

# New Brunswick Baptist

## AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

The Organ of the Eastern and Western New Brunswick Baptist Associated Churches.

Published on WEDNESDAY.]

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

[For Terms, see First Page.]

VOLUME XIV.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1861.

NO. 10.

### New Brunswick Baptist

#### AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWS-PAPER,  
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS MCHENRY,  
Secular Editor and Proprietor.  
Office—Corner of Princess & Canterbury Sts.,  
next door to the Post Office, St. John, N. B.)  
Rev. I. E. BILL, —Denominational Editor.

#### The New Brunswick Baptist and Christian Visitor—For 1861.

Will be enriched by regular contributions from the  
REV. S. ROBINSON, Pastor of Brussels-st.,  
"E. CARY, Pastor of Portland,  
"I. WALLACE, A. M., Pastor of Carleton,  
"J. C. HURD, Pastor of Fredericton,  
"C. SPURDEN, A. M., Principal of the  
Baptist Seminary,  
"T. TODD, Missionary—Financial Agent  
of the Union Society; and  
"D. NUTTER, of Liverpool, Me.  
The Pastors of the different churches, and  
other valued brethren will keep the New Series thor-  
oughly posted on all matters of local and denomina-  
tional interest.  
All Communications intended for this paper,  
to be addressed, "N. B. Baptist & Visitor  
Office, St. John, N. B."

#### TERMS OF THE BAPTIST AND VISITOR.

For remittances received by us up to  
1st of March, we will send the *Baptist  
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To May 1, 1861, for ... \$0.50  
" Sept. 1, 1861, " " " 1.00  
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" May 1, 1862, " " " 2.00  
Subscriptions already received will be credited  
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Club of 5 to Sept. 1, 1861, \$5.00; to May 1, 1862, \$9.00  
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through their minister, and remitting us that or  
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Our ministering brethren, who interest them-  
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please send us their address.

Our Agents will oblige us by at once making up  
and sending us their clubs. General Agents will  
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lish them.

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#### Poetry.

##### TRUST IN GOD.

BY E. H. FORD.

Bend dim, clouded skies above thee,  
Hover shadows all around thee,  
Yield not to despair,  
Folded is the silver lining  
Of the dark clouds, soon a shining  
Surface they will wear.  
Roll the waves of sorrow o'er thee,  
Seeming in their power to crush thee,  
Let not thy faith remove,  
All the more severe the chastening,  
All the nearer thou art resting  
In thy Father's love.  
"Life is but a troubled ocean,"  
Dangerous storms must be thy portion  
Sailing over the tide,  
But no hidden rocks shall wreck thee,  
For thy Pilot sail will guide thee  
O'er the waters wide.  
O'er the billows foaming, tossing,  
To a haven of "sweet rest," repose  
In perfect calm and peace,  
Anchored there no storms can reach thee.  
There all doubts and fears will leave thee,  
There all troubles cease.  
Genova, N. Y., 1861.

#### The Pulpit.

##### THE WAILING OF BISOA.

###### A SERMON.

Delivered on Sabbath Morning, Dec. 9th, 1860,

BY THE

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,

AT EXETER HALL, STRAND.

Concluded.

"Suddenly are my tents spoiled, and my curtains  
in a moment."—Jeremiah iv. 20.

III. I shall detain you but a few minutes  
longer, while I dwell upon the third theme,  
WHICH IS THAT SUDDEN EXCHANGE WHICH  
A SUDDEN DEATH WILL CAUSE.

You see yonder Christian man, he is full  
of a thousand fears, he is afraid even of his  
interest in Christ, he is troubled spiri-  
tually, and vexed with temporal cares.  
You see him cast down and exceeding  
troubled, his faith but very weak; he steps  
outside your door, and there meets him a  
messenger from God, who smites him to  
the heart, and he is dead. Can you con-  
ceive the change? Death has cured him  
of all his fears; and, to his surprise,  
he stands where he feared he should never  
be, in the midst of the redeemed of God, in  
the general assembly and church of the  
first-born. If he should think of such  
things, would he not upbraid himself for  
thinking so much of his trials and of his  
troubles, and for looking into a future  
which he was never to see? See yonder

