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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

"No Night there."

No night in heaven!
No deep and sunless, lonely place of gloom,
In all that bright and glorious land of bloom.
That home of the forgiven,
For lamps are there immortal hands have trimmed
Which, with pure light before the throne, forever
burn undimmed.

No night of woe!
No blighted homes, none sad and weary-hearted;
No burning tear streams for the loved and parted,
Like ceaseless rivets flow;
For every grief celestial smiles are given,
And all the severed links of love are sweetly bound
in heaven.

No night of pain!
In that pure, balmy and diseaseless clime,
Nor fearful pangs o'er many a household vine
Holds dread, remorseless reign;
For leaves plucked from the banks of life's pure
river,
Will prove the antidote of pain through all the bright
forever.

No night of storm!
Can reach that harbor where the ransomed glide,
Although so deep, so boundless and so wide,
But calm's eternal morn.
Attends the treasure-freighted ships which move—
Upon the peaceful sheltered sea of God's Eternal
love.

Those barks must land,
Freighted with jewels polished and refined,
And wonders sculptured to the master's mind—
Upon the shining strand,
Until the builder lays the top-most stone,
And the vast spirit temple stands unrivalled and
alone.

No night of death!
Within that temple's sacred arch profound:
That dark, victorious monarch robed and crowned,
The mighty builder saith—
Shall never enter his great soul domain;
Or round one spirit ever wind his heavy, cankering
chain.

No night! no death!
Where myriad harpers touch each golden string,
And sacred cherubim with shadowing wing,
Seraphic, pure and bright,
And ransomed millions all enraptured gaze,
Where the unvelled Shechina shines with all
pervading blaze.

Eternal day!
And why eternal? why no coming night?
Because soul radiance makes that temple bright,
And every ray—
Of the great Architect's inherent smiles,
Gives back rich floods of soul-light from the
jewelled temple piles.
Omslow. I.

Religious.

The Rewards of Heaven.

The following extract from a sermon on the "Two talents," by C. H. Spurgeon beautifully illustrates the doctrine of future rewards:

Here comes Whitefield, the man who stood before twenty thousand at a time to preach the Gospel; who in England, Scotland, Ireland and America has testified the truth of God, and who could count his converts by thousands, even under one sermon. Here he comes, the man that endured persecution and scorn, and yet who was not moved; the man of whom the world was not worthy; who lived for his fellow-men and died at last for their cause; stand by, angels, and admire, while the Master takes him by the hand and says, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." See how free grace honours the man whom it enabled to do valiantly.

Hark! Who is this that comes there? a poor thin-looking creature, that on earth was a consumptive; there was a hectic flush now and then upon her cheek, and she lay three long years upon her bed of sickness. Was she a prince's daughter? for it seems heaven is making much stir about her. No, she was a poor girl that earned her living by her needle, and she worked herself to death; stitch, stitch, stitch from morning to night; and here she comes. She went prematurely to her grave, but she is coming, like a shock of corn fully ripe into heaven; and her Master says, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." She takes her place by the side of Whitefield.

Ask whatever she did, you find out that she used to live in some dark garret down some

dark alley in London; and there used to be another poor girl come to work with her, and that poor girl, when she came to work with her, was a gay and volatile creature, and this consumptive girl told her about Christ; and they used, when she was well enough, to creep out of an evening to go to chapel or to church together. It was hard at first to get the other one to go, but she used to press her lovingly; and when the girl went wild a little she never gave her up. She used to say, "O Jane, I wish you loved the Saviour," and when Jane was not there she used to pray for her, and when she was there she prayed with her, and now and then, when she was stitching away, read a page out of the Bible to her, for poor Jane could not read. And with many tears she tried to tell her about the Saviour who loved Her and gave Himself for her.

At last, after many a day of hard persuasion, and many an hour of sad disappointment and many a night of sleepless, tearful prayer, at last she lived to see the girl profess her love to Christ; and she left her and took sick, and there she lay till she was taken to the hospital where she died. When she was in the hospital she used to have a few tracts, and she used to give them to those who came to see her; she would try, if she could, to get the women to come round and she would give them a tract. When she first went into the hospital if she could creep out of her bed she used to get by the side of one who was dying, and the nurse used to let her do it, till at last she got too ill, and then she used to ask a poor woman who was on the other side of the ward, who was getting better, and was going out, if she would come and read a chapter to her, not that she wanted to read to her on her own account, but for her sake, for she thought it might strike her heart while she was reading it.

