

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XII.—No. 10.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1865.

Whole No. 582.

The Intelligencer.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE GREAT AFRICAN MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER.

The noblest labor that can be lived is that of a faithful ambassador of Jesus Christ, who goes forth, amid evil report, and good report, amid scorn and derision, amid difficulties and dangers, to publish the glorious salvation of the Gospel among men. Prominently entitled to honour is the missionary, who ventures his life and all dear to him in this world, among tribes of heathen. His actions reach unto eternity; his labour belongs not so much to the second-time of the present life as to the coming generations, and the world invisible and eternal. He may be God's instrument to organize a nation of Christian men and women out of the savage multitudes whose are now the habitations of cruelty. Volunteers are easily obtained, for other services; danger does not deter, nor difficulties appal the soldier and the sailor. Why do not more of our young men and women volunteer for the foreign hope that storms the ramparts of heathenism?

Dr. Livingstone is a leader in the cause. His great desire is to open up the closed continent of Africa to Christian influences; for this he has sacrificed all but life. God has allowed him to gain great fame among men by his endeavours; but this was not the reward he looked for. He expects a nobler boon, even the smile of his Saviour, and the blessed commendation. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

There is a sketch of his early life prefixed to his book of African travels, whence those young persons who desire to make something of their lives, may learn a lesson of indomitable industry and self-reliance. Of course it is not in the power of everyone to become a Dr. Livingstone, but it is within the reach of all to make the best of circumstances, and improve themselves to the utmost, knowing that for every talent possessed or cultivated by a Christian, his God will find a use.

Dr. Livingstone was born in Scotland, of a worthy and hard-working race. He relates that one of his greatest pleasures as a boy was hearing his grandfather's never-ending stock of stories about old Scottish times. "Some of which," writes the traveller, "were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African fires." Legends seem derived from a common origin in all climates—at least the principal ones; and the early history of all nations and tribes is a history of unceasing wars.

The old man could trace back his ancestors for six generations. It is lawful to be proud of forefathers who have been good and God-fearing; but the pride of birth generally goes in quite a different direction. Who had most of this world's goods, most of this world's fame, who was most distinguished for actions which the world calls brave and great, but which are often merely magnificent murders by wholesale; these are the ancestors we like to look back upon, and recapitulate as ours. Whereas the lowly life of the pious cottager is more honourable in the sight of Heaven. Livingstone confesses that the only point of the genealogy in which he felt any pride and pleasure, was that of the poor Highlander who was renowned in his little circle for great integrity and wisdom. On his death-bed he called his children, and said, "I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood. I leave this precept with you: Be honest." This is one use of feeling oneself good of good ancestry; a man will refrain from all mean ways, if even from no better principle than pride.

And we who are the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, what a regard should we have to that royal lineage! In all the universe, there is not a descent so noble; then how noble should be our conduct! How should we abate forth his glory and honour, who is verily our Father—and his, who is verily our Elder Brother! But we scarcely believe in our own relationship; we cleave to things on earth; as if the inheritance and the home above were merely a dream.

The father of Livingstone was a pious man. "He deserved my lasting gratitude," writes his famous son, "for presenting me from infancy with a consistent example of piety like that which is so beautifully portrayed in Burn's Cottar's Saturday Night." The means of the family were small, being those derived from a small grocer's shop. "Yet by his winning ways my father made the hard-strings of his children twice round him as firmly as if he could have bestowed upon them every worldly advantage." Blessed be God, that home happiness by no means depends upon riches. The father died after his son became famous; in February 1856, peacefully hoping for mercy through the death of our Lord and Saviour. I was then on my way below Zumbo, anticipating no greater pleasure than sitting by his cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory."

He had given his sons what was of more advantage to them than money—habits of industry and piety. At ten years of age the future traveller and missionary was sent to the factory as a "piercer." Already he longed for the land which he knew could push him forward in life, and with part of his first week's wages he bought a little book called *Latin Rudiments*, and began to study it as hard as he could. Learning was not made easy to him; he had to climb every step of the uphill road, which is never royal. An evening school met from eight to ten, and here the child studied, continuing to study after he got home, "till twelve o'clock or later, if my mother did not interfere by catching the books out of my hands." Good reason she had for being anxious he should get some rest; for he had to be back in the factory at six in the morning, to labour there until eight at night. Yet before he was sixteen he had managed to study and thoroughly to know Virgil and Horace—two difficult Latin poets. Never was a better example of the proverb—"When there's a will there's a way."

