

used to. I make a little from the sale of this small book.

But I am still working, toiling, although my pathway is strewn with thorns, and not flowers, the black cloud of prejudice hangs over me, men try to blacken and defame my character, and crush me, because they have the power in their hands, but I will fight my way through till I die, striving to raise means to educate and make christian men and women out of the now raw material. And I call upon all noble, honest, christian men and women who are interested in every good work of moral and christian reform, to aid me in my honest efforts to benefit a race that has been trampled upon worse than any that the sun has ever shown upon.

We sustain relations to the whole human family; we are children of one common parent, we are the heirs of one common inheritance; go to the wildest spot on earth, and find the blackest character which exists within the limits of the race, and will you not find in that dark character a relative, and brother, Ethiopia's son, as he lifts his hands to God.

The wild Karen, as he rushes from his dark jungle, ready for blood, the child of Erin as he comes in rags and poverty to our shores, are all brethren; we cannot divest ourselves of this relationship if we would. God has formed it for us, and whether we are willing to acknowledge the fact or not, the race is one wide and indissoluble fraternity. The black faced negro, the hunted Indian, and the proudest child of civilization, are of one blood, hence we find that God has given us mutual sympathy, one with another. He has created us with a feeling of relationship, and given