

## UNCLE TOM.

(Continued.)

After her fears had been quieted, his wife said: "But how are you going to raise enough to pay the remainder of the thousand dollars?" "What thousand dollars?" "The thousand dollars you are to give for your freedom." "Oh, how those words smote me! At once I suspected treachery. Again and again I questioned her as to what she had heard. She persisted in repeating the same story as the substance of my master's letters. Master Amos said I had paid three hundred and fifty dollars down, and when I had made up six hundred and fifty more I was to have my free papers. I now began to perceive the trick that had been played upon me, and to see the management by which Riley had contrived that the only evidence of my freedom should be kept from every eye but that of his brother Amos, who was requested to retain it until I had made up the balance I was reported to have agreed to pay. Indignation is a faint word to express my deep sense of such villainy. I was alternately beside myself with rage, and paralyzed with despair. My dream of bliss was over. What could I do to set myself right? The only witness to the truth, Master Frank, was a thousand miles away. I could neither write to him, nor get any one else to write. Every man about me who could write was a slave-holder. I dared not go before a magistrate with my papers, for fear I should be seized and sold down the river before anything could be done. I felt that every white man's hand was against me. 'My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?' was my bitter cry. One thing only seemed clear. My papers must never be surrendered to Master Amos. I told my wife I had not seen them since I left Louisville. They might be in my bag, or they might be lost. At all events I did not wish to look myself. If she found them there, and hid them away, out of my knowledge, it would be the best disposition to make of them.

"The next morning, at the blowing of the horn, I went out to find Master Amos. I found him sitting on a stile, and as I drew near enough for him to recognize me he shouted out a hearty welcome in his usual style, 'Why, halloo, Sie! is that you? Got back, eh! I'm glad to see you! Why, you're a regular black gentleman!' And he surveyed my dress with an appreciative grin. 'Well, boy! how's your master?' Isaac says you want to be free. Want to be free, eh! I think your master treats you pretty hard, though. Six hundred and fifty dollars don't come so easy in old Kentucky. How does he ever expect you to raise all that? It's too much, boy, it's too much.' In the conversation that followed I found my wife was right. Riley had no idea of letting me off, and supposed I could never raise the six hundred and fifty dollars if his brother obtained possession of me.

"Master Amos soon asked me if I had not a paper for him. I told him I had had one, but the last I saw of it was at Louisville, and now it was not in my bag, and I did not know what had become of it. He sent me back to the landing to see if it had been dropped on the way. Of course I did not find it. He made, however, little stir about it, for he had intentions of his own to keep me working for him, and regarded the whole as a trick of his brother's to get money out of me. All he said about the loss was, 'Well, boy, bad luck happens to everybody, sometimes.'

"All this was very smooth and pleasant to a man who was in a frenzy of grief at the base apparently irremediable trick that had been played upon him. I had supposed that I should soon be free to start out and gain the hundred dollars which would discharge my obligation to my master. But I perceived that I was to begin again with my old labors. It was useless to give expression to my feelings, and I went about my work with as quiet a mind as I could, resolved to trust in God, and never despair."

For a little over a year nothing was said of this matter, except a coarse joke or two from Amos Riley, who intimated that his brother had kept writing why Josiah did not send him something. One day he was informed that his master's son Amos was going down the river with a flat boat laden with produce from the farm and that he must go with him. How Josiah felt at this intimation it is hard for those born in freedom to realize, for it meant that he was to be sold to slavery in the far South.

At last the day came and he stepped on the boat, which was manned by three white men. While on the journey down a most singular incident occurred. Each one on the boat had to take his turn at the helm, but Josiah being a negro had to stand at or beside the helm more constantly than any one else. The work was enough in the day time, but the captain was the only one who could be trusted with the helm at night; but Josiah from being compelled to stand beside the captain at night became at last almost as proficient as he at the work. During the voyage the captain was at-

tacked by a disease of the eyes and they soon became so much inflamed and swollen that he could not see, and thus could not perform his duty. Josiah was best fit to take his place, and thus the least of them became the greatest, for he virtually had command of the boat. During the journey he visited a plantation where some of his old comrades whom he had brought from Kentucky were living. In four years they had aged more than in twenty. Their cheeks were literally caved in with starvation and disease. Their worst fears of being sold down South were more than realized.

