

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The late Revival in Jamaica.

We have occasionally had a brief notice of the gracious work of the Spirit, which appeared a short time since, in the island of Jamaica.

The Rev. Mr. Philippo, an able English Baptist minister, who has labored with great success, we believe for about thirty years, in Spanish-town, the capital of that island, is preparing for publication a work on the Revival, which we doubt not will be read with much pleasure by thousands of British and other Christians.

In a letter to Rev. Dr. Cramp last week, Mr. Philippo gives an account of some of the incidents of the Revival. Dr. C. has favored us with a perusal of the manuscript. We have much pleasure in placing the same before our readers.

We may thank God for the blessing he has bestowed on the labors of our brethren there. He has not only made them the instruments of breaking, without the desolations of civil war, the shackles by which the descendants of Ham were held in cruel bondage, but also of giving them that which has made them free indeed.

"His is the free-man whom the truth makes free, And all are slaves besides."

INCIDENTS OF THE REVIVAL IN JAMAICA.

By Rev. J. M. PHILIPPO.

"As early as four o'clock in the morning, said a traveller to the north side of the Island, I was passing through a deep glen in the midst of which was a hamlet composed of about thirty or forty cottages. On approaching it I heard the voice of prayer and praise wafted towards me at intervals through the dense forest that rose around. I soon perceived that it was a prayer meeting held in a kind of class house or rural Sanctuary, situated in about the centre of the group of huts. The morning being dark, and both myself and my horses being much fatigued, I remained for a time in the vicinity, more, I fear from a motive of curiosity or a desire to see how the service was conducted than from a hope to be either interested or benefited by it. It consisted in singing hymns, mutual exhortation and prayer. Among the hymns sung were those beginning, 'Come let us join our cheerful songs,' 'Salvation O the joyful sound,'—'Come humble sinner in whose breast,' with the refrain, 'We'll wait till Jesus comes,' &c. Several addresses or exhortations were delivered, and though it appeared that none of the speakers could read, it is remarkable with what correctness, they quoted scripture and repeated hymns, the latter in some instances extending over five or six verses.

Being at length recognized, there was nothing left for me but to continue the service, and which I did, after delivering an address, in the same manner in which it had been previously conducted.

As usual, the prayers were short fervent and powerful; and soon, considerable excitement was manifested amidst mingled cries for mercy and loud expressions of gratitude and joy. When day began to dawn the service was concluded; but just before the dispersion of the little assembly the old black leader whom I found presiding at the meeting, delivered to them a few last words, exhorting his 'brethren and sisters,' after some flattering allusions to me, to hold fast their profession and to meet each other at last on 'Canaan's happy shore.' The reminiscence of their favorite hymn being thus revived the house was at once filled as with one shout of joyous acclaim, all repeating the last words in loud chorus, and with great animation as they moved rapidly along amidst the Cocoa-nut, Palma, Orange and other fruit trees, that overhang the pathway to their dwellings the shouts sending up the shrill notes on the still morning air to the distant hills.

Soon the strain was heard from every cottage of the settlement awaking the echoes of the mountains along my path and which followed me until I had proceeded full a mile upon my journey. An extraordinary spiritual movement, continued the narrator of the last interesting occurrence, took place at— It was on a Sabbath evening, the house of God was filled with worshippers; or rather, with an indiscriminate multitude of believers and unbelievers, with penitent and impenitent. Hymns of praise ascended to heaven, and impressive exhortations were given previously to my arrival. It was a prayer meeting for general objects and I continued the service as in the case previously described in the order in which it had been begun. The singing though sufficiently vociferous was indicative of deep sincere feeling; and the prayers as usual were artless and hearty.

