

THE
NEGRO SERVANT.

AN AUTHENTIC AND
INTERESTING NARRATIVE

OF A
YOUNG NEGRO.

SHewing

How he was made a Slave in Africa, and carried to Jamaica, where he was sold to a Captain in his Majesty's Navy, and taken to America, where he became a Christian; and afterwards brought to England, and baptized.



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THE
NEGRO SERVANT.

PART I.

DURING a residence of some years continuance in the neighbourhood of the sea, an Officer in the Navy called upon the Writer, and stated, that he had just taken a lodging in this parish for his wife and children; and, that he had a Negro, whom he had kept three years in his service. 'The lad is a handy fellow,' said the Officer, 'and he has a great desire to be baptized. I have promised to ask you to do it for him, if you have not any objection.'

'Does he know any thing,' I replied, 'of the principles of the Christian religion?'

'O yes, I am sure he does,' replied the Captain; 'for he talks a deal about it in the kitchen and often gets laughed at for his pains; but he takes it all very patiently.'

'Does he behave well as your servant?'

'Yes, that he does: he is honest, and as civil a fellow, as ever came aboard a ship, or lived in my house.'

'Was he always so well behaved?'

'No,' said the Officer; 'when I first had him he was often very unruly, and deceitful; but, in the last two years he has been quite like another creature.'

‘ Well, Sir, I shall be very glad to see him, and think it probable I may go through a course of instruction and examination; during which I shall be able to form a judgment, how far it will be thought to admit him to the sacrament of baptism. Can he read?’

‘ Yes, replied his Master; ‘ he has been taking great pains to learn to read for some time past, and can make out a chapter in the Bible very well, as my maid servant informs me. He speaks English better than many of his countrymen, but you will find it a little broken. When will it be convenient that I should send him over to you?’

‘ To-morrow afternoon, Sir, if you please.’

‘ He shall come to you about four o’ clock, and you shall see what you can make of him.’

With this promise he took his leave. I felt glad of an opportunity of instructing a native of that land whose wrongs and injuries had often caused me to sigh and mourn.

At the appointed hour my Negro disciple arrived. He was a very young looking man, with a sensible, lively, and pleasing turn of countenance.

I desired him to sit down, and said, ‘ Your master informs me, that you wish to have some conversation with me, respecting Christian Baptism?’

‘ Yes, Sir, me very much wish to be a Christian.’

‘ Why do you wish so?’

‘ Because me know that Christian go to heaven when he die.’

‘ How long have you had that wish?’ I said.

‘ Ever since me hear one good minister preach in America; two years ago.’

‘ Where were you born?’

‘ In Africa. Me was very little boy, when me was made slave by the white men.’

‘How was that?’
 ‘Me left father and mother one day at home to go get shells by the sea shore; and, as I was stooping down to gather them, some white saild came out of a boat, and took me away. Me never see father nor mother again.’

‘And what became of you then?’
 ‘Me was put into ship, and brought to Jamaica and sold to a master, who keep me in his house serve him some years; when, about three year ago, Capt. W——, my master that spoke to you bought me to be his servant, on board his ship. And he be goot master; he gave me my liberty and me live with him ever since.’

‘And what thoughts had you about your soul at that time before you went to America?’ ‘I asked him, Me no care for my soul at all before then.’

‘Well, now tell me farther what happened to you in America. How came you there?’

‘My master take me there in his ship, and stay there one month, and then me hear goot minister do.’ ‘Add what did that minister say?’

‘He said, me was great sinner.’

‘What did he speak to you in particular?’

‘Yes, me think so; for there was great man to hear him, but he tell them all about me.’

‘What did he say?’

‘He say, about all the things in my heart.’

‘What things?’

‘My sin, my ignorance, my know nothing, me believe nothing. The goot minister made me see that me think nothing goot, nor do nothing goot.’

‘And what else did he tell you?’

‘He sometimes look me in the face, and say Jesus Christ came to die for sinners, poor black sinners, as well as white sinners. Me thought

his was very goot indeed, to do so for a wicked inner.'

