

The Christian Messenger.

Halifax, N. S. August 28, 1872.

ON THE WAY TO CONVENTION.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Friday 23rd.—This city is now clear of fog! A bright clear Italian sky has been enjoyed by us across the Bay, the water smooth as a lake, and the passage across from Annapolis to Digby and thence to St. John, almost as motionless as gliding down a river, the good steamer Empress taking us in true imperial style. The Intercolonial Railroad may accomplish the distance from Halifax to St. John in a shorter time than 12 hours, but if the weather could always be like to-day, it could not offer so agreeable a transit as that by which we have been raised and then ferried over westward from one city to the other.

The different cities represented by the travellers in these parts, may be illustrated by the names on the Hotel register; the four names following our own from Halifax, were from far distant centres; the next one being from Boston, next from Paris, next from New Orleans, and the next from Copenhagen. These persons will each take back to their homes the impressions received of the people here, and the good or bad report of what they observe.

St. John is making rapid strides in commercial progress. The general activity observed in its streets shows that the people are all busy, and intent upon some important object. We are informed by a friend that the manufacturing power and general commerce of the city has increased two per cent during the past five years.

The asphalt sidewalks, and experiments in wood paving of their streets, are indications of what may be shortly expected in the matter of highways. Then the Victoria Hotel is a grand addition to the provision for visitors. The fact of it being always full, shows that it must be a successful enterprise.

It may be plainly perceived that railways and good hotels in Halifax will be a simultaneous demand.

In religious matters, there is some life and hopefulness. We were pleased to learn too that Brussel Street Church will probably soon have a settled pastor, in the person of one of her own talented sons—Rev. W. Everett, formerly a resident of Halifax, and since then the successful pastor of two or three churches in the U. States. This we should regard as a move in the right direction, and one that would operate for good on the young men of the city and congregation.

We shall be unable to give our readers any details of the proceedings of the Convention this week, though, through the kindness of a friend we give an account of the Ministers' Institute, which commenced earlier.

By Telegram received on Monday we learn that when the Convention met on Saturday, Rev. Dr. Day was elected President; Vice Presidents, Hon. A. McL. Seely, St. John; Wm. Faulkner, Esq., Truro; Rev. John Davis, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Secretaries, Rev. W. B. Boggs and Prof. Higgins, Treasurer, Wm. Vaughan, Esq., St. Stephen, Auditors, William Faulkner, Esq., Truro; R. Phillips, Esq., Fredericton.

Missionary and Educational Meetings would occupy Monday. B. Douglas, Esq., of Amherst, and Z. G. Gabel, Esq., of St. John have been elected Governors of Acadia College. The Convention will meet next year at Windsor, N. S.

THE MINISTERS' INSTITUTE AT ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

On Tuesday morning 20th inst., the day appointed for the opening of the Institute, but a small number of Ministers, and only one of the lecturers had arrived at St. Stephen. However at 10 o'clock they assembled in the Baptist Church, and instead of proceeding to organize, they held a Prayer and Conference meeting, led by Rev. W. S. McKenzie. Many earnest prayers were offered for churches, Ministers, our Educational and Foreign Mission enterprises, and for a revival of God's work in the Provinces.—Several excellent addresses were made, and the meeting closed until 2.30 P.M.

At the hour appointed the brethren again assembled, and listened to a Lecture by Rev. W. S. McKenzie on the following subject;

The Anxious Enquirer answered, or "What must I do to be saved?" The

lecture was not designed for the Institute, but prepared for another occasion. Its aim was to guide the penitent inquirer, distressed and embarrassed while seeking to find the way of salvation—and was therefore eminently adapted to a Ministers' Institute.

At 7.30 P.M., the brethren assembled in increased numbers—and the Institute was formally organized by the choice of Rev. S. March of Bridgewater, N. S., as President, and Rev. W. B. Boggs of Portland, N. B., as Secretary.

Rev. Dr. Hovey of Newton Theological Institution was introduced, and delivered a Lecture on The Nature of Man. He first proved most conclusively, the unity of the race, as a preliminary step to a study of the essential elements of human nature. After discussing the three theories, viz., 1st, that man is material throughout; 2nd, that he is composed of two essential elements, body and soul, and 3rd, that his nature is tripartite, composed of body, soul, and spirit. The lecturer declared himself in favor of the 2nd, that is that man is composed of two essential elements only—viz., body and soul. The third point stated and proved was the endless existence of man.

