The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. J. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Poetry.

My Angel Love.

Mr. Willis thus introduces an unpublished poem of the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson, in his last letter from Idlewild to the *Home Journal*:

There is a poem, written by one of our foster-children of genius, of which I am reminded by this question of angelic aid to our mortal imperfectness of reach. I am not sure that it has ever been published. "Fanny Forrester" wrote it, and it has been among my manuscripts till I have learned its inspired harmonies by heart. Even if it be found elsewhere in print, however, it will not be unrefreshing to read, (for a change,) a bit of the old-fashioned poetry that has in it both meaning and music. The widowed heart of the gifted one—with her apostle husband just gone before her to heaven—thus exquisitely tells the story of their earthly love and its still lingering "hold of hands:"—

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit-loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon my proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And eastenly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever, through the rifted clouds,
Shines out one steady star—
For *when my guide went up, he left*
The pearly gates ajar.

In those last two unsurpassed lines—lines in the golden cadence of which lay the lark-song of her own then dawning morning in heaven—Emily Judson has expressed the faith for which the imaginative world is now zealously contending—*spirit-vision across the grave.* I should be reluctant indeed to relinquish my own hold, instinctive rather than philosophical though it be, of faith so precious.

Dr. Cone's Funeral.

In our last issue we gave an account of the proceedings connected with the burial of the late Dr. Cone, extracted from the N. Y. Chronicle. We now give the following interesting address extracted from the same Journal, delivered on that memorable occasion by the Rev. Dr. Magoon, together with the Editor's remarks thereon. He says?

"We never attended, on any similar occasion, where so much feeling was betrayed by so many persons, as at the funeral of Dr. Cone. At every death the same intensity of emotion may be witnessed within the invaded domestic circle; but in this case it included a very wide range of the largest community on the Continent. Stalwart men, with furrowed cheeks and whitened locks, wept like children at the death of a parent. Venerable matrons, many of whom have been married or baptized by the departed, or he had visited them in sickness, or attended their friends to the grave at their death, had the most hallowed memories revived by the pale, cold corpse before them. Merchants, professional men, and those engaged in the activities of Wall-street or Broadway, on whom talent, wealth, and position had concentrated their gifts, turned aside to express the sense they felt of the loss they had sustained in the death of one, whose eloquence had appealed to them from their youth up, or who was associated with the most sacred recollections of earlier years. Youth and children, in untold numbers, mingled their tears in the general weeping, over one whose bleached locks and venerable form had been associated with their earliest intelligent thoughts, as a servant of Christ, and a messenger of God to man.

After the preliminary service, Dr. Magoon, of the Oliver-street Baptist Church, delivered the following able and appropriate address:

"Swiftly and silently, like the arrow of death, news recently flew over our land, announcing that a great standard-bearer was smitten in the conflict, and lay quivering on the battle-field. That evening, a circle gathered in prayer at Saratoga, and a pastor of this city led their devotions. The fallen veteran was especially remembered. Immediately after, Deacon Heman Lincoln, of Boston, said: "Brother, I thank you for the allusion to Dr. Cone. Many years ago he came to Dr. Baldwin's pulpit and preached from the 24th verse of the 73d Psalm, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterwards receive me to glory." That was a sweet discourse.

Another shock has supervened, continued Dr. Magoon, "and now all of earth is ended." Spencer H. Cone is dead. Called to participate with you, brethren, in these solemnities, what better thing can be attempted than to revert briefly to those words so sacred to us now.

1. THE LOST ARE DIVINELY LED. "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel." Two important facts are to be considered.

(1). *By nature, the rebellious children of Adam are lost.* All are gone out of the way. There is not one born of a right mind, in the right path. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Jesus is God manifested; and when as such He is believed, his incarnation becomes satisfaction to famished intellects. God reconciled; and when trusted in, His atonement affords comfort to the aching conscience. God communicated; and when loved, His finished work furnishes a perpetual feast to craving affection. All restoration depends upon the incarnate, redeeming, interceding Immanual. "This is a faithful saying that Jesus Christ came into the world to *save* sinners." "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day."

