

Moses and His Master.

Mr. B—— was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business especially in grain. One morning as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped upon the dock of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave indication of distress; and he accosted him with: "Hey! my man, what is the matter with you?" The negro man lifted his eyes and replied: "Ah, Massa, I've in great trouble." "What about?" "Kase I've fotchod up here to be sold."

commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning, and when he began his prayer it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if, as he termed it, he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, so loud that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children and our whole family connection to the third generation; and sometimes when we would have visitors, Moses' prayer would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of whole company; and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it seemed to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbade his praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed, and my rule is never to whip, but when a negro proves incorrigible I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would be perfectly regardless of my orders. "You spoke of Moses' quarter, I suppose from that he has a family." "Yes, he has a woman and three children."

Soon Mr. B——'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, and some one sobbing violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Col. C——'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring. When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled to see Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon his knees with his arms around the Col.'s waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Col. stood weeping audibly. As soon as the Col. could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B—— that he had never been able to free himself from Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and all his children had been converted. Moses responded: "Bress God, Massa C——, doe I way up hea, I nebbef forgit you in my prayers; I ollers put the old massa side the new one. Bress God dis makes Moses tink bout Joseph in de Egypt agin." The Colonel then stated to Mr. B—— that his object in coming to Baltimore, was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B—— assured him that that was out of the question, for he could not part with him, and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age. Years rolled on and the kind purpose of the master was fulfilled, and in conclusion the relator of this story adds: "Old Moses is still living and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own, and I suppose sings and prays and shouts to his heart's content.—Methodist Protestant."

STUPIDITY OF SENSIBLE PEOPLE. Sir Isaac Newton constructed a house for his cats. For the convenience of the cat he cut a large hole for entrance for the equal convenience of the kittens he cut a smaller one, and it was not until his attention was called to it that he realized the fact, while one would suppose might be self-evident to the feeblest understanding, that the large hole would have served for both. The author of the "Principia," one of the grandest works of the human intellect, failed to perceive that a kitten could go through a hole made for a cat. Richard Brinsley Shersnan hired a suburban villa, and two days later received a visit from a friend, who was told to climb the fence in order to enter the house. "But why not open the gate?" the friend inquired. "Because I can't untie the string." "Why don't you cut it then?" Sheridan looked at him in amazement, drew his knife, cut the rope, walked through the gate, and turning around kicked it off the hinges. "If you love me, please kick me in the same fashion," he remarked to his friend. The most brilliant wit of his time, the dramatist who could unravel the most intricate complications in stage situations, had climbed the fence for two days for lack of the stroke of a pen-knife. A few years ago one of our famous men was found dead under circumstances which gave rise to suspicion of suicide. One of his acquaintances remarked, "He was certainly crazy. One evening I called upon him and found him trying to write a letter. I could hardly see my way across the room. He complained that his eyesight must be failing, as it was hard for him to follow the lines upon the paper. In surprise I turned up the gas. His look of astonishment, as he glanced at the light, at me, the letter, and at the light again, was something impossible to describe. Of course he was crazy. If he hadn't been he would have turned up the gas himself." So easily do we reach our conclusions; so easily do we take things for granted. Yet Sir Isaac Newton was never supposed to be 'out of his mind,' and Sheridan was never suspected of being a lunatic. The gas jet simply served to throw more light on the stupidity of a sensible man, instead of proving by its feeble glimmer the corresponding feebleness of his intellect. Nothing is more constantly and completely surprising than these apparent lapses of intelligence in persons whose intellect is ac-

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