

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 walls 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, chartless seamen from afar discerning,
May keep in view, and every storm out-ride.

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-lights
glimmer

Illume some midnight wanderer'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 sup-
per 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 hap-
piness and joy: I, your Master, by my ex-
ample 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 dy-
ing 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 lo-
liest psalmody. The genius of that Christi-
anity 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 fulfil-
ment of the law is even more worthy of our
attention. It was customary when the pas-
s-over 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 fifteenth, and the three following, were
usually sung as the closing song of the pas-
s-over. Now, our Saviour would not diminish
the splendour of the great Jewish rite, al-
though it was the last time that he would cele-
brate it. No; there shall be the holy beauty
and delight of psalmody; none of it shall be
omitted; the "Hallel" shall be full and com-
plete. We may safely believe that the Sa-
viour 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 eighteenth psalm, espe-
cially, which strike us as having sounded sin-
gularly 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 en-
dureth 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 right-
eousness," 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 to-mor-
row's sun would see you falsely accused, hang-
ing, a convicted criminal, to die upon a cross
do you think that you could sing to-night, af-
ter 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; to 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 ago-
ny. He views the battle, but he dreads it not;
though in the contest his soul will be "ex-
ceeding sorrowful even unto death," yet be-
fore it be 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 awhile,
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 melo-
dy of bliss, when our dying hour is near at
hand. Courage, brother! The waters are
chilly; but fear will not by any means dimin-
ish the terrors of the river. Courage, brother!
Death is solemn work; but playing the cow-
ard 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 sha-
dow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou
art with me; thy rod and thy staff they com-
fort me." Dear friends, let the remembrance
of the melodies of that upper room go with
you to-morrow into business; and if you ex-
pect 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 be-
fore 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 laugh-
ing about the house, while yet the dog is in
your own cheek, while yet your goods are
spared, while yet your heart is whole and
sound, lift up your song of praise to the Most
High God; and let your Master, the singing
Saviour, be in this your goodly and comfort-
able example.

There is much more that might be said con-
cerning our Lord's sweet swainsong, but there
is no need to crowd one thought out with an-
other; your leisure will be well spent in medi-
tation upon so fruitful a theme.

We will now consider the singing of the
DISCIPLES. They united 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 man's city," and the pe-
digree 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, woe might Is-
rael rejoice. They sang of their nation in
bondage, trodden beneath the tyrannical foot
of Pharaoh; they began the psalm right sor-
rowfully, 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 on 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 enariots 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 re-
deemed? 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 sprink-
led 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 oppose 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. EULOGISMAI. MAKARIOI.
EULOGEMENOS. MAKARIZO.
EULOGHETOS.

The first four have a common origin, being
compounded of two words, *eu*, well, and *logos*,
speak. The verb *EULOGEO* signifies, To speak
well of, to praise, to bless.

EULOGISMAI (also a verb) has *eu*, in, ad-
ded, and is passive, signifying, To be blessed
in. *EULOGEMENOS* is a passive participle of
EULOGEO, and signifies *blessed*.

EULOGHETOS 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 dif-
ferent origin, being derived from *Makar*,
happy, blissful; as "The blissful gods."

MAKARIOI is simply an adjective, having
none of the peculiarities of a verb, a partici-
ple, 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 transla-
ted *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 my-
self this day before thee."

Romans i. 22. "Happy is he that con-
demneth 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 *MAKARIOI* is used
in the New Testament it is equally proper
and grammatical to translate it *happy*.

MAKARIZO is a verb formed from *MAKARIOI*.
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 gene-
rations 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 *MAKARIOI*,