My reading in the factory was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning Jenny, so that I could catch sentences of instruction as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind from surrounding noises, so as to read, or to write with

perfect comfort amid the play of children or the dancing and songs of savages. The labour of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim lad, but it was well paid, and enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, in summer. Looking back on that period of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part in my early education, and were I to begin life over again, I should like to pass through the same hardy training.

His experience is a commentary on the Bible words—"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Not pleasant during the time of the discipline, but pre-eminently useful in its results; hearing the peaceful fruits of righteousness for the most part, and looked back upon as a blessing in after years, when wisdom has come from experience.

Livingstone's religion was not hereditary; he had to make it a personal matter for himself, as have we all. He rebelled against what he deemed the parental straits and severity, and once his "difference of opinion" led to open antagonism. My father's last application of the rod was to my refusal to peruse Wilberforce's *Practical Christianity*. This dislike to religious reading continued for years; demonstrating the olden truth, that the most amiable and cleverest of men, as well as the most worldly, are alike enemy against the things of God. "What think ye of Christ? Is the test to try both your state and your scheme," says John Newton, in his *Olney Hymns*.

Dr. Dick's book on the Philosophy of Religion, was one means of removing young Livingstone's dislike to writings which treated of Christianity. He saw there that the loftiest science was only the handmaid of revealed truth. "Great pains had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour, but it was only about this time that I began to feel the necessity of a personal application of it to my own case. The change was like what it may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of colour-blindness. The fitness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to him who brought us into the world, which in some small measure has influenced my conduct ever since." Such is Dr. Livingstone's own account of the change. He adds, "In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that vast empire; and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for the enterprise."

He mentions with honest pride that he never received a farthing from any one to aid in the work of his education and preparation for his honourable and distinguished career. He is one of the finest examples of an altogether self-made man.

In 1840 he went to Africa, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, because the opinion was, then raging in China, rendered the idea of going there impossible. Three months' voyage brought him to the Cape; his final station was the Karuman, in the Bechuanaland, seven hundred miles inland. Here he was married, after four years, to Mr. Moffat's daughter, the likeliest and devoted woman who accompanied him on so many of his toilsome journeys, sharing privations and danger with her husband, until she yielded to the fever of the country during his very last expedition, and died in the distant land where she had been born.

And the great missionary has come back to England, a lonely man, to be honoured, and caressed, and feted by the nobles of Britain, having a fame, which reflects credit on his entertainers. We have no room here for even a sketch of his manifold labours on the African continent; they have been of the first importance to various branches of science, to the commerce of the world, and to Christianity. He made great discoveries in natural history, in geography, and in knowledge of nations, and varieties of human nature. He found out one of the greatest rivers in the world, the Zambesi or Licanlyne, which has upon it most wonderful falls, the "Victoria," as Dr. Livingstone called them, in honour of our good Queen. Their columns of white vapour ascend six miles away, rising for ever into the tropical air; five pillars with white bases standing out distinctly against a dark background of wooded hills, while their summits seemed to mingle with the clouds. The stream of a thousand yards wide leaps suddenly down a hundred feet, and rushes along a deep narrow channel in the basalt rocks, roaring and seething for thirty miles. Nothing visible in the fissure of the Falls but a dense white cloud, which had two great jets of vapour, exactly like steam, mounded up to a height of two or three hundred feet." Such was one of the wonders discovered by Dr. Livingstone.

Before very many kings and powerful chieftains, who never heard of the Lord Jesus Christ, he has been honoured to speak concerning that Name which is above every name. It is his heart's desire to open Africa still further for the receipt of the Truth. What a noble example he is for our young readers as he stands now—the thoroughly self-made man, the devoted Christian, the man whose life has been devoted to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men.

A MOTHER LEFT TO DIE.

The following touching story is taken from a book published by this Society, entitled *"The Gospel among the Caffres"*. It was during one of the Rev. Mr. Moffat's missionary journeys in Africa that the incident occurred:—

Mr. Moffat arose very early in the morning, for he could not sleep, and leaving the rest of the party to follow with the wagon, went forward with one man to try and find water. After passing some hills, and walking a long, weary way over the plain, they saw in the distance smoke curling upwards from among the bushes.

ened their steps, thinking thankfully of the water they should shortly drink. As they approached the bushes, they were startled to see, by the foot-prints on the sand, that lions had been there but a very short time before. Their guns were quietly lying far behind in the wagon; they felt almost afraid to venture further; but there in front was the peaceful smoke still rising, and without water they must die, so on they went.

