

tion of wordy and useless discussions, we think the gratified and grateful churches throughout the land would proclaim a day of universal thanksgiving.

### MR. SPURGEON ON SLAVERY.

We give place to the following communication, at the earnest request of an old subscriber in Alabama, all the more readily because written with moderation and good temper. The request to publish, says: "I write from a sense of duty. We are on the verge of a revolution. [We hope none but a bloodless one.—EDS.] Volunteer companies are being organized and armed throughout the entire South—more than twenty in this State, since the Harper's Ferry raid. The present policy is to cut off all intercourse with the North, and many are already ripe for civil war." This is a strange policy in view of the fact that it has never been shown, and never can be, that the North as a whole, or to any considerable extent, had the remotest complicity with John Brown's expedition. Our Southern friends should save themselves, if possible, from such a revelation of fear and weakness, as the above discloses. It is expending ammunition without stint to demolish a man of straw. There must be some fearfully monitory power at work somewhere, to produce such agitation. But to the letter:

I had fondly hoped for much enjoyment from the perusal of Mr. Spurgeon's letters, which are to be contributed to your columns; but judging from the sentiments and feelings of his second letter, which reached me last week, I fear I shall be doomed to disappointment. I shall truly and deeply regret to see him take the course intimated in relation to the subject of slavery. In these days of excitement we have need of oil upon the agitated waves, instead of a hand like his to foment and stir up the bitter waters of strife. What should induce him to do this? He says: "A new outcry is raised in your land, and I am charged not with being too severe with Brother Jonathan, but with letting him off too easily." Query: Is this outcry raised by any friend of America, or by suborned hirelings, who are playing into the hands of Englishmen, already jealous of our growing power, and who would gladly see our proud ship of State founder, and go down amid the remorseless billows of internal commotion?

An American writer, under date of London, Dec. 13th, says he knows it to be a fact that the British Government has determined to devote two hundred thousand pounds sterling, during the approaching presidential canvass, in fomenting bad blood in the North and West, against the South, in the hope thereby of producing a dissolution of the Union. This writer is a northern man, and not a southern hotspur. He looks at the thing calmly, as it appears in London, where there exists great confidence among politicians of every shade and class, "that the days of the American Union are numbered." Who can it be in this country that thinks the commotion is not high enough already, but would fain bring in Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to raise it still higher? We hope Mr. S. will have the good sense and Christian courtesy to let alone the agitation of a subject upon which too much has already been said. I am confident he will do no good, but only strengthen the bitter animosity which exists between the two sections of our country, and cut himself off from any prospect of benefiting the many thousands who now read his works with pleasure. Mr. Spurgeon takes occasion in his letter referred to, to give us his utter detestation of slavery, and adds, "I would as soon think of receiving a murderer into my church, or into any sort of friendship, as a man-stealer." I should not expect him, born and brought up in England, to do either; and yet strange to say, that smoky clime, or something else, has so befogged his spiritual vision that he cannot only look with complacency on a murderer, but take him into the inner sanctuary of his heart. Hear him: "John Brown is immortal in the memories of the good in England, and in my heart he lives."

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vision that he cannot only look with complacency on a murderer, but take him into the inner sanctuary of his heart. Hear him: "John Brown is immortal in the memories of the good in England, and in my heart he lives."

This, I take it, is far beyond what the apostle Paul could have done by the utmost stretch of charity, even after he had said, "O ye Corinthians, our mouth is open unto you, our heart is enlarged," yet not, I trust sufficiently to take in John Brown, a man convicted of treason against his country, and who not only entertained murder in his heart, but openly committed it, and furnished the implements for shedding rivers of human blood, with the intention of putting them into the hands of an excited slave population.

I know not which was the more grossly deceived. Mr. Spurgeon, in believing John Brown to be worthy of immortality, or John Brown himself, in supposing that the whole slave population would rise *en masse*, and cut the throats of their masters.

With all due respect for Mr. Spurgeon as a theologian and successful preacher, I am free to say, he will do no good, but much evil, by the agitation of the slavery question, and especially if he starts out with the assumption, that the slave-holder is unworthy of "any sort of friendship." That there are evils connected with the subject of slavery, I admit; but they are light and trifling in my estimation, compared with the "sea of troubles" which is bound to engulf us, if this question is pushed to extremity. I have always been opposed to this reckless abolition movement, and more than twenty years of careful observation have convinced me that the day of their fancied emancipation is much farther remote, than when it was first mooted. If, therefore, you regard the welfare of the slave, the dearest interests of our common Christianity, or the weal of this glorious Republic, involving as it does, the momentous problem of free government, I entreat you to discourage the farther agitation of this vexed question. It may soon be too late. O. R.

#### FROM GERMANY.

Recent intelligence received at the Missionary Rooms from Rev. J. G. Oncken, the pioneer German