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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger
The Crucifixion.

The following hymn was a great favorite among the Christians in Cornwallis about fifty years ago. I have not seen nor heard it, for a long time, nor the touching air to which it was sung. I do not know who was its author. With the aid of some other persons, who remember the tune, and snatches of the hymn, and by filling in a few of the lacuna, I have succeeded in writing it so that it may be recognized, and as the poetry is quite respectable, and the sentiments truly evangelical, it is certainly worthy of being resuscitated.

The Son of Man they did betray:
He was condemned and led away;
Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
At length the Lamb of God they hung,
Upon the shameful tree.

'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nailed to the wood,
From every wound the crimson flood
Deep stains the accursed tree;
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock,
In heartless cruelty.

There hung between the earth and skies,
Behold, in agonies he dies;
Oh sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Come see his torturing pain:
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blushed and refused to view the sight,
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourned and stood aghast,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

Hark, men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help, but Oh, there's none!
*He bears the wrath of God alone,
The just avenging rod!
Oh hear his agonizing cry!
'Elo! lama Sabachthani!
Death soon will close his languid eye,
But he will mount above the sky,
The conquering Son of God.

The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts of steel around him stand,
And mocking cry: 'Come save the land'
'Come, try thyself to free!
A soldier pierced him when he died;
Thence healing streams flowed from his side.

'Twas thus my Lord was crucified;
Stern justice now is satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me.

'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid!
The great atonement now is made;
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he shed his blood.
For you his tender heart did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you, the length and breadth might prove.

The height and depth of perfect love,
Through Christ your Saviour, God.
Behold, he mounts the throne of state!
He fills the mediatorial seat;
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannahs tell,
How He endured exquisite pains,
And led the monster Death in chains,
Ye Seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquered Death and Hell.

'I have altered these two lines. They read in the original hymn thus:
'He treads the wine-press all alone,
His garment's stained in blood';
But this, tho' a very common one, is a misapplication certainly of Isa. lxxiii. 3, which manifestly refers to the Lord CRUSHING HIS FOES, as the whole context shows, not to his sufferings on the cross.

Religious.

Ruts.

We never yet heard anybody say a good word for ruts. On the contrary, we are given to understand by orators and editors, that to "run in a rut," is of all things the most despicable, if not the most dangerous. And in so doing, these orators and editors track after each other, and quite unconsciously, though quite inconsistently, while reproaching ruts, they make a rut and run in it. Now we have lived in the country, and have travelled on wheels, and so we have had some experience with ruts; and as the result of that experience we are prepared to affirm that in passing through a strange country, or even a country that is not strange, if the roads are difficult by reason of stones or mud, the safest thing, by all odds is to stick to the ruts. There is a presumption in

their favor, and woe betide the luckless adventurers who recklessly disregard the presumption, and strike out for themselves. The chances are that presently they will be hopelessly foundering in a quick-sand or a bog.

After all, what is any roadway but a broad rut, which has been cut for us by those who have gone before us? And those who don't believe in ruts, ought, in all consistency, to leave the "king's highway," and betake themselves to the trackless woods and the miry swamp.

And what is a railroad but an iron rut, in which the locomotive goes careering along with the rush of a storm? But let it ambitiously leap out of the rut, and it ends its careering with a disastrous crash. Instead of finding a larger freedom, it finds itself ignominiously helpless.

Very like unto this is human life. Law is a kind of rut, in the groove of which God meant us to run, and we "run with joy" while we run in the way of his commandments; but the very moment that we "jump the track," then freedom is gone, and we are helplessly disabled.

It will be seen, therefore, that we believe in ruts, and we have taken occasion to say so, because in our day there would seem to be so many of a contrary mind, and who are evermore dinnning into our ears, "Get out of the ruts," "Get out of the ruts," as if this were the synonym of all enterprise, and the sum of all duty. What we need is not so much to get out of the ruts, as to get along in the ruts, and a good deal farther and faster than we do—not so much a new direction of activity, as more activity—not so much new methods, as more motive power. "Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths."

There are many modern workers so thoroughly Athenian in their thirst for new things, so desperately afraid of anything that looks like running in a rut, that they must break out every week in some new and strange device.

We know of Sunday-schools that in this particular vie with any of the cheap Variety Shows in their perpetual change of programme. They do, indeed, get out of the ruts, but it would, perhaps, be just as well, if they also managed to get out of the world.

We do not mean to be understood as reprobating a new thing just because it is new, but on the other hand we do not believe in discarding an old thing just because it is old; the presumption being always in favor of the latter, on Darwin's principle of "the survival of the fittest." "No man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better."

