

In Memoriam.

REV. J. M. PHILIPPO, LATE OF SPANISHTOWN, JAMAICA.

BY REV. J. M. CRAMP, D. D.

"Friend after friend departs, Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts, That finds not here an end; Were this frail world our final rest, Living or dying none were blest."

These lines with the remainder of the hymn were written by James Montgomery, in the year 1827. He lived twenty-seven years longer and then entered the invisible state. Such is the course of things. Our friends "depart," they are leaving us constantly. We scan the lists of the dead as they are published from time to time and note how they increase, and how few of the living are left.

Now another is gone. James M. Philippo has completed his four-score years and joined the blessed ones. His life was one long labour; the rest has come. Mr. Philippo was a native of Oxfordshire, England, and was well educated, in his early life he went considerable lengths in sin. The particulars are not recorded but it is noticed in the published report of his ordination, Sept. 24, 1823, that "Mr. Philippo's account of his conversion from a state of infidelity and profligacy was very affecting."

When the Lord had mercy on him and called him by his grace, he determined to devote himself to Missionary labours and his services were accepted by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, by whom he was sent to Spanish-town, Jamaica, where it was his privilege to devote himself to the welfare of the negro race, by preaching, teaching, and continuous efforts for their advancement and well-being, temporally and spiritually, for more than half a century. His qualifications for usefulness were of a high order, and his success was great. The spread of the Baptist denomination in Jamaica was largely owing to his wise and energetic labours. At that time slavery prevailed in Jamaica: the blacks were heavily oppressed, and all endeavours for their improvement were discouraged. Gospel preachers were especially hated by slave proprietors in the island, and all possible obstacles thrown in their way. No Baptist or Methodist minister was allowed to preach unless he could obtain a license, which the magistrates delayed granting as long as they could, and sometimes altogether refused it. Another method of annoyance was the requirement of clergymen to join the militia. Application was however made to the Home Government and orders sent out to relieve Mr. Philippo from this duty. The license was shortly after granted and then ensued a long career of benevolent and laborious exercise, chiefly in behalf of the colored population, which occupied his whole life, and brought him into favor with all classes. The Colonial Standard honorably testifies that "The work in which Mr. Philippo was engaged diffused its radiating influence and blessing not only through St. Catherine and the neighbouring parishes, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was work too that was wider than any particular sect, or church or profession; for it embraced in its Catholic amplitude, service willingly and effectually rendered to every religious scheme, and to the establishment or furtherance of every enterprise designed to promote the literary, social and moral improvement of the people. There is hardly an institution of an educational, scientific, or provident nature in Spanishtown or its vicinity, that has not been indebted to this indefatigable labourer in God's vineyard, for the wisdom, sympathy, and support that are indispensable to the formation and maintenance of such undertakings."

A large chapel was built in Spanishtown where a very numerous church was formed (some two thousand strong we believe) who enjoyed and profited by Mr. Philippo's ministrations till his jubilee, after which celebration he resigned the care of the church to a younger man, reserving for himself some country districts, including Old Harbor and Sligoville, two churches about 30 miles distant from each other and the superintendence of several schools. Thus he worked on till the end.

The Rev. D. J. East, President of the Jamaica Theological Institute who was then about to visit England for his

health and has since arrived writes as follows:—"Only a few days before his departure I went over to Spanishtown to say good-bye to him. I found him so much better that I left him with the persuasion that on my return to Jamaica I should find him still among us. He was able to walk from room to room. I found him at his desk busily occupied with his autobiography. He rose at once to greet me, and sat for some hours in cheerful conversation. His sleep was sound and regular; his appetite good, even hearty; his general health apparently as well as it had ever been. He talked of resuming his work; said that he thought he could preach from his buggy, or have a seat fixed in the pulpit from which he could speak to the people. So was the ruling passion of his life still strong in him. He knew that his days were numbered, and that at any moment he might hear the Master's call. He was ready to obey the summons. But as long as life lasted he must be at work; he could not be idle; he was feeling restless in the forced inactivity. So we parted. A day or two after, I received a letter from him stating that till after I was gone he could not realise the fact that he should not probably see me again. He takes a "solemn farewell," expresses as his only regret that I should not be present to perform the usual obsequies at his departure, refers to our long and unbroken friendship and then speaks in the full assurance of faith of his triumph over death, and of the blessedness in near prospect before him. I was much touched by this letter, but was still confident that we should meet again on earth. Last Monday evening however a telegram came to say that on Sunday night he had quietly passed away in the full possession of his mental faculties, with little pain or struggle, his last effort having been a quiet Scripture lesson to one of his servants. This given he said the time of his departure had come—and he was gone. Had the steamer not been detained I should have been denied the privilege of taking any part in his funeral. As it was Mr. Roberts and myself drove over in the afternoon, I delivered a short funeral address, and the remains of the old Christian warrior were committed to their last resting place, the grave of the wife of his youth, and fellow-helper for more than fifty years."

