Maretta H Blood
Somerset Center
A Present from
Mrs Saxton

JUNO AND THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD. Page 72.

BLACK AND WHITE;

OR,

THE HEART, NOT THE FACE.

BY

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

Among the methods by which Slavery has sought to escape the indignant condemnation of the world is the practice of defaming the unfortunate race to which its victims belong. They have been habitually described as treacherous and cruel — thirsting for the blood of the whites; at the same time as inferior in all intellectual qualities, ignorant, stupid, and — as if to cap the climax of worthlessness — unable to "take care of themselves." Even at the North, such slanders have served to keep alive those prejudices which deny to them equal privileges in the workshop, the school, and at

the ballot-box, and render them a proscribed and hated people.

It is, then, not only a legitimate endeavor — it is a duty — of the Christian press to dissipate, if possible, the unjust and cruel aspersions under which they have so long suffered. The tale here sketched is, in its leading features, no fancy piece. A faithful and minute history of this people, while showing the faults and foibles common to mankind, would also abound in exhibitions of Christian virtue fitted to adorn human character under whatever outward seeming.

Let our country, so scourged with divine judgments for three quarters of a century of oppression, learn, though late, that "God hath made of *one blood* all nations of men," and that the only true test of character and merit among them is "THE HEART, NOT THE FACE."

CONTENTS.

BLACK AND WHITE.

CHAPTER I.

JUNO AND HER FRIENDS.—A KIND MASTER.

HAVE you never seen a beautiful flower growing by the dusty roadside, or lifting its head from out masses of tangled weeds and rubbish? Have you not seen a rank thistle, or other noxious plant, flourishing in a garden where only fragrance and beauty are looked for? The world is full of just such incongruities; loveliness, gentleness, and truth sometimes coming from the unsightly abodes of ignorance and poverty, while pride, insincerity,

and selfishness flaunt forth from the homes of elegance and the halls of fashion. The *promise* of a beautiful harvest is given only to such as sow good seed in the hearts of their children; and yet God sometimes chooses to surprise us by himself rearing up those who have no earthly guides into bright and shining examples. It would be highly improper for us to compare our heroine to a flower, if only the face and form were referred to. But if it is of the *heart* that we write, we may forget the ugly features and uncouth form, and keep the semblance still. It is the spirit which is lovely, or otherwise, in the eye of Him who formed it; and if he scorned not to make the humble clay that contains it, surely we of the same dust will hardly dare to insult him by turning into ridicule his workmanship.

Juno Washington was born and reared on a tobacco plantation, which lay on James River. Had she been asked, when a child, of her history, she would have said, "Africa is my native place, though I was born on dis yere plantation. I never had no fader; and my mudder, she was worked to death in the hurry to get the 'baeco off one year." Oh, what a sad remembrance for a dark-minded child to carry through life!

When she saw the slave mothers screening their children from the anger of the overseer, by aiding them at their task, Juno would sigh out, "I'se got no mammy to help me!" When kind, old Aggy gathered her nine children in her cabin at night, and fed them round the pine fire, Juno would lean against the window, looking in, and sometimes she would say, "I wish I was your chile, too,

Aggy." "So you is, too," Aggy would say, "bless yer heart; and I reckons if any one sets out to 'buse you, dey'll find out dat you b'longs to me! Come in, chile, and eat hoe-cake wid de rest."

Aunt Cherry had a lame boy, and as he wasn't worth much any other way, he was made "baby's nurse" during the hours of work; the wise *New England* overseer thinking more would be got out of him thus, by saving the time of the mothers. Let such as have had the care of one restless baby for hours, with no kind arm to relieve them of the burden, judge how easy was the task of poor Sam for twelve or fourteen hours, with six, eight, and ten of them to care for. He often complained of his lot, and said "if he didn't hab to hold his crutch wid his right hand, he'd rader hoe." But Juno

used to comfort him thus: "Why, Sam, it looks mighty hard, I knows; but den you's got a mammy to say 'Poor Sam' when night comes, and you's got a free fader dat promises to buy you some day. I'd take care of all de babies on James River to be you, Sam, lame leg, crutch and all! Oh, dere's a heap o' comfort havin' a mammy, Sam."

It was truly sad for the poor child to be thus alone; but still she had many friends, and found a home in every cabin. She was kind and obliging to all, and a great favorite at the house of her master, where more than once she had been taken with a view to training her for a house servant. This last idea, however, gave her no pleasure, and when there she grew very sad, and sometimes cried bitterly. Once her mistress explained to her the great "rise" it would

be to leave the field, and live among ladies and gentlemen, and learn to sew, and to ride with the children. Juno only shook her head, and said, "I'se bound to go back to de field, missis. Please don't keep me."

"But," said the lady, "you'll have better things to eat here."

"Oh, I has good things to eat all time. I likes hoe-cake and bacon mighty well; and 'sides, I'se 'feared of these new black folks massa bought from widder Williams. Dey wears such high turbans, and looks too right smart for me! I likes Aggy, and Cherry, and Cle'patry, and ole Uncle Jake, and all dem, best. *Dey all knowed my mammy*, and dese new ones didn't!" The mistress looked in amazement at this ignorant child manifesting such a delicate nature, and hinted to her husband that she ought to be

forced from the field and trained for something higher.

"Something higher, my dear? What can it be? She's a slave; and it's but a choice of work. That may as well be left to herself. In the field she's every body's child; but here, when we are away, she'd be every body's drudge. Her mother seemed born for a queen, as I believe the grandmother, old Milly, claimed to be such; and I remember, when a boy, always dropping my eyes with a feeling of shame when I met hers; shame that she, so good and noble, was a slave to my father!"

"Where do you suppose the child got her notions of religion?" inquired the lady.

"I don't know. Has she any?" asked the owner.

"Yes, and of *freedom*, too.

"I suppose they are born with the last, like the birds. I've no doubt the field hands have their own conversation on liberty, and her ideas would be a repetition of theirs. What does she say?"

The lady smiled. "She gave as one reason for wishing to stay in the field, that she wanted to *go* with the hands when they were made free. I asked her how she knew the slaves were ever to be free. 'Oh,' she said, '*dat's what Uncle Jake prays for*, and Cherry says every thing he prays for comes.'"

The gentleman rose up, walked the floor, whistled, looked at his watch, and exclaimed, "Heigho!" He then expressed a wish that it were three o'clock instead of one, and took his seat again. After a short silence, he said, "I'm not at all surprised at their desire for freedom,

and I heartily sympathize with them. I want to be free myself! I wish the James River would rise and sink the plantation, for it's a bill of expense to me when I'm at home, and a torment to me when away. When I'm pushed for money I have to go off and leave the hands under this miserable Yankee, Blunt, to be driven at his will, for I can't stay and see it done. They'd eat the plantation up, and me too, if I had the management three years. I wasn't made for such work, and I hate it."

"An't you afraid that sometimes they are overworked when you are gone?" asked the lady.

"Afraid? I know they are; and I go away on purpose not to see it."

"Couldn't you get a kinder overseer?"

"No! A man that will take such a place isn't a man. If I had another like myself, the work wouldn't pay. It is a choice between brutality and free labor; and as to religion, — you mentioned the subject, — I have none too much myself, but they have less. I could not help blushing last Sunday when I put ten dollars in the collection for India missions. I thought myself a pretty hypocrite to be sending money over the seas, when I had fifty as perfect heathen within a stone's throw of my door as can be found any where."

"Oh, no, dear," said the lady, "they know who made them, and that God sees all they do; therefore, they are not *heathen*."

"No thanks to us; they would be if it were not for Uncle Jake. He teaches all the children 'Now I lay me down to

sleep.' I wish I could do justice to them without wronging you and the children."

And yet, with all this smothered kindness and these restless struggles in the heart, the slaveholder and his family left their home and these fifty immortal beings to the tender mercies of the slave driver, and went their way to Saratoga, Niagara, and the White Mountains. In their enjoyment, home anxieties were forgotten. They were no longer haunted by sad faces; no longer forced to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" If ever these unwelcome thoughts came back in the silent hours when God visits men upon their beds, they tried to pacify themselves by promises of a gay Christmas for their blacks, and generous gifts of red and yellow turbans and neckerchiefs. They even hinted at a barbecue for the servants of

the region after the tobacco harvest; and consoling themselves with these kind intentions, rocked conscience once more into a deep slumber, and went on as before.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE JAKE. — DEATH-BED. — FUNERAL.

Moons rose and set upon the waters of James River, and one harvest followed another, as of yore, on its plantations. Uncle Jake, worn out with years and labor, drew near his rest; and there was none on whose shoulders his mantle could fall. He had been but a poor teacher; ignorant, and in heart far from reconciled to his lot. His creed was a very short one, as he gave it in his dying hours to those around him. "Childurn," he said, "all I knows I have told you a thousand times, and tell you now agin. There is a God who made us all, — black and white. He is a just and holy God, and we am

sinners. We could not please him here, nor see him beyond, if he had not sent his Son, de Prince, to make peace between us. He laid down his life to save our souls. If we believes on him, and loves him mor'n fader, or mudder, or childurn, or any body else, dat settles all; and we're his, here and beyond. Fifty year ago I larnt this, and was taken into his love; but for all dat, dere's been bars 'tween us ever since. What do you s'pose they was? Just dis: I *kept askin' questions* dat God didn't please to answer; and I forgot dat *he was King*, and dat I was only poor Uncle Jake! He told me dat all nations was made of one blood; and I asked 'Why den he let one half 'slave de oder half?' He tell me he love his poor black childurn; and I ask him 'Why he don't come down from heaven, with de shout of a trumpet, and make 'em all

free?' He didn't *answer* dese questions, but just moved on his own way, and I turned my back on him in anger, poor, miserable sinner dat I was! I was clay in de hands of de potter, and he might have broken me to pieces, but he didn't. He, the Mighty King, come *sometimes to my cabin in de night*, and whisper such words as bring me down to his feet, and fill my heart wid peace. And now, after all my rebellion and fightin' agin' his will, he comes here to-day and tells me de mansion is ready up dere, and dat to-morrow poor Jake will be no slave. Wait for his will, all you childurn, and don't ask him too many *questions*. He'll *make it all plain* when he gets ready. Be easy in de house o' bondage till Moses comes to lead you out. De time is short when de 'arth will be shook to its foundations on 'count of

us. De plagues of Egypt will be nothin' to what's comin' on dis wicked nation; but I'se goin' to be took away from the evil day, to where all is peace. But mind you don't sin as I have, by impatience agin' God, or a worser evil den slavery may come upon you. Cherry's Sam's picked up some larnin'; let him teach de little ones all he can, if it's only dis: 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Dat's de greatest larnin' in de world, after all; and even our kind massa, dat know ebery ting else, don't know dat — not in de way he must to have his soul saved. Tings look mighty changed to me from dis bed, children. Slavery looks mighty easy to bear, 'cause time is so short. If 'twas God's will to keep me here, to sarve him a hundred years, I could take up the burden I'se hated so, and drink de cup dat has made my

sperit so sick. God's will 'pears so beautiful dat I think to 'fill it I could be a slave for ever, though it needs a heap o' religion to be a good slave, childurn."

And thus this old patriarch, and almost prophet, passed away, and left his place desolate. His *remains* were followed to the slaves' burying-ground by hundreds of his brethren, — a strange, wild company, — chanting funeral dirges, under the light of the blazing pine knots. The master and mistress, with their guests, did honor to his memory by standing beside the open grave, while their own minister extolled the character of Uncle Jake as "submissive to his lot as a *servant* through a long life." He urged the living to follow his example, and promised heaven to those who obeyed their masters, and did not wickedly covet the freedom God had not given them! When

he made this statement, — that Uncle Jake was perfectly contented in slavery, — those who had stood by his dying bed, and heard of his struggles, as if with one voice groaned out a loud dissent, which startled their owner. "No, no; dat wasn't so. No, no!" was heard for a brief moment passing through the sable throng, and again all were silent. The eulogy was ended, and the slaveholding minister made the burial prayer; which was a petition that "these humble friends might be thankful for their lot, grateful for kind masters who provided for their wants, and that they might show their gratitude by submission, industry, and faithfulness, and that thus they might meet again the good old man who had in all these things set them such a bright example." The ladies and gentlemen withdrew from the crowd, and the coffin

was lowered into the grave. Then, those who had loved Uncle Jake best gathered close to the fearful brink and looked solemnly down, *while Cherry's Sam*, leaning on his crutches, chanted in a soft, melodious voice, the following impromptu: —

Dear ole Uncle's fell to sleep;
Glory, hallelujah!
We'se no tears for him to weep;
Glory, hallelujah!

We followed him to Jordan's tide;
Glory, hallelujah!
We see him reach de oder side;
Glory, hallelujah!

We heard him knock at Jesus' gate;
Glory, hallelujah!
Long he did not hab to wait;
Glory, hallelujah!

Quick de doors did open fling;
Glory, hallelujah!

Den we heard de angels sing;
Glory, hallelujah!

De Prince, he take him by de hand;
Glory, hallelujah!
Before de shinin' throne he stand;
Glory, hallelujah!

See dat crown upon his head;
Glory, hallelujah!
He's de risen, not de dead;
Glory, hallelujah!

Uncle Jake no more a slave;
Glory, hallelujah!
Dere is Freedom in de grave;
Glory, hallelujah!

There was no weeping here, excitable as were the ignorant group. As they joined in the chorus of Sam's song, one would have fancied, by their shouts, that they were celebrating some joyous event. And so they were: the release of a poor

worn prisoner from his chains and sorrows to return to his home. They had not art enough to affect grief, as is often the case at burial scenes among the wiser but less sincere. When all was over, and the older men were preparing to fill the grave, *Aggy* stepped to the edge, and looking down, said, in a plaintive tone, "Good by, Uncle;" Cherry followed with, "I wishes you much joy, Uncle;" and a third fellow-toiler whispered in trembling notes, "*Good by, Uncle; I tanks you a* tousand times for all you's done for me." Dust was given to dust, and the crowd separated, only to gather again to discuss "de sarmon and de prayer" by the light of the pine knot in Cherry's cabin.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW FRIEND.—THE BANISHMENT.

Juno was now a woman. Having in childhood refused all offers from her mistress to be trained for house service, she had, since then, been left to her choice; growing up among the field hands, and partaking, in a measure, of their blunt, coarse ways. The gentle traits which had once so interested her owners seemed all obliterated; but the great, strong, noble heart was still there to aid others, and to fight against her fate. She had sense enough to know that she and her people were being wronged, and not enough to know that anger and rebellion but added strength to the cruel fetters. She had no knowledge of her own heart; and, feel-

ing kindly toward her fellow-servants and neighbors, abstaining from improper *language, being sober and industrious*, she fancied herself good enough for heaven. Nor was poor, ignorant Juno more self-righteous than are many in Christian families, with God's Word in their hands and his sanctuary at their door. "The heart," — be it of high or *low*, — "*is deceitful above all things, and* desperately wicked; who can know it?" Need we wonder that Juno felt quite at ease, and imagined herself above the average around her for virtue and goodness?

The owner of this plantation found it *necessary, at one time, to build a large* store house for his goods. The carpenter engaged to do the work brought thither a number of workmen, two or three of whom were blacks. One of these was a

free man from North Carolina, a great favorite with the mechanics, for whom he did the heavy lifting, &c. His face bespoke the most perfect gentleness and good nature, and his voice was so soft and winning that the children used to stand around to hear him talk. Although he had his food with the workmen, his sympathies usually drew him at nightfall to "the quarters," where his brethren lived. Although so innocent and kind, Abe Johnson was really a "dangerous" man among slaves. He could *read;* and usually had two or three newspapers in his pocket, soiled and of ancient date, sometimes, but still very interesting to those who never heard the news nor saw the pictures. With the most peaceable intentions in his heart, poor Abe stirred up a perfect war among his new friends, none too well at ease before. The old

men looked in wonder at him, as he read tales by the glare of a pine knot, and described steamboats, rail cars, and other intricate inventions. The young men vowed *inwardly that they would not live* longer like cattle, driven and fed by white men. The girls resolved to run away, and marry free men. All became restless, and not a few, who never dreamed of such a thing before, smuggled a newspaper or spelling-book into the cabin, and commenced learning their letters.

One morning, the master carpenter was amazed by a request from the gentlemanly owner of the plantation, that he would at once send away the boy Abe, who was "stirring up mischief among his people;" accompanied by a gentle hint, that "if another sunrise found the fellow there, his employer and all the carpenters would go with *him.*" *He said that his interfer-*

ence alone had prevented the overseer from "tying the boy up to a tree, and whipping his learning out of him."

Much as the carpenters were grieved at this message, they could do nothing but obey orders. When the innocent fellow was informed of his fate, he looked aghast, and exclaimed to his master, "Why, sir, I can't go, no ways; I'se just found myself a wife here."

"A man ought to be able to take his wife with him," said the carpenter, in an undertone; "but *you* must go, Abe, my good boy, or I shall get into trouble. The men are all sorry to lose you, and wish you good luck. Don't bid us good by, nor let us know when or where you go." And slipping a few dollars into Abe's hand, his master turned his back upon him with seeming indifference, and resumed his work.

Now, if Abe's friend had fears for him, he had none for himself. He had been open and honest in all his intercourse with the slaves, and felt that he could look their owner in the face. So, without asking permission of any body, he presented himself at the door of the mansion, and asked for the master. When he appeared, Abe bowed, and said, politely, "At your sarvice, sir."

The gentleman bowed, too, saying, "I don't remember your face; whose boy are you?"

"I han't got no massa, sir; I'se Abe Johnson, de boy dat you said must clear off de plantation. I'se goin' now, sir; but I didn't want to *sly* off like a thief, 'cause I'se an honest man. I just come, sir, to say 'God bless you,' and to tell you dat I never said one word to make yer people oneasy, nor heard one word agin yer

spoke among dem. I liked de place, and wor just thinkin' if you'd hire me to do little jobs 'round de buildin's, why, I like to 'main on dis plantation."

The gentleman frowned. "Boy," he said, "my overseer told me you had been reading to my slaves."

"Well, yes, sir; but I didn't teach dem to read theirselves."

"But you told them what a fine thing freedom was, and ——"

"Sir, *dat* am not true; 'cause I don't want to make nobody onhappy."

"Didn't my overseer enter Bill's cabin while you were talking there last evening?"

"He *fell in*, sir; been drinkin' sperit till he couldn't stand, and Bill and me 'most carried him home. Dis sperit is bad stuff, sir; may be he told what war not true 'bout me to de gentleman. I'se true and honest, sir."

"Well, boy, perhaps you are; but I want no free blacks among my people. Besides, my overseer is a revengeful fellow, and would give you no peace here. I promised him you should be off the plantation before sunrise. So, now take *every thing that belongs to you*, and never come here again."

"Yes, sir, if you say so," replied Abe, bowing low. "God bless yer, sir, and all dat belongs to you."

"Thank you, my poor fellow," replied the gentleman. "I wish you well also;" and putting a piece of silver into his hand, with the air of a man too noble to rebuke his inferior, he returned to his cigar and paper, a far less happy man than the one he had dismissed so patronizingly from his door.

Abe, with the habit so common among his people, walked off, holding an ani-

mated conversation with himself, — "A very nice, civil gentleman; sartain he is! He! he! I'll do just as he say; I'll *take every ting dat b'longs to me*, and *never* come here again: He, he, he! Wonder who Juno 'longs to if she don't 'long to me, hey?"

How well poor, honest Abe fulfilled his promise we shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEDDING TRIP.—FAMILY PRIDE.

In the gray light of an October morning, a strange, travel-worn pair made their entrance into a large city not far removed from the land of chains. While refreshing themselves with hot coffee and rolls, at a stand in the city market, they looked eagerly about them, and breathed deeply, like those who have long held their breath for fear of pursuers.

Then, like happy, light-hearted children as they were, they laughed and chatted, and rested on the rude bench, not envying any mortal, nor regarding the curious glances cast on them by butchers and huckster-women. When ready to go,

they asked the man of whom they had bought their breakfast, "Can you tell us, sir, where we can find a parson?"

"On a wedding trip, ha? Yes; there's one in yonder house, with a street lamp before the door, and a better one never stood in a pulpit," replied the man. They soon found themselves in the presence of the minister, who felt not a little curious as to the business of the wild-looking couple that had called him from his morning nap.

Abe — for it was he — held Juno tightly by the fore-finger, and making his best bow, said, "We's come to be made husband and wife, sir. Can you do up dat job for us, sir?"

"You know what God requires of those who take upon themselves the marriage vow, and understand the solemnity of it, do you?" asked the gentleman.

THE WEDDING.

"Oh, yes, sir; *I* knows how to read, *and has read the Bible a heap, so I* understands all about it," answered Abe.

"And your friend, here? You think she does so also, do you?"

"Well, sir, she can't read for 'self, but I 'splains it all out clear for her. De colored folks where she was brung up don't get married no how; and at fust *she thought I was makin' a great fuss* 'bout nothin', but when I made her understand, she thinks it's all right. We wants to do what's proper in de sight o' God and man as well as if we was white, sir."

Silver and gold Abe had none to offer as a fee, but such as he had — the will of a generous heart, and the service of a strong arm — he offered. "Sir," *he said*, with a low bow, "it's cost us 'bout all we hab in de worl' to get here. We's got to hire a place to kiver our heads; so I'se

feared to gib you de two dollars I'se got lef. But I'll go down in your cellar, and saw wood till you're satisfied. Juno, she'll go wid me, and split while I saws."

The minister, thinking this work hardly befitting a bride on her wedding day, said, with a smile, "Abram, my good fellow, you're very welcome to all I have done for you; and if you will step in some day next year, and tell me that you have fulfilled all your promises to this happy woman, I shall feel well repaid." With this he slipped a shining dollar into the hand of the smiling bride, little knowing how much that small sum added to their joy.

Juno was black, poor, and ignorant; but like the rest of our sisterhood, she had a little pride, and made it her honest boast, that she was "the granddaughter — or tharabouts — of a king in Gamby,

and that her grandmother, who had been stolen, and brought over the sea long back, was a medicine-woman and serpent-charmer." And, much as Juno hated slavery, she boasted of her old master and his family. She still looked on the connection as a great distinction, telling Abe that "if a body had *got* to be a slave, it was a heap better to belong to somebody dat *was* folks dan to dem as was dug up, for all we knowed." She said "she warn't neither 'shamed nor afeared to tell what family she b'longed to." She couldn't tell from what branch of it her master came, but he was a WASHINGTON, and that was enough. She felt sure "if wars should come agin, Massa George wouldn't be the only great man in de family. She had heard wars was great things to push for'ard men, and reckoned that any male sex ob de name, if he had

on uniform, would be a Gin'ral Washington." Aside from her pride, Juno seemed to cherish a strong affection for her master, and looked on him as a sort of mediator between "de overseer and de people:" and, by a sort of willing ignorance, cast the blame of oppressing the people on the driver rather than on the owner.

But with all her kind memories of the past, Juno took great care to boast before nobody but Abe, having a great dread of ever being returned to her old home. No danger of homesickness in the case of a runaway slave!

It was true that Juno was never starved, never overworked; for, as she said, "When massa was *home*, he kept right smart lookout dat his people wasn't 'bused by de savages he hired from de North to see after dem; and when massa was *away*, she kept right smart lookout

for *self;* and bein' mighty peart and quick-fingered, allus got done aforetime." Still, for reasons of her own, she had left plenty for poverty, heat for cold, friends for strangers. There was one mystery she could not solve — how all the ferocious monsters she had heard of as overseers came from the North, and yet that North was the paradise of the longing slave, and the terror and hatred of the trembling master. She solved the mystery thus: "I 'spects all the villains has been sent to de South, and dem dat's left is friends to de poor and inimies of slavery."

We have said that Juno did not flee bareheaded and shoeless to the North — the very thought of whose snows made her shiver — for food or shelter. She came, in her own words, "'cause she hab a right to come. She had heaps to eat

in Virginny — so had massa's pigs and hosses; but she had a soul, and de pigs and hosses hadn't! Her soul wouldn't stay; so her hands and feet couldn't stay widout it, if dey wanted to; and dat was why she run off." Since she had known Abe, and heard him read and "'splain," her ideas of the value of an immortal being had risen greatly; and she was constantly drawing comparisons, favorable to herself, between human beings and domestic animals. She made her red and yellow turban as high as those which had once struck her as evidence of aristocracy on "de black folks massa bought of widder Williams;" and carried her head aloft. The day of her marriage, Juno would not have changed places with a queen, so happy was she.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW HOME.—SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL.—STRUGGLES WITH SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

With hearts as light as childhood ever knew, these simple, well-meaning creatures set out in search of a room they might call "home." They now *both* belonged to themselves, and each to the other; and as the few articles they expected to buy were to be their own, and not "massa's," you may be sure they felt their importance as they had never done before. Juno, to whom this new freedom was the realization of many a dream, could hardly contain herself for joy; while the more quiet happiness of Abe, who had long been his own master, was not less pure and deep.

As the sable pair wandered from street to street, looking at cellar and garret, they spied a bill on the entrance to an alley — "To Let, a Front Basement." They made their way up to the house, and were fully satisfied with the apartment. To be sure, the alley was dark and the room was small; but Juno said, "Dat's no matter, for de rent am low, and it will be *our home*, where nobody can't bother us. Dat ar room am good enough for any queen to *begin* in!"

The only drawback to the joy of Abe and Juno at the good fortune which crowned their outset in life, was an assault they received from the rum-seller, who kept his den in the front building. When he saw the poor creatures carrying in the little articles of furniture they had bought, he came storming into the alley more like a tiger than a man.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business, I declare!" he cried. "I guess I'll trim up the agent for letting in niggers amongst us! We had all sorts of trash here before — Irish, and Dutch, and nobody knows what else! Does he think *decent Americans* will put up with this, I wonder? I advise you as a friend, black face, to take your duds back quicker than you brought them in. Hear that? And as to your woman, there, if she wants a whole bone left in her skin, she better not come; for our women is desperate here, I tell you what! They wouldn't mind skinning her, if they took a notion. Better lug back your duds!"

"I'se hired dis place honestly, massa," replied Abe; "and though I'se got a *black face*, may be I'se got a *white heart*. You'll all see we don't interfere wid nobody's business, sir."

"But I tell you, I don't like the idea of living among blacks, nor I won't, neither! If you settle down here, you shan't have your rum of me, for I feel myself above trading with niggers," cried Ben Hart, angrily.

"I feels myself smarter yit den dat! he! he!" cried Abe; "I feels myself 'bove *drinkin'* seeh stuff. Dere neber got one thimbleful on't down my throat; so I shan't ax you to sell me any — he! he!"

"Now, none of your impudence here, Cuffee, or I'll soon show you what sort o' folks you're among!" and grumbling out something more against the agent for "letting rooms among *decent American people* to Irish and niggers," the wretched man walked angrily back into his den, which he called "a store." Juno felt a little afraid of him at first, but Abe

showed her the bolts on the windows, and said, "He can't break in at night, and he won't dare to touch us by day." And so, with the purchase of their little fortune, the simple pair commenced housekeeping. Many a bride in lace and jewels has gone to her palace-home with a less light and thankful heart than that with which Juno entered her under-ground dwelling. Of course that three dollars did not purchase much furniture; but every day now gave them another dollar, Abe having at once procured work. A fortnight found them in lawful possession of a bed and table, two chairs, a tub, pail, and kettle, a limited quantity of scarlet and green crockery, and a looking-glass. And they were satisfied with their outfit. Think of that, ye who spend your whole lives trying in vain to be pleased with your homes and their surroundings! They

hardly knew what to do with their fourth week's earnings, until, after much discussion, it was decided to buy "some mighty smart clothes, in which to go to meeting."

Juno soon transformed the dingy cellar into a shining little home. No lark in the trees around her old "Virginny" home sang more cheerily at dawn than did she, rubbing, in time with her voice, on the wash-board. The will of both to toil was good, and work was plenty; so money soon became plenty too. They now bought a clock, which made them quite prominent among their neighbors of all nations and colors. Even white people, when they peeped in to ask the time, stared in wonder at Juno's white curtains and her well-scoured floor. They couldn't imagine how they could live so, when Abe was nothing but a hod-carrier.

Abe could have told them that no dollar from his pocket ever played truant to the gaming-table, the theater-pit, or the grog-shop — that no hour of daylight found him lounging at home, or hanging around market or store. Sobriety, industry, and content had raised this lowly pair above many of their neighbors who looked scornfully down upon them. Before a year had flown by, they had every thing hearts like theirs could desire, and twenty-five dollars in the Savings Bank! — more than are as many millions in the eyes of the Jewish banker whose name is but another word for riches.

Happy Abe and happy Juno! Why could not this simple life of joy flow calmly on, until the knell of fourscore years should summon them to their long rest? Because it was earthly, and, like all else here, subject to decay. When

Death beckons, the prince must leave his throne, the scholar his books, the laborer his toil. No fever burned in the veins of Abe, no pain with stealthy tread admonished him of coming doom. But on his spirit God seemed writing with his own finger the word of warning, and he, in simple, child-like trust, felt it, and gave earnest heed. He and Juno were faithful attendants on the ministry of one of their own color, who had evidently been sent to preach the gospel to the poor. The word sank deep into the heart of the husband, and for a long time he felt that he came far short of pleasing God. But Juno's eyes were then closed, so that she could see no deficiency either in him or herself. She saw that each visit to "de Zion," as she called her church, but made Abe more conscious of his unworthiness; so she proposed "to quit," and go to a

" white church, where de parson wouldn't dare to 'cuse his hearers of bein' such sinners;" but Abe would not listen to this. Then she, who always went ahead, resolved to array herself in her best, and call on her minister. She did so, and told him that he always looked straight at them when he said any hard thing, and that, thinking he might be deceived in their characters, she had come to tell him that they were sober, honest, and 'spectable; and that, as for Abe, he never did a wrong thing in his whole life. But that humble servant of God showed the self-righteous Juno that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and that there is an open fountain, where alone she and he could wash away their stains, and find peace and joy. Juno had left Abe in charge of their one little child, and now hastened home through

the darkness, to repeat to him what she had heard. Strange would the conversation of those lowly seekers after truth have sounded in the ears of the learned; but the God of all wisdom condescended to their low estate. Poor Abe's last word for the night was, "I only wants His will to be done — whatever dat is consarnin' me, I will be satisfied!" That submission is the height of Christian experience, and many a wiser one has struggled long before he reached it.

But while poor Abe cared only that God's will might be done, Juno felt anxious that matters should move according to *her* wishes. She wanted Abe to be well dressed, to lay up money, and by and by to own a little house. She wanted her great baby, Hannibal, to grow up "a mighty peart scholar, dat could read every book dat eber was made widout spelling

the big words; and be a doctor. She had heard of a colored physician in the city, and felt sure he could not excel in skill the great-grandson of old Milly Africanus, if *he* only got the same chance. Oh, how the future danced in rainbow hues before the eyes of poor, proud Juno that night! Hope, that sweet grace, which is so nearly crushed out of the heart in slavery, was in her breast, as a long-imprisoned bird fluttering hither and thither in its joy, and scarce knowing how to use its freedom. But as she chattered and smiled at the pictures she drew, Abe bowed his head, seemingly unconscious of her presence. "Abe," she said, a little sharply, "here I'se been runnin' to de minister and spendin' my bref comfortin' you, and now, when I talks to you 'bout little Hannibal, you's mutterin' away to youself! What's dat

you's whisperin', wid your head on your knees?"

"Oh, Juno! chile," he replied, in a solemn tone, "keep still a little. I'se talkin' wid de Master. I'se face to face wid him for once, and I'se afeard any ting will come in 'tween us. Hush, Juno!"

For a moment she was awed by his manner; but her old spirit rising, she said, "Don't b'lieve you cares whedder Hannibal makes any stir in de world or not!"

Abe was in no frame to retort; he only said, "Well, it seems like I don't to-night, Juno. De world's a bubble! I wants you and Hannibal to see Jesus like I sees him to-night. Dat's all I cares for."

"Now, Abe, don't git too 'ligious, so's you won't feed and clothe us. You's as good *widout* 'ligion as Uncle Jake was

wid it, and dat's good enough," replied the poor wife.

"Oh, Juno!" exclaimed Abe, "if you could see how wicked I looks now dat He, de Master, stands by me, you wouldn't talk so. I'se all sin, and notin' else; don't know how to look in his face; I'm 'shamed to see his hands, where's de print ob de nails. Ebery wound seems to say, 'Dat's your work, Abe!' Dat's enuf, Juno, to shut a man's mouth for eber, jist to get one look at what his salvation cost."

"Why, Abe, you talks like a minister," said Juno, "and I won't meddle wid you no more."

"Oh, if you could only see your own heart, Juno! De day's a comin' when *you'll* need de Master to lean on."

"La!" cried Juno, "dere's wuss folks in de world dan me;" and, with a toss

of her head, she rose and barred her little shutters for the night. "But I 'clare to you, Abe Johnson, if your talk don't most make me b'lieve I'se de wickedest creetur' on 'arth. Seems like, — dese weeks you's been worryin' about, — dat ebery sin ever I did comes up and looks wuss dan dey need to. I wakes up in de nights, and I'se 'feared o' God in de dark. Dis ting and dat ting comes up and I looks blacker dan I *be*. And all de way I can comfort mysef and go to sleep is to tink over de heaps o' good I done on de plantation."

Abe groaned aloud.

"'Spose dat groan means I didn't do notin'; but I did, long 'fore eber I see you. Didn't I use do ebery ting for Cherry's Sam dat he couldn't do 'self? And I'se hoed hours with Aggy's last-come baby on my back while she had de

one afore on hern. Aggy was a mighty tender mudder; neber could hoe when her babies was cryin'—narvish-like. Den I'd like to know who took care of Uncle Jake and ole Sally, 'sides doin' their own tasks! I guesses I did more for 'em dan any one on de plantation; neber got no tanks from massa neider."

Abe looked up as if a bright thought had struck his mind. "Juno, chile," he asked, in a subdued tone, "who gib you strength to do all dat?"

"God, I 'spects," replied she. "But, Abe, dere's lots o' folks got strength, same as I got, and don't help nobody."

"Well, dat's sartain true, chile; but look here, who gib *you* dat kind heart dat *dey* han't? Ha?

"God, I 'spose; course he did."

"Den don't *you* take de credit o' dem good tings, if God had to gib you a

heart for 'em. Heave all your good deeds 'way, 'stead of dwellin' on 'em. You needs Christ's goodness, and you will be oneasy till you trow 'way your own and get his."

Self-righteousness was struggling desperately to maintain its last hold on Juno. It was in vain that she reminded Abe how Ike Williams, who was "a sort o' preacher like," stole a bag of tobacco and hid it under his cabin, while she, who "didn't b'long to any pessuasion, was as honest as the sun." It was in vain that she called up her mistress, who "b'longed to de church, but went to de theater and played cards when to de North," as the nurse reported. It was in vain that she triumphed over the fact that master's minister "*whipped a woman* wid his own hands." It did not comfort her any longer to remember the wickedness

of others, and she felt that her refuges were all failing her. "Oh, Abe!" she cried, "I'd gib a heap o' money to be jist like you to-night. You's sorrowful and happy, all mixed up togedder: only don't forgit me and Hannibal wid it all."

CHAPTER VI.

A GREAT AFFLICTION.—THE PROUD HEART SUBDUED.—THE BLESSING WHICH MAKETH RICH.

That was their last night of domestic happiness. The next day, God's will concerning his lowly child Abe was done; and if, in his sudden transit from time to eternity, he had space for one thought, we believe that thought was, "I am satisfied." In his great haste to give satisfaction at his work, the poor fellow lost his foothold, and fell from the top of a ladder to the ground. When taken up he was lifeless; and his fellow-workmen, all of whom respected him for his real worth, bore him home to Juno, who was at that moment expecting him at his noonday meal. It is all in vain to pic-

ture her woe. Most who have friends taken away have others left, but she had none. He was all the world to her. Poor creature! she looked almost broken-hearted when she really came to understand that henceforth she was to live alone,—to care wholly for herself and child. She drew her little treasure from the bank, and gratified her affectionate heart by giving poor Abe a "right smart funeral and a decent grave." She pulled the rings of various metals from her fingers, and replaced the flashy turban with one of white; retaining no finery save old Milly's gold earrings, which had descended to her, and which she had been forbidden by her mother ever to take out. She indulged her feelings by purchasing a suit of widow's weeds, to show her grief for the dead. Oh, what a silent home poor Juno found when she returned

from the grave! Her fond heart ached as she thought of her own desolation; but for him she had no fears.

The next morning, knowing that she must earn her bread alone, she rolled up her sleeves, turned up her skirt, and went her household ways as before. But she found that grief had softened her heart toward the sorrowful around her. As she rubbed at her tub by the open window, the harsh sounds of rebuke from a cruel husband in the room above struck her ear. Oh, how she pitied her oppressed white sister, and how she rejoiced that *her* husband was dead rather than ruined! She saw neglected little children, of vicious mothers, wandering, half-clad and hungry, up and down the alley, and her heart went out to them. She spoke gently, and strove to win them to her. Some fled from her black face, and others,

braver, went to her and were fed. Juno that morning pitied every child of sorrow, and loved the whole world. Thus, "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." In this great sorrow she learned to say, "I am satisfied."

Poor Juno longed for sympathy; but where could she find it? She knew many colored persons well enough to exchange salutations at church or in the street, but *friends* she had none among her own people. The truth was, she was almost afraid of them, lest in some way they should discover that she was a fugitive slave. She well knew that the widow Williams's coachman Ned, who obtained a pass from his mistress when alone by pointing a horse-pistol at her, was living in this city; and that he defiantly kept up his acquaintance with his old friends on James River. She felt sure of a wel-

come from him and his little stolen wife Kate; but she feared he might mention her name in his letters, and that through them she might be tracked, and dragged back to her old prison-house. This prospect was a thousand times more terrific to her since the birth of her bright little boy, who, of course, must follow her fate should she be found. On this morning, when tempted to seek Ned Williams in his grand hair-dressing saloon, she caught a glimpse of her boy, and exclaimed, "No, no, my chile! Your mudder can live alone and in forlornity de rest ob her days for your sake! Look at dem bright eyes! tink I can eber see de light put out ob dem, and dey cast allus on de ground wid de feelin' I'se nobody? Ceze is massa Washington's hound, and I'se his nigger!" No, no, Hannibal! So please God, you's

goin' to be a *man*, and nobody's nigger! Yer mudder grew a foot after she 'longed to nobody only your fader. Hi, hi! I'd like to hear o' any body makin' a *slave* o' my boy!" And Juno drew up her tall head, and unconsciously raised her hands and pulled out the corners of her turban till they looked like horns, formidable enough to keep off all slave-catchers south of Mason and Dixon's line. He would have been a brave villain that would have dared to bring handcuffs before her, now that the mother's fearful love flashed so strongly from her eye!

All Juno possessed she would have given that sorrowful morning for one pitiful word from old Cherry, or a stroke of Aggy's hands, as she remembered the soothing influence of their kindness in her earlier trials. "For dem same frends," she said, in her musings, "I'd be willin' to

live on hoe-cake and bacon rest o' my days — dey was so lovin' to me; and den dey knowed my mammy, and dat makes *dem dearer dan all! I could live wid* dem happy for eber *if dey and me was free.* But frends or no frends, bread or no bread, Juno Washington is no man's slave arter dis yere time! No, no!" she exclaimed, as if in refusal of some entreaty, "I'd rader be Abe's widder, *free, dan de wife of massa's dandy coachman,* a slabe! Slabe! I hates de word in my inside soul, and I don't b'lieve 'twas a word God eber made. Dere's greater sorrows in dis yere world dan bein' an honest man's widder. De cruelest ting is to be a slabe, ef you has sense enuf to know it; and ef you *don't,* den de cruelest is to be so near like de dumb beasts when you's got a soul."

Thus Juno often delivered anti-slavery

lectures with only young Hannibal, all unconscious of his danger, for her hearer. It was no wonder that he grew precociously wise, and that he seemed, with his full, earnest eyes bent on his mother's, to understand her, and to sympathize in all her feelings. Whenever she looked sad, he would stroke her dark cheek with his baby hand, and make a cooing, pitying sound, that had a most magical effect in driving away the clouds and bringing sunshine. From the depths of lowliness, Juno's buoyant spirit would then take wings and mount to the hills of joy, and, forgetting the trials, would sing of the mercies that surrounded her. "If my Fader in de skies," she once said, "had sent an angel down from his trone to comfort me, he couldn't hab done it like dis yere little fellow do. 'Pears like all heaben was sot to reckonin' what would

comfort poor black Juno in de dark days dat was ahead; and dey all 'greed dat dis yere little immortal chile would do de work o' de comfortin' angel! So, though I'se black, and poor, and 'lone, I doesn't envy nobody."

