

# The Christian Visitor.

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REV. J. E. BILL,  
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DENOMINATIONAL EDITOR.

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REIGNING GRACE.  
A SERMON.  
DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, AUGUST 20TH  
1860, BY THE  
REV. C. H. SPURGEON,  
AT EXETER HALL, STRAND.

That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.—Romans vi. 9.

Small not pretend to enter into the fulness of this text, but merely select that topic, "Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

Our apostle represents man as being subject to two great kings. Sin is the grim tyrant, to whom, in the first place, man has bowed his willing neck. The reign of sin is a reign of terror and delusion; it promises pleasure, but being full of all manner of deceivableness, of unrighteousness, it gives pain even in this world, and in the world to come, death eternal. An awful contemplation is that of the reign of sin. Permitted to come into this world as an usurper—having mounted its throne upon the heart of man by flattering blandishments, and crafty pleasures, it was not long ere it fully developed itself. Its first act was to smite Eden with blast and mildew by its breath; its next act was to slay the second child of man and that by the hand of the eldest-born. Since then, its reign has been scarlet with blood, black with iniquity, and fraught with everything that can make the heart of man sad and wretched. O sin, thou tyrant monster, all the demons that ever sat upon the throne of Rome, were never such as thou art; and all the men, who, from the wild north, have come forth as the scourges of man, the destroying angels of our race, though they have waded up to their knees in the blood of mortals, have never been so terrible as thou art. Thou hast reigned unto death, and that a death eternal—a death from which there shall be no resurrection—a death which casts souls into an eternal grave—a grave of fire.

Our apostle now changes the subject, and represents man under the gracious state, as rejoicing in another government, ruled by another king. Just as sin has reigned, and with despotic and irresistible power has ground his subjects in the very dust, and then cast them into the flames of doth grace with irresistible goodness constrain the chosen multitude to yield obedience, and thus prepares them for eternal bliss. See it lift up the beggar from the dunghill, and makes him sit among princes. Mark its shining course, and behold its blessing the sons of man, wherever it stretches out its silver sceptre, chasing away the misery of night, and giving the gladness of gospel day; sending back the fiends of discord and of cruelty to the dens from which they once escaped, and bidding the angels of mercy keep perpetual watch and ward over the sons of Adam who have given themselves up to its sway of the kingdom of grace.

My business this morning is not with sin, but with grace blessing and a glowing theme. May God fill our souls and touch our tongues, that we may speak of those things which we may have made touching the king, and may God greatly bless what shall be said to each of our hearts.

I shall invite you, first of all, to see grace in its reigning state, and then I shall bid you come with joy and wonder, and behold grace as it sits upon its throne.

I. First, then, I shall need your attention to a series of pictures, in which you shall see grace manifesting its REIGNING POWER, and reigning, too, in places the most unlikely ever to have yielded to its power. Come with me then, men and brethren, and I will take you in spirit to the Valley of Vision. See, strewn there amongst the rugged rocks, the bleached and dried bones of the house of Israel—a skull there, and the arm which once was allied to it, scattered so far apart that human wisdom could not bring them close to bone, much less could human strength clothe the bones with flesh. Death reigns there—that irresistible, all-subduing power, before whom monarchs and all their armies, though they be numberless as the heat of Xerxes, must bow themselves. O Death! we come this day to see thee defeated, to see thee cast from thy throne. But who shall do it? Come forth, ye ministers of Christ, and see what ye can do. Here are souls spiritually dead—may, dry—as far away from hope as the bones of the charnel-house are from life. Come ye ministers, stoke your tongues and see what ye can do. Hallel, Chrysostom speaks, the golden-mouthed John shows forth his marvellous sentences, but the bones sit not; and now Whitfield speaks, with seraph voice, as though he would move heaven and earth, but there is not a motion amongst those crisp particles that once might have lived, but which live no more. Come, Epais, and let us hear thy thundering appeals, or thou Jeremy, cannot thy tears bedew those bones with the circulating drops of life? Come thou Ezekiel, with thy eagle eye and with thy soaring wing, or thou Daniel, with thy fiery words piercing through the thick clouds of the future, and exposing, as with lightning fire, the glory that is to come. I hear them speak, and see followers in noble emulation of earnest utterance, but the dry bones move not; they are locked in the fell embrace of death, and life cometh not to them even by these living words. Alas! Eloquence, and human might and wisdom, and rhetoric and logic, eye, and zeal and earnestness, and God-given passion cannot wake the soul of the spiritually dead. Though all the men whom God hath chosen to be his representatives from the beginning of the reign of grace even to the end thereof, though all should strive and persuade, and plead with eloquence that might move a rock yet souls dead in trespasses and sin would not and would not live by power so weak as this.

