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THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better Land,
Thou call’st its children happy band;
Mother, Oh! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more,
Is it where the flow’r of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs.
Not there! Not there! my child.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the islands of glittering seas
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
O’er the rich hues of all glorious things.
Not there! Not there! my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the vallies shine
And the diamond lights up the secret mine?
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand,
Is it there sweet Mother that better Land!
Not there! Not there! my child.

Eye hath not seen it my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its faultless bloom
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb!
It is there! It is there! my child.
The woman-slave says, "Am I not a woman and a sister?" The man-slave says, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

Of whom do they ask this question? Of the slaveholders. What! is the slave a brother or a sister to those who hold them in bondage? Yes. All men are the children of God.
Can those who hold their brothers and sisters in slavery love God? Let the Bible answer. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"—1 John iv, 30.

HIRING SLAVES.

"I do not own a slave," said Mr. Belnap, a Connecticut man who has lived many years in Georgia,—"Not I, and I never mean to." His old aunt Deborah heard him say this, and she believed he did what was as bad as holding slaves; so she said, "don't you hire slaves?" Mr. Belnap looked confused, and replied, "yes, I hire a few." His aunt then told him he did about as bad to hire them as to buy them, for he encouraged other people to buy them. By hiring them, he did as much as to say he approved of slavery. "The receiver is as bad as the thief," said aunt Deborah, "and I would neither buy nor hire a poor slave."
THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK GIRL.

Ellen one day burst into tears, ran to her mother, hid her face in her lap, and said, "Oh, mother, how happy I am that there is a heaven; and I wish I could go there now, now, dear mother."

"What is the matter, my child?" said her mother.

Ellen said, "I have been to play with sister Mary, and a lady passed by with a sweet pleasant face. I thought I should love her as soon as I saw her. She stopped and kissed Mary's rosy cheek. Then she looked at me, and as she saw my hunch-back, she said, "poor child!'" Then mother, I could not help crying. And she gave me some money. She couldn't love me, and so she gave me money. Mother, will you take the money and buy some clothes for little John who comes to the door to beg? I shall not bear to think of it. And now, mother, I will read and not feel unhappy any more."

Everybody feels for Ellen, the hunch-
back little girl. And why? Because she is a little white girl, and is hunch-backed. But she does not suffer more than thousands and thousands of children do in this country, who feel as much as Ellen does, just for the color God gave their skin. How cruel!

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

I'm but a child before thee,
   My Father in the sky!
But I can yet adore thee,
   Although thou art so high;
And now begin to love thee,
   And love thee till I die.

Thou all my thoughts art knowing,
   By day-time and by night;
Whatever I am doing,
   I do it in thy sight.
From wrong, then, ever keep me,
   And may I do the right.

From thee comes all that makes me
   So happy through the day;
The morning light that wakes me,
   The health that makes me gay.
O teach me how to thank thee,
   To thank thee when I pray.
POOR LITTLE GIRL.

Last August a man brought to the Mayor's office in the city of Mobile, a small colored girl aged about eight or ten years, whom he had taken into his house during the previous night.

She had crawled under the window of his bed-room to keep herself from the night air, and so that she could be warmer than she would be, sleeping out of doors. The poor child had been cruelly whipped, worked very hard, and was almost starved. She is almost a skeleton, and so weak as to be hardly able to stand upon her feet.

The night she was so kindly taken into the house of Mr. Miller, for that is the man's name, his wife asked him to get up and see where the moans came from, that she heard. She did not know but her favorite little dog, Rosa, had been left out of doors, and was whining to get in.

Mr. Miller arose, and, on lifting the window, found the child, unable to stand
or speak, or to utter any expression except the faint, death-like moan, which had first been scarcely heard. He lifted her by the arm through the window, and said to his wife, that he feared the little girl was dying from hunger and cold.

They wrapped her in warm flannels and gave her some warm tea and other refreshments. She was soon able to tell them who she was. It seems her cruel master had been whipping her for not bringing home the cows. When he sent her back for them the second time, he told her that if she came home without the cows, he would whip her to death.

