

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. IV. No. 37.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1859.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXIII. No. 37.

Poetry.

Sweet Mother.

The following touching stanzas have been sent us by a friend with a request for insertion. They are from the pen of Mrs. Judson, written in Maulmain four months after her husband had left her and ten days before she heard of his death. They were sent in a private letter to her mother, but not published till after her death.

For the information of our friend who sends them and in answer to his enquiries, we may say, Mrs. J. returned from Burmah to live with her parents: of the "covering forms," we may quote from the lives of the three Mrs. Judsons, page 363. "The youngest of Mrs. J. B. Judson's five children, a boy of eight years has been adopted by Professor Dodge, of Madison University, and her one daughter by Miss Anable of Philadelphia, one of the warmest friends of Mrs. E. C. Judson. The other children are pursuing their education under different guardians."

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
With broad, gray wings of gloom,
Where here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
With choicest treasures bear its stains;
Mould gathers on the walls; would heaven
"Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown;
It feels the driving rain—Ah, me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round,
Since love upon it smiled,
And every thing on earth has frowned
On thy poor stricken child, sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched my loved one night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd in his bosom wept—Oh, God!
How had I prayed and wept!

And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed—Alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since, in tears, we came,
Thou saidst, "How desolate each room!"
Well, mine were just the same that day,
The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name:
But oh! he brought no joy—my child
Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see,
Though weary months have sped
Since plying lips bent over me,
And whispered, "He is dead—Mother!
'Tis dreadful to be dead!"

I do not mean for one like me—
So weary, worn and weak—
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be
E'en now upon my cheek—his seal,
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him,
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
John Death's pale phantom throng—my boy
To join that grizzly throng!

Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears, sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

Oh, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering forms
Cling trustingly to me—poor babes!
To have no guide but me.

With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray,
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on Heaven—her heart
Grow strong on Christ and Heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but to do,
To work at Heaven's behest—my pains
Come at the same behest!

All fearfully, all tearfully—
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the Cross I cling—Oh, Christ!
To thy dear Cross I cling.

Maulmain, August 8th, 1856.

Religious.

The Great Religious Revival in Ireland and Scotland.

The remarkable work of grace in Ireland and Scotland at the present time, demands more than a mere passing notice, and record as of an unusual phenomenon in human life. It seems to be a visitation of Divine power, different from anything which has appeared in modern times, and is commanding the attention of the Christian world as a peculiar feature in the operations of God amongst men. It appears that it can neither be accounted for, nor is likely to be merely a temporary state of religious excitement. We have obtained from various sources reliable information which we shall lay before our readers more in detail than usual.

The public mind of England is awakening to the nature of religious revival, and there is reason to hope that a vast work may shortly be seen in the mother country.

All the religious periodicals are making this one of their leading topics; and men not ordinarily interested in religious subjects are obliged to give the subject serious consideration.

The *Scottish Guardian* gives some interesting statements respecting

BELFAST.

The revival did not commence in Belfast, but at the present moment is perhaps more manifest there in its outward indications than anywhere else. The Presbyterian churches and others are open almost every night for prayer, and are attended by crowded congregations. A prayer meeting is held every night in Berry Street Chapel (Mr. Hanna's), and this large building is nightly filled, above and below, with a most attentive audience. I was privileged to attend in this place on Monday night, the 11th inst. The meeting on that occasion was intended to be private, the parties invited being "the visitors," their friends, and recent converts. To secure privacy as far as possible, only the small side door was opened, but the anxiety of others was such that they were not to be restrained from coming, and as no one could have the heart to turn away anxious inquirers, the assemblage came to be of a very miscellaneous character. The aspect of the meeting which first impressed the visitor was the deep stillness and solemnity which pervaded the assemblage.

The meeting was conducted like an ordinary congregational prayer-meeting, and, at the commencement, Mr. Hanna read a portion of a letter he had received from a minister at Whitehaven in which it was stated that a sailor, who had been brought to Christ lately in Berry Street Chapel, had stood up at a meeting in that town to tell what God had done for his soul. Before the services had terminated nearly 20 persons were stricken down, besides others who appeared to retire when they felt their emotions becoming too powerful to be restrained. Of the 20 persons so stricken down, some were able to leave the church with the assistance of their friends. Others were either more strongly affected or less able to control their feelings, and uttered piercing shrieks, which immediately passed into loud and importunate cries to God their Saviour for mercy. At the same time, the quiet demeanor of the minister and congregation, under such exciting circumstances, was very remarkable. Mr. Hanna, who presided, and delivered the address, immediately checked the slightest tendency to disorder in the neighborhood of convicted souls, and was careful to see that no more proffered their assistance than were really required. The persons thus affected were mostly in a state to be removed to their own houses before the conclusion of the service; but others were tended till an advanced hour of the night, chiefly by individuals who had themselves passed through the same fiery ordeal. The tender bond of

sympathy which knits the hearts of young converts to these anxious ones enables them to administer to them the consolations of the Gospel in a way that non else can.

After the devotional exercises of the meeting had been concluded, the business of the meeting commenced, and a spectacle was exhibited as impressive in its own way as that which had just been witnessed. The first impulse of the young convert is to go and tell every one of the peace and joy which he has found, and which others may find in Christ, and arrangements have been made for expending this missionary zeal to the best advantage. The recent converts, under the direction of experienced Christians, are organized into associations, to each of which a peculiar district of the town is allotted, and at these weekly Monday evening meetings, Mr. Hanna makes it his business to see that the machinery is in gear, and to assign recruits to those associations which are most in need of them, or which afford the most convenient field for their operations.—Thus one result of this movement has been to provide a staff of Christian visitors, and tract distributors, which, for numbers and burning zeal, has never been equalled anywhere in our day. Out of Berry Street congregation alone about 200 of these messengers of peace go forth to every part of the city, and in other congregations there are numerous and devoted fellow-laborers, who apply themselves to the evangelisation of particular districts.