Come, ye apostles and confessors, Paul, and Peter, and John, and all the holy brotherhood of inspired ambassadors; come, I say, and spend your strength in vain, for apart from divine grace ye cannot charm the dull cold ear of death, or stir the torpor of a spirit dead in sins. And now Moses, thou who didst smite the firstborn of Egypt, the chief of all her strength, come thou forth and lift up the fiery tablets of stone, and bid these men live by the works of the law. But no he declines the futile task; he knows that he is of no power to deal with souls that are dead. But harken, the voice Divine exclaims with trumpet voice, "Almighty grace, arise and quicken these dead souls," and behold, grace stands before you, in angel form—say, better in the form of man, or rather incarnate God, and I hear him say, "Thus saith the Lord, Ye dry bones live." Hark to the rustling as every

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth  
peace, good will toward men."

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

bone hastens to its fellow; see how the skeleton starts upright, and how the flesh grows on the frame. "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." It is done, and in the place of a charnel-house you see an army and what once seemed to be rubbish and sweepings of a tomb now stands before you a great host of the host of God, a host of men full of life, and who shall soon be clothed with glory. "Grace reigns unto eternal life." "I do ye understand this parable? Has this act ever been performed in you? Oh! there are some of you over whom a mother wept and for whom a father prayed; and many a time have your eyes wept for you, and I have longed for your soul's salvation, and sought out godly words which might move your heart. But you were like the deaf adder, you would not hear nor be charmed—charm we never so wisely. Ah! but glory be to God, you heard at last. How was it? How was it, I say? Speak! speak! you that have been brought out from spiritual death, how was it accomplished? By the might of the creature? By the power of the law? By the energy of nature? "No," unanimsously you cry, "grace hath done it, grace hath reigned in us unto eternal life."

Rest awhile, and now come with me and behold another scene. The man is alive; he has been quickened, but no sooner is he quickened than he feels the terrible bondage of sin. See him yonder. I see him now in vision before my very eyes. He is a man who has been a drunkard, a swearer, and all else that is vile? All manner of sins has he committed, but now he feels that this mode of life will surely end in eternal death, and he therefore longs to escape. But see how he is bound with a hundred chains, and held in bondage by seven devils fierce and strong! See him yonder! The hot sweat is on his brow while he strives to free his right arm of one huge, bloated fiend, called drunkenness, who seeks to hold him down, and rivet the fetters about his wrist. See how he struggles with foot and hand, for he is a prisoner everywhere, like Laocoon of old, whom the serpents enfolded from head to foot, although he strove to rend away those awful folds, and to escape the jaws which stained his holy fillets with their venom. Shall that man ever be delivered? Can that slave of lust man ever so strong, which have for years been about him till they have grown into his very flesh and become part of his nature? Shall that lip be freed from the propensity to swear? Can that heart be delivered from pride? Shall that foot be so turned from all its paths that it shall hate the road of wickedness; and shall that eye no longer be filled with lust and crime, but shall it flash with purity and joy? Come hither, sire, ye that are wise. Ye who understand how to reform mankind—come and ply your arts upon him and see what ye can do. The man sincerely longs to be delivered, but when he thinks he has pulled off one coil of the old serpent, lo! like a huge constrictor it hath folded itself again. He goes back again, like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. That seems for him no deliverance. His nature still is vile, and though he loatheth to be free, yet that nature hath the mastery over him. Oh, some of you know what this means. You know how you took the pledge, perhaps a score of times, but you broke it as often. You know how you promised yourself you would never curse God again, but in a moment of passion you were overpowered and again the oath came trembling from your tongue. All these things—all your resolutions and your vows were powerless. They could not deliver you; they could not set you free. But grace comes hither, and see what thou canst do. Grace speaks the word, and says, "Get thee free, Satan—avunt, ye fiends—let the man be free," and free he is, no more to be a slave. Now he hates the things which once he loved. Now he abhors the vice in which he once indulged. Now to be ho is not hard to him; it would be harder far to make him live in sin as once he did. His nature is changed. Grace has so entirely re-created the man that he is a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he runs with delight and joy in all the paths of holiness. Grace hath done it. Grace reigns unto eternal life.