man, he can scarcely walk, he has a hun-  
dred pains in his body, he says he is more  
tried and pained than any man. Death  
puts his skeleton hand upon him, and he  
dies. How marvellous the change! No  
aches now, no casting down of spirit, he  
then is supremely blest, the decrepit has  
become perfect, the weak has become  
strong, the trembling one has become a  
David, and David has become as the  
angel of the Lord. Hark to the  
song which pours from the lips of him  
who just now groaned; look at the cele-  
stial smile which lights the features of the  
man just now racked with pain and tor-  
mented with anguish! Was ever change so  
surprising, so marvellous? When I think  
of it, I could almost long for it to come  
across myself this morning; to go from the  
thousand eyes of you that look upon me,  
to look into the eyes of Christ, and to go  
from your songs, to the songs of spirits  
before the throne, to leave the sabbath  
work on earth for an eternal sabbath of  
rest; to go from unbelieving hearts, from  
Christians who need to be cheered and sinners  
that need to be convinced, to be with  
those who need no preaching, but who in  
one eternal song, sing "Hallelujah to God  
and the Lamb." I can imagine that when  
a man dies thus suddenly, one of the first  
emotions he experiences in the next world  
will be surprise. I can conceive that the  
spirit knows not where it is. It is like a  
man waking up from a dream. He looks  
about him. Oh, that glory, how resplendent  
you throne! He listens to harps of  
gold, and he can scarce believe it true. "I,  
the chief of sinners, and yet in heaven,"  
a doubting one, and yet in paradise?—  
And then when he is conscious that he is  
really in heaven, oh! what overwhelming  
joy; how is the spirit flooded with delight,  
covered over with it, scarcely able to enjoy  
it because it seems to be all but crushed  
beneath the eternal weight of glory. And  
next, when the spirit has power to recover  
itself and open its eyes from the blindness  
caused by this dazzling light, and to think  
—when its thoughts have recovered them-  
selves from the sudden effect of a tremen-  
dous flood of bliss,—the next emotion will  
be gratitude. See how that believer, five  
minutes ago a mourner, now takes his  
crown from off his head, and with trans-  
porting joy and gratitude bows before his  
Saviour's throne. Hear how he sings;  
was ever song like that, the first song he  
ever sang that had the fullness of Paradise  
and perfection in it—"Unto him that loved  
me and washed me from my sins in his  
blood, unto him be glory." And how he  
repeats it, and repeats it again, and looks  
round to cherubim and seraphim, and  
prays them to assist him in his song, "fill  
all the harps of heaven re-entail the melody  
of gratitude, re-tuned by the one faithful  
heart, send up another hallelujah, and yet  
another, and another; and the floods of  
harmony surround the eternal throne of  
God.

But what must be the change to the un-  
converted man? His joys are over for  
ever. His death is the death of his hap-  
piness—his funeral is the funeral of his  
pith. He has just risen from his cups;  
he has another cup to drain, which is full  
of bitterness. He has just listened to the  
sound of the harp and the viol, and the  
music of them that make merry; an eter-  
nal dirge greets his ears, mixed with the  
doleful chorus of the shrieks of damned  
souls. What horror and surprise shall seize  
upon him! "Good God," he says, "I  
thought it was not so, but lo, it is." What  
the minister said to me is true; the things  
I would not believe are at last really so.  
When the poor soul shall find itself in the  
hands of angry fiends, and lifts up his eyes  
in hell, being in torments so hot, so fever-  
ish, so thirsty, that it shall seem in that first  
moment as though it had been athirst for  
a million of years, what will be his sur-  
prise? "And an I," he will say, "really  
here? I was in the streets of London  
but a minute ago; I was singing a song  
but an instant before, and here I am in  
hell! What! so soon damned?—  
The sentence of God like a lightning-flash?—  
Does it so instantaneously rive the spirit  
and destroy its joys? Am I really here?"  
And when the soul has convinced itself  
that it is actually in hell, can you imagine  
next the overwhelming horror that will roll  
over it. It too, will be stunned with a  
mighty flood, not with a flood of glory but  
with a flood of anger, of wrath, of divine  
justice. Oh! how the spirit is tormented  
now—tormented beyond thought. And  
then, at last, when the waves recede a  
moment, and there is a pause, what black  
despair shall then seize upon the spirit!  
Have you ever seen men die without a  
hope? I read but yesterday a case of a  
young woman who had prostrated many  
times, and at last she was told by the phy-  
sician that within nine hours he really be-  
lieved she would be a corpse. Then, when  
death really became a matter of fact to  
her, she rose up in the bed upon which she  
had been laid by the sudden stroke of God,  
and she prayed—prayed till she fell back  
fainting, and her lips were livid and her  
cheek was pale, while she cried, "God be  
merciful to me a sinner." Friends talked  
to her, consoled and comforted her, and  
bade her trust in Christ; but she said, "It  
is of no use for you to comfort me; no, it  
is too late. I made a fatal resolve some  
months ago that I would again enjoy the  
world, and that resolve has destroyed my  
soul." And then she rose up in bed  
again, with eyes starting from their sockets,  
and prayed again till she was breath-  
less, and groaned and cried, and fell down  
again in a faint, needing to be restored  
once more. And so she did, till, with a  
ghastly look—an awful look of horror—as  
though she felt the anguish of another  
world, she expired.

