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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

Let me go.

Let me go, my soul is weary
Of the chains that bind it here;
Let my spirit bend its pinions
To a brighter, holier sphere.
Earth, 'tis true, hath friends who bless me
With their fond and faithful love,
But the hands of angels beckon
Onward to the realms above.

Let me go, for earth hath sorrow,
Sin, and pain, and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary,
All its hopes are fraught with tears;
Short lived are its brightest flowers,
Soon its cherished joys decay.
Let me go, I fain would leave it
For the realms of endless day.

Let me go, my heart hath tasted
Of my Saviour's wondrous grace;
Let me go, where I shall ever
See and know Him face to face;
Let me go, the trees of heaven
Rise before me waving bright,
And the distant crystal waters
Flash upon my raptured sight.

Let me go, for songs seraphic
Now seem calling from the sky;
'Tis the welcome of the angels
Which e'en now are hovering nigh;
Let me go, they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest,
Where the spirit worn and weary
Finds at last its long-sought rest.

Religious.

John Keble: Author of "The Christian Year."

BY PETER BAYNE.

When the first clear sunbeams were struggling through the clouds of a long, cold English spring, when the primrose was peeping out here and there timidly from under the hedge-grow, and the daisy was putting on its white frill, so delicately tipped, now with crimson, now with purple, for the festival of the year, and the tawny wreaths of sea-fowl, which had tossed and rolled over stranded wreck and drowned seaman through the months of winter, like the manes of fierce animals rejoicing over their prey, were beginning to beam and brighten in the summer light, and the nightingales, and thrushes, and blackbirds, and flocks of English woodland were making the groves vocal at early morning, John Keble passed away. The sweetest Christian singer of the last half century, has joined the company above. Do any of our readers ask who John Keble was? There cannot be many who will put the question, for though John Keble belonged as a citizen to England and as an ecclesiastic to the Anglican church, as a poet he was the brother of mankind, the minstrel of the whole Christian world. To the few, however, who may put the question, we shall say that John Keble was the son of a clergyman of the church of England, and was born in 1702; that he was educated, before proceeding to the university, by his father; that at an unusually early age he proceeded to Oxford, attained at once a reputation for ability, won the highest honors as a graduate while still a mere boy, exhibited a profound religiousness of disposition combined with a deep, and pure, and copious vein of poetry, and allied himself with that party among the rising youth of the great Anglican university who loved to indulge in dreams of semi-mystical affection for their mother, the church, and who, amid the doubts and difficulties of the modern time, were not only firm, but enthusiastic in their faith. We shall add that in the whole range of natural phenomena, in the whole cycle of human feeling, there was nothing beautiful with which he did not in his heart of hearts sympathize, and on which he did not cast some new and witching tint of Christian and poetic light.

The divisions of the Christian year, as followed in the Anglican prayer book, were but the suggestive occasions of the poems which compose Keble's great work. They enabled him to proceed along the several stages of the Gospel history, to trace the birth, life and

death of the Saviour, the annunciation, the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, the visit of the wise men from the East, the calling of the apostles, the miracles, the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the agony in the garden, the trial, the death upon the cross, the resurrection, the ascension. Naturally around these, also, he could group all the emotions, associations, experiences of the Christian life; and in hymns on morning and evening, on the communion, on matrimony, and so forth, he added whatever note in his comprehensive melody was not embraced within the round of the Christian year. Hence it comes that, though the poem is formally Anglican, and though a few of its themes and one or two of its ideas are too distinctively those of the Church of England, it expresses the faith and echoes the feeling of all who know and love the Lord. Probably there is no illustration in literature so impressive as that afforded by this poem, of the greater relative magnitude and importance of those things which unite than of those which divide Christians.

