

The Christian Visitor.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Poetry.

Twilight.

I love the peaceful twilight best,
Of all the pleasant hours of day;
It wows the weary frame to rest,
And turns the thoughts from earth away.

The sun withdraws his gorgeous light,
But sheds a deep vermilion hue,
With tinge of gold and crimson bright,
O'er clouds that skirt the sky of blue.

The evening zephyrs on its wing
Bears rich perfume from shrub and flower,
The sighing trees that softly sing,
Adapt their music to the hour.

All nature is so calm and still,
It seems as though the kindly given,
When sacred thoughts the soul do fill,
And praise and prayer ascend to heaven.

This hour I love to be alone,
Communing with myself and heaven,
And ask of Him, upon the throne,
That all my sins may be forgiven.

This is my mother's hour of prayer:
In secret now she humbly bows,
In faith and hope she wrestles there,
And with her God renewed her vows.

I love to think her pleading there,
With fervent heart, in gentle tones,
For well I know in daily prayer,
She ne'er forgets her absent ones.

As faded from the western sky,
Day's last declining ray,
I saw my much-loved father die,
The spirit left its house of clay.

And passed to mansions of the blest,
Where all the happy, blood-washed throng,
From sin and sorrow ever rest,
And tune their lays to holy song.

Could I select my time to die,
I'd choose the lonely twilight hour,
To leave this world of sin, and fly
To blissful realms, and Eden's tower.

But rather let me wish and pray
To live by faith and act from love;
That when from earth I pass away,
I can dwell with Christ above.

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of the Past.

NO. V.

DEAR BROTHER—

I have, by the foregoing tedious narrative, brought myself and my companions within sight of your then young, and comparatively small city. What a change has taken place in these forty years! It has been enlarged on every side. It has increased in business and in wealth, far beyond what the imagination of man would then have conceived. It was in this city that I set my foot on American soil. Our good pilot brought us safely out of our perilous position, and anchored us under Partridge Island for the night. The next forenoon we got under way and worked up the harbor. But when we landed, the next question was, what shall we do now? The pastor of our church, for whose sake we had faced the perils of the ocean, was provided for by the friends who had invited him. But Brother Locke and myself, and our wives, had no claims on them. We were strangers in a strange land, with little or no funds. These had been exhausted in our outfit and in paying our passage. The first night we found lodgings; but in such a filthy hole as we had never been in before. The next day we got our things ashore and as we had a bed, each of us, we hired a room until we could find something to do. But the question was, what can we do? There was no business in this country that we were acquainted with. This was a state of things we had never thought of, and made no preparation for. It was necessary that we should do something for present emergencies. I had never preached for a living; and indeed I did not feel disposed to put myself forward in that character. I would have been glad of an opportunity to improve my gift, such as it was. But no door seemed to be opened; and I knew not where to go. After some days of uncertainty and anxiety, I had an opportunity to go up the river with a gentleman; and I and my wife hired out to him as servants until we could find something better. We were treated very kindly; and no complaint was made of our unfitness for the situation we were in. After a few months, however, we began to feel that that was not our place; and by the request of some of the church in this city, who had by this time learned something more about us, we returned. In a few days I had an invitation to go and supply the appointment of a minister, who was not able to go. This was on Little River, so called, and the meeting was held at the house of our old friend, John McCready. One of his daughters, I believe Deacon Snow's present wife, had a dream the night before, of a rather peculiar character, and when I arrived at the house, she recognized me as the person about whom she had dreamed. The house was well filled with very attentive hearers. As near as I can now recollect, I had a very good season, and I believe it was also enjoyed by the friends. At any rate, I received a very pressing invitation to stay and preach through the week and the next Sabbath. Though I had not preached before since I left England, which was five months, I concluded to do as well as I could, and stayed and held meetings in that settlement, near Hampton Ferry, at old Father Group's, and also at Norton, at the house of our beloved brother, Francis Pickel.

The result of my visit was, that I concluded to remove into the vicinity. But when we enquired for a house to live in, none could be found. At last a good friend, Mr. Abrah-

am DeMull and his kind and obliging wife, consented that we should move into their house. They lived in the woods; about half a mile from the road, where he had begun to clear a farm. It was a framed house; but very small. And our friends put themselves to a great deal of inconvenience to accommodate us. But I found them to be a most excellent couple; always ready to help us; and in whose society we enjoyed much satisfaction. There was a singular coincidence connected with my going to that place. They had for a number of years an old minister, and a very good and faithful preacher, Father Innis; who died the very day I sailed from England. And now providence, without my seeking it, directed me to occupy his place. He had labored, and I now entered into his labors.