(2). *By grace the elect people of God are led.* From the first light to the last, all deliverance comes of the Divine hand. Thought may produce thought, but no measure of mere thinking can attain salvation. Only faith can produce faith, and this is manifestly the work of God. By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourself, but your Saviour. The mercy of election is from everlasting, and moves towards its predestined subject, as the sun from midnight draws near the springing plants, born in gloom, to be baptized with golden day. Effectual calling brings the recipient of life to, and unites him with Christ the author, and therefore, finisher of faith. In this way alone is grace wrought in the soul, and glory secured to it. The process of redemption, necessarily excludes boasting, by giving the benighted sinner a right to the heavenly inheritance, just so far as of and by itself alone, the fitness is conferred. Some may travel under clouds, some traverse a checkered scene, and a few run up a shining way, but as they journey, and when they rest, all guiding light on the part of each, alike, is ascribed always to the Sun of Righteousness.

We are not to pry into the secret decree, but follow the vouchsafed guidance; as the anxious mariner is not so curious about the pole-star as he is studious of chart and compass. A heart touched from on high is securely led, while it trembles under electing love, and discovers by its own loving that it was first loved. Effectual calling is the link of union between eternal predestination and personal glorification. A heart-grasp divinely prompted at the foot of the cross, consummates a hold upon the infinite, past and to come thenceforth and forever inseparable. Herein is the grand inducement to lay hold on the hope set before us in the Gospel.

We may not at present see the ocean whence comes the living waters we need; but it is permitted unto us to feel the celestial stream flowing in our heart, and know who it is that declares it shall certainly spring up into everlasting life. As different continents are variously named, though washed by the same billows; so preventing, assisting, and co-working grace, are but varied exponents of the one identical and effectual power, the light that gleams and the glory that resounds along the shores of salvation's infinite sea. The same hand which laid a sure foundation in Zion, works corresponding surety in the renovated heart. Christ was God, that there might be invincible life in the basis of our hope; and he was man, that the Divine cement so interposed, might be homogeneous with the superstructure of living stones, and the last addition rise in unmingled praise, as the first was quarried and brought from afar by unprompted grace. Yes, the lost children of Adam, if ever saved, must be led by Him whose life is the light of men.

II. THE SANCTIFIED ARE GLORIOUSLY SAVED. "And afterward receive me to glory." Two facts under this head, also, should be noticed.

(1.) *Whom God seeks he seals.* All evangelical experience proves this. As a striking exemplification, take the subjoined record from the life of our departed Brother:

In the month of November, 1813, after breakfast, I took up the newspaper, and saw among other things a large sale of books advertised at Wood's Auction Rooms, and said to myself, I will look in as I go to the office, and see what they are. I did so, and the first book I took up was a volume of the Works of John Newton. In an instant, my whole life passed in review before me. I remember taking that book out of the College Library, while at Princeton, and reading Newton's Life to my mother. His dream of the lost ring, reminded me forcibly of my dream of the well, and I felt an ardent desire to own the book, and read the dream again. I left the Rooms, having first requested Mr. Wood, who was a particular friend, to put it up for sale as soon as he saw me in the evening, as it was the only work I wanted. He promised to do so, and I immediately went on towards our office, which was nearly opposite; but I had scarcely reached the middle of the street, when a voice, 'like the sound of many waters,' said to me—THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! I trembled like an aspen-leaf—I felt myself to be in the grasp of the Almighty—and an earthquake could not have increased my dismay. Sermons heard when only eight years old, on The Balm of Gilead, and on the Lamb of God—the dream—all were painfully present, and I thought my hour of doom had come. I went to the office, took down the Day-Book to charge the new advertisements, but my hand trembled so that I could not write, and I put the book back in its place. I went out into South street—then walked up and down Market street in the crowd till dinner time, to drown, if it were possible, my thoughts and feelings. But all in vain. The sound still rung, not only in my ears, but through my heart, like the sound of a trumpet—THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! I went home to dinner, endeavoring to conceal my feelings as much as possible from my wife. The day wore heavily away; I was at the Auction-Room at the hour; purchased *the book* that seemed to be strangely connected with my weal or woe; returned to my house immediately, and read Newton's eventful life entirely through before retiring to rest. There seemed to be some strong points of resemblance between us; he had been rescued from the wrath to come! what would become of me? I found that he read the Bible, and obtained light. I went to bed with the determination of rising early to imitate his example, and search the Scriptures. My dear young wife thought I was going mad. Oh no! no! I was not mad! He who had compassion on the poor Gadarene, was now bringing me to my right mind in a way that I knew not.

