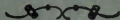
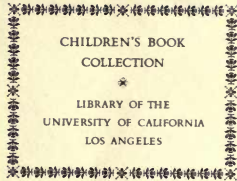


UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.



PHILADELPHIA :
Protestant Episcopal Book Society,
No. 1224 Chestnut Street.



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

\$ 60⁰⁰

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.



PHILADELPHIA :

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BOOK SOCIETY,

No. 1224 Chestnut Street.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

“WHAT are you reading so busily?” inquired Willie Thorn, as he, on a fine morning in spring, found one of his friends laying on the grass in the park, deeply engaged with a book, of whose pages half had been lost, and the other half appeared far from clean.

“The most interesting book, sir, I ever read in my life,” replied Tom Waters, looking up. “It’s all about a slave,—such a fine fellow, too!—who

lived somewhere a great way off, I suppose we have no slaves here."

"And what have you read about him?"

"Oh, sir, how they treated him! He had a master ten times worse than a tiger, who forced him to work from morning till night. Master Legree had no mercy at all in him, none! He beat and ill-used his slaves till at last two of them determined to run away—two women, sir!"

"And did they manage to escape?"

"Oh! they managed it very cleverly; but the worst of it was that poor Uncle Tom,—that was the name of the good old slave,—knew where they were hidden and would not tell: no, though his

master beat him and beat him, he would not tell. It was very dreadful, for the cruel wicked man, really killed him at last! Oh, I am glad that we have no such masters here!"

"Are you quite sure of that, Tom?"

"I never heard of any so bad," said Tom, in surprise at the question. "We have no slaves here; and if any one killed the poorest man, why, he would be hanged for murder, to be sure!"

"Yet," said Willie Thorn, "I was a slave once myself, and to a worse master than the one of whom you have been telling me."

Tom opened his eyes very wide.

"He made me serve him from morning till night, never had any pity upon

me, and had resolved, if he could, to destroy me at last."

"Why did you not run away?" cried the boy.

"I could not run away if no one helped me; I was too much in my master's power."

"And how did you escape at last?" cried the astonished Tom.

"I was bought by another Master, who set me free at once; who loved me, cared for me, clothed me, fed me, and called me his own son!"

"Bless him!" exclaimed Tom. "But I can hardly fancy, sir, that you ever really were bought!"

"You will be more surprised when I

tell you the *price* that my Deliverer paid, and willingly paid for me."

"Pray, tell me, sir, what he paid."

"He bought me with *his own blood*! —he offered himself to suffer instead of me,—he bore my stripes, he was reviled, he was scourged, he was spit upon,—all that he might set poor slaves free, take them to his home, and make them his own dear children!"

"How they must love him!" cried Tom. "To bear their stripes, to suffer instead of them, and then to set them free! Why, I never heard anything like that before! It must be quite a pleasure to serve such a master!"

"It is a pleasure," replied Thorn, earnestly.

“And all his slaves,—I mean his freed men,—serve him gladly, do they not, sir?”

“Alas! too many of them take the first opportunity of running back to their old master!”

“Oh, sir, that is quite impossible! Leave a kind, generous master, who paid such a price for them, to serve a cruel, hard-hearted tyrant! Oh! you must be mistaken—that cannot be—I can never believe that! And you said, too, that the wicked master sometimes killed his poor slaves at last?”

“*Always, if they do not escape from him in time; for the wages of sin is DEATH, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*”

Tom looked as if he could not understand what he meant; then gradually his face grew brighter, and he said, "Ah, sir, I see your meaning quite plain now! *Sin* is the cruel master whom people serve; and the kind Friend who freed the slaves, and loved them, and suffered for them, is the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Right. He is a friend indeed, and saves us from worse bondage than any that man ever inflicted."

"I can hardly think that it could be *worse* than what I have been reading about. I cannot make out that sin is a more cruel master than Legree."

"Even in this world it is a very cruel master, Tom. Look at Jenn Payne.

When I knew him first he was in a respectable lodging, with regular work and a fair character. Then he took to drinking, lost his situation, lost his character, lost his health. Surely, sin was a cruel master to him?"

"Yes; and Jack Hobbs, too, that was sent to prison for stealing; and Rob Carter, who lost his eye in prize-fighting. Certainly sin was a cruel master to them; but not to *every one*, do you think, sir?"

"Yes, to *every one*. He robs us of peace here and heaven hereafter. What would you say to a master who promised to you for wages a burning fiery furnace at the end of your service?"

"That would be a dreadful master indeed! But I do not quite understand

how the Lord Jesus Christ sets us free from sin."

"First, He sets us free from its *punishment*; he bore our stripes for us, he shed his precious blood that we might be freely forgiven. Then he saves us from its *power*; for he gives us his Holy Spirit, if we pray for it, that we may never be the slaves of sin again."

"I am afraid that I have often been running back to my old master," said Tom, thoughtfully. "Many and many a time have I followed sin instead of serving the Lord."

"Perhaps," observed Willie Thorn, "you have not tried to keep out of temptation."

“Why, no sir; I can't say that I have.”

“When the slaves escaped from the cruel Legree, did they come back to the edge of his plantation just to look about and wonder if he could seize them again?”

“Oh, no; they could not have been so mad! They ran away as far from him as they could get. They never wanted to see his face again, I am certain of that.”

“So those who have truly repented of their former sins should keep out of the way of temptation. They should shun bad company, and never walk near the edge of the path which leadeth to destruction. Shall I tell you of three

safeguards which every one should try, that he may never fall again into the power of sin?"

"Pray, tell me them, sir; and as you speak I will consider whether I have them or not."

"They are first, PRAYER. Do you pray to God every night and morning?"

Tom hung down his head.

"The second safeguard is READING THE BIBLE. Do you love your Bible?"

Tom looked grave and was silent.

"The third is, KEEPING GOD'S DAY HOLY, AND ATTENDING IN HIS HOUSE. I never see you in church, Tom."

"I'm afraid," said Tom, after a pause, "that I am obeying my old tyrant rather than my new Master."

“Turn then from sin from this hour, my boy; *choose at once whom you will serve.* The Lord is calling you to himself. He says, *Cease to do evil, learn to do well.* He has bought you with his blood, and you are by right his, soul and body! Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him. Oh, remember, that they who will not serve him on earth will not rejoice with him in heaven!—that as you choose now, so will your portion be for ever! *The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord*” (Rom. vi. 23.)

ambomaf
poadl 606158802



PRESENTED BY THE

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION,

CENTRAL OFFICE,

No. 13 Bank Street, Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. STUART, *Chairman.*

JOSEPH PATTERSON, *Western Bank, Treasurer.*

REV. W. E. BOARDMAN, *Secretary.*