There was another subject of some importance. How was I to live? Nothing had been said of my support. Support! That was a word unknown in those times. The fact is, it was a thing unthought of. Mr. Innis, and all the Baptist ministers in those days, provided for their own households. They had farms, as other people had; and they had preached for the love of Christ, and the love of souls. And God took care of them. And so he did of me and mine. We lived indeed, like the widow, on a handful of meal. We took a handful out; and found another the next day, and the next. And so it continued. Our bread was given and our water sure. But then, I had no horse to ride, and I had a large circuit. Well, I had feet, and these were made to carry me. But I had no boots, and the snow in winter was deep; and so was the mud sometimes. But I had cowhide shoes; and a friend lent me when wanted, a pair of snowshoes. So I was quite well equipped for my business. The roads were a very different thing from what they are now. It was almost impossible to pass in the spring, when they were breaking up. To go to some of the more new settlements, we were guided by marked trees. But I considered that it was much less inconvenient for me to travel these roads occasionally, than it was for the settlers to do all their business on them. Besides, although I had not been used to my present fare and accommodations, nevertheless, I had youth and health on my side; and a lively and cheerful mind, which bore me up and helped me through. I preached part of the time in Hampton, part in Norton, and part in what is now called Springfield, the first year. The next year I also preached part of the time on the St. John river. On one side there was no minister nearer than the city; on another our good old Father Easterbrook's; and on another side not nearer than our respected Father Grandal; who is yet laboring in the Lord's vineyard. Besides these four places, I visited other neighborhoods as opportunity occurred. Generally, I met with kind treatment. The few exceptions were of trifling consequence; and did not much affect me, or disturb me. The congregations were large for the number of people within reach of our meetings. They always behaved decently; and generally paid good attention to the word preached. It was heart-cheering, to see the people collecting and retiring. Some walking, some riding on horse back. Some came by water; and the boats were sometimes loaded down to the water. Occasionally, in the winter, an ox sled would have a whole load packed in them. But I will pause for the present; and will renew the subject in due time.

D. NUTTER.

Boston, Saturday, Nov. 17, 1855.

MR. EDITOR.—I suppose I must endeavour to fulfil the promise I made you last Thursday morning, when I bid you good-by at the wharf, which was, to write an occasional letter during my absence from New Brunswick. That promise I have deeply regretted ever since;—but what am I to do? The words have gone forth, and I could not help saying, "yes, I'll try to do so;" for who could hold brother Bill by the hand, and look into his soft blue eye and hear his persuasive tones, saying—"do, do, you must;" and answer, unless he had his mind fully made up beforehand? I am sure I could not. So I must make the best of it now. I regret making this promise;—because I have no time to occupy in writing, as the cold winter is drawing on and I must hasten home as soon as possible. And if I had an abundance of time—about what can I write that will be interesting to your numerous and tasty readers? Even nature at this season appears cold and forbidding—she is dumb, she opens not her mouth, but in tones of melancholy; she presents no life, no poetry, no inspiration. The heavens above, and the earth beneath are clothed in garments of desolation. Wherever the eye turns, it is greeted with grey, barren fields, and with forests, many of whose trees are already leafless, while others are yet throwing off the remaining vestiges of faded beauty. Forests, fields, gardens, bowers and clusters of withered vines, together with every breeze of wind, and every flying cloud, tell us in language too plain to be misunderstood, that "the year is waning;" yes it truly is.

All the flowers are dead,
The rich warm glow has faded from the sky,
The light, the joy of summer time have fled,
And like a faded cloud the cold mist lies
On vale and hill. The year is waning fast!
Its death-like sounds in every passing blast.

Nothing of much interest to your readers, transpired during the day we left St. John. The weather was very fine, and by me the time was occupied after the ordinary routine of steamboat travelling. At one time I was in the warm and well furnished cabin reading a newspaper, or conversing with some

newly formed acquaintance upon the topics of the day—at another, promading the deck and observing with interest the numerous villages, light-houses, and bluffs, that skirt the iron bound coast of Maine; the various islands that throw their rocky summits above the surface of the water, and the many vessels that are seen ever and anon floating on the ruffled bosom of the Bay of Fundy.