"I commenced reading the Scriptures with deep interest, to find out how a sinner could be saved; and in two months, read the Psalms and different portions of the Old Testament, and the New Testament, I think, more than twenty times through. The Psalms, John's Gospel, and the Epistle to the Romans, were particularly precious. It required great efforts to attend to domestic duties, and my business in the office; for I felt continually that it would profit me nothing 'to gain the whole world, and at last lose my own soul.' I sought out preachers, and heard Mr Duncan frequently, but could not learn from any of them the way of salvation. One evening, after the family had all retired, I went up into a vacant garret, and walked backwards and forwards, in great agony of mind; I kneeled down; the instance of Hezekiah occurred to me; like him I turned my face to the wall and cried for mercy. An answer seemed to be vouchsafed *in an impression*, that just as many years as I had passed in rebellion against God, so many years I must now endure, before deliverance could be granted. I clasped my hands, and cried out, "Yes, dear Lord, a thousand years of such anguish as I now feel, if I may only be saved at last.' I continued to read, and whenever I could steal away unobserved into the garret, there I walked the floor, when all around was hushed in sleep; there I prayed and poured out tears of bitter sorrow. While thus engaged one night, the plan of salvation was revealed to me in the figure of Noah's Ark. I saw an ungodly race swept away with the flood, but Noah and his family were saved, for God shut them in the Ark. I felt that, as a sinner, I was condemned, and justly exposed to immediate and everlasting destruction. I saw distinctly that in Christ alone I must be saved, if saved at all; and the view I at that moment had of God's method of saving sinners, I do still most heartily entertain, after thirty years' experience of his love. This was Saturday night, and that night I slept more sweetly than I had done for many weeks. Before daylight on Lord's-day morning I awoke, and went down stairs quietly, made a fire in the front parlor, and threw open the window-shutters, and as soon as I could see, commenced reading the New Testament. I opened to the 13th chapter of John, and came to where Peter said 'thou shalt never wash my feet;' 'Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Simon Peter saith to him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.' At that moment my heart seemed to melt. I felt as if plunged in a bath of blood divine—I was cleansed from head to foot;—guilt and the apprehension of punishment were both put away; tears of gratitude gushed from my eyes in copious streams; the fire in the grate shone on the paper upon the wall, and the room was full of light; I fell upon the hearth-rug, on my face, at the feet of JESUS, and wept and gave thanks; my sins, which were many, were all forgiven me; and a peace of mind succeeded, which passeth understanding. Bless the Lord, O my soul! from that hour to the present, a doubt of my calling and election of God, has never crossed my path. With all my imperfections, shortcomings, and backslidings of heart, I have from that hour steadfastly believed that 'neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord!'

Thus had Bro. Cone believed, and you need not wonder that ever since he has spoken thus. Elevated as his doctrine habitually was, think you it was ever higher, or deeper, or broader, than that experience of his? God's seeking of his soul had a sealing power felt evermore.

(2). *Whom God seals he saves.* It is well to be a creature of God, with His wisdom in my form, His goodness in my faculties, and His providence in my life, from hour to hour. But O, how much better to be a child of God, with Christ formed in my soul the hope of glory!

A truthful heart never breaks, but waxes stronger and stronger unto the perfect day. The righteous hath hope in His death, the aggregate of a life-growth, through faith. Where the graceless are utterly emptied, the obedient disciple is most graciously filled. Mahomet's paradise was said to lie under the shadow of swords; not such the object of Christian desires. As he enters the valley of the shadow of death obscuring mist may, for the moment, arise but the garnered effulgence of the cross soon shines out from the sanctified soul to transmute the mists, and make them as fragrant with the bliss, as they become golden with the light of heaven.

Seneca characterized hope as "an uncertain good." On the contrary, to the subject of grace and heir to glory, hope is an anchor, cast in a sure fastening. He prays, "Hide me in the cleft of the rock," and is moored in untroubled peace. He that is Truth is Life also, and that Life is the eternity which we put on when we awake, as the saints broke their bonds on *that* night, to rise together with Him.