Those engaged said what they meant. They were not mere word supplications that they offered—not the repetition of the form without the spirit,—not the labor of the lip but the travail of the soul—such as were substantiated by habitual harmony of action. It was really delightful to listen to the simple accents that welled up from the depths of hearts that really felt the need of the blessings they invoked. These

earnest anxious souls pleaded with God first for mercy for themselves; and the frankness with which they confessed their sins—their fervent supplications that their transgressions might be forgiven through the blood of Christ, gave evidence of a sincerity not to be questioned. Any thing like adequate description, however, or one just and true, under all the circumstances, is impossible. They made a direct address to God as omnipotent and all seeing—as directing and governing all things in heaven and on earth. The special subjects doubtless incidentally embraced, were original sin—the inexcusable wickedness of mankind at large—the necessity of regeneration;—justification and sanctification through the merit of the Redeemer and the agency of the Holy Spirit;—together with an earnest invocation for an increase of faith and love and hope and joy, to enable them to bring forth all the fruits of righteousness.

In praying for sinners around, said one "O Lord God Almighty have compassion on we poor sinners in this Island of Jamaica who will not come to thee that they might have life—awaken them to true repentance—prick them to the heart and pluck them as firebrands out of the burning. O Lord Jesus thou Son of David have mercy upon them—make them throw down their rebellious weapons and fight against thee no more. O blessed Jesus, thou tender Lamb of God, wash them in thy precious blood, take away their hearts of stone and give them hearts of flesh—O give them broken and contrite hearts—for thou say a broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise. O Lord let them feel their sins to be a heavy burden upon their heads and let them find no rest till they find rest in Thee.

Among other sentiments expressed by a poor labouring black man in praying for the minister unconscious of the indifferent compliment he hereby paid him, at the commencement of the petition, said, O Lord bless we dear minister,—loosen him tammuring tongue—give in unto him dat he may give out unto we poo outcast. Able him dat he may preach dy trate in such a plain simple manner that we poo sinner may hear for weself and not for anoder.

Able him to lift him voice like a mighty trumpet—to cry aloud and spare not de gospel so that he may be the honor instrument in dy service in bringing hundreds of thousands of millions, of poor sinner like we to bow demself to de, O blessed Marsir Jesus as dem only Lord, and Saviour. Amen.

On behalf of the church, said another with an ardor that might have been mistaken for enthusiasm. "O Lord do thou look upon us as a church and people. We also verily guilty before thee. While we wait for others to set off to pray we need to set off again ourself, instead of a we to teach oders we need oders to teach us. We all lost we first love and strong desire. O Lord our hearts are cold, do thou warm them—O warm them—fire them with love to Christ—Our hearts are deceitful and desperately wicked above all things, do thou wash dem and cleanse dem from all dere filtness by the Holy Spirit's power. O thou blessed Spirit do teach we to love our precious Saviour more and serve him better. Let him be more than ever precious to our souls. O let not thy Holy Spirit leave we any more. O Lord let we make it our study to please thee every day. As thy believing people we feel that we can always have peace and joy for our portion if we keep close to thee and hold fast upon thee. Thou say if we are straitened we are straitened in our own body but not in thee. Lord increase our faith, our hope, our trust. O let we believe that everlasting life is secured to us by promise and by blood. O let this precious promise warm our hearts and quicken our zeal that we may ever find it our delight to please thee. Whether we eat or drink or whatever we do may we do all to the glory of thy great and holy name.

O Lord bless all thy churches every where, touch thee hearts of thy people by thy good spirit that they may labour for Thee and coax sinners that they may fly to thy house of prayer like doves to their windows. O make thy own precious word a blessing to all that hear it. O hear our prayer for thy blessed Spirit's power to be felt among we more and more. Without thy blessed spirit work with us all our prayers and labours will be in vain for thou say "Paul may plant and Apollos water but thou only can give the increase."

The expressions of one in his supplications for the heathen, were some of them calculated to disturb the gravity of the more intelligent worshippers. "O Lord have mercy upon the four corner of de worl where dem washup in (washing) tocks and tones and de workmanship of dear own hand—dem hab eye but dem no see, dem hab ear but dem no hear,—poo ting! dem ear hard, dem eye blind, dem body tiff, dem heart desperate wicked an full up wid every cage of unclean bud (bird). How dem able to bow down to precious Marsir Jesus to love an dow blessed and adorable Saviour who come into sarve him cept dy Holy Spirit teach dem? O dis wicked worl to sarve fo we poo sinner an carry we back to dy fader house, same like dow did de poo prodigal to rejoice wid en dy great salvation. O look pon we poo broder an sister a Africa livin like dem got no soul to save, no soul to lost,—O have mercy upon them an send some blessed European to open dem dark eye an lead dem to Jesus the Lamb of God who don't willin that any should perish but that all may be saved by his precious blood, &c.

