

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Would'st thou go home?

Would'st thou go home, to the celestial mansion,  
Whose domes are shining by the crystal sea,  
Spreading in wondrous calm and vast expansion,  
While 'midst earth's shadows there is work for thee?

Would'st thou go home while harvest fields are waving  
And the tired reaper bands are sorely prest?  
Wilt thou not stay, some golden treasures saving?  
Or would'st thou hasten to the world of rest?

A crowd of waifs are out on life's wide river;  
Their flying barks are crowding on all sail;  
Some, in the fearful rapids whirl and quiver,  
And wine-flushed cheeks with sudden fear turn pale.

Wilt thou go home? or keep a beacon burning,  
To shine far over that tempestuous tide;  
Which, clearless seamen from afar discerning,  
May keep in view, and every storm outside.

Would'st thou go home? while thousand wrecks are stranding,  
And wind swept billows dash o'er thousands more,  
When help of thine, may yet effect a landing,  
For even one upon the cloudless shore?

Would'st thou go home? or let thy soul-lamp's shimmer,  
Guide some lost footsteps while I bid thee stay?  
Would'st thou go home? or let thy star-light glimmer,  
Illumine some midnight wand'rer's homeward way?

Would'st thou go home? ere yet from heaven descending,  
Bright angels bear a host of blessings down?  
Without some saved ones on thy steps attending?  
Would'st thou go home to wear a starless crown?

Would'st thou go home where all the ransomed centre,  
With none to open wide the gates for thee  
With welcomes sweet; when thou dost safely enter?  
With none to cry,—"He worked and prayed for me."

Would'st thou go home, no glorious trophies bearing  
To tell their tale of hard-fought battles won?  
Would'st thou go home, no shining badges wearing,  
With thy great Master's seal engraved,—"Well done?"

Say wilt thou go to that great world God-lighted,  
When sorrows press that weary heart of thine,  
When all thy earthly hopes are "soured and blighted,"  
Or wait with patient hope, thy Teacher's time.

Onslow.

## Religious.

### The Memorable Hymn.

A SACRAMENTAL DISCOURSE.

By C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.—Matthew xxvi. 30."

The occasion on which these words were spoken, was the last meal of which Jesus partook in company with his disciples before he went from them to his shameful trial and ignominious death. It was his farewell supper before a bitter parting, and yet they needs must sing. He was on the brink of that great depth of misery into which he was about to plunge, and yet he would have them sing "an hymn." It is wonderful that He sang, and in a second degree it is remarkable that they sang. We will consider both singular facts.

Let us dwell a while on THE FACT THAT JESUS SANG AT SUCH A TIME AS THIS. What does he teach us by it? Does he not say to each of us, his followers, "My religion is one of happiness and joy: I, your Master, by my example would instruct you to sing even when the last solemn hour is come, and all the glooms of death are gathering around you.—Here, at the table, I am your singing-master, and set you lessons in music, in which my dying voice shall lead you: notwithstanding all the griefs which overwhelm my heart, I will play the chief musician, and be to you the sweet singer of Israel?" If ever there was a time when it would have been natural and consistent with the solemnities of the occasion for the Saviour to have bowed his head upon

the table, bursting into a flood of tears; or, if ever there was a season when he might have fittingly retired from all company, and have bewailed his coming conflict in sighs and groans, it was just then. But no; that brave heart will sing "an hymn!" Our glorious Jesus plays the man before all other men!—Boldest of the sons of men, he quails not in the hour of battle, but tunes his voice to loftiest psalmody. The genius of that Christianity of which Jesus is the head and founder, its object, spirit, and design, are happiness and joy; and they who receive it sing in the very jaws of death.

