Pictures and Stories from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.
THIS LITTLE WORK

IS DESIGNED TO ADAPT

MRS. STOWE'S TOUCHING NARRATIVE

TO THE UNDERSTANDINGS OF THE YOUNGEST READERS

AND TO FOSTER IN THEIR HEARTS

A GENEROUS SYMPATHY FOR THE

WRONGED NEGRO RACE OF AMERICA.
The purpose of the Editor of this little Work, has been to adapt it for the juvenile family circle. The verses have accordingly been written by the Authoress for the capacity of the youngest readers, and have been printed in a large bold type. The prose parts of the book, which are well suited for being read aloud in the family circle, are printed in a smaller type, and it is presumed that in these our younger friends will claim the assistance of their older brothers or sisters, or appeal to the ready aid of their mamma.

January, 1853.
UNCLE TOM'S
PICTURE BOOK.

THE SALE OF LITTLE HARRY.

Come read my book good boys and girls
That live on freedom's ground,
With pleasant homes, and parents dear,
And blithesome playmates round;
And you will learn a woeful tale,
Which a good woman told,
About the poor black negro race,
How they are bought and sold.

Within our own America
Where these bad deeds are done,
A father and a mother lived
Who had a little son;
As slaves, they worked for two rich men,
Whose fields were fair and wide—
But Harry was their only joy,
They had no child beside.

Now Harry's hair was thick with curls
And softly bright his eyes,
And he could play such funny tricks
And look so wondrous wise,
That all about the rich man's house
Were pleased to see him play,
Till a wicked trader buying slaves
Came there one winter day.

The trader and the rich man sat
Together, at their wine,
When in poor simple Harry slipped
And he would take him far away,
He shewed them how the dandy danced,
In hopes of something fine.
And how old Cudjoe walked,
Till loud they laughed and gave him grapes
And then in whispers talked.

The young child knew not what they said,
But at the open door
Eliza, his poor mother, stood,
Oh children dear, 'twas sad to hear,
That for the trader's gold,
To that hard-hearted evil man
Her own sweet boy was sold.

To where the cotton grew,
And sell him for a slave to men
More hard and wicked too.
His want, or sickness there,
She knew that none would heed his woe,
Nor ever would she see his face,
Or hear his evening prayer.

Before setting out, Eliza took a piece of paper
And a pencil, and wrote hastily the following note

"Oh missus! dear missus! don't think me ungrateful; don't think hard of me. I am going to try to save my boy; you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!

Flitting and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied firmly round her waist; and so fond a mother's remembrance, that even in the terrors of that hour she did not forget to put up in the little package one or two of his favourite toys.

On the bed lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his eyes half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bedclothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face. "Poor boy! poor fellow!" said Eliza, "they have sold you, but your mother will save you yet.

It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but after some effort he sat up, and began playing with his wooden bird, while his mother was putting on her little boy's cap and coat. She drew near the bed with his little coat and cap.

"Where are you going, mother?" said he, as he started herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep.

So when the house was all asleep,
And when the stars were bright,
Away through bitter frost and snow
Did that poor mother flee;
And fled through that cold night—
Read on, and you shall see.
to detain the trader; for, pretending to be in great haste, they squatted for this and that, and frightened the horses, till they ran off over hedges and ditches, with Andy and Sam after them, laughing till their sides ached as soon as they got out of sight. The trader all the while stood cursing and swearing, like a wicked man as he was. When the horses were caught, they were so tired with their race, that he was fain to let them stay and rest till dinner-time. But when dinner-time came, Chloe the cook, of whom you will hear more in the course of the story, spilled one diji, kept another long in baking; and so the trader did not get his dinner till it was late in the afternoon. The horses were brought out at last, and he set off with Sam and Andy in pursuit of poor Harry and his mother. They had gone a great way by this time, and Eliza's feet were sore with walking all the night and day, and Harry was ready to lie down and sleep on the snow. As the sun was setting, they came in sight of the great river Ohio. There was no bridge over it. People crossed in boats in the summer time, and in winter on the thick ice, with which it was always covered. Now it was the month of February. The ice had broken, because spring was near. The river was swollen over all its banks, and no boatsman would venture on it. There was a little inn hard by, and there poor Eliza hoped to get a little rest for herself and Harry, who was now fast asleep in her arms. She had just sat down by the fire, when, who should ride into the yard but the trader and his guides. The swift horses had brought them much quicker than she and Harry could walk, but the weary mother would not lose her child. She darted out with him that moment, and the verses will tell you by what means she escaped.