On Wednesday forenoon the lecturer was Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newton Theological Institution, and his subject,—The study and uses of Prophecy. The great importance of prophecy was set forth and its bearings on other portions of Divine truth pointed out.—The lecturer then laid down some leading principles by which to study prophecy successfully and profitably.

Rev. G. E. Day, M.D., of Yarmouth, delivered an eminently practical and useful lecture, in the afternoon, on Systematic Effort. The advantage of system in religious effort was illustrated and enforced, and many valuable suggestions given, applicable to Ministers, Churches, and the Denomination generally. The adoption of these suggestions would result in untold good.

In the evening the lecturer's place was occupied by Rev. Dr. Weston, of Crozer Theological Institution, who delivered a lecture on The Study of the New Testament. The address abounded with valuable directions for getting at the meaning of the sacred book. It sounded the Key-note of each of the gospels, and showed the leading ideas running through the various books.

On Thursday forenoon there were two lectures delivered; the first by Rev. W. S. McKenzie. His subject was, Forty years of Foreign Missionary effort by the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces of British North America. The outlines of the history of our Foreign Mission enterprise were clearly traced, showing the successes and reverse, through which it has passed, and sound inferences and instructive admonitions were drawn therefrom.

This lecture was followed by one from Rev. Dr. Hovey on The doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He considered the passages of Scripture which have been adduced in proof of Peter's supremacy, and showed that they cannot upon true principles of interpretation be made to teach it. The following facts were clearly established. That Peter never received a supremacy of jurisdiction.

That if he did receive it he never committed it to any one else.

That if he did commit it to any one, it was not to the Bishop of Rome.

On Thursday afternoon Dr. Weston called the attention of the Institute to the subject of Church Polity. After showing the pernicious influence of an unscriptural polity, he defined the New Testament idea of "the Church," and pointed out some of the great principles of true church polity.

Rev. Dr. Murdock, Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, delivered a powerful and thrilling lecture—subject—Christ in human life, and human society.

The Institute was then brought to a close by making some arrangements for an Institute in connection with the Convention next year. It is to be held after the Convention. And a resolution was passed, recommending, in addition, the establishment of an Institute in each Province, to be held at such time of the year as might be judged most suitable by the brethren.

"THE DISCOVERER DISCOVERED."

While professional geographers were meeting together, and spending their time in guessing where Dr. Livingstone might be, if indeed he were

alive, the editor of a newspaper requested a man to go and find him. He had a large field to search in, but either by instinct or reason the trail of the explorer was struck, followed up, and a "ruckle of bones,"—Dr. Livingstone—was found. Mr. Stanley is now the hero of the day, to whom the world delights to do honour. An important question is settled, and the civilized world is relieved of the sad weight of suspense, and doubt concerning the hero-traveller. He is alive! Robbed, disappointed, and disheartened, 'tis true, but still laughing at despair, and not ready to yield to the yearnings for home. Whether Dr. Livingstone ever lives to reach Scotland, and publish an account of his travels—a book for which the world will wait impatiently—or not, one great mystery has been solved, and an important geographical revelation made. The watershed of southern Africa, has been substantially explored, and the source of the Nile discovered. It arises in a well wooded fertile country, whose inhabitants are susceptible at least to friendship. This country hitherto shut out from the civilized world has now been brought to light. When this vast reach of wilderness shall have been traversed by the iron rail which is destined to thread its way among its valleys and mountain passes, the passengers will amuse themselves with pointing out the route that Stanley took, and the spot where Dr. Livingstone was found. The name of Dr. David Livingstone will be handed down to succeeding generations, as the apostle of Africa, the forerunner of civilization in a country supposed to be beyond the limits of hope.

Strong suspicion have existed that the discovery of Dr. Livingstone by the so-called Mr. Stanley of the New York Herald was a device of that famous journal for the purpose of securing an enlarged circulation. It would appear however that such is not the case. The following letter from Lord Granville to Mr. Stanley ought to be satisfactory to all parties:

August 2, 1872. Sir—I was not aware until you mentioned it, that there was any doubt as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches which were delivered to Lord Lyons on the 31st of July; but in consequence of what you have said, I have inquired into the matter, and I find that Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Wyld, the head of the Consular and Slave Trade Department, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers which have been received from Lord Lyons and which are being printed.