This remark, however, is quite a secondary one to the next: our Lord's complete fulfilment of the law is even more worthy of our attention. It was customary when the passover was held, to sing, and this is the main reason why the Saviour did so. During the passover, it was usual to sing the hundred and thirteenth, and five following psalms, which were called the "Hallel." They commence, you will observe, in our version, with "Praise ye the Lord!" or "Hallelujah!" The hundred and thirteenth, and the three following, were usually sung as the closing song of the passover. Now, our Saviour would not diminish the splendour of the great Jewish rite, although it was the last time that he would celebrate it. No; there shall be the holy beauty and delight of psalmody; none of it shall be stunted; the "Hallel" shall be full and complete. We may safely believe that the Saviour sang through, or probably chanted, the whole of these six psalms; and my heart tells me that there was no one at the table who sang more devoutly or more cheerfully than did our blessed Lord. There are some parts of the hundred and thirteenth psalm, especially, which strike us as having sounded singularly grand, as they flowed from his blessed lips. Note verses 22, 23, 24. Especially observe those words, near the end of the psalm and think you hear the Lord himself singing them, "God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords even unto the horns of the altar. Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, and I will exalt thee. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: and his mercy endureth forever." Because, then, it was the settled custom of Israel to recite these psalms our Lord Jesus Christ did the same; for he would leave nothing unfinished. Just as when he went down into the waters of baptism, he said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness;" so he seemed to say when sitting at the table, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness; therefore let us sing unto the Lord as God's people in past ages have done." Beloved, let us view with holy wonder the strictness of the Saviour's obedience to his Father's will, and let us endeavour to follow in his steps, in all things seeking to be obedient to the Lord's word in the little as well as in the great.

May we not venture to suggest another and deeper reason? Did not this singing of "an hymn" at the supper, show the holy absorption of the Saviour's soul in his Father's will?—If, beloved, you knew that at—say ten o'clock to-night—you would be led away to be mocked and despised, and scourged, and that tomorrow's sun would see you falsely accused, hanging, a convicted criminal, to die upon a cross do you think that you could sing to-night, after your last meal? I am sure you could not unless with more than earthborn courage and resignation your soul could say, "Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." You would sing if your spirit were like the Saviour's spirit; if, like him, you could exclaim, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" but if there should remain in you any selfishness, any desire to be spared the bitterness of death, you would not be able to chant the "Hallel!" with the Master. Blessed Jesus, how wholly wert thou given up! how perfectly consecrated! so that whereas other men sing when they are marching to their joys, thou didst sing on the way to death; whereas other men lift up their cheerful voices when honour awaits them, thou hadst a brave and holy sonnet on thy lips when shame, and spitting, and death were to be thy portion.

This singing of the Saviour also teaches us the whole-heartedness of the Master in the work which he was about to do. The patriot warrior sings as he hastens to battle; so the strains of martial music he advances to meet

the foeman; and even thus the heart of our all-glorious champion supplies him with song even in the dreadful hour of his solitary agony. He views the battle, but he dreads it not; though in the contest his soul will be "exceeding sorrowful even unto death," yet before it he is like Job's war-horse. "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off." He has "a baptism to be baptized with, and he is straitened until it be accomplished." The Master does not go forth to the agony in the garden with a cowed and trembling spirit, all bowed and crushed in the dust; but he advances to the conflict like a man who has his full strength about him—taken out to be a victim (if I may use such a figure) not as a worn-out ox that has long borne the yoke, but as the firstling of the bullock, in the fullness of his strength. He goes forth to the slaughter, with his glorious undaunted spirit fast and firm within him, glad to suffer for his people's sake, and for his Father's glory.

"For as at first thine all-pervading lock  
Saw from thy Father's bosom to the abyss,  
Measuring in calm presage  
The infinite descent:  
So to the end though now of mortal pangs  
Made heir, and emptied of thy glory while,  
With unaverted eye  
Thou meetest all the storm."

Let us, O fellow heirs of salvation, learn to sing when our suffering time comes, when our season for stern labour approaches; ay, let us pour forth a canticle of deep mysterious melody of bliss, when our dying hour is near at hand. Courage, brother! The waters are chilly, but fear will not by any means diminish the terrors of the river. Courage brother! Death is solemn work; but playing the coward will not make it less so. Bring hither the harp! let thy lips remember the long-loved music, and let the notes be clear and shrill as thou dippest thy feet in the Jordan. "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Dear friends, let the remembrance of the melodies of that upper room go with you to-morrow into business; and if you expect a great trial, and are afraid you will not be able to sing after it, then sing before it comes. Get your holy praise-work done before affliction mars the tune. Fill the air with music while you can. While yet there is bread upon the table, sing, though famine may threaten; while yet the child runs laughing about the house, while yet the fish is in your own cheek, while yet your goods are spared, while yet your heart is whole and sound, lift up your songs of praise to the Most High God; and let your Master, the singing Saviour, be in this your goodly and comfortable example.

There is much more that might be said concerning our Lord's sweet swainsong, but there is no need to crowd one thought out with another; your leisure will be well spent in meditation upon so fruitful a theme.

