

# The Religious Intelligencer

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

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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**THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER**  
An Evangelical Family Newspaper,  
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For the Religious Intelligencer.  
**Besetting Sins.**

When speaking of professors of religion who indulge some unwholesome appetite, or nourish some habit altogether contrary to the pure example set before them by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we frequently hear it said, it is his or her besetting sin, and so it is passed over. Permit me to ask a few questions on this subject.

Is there one passage in the Word of God that will justify the idea of cherishing our besetting sin? Does it not assure us that God will not look upon an sin with the least allowance? Is there anything in the life or teachings of Christ that would lead us to suppose that we can serve God and Mammon? But suppose it were possible for a man to enter heaven, hugging his darling sin, would he be happy in that realm of purity with the pollution of earth clinging to him? Would he consider himself a fit companion for angels who know not sin, and saints who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and stand before the throne of God without spot or wrinkle; while his own robe is sadly spotted by transgressions, and wrinkled by disobedience? Would he feel worthy to stand in the presence of God the Father whose command is—“Be ye holy for I am holy,” and God the Son who said—“Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect,” and God the Spirit who strove long to persuade him to forsake his besetting sin? I ask, would he not feel in an unhappy position?

But sin has no entrance into heaven; for God has declared, “That without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

To indulge in sin, and to deny the possibility of the church of God living a holy life, certainly expresses unbelief in the power and efficiency of the blood of Christ which we are informed in the word of God, “cleanseth from all sin.” If Enoch walked with God, it is impossible for the children of God at the present time to walk with him? If we say it is, we are accusing God of being a respecter of persons, which he has positively declared he is not. I do not say, that in this world we can ever be free from the annoyance and temptation of the adversary, but I do say that the Church of God, by an unwavering faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ, by a firm reliance on the promises of God, and by constant watching and prayer, can arrive to an eminence in which she will not yield to temptation; and bear in mind dear reader, there is a vast difference in being tempted and yielding to the tempter. Temptation is the sin of the tempter, but yielding is the voluntary act of the tempted.

O that the church of the Most High would awake to this truth! and without delay wage war with her besetting sins, and through the assistance of divine grace, cast them out forever; that she might be presented pure and holy to the Lord. These sins, trifling as they may appear to those who indulge in them, are frequently of so small magnitude; and have been instrumental in launching thousands into a eternity of despair, who might otherwise have been brilliant stars in the diadem of heaven.

I would that all who profess to love Christ could see the beauty of holiness; and not only see it, but strive to obtain it. Dear reader, will you not with me try to attain to this high standing in the church of Christ? Do not be discouraged because you did not receive the blessing by asking once; but ask, and ask again, and again, and yet again, and continue asking till you obtain it. Yes, say like Jacob of old: “I will not let thee go till thou bless me.”

LIZZIE.

For the Religious Intelligencer.  
**A LETTER TO CHRISTIAN READERS.**

Brothers and Sisters in Christ—May I, the least of all God's family, address a few words to you. I feel that I must die. Ever and anon comes with thrilling power the thought that death may be very near at hand, and it brings sad thoughts of my unfaithfulness, of my instability. I trust I am a child of God, but often I think what a frail, feeble, sickly one I am, and this I know, if ever I am saved, it will be through the infinite mercy of God, and through that alone. I feel not only that I have not gained heaven but that I richly merit hell. Christian reader, pray for me, God knows who I am, pray that I may be able to conquer sin.

Before I leave this world my heart turns to do you some good. May the Holy Spirit guide my pen that I may say a few words in season. God has been very good to me. He has given me

temporal blessings in abundance, and while yet a child, he has called me unto him, placed his hands on my head, and blessed me; drawn out my young soul after him; made me in some measure to comprehend the value of a home in heaven, and the comparative insignificance of worldly things. And before you all I thank him, Oh! that I had words to tell how much I thank him. Eternity only can comprehend the infinity of his love.