What cart-loads of sentimental, jingling doggerel, have had a brief popularity, and perished, since first the heart of the church was thrilled with—

Come thou fount of every blessing,
And
There is a fountain filled with blood,
And
Rock of ages cleft for me.

Other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors. We inherit the wealth of all the ages. Our age, our generation, will make its contribution to the common treasury, but it will not be so large, perhaps, as we sometimes conceitedly imagine. When the heaps of chaff have been winnowed out, the residuum of wheat will not be immense. Let us rejoice in what we have inherited, as well as in what we have achieved. Let us keep that which has been committed to us, and not feel inexorably obliged by "the spirit of the age," or by anything else, to abandon that whose worth has been tested for doubtful expedients just because they are startling novelties.

Variety is desirable, and improvement is possible, but steadfast adherence to well-established truth, and steadfast persistence in methods whose wisdom time has vindicated—this is the surest road to solid success.—*Baptist Teacher.*

Miss Maggie Fitzgibbon has been elected state librarian at Indiana.

Cetewayo.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Cetewayo is an exceptionally fine specimen of a noble savage—big and black, fifty years of age, nearly six feet high, well proportioned, with a good-natured, broad, open face of Zulu type. He dresses in European clothes, in which he does not seem comfortable. He was accompanied to Cape Breton by four of his wives, four followers, and a little girl. The King gave very little trouble on the way down, except that he occasionally became sulky, and demanded an entire ox roasted for his daily meal.

In Simon's Bay, on board the *Boadicea* he saw soldiers at drill, and expressed wonder and admiration, remarking, "Oh! I was only born yesterday; I am mere baby; I never should have fought against such good men as English, who intended to take away my country and govern it so much better than I could; they shot us to make us Christians; I ask pardon for shooting back at them."

In an interview between the Premier of the Cape Government and Cetewayo, the latter said, "I was a child of British Government; my father, the English, came to chastise me for wrongdoing; I caught the stick with which he wished to beat me, and broke it; I did wrong to fight him, and am punished; I am no longer king; the English are a great people; they will not kill those who fought with them. I hope the great Queen will pardon me, and allow me to return to my country, and give me a place and permit me to build a kraal." When informed that the Government intended to treat him with consideration in view of his valour and previous distinction, and that English officials desired to supply him with everything necessary for his comfort, Cetewayo asked that ten more of his wives be sent for at once. It is not probable his request will be granted.

THE CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO.

The accounts from the Cape, state that for more than a week Captain Lord Gifford, taking his life in his hand, tracked King Cetewayo day and night with the persistence of a sleuth hound, through the most untrodden wilds of Zululand.

His party at times reduced to a mere handful, relied for provisions on food obtained from natives who were but lately in arms. Led by information from the same source, they pressed the King hard, and captured his attendants, including his gun-bearer, who had with him a valuable rifle.

Foiled in his attempt to break through our toils to the coast, Cetewayo doubled back to the Nigome Forest, Lord Gifford still being hard on his track. On the 27th of August he took Cetewayo's sleeping mat at a kraal where the King had slept. Two lads were found there, and, as they denied all knowledge of Cetewayo's whereabouts, they were blindfolded, and a volley fired into the air. The ruse succeeded, and one, exclaiming, "My brother is shot," promised to lead Gifford to the King's retreat.

Led by this boy he threaded the defiles of the forest at night, and after a wild, perilous ride reached at dawn of the 28th the spot, which was in an open glade.

Fearing the escape of the King to the surrounding forest, Gifford sent back intelligence and waited till night to make the capture. While lying hidden he watched the King slaughter an ox, and then descried a body of cavalry on the ridge opposite the kraal. This was Major Marter, who was commanding a party of dragoons. He had received Lord Gifford's intelligence, and moving down on the opposite side effected the King's capture.

Major Marter, in charge of a patrol of King's Dragoon Guards, caused his men to dismount, and made a rush for the kraal. The king was found in the hut. At first Cetewayo invited the major to enter. This invitation was declined, and the refusal being resolutely adhered to, Cetewayo at length came out and surrendered. As he emerged from the hut a dragoon rushed forward

to seize him, but Cetewayo evaded him, intimating by a wave of the hand that there was no necessity to arrest him. His only request was "that he might be killed."

On his arrival at Ulundi, when his eyes rested for the first time on the ruins of the Royal Kraal, he showed some symptoms of mental distress, otherwise his fortitude was admirable.