The smoke was reached in safety. No village was near, not even a hut or a man; but crouching down on the ground, by the fire whose smoke had been seen so far off, was an old woman, a woman so old, and so very, very thin and weak, that when she saw strangers coming, she tried in vain to rise. She appeared extremely frightened, too, especially at Mr. Moffat's white face and strange dress. He spoke kindly and soothingly to her, in her own language, and said,—"My mother, fear not; we are friends; we will do you no harm."

For a while the poor creature seemed too much afraid to speak; but after he had talked to her for a time, and shown her by his behaviour that there was no cause for alarm, Mr. Moffat asked her who she was, and how she came to be in so desolate a place, alone, with no one to be kind or attentive to her.

She answered, "I am a woman; I have been here four days! My children have left me here to die."

"Your children?" exclaimed Mr. Moffat.

"Yes," she said; "my own children,—my three sons and two daughters. They have gone away to you or blue mountain, and have left me here to die."

"And pray, why did they leave you?" asked Mr. Moffat.

"Spreading out her bony hands, she answered, 'I am old, you see, and therefore, I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying the flesh; I am not able to gather wood for their fires; and I can no longer carry their children on my back as I used to do.'"

Does this sad account make you cry? It is all true; and Mr. Moffat wept as he gazed upon this deserted mother, and listened to what she told him.

He asked her again, if she was not afraid of the lions, and said he was surprised they had not devoured her, so close had he seen their foot-prints.

"She was so thin," she replied, "that there was nothing on her bones for the lions to eat, and they did not take the trouble to touch her."

Just then, the wagon, which had followed Mr. Moffat, came in sight, and the poor creature was greatly alarmed, fancying it was some dreadful animal. Mr. Moffat assured her it was not alive, and could do her no harm, and said, as he could not bear to leave her alone, he would put her in and take care of her.

Upon hearing this, she became so terrified, that Mr. Moffat was afraid she would die, and did not know what to do. It was evident they could not take her with them in the wagon; and, as Mr. Moffat and his companions were becoming delirious for want of water, it was as evident that they could not stay. They collected wood to replenish his fire, gave her some dried meat, some tobacco, a knife, and a few other things, and telling her to keep a good fire lest the lions should attempt to steal her meat, they went away, promising to come again on their return.

On the way back, Mr. Moffat remembered his promise and looked for the old woman. She was nowhere to be seen; and months afterwards, he heard from a man who visited the missionary station, that the woman's sons had noticed the wagon near the spot, and had gone to see what the people in the wagon had done to their mother. Finding that the strangers had given her food, and hearing from her of the white man that was one of them, they fancied Mr. Moffat must be a great chief, who would come and punish them for treating their mother so cruelly. Therefore they carried her home again, and took care of her for the rest of her life.

Is not this a shocking story? How differently you treat your mother! Your willing little feet run to fetch whatever she wants,—her work-basket, or footstool, or book; your loving arms often encircle her neck, while your soft lips kiss hers, and you whisper your thanks and love for all her care. And, by and by, your mother will be growing old. Oh, how you will love her then! Her seat will be the warmest and most comfortable, in the pleasantest corner of the room; and all your business will be to make her happy, just as she made you happy and cared for you when you were a child. Will it not be so?

The knowledge of God's Holy Word has made this great difference between us and the heathen. Hence, as you know, it is written, "Honor thy father and thy mother." "Dispute not thy mother when she is old."

THE BOOK OF BOOKS!

"This Book of Books I'd rather own,
Than all the gold or gems
That e'er a monarch's coffers shone—
Than all their diamonds;
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all."
Yes, yes, this blessed book is worth
All seas to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth
Compared to joys of heaven?
This is the gem our Father gave
To guide us to heaven through Jesus' blood."
—Author of *Home Thoughts*.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD."

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Prov. xxi. 6).

Such are the words of God. Do we believe them? The very simplicity of the Bible is to my mind a great stumbling-block. If there were more of argument and less assertion, more doubt and less certainty, it would better suit the tastes of such. But we are to take the Bible as it is. Whatever it asserts as truth, that we are to receive. Its promises and its threatenings are to be believed.

