

Canterbury, that he is, himself, the Expected of Nations, they are sure to get followers in unhappy England. May the Lord speedily take away the veil from their hearts, and cease to punish this otherwise noble nation, for the terrible apostacy of their fathers!

**"REVIVALISM" AT BIRMINGHAM—EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.**

(From the Correspondent of the *Morning Chron.*)

The town of Birmingham is in a state of great commotion during the last few weeks, in consequence of a series of what are termed "Revival" meetings, the scenes at which were of a most extraordinary and unprecedented character. It appears that the Rev. J. Caughey, a minister in connection with the Wesleyan Episcopal Church in America, commenced these meetings about three months ago, in one of the Wesleyan chapels, and that the effects of his preaching were such as to excite numbers of his audience, chiefly females, to an extent bordering on distraction. The notoriety of the preacher, and the scenes that occurred, drew such immense crowds, and for sixty successive nights the spacious chapel in Cherry-street was not only filled, but hundreds had to turn away from the doors for want of room within. The reverend gentleman has now changed the scene of his labours, having this week commenced another course of meetings in a different part of the town. The same results has followed as at the previous meetings, and no pen can describe what these results really are. Some idea of the character of the sermon, however, may be formed from a brief account of what occurred on Sunday. After a short sermon, in the morning, of a practical kind, but chiefly remarkable for the declamatory character of the style, those who "were seeking salvation" were incited to attend the meeting in the afternoon. At this service preparations were made to assist all who might go forward in their inquiries and aspirations by about thirty lay and clerical preachers, who had previously taken their place within the altar for that purpose.

Mr. Caughey now invited the enquirers to come forward to the altar, and "when they were saved, others would have the opportunity of taking their place." A good many, principally females, at once obeyed the call, and then commenced a scene of the most maniacal-like description which can possibly be conceived: The exhibition of the unknown tongues were nothing in comparison with it. Some were singing, others crying—some ejaculating scripture phrases with great violence of speech and gesture—and some, again, seemed absorbed in a rhapsody of silent devotion. As they knelt round the altar, almost every inquirer had one, if not more, of these spiritual advisers kneeling

before her, in close conversation; while others, less devotedly engaged, exclaimed, "The work goes on! the work goes on!" By and by several of the most strongly affected were removed into the vestry, where they were attended by Mr. Caughey's assistance; but two worshippers, a man and his wife, clinging to the rails of the altar with something like a death grasp, and continued in that position for fully half an hour. Around these persons a dozen young ministers were grouped; one planted himself on his knees immediately in front of the women, and while vehemently entreating her to believe, first one, and then another, of the congregation, fell on his knees, and in a state of the greatest excitement continued in prayer; others were singing, and just as the noise began to quiet a little, the person in front of the woman stood up, and cried out, "Glory! glory! she believes," when the whole assembly within the altar rails burst forth in a strain of the wildest acclamation—"Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Amen." In the midst of this *melée*, Mr. Caughey, who had been quietly overlooking the exhibition from the pulpit, walked down, and taking his place by the side of the distressed woman, told the audience that she would "get saved this afternoon. The voice of God has said so to him, and as her husband has got saved last week, he was now wrestling in prayer that his wife might get saved too." Again the young man already referred to got up, and exclaiming "She's saved!" the whole chorus, in the most frantic-like manner, burst afresh in the exclamation "Glory! glory!" This was too much for human nature. The poor woman now completely broke down, the blood seemed dancing in every vein of her head, and when about to leave the altar she fell into the arms of her husband in an almost lifeless state. In this condition she was taken to the vestry, accompanied by the young men who surrounded her, and the door was shut. In the evening Mr. Caughey preached from the text, "This year thou shalt die;" and after assuring the audience that he had been commissioned by the Lord to warn some in that assembly that this year they must die, related the particulars of the cases which had illustrated the truth of his divine commission, when preaching on the same text before. The one was that of a gentleman, who became so alarmed under the sermon, that he told his wife "that he could stand it no longer;" went home, had just time to say he had assured his life for a thousand pounds; that he had his soul also insured in heaven—and died. The other was that of a poor man in York, who, after the service, said to his wife that he had no doubt but that year he should die as Mr. Caughey had told him; and in less than ten days he was found by a gentleman passing by the wayside, resting on a bed of chaff, and uttering the words, "God have mercy on me,"