

"A coward?" replied his mother, astonished.

The boy's arms went around her, his head pressed into her bosom. It a voice broken with passionate sobs he poured forth his tale of shame and self-contempt.

"He said you were a Quaker, that the Quakers were cowards, and would never fight, and that you were a coward, and that you would never fight. But you would, mother, wouldn't you? And you're not a real Quaker, are you, mother?"

"A Quaker," said his mother. "Yes, dear, I belong to the Friends, as we call them."

"And they, won't they ever fight?" demanded the boy anxiously.

"They do not believe that fighting with fists, or sticks, or like wild beasts," said his mother, "ever wins anything worth while."

"Never, mother?" cried the boy, anxiety and fear in his tones. "You would fight, you would fight to-night, you would fight the Rector."

"Yes, my boy," said his mother quietly, "that kind of fighting we believe in. Our people have never been afraid to stand up for the right, and to suffer for it too. Remember that, my boy," a certain pride rang out in the mother's voice. She continued, "We must never be afraid to suffer for what we believe to be right. You must never forget that through all your life, Larry." Her voice grew solemn. "You must never, never go back from what you know to be right, even if you have to suffer for it."

"Oh, mother," whispered the boy through his sobs, "I wish I were brave like you."

"No, no, not like me," whispered his mother, putting her face down to his. "You will be much braver than your mother, my boy, oh, very much braver than your mother."

The boy still clung to her as if he feared to let her go. "Oh, mother," he whispered, "do you think I can be brave?"

"Yes, my boy," her voice rang out again confident and clear. "It always makes us brave to know that He bore the cross for us and died rather than betray us."