**ELIZA CROSSING THE RIVER**

From her resting-place by the trader chased,  
Through the winter evening cold,  
Eliza came with her boy at last,  
Where a broad deep river rolled.

Great blocks of the floating ice were there,  
And the water's roar was wild,  
But the cruel trader's step was near,  
Who would take her only child.

Poor Harry clung around her neck,  
But a word he could not say,  
For his very heart was faint with fear,  
And with flying all that day.

Her arms about the boy grow tight,  
With a loving clasp, and brave;  
"Hold fast! Hold fast, now, Harry dear,  
And it may be God will save."

From the river's bank to the floating ice  
She took a sudden bound,  
And the great block swayed beneath her feet  
With a dull and heavy sound.

So over the roaring rushing flood,  
From block to block she sprang,  
And ever her cry for God's good help  
Above the waters rang.

And God did hear that mother's cry,  
For never an ice-block sank;  
While the cruel trader and his men  
Stood wondering on the bank.

A good man saw on the further side,  
And gave her his helping hand;  
So poor Eliza, with her boy,  
Stood safe upon the land.

A blessing on that good man's arm,  
On his house, and field, and store;  
May he never want a friendly hand  
To help him to the shore!

A blessing on all that make such haste,  
Whatever their hands can do!  
For they that succour the sore distressed,  
Our Lord will help them too.
was dead, and raised a terrible alarm. Mr. J. and Mrs. B. would listen to no defence of such a law, and said, "To give shelter to poor runaway slaves. But Mrs. Bird to defend a law lately passed, which forbade any one about politics, but I can read my Bible, and there found poor Eliza just recovering from her faint.

This moment that poor Eliza and little Harry came to his own room close by the kitchen, and 111 think what to do for her in the morning. Meanwhile, never fear poor woman, put your trust in God, He will protect you." Mrs. Bird and her husband re-entered the parlour. She sat down in her little rocking chair before the fire, swaying it thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird rose up and down the room, gathering to himself. At length, striding up to his wife, he said —

"I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here this very night. That trader fellow will be down here early to-morrow morning."

"To Canada if I only knew where that was. Is heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"

Mr. Bird returned about twelve o'clock with the carriage. "Mary," said he, coming in with his overcoat in his hand, you must wake your up now. We must be off." Suddenly rising in a deck, honest, and shrewd that had belonged to her benefactress, poor Eliza appreled at the door with her child in her arms. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of petticoats and rows of small blouses; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a large black and white picture of a small——gathered with many a tear and many a heart-blood! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her hand on her head when it fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her hand, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving, little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am and I hope God will send his blessings with them!"
and searched everywhere for his wife and child, to take them with him to Canada, which you know belongs to England. Oh what a happy meeting that was between George, Eliza, and little Harry. But they could not remain long with the kind Quakers. Their cruel pursuers had found out where they were hid, so they had all to set out again together. This time they were guided by the brave-hearted Phineas Fletcher, and hoped to reach Canada in safety. But their pursuers overtook them, and they had to run to the rocks to defend themselves, as the verses will tell.

THE DEFENCE.

See Harry's poor father, with pistol in hand,  
How bravely he takes on the steep rock his stand,  
Over rivers, and forests, and towns he has passed,  
And found his Eliza and Harry at last.

