

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. VI....No. 24.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1861.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXV....No. 24.

Poetry.

Love of Country and of Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serenest light,
And milder moons imparadise the night—
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For, in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man, a patriot? look around;
O! thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

MONTGOMERY.

Religious.

Progress of the Gospel in Jamaica.

The Rev. J. M. Phillippo has resided upwards of a quarter of a century in Spanish Town, Jamaica, as missionary and pastor of the Baptist Church there. About twenty years ago, when on a visit to England, we had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Mr. P. and family. He was then in the meridian of life, and by this time must have advanced beyond three score years. Notwithstanding the enervating influence of a West India Climate, he yet appears to have lost none of his natural vigor or commanding influence and usefulness. The following portions of a letter from Mr. Phillippo to the *Freeman*, give some interesting particulars respecting the genuineness and progress of the revival in Jamaica:—

DEAR SIRS.—Knowing that religious intelligence from Jamaica will not be unacceptable to you nor to many of your readers, permit me to narrate some interesting occurrences that have taken place since the commencement of the year, in connection with the church in this town under my pastoral care. On the evening preceding the new year, after a customary service at that season, and the completion of arrangements for a public baptism, at an early hour of the following morning hundreds of the population of Spanish Town hastened to the place, about four miles distant, where the above-named ordinance was to be administered. Here services were held during the entire night, conducted by deacons and other intelligent members of the church with great propriety, and were united in with unusual seriousness and attention by the people.

I arrived about four o'clock on the following morning, and finding myself thus early in the midst of an immense concourse of people, which poured forth from the whole surrounding district, I raised myself above the crowd, and, conducting the introductory parts of the service by the aid of candle-light, I addressed the several descriptions of persons present, in as earnest and impressive manner as I was able, on their duties and obligations as rational, responsible, and immortal beings.

My subject related principally to the season of the year, and to the present time and prospects in reference to revivals of religion. The address, which was full three-quarters of an hour in length, was listened to throughout with devout attention, and seemed to produce a deep impression on the multitude. It was a beautiful morning, and just as the day began to dawn, the candidates for baptism moved

towards the river side. A short time passed in making some necessary arrangements at the water's edge. These being completed, and, after the usual preliminaries of singing, prayer, and an address to the spectators, I administered the sacred rite, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, to twenty-four candidates, mostly young intelligent persons, who had long been favoured with religious instruction in Bible-classes or in Sunday-schools.

The river side was lined with a dense mass of spectators; to the extent of between one and two hundred yards and upwards from the river's brink to the top of a high acclivity nothing was seen but a mass of heads rising one above another, until almost undiscernible from the mist that began to move before the first rays of the morning sun. The number present exceeded that of any former occasion, it being estimated at between two and three thousand, while such was the seriousness and propriety observed that nothing occurred to disturb the solemnity of the service from its commencement to its close.

On the following Lord's-day, the newly baptized, together with several others who had long been separated from the Church (making an addition of sixty during the year), were admitted to Christian fellowship. Gratifying as the attendance on the public worship of God had been since the commencement of the religious awakening in the town, the spacious chapel was now filled to excess—the aisles, the porticoes, the gallery-stairs, the children's gallery behind the pulpit, all were occupied, and many were out of doors. Full two thousand persons were supposed to have been present.

During the morning service considerable excitement prevailed. Numbers cried out for God to have mercy upon them, and others gave expression to their feelings in sobs and tears. There was nothing, however, witnessed or heard that was unbecoming the sacredness of the place or the services—nothing, except for a short time, that obstructed the regular performance of worship. Upwards of a hundred of all sexes were present who were under conviction.

In the afternoon, Divine service was also held in the school-rooms, there not being room in the body of the chapel for those who had been the subjects of excitement in the morning.

The services of the day commenced at four o'clock a.m., and with but a brief interval, were continued until near nine o'clock at night: they were all deeply interesting and profitable—such as greatly to encourage the people that the set time to favour Zion was at length come.