Child of God! I wait to meet thee in heaven. I trust through the love of Jesus, I shall yet be clothed in his righteousness, who died for me, washed clean by his blood; and with harps in our hands, you and I may stand together, before the throne of God. This is my text for you; Jesus saith “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.” Only unto death, then follows eternal rest. Who can tell the bliss of an eternity in heaven? Free from sin which caused all our unhappiness here, we shall dwell with God forever “and we shall see his face.” Is it not a thing blessed that the blood of Jesus not only frees us from the punishment of sin, but admits us to heaven; not only pardons us but blots out the remembrance of our sin, and makes us altogether pure.

Thank God! Thank God! Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. Brethren, may the blessing of God rest upon you.

Yours, in Jesus,  
MAY.

**Letter from James A. Davidson.**  
ROGERS' TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE HOTEL,  
BRISTOL, JUNE 14, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS AND DEAR BROTHERS—  
In this city the sum of £300,000 is expended every year on 1214 public houses, and beer shops! And the expenses for Poor, Gaol, Bridewell and Police taxes amount to upwards of £50,000! Calculating that at least two-thirds of this sum arises from Intemperance, it follows that the citizens of Bristol are taxed to the extent of more than £35,000 for the support of those who become paupers, criminals and lunatics through the temptations of 1214 publicans and beer sellers!

In England, as well as America, the Rum demon is supplied with fresh victims daily from church and state, from parlour and from styre. Statistics to be depended on tell us that 60,000 drunkards are carried to the grave yearly, victims of the drinking usages and the traffic! Yet awful and abominable as it may appear in the eyes of the God-fearing portion of your readers, the most bitter enemies of the Total Abstinence movement, and the Prohibitory Law in England, are found in the garb of Priests and Ministers of religion. I will not say Ministers of Christ, for we know that all whom Christ has called to preach the gospel, are in the habit of preaching the whole gospel, and it requires us to “present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God;” to “purify ourselves, even as He is pure;” to “give no occasion of stumbling to any brother;” to “give no offence to the Church of God;” to “love our neighbour as ourselves;” to “do good to all as we have opportunity;” to “abstain from all appearance of evil;” to “use the world as not abusing it;” and, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God.

How much glory redounds to God and the gospel of his grace from the example and influence of that clergyman who not only opposes the cause of Total Abstinence by his example, but uses his influence even in the Pulpit against the cause of moral reform! Methinks they let their light so shine that gold is glorified, Rum is exalted, God dishonored, and Hell peopled through their influence. Let us, however, all remember that we shall each have to answer for himself and herself in the Great Day, and looking to Jesus for grace, so live as we will all wish we had lived when we come to bid this world of noise and show, with all its traps and snares, adieu. I ask the prayers of God's people for

Yours truly, in Christ,  
JAMES A. DAVIDSON.

**Search the Scriptures.**

To obtain a clear, full understanding of divine truth, costs something. How comparatively few, even among Christians, have consistent, comprehensive views of the Bible! They have, they think, too much to engage their thoughts to enable them to examine thoroughly the grounds of the faith that is in them, vindicate it from the assaults of error, and teach others. They depend upon ministers of the gospel to do for them. They are “persuaded in their own minds;” so far, this is well; but to assign accurately the reasons of their belief, and drawing from their intellectual, spiritual stores, convince and convert others,—how few are qualified for this? And yet this is the duty and should be the aim of every Christian. Every Christian should explore the wide field of truth,—be familiar with his Bible,—know the mutual connection and dependence of its several portions, and so bring Scripture in all its completeness and power in contact with his own and other's souls. Truth merits and claims such attention. It is valuable. It is very valuable. Possessing it in its fullness we shall be graced with might.