'And what made you think this was all spoken to you in particular?'

'Because me sure, no such wicked sinner as me in all the place.'

'And what did you think about yourself while he preached about Jesus Christ?'

'Sir, me was very much afraid, when he said the wicked must be turned into hell fire. For me felt, that me was a wicked sinner, and that make me cry. He talk much about the love of Christ to sinners, and that make me cry more. And me thought me must love Jesus Christ, but me not know how, and that make me cry again.'

'Did you hear more sermons than one during that month?'

'Yes; Sir, master gave me leave to go three times, and all the times me wanted to love Jesus more, and do what Jesus said; but my heart seem sometime hard like a stone.'

'Have you heard any preaching since that time?'

'Never; till me hear sermon at this church last Sunday, and then me long to be baptized in Jesus' name; for me had no Christian friends to baptize me, when little child.'

'What have been your thoughts all the time since you first heard these sermons in America; did you tell any body then what you felt?'

'No; me speak to nobody but to God then. — The goot minister say, that God hear the cry of the poor: so me cry to God, and he hear me. And me often think about Jesus Christ, and wish to be like him.'

'Can you read?'

'A little.'

‘Who taught you to read?’

‘God teach me to read.’

‘What do you mean by saying so?’

‘God give me desire to read, and that make reading easy. Master give me a Bible, and one sailor shew me the letters, and so me learn to read by myself, with God’s goot help.’

‘And what do you read in the Bible?’

‘O me read all about Jesus Christ, and how loved sinners; and wicked men kill him, and he died, and came again from the grave, and all that for poor Negro.’

‘What do the people say about your reading and praying, and attention to the things of God?’

‘Some wicked people that do not love Jesus, call me great fool, and Negro dog, and black hypocrite. That make me sometime feel angry; but then me remember Christian must not be angry for that; Jesus Christ was called ugly black name, and he was quiet as a lamb: and so then me remember Jesus Christ, and me say nothing.’

I was much delighted with the simplicity and apparent sincerity of this poor Negro; and wished to ascertain what measure of light and feeling he possessed on a few leading points. St. Paul’s summary of religion occurred to me; I said, ‘Tell me what is faith? What is your own faith? What do you believe about Jesus, and your own soul?’

‘Me believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and though me be chief of sinners, yet Jesus will save me though me be only poor black Negro.’

‘What is your hope? What do you hope for, both as to this life, and that which is to come?’

‘Me hope Jesus Christ will keep me from sin and harm while me live here; and me hope, when

ne come to die, to go and live with him always, and never die again.'

'What are your thoughts about Christian love or charity; whom or what do you most love?'

'Me love God the Father, because he was so goot to send his Son. Me love Jesus Christ, because he love me. Me love all men, black men and white men too; for God made them all. Me love all goot Christian people, because Jesus love them, and they love Jesus.'

Such was my first conversation with this young disciple; I rejoiced in the prospect of receiving him into the church, agreeably to his wishes. I wished, however, to converse somewhat farther, and inquire more minutely into his conduct; and promised to ride over and see him in a few days, at his master's lodgings.

When he was gone, I thought within myself, God hath indeed redeemed souls by the blood of his Son, 'out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation.' If many of them for a time are devoted to earthly slavery, through the cruel avarice of man: yet, blessed be God, that some amongst them are, through Divine Grace, called to the glorious liberty of the children of God; and so are redeemed from the slavery of him, who makes so many captive at his will.

It is a happy thought, that 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God: Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth, O sing praises unto the Lord!'

'I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me.'

My interviews with the Negro suggested the following lines, which I here subjoin under the title of *The Negro's Prayer*.

THE NEGRO'S PRAYER.

JESUS who mak'st the meanest soul
 An object of thy care,
 Attend to what my heart would speak,
 Hear a poor Negro's prayer.

For thou, when bleeding on the cross,
 My sins and griefs did'st bear;
 This mak'st me think thou'lt not refuse
 To hear a Negro's prayer.