All things are commissioned to work out the highest good of God's elect. Events may seem to run on random wheels, but they have eyes in them, and are guided by the wisdom to execute the purpose of God. Even the dim vision of paganism recognized overruling harmony, and their gods were made to carry a harp.

He who kindles his lamp at Bible flames, is enabled to watch securely through the darkest night. The day of Jubilee draws near, and then there will be neither bar nor bonds. He who had all power and goodness in Himself says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Earth rolls onward, carrying all tumult within and storms without, yet undisturbed in its course. Not a beam of the Sun is extinguished, though many may be obscured; least of all is his orbit changed by the transient eclipses that may be endured.

Every event of Providence tends to bring electing mercy and obedient faith together. If the Red Sea is to be crossed, Miriam stands ready on the opposite shore, with the triumphant timbrel in her hand. If Job weeps, with ashes upon his head, when the dew lay all night upon his branches, it is that the Lord shall bless his latter end more than his beginning. If David keeps his father's sheep, he is anointed king over Judah. If the children be cast into the furnace, the friend walks with them in the fire, and the hair of their head is unsinged. If Daniel be thrown into the den of lions, an angel shuts their mouths, and Darius crowns him with honor. If Lazarus to-day weeps at the gate of Dives, he shall to-morrow rejoice in the bosom of Abraham.

A firebrand of hell transformed in the laver of regeneration, thenceforth bears latent glory in the place of subdued lust; and if it irresistibly approaches a higher firmament it is that in its correlative sphere it may eternally unfold divine splendor. The final act of faith is to summon Death into the chamber of dissolution; and there the king of terrors changed into an angel of mercy, can only open that door of our Father's house, which conducts to immortal peace. The deity of Jesus was apparently banished in his flesh, and even shut in the prison of death; but He who passed through unopened portals never lay in a locked grave. His death purchased our right to Heaven, and his exhaltation insures each believer a mansion there. Approaching the frontier of mortality, and beholding the towers of new Jerusalem beyond, no one who has truly believed shall then be repelled or restrained; but, putting on the wings of the morning, he shall still be obedient to the heavenly calling, and soar forever into the freedom of the sons of God. So continued the experience of our Brother. "Bless the Lord, O my soul! from that hour to the present, a doubt of my calling and election of God has never crossed my path. With all my imperfections, shortcomings, and backslidings of heart, I have from that hour steadfastly believed that 'neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord!"

"I wished immediately to be bapitzed There was no question as to the right way. I had read the New Testament so thoroughly that the doctrines of the Gospel were perfectly plain, though I had not conferred with flesh and blood, or asked any one what church I ought to join."

Like Latimer, brother Cone stood upon the old ways of the Gospel, and would lay no stress upon the Fathers, only so far as the Fathers lay stress upon the Scriptures. The doctrines upon which he trusted were finally and firmly tested. All finite bulwarks were smitten down, and the tempest beat upon that house, but it fell not because it was founded upon a rock. Having received grace to live, grace in dying led him above the reign of death. He threw himself under the wings of the Cherubim before the Mercy Seat: and the wheels of life, beneath the hand of divine sovereignty, stopped without a sound.

Yes, that form, so flexile and enduring, lies stiffened at the foot of this altar so long and so faithfully served. That heart so genial, and the fountain of eloquence so powerful, is cold at last. The tones so mellow with mingled gentleness and force, and which have reverberated here and in other spheres of high endeavor so long, are silent, and we can be thrilled by their melody or majesty no more.

O, Edward and Wallace, what a legacy you have received! May you honor your father's good name, and emulate his worth. This inanimate clay is not the father you tenderly loved, and who so recently was rather a comrade than a parent, finding in your filial devotion the best substitute on earth for that affection which first moistened your infantile lips: they are together now and they weep no more. Behold the best friends of earth now beckoning you to the skies, and bidding you prepare to meet them there.

Brethren, consider the life and death of one who endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. As was said of Hampden, "He was not to be tired out." Right or wrong in his convictions as to duty, he was true to himself, and to the end consistent in the allegiance he felt due to conscience. Roman law rendered it the duty of a sentinel on the walls of Pompeii, to withstand all peril rather than abandon his position. Earth shock, heaven darkened, Vesuvius poured down floods of cinders and blastering fires; and yet he flinched not, but was crushed to the earth with his armour on and at his post. Fifteen hundred years afterwards, all that remained to attest his fidelity was there still. Hereafter will more fully reveal the pertinency of this allusion.