The kind Quaker folks that wear drab, brown, and gray,  
To the wanderers gave shelter and bread on their way,  
Their warm clothes were given them, their waggon was lent,  
And the strong-armed Phineas along with them went.

Their hope was to journey to Canada's shore,  
Where the trader or master could reach them no more;  
For the English flag floats there, o'er land and o'er sea,  
And they knew in its shadow the negro was free.

But far is their way through the slave-dealing land,  
And now on their track comes the trader's fierce band;  
So for refuge and rest to the rocks they have run,  
And the father will fight for his wife and his son.

He fires on the first up the steep rock that springs,  
But the trader comes on, shouting all wicked things,  
Till Phineas right over the crag flings him clear,  
Saying, "Friend, in my mind thou hast no business here."

Then off go the traders to find them more men,  
And off go the friends in their waggon again;  
But don't you wish well to the good man for life,  
Who would fight for his freedom, his child, and his wife?
After this, George and Eliza, with their little Harry, journeyed on, never stopping, except at the house of another kind friend, to disguise themselves before going on board the steamboat, which at last brought them safe to Canada.

ARRIVAL IN THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

Look on the travellers kneeling,
In thankful gladness, here,
As the boat that brought them o'er the lake,
Goes steaming from the pier.
'Tis Harry, like a girl disguised,
His mother, like a boy,
But the father kneels beside them,
And their hearts are full of joy.
No man can buy or sell them,
No trader chase them more,
The land of freedom has been gained,
The good Canadian shore.
And they are strangers on the soil,
As poor as poor can be,
But the English flag above them floats,
They know that they are free.

George got employment in a factory, and as he was active and clever in his work, he soon earned enough to take a pretty little house, where they all lived together. Harry grew older, and went to school, where he was a good boy, and never forgot how God had preserved him from the wicked trader, and what his poor mother had suffered to bring him away. His father, George, though he worked all day, was learning too from all sorts of good books, which he used to read by the fire in the evenings. He was ever thinking of the poor heathen kings in Africa, and the negroes they sold for slaves. So at last, when he had learned a great deal, he determined to become a missionary, and, with his wife and family, he embarked for Africa, where he still labours, teaching the poor negroes the glad tidings of the gospel.

WHO UNCLE TOM WAS.

Now I must tell you something about Uncle Tom, from whom this book is named. He was a negro man, as black as jet, and a slave, belonging to Mr. Shelby, the rich man who at first owned Eliza and Harry. Mr. Shelby had a great estate, and many slaves to cultivate it, but they all loved and respected Tom, for he was a good Christian, and kind to everybody, on which account they used all to call him Uncle. Tom's master was kind to his slaves, and especially to Tom, because he was honest and careful with his property. Tom had a
The fire light shows on the lowly bed,
Each dusky face, and each curly head
Of his little children, sound asleep;
Oh well may their poor tired mother weep!

Now Tom is trying to soothe her woe:
"Dear Chloe 'tis best that I should go,
Our babies and you will live safely here,
And I may be far, but God is near."

"Yet think of me, love, when I am gone,
And the days of the pleasant spring come on.
Don't grieve, dear wife"—and his tears fell fast.
"You know you will meet in heaven at last."

Tom might have fled away, as Eliza did with Harry, but he took pity on Mr. Shelby for being sold, his wife and children would be sold to pay it. The negroes on the estate were very sorry to part with him, George Shelby was from home when Tom was sold, and knew nothing about the matter. But he returned that very day, and the moment he learned that Tom was gone, he saddled his horse and rode after him. When he came up to the wagon he sprang into it, and throwing his arms round Tom's neck, began sobbing and sobbing most violently. "I declare it's a shame! I don't care what they say of them. It's a many selves shame! If I was a man, they shouldn't do it," said George.

