

"I can remember songs that I heard fifty years ago, when a slave." His guests expressed a strong desire to hear some of them, when, to their delight, as well as to the surprise of his own family, he sang the following:

Run to Jesus—shun the danger—
I don't expect to stay much longer here;
He will be our dearest friend,
And will help us to the end—
I don't expect to stay much longer here.
O I thought I heard them say
There were lions in the way—
I don't expect to stay much longer here.
Many mansions there will be,
One for you, and one for me—
I don't expect to stay much longer here.
Run to Jesus—shun the danger—
I don't expect to stay much longer here.

The singers were so much pleased with the new song that they soon caught the melody and joined him in the refrain, and while they were singing it the notes were taken down by Prof. Seward, and added to the Jubilee programme. Mr. Douglass afterwards said: "It was while singing this song that the idea of escaping from slavery was first suggested to my mind. As the thought grew upon me, the song became more and more a favorite, and I used to sing it about the plantation continually. My master was very well pleased, for he thought I was thinking about heaven, but I was thinking all the time about that other country up North." Thus, under the influence of this song, he at last gained his freedom, and the world gained Frederick Douglass.

"DUTCH JOHN."

That is the name by which he was known. But when people met and spoke to him, they called him John. When he first came under our notice he possessed characteristics anything but respectable and reputable; indeed, his presence was dreaded wherever peace was desirable. He was a drinker of no small proportions, as

during three-fourths of his time he was under its baneful influence. He was abusive, noisy, intrusive; ever ready to breed a quarrel and to enter a fight. When he was sober he was quiet and industrious, at which times he made ample provisions for the gratification of his appetites. During the summer he laboured wherever he could find work, especially at those places where the "ardent" could be readily obtained. Occasionally he would remain a whole season with one employer, for nominal wages and a constant supply of whiskey. In the winter he took up his abode at the county poor-house, where the discipline was somewhat lax, doing a day's work here and there, the money for which he managed to get into the rum-seller's till.

During the most of the time his visage bore marks of bruises and wounds, the results of frequent fights; for he seldom kept out of them when he was intoxicated. Even among his associates he was considered a "tough customer," and bore a hard name. John was good Catholic, notwithstanding his drunkenness, profanity, fighting, and other violations of the moral law. He no doubt expected to live in that faith, and at last to die in it; but his expectations were thwarted.

The panic of 1857 came, and following it was the great revival which spread over the land with marvellous power, bringing all classes, to a greater or less extent, under its mighty sway. The neighborhood in which John lived was no exception. The Church was affected as it had never been before. Believers rejoiced; unbelievers were unusually solemn. Penitent tears prevailed where before the frivolity and godless mirth reigned supreme. Scores and hundreds were repentant and bowed at the foot of the cross. It seemed to the casual observer as though none would be left to do the service of Satan.