

We insert a short Letter from Mr. Schmidt, and afresh commend the German, and every other, Department of the Missionary Society to its friends,—who forget not God's declaration:—"Unto me every knee shall bow, every one shall swear. Surely, shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength: even to him shall men come."

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Freshman, dated Hamilton,  
March 21st, 1861.*

"Some months ago I addressed a few lines to you, informing you of the religious state of the Germans, as well as of my labours amongst them in this part of the country, and now, through the mercy of God, I am enabled to give you additional intelligence respecting that interesting people.

"Yesterday I returned from my third visit to the Germans in the County of Waterloo. I found them very numerous, but alas there are but few true Christians! In Preston there are about twelve hundred families, of whom no more than one hundred attend Divine worship;—the rest of them are either refusing to take refuge under the wings of the Saviour, or are altogether declared enemies of the cross. Still, I preached there several times to well-filled houses. A few months ago I was preaching in that part of the country where some English infidels were present. The discourse I delivered was on the evidences of Christianity; by the way I mentioned also, that from the external appearance of a person we may judge what he is. Look, for instance, said I, upon a child of God; every expression of his face proves to be joy and happiness; but look upon an infidel (and here, however it happened, the motion of my hand accidentally pointed towards an infidel), and his very face will tell you that he is a miserable and unhappy man. After the discourse was over, the would-be-pointed-out infidel came forward and asked, "How in the world could that preacher know I am an infidel?" Because, said I, the children of God are distinguished in every respect from the children of Satan. This infidel was a perfect gentleman after all, for he seemed to be satisfied with the

answer, and was as quiet as a convicted man. But it was different at a time, when I met with a large number of them, who by no means behaved themselves gentlemanly, and reminded me very much of the blood-thirsty persecutors of the Saviour and his apostles—but all we can do, is to pray for them in the language of our Saviour, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In Hespeler I again was kindly received by that wealthy German gentleman, — Hespeler, Esq., who told me not to leave his place without *preaching*; and after he had assisted me in making some arrangements, I had the great pleasure to preach in that place the word of life to a crowded congregation; indeed, some of whom with tears in their eyes expressed their thankfulness to me, and said they would gladly accept a German missionary amongst them; even Mr. Hespeler himself said that an intelligent and pious missionary would accomplish a great deal of good in Berlin, Preston, Hespeler, &c., and I myself have no doubt that Mr. Hespeler will do a great deal himself to support the cause of God in that part of the country. In Berlin I preached this time twice. The true state of Waterloo County, religiously speaking, is awful. Infidelity reigns almost supreme, but thanks be to God, in spite of all the infidels and scoffers, I have seen many listening to the word of God with great attention, and some were happy to accept the words of free salvation through Christ Jesus. Yes, even in Preston itself, where I was preaching in both languages two successive evenings, I have seen tears running down many cheeks; heard groans coming out of many breasts, and the echo of the words, "Lord have mercy!" is still vibrating in my