

There is, said he, another subject of great importance—the position of the large body of colored Christians in this country. There are one hundred thousand colored members in the Methodist Episcopal Church alone. In South Carolina, they are but five hundred less than the white members. There are seventy-five or eighty thousand colored Baptists, making, with Presbyterians, &c., &c., at least two hundred and fifty thousand colored Christians. What is their position? For the last ten years, since I have been a Christian—seven or eight years of which I have been a minister, I have thought much on this subject, and have come to the conclusion that I am an excommunicated man. I have tried to avoid the conclusion, to think it was not so, but, like other people, find I cannot believe without evidence. I have tried to *command* my mind from this subject, but could not. To say that our condition is not an enviable one—that it is not a pleasant one, does not express the whole truth. I have labored hard to inform myself—I have tried to make myself useful and agreeable as a Christian—have tried to avoid everything wrong. A great question of orthodoxy is concerned here. Though we have felt ourselves abused, we have not dared to indulge unkind feelings toward our brethren. You have helped us to build small school-houses and churches, or rather helped us to shoulder a debt, many times—but I forbear—and yet I may as well speak out my convictions—it is done in the spirit of colonization, to get us out of the way. How often, in coming into a

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congregation like this, have I been treated with indignity. A man accidentally takes his seat by my side—he discovers that I have a dark face—he rises in contempt and leaves the slip. It is said colored people are fond of sitting together. It is such treatment as this which drives them together. They take the Jim Crow seat to escape ill treatment and abuse. And here let me say, the necessity for separate schools and churches has not grown out of the wishes of the colored people, but from the spirit of caste in the church. We do not desire separate churches. They have not bettered our condition, but only made it WORSE. Many of our churches have not competent religious teachers—they have had to hasten through their course so fast, in order to supply the destitute fields, that they have come into the ministry illy prepared. The treatment of the colored people has put back Africa's redemption fifty years. The West Indies are ahead of us, because they have not had the spirit of colonization there. Many colored Christian ministers would have gone to Africa, as missionaries, who are now obliged to stay at home. For years, I have not been able to go into the pulpit—to the communion table, or to the mercy seat, but as a complainant. Talk of peace! *There can be no peace till we are righted.* It is contrary to the law of Christian discipline, which is, *first PURE*, then *peaceable*. Our moral feelings, which are a part of our moral character, are injured by such treatment. Of course our reputation is injured, and our usefulness greatly circumscribed or de-

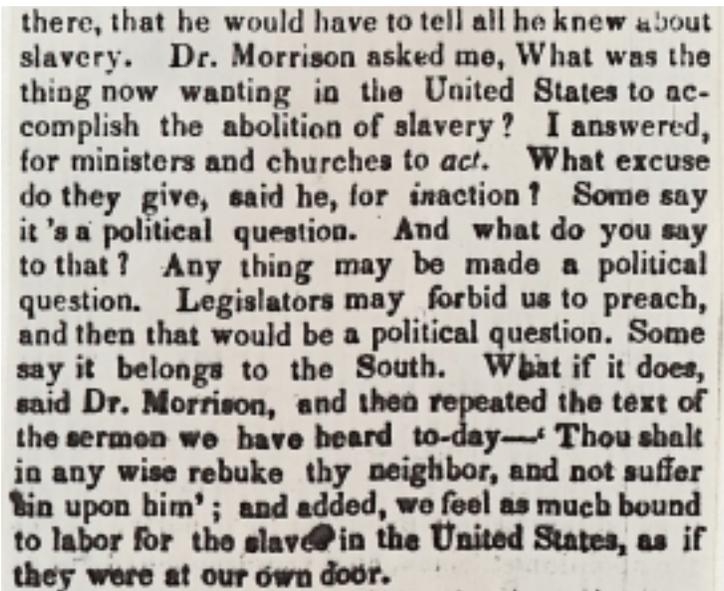
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stroyed. On every hand I meet a frown. I am hedged about by a cloud as black as Egyptian darkness, and by a breath as cold as death itself. If we have done wrong, try us—table your charges, and let us have a hearing. The Baptists, the Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, all treat us ‘with respect of persons.’ We bring no railing accusation, but we have a right to ask the *reasons why*. It is contrary to the practice of Christians in other parts of the world, as I have recently had opportunity to know. I have had delightful seasons of communion with the Rev. James Sherman, successor to Rowland Hill—with the Rev. John Angell James, Rev. Dr. Morrison, and many others. They ask—after hearing the facts—why not send a deputation to us? we will receive you, and give you the right hand of fellowship. This was said to me by Christians of England, Ireland, and Belgium. I occupied twelve or thirteen pulpits in and about London, and was obliged to decline invitations to as many more. I preached in the pulpit where Whitfield used to officiate, and which is now occupied by Rev. Dr. Campbell. I accepted many invitations to select parties among the middle classes—was present at their Tract and Bible meetings—traveled on their rail roads, entered their coffee-houses. I observed closely, and kept an ‘eye out’ always, and I discovered not the least sign of prejudice against color. The public sentiment there is *all* anti-slavery. A person from this country would be so questioned

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there, that he would have to tell all he knew about slavery. Dr. Morrison asked me, What was the thing now wanting in the United States to accomplish the abolition of slavery? I answered, for ministers and churches to *act*. What excuse do they give, said he, for *inaction*? Some say it's a political question. And what do you say to that? Any thing may be made a political question. Legislators may forbid us to preach, and then that would be a political question. Some say it belongs to the South. What if it does, said Dr. Morrison, and then repeated the text of the sermon we have heard to-day—'Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him'; and added, we feel as much bound to labor for the slaves in the United States, as if they were at our own door.



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