I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing to you my admiration of the qualities which have enabled you to achieve the object of your mission, and to attain a result which has been hailed with so much enthusiasm both in the United States and in this country.

I am, sir, your obedient, GRANVILLE. HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq.

Dr. Livingstone's son has confirmed the above, as follows: Mr. Henry M. Stanley has handed to me to-day the diary of Dr. Livingstone, my father, sealed and signed by my father, with instructions written on the outside, signed by my father, for the care of which and for all his actions concerning, and to my father, our best thanks are due. We have not the slightest reason to doubt that it is my father's journal, and I certify that these letters which he has brought home are my father's letters and no other.

S. LIVINGSTONE. Mr. Stanley gives the following very interesting account of his first meeting with Dr. Livingstone:—

I looked upon Livingstone as an Englishman, and I feared that if I showed any unusual joy at meeting with him, he might conduct himself very much like another Englishman did once, whom I met in the interior of another foreign and strange land, wherein we two were the only English-speaking people to be found within the area of two hundred miles square, and who, upon my greeting him with a cordial "Good morning," would not answer me, but screwed on a large eye-glass in a manner which must have been as painful to him as it was to me, and then deliberately viewed my horse and myself for the space of about thirty seconds, and passed on his way with as much insouciance as if he had seen me a thousand times, and there was nothing at all in the meeting to justify him coming out of that shell of imperturbability with which he had covered himself. Besides, I had heard all sorts of things from a quondam companion of his about him. He was eccentric, I was told; nay, almost a misanthrope, who hated the sight of Europeans; who, if Burton, Speke, Grant or anybody of that kind were coming to see him, would haste to put as many miles as possible between himself and such a person. He was a man also whom no one could get along with; it was almost impossible to please him; he was a man who kept no journal, whose discoveries would certainly perish with him unless he himself came back. This was the man I was shaking hands with, whom I had done my utmost to surprise, lest he should run away.

Consequently you may know why I did not dare manifest any extraordinary joy upon my success. But, really had there been no one present—none of those cynical minded Arabs, I mean—I think I should have betrayed the emotions which possessed me; instead of which I only said, "Doctor, I thank God I have been permitted to shake hands with you," which he returned with a grateful and welcome smile. Together we turned our faces towards his tent. He pointed to the veranda of his house, which was an unrailed platform, built of mud, covered by wide overhanging eaves. He pointed to his own particular seat, on a carpet of goatskins spread over a thick mat of palm leaf. I protested against taking this seat, but as he insisted, I yielded. We were seated, the doctor and I, with our backs to the wall, the Arabs to our right and left, and in front the natives forming a dark perspective beyond. Then began conversation; I forget what about; possibly about the road I took from Unyanymbe, but I am not sure. I know the doctor was talking, and I was answering mechanically. I was conning the indomitable, energetic, patient and persevering traveller, at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every line and wrinkle of his face, the wan face, the fatigued form, were all imparting the intelligence to me which so many men so much desired. It was deeply interesting intelligence and unvarnished truths these mute but certain witnesses gave. They told me of the real nature of the work in which he was engaged. Then his lips began to give me the details—lips that cannot lie. I could not repeat what he said. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that nearly six years had to be accounted for. The man's heart was gushing out, not in hurried sentences, in rapid utterances, in quick relation—but in still deep words. His quondam companion must have been a sad student of human nature or a most malicious person—a man whose judgement was distorted by an oblique glance at his own inner image, and was thus rendered incapable of knowing the great heart of Livingstone—for after several weeks' life with him in the same tent and in the same hut, I am utterly unable to perceive what angle of Livingstone's nature that gentleman took to base a judgment upon. A happier companion, a truer friend than the traveller thus slandered, I could not wish for. He was always polite—with a politeness of the genuine kind—and this politeness never forsook him for an instant, even in the midst of the most rugged scenes and greatest difficulties.

Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome, with a most unpretending binding. Within, the book might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus outside Livingstone gave no token—except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness—of what element of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retains the mobility of prime age just enough to show that there yet lives much endurance and vigor within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and mustache are very grey. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with grey over the temples, otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth above, show indications of being worn out. The hard fare of Lond and Manyema have made havoc in their ranks. His form is stoutish, a little over the ordinary in height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round vizor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally. Of the inner-man much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself, bit by bit, to the stranger, a great many favourable points present themselves, any of which taken singly, might well dispose you toward him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he would defer reading until night; for the time, he would enjoy being astonished by the European and any general world news I could communicate. He had acquired the art of being patient long ago, he said, and he had waited so long for letters that he could well afford to wait a few hours more. So we sat and talked on that humble veranda of one of the poorest houses in Ujiji. Talked quite oblivious of the large concourse of Arabs, Wanguans and Wajiji who had crowded around to see the new comer. There was much to talk about on both sides. On his side he had to tell me what had happened to him, of where he had been, and of what he had seen during the five years the world believed him to be dead. On my side I had to tell him very old, old news, of the Suez Canal and the royal extravagance of Ismail Pacha; of the termination of the Cretan insurrection; of the Spanish revolution; of the flight of Isabella; of the new King, Amadeus, and of the assassination of Prim; of the completion of the Pacific Railroad across the American continent; of the election of General Grant as President; of the French and Prussian war; of the capture of Napoleon, the flight of Eugenie and of the complete humiliation of France. Scores of eminent persons—some personal friends of his—had died. So that the news had a deep interest to him, and I had a most attentive auditor. By and by the Arabs retired, understanding

well the position, though they were also anxious to hear from me about Mirambo, but I sent my head men with them to give them such news as they wanted.

The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good natured abandon about Livingstone which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure, but what he had was mine and his. The wan features which I had thought shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the grey beard and stooping shoulders belied the man. Underneath that aged and well-spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter—the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes. "You have brought me new life," he said several times, so that I was not sure but that there was some little hysteria in this joviality and abundant animal spirits, but as I found it continued during several weeks I am now disposed to think it natural. Another thing which specially attracted my attention was his wonderful retentive memory. When we remember the thirty years and more he has spent in Africa, deprived of books, we may well think it an uncommon memory that can recite whole poems of Burns, Byron, Tennyson and Longfellow. Even the poets Whittier and Lowell were far better known to him than to me. He knew an endless number of facts and names of persons connected with America much better than I, though it was my peculiar province as a journalist to have known them. One reason, perhaps, for this fact may be that the doctor never smokes, so that his brain is never befogged, even temporarily, by the fumes of the insidious weed.

Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man—a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It governs his conduct toward his servants, toward the natives and toward the bigoted Mussulmans—even all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics. Whatever was crude or willful, religion has refined, and made him, to speak the earnest sober truth, the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters.

A letter from Dr. Livingstone to Lord Stanley, has since appeared in print, from which we make the following extracts:—

BAMBARRE, MANYEMA COUNTRY, SAY } about 150 miles West of Ujiji, } Nov. 15, 1870.

MY LORD—As soon as I recovered sufficiently to be able to march from Ujiji, I went up to Tanganyika about sixty miles, and thence struck a way north-west into the country of the Manyema or Manyema, the reputed cannibals. My object was to follow down the central line of drainage of the Great Nile Valley, which I had seen passing through the great Lake Bangweolo and changing its name from Chambezo to Luapula; then, again on passing through Lake Mooro, assuming the name Luabala, and after forming a third lake (Kanolonda) becoming itself a great river and lake, with many islands in it. I soon found myself in the large bend which this great lacustrine river makes by flowing west about one hundred and eighty miles, then sweeping round to the north. Two hours were the utmost I could accomplish in a day; but by persevering I gained strength, and in July came up to the trading party of Muhamid Bogharib, who, by native medicines and carriage, saved my life in my late severe illness in Marungu. Two days before we reached Bambarre, the residence of the most sensible of the Manyema chiefs called Moenkess, we met a band of Ujiji traders, carrying 18,000 pounds weight of ivory, bought in this new field for a mere trifle in thick copper bracelets and beads. The traders had been obliged to employ their slaves to collect the ivory, and slaves with guns in their hands are often no better than demons. We heard but one side of the story—the slave version and such as would have appeared in the newspaper if they had one—the Manyema were very bad, were very bad, were always in the wrong; wanted, in fact, to eat the slaves, and always gave them just reason to capture women and children, goats, sheep, fowls and grain. The masters did not quite approve of this, but the deed had been done, and then masters and men joined in one harmonious chorus—"The Manyema are bad, bad, bad, awfully bad, and cannibals!"

In going west of Bambarre, in order to embark on the Luabala, I went down the Luamo, a river of from one hundred to two hundred yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji, and flows across the great bend of the Luabala. When near its confluence I found myself among people who had lately been maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as one of the same tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs. If you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear