

RELATED THINGS

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"I AM."

For The Public.

I am the Spirit which moved in the cosmic atoms
that sprang
When silence reigned in the deeps and the form
of man was dust;
And at My wise command the mystic message rang
That gathered each living thing to the Shepherd's
love and trust.

I am the splendor which thrills in the beauty of for-
est and stream,
From the hymn of My feathered choir that heralds
the dawn of light
To the grandeur lifting the eyes to where glist'ning
beacons gleam
Like gems in the nebulous ways o'er the boundless
fields of night.

I am the Majesty throned o'er the wide swelling
realm of sea;
Yea, under the emerald waves I reign in the cor-
alled deep;
There my finny kingdom moves where no living man
shall be,
Where curious monsters use My power and mol-
luscan hermits sleep.

I am that Power unmoved when earthquakes rend
the world,
When mountains sink in wild tidal seas, and earth
is a quiv'ring crust;
But My Spirit lives in My human host whose banners
e'er unfurled
Shall Phoenix-like forever spring from ashes and
the dust.

I am the force which stirs in the heart of the rebel
slave
When rooted Bastilles quake, and tyrants hear the
knell
Of patriots rending their chains for liberty or the
grave;
I am Brotherhood Divine, dispelling the Hates of
Hell.

I am the Thought, the Idea, which swifter than pin-
ions of light
Impregnates the minds of my sons with genius
for purposeful power
O'er the uttermost winds and seas—great cities that
rise in the night:
Stewards in the Garden of God, bringing seeds of
His Mind into flower.

I am the smile of the child, filling with holy light
Wherever the true home stands in the keeping of
king or slave;
Archangel of constant Love which cheers e'en the
pauper's plight;
Hope of all sundered hearts, rending the veil of
the grave.

I am harmonious chords of music with cadences
sublime,

Caught by the student's longing ear and echoed on
harps of Life—

Music, the Leaven of Love, sweet balm for fleeting
time,

Lifting the souls of youth and age from the din of
worldly strife.

Alpha! Omega! more than the human mind can
conceive—

I will reign when the scroll of Time is spent, and
Infinite Dawn shall be;

And each pure desire, and wise goal planned of those
who hope and believe—

All, all that is built on Truth shall be found again
in Me.

JOS. FITZPATRICK.



HOPE AND FAITH IN LONDON SLUMS.

From an Article in the London Nation of April 27,
1912, on "New Lamps for Old."

The women's "Pleasant Afternoon" that I was
allowed to visit was held on a Monday, when the
washing had been done in the bath-water of
Saturday night, and the cares of Sunday's dinner
—the real dinner once a week—were over. It was
in an East End district, where the drift of the
casual and the unemployed has rushed the popu-
lation up to 300,000, nearly half of whom live in
families earning wages that fall 1s. 8d. a week
below the poverty line. The men cling to the fail-
ing shipbuilding yards, or join in the wild-beast
struggle that still goes on at the dock-gates, in
spite of dock-strike and docker's tanner. The
women serve the sweater, making trousers at some
fraction under a penny a pair, shirts at various
rates from 7½d. (some say 6½d.) up to 10d. a
dozen, and sacks at 4½d. a dozen. It is said the
one hope is that this population is still new to
poverty; misery stands at its first generation. But,
unless some unexpected revolution comes, in twenty
years it will not be new, and misery will trace
ancestral pedigrees of its own.

The service began at a quarter to three, but by
one o'clock women were already lining up outside
as at the gallery door of a theater. For "The
Tabernacle," seating barely a thousand, is far too
small, and many are turned away. On the floor
below is an open hall where babies and other young
may be deposited to enjoy a real rocking-horse,
bricks, dolls and a heap of sand. Crowded as
close as they could sit on the benches upstairs,
the women waited till the time came, and the Sis-
ter who was to conduct the service stood on a sort
of platform before them—a conspicuous woman,
whom long and hard experience had not hardened.
The first song, shouted in unison by this assembly
of weakness and depression, was an aggressive in-

vation to battle. "Rouse, then, sisters," it began:
 "Rouse, then, sisters, rally round the banner;
 Ready, steady, pass the word along."