These petitions a few sentences only of which are given were followed by another that principally related to the prosperity and peace of Zion generally—that she might be established—that her righteousness might go forth as brightness and thus Jerusalem might soon become a praise in the earth.

Thus far with one or two comparatively trifling exceptions, every thing was orderly and tranquil. Now the harmony and propriety observed, were interrupted by the wail of one prostrated,—that unearthly cry which, when once heard, can never be forgotten,—so thrilling, so overpowering, as not to be conceived of from any mere-written representation. Soon many were in tears. Some crying and complaining in bitterness of soul.—I am lost,—I am undone,—I have no hope,—I must perish. At the same time they seemed more or less harassed with the conviction, more or less prevalent at the time, of the personality of the devil, and of his efforts to seize them as his prey. In another part of the chapel a shout ascended,— "Lord I will praise thee, though thou wast angry with me; thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me."

How can I find the way to heaven, said another. I lift up my heart to thee, O thou Father of Lights, for the illuminating influence of thy Holy Spirit. Thou only canst explain thy Holy Word to my dark understanding, and give me pardon, grace and peace.

Another—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts, &c. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, &c.

One whose remembrance of his transgressions had long lingered in his soul like a vision of the night, while praying earnestly, all on a sudden fancied he saw Christ. Yes, Yes, Yes, he exclaimed with great vehemence,—I see him,—I see him,—O, my blessed Lord, I thank thee, I thank thee,—I will believe, I will serve thee,—I will give up myself entirely to thee,—body, soul and spirit, all, all, I will devote to thee,—I will no more depart from thee, only O do not thou leave nor forsake me. If thou do move away from me, then to whom or whither should I go, for thou hast the words of eternal life.

But the most impressive circumstance in these exciting occurrences was the following declaration made by an intelligent and respectably dressed female who rose from her seat for the purpose in the midst of the congregation. She had hitherto sat silently, mournfully. And as I subsequently learned, had been for some time the subject of deep emotion which she had hitherto struggled successfully to restrain.

I profess only to record the sentiments, as I can remember them, as the most exquisite word-painting would fail to convey anything like an adequate idea of the tone, and gesture, and impassioned language, in which they were expressed.—Much less would I attempt to give an adequate impression of the effect produced on the vast congregation, as her shrill clear voice, which, hushing all other voices and sounds to silence, rang through the spacious building in which we had assembled, like that which might be conceived of some spirit that had escaped from the grasp of the king of terrors and had found a refuge from his power in Christ.

Minister and Christian Friends! I call upon you to witness that I now give up myself to Jesus, in body, soul, and spirit.—I devote to Him my whole heart, my whole love. I cast myself on God's mercy. I rely upon the Saviour's blood and righteousness as my only ground of pardon and salvation. I now feel that though He cause grief that yet He will have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies. He has hushed the tempest of my passions—he has changed the current of my being, and proved himself to be my Saviour and my redeemer by the change that I feel has taken place in the thoughts and tastes and feelings of my mind. Christ is now my only source of present happiness and future glory—my Lord, my life, my all. He claims my heart as His own possession—here it is, He shall have it, for He has redeemed it, washed it in His own most precious blood; and to Him I surrender it. I surrender my whole self and all that I have to Him. For His sake—for the love I owe to Him, I give up all earthly ties—all earthly affections—all earthly hopes. I will love my blessed Saviour only. I will make it my happiness to glorify Him. In spite of all difficulties and discouragements—in spite of the world's blame or scorn—defiance of all allurements that might induce me to abandon Him. Living and dying I will cleave to Him—till the last breath in this heart pass to Him in death and this vile body be changed—fashioned like unto His own glorious body and I shall see Him as he is, and with overflowing gratitude and adoration cast myself at His feet and give Him glory.

