

her. She was just a little rough, brown girl, bringing her hands together at the knuckles and talking fast.

"But such a curious preacher!" said Mrs. Maverick Hayle.

The little preacher had a wandering style, as most such preachers have. Such a style can no more be caught on the point of a pen than the rustle of crisp leaves or the aroma of dropping nuts. There was a syntax in Sip's brown face and bent hands and poor dress and awkward motions. There were correctness and perspicuity about that old doorstep. The muddy little court was an appeal, the square of sky above her head a peroration. In that little court Sip was eloquent. Here on the parlor sofa, in clean cuffs and your slippers, she harangues you.

"Look here," she was saying, "you men and women, and you boys and girls, that have come to hear me! You say that you are poor and miserable. I've heard you. You say you're worked and drove and slaved, and up early and down late, and hurried and worried and fretted, and too hot and too cold, and too cross and too poor, to care about religion. I know. I'm worked and drove, and up and down, and hurried and worried and fretted, and hot and cold, and cross and poor myself. I know about that. Religion will do for rich folks. That's what you say,—I know. I've said it a many times myself. Curse the rich folks and their religion!—that's what you say. I know. Haven't I said it a many times myself?"

"Now see here! O you men and women, and you boys and girls, can't you see? It ain't a rich folks' religion that I've brought to talk to you. Rich religion ain't for you and ain't for me. We're poor folks, and we want a poor folks' religion or none at all. We know that."

"Now listen to me! O you men and women, and you girls and boys, listen to what I've got to tell you. The religion of Jesus Christ the Son of God Almighty, is the only poor folks' religion in all the world. Folks have tried it many times. They've got up pious names and pious fights. There have been wars and rumors of wars, and living and dying, and books written, and money spent, and blood shed for other religions, but there's never been any poor folk's religion but that of Jesus Christ the Son of God Almighty."

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