In this spirit we are to take the words we have quoted. No matter about the apparent exception to the rule. With them we have nothing to do. Ten thousand cases may be cited which seem to conflict with the promise, but they are not to disturb or weaken our faith. Either God has made a promise which he is unable or unwilling to fulfil, or else every case is capable of a satisfactory explanation. Let God be true, should be the spirit and language of every Christian.

How plain the direction, how positive the promise! Let us consider each. To train up a child implies that unceasing care and attention be bestowed. It admits of no indifference or neglect; it is a conscious work. But the child is to be

trained up in the way he should go. How much of love, wisdom, and firmness are required to do this! Many parents love their children dearly, but they are neither wise nor firm in their management of them. Their care is sleepless, but there is no discretion. Precisely here is the point of failure in so many cases. Children are not trained up in the way they should go. Not at all. They are allowed to have their own way. To cross the wishes, to resist the desires, and to enforce obedience, are unpleasant duties for any parent to perform. They shrink from the responsibility. And yet the duty is an unmistakable one. But these very persons wonder why their children do not turn out better. Let it be impressed on our minds that the promise is based upon the command. If the command be neglected, the promise cannot be claimed. But when the command is complied with, the promise can be claimed as absolute and final. The child that is properly trained will not forget or depart from that training in after life.

What an encouragement is this to fidelity on the part of parents! If they are faithful to their children, they have the promise of God that those children shall be the comfort of their age and blessings to the world.

Christ died to redeem our children. The Holy Spirit has come into the world to convert, sanctify, and save them. All things were provided which infinite wisdom and love could devise. It remains for parents to see that their children are so trained as to receive these blessings.

THE ROYAL STANDARD.

"That He would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.

A great thing, Lord, I ask—a very great thing, like to the standard after which I ask it; it is that Thou wouldst grant me—not according to my deservings, Lord, for these are vile ones, nor ought that in myself I ever felt or thought, or in thy saints have seen, or from my teachers learnt.

For even yet as "God is rich in mercy," Nor that I have, but as He's rich in glory; That is the standard now; by that I beg, What more can I—what more can creature crave? For what of all these excellences most various, Wisdom, love, truth, or power, is not found here? The very wealth of thy whole glorious being, Thou the all-glorious One. Such is the standard, And as the standard, so is my request: Most high and various, yet is its burden one: Even that my Lord and Saviour in my heart May make abode, and never more go out. That He is in me, Lord, I am not doubting, And many a year has been, and I in Him; But in my heart, that He may there abide: That is the pining, inside my inmost heart, As bridegroom in his bride's or child in mother's, And each and all affections that in me Are strongest, tenderest, may about Him twine, That I may know, and feel, and never have to doubt.

He that in God's bosom dwells in my heart dwells—God's Christ, my Jesus, in my heart of hearts; There dwells He now; no more so far away. To seek, and find, and fetch, as once so often; But in me staying, his own loved and loving Self; So that in my heart's affections, with great gladness, Like eager, duteous maids, may wait upon Him; And thus, whichever way I look within myself, There I may see Jesus, Jesus, always Jesus; And He may fire me, melt me, and constrain, So that his love shall be my joy, my power, my life; And as that house was filled with odour of the ointment, E'en so may my whole soul of Jesus savour, And I that love may know which passeth knowledge.

And knowing it, may show how much we owe another love—

First, Jesus me (even as the Father Him) Seeking that his own joy may be my joy, And that the glory given to Him may be mine too, Even as the curse, my due, went all to Him, When loving me, his Self He for me gave. Then, showing thus how much by Him I'm loved, I could be both greatly love and show that too; For both are justly his, even to the end Of my capacity of mind, and heart, and will. But oh! a far-off Christ I cannot bear— A Christ believed in that has saved my soul, Died for my sin, and now to heaven has gone, Sent down his Spirit, and me his member made; This, and this only know, I cannot bear; For so unfit it seems that He should be so much, And yet no more—my All, and yet not, "ALL IS ALL."

Unfit that I should have so many Christless thoughts, So many feelings kindled at other fires, By other fuel than Christ's own love. I cannot bear it, Lord, Oh! take this heart—This heart, so empty, wintry, and oppressed. See, it stands open. Enter it who may, Yet Thou alone art welcome. Jesus, come And take possession, for it is thine own; It waits, it pants, it breaks for only Thee. Come, then, and dwell herein, as well Thou canst. I say no more. Thou understandest it all. Now grant it, O my God, according to that standard—

THE CROOKED-STICK FAMILY.