At last this poor girl died, and fell asleep in Jesus; and the poor consumptive needle-woman had said to her, "Well done"—and what more could an archangel have said to him?—"She hath done what she could."

Reported Murder of Dr. Livingstone.

We copy the following article in reference to this celebrated man from a late number of the London Christian World:

WHETHER entitled to credence or not,—a point into which we intend to inquire presently,—a circumstantial account, attested by nine witnesses, has reached this country, that Dr. LIVINGSTONE has been killed. On the 5th of December last, there arrived at Zanzibar, on the north-east coast of Africa, nine men belonging to the town of Johanna in the Comoro Islands. They put themselves into communication with Dr. KIRK, our Vice-consul at Zanzibar, stated that they had formed part of LIVINGSTONE'S expedition, and declared that he had been murdered, some time between the July and September proceeding, on the west coast of Lake Nyassa. The intervening time they had spent in making their way to Zanzibar, a period not too long when we consider that there were nearly a thousand miles to be found through jungles, across mountains and lakes, and over burning plains. They had, they said, accompanied Dr. LIVINGSTONE to the Lake Nyassa, and crossed with him from its eastern to its western shore. They were there suddenly attacked by a band of Mazite negroes, a branch of the great Caffre family, described by Dr. LIVINGSTONE himself as peculiarly fierce and treacherous. The narrators happened to be at the time in the rear, and thus contrived to ensconce themselves in a wood, and see what took place, without being seen. Dr. LIVINGSTONE and half the party were murdered. Sudden as was the attack, Dr. LIVINGSTONE had been prompt and gallant enough to overpower those who faced him; and was struggling to reload when cut down from behind. The fatal wound was inflicted from behind with an axe. This wound they all saw, and one of them had seen it inflicted. The assassins appear to have soon quitted the scene, for the men affirmed that they had returned, the same evening, and buried the body of their leader.

Such is the account of the Johanna men. On being separately questioned, they differed

more or less in their narratives, and the date assigned for the catastrophe, ranging over at least a month, was vague. But in substantial they agreed, and slight discrepancies as to date and detail tend rather to confirm than to invalidate the report of such witnesses. It is a very serious consideration, moreover, that Dr. KIRK regards the tale of the Johanna men as reliable. There are however, several circumstances which lead the most competent judges, conspicuous among them Sir RODERICK MURCHISON and Sir HENRY RAWLISON, to suspend their judgment. A letter from Sir RODERICK MURCHISON upon the subject was communicated to the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, in which he declares that the sad event requires to be substantiated by better evidence than that now before us. The people of the Comoro Islands are described by travellers as Mahomedans, and they might have been "disgusted with or intimidated by the ferocious Pagan natives on the borders of the lake Nyassa." They may accordingly have deserted their chief, and trumped up this story in order to attract interest to themselves, and mitigate the severity of the contempt which the cowardice of their desertion would have called forth. "There are also," says Sir RODERICK, "several parts of their narrative which seem to me to be difficult to understand—for instance, their having hidden in a wood, and yet their observation of the attack on LIVINGSTONE being so accurately described." We do not think there is much force in this. The attack seems to have been made in a gorge of the wood, or on the strip of sand between wood and water on the shore of Lake Nyassa. These men, skulking behind the trees, might look upon the combatants in the frenzy of a life-and-death struggle without any danger to themselves. Classical readers will recollect Livy's statement that, at the battle of the lake Trasimene, fought between the Romans and the Carthaginians, an earthquake rolled along the field without being observed by either party. More weight is to be attached to the circumstance that the men are in possession of no relic which might vouch the truth of their story. Sir Roderick Murchison points out that the savages who attacked Livingstone "would have cared little for his note-books," and adds that "one of these alone, or even a lock of his hair, would have been good auxiliary evidence." True; nevertheless he remarked that, though not valuing scientific note-books as Sir Roderick would value them, the Mazite savages might simply have thrown together his note-books and all his other effects, including the dress he wore, and made off with them, and that the idea of taking a lock of Dr. Livingstone's hair as evidence of his death, may very possibly never have occurred to the Comoro islanders. Probably the most important observation in Sir Roderick's letter is that "many an African traveller who has returned safely to England has been reported to have been killed (usually by runaway natives who had deserted him)." Dr. Gilliland, of Brentwood, moreover, states that he received a letter from a medical friend in practice at Zanzibar, dated the 7th of January last, in which allusion was casually made to Dr. Livingstone, but there was no mention of his death.