Now if such is the remorse of a spirit  
before it feels the wrath of God—if the  
first drops are sufficient thus to destroy all  
hope and beat in pieces all our boastings,  
what will the eternal hail be—what the  
everlasting sleet of divine wrath be when  
once it is poured out? Sodom and Gomor-  
rah! Why all their fiery hail from heaven  
shall be nothing compared with the eter-  
nal fire that must fall upon the sinner. Do  
you think I love to speak on such a theme  
as this? My soul trembles while she  
thinks of it. No, I would sooner preach  
of other things by far, but it is needful  
that men may be awakened. Oh! I im-  
plore you, men and brethren, you that know  
not God, and are still condemned, because  
you believe not in Christ, I pray you  
think of these things. Oh that I had a  
Baxter's heart, that I could weep over sin-  
ners as he did; but my soul feels as true  
an anguish for your souls as ever Baxter  
felt. Oh that you would be saved! My  
eyes ache; my brow is full of fire now,  
because I cannot preach as I wanted to  
preach to you. Oh that God would take  
up the work and send that truth right  
home. I know I shall soon die and you  
too, and I shall face each of you, and your  
eyes shall stare on me for ever and ever,  
if you be lost through my unfaithfulness.  
And shall it be—shall it be? Oh that  
we had a hope that all of us might see  
the face of God and live! "Believe in the  
Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved."

Spirit of God, convince of sin, and bring  
the heart to Christ, and may we all without  
exception see thy face in joy and glory,  
and praise thee, world without end.—  
Amen.

#### Miscellaneous.

##### THE SABBATH.

WHAT a beautiful thing is the Christian Sab-  
bath—so full of present joy, holy repose and  
spiritual contentment; and so symbolic, and such  
an earnest of the enduring Sabbath of quietude  
and happiness hereafter. It is like a little  
Island, struck from the continent of Time,  
around whose verdure-clad latitudes we may  
temporarily anchor our life-barges of manual  
labor, and upon whose green tableland we may  
peacefully partake of that mental nutriment  
which shall prepare our immortality for the en-  
joyment and rapture of the ambrosial nourish-  
ment at the banquet of everlasting ages!

How delightful, in the soft mellow gush of a  
Sabbath sunrise, to wander through the forests  
and the fields sparkling in the gleam of wintry  
beauty; or bright and beautiful in the meridian  
resplendence of Summer-time, or when in Springs  
early hours the buds and blossoms are bursting  
into laughter, or when purple tints of Autumnal  
glory clothed the landscape in delicious gar-  
ment—and in the unbroken but sweet soli-  
tude of the scene, you peer away with wondrous  
delight through the rich-tinted avenues of  
"Nature, up to Nature's God."

How grateful to the toil-worn traveller through  
life's busy pilgrimage, to have the quietness and  
refreshment of that consecrated day of rest, hal-  
lowed by ancient holiness and sanctified by  
the bestitudes of the Divine Author of Christianity  
himself; a rest which teaches us, that, though  
we be but "the quintessence of Dust," we are yet  
created for a lofty destiny. And there is no ma-  
jestic chaunt, which reverberates through an-  
cestral aisles or gorgeous cathedrals, more melodious  
than the music of the Sabbath bells, as they  
sprinkle the air with holy sounds.

