

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

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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

to stay all night if necessary, and come as soon as you can. Charge everything to me."

The boy galloped off to the village, several miles away, handed in the note, heard the doctor say, "Coming, soon as I can harness," got the mail and hastened home. The old Negro had been put to bed; the women were working over the baby; the farmer was smoking a peaceful pipe on the porch.

In a few minutes the young doctor, who drove a fast nag, came in with his traveling case.

"Go right in; the baby's by the fire," said the farmer, waving his pipe. The doctor went in. He came out immediately, almost choking with sudden anger, and leaned over the farmer.

"What sort of a creature do you call that—that—for a high-class practitioner to—to——"

The farmer interrupted, with a sweet seriousness.

"My dear Doctor Wyman," he said, "that is merely a human baby—just the regular sort that human mothers bring into the world."

"That thing!" shouted the young doctor so loudly that the boy and the women heard him. "Why, that's nothing but a nigger baby. I consider this an insult, sir. I won't attend Indians, Chinese, niggers, dagos, and such cattle!"

The farmer rose and put a strong hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"Thee will listen to me," he said, dropping into the familiar speech of his boyhood. His wife, hearing, smiled to herself; she knew that it meant perfectly controlled emotion, seldom wakened, but always irresistible. The neighborhood used to say that he "always swore in Quaker talk."

"Thee will listen," he went on, low-voiced, intense. "Thee knows thee once did graduate. The State did educate thee. And thee didst take thy great Hippocratean Oath. Hast thou forgotten its meaning? Or didst never learn that thy knowledge is not thine to refuse? Go thou in the house and fight for that baby's life as if it were the white child of thine own brother."

The young doctor shivered and colored, but he was not yet quite conquered.

"But you got me here under false pretenses," he said, "Why didn't you write me that it was a nigger baby?"

A look of complete surprise crossed over the farmer's face.

"So I ought, young man," he answered. "But the fact is, it never occurred to me. I noticed that the baby was black, and then I clean forgot it. That was foolish, of course; but really, now, I supposed all there was to be said to a nice neighborly doctor was that it was a baby—and a mighty sick one."

"Say no more!" the young man cried, and led the way back into the room, took hold of the case, staid all night, and pulled the baby through.

After breakfast the young doctor stood with

the farmer, while the boy put his horse into the sulky. He was awkward and troubled, but he came up to the scratch at last.

"There isn't any charge," he told the farmer. "Please say to your wife that—that I regret the way I spoke about it. That confounded youngster suffered just like any other baby. And when we felt safe about it, the mother caught my hand, and she said: 'You is a good man, Doctor; God bless you, you is!'"

The farmer shook hands with the young doctor.

"You certainly are more of a fellow-traveler this morning than you were last night," he answered. "And I think you will do. Study our old Army doctor from Vermont when he comes back. He's wearing out, but he's a saint and a hero. Work with him, and you'll gradually get ready to take his place. It's a mighty big place to fill, too."

CHARLES H. SHINN.



## LIVING SOURCES OF RELIGION.

A Portion of a Sermon Delivered at the Union Congregational Church at Bowman, N. D., June 25, 1911, by the Pastor, the Rev.

George A. Totten.

Let us consider the lilies for a little while, and, if we can, get the lesson that 2,000 years ago Jesus tried to impress upon the hearts of men.

Notice that Jesus first calls attention to the beauty of the lilies. He said that although they do no work—they toil not, neither do they spin—yet Solomon, Israel's most gorgeous ruler, who profited by the labor of thousands of men and women all over the world, was not to be compared to them for beauty of raiment. Of course not. The Artist who chose the pigments and painted the petals of the lilies, the Designer who fashioned their shape and selected the texture of their raiment, was the great Master-Artist-Designer of the universe. Men's clothing can never equal the raiment of the flowers, for man is but an imitator of the Divine.

But it was not merely to impress upon men their beauty that Jesus called attention to the lilies; he also notes the further fact that God makes provision for them. It is "God who so clothes the grass of the field." These little flowers that are rooted in one spot, that cannot leave their environment to seek nourishment elsewhere; these little flowers that bloom today and fade tomorrow; these very transient things—God cares for them and provides for all their needs.

Now comes the gist of the teaching of our text, the application of this little sermon of Jesus: "If God so clothes the grass," "how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Cannot you, who are the greatest work of Creation, trust God to make provision for you? To whom is Jesus