She did not find them and was afraid to go home. So she lay down without food or shelter. The back of the poor little sufferer was, says the editor of the "Mobile Examiner," cut into strings, and the flesh was so worn from her limbs that every joint showed itself through the skin. Her little lips clung
closely over her teeth; her cheeks were sunken; and when she shut her eyes the lids looked more like film than flesh or skin.

This wicked slaveholder, the newspaper says, is a foreigner. From what part of the world he comes we do not know, but he is a monster of cruelty. It is dreadful to see children suffer so much, but how much more cruel it is to keep them in slavery, prevent them from learning to read and write and bring them up as heathen.

In the reign of Edward the First, king of England, the price of a Bible was thirty-seven pounds sterling, or upwards of one hundred and sixty dol-
lars. The pay of a laborer, in those days, was three half-pence a day, or nearly four cents; so that to buy a copy of the Bible would have taken from a poor man the earnings of upwards of four thousand days. Deducting Sabbaths, more than fourteen years labor then, would have been required to purchase a single Bible. Now a Bible may be bought of the American Bible Society, for fifty cents; and the pay of a laborer is such that the poorest man may earn enough to buy two Bibles for one day's labor!

Consider the poor slaves! Each of their day's labor is worth more than enough to purchase a Bible, beside their victuals and clothes. And yet they have to work hard every day, and sometimes half of the night, and are not allowed to own a Bible, or to give a Testament to one of their little children. After working all day long in the hot sun, it would be some consolation to them if they could go home and read in the Bible,—"Envy thou not the op-
pressor, and choose none of his ways." — "For the Lord will plead their cause; and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them." — "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." — "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that there is no more that they can do." — "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.'

But the day will come when the rod of the oppressor will be broken, and the slaves will go free. God has said it. Let us pray for that day, and work for it, and it will come.

INCENDIARISM.

In looking over a child's book, I find something about slavery. As many of these little books have gone to the South I wonder what the children there think about them. Their fathers have not found out the "incendiary" matter in them yet, probably; and I don't mean to tell them where they can find it. I make one extract:
What was you not born?
*I was not born a little slave.*
Where do slaves labor?
*They labor in the sun.*
What do they sometimes wish?
*They wish they were in their graves.*
Why do they wish they were in their graves?
*Because all their labour would then be done.*
What are slaves?
*Black people who belong* to white men, and are bought and sold like cattle.

This is singular enough! I do not think the slaveholders wish to have their children read in such books. But they cannot well help it, for anti-slavery sentiments are in a great many books. The Bible is full of them.

*WHAT GOD SAYS.

God says “all souls are mine.” The slaveholders say, “No! two and a half

*Not belong.* That is slaveholders’ language. I should say who are held by white people.
millions of them are mine.” God says, “break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.” The slaveholder says, “chain that man; put a yoke on his neck; and keep him in slavery.” But God is stronger than man. And He is not a man that he should lie. He said he will break the rod of the oppressor, and let the oppressed go free. He will do it.

**WHAT SLAVES THINK.**

Mr. William T. Allan, one of the anti-slavery agents, is the son of a slaveholder. He says that when he was small, one of his father’s slaves one day, as he was chopping wood at the door, called him, and said, “William, what right has your father to hold me in slavery? Has not God made of one blood all the nations of men that dwell upon the earth? When you and I were lying in the cradle were we not equal? What if I had enjoyed your advantages, might I not have been as much of a man as you?”
Mr. Allan told him that the slaves could not take care of themselves if they were free. "Ha!" said the man, "that's a pretty story! I should like to know who earned all these things we see around here, that corn in the crib, and those pigs in the pen; and who supports these white folks, and themselves too?"

He had heard little shavers, three or four years old, as they played about the yard, talking about liberty, and saying one to another, "I wish I was free." They all think and talk about liberty, from the oldest to the youngest.

A woman in his father's family who had lost a child said, she was glad it was dead, and she wished all her children were dead. "Then," she said, "they would not be slaves."

