

the fetters that bound man in abject servitude to man, and darker and more dire the stultifying influences on both races. Philanthropy worked with unremitting zeal against legislation, indifference, aristocracy and greed. The long and varied struggle fills the most interesting and exciting period of American history, and presents a vivid phenomenon of the mastery of wrong. In a letter, replying to an invitation to a birthday Garden Party given to Mrs. Stowe last year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Oliver Johnson, of New York, epitomizes the state of the abolition cause when she appeared, and the part which she took in it.

"It was in 1852, just after the last desperate effort of the slave power, by the aid of its Northern supporters, to overwhelm and crush the anti-slavery movement, when humanity was shuddering in view of the atrocities of the fugitive slave law, and the fires of persecution were raging furiously around the champions of freedom, that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came from the press to kindle fresh sympathy for the bondman throughout the civilized world, and fill the hearts of his enemies with despair. For twenty years the abolitionists had struggled against all the prejudices of caste, the hostility of political parties, and the combined opposition of the great ecclesiastical bodies of the land to create a public sentiment that would destroy slavery; and at the very moment when the prospect of success was eclipsed, and the hearts of multitudes were filled with fear and dread, Mrs. Stowe's great work turned the tide of battle; and from that day forth the hosts of freedom, with constantly augmenting strength, marched with unflinching step toward their great victory."

It was fire to the fuse. The magazine had been prepared in tears, and prayers and life blood. She "fired the shot heard round the world." The magic of the romance of *Uncle Tom* flashed like a thunderbolt, and every eye saw, and every ear heard. The romance was real, and humanity's heart recognized it.

"She moved the earth; its thunders pealed,  
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,  
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,  
And Moloch sunk to Hades."

"God prepares His own instruments in His own way" and when and where He pleases. The early Puritans of New England, as of Old England, had a severe, determined hatred of