

AFRICAN WOMAN.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.



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PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
1122 CRESTNUT STREET.



THE

AFRICAN WOMAN.

LITTLE Mary was sitting at the window with her mother. She saw a poor old African woman go by. O

mother, said she, I do not love that woman at all! Why not, Mary? Because she is black; I do not like anybody that is black. Her mother said, Mary, Mary, I am sorry to hear you talk so. It is foolish, it is wicked.

Mary looked very sober. Then she said, Why is it wicked, mother? My dear, it is wrong, because God has told us to love everybody in the world. God made that poor woman as well as you. I will call her in to see you.

Mary was frightened. She said, O no, mother, if you please, do not call her in. Yes, my dear, I wish to teach you a lesson. Then she raised the window, and asked the old woman to come in. Mary's mother said, Good woman, what do you think of this little girl? She is a dear little miss, madam: may I give her a peace? Then she took a peach out of her basket, and gave it to Mary. The little girl felt very much ashamed, and hung down her head.

The old woman then said, Once I had three little girls, but they are all dead. The Lord knows what is best. And the tears came into her eyes. Mary was ready to weep too. Then Mrs. Ewing gave the woman some work to do; for she knew her very well.

After the woman had gone, Mary said, Mother, I am sorry for being so foolish and naughty; I will not hate black people any more. Her mother said, My dear, you should not hate any of God's creatures.



All men and women are made of one blood. All are brethren. This poor African woman was brought to America when she was young. Now she is old, and very poor. Besides, she is a pious woman, and I am sure Christ loves

her. You ought to love her too, and to do her all the good you can. Mary said nothing, but after all she felt some dislike to poor Patty.

Not long after Mary was very sick. She was in bed several weeks.

One morning the old African woman knocked at the door, and said, Mrs. Ewing, where is little Miss Mary? I never see her going by to school.

Then Mrs. Ewing took her into the chamber where Mary 8 THE AFRICAN WOMAN.

lay sick. Old Patty was very sorry.

She came and nursed Mary for seven days and nights. And when the little girl got well, she said,

Mother, I will never hate anybody again for having a dark skin. Poor Patty is a great deal better than I am. THE

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