There is an old, well-known and beloved song,  
"Woodman, spare that Tree;  
and, if the metaphor be not a too presumptuous  
one, we have thought, as we gaze in wrapt vision  
of the mind upon the Sabbath Tree, beneath  
whose vernal and perennial loveliness, and lofty  
and commanding foliage, Christian Nations have  
culminated in greatness, and beneath whose soft  
shadows Saints have drawn the mystic veil  
around them, and composed themselves to the  
quiet rest of that sleep which prelude Eternal  
Life,—we have thought, we say, the Christian  
and the Patriot might appropriately exclaim to  
the infidel asseman  
"Woodman, spare that Tree."

Beneath its dynasty and peoples have inhaled  
a forest of the sanctified atmosphere of  
Heaven, and Old Age has been cradled to the  
last sleep beneath its mellow-tinted sweetness.  
When the World loses the Christian Sabbath, it  
loses a bright charm of happiness, an amulet  
of protection against unbridled sin, and an earnest  
of a peaceful hereafter.

These reflections, however, have already car-  
ried us further than we had intended. We shall  
not pause to consider the different jarring sys-  
tems of the latter-day Theology, which have  
sought to place in an equivocal position the duty  
of maintaining  
"the sacred day of Rest,  
"Of sweet repose from worldly care;"

nor yet to argue, with the worldly sophists, as to  
the exact day, or the number of hours, which any  
Dispensation has included, or may hereafter in-  
clude, in the general name.

We address ourselves to those who, with the  
Bible in their hands and hearts, reverentially  
appreciate as well as intellectually respect, the  
charms of a day of Sabbathian quietude and  
spiritual contemplation, as instituted and con-  
secrated by the SAVIOUR.

Such, at least, will agree with us, that every-  
thing which would mar the beauty, or mutilate  
the integrity of the LORD'S DAY, deserves indig-  
nant and undying reprobation. As a people, we  
profess to be enlightened and christianized, and  
to find the Sabbath erected upon the great plain  
of Time by the words of that Book which we con-  
secrate a sacred and sublime emanation of the Di-  
vine Wisdom of the Councils of the Eternal and  
all authoritative commandments which were  
revealed amid the significant wonders of Sinai.

Let us ask such, if they find no system in our  
City and Province, which, with a high hand, as-  
sails the Sabbath, and turns its hallowed hours  
into times of unholy amusements and sacrilegious  
sports?

If there is, and it can be discovered, you, Sab-  
bath-supporter, will surely join in the condemna-  
tion of, and in your opposition to, it.

Let us see. Take the next Sabbath-day; walk  
through your communities; and tell us, if you  
do not discover side by side with the Sunday-  
Schools, the gaudy gin palace; if you do not find  
the licensed synagogues of Satan competing with  
the Churches of the Living God; if multitudes are  
not partaking of the "sacrament of sin," and  
with disgusting obscenities, with horrible blas-  
phemies, with indecent levities, with cards and  
dice, with the ringing of delectable and glasses,  
drowning the sound of Sabbath bells, and pre-  
paring their immortality for a dreadful retribu-  
tion hereafter?

But, without prolonging comment, or ar-  
guing an axiom, we ask the consideration of all  
christian citizens, of those who think they love  
dearly the institution of the Lord's Day, and to  
keep their eyes and ears open on next Sabbath as  
they pass through the streets on their way to Devo-  
tion, not to refrain from observing the licensed  
Liquor Shops, simply "passing by on the other  
side," and to answer to God and their conscience  
if they do their whole duty in a quiet and tact  
permissible of these things.—*Reformer and Tel.*

##### ARE BAPTISTS DYING OUT.

A correspondent says that an intelligent  
and strong Pedo-baptist recently made the  
bold assertion that Baptists were becoming  
less numerous than formerly. Well, if he  
can really believe that sprinkling is Scrip-  
ture-baptism, we do not see why he may not  
believe that Baptists are dying out. But  
though we will not attempt to convince  
him of the former error, we commend to  
his careful consideration, the following  
reliable statistics.

