

The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.

G. A. HARTLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

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TERMS

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Please take notice, it is not the Parish or Town-

ship in which they reside, but the NAME of the

office where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

Wonderful Revival in Ireland.

Believing that our readers will be deeply inter-

ested in the following narrative of the great re-

vival in Ireland, we therefore transfer it, not-

withstanding its length, to our columns; quite

sure that it will repay a careful perusal. We

copy it from the N. Y. Observer.—[Ed. INT.]

THE REVIVAL AT AHOGHILL.

The Lord has been pleased to visit a large por-

tion of our bonds with the genial showers of a

great revival. Our churches have experienced

an awakening the most cheering in its character

and holy in its fruits. Shortly after the begin-

ning of the present year, the Lord was pleased

to convert a family near Ahoghill, and to bless

their conversion in a large degree for promoting

the conversion of others.

An extraordinary interest began to be awak-

ened; prayer-meetings multiplied—crowds flock-

ed to these refreshing streams—nor ordinary

houses were able to accommodate the eager

multitudes that assembled to hear the burning

prayers, and to listen to the plain but heart-stir-

ring addresses of the converted brethren, and

these ministers and laymen whose hearts the

Lord moved to engage in this important work.

The open field and the public wayside, even in the

cold evenings of spring, were the scenes of deep-

ly interesting meetings over which angels hovered

with joy. The prayer-meetings held in the

First and Second Presbyterian Churches were

crowded to excess, although held on the same

ground, and at the same hour. For several miles

around multitudes flocked to these meetings for

prayer and exhortation. Our lay brethren from

Conor, at the first, gave, and continue from

time to time still to give, a powerful impetus to

the good work. Never, in these localities, was

there such a time of secret and public prayer. In

all directions prayer-meetings have sprung up,

and that without number. They are conducted

in a manner of deepest solemnity, and with a

burning earnestness for the outpouring of the

Holy Ghost, and for the conversion of souls.

These meetings have been signally honored of

the Lord. The Spirit has descended in power.

Through the instrumentality of the Word, and

prayer, convictions—often the most powerful—

even to the convulsing of the whole frame, the

rembling of every joint, intense burning of heart

and complete prostration of strength—have been

produced. The arrow of conviction pierces the

conscience, the heart swells high to bursting, a

heavy and intolerable burden presses down the

spirit, and the burdened burning heart, unable

to contain any longer, bursts forth, in the pierc-

ing cry of distress, saying, "Lord Jesus, have

mercy on my sinful soul. This is alike the ex-

perience of the old and the young—of the strong

man and the delicate woman.

Under such convictions, the heart finds relief

in pouring out its cries and tears before the

Lord. These convictions are followed by hours

of kneeling before the Lord, crying, confessing

sin, begging for mercy, and beseeching the Lord

to come to the heart. This is done in tones of

deepest sincerity, and in utterance of the most

ers, neglecters of ordinances, and the wicked in

general, it may be truly said, "They are now in

Christ new creatures. With them old things are

passed away, and all things are become new.—

This is not an appearance put on, but as far as

yet known, a deep and abiding reality. Sin—

besetting sin—is crucified.

One man, proverbial for cursing and blasphemy,

now declares that he never feels the slightest

temptation to return to his former sin. Another,

notorious for his love of strong drink, now says

he shudders at the sign of a public house. The

love of a third for playing cards is now trans-ferred

to his Bible. Obscene songs have given

place to the songs of Zion, scenes of revelry are

exchanged for scenes of prayer and praise, and

the reading of the Word. Wild, wicked, and

godless characters, whom no human power could

remodel, are now to be seen sitting at the feet of

Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. They

are walking with Christ, caring for the one thing

needful and living for the noblest object of life

—the glory of God. This is the case, not in soli-

tary instances, but in hundreds—not merely with

the young, just initiated into a course of sin, but

with the old, confirmed in their sinful habits.

Public and prevailing sins have got a powerful

check. In those favored districts, where this

blessed work has taken deepest root, and its

transforming influence has been most widely felt

drunkenness and Sabbath breaking, and blas-

phemy, and profane language, and negligence of

the great salvation, have been all but annihilated.

The tone of public morals is enlightened, sancti-

fied, and elevated. The things of God are the

subjects of daily, habitual converse. Groups

may be seen around our churches, or at the cor-

ners of our streets, with their Bibles in their

hands, seeking for the meaning of some portion

of the Divine Word. Singing of Psalms may be

heard in all directions. In many localities, pro-

fan songs or idle amusements cannot be endur-

ed. While attending the largest prayer meet-

ings of assembled thousands, and retiring from

them at whatever hour, there is no levity, no

improprieties, but an all pervading seriousness,

to be witnessed. On this revival work, so far as it

has as yet developed itself, there is written,

"Holiness to the Lord." Even upon that por-

tion of the public who make no claim to be reli-

gious, a deep, solemnizing influence has been ex-

ercised. Many of them are thoughtful and in-

quiring, attending the prayer meetings with in-

terest, and, it is to be hoped, with profit. But

among the awakened and converted other

delightful fruits are growing up with rapidity

to maturity. Prayer has received a powerful

stimulus—not only secret, but family and public

prayer is one of those heavenly fruits. It is truly

astounding the liberty that many—very many—

both male and female, have got in public prayer.