Another woman lost her babe. It was a very interesting child, and the mother loved it very much. She was asked how she felt at the death of her child. She said, "perhaps it is best
where it is gone, for it is gone where no slavery is.” She was glad it was free in heaven, rather than a slave on earth.

THE WORD NEGRO.

A dear white girl, in her eleventh year, who is a member of a colored Bible class, came to the superintendent after school and asked—

“Is it right to call colored people, negroes?”

The superintendent told her the word negro, *in itself*, meant nothing bad. It comes from *Niger*. In Africa there is a river of that name. It is not known whether the people gave their name to the river, or received it from the river. *Niger* means Negro, and it is, in itself, as good a name as Indian, American, Englishman, or any other word that describes people. But as it has been made a term of reproach it is not best to say negro. It is better to say colored people, or people of color.
WHAT CHILDREN THINK.

A few weeks since, I attended the examination of a district school, when the piece below was read as the production of a little boy eleven years old. I am authorized to say that the composition is entirely his own, with the exception that I have taken the liberty to make two or three very slight alterations in words, not at all changing the sense.

A. B.

"Some call me a strong abolitionist, I think I have good reason for it. For I have Christ on my side. He never told any body to go and steal negroes from Africa and sell them to America. And the Old Testament says, (Ex. xxi, 16.) 'He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.'

"And Christ was our example too, and he never held slaves. He might if he had wanted to. He says, in John xv, 12. 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have
loved you. If men did love each other they would not make slaves of one another. If men kept the golden rule, there would be no slaves; for no anti-abolitionist would want to take the slave’s place, and have the slaves take their place.

“In Lev. xxv, 10, it says, ‘And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto the inhabitants thereof,’—it does not except the black.

“In Solomon’s Songs, i, 5, 6, it says, ‘I am black but comely, look not upon me because I am black.’ Solomon was a friend of the blacks, for if he had not been he would not have written this: as wise a man as Solomon was, he did not despise the black. Philip did not despise the black; for if he had he would not have preached to the black: he rode with an Ethiopian and preached to him.

“I can prove that the Spirit of God is not in the states where there are slaves by a verse in the bible: 2 Cor. iii, 17
'Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where
the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'
"The kink of the hair and the color of
the skin do not keep slaves from wanting
their freedom; they have the same affect-
tion for each other that we have; they
do not wish to work for nothing. In
Jeremiah xxii, 13, it says, 'Woe unto
him that useth his neighbour's service
without wages, and giveth him not for
his work.' This proves that the slave-
holders do wrong.

"The Bible proves that the slaveholders
do wrong in every thing about slavery.
It proves that it is wrong to steal them
and sell them; and wrong not to give
them wages; and it is wrong not to set
them at liberty; and it proves there is
not the Spirit of God there. These are
principles of strong abolition. If any
are abolitionists, they are strong ones or
none at all: for if they are not for, they
are against."
HE IS A FREEMAN NOW.

On the tenth day of March, 1832, a slave that had been brought up in the state of Kentucky, purchased his freedom. They are sometimes able to do this by agreeing to give their masters so much a year for their time, and keeping all they can earn over. When they work for themselves they work very fast, and lay up something, especially when they can work in the free states.

His master permitted him to go where he pleased, and earn what money he could, on condition that he would pay him six hundred dollars for his freedom. So he came to Cincinatti, Ohio. All he had was his liberty, and sixty-two cents in his pocket.

He opened a barber's shop, worked hard, paid the six hundred dollars, and is now worth five thousand dollars! He has a wife, and several children. He has also bought the freedom of his sister, who is now one of his family. This man is a member of the Baptist church. He always keeps his shop shut on the Sabbath, and has learned to read. He is only thirty years of age.

How many white men could have done as much?

Some people say, if the slaves were emancipated they could not take care of themselves. If this man should hear any person say so, he would laugh. Not take care of themselves! James Bradley, an emancipated slave, said, "the slaves now support themselves and their masters and mistresses too, and it would be strange indeed if they could not support themselves."
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Just God! behold the negro's woe,
The white man's sin forgive;
Open his heart thy love to know,
To bid his brother live.