I was a helpless Negro boy,
 And wander'd on the shore,
 Thieves took me from my parents' arms,
 I never saw them more.

But yet my lot, which seem'd so hard,
 Quite otherwise did prove;
 For I was carried far from home
 To learn a Saviour's love.

Poor and despised though I was,
 Yet thou, O God, wast nigh,
 And when thy mercy first I saw,
 Sure none so glad as I.

In ignorance I long had liv'd,
 A rebel too had been:
 But thy great kindness, O my God,
 Sav'd me from all my sin.

Mine was a wretched state, expos'd
 To men and angels view;
 A slave to man, a slave to sin,
 A slave to Satan too.

But if the Son hath made me free,
 Then I am free indeed;
 From power of man, of sin, and hell;
 For evermore are held.

O! send thy word to that far land,
 Where none but Negro's live;
 Teach them the way, the truth, the life,
 Thy grace, thy blessing give.

O! that my father, mother dear,
 Might there thy mercy see;
 Tell them what Christ has done for them,
 What Christ has done for me.

Whose God is like the Christian's God?
 Who can with him compare?
 He hath compassion on my soul;
 And hears a Negro's prayer.

Lord Jesus, thou hast shed thy blood
 For thousands such as me:
 Many despise poor Negro slave,
 But I am lov'd by thee.

And this is all I want below,
 To be thy constant care,
 Keep me from sin and danger, Lord,
 And hear a Negro's prayer.

In Heaven, the land of glory lies,
 If I should enter there,
 I'll tell the saints, and angels too,
 Thou heard'st a Negro's prayer.

THE
 NEGRO AMONG THE ROCKS.

PART II.

NOT many days after the first interview with my Negro disciple, I went from home with the design of conversing with him again at his master's house. The road lay over a lofty down of hill, which commands a prospect of scenery seldom equalled for beauty and magnificence. It gave birth to silent but instructive meditation.

The down was covered with sheep grazing on its pasture. Here and there a shepherd's boy watched over the flock committed to his care.

On my right hand, to the south and south-east, the unbounded ocean displayed its mighty waves. It was covered with vessels of every size, sailing in all directions.

At the south-west of the spot on which I was riding, extended a beautiful bay, bounded by high cliffs. Beyond this lay a range of hills, which meeting with another from the north, bounds a large fruitful vale, whose fields, now ripe for harvest, proclaimed the goodness of God in the rich provision which he makes for the sons of men. He prepares the corn, he crowns the year with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing.

As I looked upon the numerous ships moving before me, I remembered the words of the Psalmist; "They that go down to the sea in ships,

that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet: so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works towards the children of men!"

Psalm cvii.

As I pursued the meditations which this magnificent and varied scenery excited in my mind, I approached the edge of a tremendous perpendicular cliff, with which the down terminates; I dismounted from my horse, and tied it to a bush. The breaking of the waves against the foot of the cliff at so great a distance beneath me, produced an incessant and pleasant murmur. The sea-gulls were flying between the top of the cliff where I stood, and the rocks below, attending upon their nests, built in the holes of the cliff. The whole scene, in every direction, was grand and impressive; it was suitable to devotion. The Creator appeared in the works of his creation, and called on the creature to honour and adore. To the believer, it is doubly so. He possesses a covenant right to the enjoyments of nature and Providence, as well as to the privileges of grace. His title-deed runs thus: "All things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life,

or death; or things present or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

I cast my eye downwards a little to the left towards a small cove, the shore of which consists of fine dark sand. It is surrounded by fragments of rock, chalk cliffs, and steep banks of broken earth. Shut out from human intercourse and dwellings, it seems formed for retirement and contemplation. On one of these rocks I unexpectedly observed a man sitting with a book which he was reading. The place was near two hundred yards perpendicularly below me, but I soon discovered by his dress, and by the black colour of his features, contrasted with the white rocks beside him, that it was no other than my Negro disciple; with, as I doubted not, a Bible in his hand, I rejoiced at this unlooked-for opportunity of meeting him in so solitary and interesting a situation. I descended a steep bank, winding by a kind of rude staircase, formed by fishermen and shepherds boys in the side of the cliff down to the shore.