It was a singular coincidence, and which possibly had weight on his mind, that the day on which he was marched away a prisoner, passing through his ruined capital as he supposed, into captivity, was the anniversary of his coronation.

The Immortal Youth of Jesus.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D.

"His soul was not left in Hades, neither did his flesh see corruption."—Acts ii. 27; Ps. xvi. 10.

A touching story comes from the *London Herald*, that not many years ago, some miners, working far underground, found the body of a young man who had perished in that suffocating pit, forty years before. By chemical means, in that laboratory of nature, decay had been prevented, and the body of the fine sturdy young man looked perfectly natural—hair jet black, and not a convulsion mark on the face. No one knew him. A generation had come and gone while he lay sleeping underground. But a tottering old woman, who heard the news, came hurrying from her cottage. She knew him. He was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. There were no dry eyes when this poor woman cast herself upon his dead body and poured into his deaf ears words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast, the one so old, the other so young. Time had gone on with the living, but had stood still with the dead.

Jesus crucified at thirty-three years of age—in all the beauty, strength and glory of his young manhood. Just as He fell so He rose. His flesh saw not corruption. He is the God-man in immortal youth. And John says, "We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."—*Standard and Journal.*

A Pleasant Picture.

One of our exchanges furnishes us this:
"There is a man," said his neighbor, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and its very little that he can put down on subscription papers for any object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the look-out to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him, and I've sometimes thought he and his wife keep house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the street."

The Government of Uri have given final order for the demolition of Tell's Chapel, on the Lake of the Four Cantons; but the frescoes will first be carefully photographed, and the walls on which they are painted removed and deposited in some public building.

The British forces in South Africa pronounce Cetewayo, "Get a way off!"

For the Christian Messenger.
Pulpit Elocution.

Regarding the above heading as indicating a matter of great importance, and one far too much overlooked, I have thought that a few of the utterances on that subject of distinguished men, who have given much attention to it, might not be uninteresting or unprofitable to your readers. I shall therefore, Mr. Editor, with your consent, from time to time place a few of these thoughts before those most interested, that they may "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," that their "profiting may appear to all."

A READER.

From Edwards A. Park, D. D., Professor in Andover Theological Seminary.

The Author of our being has made the various organs of the body expressive of thought and emotion. The eye, the cheek, the lip, the hand, the foot, the attitude of the limbs and chest, and head, may all show forth a sentiment of the soul. The inflection with which a word is uttered, conveys sometimes a delicate thought, which the word itself does not even intimate. Our Creator never intended that we should utter our words without the appropriate tones and the corroborative appearance of the body. There can be no perfect speech without them. The imperfect manner in which they are frequently exhibited, results from that obtuseness of sensibility, that indolence of mind, that ignorance of the fitness of things, that want of executive power which are remote consequences of our apostate moral condition. A complete orator must be a completed holy man. The various developments of affection are the result of our pride and love of display; the different forms of dulness in our speech are occasioned by that callous sensibility which the Bible denominates "hardness of heart."

A proper use of natural language is involved in a good elocution; and such an elocution is therefore a constituent part of the preaching of the gospel. A man would not be considered as preaching the Word that maketh wise unto salvation if he should proclaim it in an unknown tongue, or in any such manner as would render it unintelligible; if, for instance, he should make no pauses at the end of sentences and should let his voice fall at those words only, which cannot be understood unless uttered with a rising inflection; if he should use the interrogative tones for affirmative remarks, and the exclamatory accent for the simplest didactic phrase. This might be trifling with the gospel, or disfiguring it, but not preaching it. Now a poor elocution does make certain portions of the proclaimed Word unintelligible. The most injurious impressions have been produced by what are technically called, "immoral tones," in the utterance of Christian doctrines. If it be useful to preach the gospel, then it is useful to preach it so that it will be understood and felt. To proclaim its truths and yet adopt such a manner as will pervert or obscure their meaning and blunt their force, is to do and undo a thing at the same time.

Other things being equal, that sermon will be the most efficacious which is delivered in the best manner. The very reason for which God requires us to preach the Word, makes it necessary to preach it well, to speak according to the best rules of elocution, which are no other than the rules prescribed by nature, by the God of nature.

Much of that which passes under the name of preaching does not deserve the name. It may be called a poor kind of singing, a tedious method of drawing, a soporific way of reading, but it is not the living utterance which cannot be fully expressed except in the forms of eloquence. One reason why preaching is less effective than we should antecedently expect it to be, is the fact that there is less of it than we ordinary suppose. All the dull, clumsy, turgid, weak, insipid, and in any way affected methods of delivery, are to be subtracted from the sum total of what is denominated preach-