain well-watered healthy localities on both sides of the country which were suitable for a European residence. Efforts have been made for centuries to get into the interior of Africa, but unfortunately, it has been always attempted through the unhealthy parts near the coast. On the southern part of the country, we had the Kalihari desert, and the expedition which was sent out from Cape Town under Dr.

Smith was prevented from penetrating the interior by this same Kalihari desert. The unhealthy coasts presented a barrier on both sides; and this desert presented an obstacle on the south; but when Messrs. Oswald, Murray, and myself succeeded in passing round that desert, then we came into a new and well-watered country beyond. When I passed into that country, I had not the smallest idea that there was such a want of cotton as I found to be the case when I went home to England. But there I saw the cotton growing wild and almost everywhere, and that sugar was collected all over the country (although the people did not know it could be produced from the sugar-cane); and I found, further, that this was a great market for labour. When I lived at Kolobeng, men left that tribe, and I found some of them within 200 miles of Cape Town, seeking to obtain work. Now here we have the produce and here we have the labour, and I hope we may secure a healthy standing point, from which Europeans may push their commercial and their missionary enterprise to the unhealthy regions beyond. We proceed, first of all, up the river Zambesi, and have the full authority of the Portuguese for so doing. The river is very large; it is difficult to convey to the people of such a dry country as this an idea of its size, but the narrowest part that I saw seemed almost to be equal to the Thames at London-bridge. It was not known to be a large river, on account of its being separated into five or six branches at its mouth, before it reaches the sea. But, when we get inland, we have a noble stream, and we have at least 250 miles of the stream without a single obstruction. Then we come into a large coal field, and this seems to contain the elements of future civilization. Then I may state that, as we have to examine the river, our expedition will be a practical one. It is not like those that have been sent to the North Pole. We hope to have something to show when we come back. Our botanist is an economic botanist, and the geologist is a practical mining geologist; and the naval officer, Captain Beddingfield, has had a great deal of experience in African rivers, and has not been deterred by the fear of suffering from African fever, any more than myself, from volunteering to go on this expedition. He goes to examine the river system, and give us correct information about the river system and its navigability. And then we have an artist and a photographer, to give an idea of what is to be seen in the country. But I think this expedition is placed in a somewhat peculiar position. I never heard of another expedition being similarly situated. My companions are all put on their mettle. They are aware that it is very well known that when alone I did something; and if we don't do well now in this expedition, people will say, 'Why, those fellows have prevented him from doing what he might!'—(laughter)—so they are all put on their mettle; and I have the greatest confidence in their desire to accomplish the great objects of the expedition. We find that in the middle of the country there are a great many branches of the Zambesi. Several of them I have examined myself, and found they went out a few miles—some ten or twelve miles—and then came in again to the main stream. Now the natives pointed out a number more, and they say these other streams come out of the main branch, and enter it again, after passing some hundreds of miles. This is a most interesting point; because if the departing and returning branches are really seen—then we may go up them in the small steam launch, and have a navigable pathway into an immense extent of country beyond. We will not be then obliged to pass the great falls of Victoria, which cannot be passed in any vessel. If we have a navigable pathway into the country beyond—then there is a prodigious extent of country, all well adapted for the cultivation of those products which we now get through slave labour. And what I hope to effect is this: I don't hope to send down cargoes of cotton and sugar; perhaps that result will not be in my lifetime. But I hope we shall make a beginning, and get in the thin

end of the wedge, and that we shall open up a pathway into the interior of the country, and by getting right into the centre have a speedy passage by an open pathway, working from the centre out towards the sides. When going into the country we don't mean to leave our Christianity behind us. (Cheers.) I think we made somewhat of a mistake—indeed, a very great mistake—in India; but where we are going we will have no need to be ashamed of our Christianity. We go as Christians; we go to speak to the people about our Christianity, and to try and recommend our religion to those with whom we come in contact. I have received the greatest kindness from all classes of people in the interior. I have found that only when we approach the confines of civilization, the people become worse. Such is the fact—the nearer we come to civilization, we find the people very much worse than those who never have had any contact with the white man. We hope we will be able by our conduct to recommend our religion to those with whom we come in contact; and I hope Christian merchants and Christian men will yet go into that country and form a standard for commencing operations amongst them. I thank you all most heartily for the kind manner in which you have received me, and although I acknowledge that the hand of Providence is in all that has befallen me, and in directing the attention of men to those objects which he means them to work out, yet I feel most grateful to you—the instruments of His grace. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. MOFFATT, in responding to a toast in his honour, entered into an explicit history of his missionary labours in South Africa, and referred to the salutary influence which he had exercised over the once potent Africaner, and the now renowned Moselekatze—an influence which he hoped to turn to good account in respect to the expedition to be undertaken by Dr. Livingstone; and he expressed a fervent hope of having the pleasure, at no very distant day, of shaking hands with the doctor and the members of his expedition in the vicinity of the Zambesi river.