Hence, rest not satisfied, reader, with present attainments. Rest not satisfied, with the instructions from the pulpit. Investigate per-

sonally. “Search the Scriptures.” Redeem time for this purpose. For what purpose should we rather redeem time? How deficient are we? “When for the time we ought to be teachers, we have need that one teach us again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God.” This is a reproach to us. Shame on our negligence and sloth; and let there be a girding up of the loins of the mind for larger acquisitions. Though we toil up the “mount of vision,” the wide range of our view from thence and the sublimity of the objects which it commands, will richly repay you for the fatigue.—[Religious Herald.]

**What and Where is the Marriage Supper.**

Not yet. The present is the period of espousals. To the ignorant, the prejudiced, the outcast, Christ is now coming, graciously and saying: “I that speak unto thee am he.” Multitudes are thus made acquainted with him, and are adopted into his family; but his house consists of two establishments, the latter one a hospital, the upper one a palace.

Even death does not introduce to the fullest consummation of blessedness. Perfect paradise it is, compared with this world; yet do disembodied spirits want somewhat till clothed upon with their house which is from heaven. Separation of soul and body by death is the result of sin, and brings with it a remembrance of God's displeasure. The perfected fruits of his restored favor will not be repeated till the time of restitution; till the resurrection morning, the morning of Zion's marriage day. To the great reception hall, beneath the vast temple dome, there is an ante-room, where all that are called and have arrived are waiting, though joyfully waiting, till the appointed hour shall strike. That spacious rendezvous has much room still unoccupied the end is not yet. But the great day will come; and oh what a May morning will that be to all saints! Not a bird will then or ever after be silent. How bland, how pure the air; and there is more than Spring in the year. How soft the light there; and who will ever see a shadow in heaven; or see the sun setting?

With the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, will Christ appear; saints will receive each his celestial tabernacle; and all, lifting up their heads, will be glad and rejoice with exceeding joy.

“And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia.” Such will be the marriage chorus when He visibly, and in the face of the universe, owns the entire true church as his. God and angels—the thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands—will be witnesses. Oh what splendor will there be in Zion's bridal dress on the resurrection morning. With heavenly grace of form and feature, and movement, will she step forth from the tiring room.

And what a day of high praise to the Lord Jesus will that be, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.

Then comes the Marriage Supper of the Lamb of blessedness of eternity. The grand element of greatness is, that they who are called sit down with Christ at his table. They shall behold his glory; and seeing him as he is, they will be like him; in perfect purity, love and reverence, will they commune with him.

How unlike will that gathering be to most social occasions of earth; how different the mutual feelings! No flushed countenances, no lofty eyes, no envious glances will be seen there. “I have no comfort”—so confessed Lady Marlborough to the Countess of Huntingdon—“I have no comfort in my own family, and when alone, my reflections almost kill me, so that I am forced to fly to the society of those whom I detest and abhor. Now there is Lady Frances Sanderson's great rout to-morrow night; and the world will be there and I must go. I do hate that woman as much as I hate a physician; and I must go, if for no other purpose than to mortify and spite her.” Not so David, not so one who is called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. “I had a day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.” Not a guest is to be there but will say:

“How sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors;  
While everlasting life displays  
The choicest of her stores!”

“While all our hearts and all our songs  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,  
Lord why was I a guest?”

“Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?”

“'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly drew us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.”

There will be no disasters, no absences, no draw-backs of any kind. At the marriage of Louis XVI, and Maria Antoinette, four thousand persons perished in the crowd that assembled to witness the procession. And recently, while preparations for the royal marriage in St. James' Palace, London, were going on, a Marchioness who occupied apartments in the Palace in which

the ceremony was to be performed, died, and the signs of mourning were exhibited at the same time that the nuptial arrangements were making. But are not the former things,—disasters, deaths, funerals, passed away forever from the New Jerusalem? What, that is said, can ever break in upon those divine festivities? Even marriage parties are sometimes the saddest of gatherings on earth. And generally, after all such assemblages, there is a dissatisfied feeling, the soul finding itself vacant, and it may be, forlorn.

“When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!”