In the course of a few months, upwards of a hundred careless, thoughtless, and in some instances, abandoned sinners in connection with our Church and congregation have been brought to the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds—these, however, we trust are but the first fruits of the revival here.

So far as I have hitherto been able to judge of the results of the revival movement, from what I have seen of it in this town and neighbourhood, as well as from what I have read of its effects in other parts of the world, notwithstanding the irregularities in some places attendant on it, I hesitate not to express my firm belief that it is the work of the Holy Spirit, preparatory to the fulfilment of the prophecies which assure us of the time coming, "when a nation shall be born in a day," and "when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."

Believe me, ever truly yours,
J. M. PHILLIPPO.

Letter from Egypt.

The following rapid but graphic sketch of a trip to Egypt, is from a correspondent of the *London Freeman*, who usually writes from Boston:—

ALEXANDRIA, April 27, 1861.

My last letter was penned amid the snow-storms of America; this is written beneath the smiting sun of Egypt: and yet I think no one will be sorry to turn with me from the confused, contradictory, lowering aspects of American politics, to tread the soil where once our Master walked, and which has been pressed by those blessed Feet which,

Eighteen hundred years ago,
Were nailed, for our advantage,
To the bitter cross."

After a brief notice of the voyage across the Atlantic he says:

"But we near the coast of great England!—England, so small that we can cover her with a finger on the map, but so great that the sun never sets on her empire, never descends upon her subjects. A walk about the wonderful docks, a look into St. George's Hall, a stroll about town, and we hurry on to London the great centre of civilisation, and where an hour in the House of Commons, another in old Westminster Abbey the home of England's honoured dead, a boat-ride on the river, and a visit to St. Paul's, make up the day spent in the great metropolis.

Soon we are where another language is spoken, and another religion gives moral character to the people—gay, beautiful Paris, the gayest, most dissipated and we have reason to fear the most godless, of great cities. I never saw Paris wearing so warlike an appearance as at present. There is something in the very atmosphere of the place which smells of gunpowder. Napoleon says, "The Empire is peace," but if there can be any dependence placed on one's instincts, the murderous scene of battle and blood is not far distant. The wonderful history of the French Emperor will form a strange page in the record of the world. His early life so unpromising; his political movements so unfortunate; his rise to eminence so surprising; his subsequent movements so mysterious, will be read by a future generation as a romantic illustration of Providence in history. Paris is as beautiful as ever; the people are as gay as in the days of Louis Philippe or Louis XVI.; and the suicides are as numerous and romantically revolting as ever. The Morgue stands not far from the Tuilleries; the broad Boulevards lead to *Pere la Chaise*, the beautiful abode of death. We were fortunate enough to obtain a glance of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, the former looking careworn and anxious, and the latter the careless, thoughtless heir to a strange destiny.

A ride of twenty hours brings us to the great commercial city of France—Marseilles, the streets of which are full of sailors of all nations, and the harbour of which is filled with vessels from almost every port. Fortunate enough to find a steamer ready to start, we were soon on board the *Vectis*, and on our way down the Mediterranean. By Corsica and Sardinia, on the shore of the latter of which we could see, one of the windows of Garibaldi, the hero of Italian liberty, we were soon at Malta, beneath the English flag, and protected by English arms. There is but one flag dearer to an American than the cross of England, and, alas! that is now rent and torn by division and civil commotion, the stars scattered, the glory dimmed. As I stood today, gazing upon the American flag floating over the house of the national representative in this city, I could but pray that the God of nations would save the United States from division, and make all her people, black and white, free, and politically equal.

At Malta the steamer stays to take in coal, and the passengers have a few hours to go on shore. A visit to St. John's Church, to the governor's palace, to the fortifications, and some other objects of interest, uses up the time, and we are soon on board again, proceeding to Egypt. The sea-sickness of the Atlantic voyage was suffered over again until everything became loathsome, the taste and smell of food disgusting, and every hour tedious and wearisome.

