

persons, and hold their character sacred? Ought you not to approach them with respect, and to kindle into a flame at every insult offered them? Ought not their commands to be a law with you? and every deviation from them a force put upon your nature? Ought you not religiously to regard their admonition, and patiently submit to their censures? Ought you not to consult their happiness in every step you take, and accommodate yourselves even to their humours? Ought you not, when they are in the decline of life, to afford them all the assistance in your power? to watch their looks with assiduity and attention; to bear their pains with them; to soothe their ruffled passions; support their feeble steps; make their bed in their sickness; and, if you cannot hold death back from them, yet by your sympathy and prayers disarm him at least of some of his terrors? Gratitude for a thousand kind offices you have received, demands all this at your hands.

“AH, MASSA, YOU NO UNDERSTAND IT.”

A few years since, there lived in one of our large cities a poor colored woman, named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends that knew her, she was familiarly called poor Betty. Betty had seen comfortable days. She had been kind and good at service. Eight years had shed their blight upon her robust limbs before they yielded to the hardship of toil. She had acquired a hale constitution by sporting for twenty years upon her native hills, upon the burning sands of Africa, before the slave-ship stole its guilty, accursed way over the waters, laden with chains and manacles to bind her limbs and to mar her sable beauty, to agonize her soul, and to subject her to the horrors of the middle passage. Betty had long been blind, and was said to be 105 years old. An aged daughter,

whom God, in mercy to this bruised reed in a strange land, had kindly permitted to be the companion both of her bondage and her freedom, arranged and administered the few comforts with which former industry and present charity had furnished her decayed cottage. Betty was indeed a relic of former days, and was noted for her good sense and her discreet warm-hearted piety.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the Exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his bounty gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B. often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice and even his step had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant thing to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stopped and entered the cottage door, he said, “Betty, you are alive yet,” “Yes tank God,” said Betty. “Betty,” said he, “why do you suppose that God keeps you so long in this world, poor, and sick, and blind, when you might go to heaven and enjoy so much?”

While Mr. B.’s tone and manner were half sportive, he uttered a serious thought, which more than once came over his mind. Now comes the sermon.

Betty assumed her serious and most animated tone, and replied, “Ah, massa, you no understand it. Dare be two great tings to do for de Church: *one be to PRAY for it t’other to ACT for it.* No, massa, God keep me alive