

To the Editor.

SIR,—The following letter on EMANCIPATION, written in England to a friend, was published in a little periodical whose object was to assist the funds of the *Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society*. If you think it is calculated for the Baptist Magazine in aiding the cause of freedom, I should be gratified by its insertion, hoping it may in some way contribute to the glory of him who redeemed us to God by his blood. MOLÆ.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Passing through the street this morning on business, my eye was arrested with a print on Negro Emancipation. The father represented with eyes and hands uplifted, and his whole countenance expressive of rapturous joy; the mother raising, with extended arms, the babes as free born, with every demonstration of delight; the boys digging a grave to bury their chains, &c. I felt a glow of thankfulness in my soul on their behalf. But how must the slaves in all our Colonies have hailed the 1st of August, the day of their emancipation! While thus musing, my thought was arrested with the eternal emancipation of our beloved sister W—n, who, on the 5th, entered into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Her spirit was emancipated from the galling connexion of sin; the chains of weakness, pain, and sorrow, dropped for ever, and her disembodied spirit entered into the joy of her Lord. What a sensation! what a rapturous exchange! to behold her glorious Lord, and to be immersed in his glory, to breathe in an atmosphere where holiness is the element, and bask in the rays of redeeming Godhead, where it is always "sacred, high, eternal noon!" When I contrasted the emancipated Negro and the liberated Saint, the former died away in its faintness in the light of the mid-day sun. What

a translation for the regenerate spirit, when emancipated from a corruptible body, when its league with a principle of sin is in a moment destroyed for ever; when the redeemed spirit goes everlastingly free, and enters on her jubilee to go no more out. What a deliverance, to have the whole mind fixed on heaven's centre of felicity, the Lord Christ, without a thought falling back on self, without an unbelieving suspicion, or an infidel thought, to be wrapt up in his glory: here a thousand things divert us, but there it is one undiverted gaze. What an emancipation! the being of sin expires, and holiness pervades all the powers; all the clouds of ignorance give place to perfect understanding—distant glimpses to immediate vision—ungodly society to heavenly society—and all the trifles of a moment to the substantial glories of eternity.

What a transition, to emerge from all her contracted views and narrow ideas to unlimited apprehensions of the infinite glories of her complex Lord, to gaze on attributes divine through the mirror of humanity, to behold the plans of eternity developed in the living word, and the most endearing display of divine persons, in all their relative glories, revealed in the Christ of God. Auspicious moment! to drop the cares of mortality for the satiety of eternal rest in a Saviour's bosom; to have the mind unfettered from the clogs of earth, to inhale unmingled pleasures at his right hand for evermore. What an emancipation! the moment's sorrow lost in the eternity of joy; the drop has given place to the ocean, the dawn of the morn to the bright opening of everlasting day, and the limits of faith to the ravishing vision of his unclouded face.

What heart can conceive, or tongue express, the boundless felicity of an emancipated soul, when it emerges from a corruptible body,