

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 neighborhood 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

speaking? Is he speaking to a mere handful of people upon a Galilean hillside? No, he looks away beyond them, and speaks to all men of all climes and in all ages. He wants to know why mankind cannot trust God to make provision for their needs.

But you say, "The analogy between lilies and men is not perfect. The lily grows in one spot from which it cannot move, while man can roam at will over the habitable globe." And again you say, "The lily toils not, neither does it spin, but man has to work for his living." This is very true. The analogy is not perfect, but we must not overlook the fact that both the lily and the man draw their sustenance from the same source—namely: the earth. The only difference is that one draws it directly and the other indirectly.

Now, if God has provided sustenance in the earth both for lilies and men—one to absorb it directly through its roots, and the other to draw it indirectly through his labor—why is it that there goes on all the time among men such a mad scramble for the things that sustain life? Why is it that some men, having already sufficient for all their days, are struggling every day for more? Why is it that little children—two million of them—who ought to be in school, are working long hours in cotton mill, mine and factory? Why is it that able bodied men, who are willing to work and draw forth their sustenance from the earth, are not allowed to do so?

If you had been in New York City during the past four weeks you might have seen a hundred able bodied men lined up before one of the great hospitals. What were they doing there? They were waiting to sell a quart of their blood for \$25. The hospital had advertised for a man who would part with this amount of blood at this price, to be infused into the body of a sick patient. What made these men so willing to be bled? Would any of you sell a quart of your blood for \$25? It was a pressure of hunger that drove them to it. Because the soil, from which both lilies and men must draw their sustenance, instead of being the common property of all as God intended, is monopolized by a comparatively few people. Private ownership of the earth is the answer to the question of Jesus as to why men do not trust God to provide for them as he does for the lily.

And so long as we violate nature's law by which sustenance would be equitably apportioned to all mankind, so long will we continue to struggle and lie and rob and cheat in order to get the wherewithal to live. This is the lesson that Jesus teaches us through the lily. Read the Scripture again. Let it sink in. Consider the lilies of the field.



Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind.—Emerson.

BOOKS

THE CHURCH'S SOCIAL FUNCTION.

The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church.
By John Haynes Holmes (Minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York). G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

Of all the books that have ever been written on the subject of the modern church in its relation to the social question—and their number is large—I believe this to be at the same time the most circumspcct, the most radical and the most lucid. The author seems to be familiar with all that has been said on this subject. (Among scores of authorities quoted I will only mention: Theodore Parker, Herbert Spencer, Henry George, Washington Gladden, Edward A. Ross, Simon N. Patten, Jane Addams, Lincoln Steffens, Walter Rauschenbusch, Ben Lindsey and Woodrow Wilson.)

In the brief space allowed me I don't know how better to indicate the scope and value of the book than by giving (1) the chapter headings, and (2) an outline of the "argument."

The chapter headings are: The Religious Unrest, The Work of the Church in the Past, What Is an Individual? The Social Question, The Social Question in Religion, The Church and The Social Question, Obstacles in the Way of the Socialized Church, The New Church, Objections. Conclusion.

And here is the burden of these chapters:

The mission of the church is to save or perfect the individual. But the individual is not an isolated personality. He is a part of a social organism, and his sins and abnormalities of all kinds—disease, poverty, ignorance, etc.—are for the most part caused by society. If, therefore, the church wants to save the individual and give him a chance for normal development, it must *in the first place* turn its attention to society and save it—by the abolishment of special privilege and the establishment of social justice. *There is no other way.* And this social reformation, Mr. Holmes holds, the church should undertake as an organization. As an organization it directs and supports missionary movements in far-away uncivilized and heathen societies, and this is well. Now let it also, as an organization, direct and support movements at home for a greatly needed salvation of what we are pleased to call civilized and Christian society. And let it do so speedily, and let it do so with all its might.

One word more.

I have read many an arraignment of the modern Christian church, but never one at once so severe, so just and so loving as the one found on