But now come with me to another scene. There is the prison-house of conviction, bound in affliction and pain—there sits a miserable wretch. The walls of his dungeon are of solid granite, and the door thereof is of brass, with many bolts most fast and firm. The captive sits both day and night with tangled hair, weeping, weeping, weeping. Ask him why and wherefore, and his answer is, "I have sinned—I have sinned, and cannot look up. Beneath me there is the yawning gulf of death, and deeper still a devouring hell; above me there is an angry God, and a judgment seat blazing with vengeance; within me there is an accusing conscience, the forestate of the wrath to come." "But is there no hope for thee?" "No," saith he, "none; I am rigorously bound, and 'tis only languishing misery which spares me yet a little while, for if I had my due deserts, I should be taken out to execution, and that at once." Oh, come hither, ye sons of mirth, and see what ye can do for this poor prisoner. Can your music or your dancing open yonder gates, or shake those adamantine walls. Come hither, ye that are masters of the art of consolation, see what ye can do. But as one that singeth songs to a sad heart, and as a yingor upon nitre, so are ye. In vain even the minister himself, knowing the blessings of the gospel, sets before that man the grace of Christ and the riches of his love; all that the minister can say, though sent of God, seems but to plunge him deeper in the mire. "Ah," groans the mourner, "Christ is merciful, but I have no part in him. Yes, I know he is able to save the chief of sinners, but not such an one as I am; my heart is too hard, too vile." He puts from him the way of salvation, and goes back again to his cold stony state, weeping, weeping, both by night and day. Grace, come and see if thou canst reign even here. I see him come, and bearing in his hand the cross, he speaks to the prisoner, and cries, "Look hither, look hither," and oh! let us wonder to tell it, when the prisoner lifts his eyes he sees a Saviour bleeding on the tree, and in a moment a smile takes the place of his sorrow; he receives the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. "Rise, rise," saith grace, "thou art free, thou art free; shake thyself from the dust, pluck off thy sackcloth, and put on thy beautiful garments, lo!" saith he, "see what I have done." And he breaks the gates of brass, and cuts the bars of iron in pieces. As the walls of Jericho fell down before the blast of the trumpet, so fall the walls of the dungeon, and the man finds himself rejoicing, and glad, and free; an heir of heaven's child of God, his feet are set