If there is on earth one sight which casts a lingering halo over our fallen nature, to show that some trace is yet left of our first glory, it is the sight of the poor, pitiful and benevolent toward each other; the mother, whose little ones *may be* supperless to-morrow, feeding those who are so to-day; one whose home is such in name only, sheltering those who have not where to lay the head! There is a sweet proverb on the Isle of Man, — "When the poor help one another, God smiles in heaven." Surely, then, that smile which brings more blessing to basket and to store, to

person and to mind, than the beams of the glorious sun, must have lighted the darkness which enveloped poor, sad Juno Washington; for she now loved every body, and her heart went out with longing toward those who were in sorrow and want. "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich," and she never thought of want. Her little blue pantry looked so full that she wished somebody would come to eat with her, and all her mercies seemed magnified and multiplied before her grateful eyes. God was manifesting himself to her as the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless.

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.—A CRUEL FATHER.—JUNO A BENEFACTOR.

Little Hannibal Johnson slept soundly in his pine cradle; so his mother, after peeping in to make sure of it, took her coal-hod and shovel and went out into the alley to get coal from her bin.—for cellar she had none. She took the key from her capacious pocket, inserted it in the keyhole, turned it, and quickly lifted the lid. A scream of fright rose to her lips, but she suppressed it, not wishing to gather her noisy neighbors around her. A pale, white child was down upon her knees on the hard coal, and when Juno raised the lid, she clasped her thin hands, and lifting her blue

eyes imploringly to her sable face, said, —

"Oh, good, kind woman, you won't let them take me, will you?"

"Goodness sakes 'live! Whar on 'arth did you come from? Be you an angil, or be you flesh and blood? You can't be dat last, else how den did you eber git in here when de box was locked and de key all right in my pocket? Where did you come from, any how, den?"

"Oh, good, kind Miss Johnson," whispered the affrighted child, still raising her clasped hands, "please let me hide here till *he's* gone, and not let him get me. I'm little Susie, from the front shop."

"You poor, mis'able, little creetur'!" cried Juno, with tears shining in her dark eyes, "I want to know ef dat good-

for-notin' old feller has been a beatin' you agin? But fus tell me how you got into my locked up coal-bin?—den I'll know whedder you be true flesh and blood. Sit down low, chile, so nobody'll see you, 'cause some ob dese low white trash would take you back for a glass ob whiskey."

"Oh, ma'am," replied the trembling Susie, "last night he had such a lot of fighting men in the shop that mother couldn't sleep. The baby was sick too, and mother was afraid it would make her worse, so she got me up, and sent me down to whisper that to father; but he was so crazy, he had drunk so much rum, that he took me by my shoulder, and shook me about, and struck me against the counter, and knocked my head with his hard fist, and then kicked me so dreadfully! Some of the men who were

with him said, 'Don't kill the child!' but he said, 'I will kill her, and her mother too. They are not going to rule me. I'll have as many of you here all night as I wish, and see if I can't do what I please in my own house, without asking leave of a woman and child.'

"I ran into the back room where it was all dark, and he ran after me; but he fell over a chair, and I jumped out of the window and hid behind your coal-bin. Just after that you came out for coal in the dark, and I noticed you did not lock the cover; so, when you had gone, I jumped in and shut it down, feeling that I would be safe from my cruel father till he got sober. After a little while you came out to see if you had left your key, and locked me in. Then I felt safe and happy, and, had not my poor bruised head ached so, I do believe I

could have had a nice sleep here. Don't let him take me — he'll be so angry with me for running off."

"You poor little chile!" exclaimed Juno, "I'll take right good keer on you. It is a downright shame to dis yere Christian country dat a man is 'lowed to beat his own chilun dis way. If Abe, dat's gone to heaben, was only jist here now, he'd go mighty quick for de poleesh, and hab de ole rumseller persecuted for 'sault and battery. Pretty little ting! your poor arms is all blue wid de blows, and dere's a great lump raised up on your temple. I reckon he come mighty nigh committin' murder. You jist 'bout starved too. Wait till ole Sam Jenkins goes into de shop for his glass, den I'll smuggle you into my room, and see what I can do for poor little dear. Wonder why for such mis'able faders is kep 'live.

and sich like as Abe, so good and kind, taken out of dis yere world."

All this time Juno had been rattling with her little shovel in the coal, and casting sidelong glances to see if any one observed her. Now she locked down the box cover, and taking up her hod, went to her room and replenished the fire. She then took a great shawl and went back to the child. She threw it in, and wrapped it round her, until she looked like a huge bundle, such as laundresses often carry. Watching her opportunity, when no eyes were peering from the many windows, she caught Susie up, and slipped into her room with her. Oh, how grieved was the tender heart of the sable woman when she saw the condition of the child! She wept over her abuse and laughed at her rescue; consoled Susie and threatened her father, all in one

breath. But her benevolence did not stop with words; like a good Samaritan, she bathed and bound up her wounds, prepared her a warm breakfast, and then spread her a comfortable little bed under her own, lest spies might come in and discover her. Poor Susie! her worn-out little frame sorely needed the rest she found in that humble home. In a moment she was fast asleep, and all through the long hours of that day no sound had power to awake her.

Juno felt happy that she had been able to relieve one sufferer, and found in the work balm for her own wounded heart. She, however, felt much anxiety as to the course she ought to pursue in the case. She was no schemer, and had no wise friend who could help her out of the difficulty. At noon, the alley was alive with groups, wondering and guessing

where the child could be. Some hoped she had gone where she would never return, others hoped she had jumped into the river to end her sad young life, and all, even the worst customer of her father, hoped he would be imprisoned for life — and longer too — for abusing such a sweet, good child. Juno listened, sitting on her cellar steps, and asked about the riot in the grog-shop. Her white neighbors had all been questioned about the missing child, but the furious father never thought of her seeking refuge with a black woman.

About sunset Susie awoke, refreshed, but still lame and sore from her bruises. Juno laid her on her own soft bed, closed the shutters, locked the door, and, with young Hannibal in her arms, set out on a grave expedition. Susie understood that her going away was for her sake, and

was quite willing to remain alone and in darkness. She feared nothing but cruelty; nobody but her father. She spoke of her poor mother, and said, "I wish she knew I was so safe and happy;" but Juno told her it would not do to let her know, lest her father might hear of it too, and he had sworn to the neighbors that he would whip her to death for running off. So Susie laid her poor head down again, quite satisfied that Juno knew best.

More than two years had now elapsed since Juno stood before the minister to be married. He had told her playfully *to come back again and tell him if Abe* fulfilled the promises made at the altar. Now she was going to tell him all — her joy, her sorrow, and her present perplexity. She was kindly received, and words of sympathy fell like balm from the good

man's lips into her bleeding heart. Then she opened the subject that had brought her to him. She painted in glowing colors the character of the miserable rum seller, and of the house whose midnight riots disturbed the humble neighbors. Then she told, in touching words, the story of Susie, and her strange hiding-place, and begged his advice as to what she should do with her. The minister was deeply interested in Juno herself, and in her little protégé; he was rejoiced also to see so humble a sufferer forgetting her own sorrows in those of others. He promised his protection to the child, and bade Juno bring her to his home that very night. A friend of the poor took her thence, and, after placing her safely in "The Home for the Friendless," complained of the brutal man, and had the child taken lawfully from under

his care, and be bound over to keep the peace. The mother was informed where Susie was, and she rejoiced that she was now safe from cruelty, the sight of which made her own lot more bitter than if borne alone. Susie was now neatly clothed, well fed, and taught daily lessons calculated to make her useful and happy in life. Poor, simple Juno was thus the means of snatching from a tyrant's hand one who might otherwise have been abused through her whole childhood, and reared to a life of vice.

When poor Susie laid her head on the soft, white pillow in the asylum, among scores of little gathered wanderers, she felt like a poor deer which had long been chased by the cruel hounds, but which had now reached a sure refuge. It was *like passing from bedlam to paradise to* leave the riotous abode where profanity

and angry words rent the air, and to live, sheltered by love, in this blessed home. When she repeated her little prayer, she thought of her mother who taught it to her, and wept. The tears trickled from her cheeks after she lay down. The kind woman whose duty it was to put these lambs into their fold, saw little spots upon Susie's pillow, as she bent over her to say "good night."

"What is the matter, little dear?" she asked, in a soft voice; "you are surely not going to be homesick in this beautiful place!" Poor Susie choked a little before she could reply, and then she said, "Oh, no, indeed! I was only just thinking of mother and the little children; and wondering if you ever took grown up people in here. Oh, how it would rest my mother to be so quiet, with no one to swear at her, or to throw pitchers and

bowls at her head; and ——" But she burst into tears, so that it was some time before she could finish her sentence. "And — and — oh, dear! she has no one now to help her; and Juno says the baby is sick."

The nurse sat down upon the side of the little bed, and soothed the affectionate child with a promise that the first time she went out she would call and see her mother, and take a doll and some jelly to the baby. And then the Friend of children sent an angel, with the blessing of sleep on his wings, to hover over this long row of little beds, and very soon every child had forgotten its sorrows. Thus God giveth his beloved sleep.

The sun rose very brightly. Susie forgot the grief of the past night, and felt very happy among so many smiling chil-

dren. Every thing, from the morning washing and breakfast and prayers, to the lessons and the play, delighted her so much, that more than once she was heard to whisper, "I wish they would take mother and the children in here." Susie was an obedient and obliging child; so she soon became a very great favorite with the matron, and with all who had any control over her. She was made happy by hearing, through one of the nurses, and also through Juno, of her mother; and often her little heart rose in gratitude to the good Father above, who had allowed a great sorrow to throw her in the way of the worthy friend that brought her here.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHEERFUL BURDEN-BEARER. — A SAD MORNING. — A NEW SITUATION.

THE interest which poor Juno felt in the child she had rescued did not end here. She told the good matron her thoughts about Susie thus: "Seem's ef de dear Lord had laid dat chile in my arms, and said to me, 'Here, Juno, carry dat burden for me.' Den I say, 'Lord, I most wore up wid hard work and trouble; but I'se got strength enuf left to carry *all you will lay on me; for I knows what* de preacher say, "Dat like as a fader pity his children, so de Lord pity dem dat fear him," and won't lay any load on 'em dey can't carry.' Some how or noder, missus, it only rests a body to carry sich

like." Oh, it is a blessed lot to be a burden-bearer in the kingdom of Christ! yet how few realize it. Many fret, and groan, and murmur at less heavy cares than this which poor, faithful Juno took so cheerfully from the hand of God.

Every month, during the cold winter which followed, Juno trudged two miles to the asylum, with Hannibal in her arms, to carry messages between Susie and her mother; and often did her poor purse yield enough to purchase some nicety, which, being given to Susie, was always sent back to her home. How few of the rich or the wise would ever think of such a delicate way of making both the donor and the recipient happy!

No mother's face could express more joy than did Juno's when she heard the praises of Susie. When told that the very little children loved her so well that they

playfully called her "nursie" and "little mamma," Juno laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, and Hannibal, catching the spirit, clapped his fat hands and laughed too, although he knew not why.

Juno had been told that, at a certain age, the children from this institution were supplied with good places where they could make themselves useful, and thus leave room for others who were younger, and, as they once were, homeless. This caused her some anxiety, lest Susie might be taken away without her knowledge, and she thus lose sight of her. But the tender-hearted matron, delighted with the noble sympathy of the lowly creature, pledged her word that no one should take Susie off without her knowing it.

Months rolled away, and summer and winter followed each other, until Abe had

been two years in his grave. It was a dull, damp morning — just such a one as that on which he was brought home to her dead. The alley looked very dark and lonely as she, leaning her cheeks upon her hands, gazed out of her basement window. The tears began to fall, and Juno talked over her sad lot to herself — for she had no other listener, "Abe," she said, "has been habin' mighty easy times in heaben dese two year — but poor *me!* — well, I'se no 'count any way! I'se no good *here*, and don't see why I mightn't as well be dere 'stead of washin' and scrubbin' in dis dark hole." In a moment, however, she changed her tone, wiped her eyes with the corner of her clean checked apron, drew her tall form up, and straightened the white turban on her head. "Here," she exclaimed, "what are you talkin' 'bout, Juno Wash-

ington? You'd be 'shamed to hold up your head in heaben if you got there. Suppose God should take ye at yer word, now dat you're grumblin' agin' his will, and call ye home to yer rest, — *what would become of poor little* Hannibal? Maybe somebody would find out who his mudder was, and send him to massa's folks, to be brung up like hosses and pigs. And who would look after little Susie, when the time come for her to leave the 'sylum? Shame on you, Juno Washington, for a Christian! To be so mean as to want to go to heaben, and hab a good time yerself, when dere's such heaps to be done in dis yere sorrowful world! I didn't know you was so selfish! Oh, ho! I wish dere was some *good ting I could do to* keep me *easy* dis mornin'! Abe, he said his old missus use ter say, —

'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

I guess dat's jis' what ails me, and sets me a grumblin' dis raw mornin'! Hark! dere come wheels up de alley? La! a coach! Guess it's de fust one ever come up dis mis'able place. Hope none ob de Washingtons han't got track ob me! Dey're ladies, and dey're comin' here, sure!"