One meets with many curious customers while travelling from place to place. As an illustration, I became acquainted with a fine looking well dressed man, on board the Admiral, who proved to be a very strange piece of humanity. The glare of his eye, the cant of his head, the soft insinuating tones of his voice, and the affability of his manners, all conspired to render him interesting in the eyes of a stranger, in short, he was one of those men who have power to make all persons notice them, if not respect them. After all there was something in his whole bearing which led me to conclude all was not right. I felt convinced immediately, not from anything he said but from the cast of the man, that he was not only a sceptic but a downright infidel, which proved to be the case. He and I soon entered into a conversation, which I perceived would end in the disclosure of his views, whatever they might be, and I confess, it was with some trembling anxiety that I approached that person, as I was unacquainted with the nature of his weapons. I have learnt however, from experience, that it is not always the man who wears the most gold about his person, and assumes the greatest amount of knowledge and self-confidence that is the best prepared to hold a mental contest or prove his blustering assertions. It was so in this instance. I cannot mention our conversation, which was lengthy, but really Mr. Editor, I never witnessed such a "commixture strange" of knowledge, ignorance, infidelity and refinement in all my life before. One could scarcely help laughing and crying at the same time.

He commenced his assault against Christianity by telling me that he had been so many years a merchant in Broadway, New York, and yet he had never become acquainted with one minister of any denomination, and he assigned as his reason—"I have nothing to do with religion." "I'm a free thinker" as if a Christian is not a free-thinker—as if there were any freedom of thought or freedom of action in this world of darkness and cruel bondage, independent of true religion—as if there can be found in all the world, a principle of liberty—save in the plain teachings of Christ our Saviour, possessing sufficient power and authority, to liberate man from natural and moral bondage by overcoming and destroying idolatry, popery and state churches, and by breaking every bond of oppression, formed by the superstitious hands of the so called Christian world. He confessed he was not a Christian in principle, he did not believe the Bible—he could not, for it did not agree with Geology, which he was bound to believe—conscience was his hobby, he considered he a sufficient guide—he was no more afraid of launching off on the ocean of eternity, at that moment, than he was to enter the cars at Portland, for New York. These were about his ideas, but when we came to examine the different parts of these views, I found that his knowledge of the workings of conscience—of the teachings of Theology and of Geology was very limited, so much so, that I was willing to believe his assertion, namely, that he was "unacquainted with a single minister," and if he had said that he was about as familiar with Lyell, Hugh Miller, and Agassiz, as he was with Moses and the Prophets, and the New Testament I should have cried amen. The poor fellow confessed with tender tones, before we had finished our discussion, which was between ourselves alone, that his father, whose undying spirit now dwells far beyond the gaze of mortal vision—was a professed Christian, and one to use his own language, "in whom there was no guile," and from his own words I learnt that the savour of his powerful example, has frequently held up his faltering step, when standing on the crumbling margin of the dark gulf of dissipation. The utmost good feeling existed during the whole conversation and we parted with the understanding that I am to visit him on Broadway. Oh! how many men we meet with, who possess a great amount of information, respecting the world, and its busy toils, but who are willing to hang their hopes for eternity, on some vague idea picked up in the smoking saloon, of some fashionable hotel.

Night came on the sun went down amid dark and mirky clouds which portended a storm. The pale rays of the waning moon, for a time, sparkled on the blue ocean, but were soon lost in folds of darkness. After pacing the deck for a time, and pondering over many things, especially the many changes that have taken place since our pilgrim fathers first placed their feet on Plymouth rock, which was just two hundred and thirty-five years from that day, I descended into the Cabin, and repaired to rest—where I lay folded in the soft arms of deep sleep until about one o'clock—when all at once a shock was felt, which aroused most of the passengers from their dreamy slumbers, and they were instantly made—"a vessel has run into us," "we have run into a vessel," &c. In less than two minutes we were all out of our berths—dressed, and on deck with our eyes widely open, as they have been for some time, I assure you. It was rather a fearful moment. No one appeared to know, to what extent we had received damage—all was confusion—the bell ringing—the boat rocking—the wind blowing, and the rain falling. No tidings could be obtained of the vessel we

had struck. Nothing could be seen, save the sea fire that sparkled wildly on the billows, and here and there a light-house, glimmering in the distance. What became of that vessel, we are unprepared to say. If she were loaded, she may have sunk, as we were steaming at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. A little effort was made to find her, but not enough to satisfy many on board. Human life is precious, and if it is not the law of sailors to look after those with whom they come in collision—as I was told that night, by one on board the Admiral, it is high time such a law was put into operation. I hope, however, for the best—I hope those poor fellows did not sink as lead in the mighty waters," but it was strange that not a glimpse of the vessel was seen after the collision. After the turmoil had subsided, I again returned to rest—with, I think, a thankful heart, that we were all preserved, although our boat was somewhat damaged. From that time till morning it was not necessary to sleep without rocking, for we got enough of it.