He was intent on his book, and did not perceive me till I approached very near to him.

‘William, is that you?’

‘Ah! Massa, me very glad to see you. How come Massa into this place? Me thought nobody here; but only God and me.’

‘I was coming to your Master's house to see you, and rode round by this way for the sake of the prospect. I often come here in fine weather, to look at the sea, and the shipping. Is that your Bible?’

‘Yes, Sir, that my dear goot Bible.’

‘I am glad,’ said I, ‘to see you so well employed. It is a good sign, William.’

‘Yes, Massa, a sign that God is goot to me; but me never goot to God.’

‘How so?’

‘Me never tank him enough; me never pray; him enough; me never remember enough who ve me all dese goot tings. Massa, me afraid, y heart is very bat. Me wish me was like you.’

‘Like me; William? why; you are like me; a poor helpless sinner; that must, like yourself, pesh in his sins, unless God of his infinite mercy and grace, pluck him as a brand from the burning, and make him an instance of distinguishing love and favour. There is no difference; we have both some short of the glory of God; all have sinned.’

‘No, me not like you, Massa; me tink nobody like me, nobody feel such a heart as me.’

‘Yes, William, your feelings, I am persuaded are like those of every truly convinced soul, who sees the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the greatness of the prize which Christ Jesus paid for the sinner’s ransom. You can say in the words of the hymn,

‘I, the chief of sinners am,

‘But Jesus died for me.’

‘O yes, Sir, me believe that Jesus die for poor Negro. What would become of poor wicked Negro, if Christ no die for him. But he die for the chief of sinners, and dat make my heart sometime quite glad.’

‘What part of the Bible were you reading?’

‘Me read how de man upon the cross spoke to Christ, and Christ spoke to him. Now dat man’s prayer just do for me. ‘Lord remember me.’ Lord, remember poor Negro sinner; this is my prayer every morning, and sometime at night too; when me cannot tink of many words, then me say the same again, Lord, remember poor Negro sinner.’

‘ And be assured, William, the Lord hears thy prayer. He pardoned and accepted the thief upon the cross, and he will not reject you; he will not no wise cast out any that come to him.’

‘ No, Sir, I believe it: but there is so much sin in my heart, it make me afraid and sorry. Massa, do you see these limpets, how fast they stick to the rocks here? just so, sin stick fast to my heart.’

‘ It may be so, William; but take another comparison: do you cleave to Jesus Christ by faith in his death and righteousness, as those limpets cleave to the rock, and neither seas nor storms shall separate you from his love.’

‘ Dat is just what me want.’

‘ Tell me, William, is not that very sin which you speak of, a burden to you? You do not love it.’

‘ O yes; me give all this world, if me had it, to be without sin.’

‘ Come then, and welcome to Jesus Christ, my brother: his blood cleanseth from all sin. He gave himself as a ransom for sinners. He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions: he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Come freely, come to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.’

‘ Yes, Massa,’ said the poor fellow, weeping, ‘ Me will come; but me come very slow, very slow, Massa; me want to run. Jesus is very goot to poor Negro, to send you to tell him this.’

‘ But this is not the first time you have heard these truths.’

‘ No, Sir, they have been comfort to my soul many times since me hear goot minister preach in America, as me tell you last week at your house.’

‘ Well, now I hope, William, that since God has been so graciously pleased to open your eyes, and affect your mind with such a great sense of his goddness, in giving his Son to die for your sake; I hope, that you do your endeavour to keep his commandments. I hope you strive to behave well to your Master and Mistress, and fellow-servants. He that is a Christian inwardly, will be a Christian outwardly: he that truly and savingly believes in Christ, will shew his faith by his works, as the Apostle says. Is it not so, William?’