On reaching Cuba, every arrangement is already made for landing the slaves and carrying them off. Days before the slave is expected, look outs are posted to signalise her coming. Sometimes the Government steamers are employed to transfer the negroes from the slave to the shore. Here they are received by their owners, and hurried away at once to the plantations. The registration is evaded by obtaining false pedulias, which cost from £5. to £7. 10s. each. The whole of the Cuban authorities connive at the traffic, and receive bribes for so doing. The profits of the trade are immense. Formerly, if one vessel in three escaped, the result was a gain to the slave-dealer. Under the new system of joint-stock slave-trading speculations, the chances of loss are greatly diminished, for the more vessels that are despatched the smaller the risk. It is calculated that if one out of six escape, the proceeds arising from the sale of the cargo of the remaining vessel leaves an immense profit, after paying all expenses. In 1857, the profits of the slave-trading companies were estimated fourteen hundred per cent. The returns of the naval officers on cruiser service, and of H. M. consuls, show that about one-third of the number of vessels engaged in the slave-trade have been captured every year. The famous traffic has thus been reduced to the level of an exact science. In two months only, March and April, 1858, fifty vessels cleared out for the coast of Africa, from Havana, all equipped for the slave-trade, and others were ready to follow. For the year 1858, the number of clearances had greatly exceeded those in previous years. Each vessel carries, on an average, six hundred and fifty slaves; some one thousand, some only three or four hundred. The average number computed to be landed in Cuba, for each, is six hundred. They are sold at an average price of £200. each, but are bought on the south coast for £4. The naval officers declare that, under the present system of carrying on the trade under the American flag, "every exertion to suppress the traffic is unavailing." They say that "the most unshaded slaves, and American colours, have been visited by her Majesty's officers, and been left unmolested, because their instructions did not permit of their proceeding to search." Commodore Wise writes thus to the Secretary of the Admiralty, on the 4th July, 1858:—"With regard to the slave-trade on the west coast of Africa, and the progress made towards its suppression, I regret to state my belief that it is now conducted on a scale fully as formidable as it was ten years back." Rear-Admiral Sir F. Grey thus writes to the same gentleman, from Sierra Leone, on the 11th February of the same year:—"In conclusion, I have only to remark, that for many years back, the prospect of putting down the slave-trade has seldom been less encouraging." And thus, Commodore Wise, to the Secretary of the Admiralty, dated from Lagos, 28th October, 1858:—"In the coming year, I feel convinced that the most vigorous efforts will be made by the trans-Atlantic slave-dealers; and if they extend their enterprise to the Bights of Benin and Biafra, farewell to the remuneration and rapidly-increasing trade which is now carried on on that coast. The above are painful truths, but must necessarily be disclosed." Again Rear-Admiral Grey, to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Simon's Bay, 12th November, 1858:—"It is impossible to disguise the fact that the present aspect of affairs is more gloomy than it has been for many years, and that the duty imposed upon her Majesty's officers has been rendered much more difficult by the cessation of all co-operation on the part of France and America." Her Majesty's Commissary-Judge writes as follows, to the Earl of Melbourne, dated from Havana, 31st December, 1858:—"The enormous increase of the slave-trade, within the year this day ended, has doubtless occupied your Lordship's attention, since the extensive preparations for its being carried upon an extended scale were reported by me long ago, but there seems to be no diminution of the activity and means which are employed by the slave-dealers, whose efforts are encouraged by their continued success, and their finding no difficulty in landing and passing the newly-imported negroes on through the country to the States. Such is the nature of the corrupt arrangements which the power of money enables them to make with the Spanish authorities." The Earl of Melbourne had previously written to Mr. Buchanan, British Minister at Madrid, dated from London, June 23rd 1858, to the following effect:—"These reports," which are confirmed by others received from her Majesty's naval officers, leave no room for doubting that the slave-trade is now carried on, in Cuba, to an extent little, if at all, inferior to that which prevailed before Spain bound herself, by treaty, to put a stop entirely, and for ever, to the traffic in slaves in the Spanish possessions." Evidence of this nature might be multiplied, but it is unnecessary. It is sufficient to have the Foreign Secretary's admission that "from thirty-six thousand to forty thousand slaves are annually landed in Cuba," and this, after more than forty years effort to suppress the traffic, and the expenditure of upwards of forty millions sterling, besides the loss of thousands of lives, and numerous costly vessels-of-war. The time has arrived when something must be seriously attempted to put an end to this awful state of things. The Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have suggested to Lord John Russell to demand of Spain the immediate cessation of the slave-trade, or to indicate that Great Britain will require the reimbursement, with interest, of the 400,000 compensation-money paid to Spain in 1817 for her discontinuance of the traffic, and the cessation of diplomatic intercourse. They appeal to the friends of humanity throughout the country to aid them in this direction. Public opinion is powerful. 1st, it declares itself on this subject. 27, New Broad-street, E. C. London 13th August, 1860. —London Freeman.