In a moment they were seated in Juno's little room — two motherly-looking persons, with a world of love shining from their eyes. Their business was soon told; they were managers of the Half-Orphan Asylum, and were looking for a competent nurse to take the neglected little creatures when they are first brought in, and prepare them to mingle with the others; and also to assist in the sick wards. They had heard of Juno through

the matron, and, not at all afraid of her dark skin and curly hair, had come to offer her the place. "Oh, ladies!" cried Juno, her eyes glistening at the thought of being useful to somebody; "but I'se got a baby — little Hannibal." "Take Hannibal with you," said one of the visitors, smiling; "we have heard of him through our little Susie. This will be a good home for you and your child, and you will receive more than you can earn by the hardest toil now."

"A husband to de widder and fader to de faderless," said Juno, half aloud. "I was just beginnin' to worry 'cause I had no good to do; but now God has sent me work, and is goin' to take me out ob dis wicked alley, where my eyes aches wid seein' sin. I tanks him, and I tanks you."

The contract was soon made, and an-

other week found Juno a proud and happy woman in her new situation, where was work to her heart's content, from early morning till late at night.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ERRAND OF LOVE.—A NEW HOME FOR SUSIE.

Juno had always prided herself on her skill in sickness; attributing it to the fact that she was descended from old Milly Africanus, and to the probability that she had inherited from that distinguished ancestor her power in the healing art. She now proved *herself* an admirable nurse, and, ere many days had passed over her in her new home, the babies and the sick *children would cry for her when she left* the room. The older ones, on whom she always smiled, would beg her, at proper times, for songs and stories, such as they heard of her amusing the younger with. Often she and little Susie talked over the

past, and wondered where the latter would be in the future, when she must leave this blessed shelter to make room for some other homeless child.

As this time drew on, Juno felt all a mother's anxiety, and one day, when in the city, called on her friend Mr. Loring, the minister, to consult him about it. This gentleman was so much interested in Juno's large benevolence, and her affectionate care for the child she had saved, that he took her up stairs, wishing Mrs. Loring to hear her simple but wonderful conversation. The humble creature gave a glowing description of her little favorite, whose sweet temper and active habits had won her the love of all at the asylum. "My errand here to-day, missus, was," she said, "to ax, Didn't you know somebody in de city dat would like to take Susie to bring up? I'd like to hab

her near, if I could, and to hab her 'dopted, 'stead ob bound out, if de Lord would be willin'. She's very dear to me."

"Juno," said Mrs. Loring, "I have long thought of taking a little girl to be company for me, and have waited till I should find one who really needed a good home. I remember this child well; she passed a few hours here while preparations were being made to send her to the asylum. I was much interested in her then, but did not know what kind of a temper she might have. The good account you give of her will decide the matter. I will take Susie for my own if her mother is willing."

"*Willin'?* She was *tankful* to hab her taken 'way from 'mong de gineration ob vipers in dat alley? De poor, dear woman told me once dat if it was God's

will to take ebery one she hab to heaben, she didn't b'lieve she could shed a tear arter 'em. She says people tinks she's a fool to stay by de ole runaseller; but she can't leabe him to go to 'struction as long as dere is one hope ob saving him," replied Juno.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Loring; "she has, after all, the heart of a wife."

"Did I un'stand you, missus," asked Juno, "dat it was a *darter*, and not a *sarvant*, you reckoned on in takin' Susie?"

"Yes, Juno; I want some one to love me, and to care for me in my sad, lonely hours. I had a little daughter once, but God has taken her to himself," said the lady.

At these words, Juno rose and bowed reverently. "Missus," she said, in a subdued voice, "dis yere death would be

awful, if it wasn't jist only for one ting. —*it is de door dat Jesus went trew* when he rose to heaben; and he's left it open for us, poor sinners! So *dat* takes all de *terrible* 'way, don't it? You know de minister reads, 'De servant mustn't be greater dan his Lord;' so ef de Master went trew, we must be willin' to foller, and at de same time to let him take dem dat b'longs to us, ef he want dem fust."

"That's all very true, my good Juno; and *I* am willing God *should have* my child. He can do better for her than I could ever have done; besides, his taking little Mary to heaven has left a home for Susie here."

"Missus," said Juno, in a low voice, and standing erect before the lady, "I *wanted* to pray dat God would make someting more of dat chile I found in de

coal-box dan jist a cook or a housemaid; but I was 'feared to ask him, for I tawt it might be pride 'cause *I* found her. But, missus, God brung dat chile round 'bout a queer sort ob a way, and she's so onlike oder chilun brung up in grog-shops, dat I hoped he would maybe make her a lady dat would go round 'mong de poor folks, picking up little 'bused chilun and healin' broken hearts. Oh, missus, she feel for dese now, and ax me 'bout all de little ones in de alley, and never forget her poor mudder and de chilun. De matron says she'll be a jewel for de lady dat gits her! I hope you'll come soon to see de matron."

When all was settled about the lady's visit to the asylum, she offered Juno a shilling to ride back; but she declined it, with a beautiful independence, saying, "Missus, two miles am notin' under

my feet when I got such a light heart in me. It acts like wings to carry me on!" And a very short time took her back to her duties.

The joyful news was soon spread through the rooms of the asylum that "little nursie" had found a beautiful home, where she was to be a daughter.

When Juno retired to the pillow that night, she had, as she expressed it, "a *long talk wid Jesus.*" Her *chief* petition was for work to do; and her expressions of gratitude for Susie's blessing *were enough to shame the selfish, ease*-loving Christians who pray and labor mostly for themselves and their own. "*Now*, massa *Jesus*," she cried, "I makes no doubt dat I'se your chile. You've gin me some of de *family work* to do, and smiled on me when it's done. Now dat dis job am done, I'se ready to do more;

for I'se larnt dat de on'y way to keep down Satan is to be busy, — den he clears off, and hunts up de idle ones."

CHAPTER X.

A TRUE SISTER OF CHARITY. — TRAINING A CHILD FOR USEFULNESS.

It was a happy day for little Susie Hart when she was given over, with all the forms of law, to the good minister, to be as his own child. She was almost bewildered by the kindness she received, and so abashed by the presence of company, that the only question she ventured to ask that day was this, in a whisper to Mrs. Loring: "May I go, once in a great while, to see my poor mother?" "Yes, Susie, when I can go with you," replied the lady; "and sometimes your mother and the children shall visit you; we will see what we can do for them. We will

talk of this to-morrow, when we are alone."

Mrs. Loring was a sweet sister of mercy. She had been long under her Father's chastening hand, and her spirit was subdued and her love quickened. It was her meat and her drink to do the will of her Father; and well she knew the way to the homes of poverty and the abodes of vice. She was not afraid to go among the miserable, if she might but bless them; no one ever saw her gather in the folds of her garments, as some ladies do in their visits to the miserable, lest they touch a child of sin, and be thereby contaminated. She asked herself, when she saw such poor wanderers, —

"Why was *I* made to hear His voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

She strove to gather little outcasts into happy homes here; and also to sweetly force older wanderers from the highways and hedges into the gospel feast.

Susie soon learned that she was not to live for herself. To the petted child of a happy home this might have been an unwelcome lesson, but to one who, from her babyhood, had been driven about at the caprice of a drunken father, and always obliged to yield her own pleasure and will to the younger children, such self-denial came very easy. When she arose in the morning she was taught to ask God, "What wilt thou allow me to do for thee to-day?" and at night to ask of herself, "What have I done for God to-day?"

Many people do good deeds just because it happens to be easy, or because they have nothing else to do. This is

not *laboring for Christ*. When Mrs. Loring gave Susie some little mission of love to accomplish, she did not say, as some mothers do, "You may leave your work undone, or your lesson unlearned, to-day, that you may do a work of mercy." Here is no sacrifice, but perhaps a gain, to the selfish child, who may prefer a walk to labor at home, or in school. But the wise Mrs. Loring desired her child to be a real worker, and to toil for love's own sake in the hard field of human sorrow. She would set before her mind some case of suffering, and draw forth her sympathy; then say, "I would like you, my dear child, to do something to relieve the mind of this broken-hearted mother, or to ease the pain of this sick child. Are you willing to give up your morning play hour to carry this book or this basket?" Here,

a personal sacrifice was required, and the child made to feel that she, and not her mother, was making it. Thus, a habit of self-denial was early formed, as it should be in the heart of every child; so that caring for others and bearing their burdens may become as natural as breathing. Who would not choose this, to living in a little world all by himself, and all for himself.

"*Wish I was white,*" *said June, in one* of her animated soliloquies, "den I'd do some good in dis world; but dere's no *black folks near me, and white folks don't* want to be keered for by *me*. I don't know as there's a *human* left in dat alley dat I can help; but *I'll* keep on doin' *somethin'* 'sides my daily work, sartain sure, ef it's only to feed de hungry cats and dogs. Oh, if Cherry's Sam was only here, and little, sick Pete, how tender I'd be of

'em! And dat cross ole Enoch dat I use to hate so, if I only had him in dat little basement, seems like I could cure up his rheumatis', and make him young agin! And dere's dem poor chillun of Aggy's, and poor little Nina, and Julius Ceze, and all dem ignoran' little creeturs. Sure, I couldn't teach 'em to read, but den I could tell 'em heaps 'bout Jesus dat dey neber heard afore — how pitiful *and lovin' he is, and how mighty grand it* is to b'long to de kingdom. When I looks back and sees how I'se been brung out ob de mire, and made a King's darter, it looks like I neber see no trouble — why, dere is no sich ting as trouble to dem dat's in de kingdom. S'pose a body's a *slabe;* why, he must be free ef he 'longs to Christ. De *sperit* can't be bound. S'pose a body lose her husband; she can't be a widder, 'cause God is de

husband of de widder. S'pose dey poor; why, *dat can't be, no how*, for de King, dere Father, owns de world. I'se seen massa's little son when he habn't one copper in his pocket, nor got a cent in his hand, but dat don't say he's a beggar. Dere's a house full ob money and bread, and all he has to do is to go home and ax for it. De reason so many's poor is, dat dey don't go home to get fed and clothed, but, 'stead ob dat, goes grumblin' 'round de streets, ragged and hungry, disgracin' dere Father. But how dat grieve de heart ob de King, and make his enemies laugh! Well, poor Juno'll neber do dat. She'll hold up her head like's she never heard of poverty, for she's got a mighty heap to fall back on! Some way I'se felt mighty rich since Abe died and I'se been throwed on God. Now, how beautiful looks Uncle Jake's death-

bed, and now I understands what he said den. 'De world looks drefful little, chilun,' says he, 'jist like a bubble, and 'pears now I could be a slabe for ever if dat would glorify God.' May be *I* could say dat too, Uncle Jake, *ef* slabery *could* glorify him. But I knows so little, dat I don't see how *sin* is goin' to do dat shinin' work."

Juno's work did not cease when Susie was settled in her new home. "Although," as she said, "she neber found but one chile in a coal-box, she found heaps on 'em in wuss places." She became quite an important character in the asylum; and being now known there, and at "de Zion," as "Mrs. Johnson," instead of "Juno Washington," she finally lost all her old fears, and laughed in her heart at the bare idea of being carried back to "de Jeemes River." She became very

useful among the poor colored people in the city, gathering scores into Sabbath schools, and using her influence with the patrons of the asylum to get them well clothed. Once, in pleading for little Jumbo, — a waif on the great sea of *life*, *who slept any where and ate any thing*, — some lady said, "Why, Mrs. Johnson, he's such a little thief and liar that nobody will do any thing for him."

"Dere, now, you dear lady," cried Juno, laughing, "you's giben de very best recommend I wants. Ef he's such a sinner, he's de very one we wants to save; and if nobody else will do any *ting for him, dat shows, sartain sure*, dat de work is left for you and me. Jesus han't pushed no lambs out o' his fold' cause dey's black or wicked. Dat boy's *got to be saved; and he will be!*

Now, lady, dear, you han't forgot our little Susie. I didn't turn my back on her dat morning, in de coal-box, 'cause she was *white;* no more musn't you turn your back on Jumbo 'cause he's black."

"Mrs. Johnson, my good creature, go and buy Jumbo a suit of clean, course clothes, and send the bill to me," cried the lady, laughing at the humble woman's zeal. He is a real little sinner, but I do believe your faith will make him whole."

And thus did that faithful woman toil on in her Master's vineyard, asking only work to do, and a smile when it was done. What delicate, refined, and educated Christian lady would be satisfied thus to give *all* her time to Christ for the same reward?

Will not many, who, like this lowly

woman, have forsaken all for Christ, rise up to condemn the more favored in that day when the books are opened and the secrets revealed?

CHAPTER XI.

SUSIE'S VISIT TO HER OLD HOME.—THE TALE OF SORROW.—A WISE DECISION.—THE RECONCILIATION.—SUSIE'S DREAM.

SUSIE'S father was so angry about her removal from his house, that he could never hear her name spoken without flying into a passion. So it had not been thought prudent for Susie to go to the house. But one day, about three months after she entered her new home, they received a message which took them all there. In a drunken fight a man had been stabbed. All who were at the time in the shop, as well as the keeper himself, were at once locked up for trial; for no one cared enough for them to bail them out.

As Mrs. Loring and Susie passed up the filthy street which led to the place, the poor child trembled. "Oh," she said, "I can not go back to my beautiful home, and leave my mother and the children here; it is so selfish! I ought to stay and comfort them."

The shutters were closed and the door locked. As they drew near, an old man with silver locks tottered up the steps, with a bottle in his hand, and knocked for admittance; then a pale little boy, *with sad, dirty face and ragged clothes*, came with a broken pitcher in his hand, and called through the keyhole, "Daddy says if you don't let him have a pint, you'll be sorry for it when the old cap'un gets out of jail." But there being no answer, both went away to buy the "curse" elsewhere.