"Traveler, tell the Spartans that we lie here in obedience to law," was the inscription written by one of the brave three hundred over the anticipated grave of them all. And a tradition states that on the morning of that great sacrifice, Leonidas turned towards home, laying bare his broad steel to the bright sun, and triumphantly exclaimed,—"Ye hills, plains, hearths, shrines, ye will be free!"

Men perish from earth, but not the less do divine principles spread upon it. That which is most allied to heaven truth, is most sure to prevail. Heaven and earth may even pass away, but the Word of God endureth for ever. —Spencer H. Cone had come to believe that all in the Bible, and as it is in the Bible, is destined to be in the world, for the glory of its Author. He could cheerfully employ the best energies of his soul for this purpose, and if need be, cry perish my body, only let truth speak untrammeled and Christ be honored. Every such sacrifice calls survivors to profounder consecration; and let us, in view of our own speedy summons to the final judgment, cultivate the spirit of purity, piety, and peace.

In teeming thousands we gather round thy unconscious dust, brother beloved; but thine now is a loftier temple, and a more glorious companionship. O, bend from thy bright dwelling and breathe the inspiration of perfected nobleness in our aching hearts. Tell us thy present experience. Our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, children and friends, converts who were trophies of thy youthful ardor, and the associates of thy maturer counsels, are gathered with thee there. Multitudes, trained in Alexandria, Oliver-street, and within these consecrated walls, plants of thy culture, and children of thy prayers; as well as ministers whose timidity thy kindness fortified, and missionaries whose necessities thy beneficence sustained, have hailed thy coming to their banquet of love, and join thee in casting crowns at our Saviour's feet. O, with a deeper unction, and more entracing melody, than were wont to dignify thy pulpit, with more than regal power, tell us thy view of Christian doctrine *now*! Art thou still pursuaded that "neither death, nor, life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate poor sinners, believing and trusting like thee, from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus thy Lord?" Hark! Is it a response we hear trembling on the hushed heart of this vast auditory, like a fragment of angelic chaunting before the ETERNAL THRONE. "*To the glory of Sovereign Grace, yes, hallelujah, Amen!*"

It is Impossible.

"It is impossible!" said some, when Peter the Great determined on a voyage of discovery; and the cold and inhospitable region over which he reigned furnished nothing but some larch-trees to construct his vessels.—But though the iron, the cordage, the sails, and all that was necessary, except provisions, the victualling of them, were to be carried through the immense deserts of Siberia, down rivers of difficult navigation, and along roads almost impassable, the thing was done; for the command of the sovereign, and the perseverence of the people, surmounted every obstacle.

"It is impossible!" said some, as soon as they heard of the scheme of Oberlin. To rescue his parishoners from a half savage state, he determined to open communication with the high road to Stratsbourg, so that the productions of the Ban de la Roche might find a market Having assembled the people, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of enormous masses to construct a wall for a road, about a mile and a-half in length along the banks of the river Bruche, and build a bridge across it.

The peasants were astonished at this proposition, and pronounced it impracticable; and every one excused himself on the ground of private business. He, however, reasoned with them, and headed the offer with his own example. No sooner had he pronounced these words, than with a pickaxe on his shoulder, he proceeded to the spot, while the astonished peasants, animated by his example, forgot their excuses, and hastened with one consent to fetch their tools to follow him.—At length every obstacle was surmounted; walls were erected to support the earth which appeared ready to give way; mountain torrents which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted from their course, or received into beds sufficient to contain them, and the thing was done. The bridge still bears the name of the Bridge of Charity.

"It is impossible!" said some as they looked at the impenetratable forests which covered the ragged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and harkened to the daring plan of a man named Rapp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by the exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of twenty four thousand pine trees, six feet broad, and from three to six deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812, and called the Alpnach, was kept moist. Its length was forty thousand English feet. It had to be conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or under ground, or over deeps, where it was sustained by scaffolding; and yet skill and perseverence overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, ran through the space, about eight miles in six minutes. A gentleman who saw this great work says, that "such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, no matter however quickly he attempted to repeat the blow."