The foregoing statement is condensed from the despatch of Commodore Wise to Rear-Admiral Sir F. Grey, and is dated from on board the Vesuvius Cabinda, August 6th, 1858.—Slave-trade Papers, 1859. Class A. page 176.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

In a remote field stood a large tulip tree, apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of this species of tree. It looked like

the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree of huge dimensions standing alone is a sublime object. On the top of the tree, for years, an old eagle commonly called the fishing eagle and had built her nest every year, unmolested, raised her young. What is remarkable, thistree stood full ten miles from the sea shore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle Tree." On a warm, sunny day the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the seaside, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling and hooting, and throwing stones so scared the poor bird that she dropped the fish, and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed. Joseph sat under a bush near by, to watch and bestow unavailing pity. The eaglet at once set up a cry for food, so shrill so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say: "I know not what to do next." But her indecision was momentary. Again she poised herself uttering one or two sharp notes as if telling them to be still," balanced her body, spread her wings and was away again for the sea. Joseph now determined to see the result. His eyes followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned on a slow weary flying, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field she made a circuit round to see if her enemies were there again. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached the tree, drooping, faint and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as, save cooking, a king might admire. "Glorious bird!" cried the boy in ecstasy and awe; "what a spirit! Others can sing more sweetly; others can scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary and discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do what thou hast done. I will learn a lesson from thee to day. I will never forget hereafter that when the spirit is determined it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped the head, and mourned over the cruelties of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by once recovering the lost, hadst forgotten all. I will remember this, and I will set my mark high. I will try to do something and to be something in the world; and I will never yield to discouragement." —[Pacific Expositor.]

EVIL REPORTS.

A writer in the Presbyterian accounts, very ingeniously and justly, for the evil reports which are circulated to the injury of good people: "When Sabbath sent word to Nehemiah that there were certain reports in circulation concerning him of an unfavorable character, Nehemiah replied, 'There are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart.' How truly do these words describe much of the evil surmising there is in the world! Sabbath judged Nehemiah by what he would have been himself in Nehemiah's position. A drunken man often thinks every body else is drunk. Whirl yourself around on your heel until your brain is reeling, and all the world will seem to be whirling around you. Just so corrupt mind thinks every body else is corrupt."

EXTRACTS.

FREEDOM AND LABOR.

"Freedom hand in hand with labor,  
Walketh abroad and brave,  
On the forehead of his neighbor,  
No man writeth—slave."

—Whittier.

At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and songs, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and the injurer and injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on tip-toe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious forecasting thought. True joy is serene and sober emotion, and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing.

MORALS OF SORROW.—But for the sorrows of the heart, where would the affections find their strength? Our virtues, like the aromatic shrubs of the forest, only give out their sweets when their leaves are bruised and trampled. He who has not felt sorrow may be scarcely said to have known love; since the most precious joy of the soul arises from sympathies that are seldom known till they are soiled, and never sought, till they are necessary to soothe an infirmity or satisfy a need.

THE JOY OF BEING GOOD.

"Yes, there's joy in doing good,  
The selfish never know,  
A draught so deep, so rich and pure,  
It sets the heart aglow;  
It draught so exquisitely rare  
It thrills the soul with bliss,  
And lifts it to a heavenlier world,  
Or makes a heaven of this."

—Whittier.

Found St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom: it is, to be sure, good for nothing; but put all those atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with ingredients, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shown to be very insignificant. —Johnson.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man; but none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them to work in their proper places, and turns them to the advantage of their possessor. Without it, learning is pedantry; wit impertinence; and virtue looks like weakness; and the best parts qualify a man to be more egregiously in error and active in his own prejudices.