"Oh, Mr. Shelby, please, do me good?" said Tom. "I couldn't bear to go off without seein' you. It does me real good, ye can't tell!" Here Tom couldn't bear to think of it isn't it a shame? They never sent for me, nor sent me any word, and, if it hadn't been for Tom Lincoln, I shouldn't have heard it. I tell ye, I blowed up well, all of them, at home.

"That wasn't right, I'm feared, Mr. George."
"Can't help it! I say it's a shame! Look here, Uncle Tom," said he, turning his back to the rest of the party, and speaking in a mystic tone, "I told Aunt Chloe I'd do it, and she advised through, so you could hang it round your neck, would take it away. I tell ye, Tom, I want to blow him up! it would do me good."

"No, you won't, Mr. George; and you must not say any more about it."
"Yes, I will, Uncle Tom," said George, seriously.

"And be careful of ye speaking, Mr. George. Young boys, when they come to your age, is wi'fie, sometimes it's natur they should be. But real gentlemen, such as I hopes you'll be, never has no words that isn't respectful to their parents. Ye ain't offended, Mr. George?"

"No indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice.

"I've older, ye know," said Tom, streaking the boy's face with his huge, strong hand, but speaking in a voice as tender as a woman's—"I've brought you your dollar!"

"Oh, I couldn't think o'takin' it, Mr. George, no ways in the world," said Tom, quite moved.

"But you shall take it," said George. "Look ev'ry right you my dollar!"

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom. "Thank you, my little lady," said George, "now I knows I'm loved."

"Don't know who."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I was asked to call ye Uncle Tom, because you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, there are you goin',' soon as we get down.

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't I know?" said Eva.

"No. I'm no goin' to be a nobody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva, quickly; "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to, this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

"The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood, and Eva, loving her father's village, bade them move a little away. Eva went up, and Tom followed forward to offer his service inwooding, and soon was busy among the hogs.

Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the breeze start from the hoisting-place; the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat, into the water. Eva's father, scarce knowing what he did, was playing in after her, but was held back by some behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had followed his child.

"Tom was standing just under her on the lower deck as she fell. He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water, till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and placed her gently on the deck, and then walked back and came to her. Eva had long yellow curls, and a fair, pretty face; better than that, she everybody loved Eva St. Clair, especially her father, and there was nobody among the passengers who did not admire her. There was a place about the steamboat, for they were days and nights on the voyage. Eva used to come close and look at him, when he sat thinking of Chloe and the children. The little one was shy, notwithstanding all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her, but now at last Tom and she were on quite confidential terms.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom at last, when he thought matters were ripe enough to push such an inquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clair," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom; the little children, used to call me Uncle Tom, away back in Kentucky."

"Then, I meant to call you Uncle Tom, because you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, there are you goin', soon as we get down."

"I'm asked to call ye Uncle Tom, because you see, I like you."
brought them safely to New Orleans. The trader
took all his slaves away to sell them in that town;
and Tom was taken to Mr. St. Clair's fine house,
where you see him and Eva. You may also see
the scene of little Topsy, a poor negro child,
whom Mr. St. Clair bought, and made a present of
to his cousin Miss Fanny.

EVA PUTTING A WREATH OF FLOWERS
ROUND TOM'S NECK.

Poor Tom is far from his cottage now,
From his own good wife, and children three,
Where coffee, and rice, and cedars grow,
By a wide old river like the sea.

And he has a master rich and kind,
With all that his heart can well desire,
But homeward still goes the negro's mind,
To the curly heads by his cottage fire.

He the gentle Eva's life did save,
When over the great ship's side she fell,
And brought her up from the drowning wave,—
So Eva had grown to love him well.

She will read to Tom for hours on hours,
And sit with him on the grass all day;
You see she is wreathing pretty flowers,
About his neck, in her pleasant play.

Different in colour and in years
Are the negro man and that fair child's face;
But a likeness in God's sight appears,
For both are the children of his grace.
Topsy at the Looking Glass.

See little Topsy at the glass quite gay,
Her mistress has forgot the keys to-day,
So she has rummaged every drawer, and dressed
Herself out in Miss Feely’s very best.