We will now consider THE SINGING OF THE DISCIPLES. They joined in the "Hallel"—like true Jews, they joined in the national song.—Israel had good cause to sing at the passover for God had wrought for his people what he had done for no other nation on the face of the earth. Every Hebrew must have felt his soul elevated and rejoiced on the paschal night. He "was a citizen of no mean city," and the pedigree which he could look back upon was one composed with which kings and princes were but of yesterday. Remembering the fact commemorated by the Supper, well might Israel rejoice. They sang of their nation in bondage, trodden beneath the tyrannical foot of Pharaoh; they began the psalm right sorrowfully, as they thought of the bricks made without straw, and of the iron furnace; but the strain soon mounted from the deep base, and began to climb the scale, as they sang of Moses the servant of God, and of the Lord appearing to him in the burning bush; they remembered the mystic rod, which became a serpent, and which swallowed up the rods of the magicians; their music told of the plagues which God had wrought upon Zoan; and of that dread night when the firstborn of Egypt fell before the avenging sword of the angel of death, while they themselves, feeding on the lamb which had been slain for them, and whose blood was sprinkled upon the lintel and upon the side-posts of the door, had been graciously preserved. Then the song went up concern-

ing the hour in which all Egypt was humbled at the feet of Jehovah, whilst as for his people "He led them forth like sheep," by the hands of Moses and Aaron, and they went by the way of the sea, even of the Red Sea. The strain rose higher still as they tuned the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb. Jubilantly they sang of the Red Sea, and of the enrioters of Pharaoh which went down into the midst thereof, and the depths covered them till there was not one of them left. It was a glorious chant indeed when they sang of Rahab cut in pieces, and of the dragon wounded at the sea, by the right hand of the Most High, for the deliverance of the chosen people!

But, beloved, if I have said that Israel could so properly sing, what shall I say of those of us who are the Lord's spiritually redeemed? We have been emancipated from a slavery worse than that of Egypt: "With a high hand and with an outstretched arm," hath God delivered us. The blood of Jesus Christ the Lamb of God's passover, has been sprinkled on our hearts and consciences. By faith we keep the passover, for we have been spared; we have been brought out of Egypt—and though our sins did once oppress us, they have all been drowned in the Red Sea of the atoning blood of Jesus: "the depths have covered them there is not one of them left." If the Jew could sing a "great Hallel," our "Hallel" ought to be more glowing still; and if every house in "Judea's happy land" was full of music when the people ate the paschal feast, much more reason have we for filling every heart with sacred harmony to-night, while we feast upon Jesus Christ, who was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood.

Conclusion next week.

### Blessed and Happy.

Six Greek words in the New Testament are translated, *Blessed*, *Happy*.

EULOGEO, EULOGESOMAI, EULOGEMENOS, EULOGEMENOS, EULOGEMENOS.

EULOGESOMAI (also a verb) has *eu*, added, and is passive, signifying, *To be blessed in*. EULOGEMENOS is a passive participle of EULOGEO, and signifies *blessed*.

EULOGEMENOS is a participial adjective, also signifying *blessed*, and is confined in the New Testament exclusively to God and Christ.

The other two words have altogether a different origin, being derived from *Makar*, happy, blissful; as "The blissful gods."

MAKARIOS is simply an adjective, having none of the peculiarities of a verb, a participle, or a participial adjective. Its proper signification is *happy*, and it is ordinarily so translated. Its equivalent in Latin is *felix*.

In the common English version it is translated *happy* in such passages as these: John xiii. 17. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them."

Acts xvi. 2. "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee."

Romans 14. 22. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

1 Cor. vii. 40. "But she is happier if she so abide."

1 Peter iii. 14. "But, and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye."

1 Peter iv. 14. "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye."

In every instance in which MAKARIOS is used in the New Testament it is equally proper and grammatical to translate it *happy*.

MAKARIZO is a verb formed from MAKARIOS. It signifies: *To call, or count, happy*. It is so translated in the common version.

James v. 11. "Behold, we count them happy which endure."

It is found in the New Testament only in one other case, where it should be similarly translated, as it is in the Revised Testament: Luke i. 48. "Behold henceforth all generations will call me happy."

To *Bless*, is to solemnly pronounce good, or a wish for good, concerning any person or thing. This has no equivalent in MAKARIOS,