THOMAS McHENRY, { SECULAR EDITOR  
{ AND MANAGER

NO. 39

TRUE TRUST.—One evening, we are told, after a weary march through the desert, Mahomet was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them saying, "I will loose my camel, and commit it to God," on which Mahomet took it up. "Friend, tie thy camel, and commit it to God"—that is, do whatever is thine to do, and then leave the issue with God.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

SCARCITY OF MINISTERS.—There are in Georgia about 1,422 Baptist churches, and about 500 Baptist Ministers. This manifests that there are nearly, if not quite, three churches to every minister. While we have at this time ten young brethren, as beneficiaries, studying to improve themselves in the ministry, there are means now on hand to receive nearly as many more. Has the harvest become small? Or have the laborers become many? I only state the fact, that if there be young brethren desiring to study at Mercer University, they may know that they can be aided. It may also not be amiss to state that sister Jane Posey, widow of the late elder Hampshire Posey, who entered into her rest on the 13th of last month, has bequeathed one hundred shares of the Atlanta and W. Point Railroad stock to the trustees of the Mercer University, for the education of young ministers, the income only to be used. When this fund becomes available, which will probably be in the course of a year, it will still further increase our ability to aid young ministers. It may be proper to add that besides the ten young brethren above mentioned, there are six or eight others who have the ministry in view. Will not those who have access to the throne of grace, pray for the University? N. M. CRAWFORD.  
Mercer University, July 13, 1860.

FEMALE GIFT OF CONVERSATION

Ladies, particularly in France and England have excelled often a controlling influence in social and political life by brilliant conversational powers, by which they attracted to their own circle the ablest men of the day, and through them gave direction to public movements. There is a sensible loss of power in our day in this particular, and an English writer of note attributes it to the multiplicity of studies pursued at school, which not only distract the mind, but occupy the evenings which ought to be given to familiar conversation. He says:—

It should be as much a matter of duty and of conscience to insist on out-door exercise and in-door social recreation, as upon any of the regular exercises of the school-room. To allow them to encroach upon the later hours of the day and upon the graceful household duties & recreations which either are or ought to be provided for every girl at home; in other words, to subordinate the home training to school training, or to intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view.

To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. For conversation is an art as well as a gift. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between the young and old, in leisure reserve of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by pressure of school tasks, talking with their schoolmates till they "come out" into society, but monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they easily learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation.

THE BAPTISTS IN SCANDINAVIA.

The continued success of the Baptist missions in Scandinavia and in the north of Europe generally forms one of the most interesting chapters in missionary history. They have had a wonderful growth. Planted only a few years ago, they now report in Sweden 104 churches, into the fellowship of which 5,000 have been baptized. Last year they reported 68 congregations, with 3,479 members, which was an increase of 1,299 over the preceding year. And the prospects are still as bright as ever. Another devoted missionary, Rev. J. F. Nilsson, has recently left New York in order to return to Sweden, his native country, and to labor there for the missionary cause of his denomination. Mr. Nilsson is a native of Sweden, a sailor by occupation, who was early in life converted, and became a member of the Baptist Church, since which time he has earnestly devoted himself to his Master's cause. He was several times imprisoned in Sweden on account of the doctrines he preached, and was finally banished. He has now been nine years in America, but returns at the earnest desire of his friends to Sweden, to resume there his labors.

It is, indeed, astonishing how, under a legislation which pronounced the penalty of banishment over every seceder from the State Church, such rapid progress could be made. Now the greatest danger has passed. The penalty of exile has been abolished, and the day of entire religious liberty is rapidly approaching. When that day arrives, the sympathy of many clergymen of the evangelical school, and of many thousands among the awakened Christians of the country, and the incessant spreading of Baptist principles among a portion of other dissenting organizations, promises to the Baptists an extraordinary increase of their membership.

Of the Baptists in Denmark the last report of the American Baptist Missionary Union contains interesting information. At Hals, forty-eight have been added to the church during the year. The members are very much scattered and generally poor so that they have much to contend with. In Jettmark, thirteen have been baptized, and the church numbers 151 members. The church sustains a missionary brother, who visited Northern Zealand the past winter. At Wangeroose, an island in the North Sea, where three members reside, crowded meetings were held evening after evening, and many entreated the preacher, after his departure, to visit them again soon. The number of churches amounts at present to 12, with 1,283 members.—[Independent.