I have been told—though I cannot vouch for all the story—that a man was crossing a spur of the Green Mountains, in Vermont, when he heard a great thrashing and noise over the fence among the bushes. He dismounted from his horse, and carefully and cautiously looked over the fence, not knowing whether he would see a bear or some other animal, when he found that all the noise came from a stick that was so crooked it could not lie still! "He rode off as far as he could, lest in some of its whirls it should strike him!"

Now, there are many people who are just like this crooked stick; they can't be easy anywhere. Like the polywogs in the margin of a pond, they must keep wriggling. It is a sort of mental nervousness that makes them want to turn and change.

How many children I have known who begin life in this way. They go a while to the Sabbath school. But they soon find something out of the way with the superintendent, or with their teachers, or the school-room, or their classmates. And then they must change, stay at home a while, and then you may find them in some other school.

Every change increases the disease and the restlessness, till you give up all hope of their ever becoming stationary. They belong to "the crooked-stick" family.

You will find grown-up people, too, who belong to the same family. They roam from church to church, and perhaps from denomination to denomination. They can't find the right spot. There is hardly a church near or far-off which they have not tried, and not one that suits them. The church where they are today places no reliance on them, for they very likely will be off to-morrow. They gain no foothold, and can do no good. They receive no good from the preacher, for I hold that no man can receive much good from any preacher, unless he has heard him at least six months, and become acquainted with the "hang" of his mind. The boy who said he could not "spell so well in the new school-house, till he got the hang of the house," was not so very far out of the way. A minister can't rely upon the good or bad opinion of a hearer, unless he has preached to him at least six months.

Then there are Sabbath school teachers who wander from school to school, and can find no easy spot. They find stupid scholars and careless, mischievous children everywhere. In one place they are not appreciated, and have a class given that is too young, and in another they cannot keep their class together. In one school they are not taken notice of, and in another they find things "not according to their minds."

I am sorry to say that I fear there are some ministers who belong to this "crooked stick" family. They are always rolling round; they hope to find the next field easier, the difficulties fewer, the trials lighter, and the aids greater. But everywhere work is work, and indolence is stubborn, the heart is selfish, and indolence and parsimony are hard to be overcome. The burden on the shoulder is very heavy, and it seems as if it must be lighter or shifted to the other shoulder. But shifting don't make it light.

O, uneasy one! get away from this family of "crooked sticks." Go to work where you are today, and do the best you can. Make the best of everything and of everybody. You can receive good and do good in every position. If you are not in the right niche, work on faithfully and you will soon find your place. I once knew a gentleman who moved into a strange city, and on inquiring for a class in a Sabbath school, had the very lowest class of little boys given him. He quietly took it and went faithfully to work. By degrees he came to be appreciated, and in two years he was superintendent of that large school. There is always enough to do. No garden is so full that no more seed can be put in, and none so well cared for that no more weeds are to be found in it. If things are not pleasant to us, they bring a discipline that is valuable to us. The north star is more valuable to the world than any other, because the little fellow is always in his place, and if he stumbles by his light he cannot go wrong. I am grieved to say that this "crooked-stick" family is very numerous, but am in hope that when they come to know just how they appear to others, they will learn to straighten out and lie still.—John Todd, D. D.

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH—DRESS OF OUR EXTREMITIES.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat, and the liver perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in a great mass, like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp cold earth. For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six. Woman puts on four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnish several more—then over all, thick padded furs; while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headaches, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday, one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down to them, where can it go? It can't go visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course, the chest and head must have excessive quantity. So they go 'bumpety-bump,' and so they must go, until you dress your feet and legs in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year, I have known a man for a bit of a time before the lye-oven—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the cold weather, men may wear in addition to their usual drawers a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give us warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat."

My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm woolen drawers, two pairs of warm woolen stockings, and thick warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath."

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India rubber cemented upon the boot-sole will do much to keep the bottom of our feet dry and warm.—Independent.

THE PARSIVEL TASK.—"Whoever drinketh of the water I shall give him shall never thirst." Christians are often painfully struck by the contrast between this description and their own experience. So far as Christians can judge, they have come to Jesus and tasted of the living fountain, yet their souls are often hungry and they consume their life and endanger the life to come. Mark the words of promise, and see the explanation of your case, drinking Christian! The soul as well as the body must take daily bread, and it will hunger and pine.