

to their convictions. They opposed to the slave law the moral dictates of the Golden Rule, of God's ancient oracles, and the sacred teachings of the Declaration of Independence. "They refused," says Siebert, "to observe a law that made it a felony in their opinion to give a cup of cold water to famishing men and women fleeing from servitude."

Like every great moral movement, their sacred passion found expression in sacred song, of which the following breathes the spirit:

" 'Tis the law of God in the human soul,
 'Tis the law in the Word Divine;
 It shall live while the earth in its course shall roll,
 It shall live in this soul of mine.
 Let the law of the land forge its bonds of wrong,
 I shall help when the self-freed crave;
 For the law in my soul, bright, beaming, and strong,
 Bids me succour the fleeing slave."

Theodore Parker, in a sermon in Boston, thus defied the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850: "To law framed of such iniquity I owe no allegiance. Humanity, Christianity, manhood revolts against it. For myself, I say it solemnly, I will shelter, I will help, and I will defend the fugitive with all my humble means and power."

The discipline of the Methodist Church as early as 1789 prohibited the slave trade: "the buying or selling the bodies or souls of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them;" and the great division of the Methodist Church in America arose from the possession of slaves by Bishop Jehu Andrews of its southern section.

The Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, intended to prevent the escape of slaves, increased it. Slaves dissembled their desire for freedom for fear of being sold south. "No, I don't want to go to none o' your free countries," said one. "But I surely *did*," he added, in telling the story in Canada; "a coloured man tells the truth *here*, there he is afraid to."

In the employment of the writer's father as stableman was an escaped slave. He used diligently to con his spelling-book during off hours, and so learned to read. "Did they use you well, Sam, in your old Kentucky home?" we said one day. "Yes, boss," he replied, "dey use me mighty well; allus had 'nuff to eat, not over hard work; but den I'se *free* here," and his black face lit up and his form straightened with the conscious dignity of manhood.

The demonstrations of delight of the fugitive slaves on their reaching the frontier of Canada were often pathetic, even when they were grotesque. Says Captain Cleveland of two negroes whom he landed on our shores: "Is this Canada?" they asked. "Yes," I said, "there are no slaves here;" then I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. They seemed