

night, reaching Denver at 7.15 a.m. 7th mo. 2, and spent the day viewing the city from the street cars.

In the evening started eastward again with a continual blaze of lightning in our eastern pathway. We soon came into heavy rains and a washout ahead that stopped us twenty-four hours, and then we had to walk a bridge on the ties, twenty feet high, ride six miles in a lumber wagon, walk another one worse, and found a waiting train—all near the midnight hour. It takes a little of such experience to teach the romantic side of travel, and I rather enjoyed it.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.

We cannot consider the subject of the colored people as presented to us to-day without taking into consideration their past condition also. Slavery! Is it possible, even now, for us to realize all the word implies? We may sympathize, pity, feel indignant, but as to realizing the actual feelings of one doomed for life to slavery, I feel that we cannot do it.

Slavery, as an institution, is very ancient; it is supposed to have arisen from the condition of captives taken in war; it was practiced by every oriental nation; it existed in Greece and Rome, and although the Greek philosophers might declare that a slave at Athens was better off than a free person in other countries, and although Roman jurists pronounced all men to be free by natural law, history tells us of tortures the most terrible inflicted upon slaves; of those who for a slight offence were thrown into the ponds to be eaten by fishes, or put to death in some other way equally cruel, and these facts are but glimpses into the life of those ancient slaves. We know also that the slaves of ancient times were intellectually the equals, and often the superiors, of their masters.

We are all more or less familiar with the sufferings of the slaves in our own

land, and with the horrors of the system from the blood curdling accounts of the slavers and the slave-ships, down to the American-born child, who, perhaps, half white, and inheriting all the pride and delicacy of feeling of his father's race, inherited from his mother the awful doom of a slave. While contemplating this sad picture, we can look back with just pride to the part our Society played in those dark times. The Friends' was the first church that not only raised its voice against slavery, but cleared its own borders of the traffic in human lives. The Quaker was ever the friend of the slave; innumerable instances are recorded of help given in time of need, even at the risk of life itself; and one Friend, Elisha Tyson, procured the freedom of numberless persons who, while lawfully free, were seized and sold as slaves.

After the abolition of slavery the still persecuted negro found the Quaker his firm friend as before, and ever since that time they have used their money and influence to better his conditions.

To-day all religious societies are extending a helping hand to the race so long oppressed in this "boasted land of the free, and we Friends who have ever been helpers to the oppressed, and foes to oppressors of every kind, are we doing all we can in this good work? Are we sustaining, as we should, the faithful workers who have served so long in the schools under our charge, and who are now putting forth every endeavor to assist the young colored people and children under their charge to rise to a higher level than it was possible for their fathers and mothers to attain to?

Much has been done. Much more needs to be done. Let it not be said to our shame that we faltered, or held back in the present time of need. Let not the glorious banner which we, though a small people, have so long upheld, now trail in the dust. We can find no truer missionary work than