The statistics of the denomination show  
a rapid increase and a large prosperity.  
There are in this country, of

Regular Baptists,.....1,300,000.  
Other Baptists,.....349,800.

Among the latter are the Free Will Bab-  
tists, the Seventh Day Baptists, the Camp-  
bellites, the Mennonites, and some other  
branches of the great Baptist family. The  
regular Baptists are increasing at the rate  
of 30,000 annually. Besides the 1,300,000  
church members above stated, there can-  
not be less than 3,000,000 others that hold  
the views of the denomination, but are not  
enrolled as members. "In the vicinity of  
Boston the increase has been steady and  
rapid. Thirty years ago the old Boston  
Association had but twenty-three churches  
and 4,293 members. Fifty years ago it  
had no existence, the Association having  
been organized in 1811. Thus where half  
a century since we had no Association, and  
only a few churches, we now have two As-  
sociations, numbering more than three-  
thousand members and over twelve  
thousand members."—*Era.*

##### THE USES OF AFFLICTION.

For it is not only by toil, but by trials  
that Christ ennobles, purifies, and sanctifies  
his people. He sometimes takes their  
estates away and leaves them nothing but  
an empty purse and—a full Bible. He  
sends a messenger of love into their house-  
holds with a shroud. The cradle over which  
the mother hovers slowly turns into a coffin;  
the little treasure that nestled so warm in  
her loving bosom lies cold enough under  
the grassy turf. But out from this tempest  
of trial comes the triumphant child of God,  
wet with the baptism of suffering, yet radiant  
as "Mercury" rising from the river of death,  
to the pearly gates, and as she cometh up  
she exclaimeth, "Oh! my God, thou hast  
tried me, but when thou didst try me, thou  
didst make me to come forth as gold."

The pressure of Affliction affords no bet-  
ter excuse for the neglect of holiness than  
does the pressure of business or the adverse  
array of worldly associations. These are  
the very positions for the exercise of holi-  
ness. And with the command comes the  
promise of Divine aid to obedience. Never,  
therefore, can you reach a point of prosper-  
ity so lofty, or a place in the vale of ad-  
versity so lowly; never can you be envi-  
roned with an array of temptations so dense,  
or be screened by human authority so  
weighty, as to protect you from that solemn  
injunction of Almighty love—*Be ye holy  
in all manner of conversation.* T. L. C.

##### AN UNKNOWN GIVER.

A venerable friend, now residing within  
an hour's ride of New York, was early left  
a widow with several children depending  
upon her. She possessed a powerful intel-  
lect, a strong energetic character, and a  
hopeful Christian spirit. Still despite her  
wonderful energy, it was a difficult task to  
rear, unaided, her youthful family; and  
when the time came to send her boys to  
college, she was often very greatly straight-  
ened.

At one time she owed forty dollars for  
the board of one of them, and had not even  
a dollar with which to pay it. The person  
to whom she owed it was also a widow, and  
needy. Her distress was great, and in an  
anguish of spirit she brought her case be-  
fore the Lord. After a season of earnest  
prayer, her soul grew calmer, and with a  
peaceful heart she was able once more to  
join her family. Just then her little  
daughter entered with a bit of dirty yellow  
paper, folded up and directed to her. She  
said a boy brought it, and directly ran  
away. She opened it, and judge of her  
surprise on finding exactly forty dollars,  
with this note:

"Inclosed you will find forty dollars,  
which is for the benefit of yourself and  
children. Seek not to ascertain the donor,  
for you will search in vain." And she did  
search vainly for several years, and eter-  
nity alone will reveal the secret to her.

But whoever brought the money, she was  
well assured that the Lord sent it.

MISTAKES.—1. It is a mistake for a  
pastor to suppose that he can have his  
people take an interest in the religious  
movements of the day, without having a  
religious periodical circulated among them.

2. It is a mistake for a pastor to suppose  
that his people can be acquainted with the  
progress and wants of his own denomina-  
tion, and contribute liberally to the sup-  
port of its institutions, unless they are  
readers of a paper devoted to the interests  
of that branch of the Christian Church.

