

land of ours, the gospel has been preached and christianity embraced. Every act done in the work of human progress will ever live, every act which tends to the annihilation of error is a little rock started from the mountain top, which gathers force on its way downward, and starts others at every bound. Let me then start a little pebble, if nothing more; every act which tends to the establishment of the reign of truth, is a germ set in the soil which in time will become a mighty tree. Let me then plant a little acorn, that it may shoot up, and by the richness of its foliage and the statefulness of its form, add to the beauty and grandure of millennial plains.

This book professes to be a sketch of my life, and it surely is but a sketch. Only the barest outlines of the wretched picture are drawn. I am obliged to write it by means of other than my own hands. Could I use the pen and command the needful language it might be a more finished picture. My eyes have beheld horrors of which there is no mention here, my ears have listened to tales of cruelty and misery among the slaves that are enough to check ones heart with indignation and sympathy.

I remember when a boy, and in the City of Frederick, I saw about one hundred and fifty slaves marched out of the jail yard, handcuffed and chained together, bound for the south. At the head of this band were two men who had used their gifts as preachers. I distinctly recall that they were singing the following words:

Don't talk about suffering here below
But talk about love like Jesus,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come.