

the writer or Anna M. Jackson, No. 335 w 18th street New York, if they have not the address of Abby Munroe.

This informal address, to which the writer feels she has not done justice, closed with a touching expression of sympathy for the aged negroes, who, having borne terrible burdens in their morning tide and thro' the heat of noon, are in so many instances going down to the grave in poverty and neglect. Reference was made to the religious fervor of the colored people, and a vivid description given of a camp meeting at which three thousand of them were gathered in a spirit of reverent worship in the light of pitch torches and under the shadow of the encircling pine forest. "There was no revelling, no drinking, no rude words or careless scoffing. One could not but feel that these people were there for worship only, and I heard that night the most powerful sermon I ever listened to in my life." The address closed with a few sorrowful words regarding the ominous threatenings of a race war, which continued oppression and injustice meted the negro at the hands of the white threatens to bring upon us. They are still a persecuted and virtually enslaved people, and the time promises to come when they will feel that patience has ceased to be a virtue, and that they must resort to other than pacific measures to obtain the justice and recognition now refused them. Meanwhile it behooves us to lend our mite toward averting so dread a calamity.

ELIZABETH STOVER.

AN IMAGINARY TRIP TO THE CITY OF LOVE.

For the REVIEW.

The great revolving wheel of life stops at many stations on its round. It carries Love for its propelling force, and Truth as its engineer. The oils of Forbearance and Charity must often be applied. If the machinery is not

properly lubricated, a very disagreeable fellow called Friction jumps on board, and causes our car to halt at the large town called Hate. I trust that we may never tarry at this place, because it is a noisy, dirty, repulsive town; and the most obscene odors pervade the entire settlement.

Over hill and dale, over field and fell, speeds our great living breathing engine. Volumes of gas are now creeping toward us as we are nearing the little city of Gossip. How delightful it would be if none wanted to linger here; but, sad to relate, I saw several men and women getting off at this station. Again our great engine puffs and blows and we are winding through the most delightful regions of Luxury. A great many longed to spend their remaining days in this magnificent spot, but were deterred by the extravagant city rates. The people in this luxurious town paid their hotel bills with golden honor, such coin as we cannot afford to lose. Next comes the lofty city of Great Reputation. Many of our party begged and implored with tears that the engineer would put on the brakes; the request was finally complied with. The last I saw of them, some were struggling to climb the great hill on which the city was built, many were lying part way up the ascent totally exhausted with their efforts. Glad indeed would they have been could they have sat once more in our quiet little car. Again we are in motion, flying through tunnels of Untruth and Intemperance. We were surprised to find that so many in our train jumped off with a headlong plunge into this midnight pit of drunkenness. I asked the engineer why those dark halts were necessary; and he replied that they were not in keeping with the orders of the road, but that the human race would not exert the right effort to strike down the dark barriers. We were soon informed that the car made no further stops until we reached the city of Love. Our engineer put on