‘ Me love my fellow servants, though, as I tell you before, they not much love me, and I pray God to bless them. And when they say bat tings, and try to make me angry, then me tink, if Jesus Christ were in poor Negro’s place, he would not revile and answer again with bat words and temper, but he say little, and pray much. And so then, me say nothing at all, but pray God to forgive them.’

The more I conversed with this African convert, the more satisfactory were the evidences of his mind being spiritually enlightened, and his heart effectually wrought on by the grace of God.

I continued for a considerable time in conversation with the Negro. I spoke to him on the nature, duty, and privilege of Christian Baptism; pointed out to him from a prayer-book which I had with me, the clear and scriptural principles of our own church upon that head, and found that he was very desirous of conforming to them. He appeared to me to be well qualified for receiving that sacramental pledge of his Redeemer’s love.

‘ God,’ said I to him, ‘ has promised to sprinkle many nations, not only with the waters of baptism, but also with the dew of his heavenly grace. He

says, he will not only pour water on him that is thirsty,' but 'I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessings upon thine offspring.'

'Yes, Massa,' said he, 'He can make me to be clean in heart, and of a right spirit; he can purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: he can wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow'

I was much pleased with the affectionate manner in which he spoke of his parents, from whom he had been stolen in his childhood; and his wishes that God might direct them by some means to the knowledge of a Saviour.

'Who knows,' said I, 'but some of these ships may be carrying a missionary to the country where they live, to declare the good news of salvation to your countrymen, and to your own dear parents in particular, if they are yet alive.'

'O! my dear father and mother: my dear gracious Saviour!' exclaimed he, leaping from the ground as he spoke, 'if thou wilt but save their souls, and tell them what thou hast done for sinners—but,—'

He stopped and seemed much affected.

'My friend,' said I, 'I will now pray with you for your own soul, and for those of your parents also.'

'Do, Massa, dat is very goot and kind, do pray for poor Negro souls here and every where.'

This was a new and solemn 'house of prayer.' The sea sand was our floor, the heavens were our roof; the cliffs, the rocks, the hills and the waves, formed the walls of our chamber. It was not indeed a 'place where prayer was wont to be made;' but for this once, it became a hallowed spot: it will by me ever be remembered as such. The presence of God was there.—I prayed.—The

Negro wept—His heart was full. I felt with him, and wept likewise.

The last day will shew, whether our tears were not the tears of sincerity and Christian love.

It was time for my return, I leaned upon his arm as we ascended the steep cliff in my way back to my horse, which I had left at the top of the hill. Humility and thankfulness were marked in his countenance. I leaned upon his arm with the feelings of a brother. It was a relationship I was happy to own.—I took him by the hand at parting, appointed one more interview previous to the day of baptizing him, and bid him farewell for the present.

‘God bless you, my dear Massa.’

‘And you, my fellow Christian, forever and ever. Amen.’

THE

NEGRO'S VISIT TO THE COTTAGE.

PART III.

THE very interesting and affecting conversations, which I had with the Negro Servant, noticed in the two former parts, produced a sensation not easy to be expressed. As I returned home, I was led into meditation on the singular clearness and beauty of those evidences of faith and conversion to God, which I had just seen and heard. How plainly, I thought, it appears, that salvation is freely by grace through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast. What but the Holy Spirit, who is the author and giver of the life of grace, could have wrought such a change from the once

dark, perverse, and ignorant heathen, to this now-convinced, enlightened, humble and believing Christian?

I afterwards made particular inquiry into this young man's domestic and general deportment. Every thing I heard was satisfactory; nor could I entertain a doubt respecting the consistency of his conduct and character. I had some farther conversations with him; in the course of which I pursued such a plan of Scriptural instruction and examination, as I conceived to be the most suitable to his progressive state of mind. He improved much in reading, carried his Bible constantly in his pocket, and took every opportunity, which his duty to his master's service would allow, for perusing it.