We have thought proper to state with impartial fulness the evidence on both sides in this agitating case. Dr. Kirk has already taken steps to investigate the accuracy of the account of the Johanna men, and the result of his investigations will be forwarded to Europe with all possible despatch. Until then we suspend our decision, clinging to the hope that Dr. Livingstone may be in life, but having really no fixed opinion on the subject. Meanwhile we may remark that the personal friends of Dr. Livingstone must have observed with gratification the burst of sympathy, distress, and panegyric which arose from the public of every denomination on the arrival of the tidings that he was dead. Unanimous and enthusiastic have been the testimonies in his favour, and it has been recognised that, not only as a lion-hearted man and indefatigable explorer, but as the most devout yet most practical of Christian missionaries, he deserved to be placed high among the heroes and benefactors of the race. At a meeting in Exeter Hall just before he left England, the manly simplicity and child-

like reverence with which he besought Christians present to remember him in their prayers will not soon be forgotten by many. Perhaps—who knows?—the hand invoked in those prayers may have shielded him when one band of savages attacked and another deserted him.

Singing and Singers.

It is to be hoped that not many people have no taste for singing. Indeed it is about as general as a taste for sunshine, and blue skies and warm breezes, rather than fog, and mist, and dulness. Of all the sounds that can be made—and we know that there is a great variety—none is so sweet as good singing. We know, probably, how to go into raptures over a finely-executed fantasia on a good toned instrument; but if we want to be soothed, subdued, tamed, quieted, and made better generally, let us have the soft tones of a beloved voice.

Can anything be sweeter than a few girls singing together. I do not so much refer to the cultivated singing of young ladies, though that is very beautiful and deserving of the highest praise, as to the clear sweet tones of quite little girls carolling their songs at their play. If you are ever so busy, or ill-tempered, or grumbling, it moves you in spite of yourself. It is so artless, so natural, and yet often so perfect, that you cannot but enjoy it. They have, as yet, no grief to make a jarring note, it seems as if the joy in their hearts is bubbling over, and can find vent in song which often sounds more like the gurgling of laughter than anything else. It is little wonder if in some people's opinion children are the best singers. But their songs should be home songs only, free, unfettered, voluntary. We cannot be other than pained to see little children stand up and sing at an evening concert which commences after the time at which they should be fast asleep. Poor little singers, with flushed faces, and great black rings around their eyes, one cannot but sorrowfully reflect how soon their singing time will be over.

If the taste for singing is general, it is not always a good taste, with regard to its favorite songs. If you were getting up a concert, and had only one aim, that of gathering the largest number of people to hear it, I am afraid your programme would consist almost entirely of comic songs. The love of the nonsensical rather than the good is to be very much deprecated; for though a hearty laugh is a good thing, and recreation and amusement greatly to be desired, it will scarcely be denied that the higher the kind of music the greater is the true enjoyment to be derived from hearing it. Of course much depends upon people's taste. Some like softness, some brilliance, some noise. You probably have known what it is to have risen with enthusiasm at the wonderful melody of some great singer and you have, perhaps, found yourself weeping as your own family sang the sweet old evening hymn.

There are, perhaps, two kinds of singing which must commend themselves to our affection. The one is the singing of the home circle, and the other the united songs of the house of God. You can sing as you like there; no one will criticise you; as you feel, so you can sing. And your songs, if they are not at all artistic, may yet be very earnest and hearty, and sincere.

"And they sang as it were a new song." Ah! some of us who have been sad blunders here, will be better taught there. We shall not cause discord among the angels' songs. And our lips that have been so faltering and uncertain, will have fresh power in that holy, never-wearing song. We may have been afraid to utter our sounds here, we may have been unable to join worthily in the strains below; but we shall not be unapt scholars there.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Preaching Christ.

A young man had been preaching in the presence of a venerable divine, and after he had done, he went to the old minister and said:

"What do you think of my sermon?"
"A very poor sermon, indeed!" said he.