Mark where she stands! the shawl of gorgeous red
Wound like a Turk’s great turban round her head;
A finer shawl for trailing on the floor,
Just shows her bare black elbows, and no more.

With what an air she flaunts the ivory fan,
And tries to step as stately as she can,
Mincing fine words to her own shadow, “Dear I
How very un genteel the folks are here!”

But while that shadow only Topsy sees,
Back comes the careful lady for her keys,
And finds her in the grandeur all arrayed—
Poor Topsy will be punished, I’m afraid.

Now it is wrong, as every reader knows,
To rummage people’s drawers, and wear their clothes;
But Topsy is a negro child, you see,
Who never learned to read like you and me.

A child whom bad men from her mother sold,
Whom a harsh mistress used to cuff and scold,
Whom no one taught or cared for all her days,
No wonder that the girl had naughty ways.
No home, no school, no Bible she had seen,
How bless'd besides poor Topsy we have been!
Yet boys and girls among ourselves, I've known
Puffed up with praise for merits not their own.

The copy by some clever school-mate penned,
The witty saying picked up from a friend,
Makes many a miss and master look as fine,
As if they coined the words or penned the line.

But none can keep such borrowed plumes as these,
For some one still comes back to find the keys,
And so they are found out, it comes to pass,
Just like poor Topsy at the looking-glass.

POPSY BRINGING FLOWERS TO EVA.

Poor Topsy, trying to be kind,
Has brought a bunch of garden flowers
To Eva, when she lies reclined
Through the bright summer's sultry hours.

For sickness hangs on Eva now,
She can no longer run or play,
Her cheek is pale, her voice is low,
And there she lies the livelong day.

Yet Eva does not fear to die,
She knows a better home remains
For her, beyond the great blue sky,
Where comes no sickness, tears, or pains.

"Oh mother dear, let Topsy stay,"
Says Eva in her gentle mood,
"She brought such pretty flowers to-day,
Indeed she's trying to be good."
For in her happier days of health
She read and prized her Bible true,
Above this poor world's pride or wealth,
And loved her blessed Saviour too.

And she like him was kind to all,
And pity on poor Topsy had,
Because the rest would scold and call
Her names, for being black and bad.

So Eva strove to make her good,
And told her, of all tales the best,
How Christ came down to shed his blood,
That sinners might be saved and blest.

Poor Topsy tried to understand—
None ever taught her so before—
And brought the sweet flowers in her hand,—
The negro girl could do no more.

But Eva's proud mamma comes in
With scornful look and frown severe,
She cries, "begone, you nasty thing!"
In all the world what brings you here?"

"Oh mother dear, let Topsy stay,"
Says Eva in her gentle mood,
"She brought such pretty flowers to-day,
Indeed she's trying to be good."

"I'm going fast, where there will be
No difference, but in sins forgiven,
And mother it might chance that we
Would bring poor Topsy flowers in heaven."
THE DEATH OF EVA.

There is peace on Eva's wasted brow,
And a soft light in her eye;
But her father's heart grows hopeless now,
For he knows that she must die.

Yet the thought is kind and the trust is true,
As she takes him by the hand,—
"Dear father I will look for you
In the light of God's own land.

"Oh let them cut the long, long curls
That flow about my head,
And let our poor kind negroes come
For a moment round my bed.

"They have smoothed and stroked it many a day
In their kindly sport, and care,
And it may be they will think of me
When they see that curling hair."

The negroes loved her, young and old,
With a fond and deep regard,
For Eva's look was never sour,
And her words were never hard.

And her old nurse by the bedside stood,
Sore sobbing in her woe,
That so many sinners here should stay,
And the good and young should go.

"Dear nurse," said Eva, "I go home
To the happiest home of all;
Where never an evil thing will come,
And never a tear will fall.

And I will hope each one to see,
That blessed home within;
Where Christ himself will set us free
From the bonds of death and sin."