I had for a considerable time been accustomed to meet some serious persons once a week, in a cottage at no great distance from the house where he lived, for the purpose of religious conversation, instruction, and prayer. Having found these occasions remarkably useful and interesting to myself and others, I thought it would be very desirable to take the Negro there, in order that there might be many witnesses to the simplicity and sincerity of real Christianity, as exhibited in the character of this promising young convert.

I accordingly obtained his master's leave that he should attend me to one of my cottage assemblies. As I approached the house, I saw my friend the Negro sitting under a tree, and waiting my arrival. He held in his hand a little tract which I had given him; his Bible lay on the ground. He rose with much cheerfulness, saying, 'Ah! Massa, me very glad to see you, me tink you long time coming.'

William, I hope you are well. I am going to take you with me to a few of my friends, who, I hope are also the friends of the Lord. We meet every Wednesday evening for conversation about the things that belong to our everlasting peace; and I am sure you will be a welcome visitor.

‘ Massa, me not goot enough to be with such goot people. Me great sinner. They be good Christian.’

‘ If you were to ask them, William, they would each tell you, they were worse than any body. Many of them were once; and that not very long ago, living in a very openly sinful manner, ignorant of God; and the enemies of Jesus Christ by thought and deed. But Divine Grace stopped them in their wicked course, and subdued their hearts to the love and obedience of him and his Gospel. You will only meet a company of poor fellow sinners, who love to speak and sing the praises of redeeming love: and I am sure, William, that is a song you will be willing to join them in.’

‘ Yes, Sir, dat song just do for poor William.’

By this time we had arrived at the cottage garden gate. Several well known faces appeared in and near the house, and the smile of affection welcomed us as we entered. It was known that the Negro was to visit the little Society this evening, and satisfaction beamed in every countenance, as I took him by the hand and introduced him among them, saying, ‘ I have brought a brother from Africa to see you, my friends. Bid him welcome in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.’

‘ Sir,’ said an humble and pious labourer, whose heart and tongue always overflowed with Christian kindness, ‘ We have heard how gracious the Lord

has been to him. Give me your hand, good friend, (turning to the Negro,) God be with you here and every where; and blessed be his Holy Name for calling wicked sinners, as I hope he has done you and me, to love and serve him for his mercy's sake!

Each one greeted him as he came into the house, and some addressed him in very kind and impressive language!

'Massa,' said he, 'me not know what to say to all dese goot friends: me tink this look like little heaven upon earth.'

It was my stated custom, when I met to converse with those friends, to begin with prayer and reading a portion of the Scriptures.

When this was ended, I told the people present, that the Providence of God had brought this young man for a time under my ministry; and that finding him very seriously disposed, and believing him to be very sincere in his religious profession, I had resolved on baptizing him, agreeably to his own wishes. I added, that I had now brought him with me to join in Christian conversation with us.

Addressing myself to the Negro, I said, 'William, tell me, who made you?'

'Me Got, the goot Father.'

'Who redeemed you?'

'Jesus, his dear Son, who died for me.'

'Who sanctified you?'

'The Holy Ghost, who teach me to know the goot Father, and his dear Son Jesus.'

'What was your state by nature?'

'Me wicked sinner, me know noting but sin, me do noting but sin, my soul more black tan my body.'

'Has any change taken place in you since then?'

'Me hope so, Massa, but me sometime afraid no.'

‘ If you are changed, who changed you ?’

‘ Got the goot Father, Jesus his dear Son, and Got the Holy Spirit.’

‘ How was any change brought about in you ?’

‘ Got make me a slave, when me was young, little boy.’

‘ How, William, would you say, God made you a slave ?’

‘ No, Massa, no; me mean Got let me be made slave by white men, to do me goot.’

‘ How to do you goot ?’

‘ He take me from the land of darkness, and bring me to the land of light.’

‘ Which do you call the land of light, the West India Islands ?’

‘ No, Massa, they be the land of Providence, but America be the land of light to me; for there me first hear goot minister preach.’

‘ What does the blood of Christ do ?’

‘ It cleanse from all sin. And so me hope from my sin.’

‘ Are then all men cleansed from sin by his blood ?’