R. H. EMMERSON.

Written for the Christian Visitor.

Delight in the Word of God.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The more I study the sacred and blessed Word of God, the more deeply and I am impressed with its intrinsic grandeur and sublimity and likewise its high importance to us as accountable creatures, destined to the judgment seat of Christ. Were I banished to a lonely rock of the ocean with my Bible, I should never want food for my soul. I am astonished that men of literature, of mere worldly wisdom, do not more frequently drink at this pure and celestial fountain. Were they once to sip at this clear, pure and enlivening stream, they could not but relish it. Such a refreshment, however, the Spirit alone can give. I have read Homer and Milton, but when I compare their poetry with the lofty strains of David, Habakkuk, Isaiah, it is like the flickering light of a taper to the gleamings of a thunder-cloud, or the full-orbed splendours of a noon-day sun. Its moral precepts, how concise, and still how comprehensive! Its narrative seize on the prominent and striking circumstances, without including any extraneous or unnecessary matter, and from Genesis to Revelations, there is an unceasing something, which stamp them with the impress of divinity. Its analysis of character is wonderful. There is no other book on earth in which there is so accurate and full and clear an exhibition of depraved human nature. Let us view it as the great means of sanctification. "Sanctify them through thy truth," said our blessed Redeemer, "Thy word is truth." This is the charm which so much attracts the pure and pious Christian. The regenerated heart of a pious and holy Christian, is not insensible to the elegance of Scriptural style, nor indifferent to its bold and beautiful imagery, but these are not the principal attractions. It is the word of the ever blessed God. It convicts of sin; it stimulates to duty, it rouses from sluggishness, it warns against danger, it unfolds the blessed character of our God, it reveals the peaceful and glorious way of salvation, it delineates the Providence of God, it presents the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world, for our transgressions, it communicates strains of spiritual and holy devotion, it brings into view a bright and eternal reward, for all those that love the Lamb of God, it discloses the wounds of our nature and offers the healing balm. In short, it embodies all that a pious Christian in this pilgrimage here below can need. It is his only chart through this tempestuous and stormy life. In trouble, it is his consolation, in prosperity, his monitor, in difficulty, his guide. Amid the darkness of death, and while descending into the shadowy valley, it is the day-star that illuminates his path, makes his dying eye bright with hope, and cheers his soul with the happy prospect of immortal glory, beyond the starry regions, in realms of eternal blessedness. There is in intimate acquaintance, in daily conversation with the blessed Scriptures, something sanctifying, something ennobling. A satisfaction is felt in perusing them, which no human composition can excite, you feel as if you were conversing with God and holy angels. You breathe a holy and heavenly atmosphere. The soul is bathed in holy and celestial streams that proceed from the Throne of God. It imbues a sweetness and a composure which shed over it unearthly attractions. It leads the soul to joys on high, to the Paradise of celestial glory, and eternal blessedness. And such is the nature of the ever blessed Book of God.

I am, yours affectionately,

ARTHUR.

Dorchester, Nov. 11, 1855.

TRUMPETERS.—There are three sorts: 1st. The impudent man, who blows his own trumpet. 2d. The clever man, who gets the trumpet generally blown for him; and 3d. The really clever man, who will see all the trumpets blown first, before he will stoop to any such trumpety expedients. It is for the latter that fame takes up the instrument, and with a trumpet note, sounds their names all over the world; but as this class is necessarily but little chance of fame ever blowing the trumpet for them, become subscribers of that highly popular Musical Society of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," and blow away lustily for themselves. Some of our greatest politicians, patriots, doctors, tragedians, and tight-rope dancers are already members of the above society, and the numbers are increasing daily.

Missionary Reminiscences.

THE MARTYR BROTHERS.