The Rev. E. O. Howell writes:—"I left him on Friday afternoon, and he passed away quite suddenly and quietly on Sabbath evening. When I left him, he was cheerful and happy, and calmly waiting for the great change. In his death we have lost the oldest missionary of any denomination in the Island. For more than fifty years he has been an earnest worker in the dear Redeemer's cause, abundantly successful in the gathering of congregations, building of chapels, and in converting sinners from the error of their ways. His life has been a long scene of devotedness, consistency and usefulness. What more than this can be said to his praise and the glory of God! This death and removal is the first of a series that must rapidly follow. I called on my way home on brother Clarke, of Jericho. He is waiting for the Master's call. He only now goes into the pulpit when he is carried there by the deacons of the church. To him the blessed change must soon come. Our brother Clarke, of Browns town, is in a very feeble state, both of body and mind, and his release from this mortal coil cannot be long delayed. Our brother Dendy is getting weaker and weaker every day, and will soon hear the summons to go up higher. So the fathers are passing away. Philippo gone: Clarke of Jericho, Clarke of Browns town, and Dendy of Salter's Hill, on the threshold of eternity, and sighing to be with Jesus "which is far better." The closing scene is described by Mrs. Claydon, Mr. Philippo's daughter:—"He seemed as well as usual all day Sunday, and retired to rest at his usual hour; but soon after he was in bed he was seized with shortness of breath and violent pains in the chest, and before medical aid could be obtained he had breathed his last. He retained his consciousness until the end, and was perfectly calm and untroubled, saying that his time had come and his work was ended. In one hour all was over." And subsequently—I do not know that I can add much to what I have said respecting my dear Father's death. He knew that his hour for departure had

come, and said his work was done. His last words at intervals were "My Jesus, my Saviour, my friend." "Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit."

We copy again from the Colonial Standard:—

"Charity of this sort has a fructifying property; it begets charity. If proof of this were needed, it would be found in the tribute paid to the good pastor's memory by the multitude of all classes, creeds and conditions that followed his mortal remains to their last resting place, and by the significant fact that the funeral services were conducted by clergymen of the Church of England, and other religious denominations as well as by ministers of his own communion. If stronger and better proof be required, it will be found in the universal esteem and affection in which his life and character were held by men of all shades of political and religious opinion, and above all, in the memorable circumstance that, throughout all the stormy broils and intestine dissensions of class and party which a residence of fifty-six years in Jamaica must have witnessed, he observed a dignified moderation, and won and kept the respect, good will and veneration of two generations of his fellow-colonists."

My acquaintance with brother Philippo commenced about fifty years ago, when I resided in the Isle of Thanet. He and Mrs. P. were visiting the seaside in pursuit of health. Our intercourse with them was very pleasant, and Mr. P.'s occasional ministrations to our people were instructive and edifying. We saw them again a few years later at Hastings and renewed the enjoyment, after this we continued our intercourse by letter. The last communication I had from him, dated Oct. 22, 1874, contains the following passage: "For some months past, I have found my infirmities increase so rapidly that I feared my work would soon be done. I have rallied however within the last few weeks and have been enabled to attend to my duties with comparative ease and with some satisfaction to myself. I have now four stations to supply as well as the superintendence of four day and Sunday Schools. Two of these have been formed since I relinquished the pastorate at Spanishtown and its subordinate stations, which are very promising. As some token that I do not labor in vain in the Lord, I hope to add to the churches at Old Harbor and Sligoville shortly many whose hearts I believe God has opened to receive the truth in the love and power of it. These churches are nearly thirty miles apart and necessarily involve much physical exertion as well as some mental effort; but I bless God that as yet I am able to hold on my course as I hope to do until my Great Master calls me to my rest. I cannot say reward, as I deserve none."