It is most refreshing to hear the holy, earnest,

edifying prayers which many babes in Christ are

now offering at the family altar and at the public

prayer meeting. It is nothing uncommon to

hear the voice of prayer wafted on the wings of

the wind from the adjoining fields.

In a class of young communicants preparing

to go up for the first time to the table of the Lord,

it is intensely delightful to hear one after another,

when called on as the mouth-piece of the rest,

supplicating, in words that burn, the grace of

preparation from the mercy-seat. At the con-

clusion of a public prayer-meeting, on a Satur-

day evening, in his district, a blind boy, taught

in the Belfast Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

and the Blind, whose heart was stirred, could not

let the meeting separate without calling attention

to the circumstances of the congregation, of

which he is an honored member, having in view,

on the following day, the solemn dispensation of

the Lord's supper among them; and he offered

up the earnest prayer of faith, in which many

joined on their behalf, that the Holy Spirit might

descend upon them, and that the communion

might be a season of gracious revival. The Bible

is studied, and prized, and loved more than

ever before. It is felt to be "more precious

to holiness, and the end everlasting life;" nor

are the fruits of this revival to be confined to the

convicted and converted. There are thousands

of the surrounding Christian population who are

revived and refreshed as the parched corn, in the

long drought of summer, after the descending of

the cooling and invigorating shower. There is

a quickening to duty, to spirituality, in commu-

nion with God, which is manifest and delightful.

Never, in this locality, was there such holy, and

important, and believing prayer offered up by

members, in the name of the holy child Jesus, for

the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

This gracious revival has extended from the

parish of Connor to that of Ahoghill; then to

Portlengone, and round by Tully, Largey,

Grange, Straid, Slatt, Galmorm Park, Kill-

sliers, Cloughwater, Clough, and Rashark-

in; nor is it yet showing any symptoms of

decline—on the contrary, it is moving on with

amazing power. Every day, and almost every

hour, is bringing tidings of conviction. The in-

terest is more and more awakening and extend-

ing.

The means by which this blessed work is car-

ried on are in no way extraordinary. Prayer and

praise, the reading of the word, and plain, point-

ed, solemn, and earnest appeals to the conscience

and the heart, with the Holy Ghost sent down

from heaven, are the only means that are resorted

to. These are within the reach of every congre-

gation and every religious community.

As to the human agency by which this revival

has been begun, and continues to be extended,

it is not through the ministers of the churches

alone, or even chiefly. The earnest and faithful

preaching of the word may have been the prepa-

ration in some degree; but the chief and hono-

red agents in the work are the converted them-

selves. Not, indeed, schooled in human learning,

but taught of God, very many of them have gifts

of utterance, in prayer and in exhortation, that

are powerful instruments for good. Speaking

from what they feel, they have great power in

awakening slumbering souls. This humble

agency can be multiplied to any extent, and in

any locality. Their honor and success lie in this,

that they are fellow-workers with God. Some

are mocking still, and throwing a cold and with-

eringing difference upon the revival, from whom

better things might have been expected; and

others are ascribing it to the agency of Satan,

transformed into an angel of light. Let them

beware. Let them stand as we stand, not, lest,

unhappily for themselves, they be found to fight

even against God. We pretend not to understand

or to explain all the bodily effects by which this re-

vival is accompanied. There are mysteries con-

nected with it which are incomprehensible. Still,

we cannot believe that it is all the result of

mere human sympathy, or the effect of bodily

disease, or the result of Satanic agency. In the

awakening of slumbering souls—their agonizing

cry for mercy—in their repentance and forsaking

of beloved sins—their acceptance of Christ—their

admission of Him to sit enthroned on the highest

and best seat of their affections—in their love to

Jesus—their earnest, believing prayer—their en-

trance on newness of being, and their persevering

endeavors to win sinners to the Saviour—we see

the grace of God, and are glad.

Providential Deliverance.

Some years ago it was my privilege to work as

district visitor in one of our populous London

parishes. In a cellar in one of the courts as-

signed me, lived a pious old soldier, who had lost

one of his legs in fighting for his country. This

however, did not afflict him, no, nor yet his deep

poverty, nor his dark, damp lodging; but his wife

was ungodly, and this lay as a heavy burden

upon his heart. He had a trifling pension, which,

with the scanty product of a mangle, scarcely suf-

ficed for their maintenance; they had fifteen-

pence a week to pay for the cellar, where rats

run over their wretched bed at night. The sim-

ple faith and piety of the old soldier at once won

my heart; I often visited him to be refreshed

and edified by his remarks, while reading the Word

of God to him.

One morning, the post brought me a letter

from a friend, to whom I had written about this

aged couple. She had been interested with the

history, and sent me five shillings in stamps to

be laid out for them, as I might judge best. I

set out at once to carry them the good news. In

vain, however, did I stand at the top of the dark

stairs this morning, and call aloud, to Mrs. G. to

open the door, that I might find my way down. It

was of no use, she was scolding aloud, and was

dead to every other sound. I groped my way,

and making for the door, gave a loud rap, which

soon brought Mrs. G.'s voice to a momentary

hush, and an expression of regret that she had

not heard me. I replied, that I was greatly sur-

prised and troubled to find her scolding so loudly.

"It is enough to provoke a saint," she said, "to

see him go on as he does."

"Oh, don't