But not even the recollection of things now trying, will interrupt the song of joy, full-toned and sublime, that shall roll on, unfeeling, un-failing, and with delight still freshening, when myriads of ages have passed by. “Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.”

“He saith unto me, Write”—Yes, he would have this set down; whatever else may be omitted; fail not to record this, thou Apostle of fourscore and ten years. “Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.” So unlike is this man's estimate, that it will not be credited; it must needs be strongly asseverated—“And so he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.”—Rev. A. C. Thompson.

**Where do you spend your evenings.**

This is a question that might well be sounded in the ears of every young man during every week in the year. I address it particularly to them. Where you spend your days, I need not inquire. Some of you pass them in one mode of honorable labor, and some in another—one in the counting-room, another in the office, another behind the plough, another on the bench, or another over the anvil. But where do you spend your evenings? This is a vital question, as it relates to a young man's whole future destiny.

If you spend them in certain places that I could mention, you are not made much better by it, and must have a care lest, by so doing you are preparing to spend your long eternity in remorse and despair. If you spend your evenings in a drinking saloon, whether above ground or below ground, whether it be crimsoned, gilded, and chandeliered, or only a subterranean den, I will tell you what you will gain by that. You will gain a loss in several ways. You will be the poorer by several shillings every week; for this business of “treating” your fellow loungers whom you meet there, is not exactly the best thing for a man's purse. You will gain a good many head aches, and some heart aches too. You will gain a prodigious amount of self contempt, and perhaps the contempt of some others likewise. You will gain some habits which are not very easy to get rid of, and pick up some acquaintances who would rather get their relations out of your pockets than out of their own, which were emptied long ago. You will gain, if you are not careful, the tremendously fearful habits of the drunkard; and at the end of a wretched life of vice, pauperism, and self loathing, you may find that the most appalling of all resting places the drunkard's grave. If you do not wish your evenings in this life to be the prelude to an eternal night of horror in the world to come, then avoid the place where men dole out poison by the glass, and chuckle over the self immolation of their unhappy victims.

This warning will apply also to many other kindred places of resort; to the gaming saloon, the ball room, the theatre, and the house of shame. You may not be able to spend every evening at home, and some of you may have no homes. You may often find it profitable to spend your evenings in the house of prayer—You may often leave your own doors, and with a clean conscience too, to visit the public meeting, or the lecture room, where popular addresses are delivered. One night, the debating club may invite you; on another evening the music class may afford you at once a healthful recreation, and a new source of delight. But even these should not occupy all your evenings.

If you have a quiet, well ordered home or anything that deserves the name of home, then there is the place for the majority of your leisure hours. It is not good to be in public, “in society” (as the phrase is) too much. A good home is the place for a noble soul to expand in—to cultivate domestic feelings, to enlarge the kindly sympathies, to avoid temptations, and to prepare for the duties and the perils of after life. If you have a home, stick to it. Do not give it up for the club of smokers and swearers, for the drinking circle or the card table, for every trifling entertainment got up by travelling mountebanks. Never hear the clock strike twelve away from that home. Many a youth is decaying away to destruction, while his parents or employers are asleep. Many a guilty conscience is borne every midnight through the silent streets from some place of unbalanced mirth, or wickedness, to a prayerless bed.

**The Revival in Ireland.**

From the Ballymena Observer.)  
From our columns of to-day it will be seen that the above extraordinary movement has now extended to almost every town and district of county Antrim, and to various portions of the neighboring counties of Down and Londonderry. It is advancing, wave after wave, like some resistless tide upon the strand, each surging swell marking its onward progress to a pre-destinated limit,—but no human eye can see the boundary. In the town and neighborhood of Ballymena the mysterious influence continues in unabated operation; and numerous cases, accompanied by all the wonderful phenomena so frequently described, are occurring daily. Among the many good results of this general awakening we may remark that the ordinary Sabbath-day services of public worship are piously attended by crowds of people, once regardless of everything except their well-being in time, but now deeply anxious respecting their future position in eternity. At the Presbyterian Church, in Wellington-street, the congregation was so numerous in the forenoon of Sunday last, that many persons were unable to obtain admittance—and four or five new cases of “conviction” occurred during the celebration of public worship. In the evening an immense concourse of the community assembled for united prayer, in a grass park to the west of the Galgorm road—a locality admirably suited to the purpose, and nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Robert Morton. All the churches in Ballymena would not have contained the number present; and the spectacle was one of the most solemn and interesting that we have ever witnessed.