Brother Philippo was an untiring workman for the Lord; his benevolence was exhaustless; his judgement was sound; and his prudence consummate.

"Servant of God well done! Rest from thy loved employ, The battle fought, the victory won Enter thy Master's joy."

I trust the friendship will be renewed in the better land. There it will be perfect, unbroken and everlasting.

Correspondence.

Luthardt's Apologetical Discourses.

Translated from the German for the Christian Messenger by Prof. D. M. Welton.

SECOND DISCOURSE.

1.

The Enigmas of Existence.

Only man strives after happiness, and only man is unhappy. We seek something higher than ourselves; and because we do not find this, we are unhappy. We clothe the finite with the splendor of the infinite, but the splendor dissolves before our eyes. We speak of an eternal love, of an endless pain, of an undying fame—but are these more than words?

We find not the infinite in the finite. We stand in the world of the finite, but we ask after the infinite. We pass beyond the world of the temporal and earthly and struggle with our longing for the eternal distance. We seek God as our highest good, for we are created for God; this trait in us is ineradicable. And still—where is God to be found?

He veils himself in darkness. And again, to this trait is opposed another in us which draws us away from God. We all carry within us a secret opposition to God. And still we are formed for God! "If man is not created for God, why is he happy only in God? If he is created for God, why is he so full of opposition to God?" (Si l'homme n'est fait pour Dieu, pourquoi n'est-il heureux qu'en Dieu? Si l'homme est fait pour Dieu, pourquoi est-il si contraire à Dieu?) "In vain seekest thou, O man, a cure in thyself for thy misery. All thy discernment can go no farther than the acknowledgment that in thyself thou findest neither the truth nor the true good. The philosophers have promised it to thee, but their promise they are unable to keep." And still we cease not longing thereafter. "My whole heart burns to know where the true good is to be found. Nothing should be dearer to me for ever." "We sigh after truth, and find within us only uncertainty. We seek after happiness, and find only misery and death. We cannot do otherwise than yearn after truth and happiness, and still we are incapable of either. The longing is left to us for our chastisement, to let us feel from what we have fallen." But even in this, that man feels his misery, consists his greatness. "The greatness of man consists in the perception of his misery; he is thus miserable, because he is miserable, but he is great, because he knows it." (La grandeur de l'homme est grande en ce qu'il se connaît misérable; il est donc misérable puisqu'il l'est; mais il est bien grand puisqu'il le connaît.) "No one is more unhappy over the fact that he is not a king, than a dethroned king." Thus there is in us a contradiction between desire and attainment. It is desire itself which makes us unhappy, and still this is a mark of our greatness, of a fallen greatness however. Where lies the resolution of this riddle?

But it is not only knowledge and feeling, but the will also that stands in such contradiction to itself. For the desire in man after truth, and his striving after the true good, is each a mark of a moral nature and of longing after moral freedom. And still man loves the immoral. His will soars to the noblest elevation above the immoral and vulgar, and still it allows itself to be drawn down again by the power of the same. Goethe sings, indeed, of Schiller:

Una hinter ihm, im wesenlosen Scheine Lag was uns Alle bündigt, das Gemeine.

And truly, Schiller was full of high, noble endeavor. But was he permitted to be free from the lot of all mortals, that he should not be obliged to lament the infirmity of our moral nature?

Indeed, those who are most advanced upon the way of morality and sanctification, sorrow the most over the distance which separates them from their aim. Every person must join in this complaint. We must all experience the power of passion. As it persuades and deceives our understanding, so also does it our will. The will is the deepest and highest in man, an incomparable power, mighty enough to set a world on fire—and still again, how impotent it is! How small is the temptation which causes it in a weak hour to fall! How weak is it over against its own heart! How bound by the inclinations, habits, appetites, frailties of nature! The highest thing that man can say, is: I will! But how seldom is it that he really wills! He would like to will, but it comes not to real volition. A little god is man by his will, and still again he is a slave of all things and of his own nature. "Know hence, thou proud one, what a paradox thou art to thyself!"

