

released his slaves, for which his name was stricken off the roll of the bar and the press he established at Cincinnati was destroyed.

Many ministers of religion obeyed the precepts and imitated the example of Him who came to "preach to the captives and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

The Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian pastor, from Maine, for denouncing a cruel lynching in St. Louis, was driven from that city. The same fate followed him to Alton, Ill., where his house was attacked and he was himself shot to death by a mob. He was the first but not the last abolition martyr. His fate sounded the death knell of slavery. Soon more than a hundred anti-slavery societies sprang up throughout the north.

The Rev. Owen Lovejoy, whose brother, as we have seen, was murdered for the cause of liberty, was taunted as "nigger stealer." He replied, "Thou invisible demon of slavery, dost thou think to cross my humble threshold, and forbid me to give bread to the hungry and shelter to the houseless! I bid you defiance in the name of my God!"

For many years the light in the window of Thomas Rankin, a Presbyterian pastor on the Ohio River, "were hailed by slaves fleeing from the soil of Kentucky as beacons to guide them to a haven of safety."

Theodore Parker, the accomplished scholar and orator, and enthusiastic abolitionist of Boston, writes: "I must attend to living men, and not to dead books, and all this winter my time has been occupied with these poor souls."

The Rev. Charles Torrey in 1838 resigned the pastorate of a Congregational church in Providence, Rhode Island, and relinquished quiet and comfort that he might devote himself to the work of freeing the slaves. He was thrust into prison, attempted to escape, was sentenced to penitentiary for six years and in prison he died. In 1844 he wrote: "If I am a guilty man, I am a very guilty one; for I have aided nearly four hundred slaves to escape to freedom, the greater part of whom would probably, but for my exertions, have died in slavery." He was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass., and a memorial service in Faneuil Hall on the day of his funeral was signalized by a poem by Lowell, and addresses by General Fessenden and Walter Channing. Of him, Whittier wrote: "In the wild woods of Canada, around many a happy fireside and holy family altar, his name is on the lips of God's poor. He put his soul in their soul's stead; he gave his life for those who had no claim on his love save that of human brotherhood."

Calvin Fairbank, a student of Oberlin College, read at his father's fireside, a station of the Underground Railway, the story of sorrow