"No!—think not I can ever be
False to my Saviour's hallowed name,
For aught that thou could'st offer me.—
A little life, —a little fame:
'Twere weak, indeed, to lose for them
A bright, unfeeling diadem.

"And if one passing pang I feel,
Deluded crowd! 'tis felt for you:
Ev'n thus resolved the Truth to seal,
I would that ye were martyrs too!
Blest Saviour!—Lord of earth and heaven,
Oh! be their sins and mine forgiven."

The period of insurrection in Jamaica called forth the utmost hostility of the planters and their partisans against all missionary instrumentalities. Various circumstances contributed to this; which, when fully known, diminish our surprise at the fact, although they fail to establish its justification. That a deacon of one of the Baptist churches should have confessedly originated the terrible convulsion, was one of these circumstances. The white population, in their alarm and indignation, cared not for the heavenly elements from which the lightning's stroke had descended. Filled with madness, their only anxieties were for defence and retaliation. The innumerable meetings for devotional exercises naturally excited their most violent suspicion. Without doubt, opportunities for secret communication were thus afforded, upon which some might be ready to seize. Neither do we deny that many a slave would be ignorant enough to see no sin in accepting the motto, "We no work, if you no pay." They might even believe that God did not frown upon that purpose to be free, which to their minds was so simple, so peaceful, and so just. What wonder, then, if the planters had evidence that some Baptist, after holding a prayer-meeting on a certain estate, had afterwards spent two hours in secret conference with six principal men? And what wonder that, having such evidence, it should be widely diffused, and every day more highly coloured with exaggerations, until the white people were unanimous in their resolve to suppress, by all means, and at all costs, every semblance of religion which was not strictly conformed to the Established Church? Hence, amongst the slaves the most pious and zealous were singled out for vengeance, at once most bloody, and furious and blind. Hence, too, it was, that those to whom it fell to wreak this vengeance upon its hapless victims, were, as some have since confessed, wholly "beside themselves."

In the south-eastern part of the island, a striking illustration of these statements occurred: Amongst the multitudes to whom Mr. Phillipoo's ministry was accompanied with saving efficacy, a poor slave, named Moses Hall, became a partaker of Divine grace. The love of Christ glowed as a fire in his bones. It was soon impossible that he should hold his peace. The people around his place of abode, and far beyond, were sunk in ignorance and vice; but had never seen a missionary, and never heard the gospel. To them he published all he had learned of the heavenly mystery. Upon the darkest of their sins he cast with tireless eagerness the flaming torch of the truth of God. Many were thus induced to journey with him, that they might hear more of these wondrous things from the missionary's lips. Nor was the faithful word without abundant fruit. Many turned from sin to God. "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them that dwell in the region of the shadow of death had light sprung up." Now the songs of Zion broke upon the evening's stillness. The music of many voices rang through the orange and pimento groves. Till now those beautiful hills and glades, those sombre huts and sequestered villages, had never offered up such incense to their Lord. The balmy air had trembled beneath its burden of fragrance, but never had borne heavenward as now it did, morning by morning, and evening by evening, the priceless tribute of praise and prayer. Now many a heart was contrite. Many a living spirit emerged from darkness into day. And new and thrilling were the joys which filled the breasts, erst heaving only with woes for which no one cared, and which nothing could alleviate.

At length, in other and distant parts of the island, the insurrection had commenced. It mattered not that these poor people were far removed from the scenes of strife, and wholly ignorant of sedition. The dismay of the planters fancifully discovered in this calm and holy prayerfulness the unmistakable signs of coming revolt. Had barrels of gunpowder, hundreds of muskets, and stores of lead, been found secreted in the negro dwellings, not more satisfied had they been of criminal intent. Amongst themselves the subject was solemnly debated. No one doubted the natural relation between these meetings for prayer and the insurrectionary spirit. What were missionary but social firebrands? What did these black brutes want with religion? It was denied they had "one soul amongst ten thousand." Should it prove otherwise, it was yet God's will they should be slaves. The Bible plainly said that. Then they were unfit to have religion. If they had souls, their ignorance would be their excuse; and so, in their slavery, without religion, they were in a better case for another world than those who were free! Besides, slavery and religion could never exist together. Everybody knew that! What then should they do? Could they not put an instant stop to this growing rage for religion? Could not the essential mischief be nipped in the bud? To do this, some means must be devised for seizing upon the chief man, and then, through him, the

rest of the people must be terror-stricken before their plans for revolt were ripe. Spirits and tobacco lent their mighty aid to this fiery disunion. The murderous purpose now arose from its rocky nest, and soared with terrible rapidity above its quarry.—The little cluster of harmless and happy souls knew not what eagle eyes were fixed upon them; or dreamt what relentless talons were about to swoop upon the unsuspecting prey. It was now decided that Moses Hall should be seized at one of the meetings for prayer, and thence brought to trial and execution. The time, the place, the circumstances, were all arranged. Thus satisfied, the party dissolved in comparative contentment; determined meanwhile never to retire to rest without seeing that their arms were duly prepared for every emergency.

