

wondrous *all*, of which he had often pondered,—the great white throne, with its ever radiant rainbow; the white robed multitude, with voices as many waters; the crowns, the palms, the harps,—might all break upon his vision before that sun should set again. And, therefore, without shuddering or trembling, he heard the voice of his persecutor, as he drew near.

"Well, my boy," said Legree, with a contemptuous kick, "how do you find yourself? Did n't I tell yer I could larn yer a thing or two? How do yer like it,—eh? How did yer whaling agree with yer, Tom? An't quite so crank as ye was last night. Ye could n't treat a poor sinner, now, to a bit of a sermon, could ye,—eh?"

Tom answered nothing.

"Get up," said Legree, kicking him again.

This was a difficult matter for one so bruised and faint; and, as Tom made efforts to do so, Legree laughed brutally.

Tom by this time had gained his feet, and was confronting his master with a steady unmoved front.

"Now, Tom, get right down on yer knees and beg my pardon, for yer shines last night."

"Mas'r Legree," said Tom, "I can't do it. I did only what I thought was right. I shall do just so again, if ever the time comes. I never will do a cruel thing, come what may. I know ye can do dreadful things, but,"—he stretched himself upward and clasped his hands,—“but, after ye've killed the body, there an't no more ye can do. And O, there's all ETERNITY to come after that!"

"Mas'r Legree, as ye bought me, I'll be a true and faithful servant to ye. I'll give ye all the work of my hands, all my time, all my strength; but my soul I won't give up to mortal man. I will hold on to the Lord, and put his commands before all,—die or live; you may be sure on't. Mas'r Legree, I an't a grain afeard to die. I'd as soon die as not. Ye may whip me, starve me, burn me,—it'll only send me sooner where I want to go." . . .

Two of Legree's slaves seized upon an opportunity to make their escape, and he determined to wreak his anger upon poor Tom; whom, he pretended to think, knew of their retreat.