

[Mr. Lunsford Lane, a colored gentleman of Boston, presented himself on the platform and complained that the colored race were not considered in the projected distribution of Bibles. The Tribune reports Mr. Lane's speech in part, as follows:]

"He had joined the Baptist Church 30 years ago not from any knowledge of the difference between it and other Churches, but because his grandmother and mother had been Baptists; he had himself been educated in the Episcopal Church—that is, as a carriage-driver to his master (for he was a slave) he used to go in there, and he had heard such men as Bishop Ravenscroft and Bishop Ives, but he soon found out their turnings. Latterly, having examined, he liked the Baptists still; he liked them even more, but (he said) don't take too much congratulation to yourselves for that (Laughter). I came here, and people said to me: What do you do here? Your place is Massachusetts. I staid here, however, and went to see Dr. Hawks, whom I knew when I was a boy away down there in Carolina; and he received me most warmly, with a shake of the hands and a talk about things that happened long ago when we used to be together. I also called on the Rev. Mr. Halsey, who is now, I hope, bathed in the flood of living light, and he, too, gave me that real aid of which you all speak so much. But my object is to say that the people of my color, North and South are degraded and unenlightened; and the light is not reached to them because it is not popular so to do. I have been here at a meeting to worship

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among people of my color; they remained from 7 to 11 o'clock, and worked violently till perspiration ran down their faces; in this there was no order, no propriety; not one, when the service was over, could repeat a clear idea he had therein received. It is the same everywhere. And perhaps this is what you mean by saying that the negroes are happy; meaning that "ignorance is bliss" (Laughter). Now, what we want is intelligent ministers. How is this to be done? Money must be had, and our preachers must be of our own people. Do not suppose I am come here to "torment you before your time" (Laughter.); but our race wants this assistance, and this is what I want to come at. You all agree that one soul is worth all the gold of California and Australia; and what difference does it make whether the soul is black or white, grizzled or gray? (Laughter.) We do not want you to send assistance beyond the ocean, but to Boston; I have come here to get it and carry it away. I want it now, when you are all together; because if you separate it will be impossible to catch you again; like the man who could count all his pigs but one, but that kept running around so that it could not be counted. (Laughter.)

"The Chair here requested Mr. Lane to state exactly what he wished of the Society.

"Mr. Lane—I want assistance for the Thomas Hall Church in Boston. We want \$1,000, and we want \$500 of it right away.

["The Rev. Mr. Taggart suggested that a collection should be made for the colored brother's object—which was done."

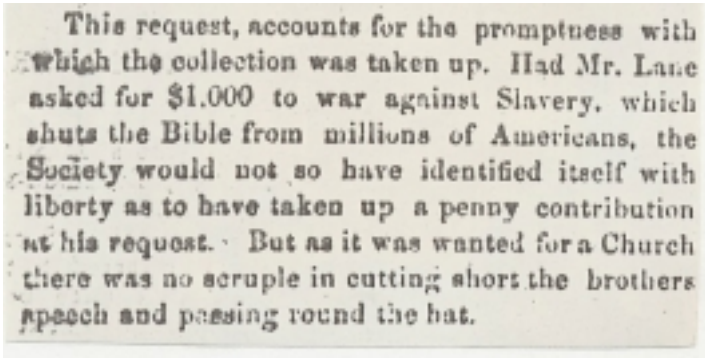
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This request, accounts for the promptness with which the collection was taken up. Had Mr. Lane asked for \$1,000 to war against Slavery, which shuts the Bible from millions of Americans, the Society would not so have identified itself with liberty as to have taken up a penny contribution at his request. But as it was wanted for a Church there was no scruple in cutting short the brothers speech and passing round the hat.]



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