

From the Oberlin Evangelist.

The Imprisoned Students.

PALMYRA JAIL, Mo. Sept. 15th, 1841.

DEAR BROTHER:—It no doubt seems strange to you, to see my letter dated as above—and strange it would be, had not our Saviour, more than eighteen hundred years ago, said, 'Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison; that ye may be tried'—and did we not remember that the apostles, and thousands of the ancient Christians, were cast into prison, 'for the name of Jesus,' and 'for conscience toward God.' Remembering these things, it is not strange that the devil should even now cast God's little ones into prison. We are told, 'it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God;' and 'all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution'—'yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.' I am not at all astonished to see days of persecution commence—I have expected them. I have felt that they would come, before the slave could be delivered, and that some must make up their minds to be sacrificed on the altar of slavery—and if I am thus to be sacrificed, I submit cheerfully, gladly, 'rejoicing that I am counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus.' I feel unworthy to be here, but am perfectly willing, if the will of my Father be so. 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt.'

Doubtless you have heard the cause of my being in this place—viz: for stretching out my hand to help the poor—for following the Samaritan's example—for loving my neighbor as myself—for doing to others, as I would have them do to me—for acting out the principles of the Bible, and the spirit of the gospel—or, plainly, for attempting to help across the river, one who wished and requested the assistance; being in trouble, and desiring to escape from the iron despotism of slavery. Such, brother, is my offence. For this, I have been in this place more than nine weeks—eight of which we were confined to a very large chair, so that we could move but little. We are now under sentence of *twelve years' labor in the Penitentiary for this grievous offence!!*

We have broken no law of the State. They have no law touching the point—but being 'exceedingly mad against' us, and deterred on revenge, any how, after a trial of two days, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty—not according to law and evidence, but according to their own prejudice and cruel malice. The excitement has been and is very great, in old and young, far and near. When the verdict was given in, a shouting and clapping filled the house. Hundreds crowded round, and gazed as if they were looking upon some terrible monsters.

Do you ask how I feel under such treatment? Happy. The weeks spent here have been happy weeks—pleasant, profitable, and memorable weeks. I never expect to look back upon any portion of my past life with greater joy and satisfaction, than upon the time spent in this chair. The Saviour has been our constant companion, to whom we have had great delight in approaching, and who has poured into our souls the consolations of his grace. Time has passed rapidly and sweetly away. I have been enabled to say with David, 'Though a host shall encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.' The love of Jesus has cast out fear, and our souls have been kept in peace.

My soul is calm, and composed, in view of the future. I have no anxiety as to what shall become of this body, if so be that my Saviour be glorified.

If I am to labor for years in prison, to satisfy the spite of blood-thirsty men, be it known, that I go with a clear conscience, that I go cheerfully, gladly, triumphantly—knowing that the enemies are ut

heaping coals upon their own heads—that truth will prevail, and that great will be the good resulting from such confinement; I go perfectly satisfied with my Father's designs; and rejoicing in his will. If the great cause of liberty, truth, and righteousness, will be advanced by my sufferings or death, I say with all my heart, amen. 'Father, glorify Thy name.' May thousands arise in my stead—the cause roll on with power—and the Lord arise, and cut short the work in righteousness.'

For the truth and the slave,

Yours truly,

GEO. THOMPSON.

NOTE.—The two brothers with me are Alanson Work, who has a wife and four children, and James E. Burr. Will the New-York Evangelist please give the above an insertion—many of my friends read it.