Oh, swift and sad were the tears that fell,
As her gifts among them passed,
And Tom, he got the first fair curl,
And Topsy got the last.

But first and last alike were given,
With some words of love and prayer;
And it may be, hearts were helped to heaven,
By the links of that soft hair.

When Eva was dead and buried, Tom missed
her sore, but he knew it was the will of God, and
tried to comfort his master. Mrs. St. Clair intended
to set him free for Eva's sake. He was a kind
man, but given to delay, and one day a wicked
man stabbed him in a coffee-house, when he was
trying to settle a quarrel. Mrs. St. Clair was a
proud, hard-hearted woman, who cared for nobody
but herself. She sold all the negroes, and Tom
among them, to a cruel cotton planter, called
Legree, and you shall see how he behaved.

LEGREE STRIKING TOM.

Tom's good wife Chloe, far at home,
And his boys so blythe and black,
Are all working hard, in hopes to win
The dollars, to buy him back.
And George, who taught him long ago,  
Has many a pleasant plan,  
To pay his price, and set him free,  
When he comes to be a man.

But little does that wicked man,  
In his angry madness, know,  
That God himself will take account  
Of each cruel word and blow.

And children dear, who see him here,  
At night and morning pray,  
That you may never have aught like this  
Laid up for the judgment day!

By the time all these things happened, George Shelby had grown up; but when he came to buy back Tom, the pious, kindly negro, had been so ill-treated by that cruel planter, because he tried to save the other slaves from his evil temper, that he lay dying in an old shed; and there was no law to punish the wicked planter, because Tom was black.

When George entered the shed where Tom lay, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick.

"Is it possible?" said he, kneeling down by him.

"Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!"

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying. He smiled, and said:

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Tears fell from the young man's eyes as he bent over his poor friend.

"Oh, dear Uncle Tom! do wake—do speak once more! Look up. Here's Master George your own little Master George. Don't you know me?"

"Master George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice—"Master George! He looked bewildered.

Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

"Bless the Lord! it is—it is—all I wanted! They haven't forgot me. It warms my soul; it does my old heart good! Now I shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

He began to draw his breath with long, deep aspirations; and his broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and with a smile he fell asleep.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees; there they made a grave for poor Tom.

"Shall we take off the chains, mas'rn?" said the negroes, when the grave was ready.

"No, no, bury it up, and laid green turf over it.

"Tom may go, boys," said George, slipping a quarter dollar into the hand of each. They lingered about, however.

"If young mas'rn would please buy us," said one.

"We'd serve him so faithful!" said the other.

"Do, mas'rn, buy us, please!"

"I can't—I can't," said George, with difficulty, motioning them off; "it's impossible!"

The poor fellows looked dejected, and walked off in silence.

"Witness, eternal God," said George, kneeling on the grave of his poor friend—"O, witness that, from this hour, I will do what one man can to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!"

There is no monument to mark the last resting-place of poor Tom. He needs none. His Lord knows where he lies, and will raise him up immortal, to appear with Him when He shall appear in his glory.
LITTLE EVA SONG.

UNCLE TOM'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WORDS BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. MUSIC BY MANUEL EMILIO.

Dry the tears for holy Eva! With the blessed angels leave her; Of the form so sweet and fair, Give to earth the tender care. For the golden locks of Eva, Let the sunny south land give her flowery pillow of repose, Orange bloom and budding rose, Orange bloom and budding rose.

All is light and peace with Eva; There the darkness cometh never; Tears are wiped, and fetters fall, And the Lord is all in all. Weep no more for happy Eva; Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her, Care, and pain, and weariness, Lost in love so measureless!

Gentle Eva, loving Eva, Child confessor, true believer, Listener at the Master's knee, "Suffer such to come to me." O for faith like thine, sweet Eva, Lighting all the solemn river, And the blessing of the poor, Wafting to the heavenly shore.

THE END.