Keble, as has been said, sympathized with the medæval party in the Church of England. John Henry Newman, now eminent among Romanists, was one of his warmest friends and admirers. During his whole life he was what in England is called a Puseyite and Tractarian. In Hursley, the parish in which he labored as a minister, dissent is said to have wholly disappeared. Yet how few of the pieces in the Christian Year bear any trace of this sectarianism! How seldom does the Anglican enthusiast show himself! How genuine and how pure is the affection which, in spite of this traditionalism, he pours into the bosom of Christ! How catholic is the holy rapture of contemplation in viewing the works of God which he voices! We may behold an English parish church, with its ancient yew trees and its quiet graves, with its two or three figures, in white marble resting with folded hands on their tombs near the communion table, while the light falls mellow on their faces through the stained and tracery windows. We may hear the tone of the organ and the chanting of the prayer book, and feel that both are Anglican; but, as we listen, deeper strains reach us, and the melody gradually fills ear and heart, and we recognize that eternal music which expresses the inner sympathy, alike in all times, nations, churches, of the Christian family. The hues of the bright, reviving dawn, the sacred stillness of twilight, with its waning earth and opening heaven, are called to hymn the glory of God; accents of praise and prayer are fitted to children's tongues; the bride and the bridegroom are taught to attune the joyfulness of their hearts to gratitude and adoration; the imagery of creation, its suns, its rainbows, its floral crowns are shown adorning the person or illustrating the character and work of the Saviour; the tender mercies of the Heavenly Father, filling every grass-blade with its own drop of dew, are celebrated. In a melody like this all can join, all have joined. There is no part of the Christian church where Keble's sacred lyrics have not been read, and pondered, and loved. The pale student, his brain aching with the agonized strain of intellect, has found in them soothing and alleviation; the pastor, vexed with the oppositions and contradictions of the ungodly, has turned to them for a sweet invocation, to bring down angels of comfort to shed balm upon his troubled spirit; the missionary, far away from the delights of Christian fellowship, standing on the edge of the battle between light and darkness, weak, weary, yet trusting in his Lord, has felt his bosom uplifted in response to their sacred ardor and faithless hope. Apart from the spirituality of their Christian sentiment, the pieces which make up the Christian Year are remarkable for the delicacy, the refinement, the more than Grecian polish and elegance which they everywhere display. Religious poetry in modern times, though it has been characterized by great power, by wonderful variety, by deep sincerity, has sometimes afforded a refined taste by a certain tenderness, an approach to vulgarity. Delicacy, carried sometimes almost to excess, is the characteristic of the poetry of Keble.

And as is the poetry, so was the man. From his boyish college days there was something about him which inspired a feeling akin to

reverence,—a purity, a saintliness of thought, feeling, speech, behaviour. Men loved him with the thoughtful devotion with which a man loves his friend, and with the tenderness and enthusiasm which are commonly bestowed upon one beloved object of the other sex. Had he been ambitious he might, perhaps, have risen high in the church, but he had stilled all ambition in transcendent love to the Saviour. At Hursley he devoted the proceeds of the Christian Year, which in England alone has run through nearly ninety editions, to building a new parish church. Dr. Pusey was to have preached his funeral service; but the love he bore the man was too great; he was overpowered, and unable to conduct the services bearing stronger testimony to his friend by such silence than he could have done by the most eloquent speech.

Warnings to Ministers and others.

BY W. W. HALL, M. D.

One of the ablest men of his time, a loved son of England, gentle as a woman in his manners, but in mind as to culture, and power, and vigor in argument, a very Samson, after preaching in a country church on a cold winter's night, was invited to a neighbor's house until the morning. He retired early, and as usual, was put in the best room, to occupy a post faultlessly clean, soft, white bed. From long disuse it had become damp. He felt its coldness keenly, but not wishing to give trouble, and in the hope of soon becoming warm, he fell asleep, but awoke in the night with a terrible chill and cramp, of which he died in a few hours.

The immediate cause of the death of Lord Bacon, whose renown is world-wide, was the cold and dampness of a spare room; the best room in the house of a friend with whom he stopped for a night on his way to London.

Let parishioners who may chance to read these lines, and who wish to honor a clergyman who may be enjoying their hospitality, with the best things they can offer for his convenience and comfort, have a care to freshly air and warm the bedchambers of the spare chamber for two or three hours before they are used for the night, especially if the bed has not been occupied for a week or two. If during the evening he has been preaching, give him facilities for being thoroughly warmed before he is sent to his chilly "spare chamber." The clergy of the Christian church are the salt of the earth in a most important sense, for they are the ambassadors of God; hence our interest and duty demand that for their office's sake it for no other, care and consideration should be shown them. No one will be sorry at the judgment for bestowing such attention. The reward will be the same as if it had been done for the Master in His own person, for His words are, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