These missionaries generally find the fallow ground broken up, and ready for the reception of Divine truth to an extent quite unprecedented. There is not a street, and in some streets there is hardly a house, where some one has not been convicted of sin and converted to God. The popular notions of what is going on are often very crude, but, except among the Roman Catholics, it would be difficult to discover an individual who would venture to speak lightly of a work the good fruits of which are so manifest. And an impression has even been made among the Roman Catholics, notwithstanding the denunciations of the priests, and the dispensing of consecrated specifics—pills, 6d. each, and bottles, 2s. each—to prevent them from catching the epidemic. Not only do they find that those of their own number who have "taken it" are better Christians than they were, but they observe a striking change in the conduct of their neighbor Protestants. Passing, on the famous 12th of July, through the Pound and Sandy Row districts—the scene of the bloody affray between the Orangemen and Papists last year—we observed no sign whatever of an Orange demonstration, except the occasional appearance of an Orange lily in a window of the Protestant quarter. Where, last year, the streets were filled with infuriated mobs armed with stones and bludgeons and rifles, on the 12th of the present month the streets were deserted, except where a crowd assembled round an open-air preacher proclaiming the gospel of peace; and women, who last year were carrying their aprons full of stones, were known to be praying for their Roman Catholic neighbors. Every one in Belfast knew perfectly well that there would be no disturbance this year on the Orange anniversary—that the Orangemen, even those who had no part or lot in the gracious work in progress, were at least so impressed by it that they were in no mood for quarrelling with their neighbors.

COLERAINE.

Leaving Ballymena by a third class carriage for Coleraine, I found myself a solitary civilian among a carriage full of the Irish constabulary, who were returning home from Belfast and other places where 12th of July disturbances had been apprehended. None of the constables to whom I spoke had any doubt about the reason why the Orangemen had given them no trouble. The revival was spoken of as the occasion of their sincere, and a scoffing remark upon the subject was immediately checked by a comrade. A gentleman handed into the carriage a parcel of Mr. Drummond's *Gospel Trumpets*, which were respectfully received and read during the progress of the train.

Arrived at Coleraine, I drove out some ten miles into the country, and on return-

ing to the car, after visiting a friend, I found the driver whiling away the time by reading Newman Hall's little book, "Come to Jesus." He told me that he had not "got it" himself yet, but a number of his friends had, and there was a very great change for the better in their lives and conversation. He ingenuously added that he thought he was better himself than he had been, that he could not venture to live as he had formerly done, but he felt he needed to "get it" too before he would be what he required to be. Notwithstanding his crude notions of the way of salvation, there was something hopeful in the condition of the poor car-driver, and it was gratifying to find him present at every one of the numerous meetings held in Coleraine, morning, noon, and night. Though sharing in the common delusion that he must just wait till he was struck down, it was so far satisfactory to find that he was not waiting in neglect of the means of grace, but was, in a measure, seeking Him who is never sought in vain.

On our return the road was thronged with country people trooping into Coleraine, Bible in hand, to an open-air service to be conducted by Mr. Guinness, the popular Irish evangelist. The place of meeting was the new market, and there were some 6000 or 7000 persons present. As the services proceeded three men and two women were removed from the crowd under the usual symptoms which attend strong convictions but in only one of these cases did the individual make any outcry. The persons so affected were taken to the covered sheds at the end of the market, and, by way of soothing them, their attendants began to sing psalms they considered suitable, until the singing became so loud and was joined in so generally by the nearest portion of the congregation that Mr. Guinness found it necessary to stop. After the service were over, Mr. Guinness went to Portrush—a distance of six miles—and addressed another large meeting there at the late hour of ten o'clock. Next morning, at 7 o'clock, the zealous evangelist had a second meeting in one of the Presbyterian Churches of Coleraine, and at that early hour the place of worship was crowded, pews, passages, and lobbies, many of the congregation coming into town from a considerable distance. At half-past nine of the same morning, the usual daily prayer-meeting was held in the Town Hall—a large new building capable of accommodating 1000 persons. The hall was nearly filled by an earnest and solemnised audience. It was composed of all ranks—merchants, ladies, and gentlemen occupying the same seats with laborers, porters, and artisans. Indeed, this large and miscellaneous attendance at a daily prayer meeting in a comparatively small town like Coleraine is one of the most notable indications of the spirit of prayer which now animates this community. The population here as in Ballymena appear to live in a different moral atmosphere as compared with any town in our own land. A visitor cannot pass through any part of the town without observing the contrast. Approach any of the groups of people on the streets, and in most cases it will be found that they are conversing on religious subjects. It is the great business of life with them, to which their worldly occupations are entirely subordinated. A commercial traveller assured us that the movement had been sensibly affecting business, Christian merchants in the North of Ireland at the present great crisis, feeling it to be their duty to embrace the present opportunity of advancing Christ's kingdom, and in the meantime only giving as much attention to their business as was necessary to maintain their means of livelihood.

There are several very interesting converts in Coleraine, but we shall only refer to one with whom we had the happiness of conversing. We give no name, but we believe the individual himself would admit that if we describe him as the person who in Coleraine and in all the county side was most notorious for wickedness and profligacy, that would be a sufficient identification. When the work of the Spirit of God was manifestly extended to Coleraine, Mr. A., as we shall call him, was foremost among