

how they were welcomed to the palaces of kings, and to the highest circles of the Old World and the New. When the Union armies penetrated the South, black refugees came by thousands to their lines, and on the close of the war 4,000,000 of emancipated slaves sought the long-forbidden fruit of education and liberty. Hundreds of Northern ladies went South to teach these eager catechumens, and in spite of Ku-Klux assassinations, persisted in their heroic task. The hunger for knowledge was stronger than the hunger for bread. Old men and women, after a long day's toil, learned to read from the same books as their grandchildren. Soon seventeen academies and schools for coloured teachers were opened in the South. One of these was established in 1866, in an army hospital at Nashville. A pile of rusty handcuffs and fetters from an old slave pen, sold for old iron, purchased spelling books and New Testaments. In a year 10,000 children were under instruction by the half-taught teachers. It was decided to found a college for their better training. But where was the money for this work? Eleven coloured students, with their teacher, Mr. White, resolved to earn it. The Chicago fire took place. They gave the entire proceeds of their first paid concert to the relief fund. They were turned away from hotels. They were driven by a mob from a railway waiting-room. They were hissed when they appeared on the platform. They suffered from cold through lack of clothing. They often had paid their last dollar for the day's food. They learned to sing, with intense literalness, the old slave song:—

"O, my Lord, keep me from sinking down."

But God raised up friends. Often in their extremity came the helping hand, the timely gift. They sang their way into the hearts of the people. In Brooklyn, Beecher took them by the hand. The *Herald* ridiculed his "Negro Minstrels;" but Talmage, Cuyler, Storrs, and Scudder, opened their churches and their homes to the emancipated slaves. As they sang their weird

and plaintive melodies, in which the sorrows of a century of bondage seemed to wail, strong men wept like children. The tide had turned. Henceforth success awaited them everywhere. Manufacturers and publishers aided in giving furnishings and books for their college. They made as much as \$1,235 at a single concert. They sang "Go Down, Moses," at the White House. Their songs were published, and were sung by street gamins and fair ladies all over the land. In three months, they, who had gone forth weeping, returned, bringing their sheaves with them—an offering of \$20,000 for a college for their people.

In a week they were at work again. At the World's Peace Jubilee they thrilled the souls of 40,000 people as they sang the strain:—

"John Brown died that the slave might be free,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah."

They broke down the barriers of caste as nothing else could do. They sang in the finest hall in Philadelphia, which had been refused to a U. S. Senator because he was black; and, refused admission elsewhere, were welcomed to its best hotel. After their visit to Newark, the city schools were thrown open to coloured children.

In the spring they sailed for England by the Cunard steamer, several other lines having refused them passage. The Duke of Argyll invited them to his house, where, as they sang, "Steal away to Jesus," the Queen of England was deeply moved. Mr. Gladstone invited them to breakfast, and his wife and daughters entertained them as equals. They sang in Newman Hall's, Spurgeon's, and Dr. Parker's chapels. They were the guests of the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Their income reached \$1,000 a night, and they brought home \$50,000. In 1875 they crossed the sea again, and sang with great effect at Moody's meetings, and at Newcastle to a multitude of poor people in the streets. They went to Holland and were received at the Royal Palace at the Loo. They went to Germany and sang before the Crown Prince