To mothers in Israel another word of caution, may be given. Some of the clergy are killed by piecemeal; others in a night, by mistaken kindness. Ye meant it unto good, but the sure result follows for all that, and inevitably. If the minister dines with you and has to preach within a few hours, it is safer and better to provide a very plain meal, so as not to tempt the appetite; otherwise an inefficient or sleepy discourse is almost an inevitable result. A very hearty supper after a long fast or exhausting religious services, endangers life itself. A very able minister of the Lutheran church, and a loved editor of a religious newspaper, was on his way to attend one of the church councils. He left home early in the morning and travelled until noon, but circumstances were such as to make it inconvenient for him to take dinner, and before he could reach the intended stopping place it was late in the evening. He was cold, and hungry, and very much exhausted. The family knew all the circumstances, and in their sympathy for him prepared a "splendid supper." He soon felt recuperated, an hour passed pleasantly in conversation, and in due time all retired for the night. The minister did not appear at the breakfast table. On going to his chamber he was found insensible, and in a few hours died of apoplexy. And this was the result of a hearty meal. He had a weak constitution. An empty stomach was

overloaded and in that condition he went to sleep, and death was the consequence.

The first meal after a severer effort of either mind or body, especially if the effort has been protracted, should be a very simple one, such as light bread, butter, and a cup of hot drink; then in four or five hours a hearty meal may be safely taken, and is necessary.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letters on Revision.

LETTER VIII.—SCRIPTURE COINS.

In Old Testament times, gold and silver were usually weighed; and, among the Jews, the weight was commonly estimated in shekels. In the New Testament, several denominations of money are mentioned. The early translators of the Bible into English, and the revisers who followed them, including King James's, seem to have had no plan matured for representing the Greek coin-words of the New Testament. In some passages they employ a general term of no specific value; and in others a specific term, without a proper regard to either its absolute or its relative value.

Thus, in Matt. 5: 26, *kodrantēs*, a Roman brass coin, is well rendered "farthing;"—"all thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." In ch. 10: 29, *assarion*, a Roman brass coin four times the value of the *kodrantēs*, is also rendered "farthing;"—"two sparrows sold for a farthing?" In 18: 28; 20: 2, 9, 13, and 22: 19, *denarion*, a Roman silver coin worth ten times the *assarion*, is translated "penny." One "farthing" is thus made equal to four "farthings;" and one "penny," equal to ten, or even forty "farthings!" (See Robinson's N. T. Lexicon, Greenfield's ditto.) In 20: 2, "a penny" is also represented as the full wages for a day's work. This applying of inappropriate names to the coins of Scripture, is adapted to produce confused and erroneous ideas.

In Matt. 17: 24, the *didrachmōn*, a Greek silver coin, twice the value of the *denarion*, is translated by the general terms "tribute-money," and "tribute;" and in ver. 27, the *stater*, a Greek silver coin, equal to a Jewish shekel and twice the value of a *didrachmōn*, is translated "a piece of money."

By using the English words *farthing* and *penny*, in their true relation to each other, and Jewish *shekel* and *half shekel*, already adopted and Anglicized in the Old Testament, and then adopting the Latin *denarius*, Greek *denarion*, for which we have no just representative, and giving it an English termination, *denary*, plural *denaries*; we shall have a full and correct set of terms for the New Testament coins, that will exhibit their relative values with exactness, and very nearly their present commercial values.

This desirable object has been secured in the Revised Testament, and it gives definiteness and beauty to all the passages in which those terms occur. And we can now understand it as a settled truth, that in the language of the New Testament as revised, two mites make a farthing (Mark 12: 42), four farthings one penny, ten pence one denary, four denaries one shekel, and two denaries a half-shekel. As the value of the shekel was about sixty cents, the half-shekel was worth thirty cents, the denary fifteen cents, the penny one cent and a half, the farthing about four mills, and the mite two mills.

Also, in the marginal note on the laborers being "agreed with for a denary a day," (Matt. 20: 2,) we are informed that this was "about one-third more than the daily pay of a Roman soldier." From this fact, we learn, that a denary was the usual, full price for a day's work. We also learn, that the good Samaritan freely bestowed what it would take a laboring man two days to earn, when he took out two denaries and gave to the innkeeper, to be expended by him in taking care of the wounded man. (Luke 10: 35.)

A few reflections on the Lord's Supper.

This do in remembrance of me. The practice of parting friends, of giving to each other a small present as a keepsake