3. It is a mistake for any one to suppose  
that he can, by the same expenditure in  
any other way, bring as much religious  
information before his family, as by sub-  
scribing and paying for a well conducted  
religious paper.

4. It is a mistake for a man to begin to  
practise economy by stopping his religious  
paper. To do this, is to deprive himself  
and family of a great benefit.

5. It is a mistake for any one to suppose  
that a newspaper can be made exactly  
what every one would like it to be. The  
general taste and wants must be con-  
sulted.

6. It is a mistake for any one to think that  
editors can, by any possibility, admit to  
their columns every article that is sent  
them. They must often decline contribu-  
tions ably written, because space is de-  
manded for something of present interest,  
of which the Church and the world wish  
to read.—*Exchange.*

The *Boston Record*, one of the most  
conservative of the New England papers,  
gives the following sensible views of the  
remote issues of the present National con-  
flict. It says:—

Whatever evils are in store for us as a  
nation, we are sure that Providence will  
bring from them a preponderance of good  
to the world, and to the cause of the Re-  
deemer. One of the ways in which that  
good will come, seems, at least, dimly open-  
ing to our mind, through the reluctance  
of the world to submit to the despotism of  
King Cotton.

The Cotton States have revolted, and  
set up a separate interest, in the expecta-  
tion of compelling all Europe, and espe-  
cially, England, to sustain them in spite  
of their repugnance to slave institutions; be-  
cause of having a supply of cotton from  
them. But now they find that the result  
on the British mind is just the opposite of  
what they expected. The prospect of hav-  
ing the supply of cotton from this country  
being diminished by reason of the calamities  
which the Cotton States are inflicting  
on themselves, has indeed created a sen-  
sation in England; but it causes no cring-  
ing subservience to the slave interest. But  
it has awakened a resolute purpose to find  
supplies wholly independent of that inter-  
est. Already British manufacturers get  
one-third of their supplies from other coun-  
tries than this.

The fields for the cultivation of the article  
in India and the West Indies, are found  
to be ample. And, lately, Africa has  
opened with the promise of an abundant  
supply, nearer home, for the British. The  
discoveries of Dr. Livingston have shown  
that there are immense regions there, where  
cotton of the best kind grows spontaneously,  
and on perennial plants or trees, and  
where supplies, to any extent, may be had,  
by opening lines of communication and  
transport to the sea; and by teaching the  
natives to avail themselves of our methods  
of cleansing and preparing the article. So  
it will take but a few years, if the British  
apply themselves in this direction, as they  
will be likely to do, under the impulse  
which our Cotton States have given them  
—to put the British manufacturers wholly  
beyond the jurisdiction of our King Cotton  
here. To all human appearance, this re-  
sult is now made sure. Africa is to be  
opened at its very heart and centre, to a  
powerful impulse from British commerce  
and civilization. The motive which im-  
pels the investment of British capital to  
open lines of commerce and light into those  
dark regions, is one of sufficient power to  
move a continent. This thing will be done  
effectually and speedily. And the result  
will be as vast in its bearings on moral, as  
on commercial interests.

It is interesting to see how God makes  
the wrath of man to praise him—when he  
suffers one continent to be shaken with  
rebellious passions, that agitation forms a  
cloud, which descends with blessings on  
another continent. The home of African  
slavery here is troubled, that a new sun  
of light and civilization may rise upon Africa  
herself.

The demands of commerce make their  
power to be felt more readily than the de-  
mands of benevolence. If it becomes nec-  
essary for the British manufacturers to  
seek their supplies of cotton in Africa, they  
will speedily open such lines of intercourse  
as will bring the most benighted interior  
of Africa to their very doors, and so effect  
a rapid communication of intelligence and  
Christianity through Africa. Then shall  
we see one intent which God has had, in  
suffering the slave interest to make so much  
trouble in this country. The chastisements  
which come upon those consulting for the  
perpetuity of slavery here will have fallen  
out for the deliverance of the continent  
from which our slaves have come.