After this visit his thoughts grew gloomy and despairing. The thoughts of such a fate as that he had just witnessed filled him with portents of woe and despair. His faith in God utterly gave way—for a time he did not look to Him for help; nothing but the foul miasmas, the emaciated frames of his former companions filled his brain, and he earnestly hoped for death. His mind reverted to what he had done for Amos and Isaac Riley; and was this their gratitude, to sell him into a worse than living death? This spirit of anger and revenge grew until he resolved to kill his fair companions on the boat, take what money they had, scuttle the boat and make his way to the north. Blinded by passion he saw no difficulty in this plan, and one dark rainy night when within a few days sail from New Orleans and he was alone on the deck, Master Amos and the hands being all asleep below, he crept noiselessly down stairs, got hold of an axe, entered the cabin, and on looking for his victims by the dim light of the candle, his eyes at first fell on Master Amos, who was nearest him. His hand slid along the axehandle and he raised the blade to strike the fatal blow when suddenly the thought came to him, "What! commit murder, and you a Christian!" He had not called it murder before, but simply an act in self-defence, and had thought it justifiable and even praiseworthy; but now, all at once, the truth burst upon him that it was a crime. He shrank back, laid down his axe, and thanked God as he has ever done since that he did not commit that murder.

A few days after this the cargo was sold, the men discharged and nothing remained for young Amos to do but to break up or sell the boat, sell Josiah, and return home by the steamer. The second object was no longer disguised, and on several occasions planters came to see Josiah, whose points were canvassed, as those of a horse or dog. In their intervals of leisure, he would plead with his young master not to be sold away from his wife and children, and with such good result as to bring tears to his eyes. But his purpose remained unchanged.

At length the day when he was to be sold arrived. The long days and heats of June had come, and in the night Master Amos fell sick, and in a few hours river fever was on him. Now the slave was no longer a property, no longer a brute-beast, to be bought and sold, but his only friend in the midst of strangers. He was now the suppliant, a poor terrified object writhing with pain, and he besought forgiveness, and cried, "Stick to me, Sie! stick to me, Sie! Don't leave me, don't leave me. I am sorry I was going to sell you." He ordered him to finish the business with all despatch, sell the boat, and get him and his trunk containing the proceeds of the trip on board the steamer as quickly as possible. This was attended to, and the same day the two were on the steamer homeward bound: the one, writhing in one of the cabins appropriated to the sick passengers, and the other, full of joy, singing in his heart jubilees of praise to God, who had delivered him from a bondage worse than death.

Josiah nursed his young master with the greatest tenderness and care and he survived his illness, but his strength was entirely gone. On his arrival home he was still unable to speak, and was removed from the landing to the house, five miles away, in a litter, which was carried by a party of slaves who formed relays for that purpose. Immediately on his recovery his first words were, "If I had sold him I should have died;" but on the rest of the family no permanent impression was made, and soon other attempts were made to dispose of him, and his thoughts turned on means to escape, which he soon was enabled successfully to perform.

(To be Continued.)

## HAPPY MICHAEL; OR, CHRISTIAN LOVE IN ACTION.

The writer of the following narrative having read of an adventure in a mine in Cornwall, where a miner voluntarily yielded to a comrade his only apparent chance of being preserved from being blown up, resolved, if he should ever visit the place, to see the hero, who had been almost miraculously preserved, and hear a description from his own lips of what had occurred. He says:

About twelve months after this resolve, I went to reside for a year or two in Cornwall. During my residence there I visited on several

occasions the town of Collington, which is situated in the midst of a district rich in minerals, and having a large number of lead and copper mines. On one of these visits, as I was sitting at breakfast in the house of a friend, the circumstances before narrated recurring vividly to my mind, I began to repeat them to the family.