After a stay of four or five days, the Livingstone expedition left Simon's Bay on the 1st day of May for the Zambesi; her Majesty's steamer *Hermes* having preceded her, to see her safely over the bar. An elegant silver box, containing 800 gineas was presented to Dr. Livingstone, as a testimonial, by the colonists. Mrs. Livingstone, on account of indisposition, remained with her father, the Rev. Mr. Moffatt. The governor has since announced his intention to propose to Parliament the formation of five intermediate posts between the colony and the Zambesi, with a view to establish a line of monthly communication, which, it is estimated, can be carried on at an annual cost of less than 250l.

The Venom of Irresponsible Lying.

BY THE REV. DR. CHEEVER.

It is comparatively seldom that a lie is manufactured out of whole cloth at once. Your liars cannot afford it. Their whole stock in trade would soon be used up. They must economise; they must take remnants and shreds. Then, too, your men of small abilities cannot manage a system of wholesale lying; the business is too much extended, and their own private property gets involved, when there comes a crash. Large schemes of swindling and lying demand as great a genius for rapid disintegrations and reconstructions, sudden changes of parts, and new combinations, as the vast strategies of Napoleon. A liar is often like a greenhorn endeavouring to make his way through a vast forest, without guide or compass. There are so many turnings and windings, so many trees to be blazed, so many way-marks alike, that the miserable wanderer finds himself crossing and recrossing his own tracks, often compelled to take an entirely new starting-point, and as often brought back to the point from which he started. 'The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands;

in the net which they hid is their own foot taken. Behold he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head.'

The element of defeat is a thing that the contrivers of large and extended or intricate lies do not sufficiently provide for. A good general will always keep open a way of retreat; but a heedless liar, or a man swallowed up with his own malignant purposes of treachery, never looks to see if the bridge be broken down behind him. It seems to be one of the judicial infatuations attending the villany of false witnesses and liars, that they so often advance too far to turn back, without asking the question, 'What shall we do if we are unsuccessful? As little do they think of God's interposition, which, however, is plainly assured by him, for the sudden discomfiture of slanderers. 'For the sin of their mouth, and the words of their lips, let them even be taken in their pride, and for cursing and lying which they speak. Who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words, that they may shoot in secret at the perfect; suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not. They encourage themselves in an evil matter; they commune of laying snares privily; they say, Who shall see them? They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search; both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart is deep. But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded. So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves: all that see them shall flee away, and all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God.'

But there are plenty of retailers of scandal that will make a living, even as the rag-pickers, out of old rags. And a garment of falsehood that has been used up years ago, may find its way into the market, almost as good as new, when it has passed under the hands of the scourers and patchers. Many are the lies that, like a single pipe of pure port wine, can be increased and propagated, as the wine is by dint of logwood and rotten whisky, or the slops of the distillery, for the supply of whole nations, till hardly one drop of the pure original falsehood can be found, to every hoghead of exaggeration. There is as little truth in many of the scandals with which the smatterers of current slander entertain one another in conversation as there is of pure Johannisberg in the cellars of old toppers, or in the Five-Points grogeries. Hence in most cases the impracticability, not to say impossibility, of running after lies, to stop them, or to nail them. In some cases, you might as well run after a cuttle-fish, a squid, that can blacken the water for such a distance around itself, that its pursuers are confounded. Many liars have just such an ink-bag of inexhaustible calumny, sophistry, and abuse, which they eject in every direction, till the clearest water is as black as night. In other cases, you might about as safely run after a skunk; if you are wise, you will let the creature go, at as safe a distance as possible. In other cases again, the search after falsehood is as bootless, as it would be to trace a single drop of pure port through all the manipulations and distilleries where it has served for the forging of millions of gallons. Omniscience alone can trace the original falsehood. But all the additions to it likewise are falsehoods of themselves, no more sanctioned, or excused, or justified, by the original lie, than your manufacturers of imported wines are justified, because the liquor which they concoct is put into old foreign casks, with the custom-house seal upon them: no more justified than a merchant is justified for selling native goods as of foreign manufacture, because one pair of Paris-made gloves, or one India-shawl, or one piece of Brussels lace, or one Paris-made hat, or one piece of French broad-cloth, is put into each case of the peculiar kind of goods to be circulated.

Many persons ease their consciences for the present, in scandal-mongering, because they are merely Satan's retailers, and are