It will thus be seen that the remarkable power of God was amongst us both to wound and to heal. Many more than those noticed were under conviction; and praised God for deliverance; while some, who came to mock remained to pray.

It is unnecessary to add that great excitement was the result of this service, there was however, no extravagance—nothing but what every faithful earnest minister of Christ would be glad to see more frequently. The occasion altogether was blessed to the souls of many; while to most, little doubt can be entertained, that it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Spanish Town.

For the Christian Messenger.

Correspondence from England.

AUTUMNAL ANNIVERSARIES IN YORKSHIRE.

Birmingham, England, Nov. 28, 1862

DEAR EDITOR,—

I my last spoke of sending an article that would give some account of the several Anniversaries I have attended in Yorkshire. Of these I might name the Pastoral Aid Society;

the United Temperance Society; the Bradford B. & F. Bible Society; the United Methodist and several others. As a cursory allusion to these would fill my sheet, and impart but little instruction to your numerous readers, and desiring to furnish what I consider to be the most important hints, I will confine myself to the first named. The Anniversary of the Pastoral Aid Society of the Church of England, was fraught with interest, and suggested to my mind measures that we might adopt in our provinces, that would largely contribute to the efficiency of our ministerial labours.

The chief speaker at this meeting (St. George's Hall, Bradford,) was the Rev. C. Stowell, of Manchester. I have scarcely met with a preacher of any church, to whom I listened with greater pleasure; and as I took note of his address, I will subjoin an extract or two, which your patrons will read with pleasure.

He said he frequently told his friends, "Don't ask people whether they are Baptists, or Independants, or Methodists, but give your aid to all, and offer all a place in the Church of Christ. Pastoral work is as important as pulpit work," and urged the clergy to go from house to house, and from hut to hut, urging precious souls to believe on Jesus, not forgetting to comfort the sick and to feed the poor.

"A parochial clergyman had, in reality, the charge of those who did not go to church at all, more than of those who did." "The great Shepherd left the ninety and nine and went in search of the lost one in the wilderness." Alluding to apostolic succession, he said with great emphasis, "it should never be made a pillow for INDOLENCE: because the mass of the people would never love the church on account of her apostolic succession."

As new churches were multiplying among them, and though some thought the Bishops were too strict about who should officiate in them, for his part, "he only wished that they were stricter in their choice of parochial clergymen. When a new church was built, it was a great mistake if a Bishop presented it to any man, simply because he was newly ordained. He considered him bound to see that he did not choose a card-playing, sporting dandy, too light in his heels, and too heavy in his head."

While we are sure that in some respects the oracles of God have opened up to us, a more excellent way than that of the Church of England, we rejoice in many of her good men, and hail as indicative of a purer and more Christ-like clergy, sentiments like those, quoted from the deservedly popular Stowell.

I noticed in the report that the income of this Society, for the past year, was £46,351 2s. 11d. Out of this fund 408 clergymen and 168 lay agents are supported. It occurred to me how many whole souled laymen are connected with our churches, and among them not a few who could well supply the positions of local preachers and class leaders in another branch of the church of Christ.

Few, if any of the pastors in the Baptist denomination have half the Pastoral-aid they need, and perhaps the fault is partly our own. As this is an age in which the special blessing of God rests upon the labouring of laymen every way, allow me to suggest whether the time has not fully come, when more persons should be called into active labours for Zion. When the members of one talent, others of two, and still others of more talents are so generally hiding them, should we not urge the words of Jesus upon them "Why stand ye all the day idle. Son, go work in my vineyard to day." Hoping I may live to return to labour among my brethren, whom I believe will be a pastoral aid society, and praying that great grace may be vouchsafed from the God of all grace through the Lord Jesus,

I am yours,
E. N. HARRIS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY AGED 3 1/2 YEARS.

Little one—so cherished,
God hath called thee home,
And thy willing spirit
Answered, Lord, I come.

Ere thou hadst known sorrow,
Sib, or suffering here,
He in love removed thee
To yon sinless sphere.

Weeping friends around thee,
Watched thy failing breath,
Striving, vainly striving,
To stay the hand of death.