

come his slaves desires and religious scruples, he sold him to a Georgian trader. He was handcuffed and led away, and as he went through the streets he sang in his clear strong voice the following words:

How long, how long, how long,  
Good Lord shall I suffer here,  
Jesus my all to Heaven has gone,  
How shall I suffer here.  
Whom I fix my hopes upon,  
How shall I suffer here.  
How long, how long, how long,  
Good Lord shall I suffer here,  
The ship is about to enter,  
See how I suffer here  
Sailing from earth home to glory,  
See how I suffer here.  
Oh! how long, how long shall I suffer here?  
A few more days in sorrow,  
See how I suffer here,  
Then to glory I will go  
And be done suffering here.

I might easily go on telling these thrilling stories of captivity. Pictures of misery and wrongs seem carved in my memory till I can scarcely look back at all without seeming to see again some scene of agony that was long ago impressed upon my memory. My back is still scored and scarred with the marks of a master's lash, but deep as these are my mind is deeper engraved with pictures of horror that will never be effaced. While there is great reason to be devoutly thankful for our delivery from slavery, yet it should be distinctly