* * * * *

Feeble with hunger, worn with early suffering, battered by life, ugly with low vitality, shapeless, ill-dressed in the cast-off clothes of others, exposed daily to live and inorganic dirt in uneasy homes where cleanliness lies beyond the dreams of wages, some of them gamblers (for one must have excitement), some of them drunkards (for one must have visions of glory), some of them harlots (for one must live)—these English women shouted their war-song, and called on each other to rally round the banner. It was strange.

Then they listened to quiet readings and explanations, to solo singing, to the part-songs of the woman's choir, and finally to the Sister, who mounted the pulpit for her discourse. For years she had shared their lives, and they all knew her well. She told them of the common things she had heard and seen during the week, and she revealed in all the new significance. She told them of a child's question—the child of drunken parents—"Why can't I have a mother to be proud of?" And then she told them of unimaginable things—of a love and joy and care, free and open to them all.

In such a service there was no criticism, no negation. There was a beauty rather below the standard of culture, but welcome to the women present; and there was enough faith, one would have thought, to have removed West Ham into the midst of the sea and washed it. Monday after Monday the women of the poorest part of London throng to the joy of that service in such crowds that the room will not hold them. It is strange.



LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 9. "Only a Nigger Baby."

For The Public.

Late one Saturday afternoon the farmer and his son John came home tired and hungry from the field. But the keen-eyed farmer paused at the garden gate and looked down the slope along the lane to the main-traveled road.

"My boy," he said, "there's something wrong out there with those people coming up the valley. They have been an hour poking along past this ranch. I guess their old white horse is most dead. Jump on the colt and help them out. Bring them right in for supper, or to stay all night, and we'll feed up that plug."

The youngster was used to such things. They happened on that farm at all hours of day or night. He leaped the barnyard fence, called his colt, who came running from the pasture, slipped a hackamore on his head, sprang on, bareback,

and galloped down to the big gate. Meanwhile, the farmer went in to supper, and told Mary, his wife, that some guests were likely to happen along.

The boy found a miserable old horse, all skin and bone, dragging with frequent pauses a ramshackle cart by a nondescript harness. In the cart a very old Negro sat holding the bit of rope which served for lines. Beside him was a young colored woman with a sick baby. They looked forlorn, wornout, and utterly hopeless.

"Sar," asked the old Negro, "how far to Cunnel Batten's place?"

"It's four miles, and a good deal up hill," the boy answered.

"Lord, Rosy," the old fellow said to the woman at his side, "hit will take we uns most all night." His voice fell away into a groan of weariness.

"Look here, neighbors," said the boy. "Father and mother and I want you to have supper, and stay till to-morrow. Your horse needs it, and both of you look worn out."

"The baby's awful sick," said the woman, lifting a dusty and tear-stained face.

The boy opened the gate, jumped off his colt, pushed manfully at the old cart, and soon brought the outfit to the garden gate.

"So you are Virginians, too," said the boy, making conversation as they came up the road.

"Law me, Massa, yes!" the old Negro replied. "This yere's my step-niece, an' I got a gran'darter up in the settlement at the Cunnel's."

Then the farmer and his wife came out, carried in the baby, and put it on a cot-bed by the fire; took in the tired mother and the old Negro, set food before them, waited on them, spoke words of good cheer. The boy tied his colt to the fence, and took care of the ancient horse; then he came in to supper, and wondered whether or not this very old Negro had ever seen General Lee, or Stonewall Jackson.

The farmer's wife and the Negro mother sat by the sick baby, talked in low tones, tried to help the sufferer, and felt that the case was beyond their resources.

"We will send for a doctor," the farmer's wife said, at last. "Our old family doctor, who has been here for years, and takes care of all your folks up at Colonel Batten's, is away on a vacation, but there's a new young doctor just settled in the village, and I've no doubt he's first rate."

"Missus, we uns hain't no money."

"That is all right, Rosy; you are going to be neighbors of ours, you know. When you get well, you can help me out some time. You don't know how glad I am that you came in to-night."

The boy went out and saddled his colt; the farmer sat down and wrote a letter. It ran this way:

"Dear Dr. Wyman:—We have some guests here and there is a very sick baby. Come, prepared