"Oh!" exclaimed my hostess, "that was happy Michael."

"And pray who is happy Michael?"

"Oh! there are few better men than happy Michael."

"But," said I, "why do you call him 'happy Michael?'"

"Because he is accustomed, if you meet him and ask him how he is, to say, 'Happy, thank you.' He seems to be always happy."

"I should like to see him."

"There will be no difficulty about that, I'm sure; he will come and see you with pleasure."

A messenger was accordingly despatched, and in a short time, to my great satisfaction, Michael himself appeared. He was a good looking, well-built man, of perhaps from thirty to thirty-five years of age, with a pleasant expression of countenance. I shook hands with him heartily, and requesting him to be seated, I proceeded to inform him on what account I had desired an interview. His eyes sparkled as I referred to his remarkable preservation; and, uttering an expression of gratitude to God, he proceeded to give me the following simple, but (to me) interesting account:

"I was working," said Michael, "at—sinking a shaft; it was but a small affair, only a few fathoms deep, and there were but three of us working at the time; two of us down the shaft, and the third on the grass, attending to the windlass, bringing up the stuff, stones, earth, and so on, as we got it out; and of course he had to wind us up in the bucket (or kibble) when we had done work; but he could only bring us up one at a time."

"Well, the rock was rather hard, and we had to blast it. We had driven in a hole, put in the charge, and were nearly ready to fire it off. One of us was about to go up; the one who should remain having, when the bucket came down again, to fire the match, and then the two at the top would soon bring him up out of danger. Well, on this occasion we were nearly ready, when my comrade who was about finishing the whole, finding the match (which is like a rope, and rammed tightly down) a little too long, he took his tamping-iron to cut off a piece of it that hung out of the hole. As he struck with the iron, the rock being very hard, it made a spark fly, like a flint and steel. This spark fell on the match just at the mouth of the hole; it caught in an instant and began to burn! We looked at one another for a moment, and then both jumped into the bucket."

"But," said I, interrupting him, "could you not put it out? Or could you not draw the match out before it burned down to the powder?"

"Oh, no, it had burned into the hole before I could do anything. Well, we jumped both of us into the bucket, and called to the man above to pull away. He tried, but he could not move us. We looked at one another! To stay was to die, we thought. It flashed across my mind, one or both of us will be in eternity in a few minutes. Well, I thought, 'praise God, I am not afraid to die; but this poor man is without God, impenitent, unchanged.' These thoughts ran through my mind as it were in an instant; so I said to my comrade: 'You are not prepared; thank God, I am not afraid to die. Go up.'

"I jumped out, and he remained. I got as close to the shaft as I could, though I had little thought of life, and I began to sing a hymn about heaven. 'I shall soon be there,' I said to myself; I shall have entrance through the blood of Jesus."

"Meanwhile the man on the grass worked away to bring the other man up. He reached the top, and as he sprang out the charge exploded. With a sharp, half-stifled sort of roar it went off, shaking the ground where I stood. Fragments of rock broke and darted out of their beds, dashing against the sides and flying back again, while others, just shifted, fell heavily on the floor; but the smoke pouring out prevented my seeing much. However, I felt I was alive, though surrounded by shattered stones driven (it was said by some who went down afterwards) in every part of the shaft except where I stood. Yes, alive and unhurt; at least so it seemed to me, though afterwards I found that a piece of stone darting by me had just touched and slightly cut my leg. You may depend on it I shouted, 'Glory to God!' right heartily; that I did. The men above heard me shouting, and they were amazed. However, they were not long in having me up, and great was their surprise and joy when they saw me come safely. And I was not a little astonished when I got up to find that my comrade, who had gone in the bucket, and who was in the act of jumping out when the blast went off, had got a worse wound than I had; for a piece of stone had shot right up the shaft and struck him on the

forehead. However, he was not very badly hurt. But, oh, it was a wonderful deliverance for me! Praise be to God!"