‘ Oh no, Massa.’

‘ Who are cleansed and saved ?’

‘ Those that have faith in him.’

‘ Can you prove that out of the Bible ?’

‘ Yes, Sir, ‘ he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.’ John. iii. 36.

‘ What is it to have faith ?’

‘ Me suppose that it is to tink much about Jesus Christ, to love him much, to believe all he says to be true, and to pray to him very much.’

‘ And have you such a faith as you describe ?’

‘ Oh! Massa, me tink sometime me have no faith.

‘ Why so, William?’

‘ When me want to tink about Jesus Christ, my mind run about after other things; when me want to love him, my heart seem quite cold; when me want to pray, the devil put bad, very bad thoughts into me, and me never tank Christ enough. Now all this make me sometime afraid I have no faith.’

I observed a very earnest glow of attention and fellow-feeling in some countenances present as he spoke these words. I then said,

‘ I think, William, I can prove that you have faith, notwithstanding your fears to the contrary. Answer me a few more questions.’

‘ Did you begin to think yourself a great sinner, and to feel the want of a Saviour, of your own self, and by your own thought and doing?’

‘ Oh! no, it came to me, when me tink noting about it, and seek noting about it.’

‘ Who sent the good minister in America to awaken your soul by his preaching?’

‘ Got, very certainly.’

‘ Who then began the work of serious thought and feeling in your mind?’

‘ The goot Got: me could not do it of myself, me sure of that.’

‘ Do you think that Jesus Christ and his salvation is the one thing most needful and most desirable?’

‘ Oh! yes, me quite sure of that.’

‘ Do you not believe that he is able to save you?’

‘ Yes, he is able to save to the uttermost.’

‘ Do you think he is not willing to save you?’

‘ Me dare not say that. He so goot, so merciful, he will not cast out any that come to him.’

‘Do you wish and desire and strive to keep his commandments?’

‘Yes, Massa, because me love him, and that make me want to do as he say.’

‘Are you willing to suffer for his sake, if God should call you to do so?’

‘Me do tink me could die for the love of him; he not tink it too much to die for wicked sinner; why should wicked sinner tink it much to die for so goot and righteous a Saviour?’

‘I think and hope I may say to you, William, thy faith hath made thee whole.’

Thus ended my examination for the present.— The other friends who were in the house listened with the most affectionate anxiety to all that passed. One of them observed, with evident emotion,

‘I see, Sir, that though some men are white, and some are black, true Christianity is all one colour. My own heart has gone with this good man every word he has spoken.’

After some time passed in conversation on the Negro’s history, I said, ‘Let us now praise God for the rich and unspeakable gift of his grace, and sing the hymn of *redeeming love*.’

Now begin the lovely theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus’ name, &c.

The Negro was not much used to our way of singing, yet joined with great earnestness and affection, that showed how truly he felt what was uttered. When the 5th verse was ended,

Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love;

he repeated the words, unconscious where he was,

‘No, noting but redeeming love bring him
down to poor William, noting but redeeming love.’

The following verses were added, and sung by way of conclusion :

See, a stranger comes to view ;
 Tho' he's black, he's comely too ;
 Comes to join the choirs above,
 Singing of redeeming love.
 Welcome, Negro, welcome here,
 Banish doubt, and banish fear,
 You, who Christ's salvation prove,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

I concluded, with some remarks on the nature of salvation by grace, and exhorted all present to press forward in the heavenly race. It was an evening, the circumstances of which, if they have never been recorded on earth, were yet doubtless registered in the book of remembrance above. In a few days the Negro was baptized ; and not long after he went on a voyage with his master. Since that time I have not been able to hear any tidings of him : whether he yet wanders as a pilgrim in this lower world, or whether he has joined the heavenly choir in the song of redeeming love in glory, I know not. This I do know, he was a monument to the Lord's praise. He bore the impression of the Saviour's image on his heart, and exhibited the marks of converting grace in his life and conversation, with singular simplicity and unfeigned sincerity.

O, give glory to God.

FINIS.