Say not hastily, then, "It is impossible." It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week, or by thoughtlessness, carelessness, and indolence; but to act with wisdom, energy, and perseverence, is to ensure success. "Time and patience," says a Spanish author, "make the mulberry leaf satin!" and another remarks that "care and industry do everything."

History of the German Missions.

BY X——

Continued.

The year 1848 was an important epoch in the history of the mission. A convention of the churches was held January 17—20. Fifty-five delegates attended, most of whom were men who had proved themselves to be unflinching soldiers of Christ.

There were now 1,982 members in connection with the mission. The grain of mustard seed had become a great tree, whose roots had struck deep into the soil, whose branches afforded a refreshing shade to many.

Here was another proof that there is vitality in the church of Christ. A few years before a devoted servant of Christ had re-announced the doctrine of salvation by faith.—Then a church was formed: from the bosom of this church men went forth to proclaim the same tidings which had gladdened their hearts. These missionaries gathered churches. Then pastors and evangelist came forth, to build up Zion, and to extend her borders.

While the cause was thus advancing the revolution swept over Europe. It opened bright prospects before the mission.—The state church seemed to have received a death blow. All christian sects were pronounced to be on an equality. Religious liberty for which the German Baptists had long toiled, and suffered and prayed was now guaranteed.

A new impulse was infused in the mission Efforts were made to send the gospel to the regions beyond. All the instrumentality for extending the truth were worked with new energy and hopefulness.

The year 1848 was full of blessings, never before had the gospel made such progress.

The two following years were marked by numerous conversions.

When the triennial Convention met again in July 1857 it was found that that membership had increased from 1,982 to 3,746.

But during the interval a great change had taken place. In 1848 the churches rejoiced in freedom to worship God; but the German people could not maintain their liberties, and soon the Baptists felt even more the tyrants heavy hand. In Prussia, Hesse, Hanover, and other states, the brethren were fined and imprisoned, not for sedition, nor for fanaticism, but because they had determined to serve God rather than man. Nevertheless, the good cause progressed with a rapidity which excited gratitude to God from its friends, and increased hatred from its foes.

One can scarcely believe that the persecutions which our Baptist brethren in Germany have endured, were inflicted scarcely a year ago. Can it be that believers in Christ were fined, imprisoned and deprived of civil rights in a protestant land, and solely on account of their religion? If so, surely these sad blots on the civilization and enlightenment of this century must have originated from those who hated the gospel of Christ. But no, strange to say, in many cases the instigators of these persecutions were men who held evangelical sentiments, and what is still more strange their conduct has been justified by men who as christian scholars have filled the world with their fame.

The church of Rome in persecuting protestants acted consistently. Her conduct was marked by atrocious wickedness, but there was in it apparent wisdom, and what she did was done thoroughly. When a heresy arose she did not seek to irritate it into increased activity, she did not condescend to petty fines and imprisonments, she sought at once its extermination. When Rome was in her palmy days—a heresy left behind it but a sickening trail of blood and smoke. If persecution for religious opinions is right at all there ought to be enough of it to accomplish the end in view. If it is wrong there should be no interference with men on account of their opinions. We are horrified as we see the church of Rome spreading desolation over kingdoms, while as we see the German protestants inflicting imprisonment and fines on even christian Baptists we feel no higher emotion than contempt. They have acted not only wickedly but very foolishly.

Latterly the condition of our mission has improved. The sufferings which they endured, the blot on protestantism which their persecutions caused had attracted the notice of the christian world. A plan had been formed by the friends of religious liberty in England to remove if possible this stain from German protestantism. Accordingly a conference composed chiefly of members of the Evangelical Alliance met on 23d, 24th, and 25th of August 1853 at Hesse, Hamburgh, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The Earl of Shaftsbury presided, Sir Culling Eardley and a number of distinguished protestants were present—a deputation was formed whose business it was to collect all the cases of religious persecution which had occurred.

(To be concluded.)

Profane language is to conversation what ten inch spikes would be to veneering—splitting, shivering and defacing it. It is in bad taste, offensive to a majority, and gratifies none.