We enter Alexandria at sunrise, and on landing find ourselves in a new world. The costumes of the people, the importunate donkey-drivers, the one-eyed Arabs, the coal-coloured Nubians, the veiled women, the outlandish tongue, so different from the honest Saxon or the flowing French, and all the curious customs and habits, make us realize that we have reached another state of society, a new and strange form of life.

There is enough to look at in Alexandria, but not much worth wasting time upon. The Catacombs, Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and a few such relics of the past, are all that invite attention. The Alexandrian Library is gone; the glory of the past has departed; the works of the great monarch whose name the city bears has passed away.

The Alexandria of the present is not the Alexandria of the past, and one searches in vain among the Arab crowds for greatness and glory. And yet there are many fine residences, especially in the Frank quarter of the city, and in some sections a degree of thrift is exhibited. A lively look is given to the place by the flags which are ever floating over the houses of the consuls of various nations. The English Church is a beautiful building, and I learn is well attended on the Sabbath. Presbyterian services are also held in the Prussian chapel. As we came into the harbour yesterday we saw amid vessels of war and the merchant ships that were lying at anchor, a vessel on which were these words, "Seaman's Chapel," in which doubtless every Sabbath the sons of the ocean are pointed to God, and taught to believe on His Son, our Saviour. So that even in Egypt, the land of darkness, the Gospel is preached, as well as in England and America. God grant that wherever preached it may prove the wisdom and the power of God to the salvation of men!

Washing the Apostles' Feet at Rome.

The religious shows of Holy Week attract vast crowds to Rome as spectators. One of these exhibitions, which is a strange mixture of burlesque and feigned humility, is that of the Pope washing the Apostles' feet. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Chronicle* gives the following graphic account of the ceremonies:—

"On Thursday, the institution of the Holy Supper was commemorated by the washing of the feet of thirteen mock-apostles by the Pope, who afterwards waited on them at the table, in imitation of our Divine Redeemer's example of humiliation. According to an Ancient Work, but little read in the Catholic church, the apostles assembled at the last supper numbered but twelve. The thirteenth, who figures at St. Peter's, is introduced as the representative of one who appeared miraculously to Pope Gregory the Great, on one occasion when he was observing this ceremony of feet washing. The thirteen are priests chosen from religious societies in different monasteries, through the diplomatic representatives of the various Courts. The Pope's major-domo has the privilege of selecting two of them from among the Italians, and the captain of the Swiss guard one from his own countrymen, and the bishops of the Armenian and Greek churches at Rome two others from the Oriental Catholics. The one representing Judas was a black-bearded fellow, who is reputed to have figured in this role for several successive years.

The bogus apostles were dressed in robes of white, with a stiff, round, brimless hat of the same color, shaped like the section of a stove pipe, covering the head. Their feet, as may be imagined, showed every sign of having gone through a severe course of washing and polishing, and perhaps perfuming, before being submitted to the Pope. When it came to the ceremony, a major-domo preceded His Holiness, and immersed the feet of the pilgrims who sat on an elevated platform above the heads of the crowd, in one of the side aisles of St. Peter's. Accompanying the Pope were ten cardinals, one of whom held a silver basin under the foot which was to be washed, while another poured water over it from a pitehen, also of silver. Then a third handed a napkin to the Pope, who carefully wiped the wet foot, and elevating it to his lips, softly kissed it. Next, he gave to the pilgrim the handsomely embroidered napkin, which had served as towel, and a gold and silver medal, the recipient kissing his extended hand as the gifts were received. Some of the apostles submitted with great nonchalance to the ceremony, especially one fat old priest who evidently considered it the joke of the season. But the suppressed breathing, and the flushed countenances of others showed with what emotions they witnessed what must have seemed to them the almost divine condescension of the "Head of the Church."

THE FEET WASHING AT TRINITA DEL PELLEGRINI.

But a much more genuine ceremony of the kind was witnessed at the church of the *Trinita dei Pellegrini*, where for three successive