And then those who have thought to rule  
the world through their intrigues in the  
court of King Cotton, will find their king  
dethroned, and none so poor as to do him  
reverence. At any rate, the dynasty of

that king must be brief. Not only will the  
foolish agitators spur on the European  
world to find sources of supply in other  
lands, and hasten the day when they will  
no longer depend on slave-wrought cotton;  
but signs of trouble are rising here in the  
North. The processes of transformation of  
flax to a shape to be spun like cotton is  
completed, and found to be a success.  
And the chances seem now to be favorable,  
that cotton will be supplanted by flax.

##### END OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

THE NIAGARA with its cargo of swarthy Nip-  
ponese arrived at the port of Yedo about the  
middle of last November, as we learn from  
our Exchanges. The returning ambassadors were  
received by their countrymen with an indiffer-  
ence which contrasts strangely with the enthu-  
siasm which was manifested by the Americans.  
A formal state dinner, a march through the dirty  
town, an elaborate expression of meaningless  
compliments, a succession of very low bows, and  
presents of wooden dolls, paper fans and dried  
fish, the two-worled officials of Yedo appear to  
have deemed quite an adequate return for the  
champagne dinners, "Japanese balls" and other  
expensive follies to which they were treated  
while there. Whether they intended thereby a  
quiet satire on unreasonable jubilations, is not  
stated. We presume, however, that it will be  
some time before there is another "Japanese  
embassy."

The disposition which was made of the im-  
mense presents which were bestowed so lavishly  
upon these Japanese, was singularly ungrate-  
ful. We fear that the confiding American mer-  
chants and manufacturers who have expected  
returns from their lavish investments in behalf  
of these selfish Asiatics, will find that they  
have been most egregiously deceived. These  
presents were all tumbled out promiscuously in  
what, from the descriptions given, could have been  
little better than a mud hole. A correspondent  
of the *Times* says, "The spot selected as being  
less swampy than the surrounding ground, was a  
dilapidated shed; but it was by no means a pleasant  
sight to see all the valuable presents, muskets,  
clothing, tent equipage, saddles, guns, carriages,  
and the most delicate and costly machinery,  
pitched pell-mell in a place where a pig would  
not care to take up his quarters."

The Prime Minister evinced the utmost indiffer-  
ence to the details of the visit to America and  
excused himself to the minister, Mr. HARRIS,  
from hearing anything about it on the ground  
that "the days were very short and he had a  
good deal of business on hand." But the most  
curious disclosure was made on the occasion of  
the removal of the improved Dahlgren guns  
which the confiding American government had  
civilly tendered to these people. No less than  
seventeen of these formidable weapons were dis-  
covered already manufactured—perfect in every  
particular, and constructed after the model of  
the one presented them by Commodore PERRY  
five years since. The Japanese manifested great  
anxiety to keep this fact from the officers of the  
*Nuyaga* and it was only discovered by accident,  
but they were afterwards informed that they  
already possessed over a thousand of these same  
guns mounted upon the forts and in the arsenals  
of Yedo! Such are the simple, untutored peo-  
ple to whom the American government has been  
volunteering instruction in the art of war!

Whatever may be the results to others, one  
thing certain, the Japanese intend to turn  
their intercourse with foreigners to good account  
among themselves. They came to acquire knowl-  
edge. But we fear that the Japanese have learn-  
ed some things of which they would be quite as  
well kept in ignorance. "Our civility was not  
always as rigidly moral as it was excessively com-  
municative, and while we have given them a  
pretty thorough acquaintance with some of the  
weak spots in our civilization, we have at the  
same time put into their ingenious hands some  
of the most formidable weapons known to mod-  
ern warfare, and it will not be our fault if they  
do not some day repay us with interest for our  
over-zealous tuition in the arts of doing mischief,"  
says the *New York Chronicle*.

It may be that even this impassive, selfish,  
narrow-minded people will appreciate to some  
extent the frankness and openness of heart with  
which they have been treated. But the constant  
violation of previous treaties, of which resident  
Americans and others complained, gives but feeble  
encouragement to such a supposition. But it is  
an unfortunate fact that the progress of Western  
enterprise and civilization among Asiatic nations  
has thus far been effected far more by the strong  
arm of power than by "moral suasion." Healthy  
and legitimate progress has been opposed at  
every turn. Whatever has been conceded to West-  
ern enterprise has been yielded through fear,