The appointed time had soon arrived. The men who have to seize the victim warily advance to the humble cottage where prayer was wont to be made. Above such clusters of negro dwellings one was accustomed to see numerous coco-nut trees, whose long feathery leaves would lightly rustle in the evening air, whilst they gleamed like silver in the lustre of the moon. The clear sky, richly studded with glorious stars, would seem to speak aloud for God; since "there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."—Amidst so beautiful a night these hardened men listen from afar to the sounds of praise which rise and fall in sweet accord with all the outward scene; but nothing checks their course, nor dawns their stern resolve. Now at the threshold they stand to listen; and explore, with searching eye, the unsuspecting throng. A doubt has seized them. The object of their search is not within. Now they have withdrawn a little, and are in eager converse to this effect:—

"Ha! I see how it is. The black rascals in the great house have listened; and finding what was up, have warned him out of the way. Now we're done."

"Well, so it seems! What shall we do now? Depend on it, he don't mean to be caught."

"I tell you what, though. The thing is getting serious. If he knows about it, nobody knows how soon we may be all burnt in our beds! It will never do to be done so."

"Oh, of course not! But, don't you see;—one man is as good as another to make an example of. This fellow here that is speaking is just the same as the other. I know him. He goes about everywhere holding these meetings. I say, let's take him! As for this other fellow, we shan't catch him in the act again."

So it came to pass, that whilst David's heart was yet glowing with holy joys, violent hands were laid upon him. Like his divine Master, "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." In the dark damp dungeon, upon the cold hard stones, he lay; he was fain to lay his weary limbs. But call him "Rebel" if you will! Load him with ignominy and reproach! Let him stand unfriended whilst thines are laid to his charge of which he knoweth not! When the Lord maketh inquisition for blood, the men who dabbled their obscene hands in his may envy him his lot!

David was hurried to the town of Black River, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. We have no monuments of his last days. We may guess his helpless amazement. We may think with what prayers and tears he knelt at the throne of grace. We may suppose how he girded up his loins to die, as every man did, for daring to give himself to God. Nothing, however, came to save him from the scaffold. It was by "that death he glorified God."

By special request, his head was, after death, severed from the body, and sent back to the men who had been guilty of his blood. Now, see them complete their task! The mere death of David does not suffice. They must terrify the whole people of their several estates.

A suitable pole is selected from the woodland. The people of the district are all assembled where various roads meet. The head of the martyr is fixed upon this lofty pole, and the trophy of insane cruelty set up amidst this throng of sorrowing spectators. Around that centre some hundreds of every age are gathered. These with shuddering horror are now made to hear recitals of the rebellion, and its failure,—the wickedness of the impotent slaves,—the vengeance of the mighty masters, and the numbers who are sacrificed. These sorrows, they are told, have all arisen from the "prayer meetings." With fierce threatenings they are warned to abandon these at once, and to desist the teachings of all missionaries, and their followers. The only safe and happy course is to think no more about religion; for, cost what it may, their owners are determined to put a stop to it. David has been first punished, just for an example. They have no wish to be unnecessarily severe; and so an opportunity is given them now to turn away from such foolishness, which will certainly, if continued, bring ruin on them all!

Such was the strain of threatening invective to which the assembled slaves were compelled to listen. To crown the scene with final and overwhelming effect, the name of Moses Hall was now loudly called upon. Answering from the distance, he passed through the crowd into the ring. Hence he is roughly seized and thrust backwards against the pole upon which, far above him, is the head of his companion and friend. Standing there, he is thus addressed:—

"Now, Moses Hall, you have heard what these gentlemen have said; so take warning from this time. Let us see that you understand all about it. Tell us, now, whose head is that above you?"

In a firm voice he answers,—

"Dat's David, massa."

"Ha!—Yes!—Do you know what he is up there for?"