

a land of Bibles and Sabbaths and Churches, and by professed followers of the Lord of Love. And often such thoughts were too much for me. In an agony of despair, I have at times given up prayer and hope together, believing that my master's words were true, that "religion is a cursed mockery, and the Bible a lie." May God forgive me for doubting, at such times, His justice and love. There was but one thing that saved me from going at once and fully into dark infidelity, when such agony assailed my bleeding heart. The memory of seasons of unspeakable joy in prayer, when Love and Faith were strong in my heart. The sweet remembrance of these dear hours would draw me back to Jesus and to peace in his mercy. Oh that all true Christians knew just how the slave feels in view of the religion of this country, by whose sanction men and women are bound, branded, bought and sold!

About this time, my master was taken sick. On Sunday, he was prostrated by mortal pains; and, on Friday the same week he died. He left fifteen slaves. I was purchased by Owen Holmes for \$435. I was then in my twenty-third year. I had just passed through the darkest season of despairing agony that I had yet known. This came upon me in consequence of the visit, which I have already described, to my dear old desolate home. About this time, too, I entered on a new and distinct period of life, which I will unfold in another chapter. I will close this period of sorrow and shame with a few lines of touching interest to my mind.

Who shall avenge the slave? I stood and cried;
The earth, the earth, the echoing sea replied.
I turned me to the ocean, but each wave
Declined to be the avenger of the slave.
Who *shall* avenge the slave? my species cried;
The winds, the flood, the lightnings of the sky.
I turned to these, from them one echo ran,
The *right* avenger of the slave is man.
Man was my fellow; in *his* sight I stood,
Wept and besought him by the voice of blood.
Sternly he looked, as proud on earth he trod,
Then said, the avenger of the slave is God.
I looked in prayer towards Heaven, a while 'twas still,
And then, methought, God's voice replied, I WILL.