The entire assemblage appeared to be under the solemnising influence of a devotional spirit, as exhibited in an unwonted earnestness of manner, but without an extravagance of speech or gesture. At first view they appeared as if rooted to the ground on which they stood. There was no motion perceptible among the multitude—no whispering among the awe-stricken multitude—no romping of light-minded children about the outskirts; for the proclamation of the Gospel message appeared to have arrested the attention of all present, and the greater number of them were provided with Bibles. The services of the evening were opened by the Rev. S. J. Moore; after which addresses followed in succession from four or five lay converts. Their language was characterized by the unpolished but effective eloquence of nature—for they were thoroughly in earnest. We understand that several strongly marked cases of sudden conviction occurred while these exhortations were in progress; but the parties so affected had been carried to a remote corner of the enclosure, previous to the time of our arrival.

The services were brought to a conclusion by the Rev. Mr. Moore, who most impressively addressed the audience in reference to the signal manifestations of God's power, and the work of the Holy Spirit, as exemplified in the conversion of many souls in this highly-favoured community. He then called upon the audience to unite in the singing of an appropriate hymn; and forthwith the responsive voices of the assembled multitude rose high in solemn swell—in heart-touching psalms of praise to the Omnipotent—which the still night re-echoed in tones innumerable from every hill and homestead of the adjacent country. Prayer and the benediction followed; but the audience did not separate, for strange and most exciting scenes immediately ensued. Suddenly one person, and then another, and another, in rapid succession, fell to the ground with piercing cries of mental agony. The mysterious influence was at work. It soon spread still further among the assemblage; and, within half-an-hour, we found that not fewer than twenty human beings were stretched at full length upon the grass, exhibiting emotions, both of soul and body, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. Remorse for sin—an overwhelming sense of their impending danger—a frightful “conviction” that they were on the downward road to everlasting destruction, and that no power except that of God in Christ could bring help or salvation, was the first felt and paramount “impression” upon them all. In all cases it appeared as if every fibre of the heart, and every muscle of the body, were wrung with some excruciating torture.—Then followed loud impulsive cries for the Redeemer's mercy, expressed in tones of anguish which no imagination can conceive or pen describe—those cries must be heard, and once heard they can never be forgotten. By some intelligent investigators it is believed that just in proportion to the fairness, or immorality, of previous character the visitation is more or less severe. The correctness of this opinion is liable to considerable doubt; but we know that, from whatever cause, there is a great variety in the extent of suffering. Some cases are comparatively mild. They are characterised by a sudden gush of anguish—tears, heart penitence, and heart sobbing, for an hour or two—and then great bodily weakness for a few succeeding days. But the majority of the cases of this evening were among the severest that we have ever witnessed—and we have now seen hundreds of them. In general, the stricken parties were severally carried out, from the pressure of the thronging multitude, to localities where they became objects of solicitude to smaller groups in other portions of the enclosure. At about half-past ten o'clock

we reckoned nine circles or assemblages of this nature, in a single one of which we found eleven prostrate penitents smitten to the heart, and fervently supplicating God, for Christ's sake, to pardon their iniquities. Over these parties pious bystanders, or some of the converted, occasionally offered prayer. Other circles laboured to console the sufferers by singing appropriate hymns or psalms of the inspired penman; and, with that intent, we observed that five large groups, in different localities of the park, were mingling their voices in sacred melody at the same moment.