Mrs. Loring soon gave Mrs. Hart to

understand that a friend was at the door, and in a moment Susie was in her mother's arms. The room was as neat as the poor woman could make it, and yet "Drunkard's Home" seemed written on the very walls. The mother gave an account of all her sufferings, and seemed crushed to the earth by the abuse she and her children had received. "I have clung to my husband for what he once was," she said, "and with a hope that I might yet win him back. But last night I gave it all up, and now I believe God will hold me innocent if he goes to destruction! I shall now go out into the wide world with my children, to save them. They hear nothing but profanity, and see nothing but fighting, here; and yet, thus far, they have been kept from vice. They always run to me when they hear a noise in the shop, and seem afraid of sin."

Here was work for the noble heart and willing hands of Mrs. Loring. She advised Mrs. Hart, for her children's sake, to leave the wretched spot, and seek a home elsewhere. "But where to find their bread I know not," said Mrs. Hart. "Before I was married I had a happy *home; but my parents are dead.* I *still* have sisters, but they are far away, and have lost all traces of me; for since I found myself dragged down, step by step, I did not wish them to know my degradation. They would receive me to-morrow, if assured that I had left *him* for ever."

Mrs. Loring soon effected a reconciliation between Mrs. Hart and her sisters in a distant city, where they received her and her children with real affection; censuring her only for wearing life away so long with a cruel and vicious husband.

The poor home, with all it contained, was locked up, and the key left with a neighbor, to be delivered to the miserable owner, should he come back again. When it was hinted by some one that Mrs. Hart ought to take the furniture, such as it was, and sell the stock, she replied, indignantly, "I want no article which can remind me of the years of agony I have spent here; and as to the contents of those barrels, I would not be guilty of selling one drop if I knew that in consequence of not doing so I should starve in the street!"

When Susie seated herself in her new and happy home, after having seen her mother depart with the children, she said, "Mother, dear, I want to tell you what a beautiful dream I had last night."

"Well, my love, it is a blessing, — if we must dream, — to have our visions of

pleasant things. David, among his other trials, complains of being scared with dreams," replied Mrs. Loring.

"I had been thinking," said Susie, "for several days, how I could show my gratitude to God for such a home as this. I wished that I could do something for all the poor children in the world. I thought of the little Hindoos and Caffres, the little slaves, and — and — the children of drunken parents. I pitied them all so much that I cried till my pillow was wet, and then fell asleep.

"Then I dreamed that I saw a great crowd of children, very ragged and thin, and that Jesus stood beside them. He said, 'The Son of man had not where to lay his head;' neither have these his little lambs.

"I looked at my feet, and saw large blocks of shining marble, which I lifted

with ease, and began to build a home for the children. Jesus smiled on me, and said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

"Very soon a splendid building, with shining towers, rose, all built by me. Jesus stood and looked till it was done, and then said, 'Feed my lambs,' and passed away. When I woke this morning, I lay a long time thinking it all over, and through the day I have not been able to forget it."

"That was certainly a very beautiful dream, my child," said Mrs. Loring. "The Scripture says 'dreams come through the multitude of business;' that is, we dream of those things which most occupy our thoughts when awake. This makes me hope, Susie, that you have been asking God to allow you to work for him, and that you may be one of his own children."

"Yes, mother, I have," replied the little girl, "and I hope you will teach me how to do good in the world. It makes me cry every time I think of the poor children in that dreadful neighborhood where I once lived. If God spares me till I'm a woman, I believe I shall try to get rich people to build just such a mansion as I built in my dream, and then take into it all the poor abused children I can find."

"Well, my dear Susie, that would be a beautiful mission, and would save such children not only from suffering but also from sin; for very few of those brought up among the vicious become good men and women. These are they who people our houses of correction and our prisons. It may be that God brought you through that very path to fit you to be a sympathizer and a helper to others in the same condi-

tion. I will do all in my power to teach you how to work among the poor, and would rather have you thus blessing the sorrowful than to see you on a throne," replied Mrs. Loring.

"Mother, would it not be beautiful if *happy children* would build such a home for unhappy ones? A very little of the spending money from each child in this country would do it, wouldn't it, mother?"

"Yes, my love, it would indeed. And suppose you should be honored by suggesting it and devising the plan; and that you, with thousands of happy children, should accomplish it. Whom do you suppose God would regard as the one who laid the corner-stone?"

"You, mother; because it would be your teachings which led me to the work."

"No, my love, I should not be the honored one."

"Father?"

"No."

"*The ladies at the asylum, because they* took me from my old home, and brought me up well?"

"No, my child; God would honor a hand back of all these. What could the *ladies at the asylum, or ourselves, have* done for you, had good Juno turned selfishly away from you on that dreadful morning which you can never forget? Had she helped you out of the coal-box, *and then said, 'Now run home, and get* along as you can with your father; I'm a poor widow, and it's more than I can do to look out for myself and my baby,' where would you have been to-day, my child?"

"Oh, *mother, only think how I forgot* Mrs. Johnson!" cried Susie.

"Well, my dear, God does not forget her. Every gentle, pitying word she

spoke to you that morning, every tear she shed for you, is recorded on high. It is one of the meanest things in the world to be ashamed of one who has befriended us in an hour of need. Juno has a claim on your respect and gratitude which you can never cast off; and should she become poor in her old age, when you are a woman, I think Christ would require you to provide for her wants, and shelter her as she once sheltered you."

"I'm sure I should love to do her any kindness now, mother," said Susie. "But she is so independent that she needs nothing. Once, at the asylum, a lady gave me half a dollar. I offered it to Juno to buy a new turban. She laughed heartily, and said, 'Why, chile, I'se rich; I don't want dat.' She showed me her pocket-book, with ten dollars in it, saying, 'Dere, honey, my Father hab never left me once

widout dat much since he took 'way *de strong arm*. Since de day I put 'way de red and yaller turbun and put on dis yere white one, I'se neber laid 'wake one hour worryin' 'bout what me and Hannibal's goin' to eat.' Another time, after her work was over for the day, and I thought she looked tired, two dirty little creatures were brought in. It was her work to take them to the bath room, and make them clean enough to go among the children. I begged her to let me help her, but she said, 'No, no, Susie, de job isn't one you'd like, I reckons.' But I told her she looked tired, and I wanted to do something to help her. 'Tired!' she said, laughing; 'look at dis yere strong arm. I neber gits tired.' So it's no use trying to help her, mother. She's rich, and strong, and happy."

"What a beautiful example she is to us

all! 'The blessing that maketh rich and *addeth no sorrow*' *rests on the lot of Juno.* When she once said to me, 'I'se a King's darter, missus,' I thought of Elizabeth, the most powerful queen who ever sat on the throne of England, and compared her unhappy mind with Juno's. She was an *earthly* king's daughter, beset by all the snares and trials of royalty, — wretched amid its splendors and honors. But poor Juno has the spirit and the joys of the queen without her cares. I don't believe she would change places with Victoria to-morrow."

"I know she wouldn't," said Susie, laughing; "*certainly not*, unless *her fat* little Hannibal could be made the Prince of Wales!"

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW CHARGE.—AN OLD FRIEND.

YEARS flew swiftly over Juno at her work. Hannibal was now "a right smart of a boy, rader peart for his years." His anxious mother felt that "de 'sylum was not de place for him to be brung up in, seein' how he wasn't jist one of de 'sylum chilun, but one by hisself like." She felt a great interest in all the little ones; but then she said "de Master would call her to 'count ef she turned off her own lamb to look after stray ones." Jumbo, too, whose case she had taken upon herself, gave her not a little anxiety. He was "a mighty wicked chile; jist de very kind dat needed savin';" and Juno hinted more than once that "ef she had a little

home of her own she could hold him in wid bit and bridle." "Let any *lady's* boy," she said, "be turned adrift, to sleep under a cart one night, and on de counter of a grog-shop de next; let him starve two days, and den hab de fat ob de land in a *rester-eater* de next two for dancin' Jim Crow and de likes; let him hab no mudder to wash or dress him, nor to teach him dat God's eye is on him, — how long do you tink he'd be a good, honest, clean chile?" The ladies who had charge of the asylum told Juno that she could not be responsible to God for every erring child in the city; but she only replied, "Ladies, de minister to de Zion preach, 'Ebery one ob you must answer to God for *hisself;*' and 'bout 'de answer ob a good conscience toward God.' So, derefore, you can't bear my sins 'fore de trone of I neglects Hannibal

and turns my back on Jumbo. Ladies, de Lord laid dat boy Jumbo in my arms like he did Susie; a heabier and uglier load sartain, but I doesn't dare to heabe him off till God tells me I may. I *lobes* de Master, but *I'se afeerd* of him too. I'se goin' to give my place to somebody dat needs it, and I'se goin' to take a little room and bring up dem' two boys for Christ."

"But," asked one, "are you not afraid that Jumbo, who has seen so much vice, will lead Hannibal astray?"

"Jumbo will be wide awake when he catches Hannibal's mudder asleep!" replied Juno. "My plan isn't to get one lamb inside de fold by trowin' anoder out to de wolves. I needs heaps o' pity and wisdom, but I reckons God can give me both."

As Jumbo was nobody's child, Juno

found it an easy matter to make him her own by law. The young gentleman, having been so long an outlaw, did not particularly relish being brought under such restraint; but consented to go with her, on condition that if things did not go to his mind he would run off.

"La, chile!" cried Juno, "when you's been wid me two days nobody couldn't hire you to run off."

"Do you cowhide boys?" he asked, having had some experience in that operation.

"I neber did such a ting in my life," replied Juno. "I keeps a right smart cowhide hanging up ober de mantelpiece, and de very sight on't makes my boys good. It neber comes down only white-washin' times."

"And won't you never thrash me?" asked the cautious youth.

"*Well*," *said Juno*, "*I shan't promise*, I reckon. If I should eber find a boy stealing keys and lead pipe from disoccupied houses, — one of Jumbo's accomplishments, — I reckons I should lay it on right smart. But I don't neber 'spect my boys to do likes o' dat. I'll hab business and 'musement 'nough as dey won't want to do no such mean tings. I tells you we has nice times where *I'se* housekeeper. Ef I only had a lot ob poor little ones I knows 'way off somewhere, I'd set up a 'sylum ob my own I reckons."

When Juno was once settled in her new home she began her work, which was far harder and less congenial than *that she had left. But this did* not annoy her, for she said, "'mong all de promises dere was none dat said she'd git clar o' work." She said she "lobed to be tried, for dat would make de rest ob

heaben sweet. Folks dat neber was weary lost one ob de sweetest picturs ob our Father's house up yonder."

The sight of the clock poor Abe used to wind, of the chair he once sat in, and the table on which he loved to ask God's blessing, — for Juno had stored away these treasures, — all urged her to hasten in her work, reminding her that her day was passing, and the night coming on. Juno declared that she wanted "no rest here; she 'spected soon to go to Abe, and den dere'd be time enuf for rest."

Juno's best friends regretted the course she had taken, feeling sure that she would utterly fail in her efforts for Jumbo, and that Hannibal might be ruined by him. But she seemed so pressed by conscience in the matter that none ventured decidedly to interfere. God showed them, however, that their wisdom was folly,

and that she had only taken up the work assigned her.

It was the custom of this good woman to do nothing with her own hands which it was proper for the boys to do. Every pail of water, every stick of wood or hod of coal was brought in by them, and they were made to feel their responsibility. Juno's neighbors overhead were quiet, industrious colored people, and in their families she found suitable companions for the boys. She often gathered them all together in her cheerful basement for an evening's enjoyment, believing, as she said, "dat Satan was jist as busy wid overworked folks as wid idle ones." No neighbor ever heard from her lips that she was not the mother of both boys, and Jumbo — a name the poor fellow got in a bowling-alley where he used to set up the pins —

was known in his new home as Harry Johnson. He was too proud of his new name and position to reveal secrets, while Hannibal had his mother's command, which was his law, against telling his history. At first, Harry attempted to play off some of his sly tricks, as stealing sugar from the cupboard, keeping back a cent or two of change from the store, staying out to play and saying he was "kept in" at school, but Juno was too bright for him. She never let one such thing escape her notice; always inflicting some slight punishment, such as not sending him the next errand to the steamboat, for which she washed. He soon found out that it was in vain to try either deception or disobedience with her; and selfishness, if no better motive, soon made him quite docile and pleasant. So watchful was Juno over Hannibal lest

he might suffer from Harry's influence, that she never left them alone for any length of time. If business called her out on Saturday, the two were always at her side. Those walks were made the occasions of much enjoyment and profit; for Juno's own eyes and ears being always *open, she had gained much information* about the stores, the factories, the foundries, the museum, and the menageries; while the steamboats, on board of which her business lay, being too great mysteries for her comprehension, were pointed at as wonders which "some day she'd git de engineer to 'splain to 'em."

One thing greatly amused as well as surprised Juno in these walks, — the perfect terror which poor Harry manifested when he met with any of his old associates. At first, when he caught a glimpse of one, he would dart behind Juno or hide

his face in the corner of her shawl; but after a while, feeling safer, he grew more bold, and put on airs of pride and importance as he passed his less favored friends. One bright Saturday morning, laden with heavy baskets of sheets and pillow-cases for the boat, the three turned a corner where grog-shops, billiard saloons, and low shows of the wild women, and of the calf with two heads, abounded. "Boys," said Juno, "dis is one of de places whar Satan reigns, and de only safe way to go trew is not to turn your heads to de right nor de left. Look straight ahead, and den you'll see only de pure waters ob de bay, and de great ships and boats in dem. I wonders dat ebery blessed chile in dis yere city isn't done ruined by dese mis'able places."

Just then a poor, half-clad boy, about twelve years old, bounced out of a grog-

shop, and landed on the sidewalk in front of them. He struck against Juno's basket, and was obliged to stop. He was the picture of poverty, neglect, and sin. In his lips was a great, coarse cigar; and under each arm, struggling to get free, was a little black and tan terrier. He was in great haste, and was very angry at being thus stopped.

"Get out of my way with your old black face," he cried, giving Juno a push, "or I'll knock —— Halloo! is that you, my little nigger chum, Jumbo?"

Harry now felt the change in his situation by the contrast with his old companion. He drew himself up with great dignity, and pretended not to know the boy. "My name isn't Jumbo!" he exclaimed, looking very coldly in his eye. "I'm Harry Johnson, and dis yere lady's my mudder."

GOING TO THE RAT FIGHT

"*What a lie!*" *retorted the boy.* "You're the very feller that's slep' on my mammy's floor, and under Hicher's counter, and in the fish-market, a thousand times. I knows you. You can't cheat me with a washed face and new clothes. My mammy remembers when your'n died *down in black Kate's cellar, and made* black Kate promise she'd take you out of that hole and put you in the poor house, where you'd get manners. But you was too handy to run for rum and to beg cold vittles; so she kep' you till she follered your mammy, and then nobody cared *what 'come on you. And now you've* going to toss your head above white folks, oh? and make me believe that 'dis yere *lady's* your mother,' ha! ha! ha! I'm too old a boy for you. Give us your hand, old feller, and don't forgit the times my mammy's kep' you from starvin' *and bein' froze to death.*"

"Harry, my son," cried Juno, putting down her basket, and leaning for rest against a lamp-post, "ef you knows dis yere boy, shake hands wid him, and tank him for all he eber done for you. Tell him you is de bery boy dey nicknamed Jumbo, but dat now you's my boy, and don't hab to sleep on nobody's floor; and ax him to trow 'way dat nasty 'bacco dat so many poor slabes is killed a raisin', and be a good boy, and larn to fear God."

"Crackee!" cried the boy, leering at Juno, with one eye open; "she's a preacher, an't she? Come along, old feller, they're goin' to have a rat fight down at Gunter's pit to-night; got more'n a hunderd rats. I'm goin' to take care of Flash and Fury for Bill Hobbs, and get fifty cents. Come 'long, and for old 'quaintance sake I'll go shares with you. Say?"

For an instant the old life seemed gay to Harry, and he looked up into Juno's face inquiringly. He had never chanced to hear her opinion of rat fights, although he well knew what she thought of theater-going, card-playing, rum-drinking, and smoking.

"Rat fights!" exclaimed Juno, not caring that she was gathering an audience on the sidewalk. "I guesses ef ever you gits him to such a place, poor chile, you'll have me there too; and I'd be one more customer dan dere would be a welcome for. We don't go to none ob dem tings; dey's too low and wicked."

The neglected boy looked in wonder at Juno. He had considered all negroes like those in his own neighborhood. "Seems to me," he cried, "you're mighty fine and 'ligious for a nigger."

Juno manifested not the slightest re-

sentment at this insolent remark, but replied in a pitiful tone, "Oh, you poor, little stray creetur! why won't you turn 'way from dem dat's drivin' you to ruin, and be a good boy?"

"Will them Sunday school folks give me a new suit of clothes?" he asked, eyeing *Harry from head to foot.*

"Yes, I'll see to dat ef yer mudder will let you go; and I'll come down here Sunday mornin' arter you," answered Juno.

"She wouldn't let me go with a nigger, I know," said the boy. "She's awful proud."

"*Well, den,*" *replied Juno,* nothing daunted, "I'll send a white lady arter you. She'll take you to a church whar's a bell, and a orgin, and carpets, and whar de ladies dat teaches is all dressed up elegant, and dere faces is as white as de angels'. Will you go?"

"Yes, I will," replied the boy, "if mammy will lead off. I always follows her, 'cause she's all I got to look out for me. But I tell you she's none of your 'ligious folks. If she wasn't a good, kind mammy to me, I'd say she was an awful woman."

"Where does you live, poor chile?" asked Juno.

"Jumbo knows, I bet," cried the boy.

But all this time Flash and Fury, squeezed under the boy's arms, like bagpipes under the piper's, were snarling, and snapping, and reaching out their necks, in the vain endeavor to bite the ears and cheeks of their captor. He could hold them quietly no longer, and exclaimed, "Here I've stopped talkin' when Bill's waitin' for the dogs, to train 'em. I shan't wonder if he kicks me all 'round the stable for it." And off the

poor child darted, leaving Juno with a heavy heart to pursue her way, and to teach new lessons of gratitude to her little dark-browed boys.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FEARFUL SECRET.—JUNO'S MANAGEMENT

"My dollars," said Juno to a brother from "de Zion," who had called to see her on an errand of mercy, "my dollars allers seems like seeds; each one brings in his own harvest arter I casts it on de water, as de minister say. Ebery one I sends out seems like it magnifies and multiplies, and den comes back into my purse. I does b'lieve dat sayin' ob de good book, dat 'de lib'ral soul is made fat.' Ef dey *didn't* come back, why, dere would be comfort nuf lettin' 'em go for Christ's sake; but dere's de double blessing now,—in de heart and in de pocket too. Dere was Keziah, you know, our blind sister, she must be looked arter;

and who should do it, if not de brudren and sister'n de Lord hab gib her? Well, you knows, brudder Zekel, how I did den. Some on you said, 'Sister Johnson, you's got yer neck too fur into dat yoke.' But, you see, brudder, dat ting was 'tween de Lord and me; so I didn't dare to look back, but jist plowed ahead, knowin' dat de silver and gold was my Father's, and dat ef he tawt good for me, he could fill de purse as fast as I emptied it. Now, brudder," continued Juno, "dem is my *b'liefs*; so *you* can go *right* on, and ax what you come for, and ef it 'pears like 'twas my duty, why, I'se ready. All I'se got b'longs to de *Master*."

The old man bowed his head as if he dreaded to reveal his errand; and Juno, glancing at him, saw the bright tears, one after another, dropping on his clasped hands. Although strong to bear sorrow

herself, Juno always seemed awe-stricken at the grief of others, and held every mourner in a sort of veneration. She rose up before the old man, and crossing her hands upon her breast, and bowing her head, she said, in a low tone, "Brudder, I had tawt you was beyond tears; dat you'd got trew de valley and on to de mountain, whar you could see de promised land. Dere'll be no sorrow dere, brudder; for Jesus will wipe away all tears from our eyes, and den dese eyes will see him! Tink ob dat, brudder; dese poor, weepin', achin' eyes — dey shall see him as he is; our own blessed brudder Jesus!"

The tone of sympathy, and the sweet assurance of Juno's faith, were too much for old Zekel's bursting heart; and he gave way to his tears till they were spent, and then opened his grief to Juno thus:

"Sister, I'se goin' to tell you a secret dat nobody, not even 'de Zion' dat I loves, knows. I'se a runaway slabe from Virginny, and so it is wid Becky! I come on fifteen year ago, from Nansemond County, and Becky she followed me tree year arter. We'se been mighty happy here. De grave han't no terror for us; but de pit ob slabery has. Sure, I'se kind o' libed in terror like, not knowin' when I mought be tracked; but dus far de good Lord has kep' me. Yesterday I was onloadin' a sloop, when some gentlemen come 'board to see de cap'un 'bout some trunks dey sent on by water while dey sefs come in de cars. Well, nat'ral 'nough, I quit rollin' my bar'ls, and turned round full, and looked 'em in de face. Bress yer heart, sister, ef one on 'em wasn't my old massa! Oh, how he looked at me! 'Pears like his eyes was

spears and arrows. He neber speak, for he tawt I was safe, — dat he could find me when he's ready to take me back. Ef it wasn't de sin, I'd jump into de bay, and be happy, rader dan go back into slabery. Oh, sister, my soul rebels agin' dis drefful fate!"

Juno's heart rose in her bosom, but she was too cautious to reveal her secret to any mortal. So she said, as calmly as she could, "Slabery's a cuss, brudder, and you's not goin' back dere. What can I do for you?"

"Well," replied Zekel, "you's de only one I dared to tell. I han't breathed it yet to poor Becky, fere she'd go mistracted. I'se got five hundred dollars in de bank, and I tawt as you was mighty pop'lar 'mong white folks, per'aps you'd gib a little yersef, and ask a little help from dem, and so send massa seben or

eight hundred for me, and tell him Becky was so feeble she'd only be a cost to him ef he had her. May be some gentleman you know would make de sale, and I keep hid up till it was ober."

Again Juno rose to her feet. "Now, brudder," she exclaimed, "you's axed de only one ting in dis world dat I can't do for you! I don't b'lieve de Lord ob all ober gib one man for prop'ty to anoder; derefore I can't help to *buy a man!* Ef dey an't got no right to *sell* you, I an't no right to *buy* you. I'll gib you ebery cent I got to help you out ob de way, but I can't gib one copper to *buy* you, brudder. You's de Lord's chile, and such like an't to be bought and sold! Judas sold his Master, and so dese men is sellin' Jesus ebery day; for he says, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of dese, ye did

it unto me.' He's been sold a heap o' times."

"Oh, I'se old to be knocked round by de oberseer; and 'sides, massa's dreffful hard man hisself. He'd neber forgib me for de time I'se stole from him."

"You *neber* stole dat time," said Juno, warmly; "it was *your* time dat de Lord gib you!"

"May be, if you doesn't tink it *right*, you'd do it for my sake and Becky's?" suggested brother Zekel.

"No, not for my own fader and mudder," said Juno, resolutely. "Dere's Mrs. Loring, dat I loves like my own heart; now 'spose some villyan should come to me and say, 'Juno, I wants to steal Mrs. Loring, so as to git her gold watch and rings, and such like. Now, you loves her so you'd be sorry to see her heart broken; and ef you'll gib me dat one hun-

dred dollars you's got in de bank, I'll *let* Mrs. Loring stay to home wid her family dat loves her so.' Do you 'spose I take panic, and say, 'Oh, yes, yes; here's de bank book; scamper off fast as you can, and git my money, and don't touch dat dear, sweet lady?' No, no; dat wouldn't be Juno Johnson! I'd jist step to de door and call a neighbor, and put him in de hands ob a poleeshman afore he got done hearing me. I'd soon sabe de lady and de money too! And so," she added, solemnly raising her eyes to heaven, "ef my Father above will stan' by me, I'll sabe you, Zekel! Keep your mind easy, and don't let on to poor Becky yet; and I'll manage de rest. Ef eber I let one mortal Christian go back to de pit for sabin' mysef money or labor, den I gives *up my hope ob heaven! Dis is de way* I knows dat I'se passed from death to

life, 'cause I lobes de brudren. Ef I consents to let one ob dem go into slabery, den I lets Jesus go dere, — dat is, as fur as I has de power. Oh, dis is a beautiful view ob tings, brudder! Eber since our minister preach dat 'Innsmuch sermon,' I'se seen work in a new light. It's all done for *hisself*. When I goes into sister Keziah's little room, and carries her some little nourishment dat she can't cook up hersef, I feels in my heart dat I'se feedin' de Master; when I makes her bed, and smoothes down de pillow, I feels dat I'se fixin' a place for de weary Jesus to rest on; and ef I sabes you from de *deep, deep cuss*, brudder, it 'pears like I'd taken Jesus out ob de cruel hands ob dem dat bought him for thirty pieces ob silver. Zekel, you's not goin' South!"

And Zekel didn't go South, for he was never to be found by his master. True,

the poor old man had to leave "de Zion" and all his friends, and make new ones — hard work for the aged and poor. But the far-off land of snows was a paradise of refuge, compared with "the pit," as he called his old home.

After Juno, with the help of Mr. Loring, had secured the old man and his wife, she felt not a little anxiety concerning herself. Sometimes she would get nervous, and fancy that one she met "looked like massa or missus, or like de widder Williams's son, dat use to whip de people wid his own white hands — and gold rings on em!"

Still she moved on her way, hoping, and trusting, and praying that "in some sort of a way de cuss might be taken off her."

CHAPTER XIV.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—SAM'S STORY.—SETTLEMENT IN LIFE.

THE great city was all astir, and guests gathering by every train and boat, to a great religious convention. Mr. Loring's house was crowded with guests; and as he was looking for some boy to carry carpet-bags, act as guide, &c., Susie suggested "that sharp little Harry at Juno's." As the shadows were gathering, Mr. Loring descended the steps leading to Juno's basement, in search of Harry. To his amazement, he found the usually silent room swarmed like a beehive, and like that, resounding with a loud and cheerful buzzing. His first thought was that "de Zion" was holding its weekly prayer

meeting with his sable friend. But when he stood among the guests he was undeceived. Their joyous mirth, and their various attitudes,—sitting, lolling, and standing on the floor,—told him the scene was other than a meeting.

"Why, Juno, what's all this?" he asked, as she stepped over her recumbent guests to meet him.

"Why, Mr. Loring, sir, you's de bery gentleman I wishes most to see. I'se got my own folks come all de way from Virginny; and de Lord sent dem bar'headed and bar'footed to poor Juno right straight. And I'se to be de one dat's honored by feedin' and clothin' 'em!"

"But where did you all come from, friends?" asked the gentleman.