The simple story needs no remarks or embellishments. Here was a man, in the prime of his life, willing to remain and face death in an awful form for the sake of an unprepared companion. Michael doubtless expected to be torn limb from limb by the explosion, or crushed under the masses of falling stone; and yet, with so short a breathing-space for reflection, he decided on yielding his life for the sake of his comrade, his soul to the mercy of his God!

Surely the boldest, most heroic deeds performed but to win man's applause are like the red sparks from an anvil, that glow for a moment and die, compared to the brilliance of the ruby gem of love that will shine when the stars are dim!—*Christian Weekly*.

## FAITHFULNESS OF A DOG.

Upon the death of a certain nobleman in Krain, his earnest neighbor, Baron Apf—, took possession of the deceased's favorite dog. Fidèle was not a willing captive, but affectionate treatment finally won him over. The dog learned to do without his former master, though not to forget him.

One year passed before Fidèle again saw his old home; it then occurred to Baron Apf—to revisit the house of his late friend, in order that he might see if the property in the meantime had been carefully administered.

He took the dog with him. Before the end of the journey, Fidèle gave signs of great uneasiness. It became impossible to hold him, he sprang from the carriage and ran across the fields, soon disappearing from the Baron's sight. When the latter arrived at the house his first enquiry was for the dog, an old servant of the family, now acting as steward, related as follows: Hearing a great scraping and scratching on the outer door, he opened it and immediately recognized Fidèle.

The dog rushed past him and upstairs into his dead master's chamber, which had been left open. The steward hurriedly followed, and hearing him whine, found him sitting at the foot of his master's bed, which had not been moved from its original place. The dog ran round the chamber several times, and not finding what he so anxiously sought, laid himself down in his old place on the bed. Here the Baron found him, and the animal formerly so friendly, gave him no greeting; in vain they offered him food and drink; he would touch nothing, and his eyes remained constantly fixed upon the spot where he had last seen his master alive. After some days it was found necessary to use force to get him away, and it was only by degrees, and after the lapse of considerable time, that he regained his former cheerfulness.—*From the Organ of the Austrian Society P. O. A., Vienna, June, 1877.*

## "PAY AS YOU GO, MATES."

It was sound advice that the hero of Mr. Kirton's delightful story, "Buy Your Own Cherries," gave to his fellow-workmen, "Pay as you go, mates. Don't buy on tick, but go to market with good money in your hand. It's better not only for you, but also for the butchers, bakers, tailors, and all other shopkeepers."

Very strongly would we urge all working men who are in the "books" of any shopkeepers to clear off all arrears this Christmas, and begin the new year on the "Pay-as-you-go principle." It will scarcely be believed by many of our readers, that some time ago we were in a large manufacturing district where most of the "works" were standing. A friend took us to the shop of a widow, a small grocer and tea dealer. On asking how she bore up under the time of trial, she said: "The workmen about here, sir, are generally two weeks behindhand in paying me. At present I have over £700 in my books against the factory hands."

If this meets the eyes of any sons of toil who have hitherto gone on the bad system of "credit," may we urge them to start the new year on a new tack. They will, we feel assured, never regret following the advice of their fellow-workman who wisely begged his mates to "pay as you go."—*British Workman*.

ALONE WITH GOD.—We need to be more alone with God, that we may learn, as only in solitude we can learn, the sweet secret of his Fatherhood. Also that we may tell him there, as we never can tell in the presence of others, all the sad story of our guilt, and shame, and distress. A natural reserve keeps us from speaking of these things in public save in very general terms, or even from letting the signs of them be seen. There is a sort of unseemliness in marring the decorum of public religious worship by the passionate cry of the sad soul, bowed down by the burden of its sins and sorrows. We must needs be grave and decorous, telling to the God of the great congregation only that which the great congregation may hear. It is to our Father which is in secret that our whole sad heart can reveal itself.—*Dawson*.