In one of these circles we noticed a case of terrible severity—one in which visions of unspeakable horror must have been pictured to the imagination of the unhappy sufferer. A young woman lay extended at full length—her eyes closed, her hands clasped and elevated, and her body curved in a spasm so violent that it appeared to rest, arch like, upon heels and the back portion of her head. In that position she lay without speech or motion for several minutes. Suddenly she uttered a terrific scream, and tore handfuls of hair from her uncovered head. Extending her open hands in a repelling attitude of the most appalling horror, she exclaimed, “Oh that fearful pit!—Lord Jesus, save me! I am a sinner, a most unworthy sinner—O Lord, take him away, take him away!—O Christ, come, come quickly! O Saviour of sinners, remove him from my sight!” During this prostrated three strong men were hardly able to restrain her. She extended her arms on either side, clutching spasmodically at the grass, shuddering with terror, and shrinking from some fearful vision of the inward sight; but she ultimately fell back exhausted, nervous, and apparently insensible. How long she remained in that condition we are unable to say, but we understand that she was treated with Christian sympathy, and removed from the field in safety before midnight. This was an extreme case—no without parallel, but certainly the most frightful that we have ever witnessed. We may here remark that, three days afterwards, that woman was visited by a Christian friend who had been a witness of her agony. He found her weak in body, but her mind was thoroughly composed. She was a new creature. The light of peace and love was beaming from her countenance, and joy flashed in her eyes, as she told him of her perfect reconciliation with God and her unwavering faith in the Redeemer. She expressed her consciousness that “the power of the Holy Spirit has been exercised upon her heart,” and she blessed God that He had brought her to repentance and salvation “in His own way.” She had seen “the exceeding sinfulness of sin;” here she had been opened at a moment when she was treading upon the very brink of destruction, and she had not closed them in sleep for forty hours afterwards. She could not sleep—she “did not dare to sleep in the condition in which she could not dare to die;” her trial had been a lengthened one, “but God had lifted the light of His countenance upon her, and sent her peace.” Now, we do not pretend to explain the moving cause of these mysterious convictions; but we feel bound to say that such, or such like, have been the results in every case brought under our notice during the last two months.—In that respect there is not the slightest perceptible distinction in the influence, whether on the old or young, the rich or the poor, the learned or the unlearned. Whether the agonies are brief or lengthened, moderate or severe, the effect upon the party is invariably the same—the fruit is love, peace, faith, joy, temperance, and humility. We find that further reference to our notes of some highly interesting occurrences at the open air meeting of Sunday last must be omitted for want of space. Some of the “impressed” parties recovered ability to walk, but the greater number were supported by their friends, or carried carefully away, and the ground was entirely vacated about half past eleven o'clock. A similar meeting will be held on the same premises tomorrow evening.

Whilst the proceedings already referred to were in progress at Ballymena, another assemblage, little inferior in extent, and followed by no less extraordinary consequences, was congregated in the open air at Kilmacriola; and on almost every other evening of the present week similar meetings have been held in the adjoining districts. In one case there was a mid-day field assemblage of the people for united prayer, on which occasion many persons “left their work, and were in attendance from a distance of several miles. In Ballymena, the First and Third Presbyterian churches are open for prayer and exhortation on every alternate evening, at which times they are generally crowded to excess, and the new cases of conviction are very numerous. The Rev. Mr. Mooney, Episcopal minister of this parish, presides at a weekly meeting in the parochial school, in which place and before crowded assemblages, faithful and deeply affecting addresses were delivered by his brother clergymen from Coalisland and St. John's Church, Dublin, on the evening of Tuesday and Thursday last. Meetings of the market people are held in the afternoon of every Saturday in the open square of the Linen-hall; and it is certainly a very remarkable fact that the mercantile benches, designed exclusively for the use of linen buyers, are now alternately occupied by the heralds of a Gospel wherein all are invited to buy “without money and without price.” Mid-day meetings for united prayer continue to be held in the Town-