"From de James River, massa," replied an old man, giving his forelock a smart pull in lieu of taking off a hat—an arti-

ele he did not own. "Our massa he died one year ago; and 'fore dat he marry for second time de widder Williams. 'Pears like she took him and marry him whedder or no! Afore dat he was allers callin' her a old Tartar, and likes o' dat. Well, sir, she train awful ober massa's people; and her son, a bery bad young man, he march round in de 'bacco field wid a whip in his hand. Once, sir, he laid a whip 'cross old Aggy's shoulder." At this allusion mammy Aggy rose from the floor and made courtesy to Mr. Loring. "Aggy she war de mudder ob nine chilun." At this the tribe darted toward each other, bowing and courtesying as they stood in a long line. "Well, sir," continued the spokesman, "massa neber had much love for de feller, nor, for dat matter, for de mudder neider, I guesses; he, he! So dis brawt dem to open war, sir, and massa

cotched de whip out ob his hand, and right 'fore us, he laid it right smart ober de feller's own shoulders! Dat made a war dat neber see an end 'twixt him and de old woman.

"Massa was heer'd more'n once to say widder Williams would find herself 'staken if she 'spected to git his people into her hands when he was gone. Massa was in consamption dat time, sir, and our fust missus' mudder had took home her darter's chilun when she heer'd de widder Williams war comin' dar.

"Well, sir, massa got dreffal heart-broken like, and was in de field wid us more'n he was in de house wid *her*. He seemed like he knew who his old friends was, and he would come down and tell some on us old ones his troubles. From all dis we took heaps ob comfort, and grew bold like. So one night we had a

torch meetin', and talk matters all ober, and 'cided we'd send Cherry's Sam to talk tings ober wid massa. Sam's mighty peart and good."

A clattering was now heard in the farther corner of Juno's room, and Cherry's Sam, a tall, light youth, with deep-set, earnest eyes, rose, fixed his crutches so as to lean on them, and bowed gracefully and reverently at Mr. Loring, who said, "Well, my friend, let me hear what success you met with."

"Yes, sir," replied Sam. "I send a boy up to de mansion to watch for massa when his saddle-horse was waitin', to tell him 'Sam like to see him in de new corn house.' Well, sir, he come, and I tell all dey bid me, and how's we can't sleep fear massa'll die and leabe us to widder Williams. Massa turn mighty pale, sir. 'Sam, my good boy,' says he, 'dis talk

bring death bery near. I don't like to tink 'bout it; but for my people's sake I will. *You shall neber 'long to her, nor any body else.* I'se done you all great wrong, Sam,' says he; 'but I'll sabe you from de clutches ob her and her son. I'll make you all free in my will, and order a copy to be given to ebery one.'

"'Massa,' says I, pointin' my finger up, 'you knows who hears dem words. Will you, sartain sure, do dat for us?' 'Yes, Sam, my boy,' says he, 'I will.' '*When*, massa? Life is onsartain,' said I, 'and your kind feelin's wouldn't sabe us from her if you was took off sudden.'

"'*I'll do it to-day*,' he said, mighty solemn like; and as he got on his horse to ride off, I see de great tears in his eyes. I took de bridle in my hand, and says I, 'Massa, may I speak one word more?'

"'Yes,' says he, 'all you want to say, Sam.'

"'Well, massa,' says I, 'you knows dere's tree or four ob our folks dat's run off. Dey clar from *slabery*, not from you, massa. Ef *she* can hunt dem up, she'll bring 'em back and use 'em up mighty quick!'

"'I'll make you all alike, Sam. Who was dere run away but Ike and Juno?'

"'Well, massa,' says I, 'dere was long ago my mudder's brudder, uncle Phil. But he was mighty well 'long in life den, and I guess he's got his free papers in de better world by dis time.' Massa groaned aloud, and says he, 'how old was Juno? Do you know?' ''Bout thirty or forty,' says I; 'she was a growed-up woman when I was a little boy, and hab to take care ob all de babies. I guess she's thirty, and I'se twenty-two.'

"So massa rode off, and dat was de last time I eber saw him till I look on de cold face in de coffin."

"And you got your free papers at once, I suppose," said Mr. Loring.

"No, no, massa, not yet. Let widder Williams 'lone for losing us 'fore she try hard fust!' and the like expressions came from every lip in the throng. In a moment there was silence, and all turned deferentially toward Sam.

He continued. "It was putty delicate kusiness, sir, for slabes to go to dere owner, when she was screamin' and stampin' her feet, and coverin' herself all up in crape, to make b'lieve she mourned for her husband, and ax her had he willed his property all 'way from her! It was dangerous to ax other folks 'bout massa's will, for dey might tell our oberseer, — he come from de Williams 'state, and was

jist like dem all, — and he would lay on de lash for what he call *impudence*. So we wore away a few weeks, thinkin', and talkin', and prayin' 'bout it all de time. One day, when ebery body was busy but me, sir, — I'se been a very useless creetur' in dis yere world, — de oberseer told me to lead one ob de plow hosses to de blacksmith to be shod. Dis was a hard job for a lame boy dat needed both hands for his crutches; but some how my heart leap at de chance to go to de village. So I tie de bridle to my right elbow and went. When I reach de door, I see de blacksmith, and he see me too. He was talkin' to a man, and I tawt I'd wait till he come out. Says he to de man, 'Do you 'spose dem Washingtons knows dey's free?' 'Guess not,' says de man, 'else dey wouldn't work so peaceable.' 'Well,' says de blacksmith, 'dey ought to know

it; and if dey would go to Mr. Collins, one of de 'zecutors, he'd tell 'em mighty quick! Their master put him in on purpose, 'cause he's a Quaker, and would look out for dere rights.' When he say dat, he looked out de corner ob his eye at me, and I nodded; and, sir, though we two neber 'changed a word togeder, we un'stood each oder from dat day.

"Well, sir, de fust pitch-dark night I went ober to Mr. Collins's; he was sick, so he let me go up into his chamber, and dere he told me all. He said we might keep easy 'bout our freedom, for dere wan't no power could hinder dat. But he said her plan was to keep our sarvice till de year was out, and den tell us to clear, or she would sell us to pay for our keepin'. He said massa 'left one third of his pers'nal property to move you all,' as his own words 'spressed it, 'to a region

where dey might enjoy, unmolest', de blessins ob freedom.' But he said we'd neber get dat; *de money*, I mean. I told all dis to our people, and dey said, 'Let's keep still till de year's gone, and den she'll hab to send us off.' Dey neber ax one word 'bout de money. 'Pears like dey didn't care 'bout any ting but liberty, sir."

"And did you drag through the year peaceably, my friend?" asked Mr. Loring.

"Why, sir, de time *flew fast*. We all membered old Jake's lesson, dat we must be faithful to *God*, and so we work hard and look ahead to de sunshine."

"Did you get your money?" asked the gentleman.

"He! he! reckon not! No, no, no! Let widder Williams 'lone to look out for 'sef," replied a dozen voices.

"But how did you make your way to the North penniless?"

"Well, sir, massa he left a little house and so much money to support — stan' up, you's — dem, sir. Old Hannah, nigh killed wid de rheumatiz, Granny Judy, most a hundred, and Dave, de simple boy, dey couldn't care for 'selves, so he left in his will dat de 'state must do it. But, sir, she send 'em all wid us; but not one cent could we get."

"How, then, did you get here?"

"Well, sir, she said if we wan't off de 'state in twenty-four hours she'd sell us all at auction to pay for our keepin'!" We flew round to see what we could do. De nabors didn't dare to help us fear o' gettin' missus' ill will — for she's an awful enemy, sir! Mr. Collins, God bress him!" "Yes, yes, God will bress him," interrupted several of the auditors. "Mr. Collins 'vised me to see the cap'n ob a 'bacco sloop, and try what *he'd* do. He

was bery massiful, and said if he was de owner he'd take de whole ob us for notin'; but he had no right. Den, sir, two ob our strongest men come for'ard, and said dey would stay and work for some planter as security dat we'd pay de passage money. And dey did, sir; and we's goin' to work mighty hard to bring dem here. Dey is de faders ob heaps ob dese chilun, and 'pears like dey was in a hurry to get dem off, whedder dey eber see dem agin or not. Oh, sir, dem men lubs dese chilun. Show your papers," said Sam to his friends; and all drew from their bosoms the hidden treasure.

"Mine," cried Juno, triumphantly, "is safe in de hands of Mr. Collins, and all I'se got to do is to send for it."

"But how did you ever find your friend Juno?" asked Mr. Loring.

"We didn't, sir," replied the old man, "she find us."

"Mr. Loring," said Juno, solemnly, "de Lord sent me to dem jist as sartain as he send de raven to 'Lijah. When I was goin' 'board de steamboat wid de washin', I see a sloop come beatin' up into a berth close by. I see de deck crowded wid black folks, and I took in de clothes and come back quick. I stood on de dock, and 'fore de sloop come up I scream out, 'Who you b'longs to?' Dey all hollers, 'To de Washington 'state.' I says, 'Do you 'member Juno?' and den dey sot up such a noise! Dey laughed, and dey cried, and dey shouted; and I jist scream, 'Tank de Lord! tank de Lord!' And now dey's no pilgrims and strangers in dis great city, for dey's got me to look out for dem. And I — oh, Mr. Loring, I'se as rich as a queen. I'se got all my own people 'round me."

"But, my good Juno," where will all these eat and sleep until they find work and homes?" asked her friend.

"Wid me, sir," replied Juno. "I'se got two rooms, you know. De men can take de boys' room and de women share mine. We'll leave de winders open for health, sir; and as to bread, — why, I got most a bar'l ob flour; and dere's a butcher next door, and, tank de Lord, I'se got money to buy shoes; for dere isn't a whole pair in de gang."

"But, Juno, we shall not let you have all this good work to yourself. We must help you. I want Harry for a few days; and when these meetings are over I will get work for the men. Mrs. Loring and the asylum ladies will help you about the women."

"I shall keep Enoch, and Granny Judy, and Sam, and Dave, till Cherry

gets a house, and den I pay her for boardin' de ole ones. Sam, he's splendid ha'r-dresser, but neber got no chance down home, 'cause he libed allers wid de plantation hands. But I'll work him into a good business 'mong de ladies. Poor Dave, he's de wuss off; he's so simple he don't know enuf to feed hisself. But de Lord will look out *for him*."

Mr. Loring offered Juno a little money, but she would not look at it. She said, "De Lord put it into de heart ob de clerk ob de boat to offer me seben dollars dis mornin'; and ef he hadn't, I'd have enough to feed 'em all a week."

Mr. Loring took Harry, and went to the committee room in his church, where places were being assigned the strangers who had come to the meetings. He found that those of his people who had moderate houses could accommodate two

guests, while those who occupied stately mansions were willing to entertain four. Every name had been sent in, and thirty of the number to be provided for by his church were yet without places.

"Brethren," said Mr. Loring, "this will not do; give me four more. I have been at a place to-night where I have learned a lesson of princely hospitality that I shall never forget."

He then told of the arrival, and the number of June's guests, saying, "Of course we do not wish you to crowd in her style; but if you should average twenty guests to a family you would still have ample room, compared with her narrow accommodations. Now let us, moved by the example of this lowly Christian, 'be careful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'" In ten minutes those

present found they had room for more than those assigned them, and also that they had work, and food, and clothes for Juno's guests.

Cherry's Sam was soon installed as assistant hair-dresser, at excellent wages, in the establishment of the man who obtained his pass by force from widow Williams. And better than this, he became a pillar in "de Zion," putting into practice the beautiful though simple lessons of Uncle Jake, and infusing his calm, high spirit among all his associates.

Old Enoch, now that the load of slavery was lifted from off his heart, grew young and genial in the sun of kindness, and "reckoned dat de east wind was mighty good for rheumatiz." Granny Judy only *tasted* the sweet cup of liberty, for her friends soon laid her in the grave of the free. Poor Dave became common

property, — passing his dreamlike life, a month at a time, with each family. Juno's white friends provided employment for them all, and helped them in raising money to bring on those noble fellows who had voluntarily remained behind to procure means for the departure of the others. Juno, in the meantime, filled up the Sunday school at "de Zion" with her emancipated friends, and was in all respects their guide and patron.

Hannibal and Harry were now stout boys; and Juno thought "they'd got a heap o' larnin'. They could read, write, and cipher, and knew de name ob ebery country, and riber, and mountain in de whole world. And 'sides dat, Hannibal knew jist how many bones dere was in de human body, and how de blood flowed, and heaps more ob doctor larnin'.

It was high time," she thought, "dat dey turn all dis yere larnin' to some 'count." So she procured a place for Harry in a lawyer's office, to sweep the floor, make fires, and run on errands. She said "she had heerd of a colored lawyer who looked out for de rights ob his own people, — and who could tell what Harry might come to? Ef it took peart folks to be lawyers, he was 'bout as peart as any one you'd find." But she never breathed this ambitious thought to him, lest it might make him too proud to work. And for Hannibal, the joy of her heart, what place in life was good enough for him?

Hearing one day that a boy was wanted in a large drug store, to mix medicines and do the store work, she called with him in his best attire, and asked "ef color was any objection?"

The gentleman looked at the stately figure and sensible face of Juno, and then at the neat, mannerly boy, and replied, "No, if he can bring good recommendations." Mr. Loring's name was enough for security; and Juno left her boy at the store with "God in heaben bress you, chile, and neber leabe you to forgit dat you's de son of Abr'm Johnson, as good a man as eber went to heaben."

Her heart's desire was now gratified; for, "although Hannibal had only gone into the store to work, still he stood a right smart chance to look into physic, and would no doubt follow old Milly as a doctor."

And thus we heard of Juno last, twenty years ago, doing her lowly work with a glad spirit, and praying earnestly, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"

which she understood to be a prayer for the death of slavery, as well as of all other works of Satan. And her labors shall be owned of God in that day which shall try our works.

Maretta J. Blood

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