It is the sense of these contradictions and inability to solve them, that has at all times extorted from the breast of man, from poets and thinkers, so many smarting wails over the misery of life. For at one time man in proud self-consciousness or in defiant arrogance grasps the stars and would storm the heavens; at another time he lies in the dust, and oft in the mire!

The poets of all times lament over this. The lamentation is not simply the production of an unsound civilization, which calls forth needs and desires which it is not in a position to appease. Rather directly through the national song, this immediate expression of the national spirit, goes the tone of this melancholy complaint. In fact, herein

lies the true interpretation of these songs and melodies. And not only do we find this true of those nations which are perhaps naturally inclined to dejection, but also of those which had the keenest eye and the deepest relish for life and its possessions and enjoyments, beginning with the Greeks.

Old Homer sings:

Denn nichts Anderes ja ist jammervoller auf Erden Als der Mensch, von Allen was Leben haucht und sich reget.

And the saying of Theognis, that it were best for us never to be born or at least to die as soon as possible after birth, repeats itself under ever new forms. After the manner of the race the poets describe the evils of life in the several stages of the same, from the follies of youth on to sorrowful old age, "the meeting-place of all evils," so that no sensible person could desire to live life over again. And even a Pliny, otherwise brief and succinct in his speech, becomes eloquent when he draws a picture of human misery. In his estimation man is the unhappiest of all creatures. For to all other creatures nature affords what they require. But for man "it cannot certainly be decided whether nature has been a kind mother or a malignant step-mother." As the most helpless of all creatures he comes into the world, with tears he greets the day of his birth, to all possible griefs is he born. "There is no creature more miserable, and yet more proud than man. Among so many and great evils, it is best for him to take his life."

Would suicide be, indeed, the highest wisdom? Would death be the solution of all enigmas? How can that appease our mind which yet by our moral consciousness is condemned? And how can that solve the mystery? Death, in truth is the greatest of all the mysteries which man carries within himself and which encircle his life. For as death is the most certain, so is it also the most uncertain. For—in the words of Pascal—"all that I know is that I must soon die; but that which I least know is death itself, which I know not how to escape." And at the same time it is the most serious thing for us all. For it is the beginning of an eternity—whether of annihilation or of another life. A trembling seriousness lies in the certainty: Thou must die!

Shall we live in the beyond or not? We must know it. And if we live there,

how shall it be? Happy or miserable? We must know it, for the question concerns eternity. This question is so important and comes so near to us, that one must have lost all feeling to be indifferent thereto. According as we hope for an eternal life or not will necessarily be the character and bias of our thinking and acting, so that it is altogether impossible for us thoughtfully to determine the conduct of our life without doing it from this point of view. In short: this entire existence is a problem demanding solution. We cannot escape this question, for it is the question of our life. It must have an answer, and we must find it. We must be sure of the answer, if we would be composed and secure. The world cannot give the answer. That world-contemplation which the world makes the principal thing, can not be relied on. For the world itself is an enigma. Is man the answer to the riddle of the sphinx? But man himself becomes the sphinx. Who then will solve this mystery? The Christian world-contemplation assuredly possesses the explaining word, by referring us to God and the purpose of his eternal love.

For the Christian Messenger.

To my good friend Mr. Gaetz.

Dear Brother Gaetz,—

Your letter in Wesleyan is to hand. I am not disposed for anything like a controversy with you, and shall therefore be as brief as possible in replying. I shall only touch two or three points in it. Time is doubly valuable to me just now or I would notice it all. You quote from my letter in which I said that every third Sunday evening when you or Mr. Gee held service in Paradise we gave up our regular prayer-meeting. You then mention two recent cases when I did not do so, and that before I made the statement; then you ask for an explanation. This of course I most readily give you, as I would not knowingly misrepresent, and would go to any trouble